

COLLECT 'EM ALL

APRIL 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Finally! Finally! My Amazoness order is here!”

Osakabe-hime was jumping for joy that day, for her long awaited package had arrived from the Servant Universe’s Amazoness company! Well, maybe that was a *bit* of an over-exaggeration. It was just one of many packages she’d been ordering at practically all times, running her credit card ragged with Chaldea merch that was based on the many Servants at the very place she ‘worked’ at. Her room, modeled after her Himeji Castle space, was always overflowing with useless junk.

Pillows, stuffies, banner, figurines. You name it, Hime collected it. Especially if it was merchandise based on her fellow Japanese Servants! To say the princess was obsessive was an accurate characterization and she couldn’t wait to add what was in this box to her shelf. What was it exactly? A limited edition Shuten-Douji figurine! It was so rare that she had to spend a lot on it to get it, which is why, well...

“GYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?”

A horrified scream rang throughout Chaldea when she opened the Amazoness packaging to find the limited edition figure box... *empty*. **“No no no no no! I paid so much! This has to be a mistake right? Maybe it’s like one of those toys you just add water to and it grows!?”** Desperation rang true in the hikikomori’s voice as she fumbled with the tape that sealed the figurine box. It really was empty! Well, aside from the clear stand that sat at the bottom. Was it a packaging error? Could she even get a refund?

Hime was persistent though, her heart wounded from this merchandising betrayal, and so she wiggled fingers between the plastic cutout that would have held the figurine to try and claw the base out. At the very least she was taking that! However the moment she did she was suddenly struck by a painful shock of electricity. Her old foe: static! Or so she assumed.

“Ow!” Her fingers were yanked out of the box pretty quickly, the whiny princess intent on checking for any ‘wounds’ to her precious skin. After assuring herself that there was no damage there she turned her attention back to the box on the desk. Although things were a little different to say the least. **“Huh? Did the table get tall-- No, that’s not possible.”** It probably wasn’t fair to blame her for making such a weird assumption when presented with the facts: the box, the table, they were all closer to her field of vision than they’d been before. She’d been standing of course and the table had roughly been at her waist, but now it was just below her chin. **“...Eh?”**

It wasn’t simply a lowered eye level. Now that she had awareness of it, it was very plainly difficult to move within the confines of her dress. It was all sliding off her body like oversized rags upon a child. Before long her head was swallowed up by her hood, her panties fell from little hips and arms slid into the torso of her outfit, glasses falling from her face and breaking on the ground. **“H-Help!?! I’m shrinking! How am I shrinking!?”** But as she cried for help there was no one that could hear Hime. Her decreased size reduced the volume of her voice, and by the time she was entirely swallowed by her outfit and it fell flat against the ground, that voice was naught but a shrill squeak to anyone normal sized.

The Assassin loved being cooped up. It never brought her anxiety. She was safe when enclosed and had always thought she’d be comfortable with it, but as her shrunken body flailed through the pile of clothing that had fit her body perfectly only a minute in an attempt to find a hole to escape through, she was terrified. The material was silken and soft, but at her current size since she was so much closer to it she could make out every thread weaved into it even with the dim light that filtered through. Just how small had she become?

“I’m free!” Bare arms were thrown up victoriously as she finally emerged from the neck hole of her dress, her obvious nudity not really a big concern for her considering the situation. Big concerns included: finding someone to help her, changing back, and holy crap everything was *huge*! She couldn’t be much taller than seven inches, which wasn’t microscopic but still small enough to be killed by a dog or maybe even a rat... or taken by a roach... and considering the mess her room was in who knew what lurked? It was like she was the size of a figurine!

Osakabe-hime pulled herself up and out of the clothing pile completely and began to look around. It was really cold being naked as she was, but at the same time the only clothes she had that would fit were doll clothes and they were well on the other side of the room. Between here and there was her kotatsu, garbage and blankets littered around in the interim. A trip that would normally have taken a few steps at her old size definitely would have taken a few minutes as she was now.

Assassin *had* to though. She wanted to find help and even if she could get her door open there was no way she could wander out in the nude. Plus if she wore something bright and flashy that might reduce the chance of getting stepped on. With her first goal in mind she began to shuffle towards where her usual outfit ended and the floor began, toes sinking into satin with every step.

The cloth was a little too sleek though, and all it took was one wrong step and her feet fell out beneath her, butt colliding with the ground. **“Could today just knock it off!?”** Hadn’t she suffered enough already? What sin had she committed to be tortured in such a bizarre way? Sloth? Gluttony? Probably both of those honestly. Arms ended up propped out behind her to hold herself up after falling, but surprise came once more at how unnatural it felt. She’d shrunk, yeah, but as far as she could tell it had been proportionate. From her perspective her reach should have been consistent, but her hands had stopped short of where they should have landed and were forced to settle for a closer perch. **“Huh? Wha---AAAA?”**

The woman’s hands. They didn’t look... right. To begin with her nails were definitely longer, tips shaped almost like blades. But they were smaller too, and not smaller in the ‘I just shrunk’ sense. The best way to describe them was ‘child-sized’, and they were grossly pale. Like they belonged to a corpse, or perhaps a *demon*. Osakabe-hime did her best to push herself up and onto her feet as quickly as possible, but she could see it in her knees and thighs as she rose, and a point of view that had fallen even lower confirmed it: *her height had decreased*.

Arms, legs, torso, all collapsed which only equaled to a lose of an inch at her current height. The more substantial side effect was what it had done to her proportions. Aside from her skin being dyed ghostly white her thighs had been the most readily affected. Their plumpness seemed abundant with less leg to settle in, but otherwise her curves seemed negatively influenced. Her hips, for example, were of a narrower gate and the fact that they’d wriggled inward had forced her to wobble even after standing again. The attached rear was directly affected too, and her cheeks which had been a little weighty thanks to her sloven hikikomori lifestyle had surprisingly sucked inward and taken a firmer, seductive

appearance. Every step from here on would be accompanied by a natural wiggle and sway of her ass.

Tits which had also once been pudgy on top of their larger size became lighter. It was like seeing a balloon deflate as fat slid free of each breast, a consistent perkiness applied that didn't exist prior to make up for the fact that they could be a small B-cup at best. What struck her most unusual about her tiny tits was her nipples, which didn't have a natural, human brown coloration anymore and instead were a dark purple that really contrasted her skin.

But Hime had a theory about what had happened. The missing figurine, her tiny size, the shape of her body as it was currently? It all added up to one impossible possibility. **“Am I becoming Shuten?”** Eyes shone purple as she stated this conclusion aloud, dots of red paint surfacing in the corners of her eyes. Her lips grew small like cherries, but despite it all her voice remained consistent with her usual voice. **“No... It'd be worse than that wouldn't it? I need to hurry!”** The worst case scenario was far more terrifying than all this.

Her pace hastened as she scrambled across the cloth towards the floor again. She had to find clothes and get out of here fast! But her body's new shape was cumbersome. It was leaner and fitter which made mobility a little smoother, but she wasn't used to having such short arms and legs. Pair that all with Hime's clumsy nature and it was a recipe for disaster. Why couldn't she have been given the knowledge of how to use the body properly!? That kind of stuff happened in anime all the time right!?

By the time a foot had planted itself upon the hardwood floor and she was free of her old clothing prison not much was left of her hair. It had regressed towards her skull significantly with the browns darkened to Shuten's usual purple. She winced as the natural protrusions greeted her head: were she to become an oni, she'd naturally need the pair of pointed horns that had shot from her skull, and the pointed ears that rose to match. The 'oni' didn't have time to be shocked or scared. She had to move, move, mo-- *she was stuck!*?

“H-Hey!? Move, feet! We need to get g-g-g-OING!?” Not that yelling at her legs would have worked in the first place, but legs had locked in place for a very creepy reason. She hadn't run onto the floor like she'd thought. No... she definitely had? But what was below her now was something entirely different. Something familiar, but because it was familiar it scared her. Because the worst case scenario was coming true.

It was the clear figure stand that had been in the box.

Osakabe-hime's will wasn't even a factor as she, in Shuten-Douji's body, was pulled down onto her knees upon the figure stand. Knees crunched towards one another, toes sprawled out behind her as more and more mobility was taken from her. "**No, no, no, no, no, no, no!**" She kept chanting her denial on and on. What else could she even do now? It was too late. The missing figure she'd ordered? She was becoming it. She didn't know how, she didn't know why. She just knew it was too late.

Butt wiggled into place as the skin across it took on a PVC sheen, asshole and pussy filling their vacancies with the same plastic as bumps across this 'skin' of her legs and waist began to form what looked to be a costume. Red ribbons sprouted from the dark leg wrapping that formed around her feet, and archaic knee guards left lower legs and supple, plastic thighs completely exposed. Her butt wasn't protected by much: just Shuten's usual undergarment which not only left her whole cheeks on display but the top of her crack as well.

As much as the girl wanted to scream she couldn't. The taste of plastic filled the back of her throat and words turned to gargles before finally fading altogether. Nose plugged and breathing was no longer possible, but there was fortune to be found in the fact that it was no longer *necessary* either. Figurines were inanimate objects and so there was no need for them to breath.

Her back was forced slightly forward, chest jutting out proud as the black chestwrap covered her bosom while gripping her nipples enough that their points were evident even with the PVC outerwear. Navel retained depth, but it was shallow and drawn in, and a purple kimono blossomed from her back and gently held her arms, which found frozen positions: the right with her palm upturned, the left out to the side as if it were holding something. The somethings that were meant to be held bled out of either palm in a gooey fashion before hardening. Her left hand rested against a giant blue gourd, while her right hand held a glass for drinking sake.

While screaming externally was impossible it didn't stop her from doing it internally. Her head had been pointed downward to watch everything freeze into place, but now as PVC gripped her neck and began to sap the living temperature from her cheeks, it was forced forward as if looking wistfully into the distance. Osakabe-hime's mouth was forced agape, the plastic backdrop painted pink as two carved out fangs were all that remained as a set of teeth, and plastic hair framed her face.

Eyes shook from side to side in a panic as she could feel the last of her consciousness slipping away. This was all she could move, all she had left. But slowly... slowly... slowly... her ability to move them diminished before they were no more than the product of stickers and paint upon a

PVC figure's face, which was stuck in an eternal smile. The emergence of Shuten-Douji's headpiece atop the figurine's head finally finished the ensemble, and Osakabe-hime was no more.

She wasn't dead. There was still a consciousness, but it was trapped. It still had awareness of its identity. It was Osakabe-hime. It was a Servant! But no one came to her room for days, which became weeks, which became a month. It was only natural that this awareness would eventually fade as hope was lost. Slowly but surely its perspective changed, and by the time Ritsuka found the room vacant and the figure on the floor it was already too late.

The Shuten-Douji PVC figure was just happy that someone was looking at it.

That was all it wanted.