

THE SOFTEST MIKON

JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“It’s pretty rare for you to accept my invitation, Master! Could it be you’ve finally warmed up to Casko’s Deluxe Wife Plus XD tier treatment? Now with extra doting!” Sitting around a warm tatami mat was both Gudako and one of her many Servants, the Caster whose true identity was Tamamo-no-Mae. In the center was a teapot and an assortment of snacks, all of which the Servant had prepared for what she’d wanted to be an enjoyable teatime. With all that was happening she knew just how tense her Master had been as of late even if Gudako sought to hide it all behind a smile.

“Hmm... How do I put it? I thought it might be a nice change of pace?” Gudako scratched her chin in embarrassment, enough to make Tamamo’s heart skip a beat. The girl looked somewhat more relaxed than she had as of late, and the fox was looking to keep that vibe going as long as she could. The last thing she wanted was for her Master to leave this session feeling better only to crumble under the weight of reality again, but she likewise knew there was only so much that could be done in the end. **“It’s quiet in here and sitting by the warm tatami mat eases my aching bones.”** Bones that surely wouldn’t be aching if not for all of the injuries she’d sustained over the course of her adventures. It was almost heartbreaking to hear that.

But was there really nothing that could be done? Nothing to alleviate some of the young woman’s pain and suffering? **“Hey, Master? If there was one thing you could have right now, what would it be?”** Tamamo came off as surprisingly coy in her asking of this question, golden eyes dancing to the side. But depending on the answer she might be able to help her, if only just a little.

Gudako appeared pensive, but not completely taken off guard by the question. It wasn’t like it was something she’d never thought about, but she’d wanted to save

her dreams for after Panhuman history had been saved. There was no benefit in dreaming about things that couldn't happen right now, let alone things that couldn't happen *period*. **"I guess I sometimes think about what it'd be like to be young again...? I mean I guess I'm already pretty young? But the condition of my body has been weighing on me lately... haha..."**

That was such a tragic, heartbreaking wish. The fox could only wonder in what ways her Master's form had been falling apart considering she was but a mere human. But... this was also fortunate. There was something that she could do about this, something to see her Master's wish come true. Motivated by good intentions she hadn't thought about how things could go awry, and so she reached out across the table to deliver a special cookie. An enchanted cookie.

Gudako's face displayed momentary confusion at this random offering. Tamamo hadn't really been pushy about anything else at the table so far, and the accompanying silence seemed somewhat out of character. Even so, she accepted the chocolate treat and took a bite, thinking at worst that it was something the fox had baked herself and wanted feedback on.

The first bite seemed normal enough, but what greeted the girl's taste buds was an overwhelmingly sweet and delicious flavor that provoked her into scarfing down the rest of the treat quite hastily... and messily. Almost like a child consuming a tasty snack without any concern for appearances, crumbs spilled down the front of her outfit and chocolate clung to her lips. **"Oh! That was really delicious Tamamom! Did you make it yourself?"** Strangely enough it felt like all of the pain and fatigue had lifted from her body, and Tamamo herself seemed to savor a sudden slip of her Master's tongue.

Tamamom, huh?

But it wasn't simply that Gudako had just been re-energized. Rather, it was a much more prominent change than that. All of the wounds in her body had inexplicably healed, from cuts closing to scars raising, to bones correcting and re-aligning. There was no trace of the wear she'd accumulated ever since joining Chaldea's quest to save the world, almost like a miracle. **"Myself? Well~! I suppose you could say that! How do you feel, Master?"** She was genuinely curious.

The human wasn't sure how to answer that question. Not at first anyways, because she hadn't really noticed she was feeling better until she'd been asked to think about *how* she was feeling. **"Actually? Really good."** Maybe a little too good. Her body felt all tingly on top of it all, and it was most prominent in her fingertips. A healthy blush painting Gudako's cheeks, she brought her hands upward and turned palms to her face to have a look. It was at this point that she noticed her callouses -- or rather her lack thereof. Her fingers had grown so worn but now they looked as soft as they'd been when she was a child, but that softness? Wasn't all about them that was looking rather childlike.

Weren't her fingers smaller? Getting smaller? Shrinking? Right before her very eyes she could have sworn the size of her hands was diminishing, enough to get her to look up at Caster again. **"Um... Okaaster?"** Like okaa-san. She was still slipping into calling Tamamo her mother, somehow. It was actually more fundamental than that. She was being rewired to think that way, for her mind to highlight Tamamo's maternal traits and promote them as something she looked up to and desired. **"My hands are getting smaller... did you do something...?"** Turning the hands over, she could see her nails growing rougher almost as if they'd been chewed, specks of dirt caught beneath the odd nail to show they weren't carefully cared for.

"Do something? What do you mean? Haven't you always been small Gudako-chan?" Tamamo had dropped the pretense of continuing to call her 'Master' it seemed. Gudako hadn't really noticed since she'd been so distracted by her hands, but her entire body had actually been shrinking. Clothes looked increasingly baggy upon her person as her maturing curves faded and her form lost many of its sexual characteristics; breasts, while never truly significant, had become little more than promising nubs across a soft chest while hips and butt were left small and nestled in the seat, her adult-sized skirt only held in place *because* she was sitting. Her top wasn't so fortunate though, and by the time her eyes had widened and face had regained a youthful chubbiness, the short sleeves of her black shirt only just barely revealed small hands and had likewise consumed her arms, shirt crumpled around a miniature torso.

"Um... No? I'm an adult, right? I'm big." Or had almost been an adult at least. It had been roughly five years since she'd joined Chaldea and she was twenty, though the legal age of drinking in Japan was a year older than that. Tamamo's words, however? They were strangely... *persuasive*. Gudako had wanted to continue her argument, but looking down again she noticed how tiny she was and something seemed to *click*. **"I'm a kid? But I don't wanna be a kid, okaa-san! Okaa... san? But you're not... uhm... Huh?"** It went without saying that the child had confused herself with these words. Calling Tamamo her mom aside, she was having difficulty taking hold of more complicated words that she felt like she should have known. It was like the amount of knowledge she knew had shrunk with the rest of her body.

Tamamo wasn't amused. Honestly, she felt a little bad. She'd expected the changes to be instantaneous, but watching Gudako's face contort in confusion indicated that she was struggling to come to terms with this new reality where she was young and healthy again. **"I'm not your mother? When you look so much like me? You're going to make your poor mommy feel sad!"** She'd been given a chance to put the final nail in the coffin however, thanks to the emergence of a pair of fluffy, puffy fox ears atop Gudako's head that paved the way for streaks of soft, cherry blossom pink to dance through her ginger mane. It wasn't long before her hair was completely consumed, length falling down her back in the same coloring as Tamamo's own.

Gudako's eyes now reflected a supernatural gold as she fidgeted in place, her fox ears twitching in response to Caster's words. **"Mikon?"** The softest mikon replaced a normal gasp, fingers reaching up to tug at one of the ears. **"Well.. Yeah... Of course**

I look like Okaa-san, I'm her daughter...?" Was that right? Somehow it still felt wrong, but this swelling in her heart? This comfort in being at Tamamo's side? This was a daughter's love for her mother, wasn't it? As if responding to the child's acceptance of her circumstance, a weird pressure built at the base of her spine just in time for a large and fluffy fox tail to shoot out and point upward. Confused by the feeling, the small Gudako reached behind her and pulled the tail around gently to hold it in both her arms, ultimately burrowing her cheek in it. It was so soft and warm, and she recognized this gesture as something she often did to comfort herself when she was anxious. **"Okaa-san? Why am I wearing these big clothes?"** This was the source of her anxiety wasn't it? Or rather she seemed to *think* it was.

"MIKON!" Compared to Gudako's reserved mikon, Tamamo's was over-the-top dramatic as she did her best to feign surprise. **"Could it be I set out the wrong clothes for my precious daughter!? How could this be!? Have I failed as a mom!?"** It wasn't great cover up, but it was cover up nonetheless. She shot up and out of her seat, immediately going to her 'daughter's side to wipe the chocolate from her tiny face and help escort her from her seat, at which point she snapped her fingers and a reserved, blue kimono clad the eight year old's body and hugged it tight.

Gudako really loved her mommy's magecraft. It was so warm and gentle!

But Tamamo really hadn't been thinking ahead when she'd transformed her Master.
How were they going to fight the Lostbelts now?

Was she going to have to send her eight year old daughter into battle?

"Ahaha... Whoops..."