

# MINI-MOTO NO RAIKOU

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A surprise gift in one's room was always cause for caution. Good will could be feigned and traps set, which made Minamoto no Raikou all the more suspicious of the sake bottle she'd found in her room that evening. It was just sitting inconspicuously upon her dresser with a small note attached. A note she had yet to read, for she chose to only observe it from afar.

Her intuition told her there was danger to be found in drinking that sake. Poison was the most likely of contents despite the fact that all Servants contracted under Ritsuka were expected to follow a ceasefire. There weren't to harm one another barring instances where it was necessary or permitted lest they be burned by da Vinci. So who would be so brazen as to potentially kill her? A couple of *insects* came to mind.

Slender fingers finally reached for the label and plucked it off, casting her gaze upon it. She read it aloud. “**Dear Mom, here's something to take the edge off. Lots of love, your Master? P.S. Make sure to drink it right away!**” Oh this was a trap alright. It wasn't even Ritsuka's handwriting, nor would the girl refer to Raikou as 'mom' (*as much as the Berserker longed for her to do so*).

Yet... *something* pulled at her fingertips to open the bottle, and before she realized what was happening she was gulping down the contents. Realization struck her just a little too late: the P.S. had been scrawled in enchanted writing that forced her to do its bidding. A curse. Insurance; all in the name of making sure the drink was consumed.

A sudden burning welled up from within her, panic setting in as the Servant realized she was not only having difficulty breathing but moving as well. She was paralyzed!? So it really *had* been poison!

**“I’ve been poisoned!”** Sultry words filled the air as the sound of the automatic door behind Berserker could be heard whooshing open and closed once more. Raikou knew the source of the voice well, even if she could not turn her body to look in that moment. It was Shuten-Douji, the oni that stood as her rival. **“That’s what you’re thinking I’m sure, hm? But don’t worry, you bloated cow. I’m not trying to kill you. I just want to make a few tweaks... to your body.”**

While Raikou wasn’t able to see Shuten at first, the miniature Assassin eventually stepped around so she was standing right in front of the taller woman. Except... with her ginormous tits in the way it was impossible for either of them to look at each other properly. **“Starting with those I think.”** Shuten had reached up and swatted the tits with all her strength, their shapes bouncing from side to side like strings thanks to the force of the blow. It was arousing for Raikou, but she couldn’t voice that nor would she ever to this little fly.

However, once her tits had settled in their jiggling, Berserker was quick to notice something was very awry now. Not only with their shape, but with their weight as well. No one knew one’s body quite like themselves, so even the slightest change in composition would not escape her notice even if she couldn’t bend her neck down to examine them.

But actually? The fact that she couldn’t bend her neck her had been a help with realizing. Typically her breasts were so large that even with her chin pointed straight she could make out their peaks in the corner of her eye. But now? There was nothing, and she could feel the bodysuit that wrapped around them beginning to scrunch up.

**“I’m sure you’re wondering what I’ve done, but you’ve likely figured that out hm? After all, we’re seeing eye-to-eye now. Fufufu...”** Shuten continued her mocking. It was true, with breasts no longer sticking out all the way she could now see the oni standing there (*or at least from her eyes up if she pointed her own gaze downward*). **“I could have merely shrunk them a little bit but hm? How light does your upper body feel now I wonder?”**

The spandex that typically enveloped her orbs perfectly was scrunching up more and more. The cloth overhang with the Minamoto emblem straightening as it flattened out against a chest that was no longer as excessively abundant as it used to be. As the fat that bolstered their size came to be eviscerated, before long her chest was hardly more ample than one might expect of a *man* her weight. Her once eye-catching tits

now no bigger than a pair of mosquito bites that bulged out ever so slightly. **“Ufufu! Look at Miss Tiny Tits over here!”**

**“I suppose that’s a *little* better, but why not make things a little more even between you and I? It’s a hassle always having to talk *up* to you, you know?”** Raikou couldn’t see Shuten’s smirk as the sound of the oni snapping her fingers filled the air, and yet after only a few passing moments since, she could make out the oni’s entire face.

It wasn’t a difficult change to take note of. Her entire point of view was lowering, and the looseness she’d felt around her bosom was very quickly becoming widespread across the entirety of her skintight ensemble. She was *shrinking*, and at speed that was difficult to keep up with.

Raikou’s finger-less glove gauntlets slid off her hands and onto the floor beside her as the breadth of her limbs was no longer compliant with their fitting. Latex bodysuit constricted with new vigor in the process, fabric bunching up as it clung against her shrinking form like a popped balloon. It became clear that the woman’s large, purple sleeves were rapidly becoming far too large for the shape of her torso, and so their hefty sizes ended up looking rather lopsided against a frame that had become a whopping *forty-five centimeters* shorter.

Content, for Raikou was now even shorter than Shuten herself, the oni snapped her fingers to allow the woman the ability to move once more. **“Ufufu... How does it feel to be so small? You look the part of a child!”**

It took the once-taller woman a moment to realize she could move once more, and once she did she lunged directly at the oni with her tiny fingers stretched like claws. She was fully prepared to strangle Shuten to death there and then. But she tripped and just barely caught herself before falling, and it wasn’t even entirely due to the fact her bodysuit now hung off of her like an oversized Halloween costume.

**“*Huh!?*”** The pitch of her voice had certainly heightened to a more youthful tone, but that wasn’t what had made her squeak in surprise. She’d looked back and down to see why her movements were so sluggish, only to realize that proportionally her hips and ass were still defined for an adult’s body. Even though her upper body was infantile, and the childish pudginess of a more youthful girl was present in her facial features, she still had a relatively fat behind. **“*Would you change me back already!? This isn’t funny, you worm!*”**

Shuten merely snickered. **“I have no problem granting that wish! ‘Change you back’, you say?”** With a womanly sway of her hips

meant to mock Raikou, the horned woman walked up to her rival and gave her a swat on her fat ass. The jiggle rippled through her hips and thighs as well, and as it did so the weight that was confined within her cheeks began to subside gradually.

Her lower half had remained so swollen that while latex had bunched up beneath her thighs where lower legs and feet had shrunken into more petite designs, but that was hardly a continuous problem now. Deflating thighs allowed the elastic material to finally detract into the form it took before it was usually stretched against her mammoth of a body, for now she had the frame of a mouse by contrast.

**“And there! Since the new normal is you as a child, doesn’t it make sense that all of you should be childish?”** Shuten reached for the cloth and pulled with all of her Servant’s strength, tearing the costume in a single yank that left the child completely naked short of the thong that fell to her feet. **“Ufufufufufu! I suppose we should call you Raikou Lily now!”**

Raikou’s cheeks puffed up, though she made no effort to cover up her childish body. She wasn’t the type of ~~woman~~ girl to show any such shame. While this gesture might have made her look the part of a pouting mother in the past, she now looked more like a child on the verge of a tantrum thanks to widened eyes and smaller lips. Nothing about her looked adult at all, and the fact of the matter left Shuten in hysterics.

Shuten could have devolved Raikou’s mind as well, but that hadn’t been planned. Making that MILF of an arrogant woman into a tiny, powerless child? It was a good plan, and even better when she left the woman’s adult mind in tact. Now she could stew in her powerlessness as everyone doted on her as a change! And, of course, this meant she was of no threat to Shuten herself.

*“Why you! I’m going to kill you!”*

**“FUFUFU! SQUEAK MORE, LITTLE GIRL! I GUESS YOU’RE THE REAL INSECT NOW!”**