

FATE / SERVAFES SCRAMBLE

CHAPTER 4: SELF-ABSORBED



“Gyeh.” The fox hadn’t necessarily been trying to hide herself when she’d come across the sight of Robin Hood gaining gigantic breasts and turning into another Servant, nor had she possessed the mental fortitude to look away from such a bizarre sight. She could merely recall the oddity when he’d come back from that Halloween singularity the year prior with his body and mind an exact copy of hers. BB’s influence hadn’t gone unnoticed, but neither had Tamamo’s presence escaped BB’s perception either.

The fox had thought herself clever. She’d seen the Alter and automaton leave the changing rooms too, and unlike most Servants her beastly sense of smell had granted her the knowledge of their previous identities. They were Gudako and Mashu, surely, and because Robin was close he was next. If she could just get to da Vinci first...

“**Aa aa aa! Where does Shrine Maiden-san think she’s going?**” Tamamo’s fur stood on end at the sound of BB’s voice. Had she been wearing her Caster Saint Graph than a battle of transformation would have been one she had a fair chance of winning, but in her Lancer Saint Graph with some time required before she could change it back, her hands were all but tied. “**You’ll be trouble if I leave you be, won’t you? Not obedient at all! But if you’re only thinking of yourself then I suppose it wouldn’t matter, right? ♡**”

A tingle ran through Tamamo’s core. It wasn’t unlike when she used her Shapeshift skill, the presence of a fundamentally different energy corrupting her own. How did the Mooncancer possess such an ability? Modifying others? She was aware the AI had apparently forged a contract with an alien god of sorts but could it really possess that kind of strength. “**What did you d--**”

BB was gone. She figured leaving the Lancer with more questions than answers would just open what was to come as a more interesting event. Tamamo had knowledge of the Servant she was going to become after all, and she couldn't have her figuring it out too quickly. In a way this destined form was both her polar opposite in both personality and appearance, and would be much easier to remove her involvement with BB's plans entirely.

"*Grr.*" With BB nowhere to be seen, the Lancer was left to ponder her plan from here-on out. Thanks to Chaldea's earlier encounter with this mischievous streak of the Mooncancer she had the knowledge that there were countermeasures in place, but not being close enough to da Vinci had robbed her of the knowledge of what they were or how they would deter her. Both Gudao and Gudako must have known however, and if Gudako had succumbed then the countermeasures must not have been with them specifically. Would it be okay to just let this transformation run its course? Not that she had any choice in the matter.

Does it matter? It isn't really my problem.

"**IT TOTALLY IS MY PROBLEM!**" Wait, why was she arguing with voices in her head? Since when did she have voices talking to her in her head? Was this part of BB's tampering? Such a selfish voice... Tamamo had dedicated her life to serving others. Be it her Master, or her old Master, or anyone willing to be cared for by her! It ran contrary to her very core!

THUD... THUD!

"**AH!?**" The sound and reverberation of a set of items suddenly falling to the ground accompanied the unusual sensation of some of her senses growing numb. For half a moment she'd also gone deaf, only for her hearing to return in an impaired state. The fox spun around and looked at the ground, her concerns given answer as she found... parts of her body in the sand. Her tail and ears, but they didn't quite look right. The looked fake. Hell, the tail had a butt plug on the end of it and the ears were on a headband! Sure, she'd expected to lose her fox traits if BB was toying with her form, but to have her fur reduced to such a sorry state... "**My beautiful fur!**" Of course she had to vocalize her pain, hands grabbing in their general direction. A quick brush upon the side of her head revealed that, yup, so had squishy human ears now.

Despite the fact that she had bent over, ass sticking high in the air so that she could grasp the accessories that had once been part of her body, she was cucked by a peculiar reach -- *rather*, she couldn't seem to reach? Her body as she knew it should have had no difficulty grabbing something from that far away when hunched over, but it seemed the length of her arms was just shy of touching them. She hadn't grown any shorter overall, but could it have been her arms themselves had become just the slightest bit shorter?

Paired with this absence of reach was a an encroaching dullness. Not in the sense that her fingernails were duller, or that they'd shrunk (*though they would eventually lose a little of their length*), but the motion of each wrist, each finger, was felt with less and less clarity. They were growing number and number, and while she could still move them Tamamo was sensing the complications that would come about if this was a more permanent change. It was also beginning to creep up her arms to dull her senses their as well, which was equally troubling.

In part because she knew of a Servant with a condition like this. One of the Alter Egos born of BB back on the Moon Cell named Meltlilith. Not only could she not properly perceive touch for the most part, but she also had a pair of legs that were...

Cheek collided with the sand, face only inches from the fox ear headband in response to legs coming out from under her. The Lancer's ample bosom smacked against one another when she fell on her side, and despite the fact that the fall should have hurt substantially there were very little to be felt but a numb pain as her sense of touch was further wounded.

Mustering strength in her neck, Tamamo turned her head down to try and look past her breasts and at her legs. She'd fallen because they'd suddenly felt strange, as if she wasn't used to walking on normal, human legs.

You aren't. A voice in the back of her head reaffirmed.

She managed to raise the leg atop the second a moment, but it suddenly dropped against the skin of the other. Yet maybe skin was the wrong word since instead of the slapping sound you'd expect from skin on skin, there was instead a *'clack'* as if too artificial surfaces had come into contact with one another.

At this point she noticed the surface of her legs beginning to grow darker. She could have screamed out in surprise, but why bother? Her mind had dulled along with the rest of her form, making her less surprised by these changes and more interested in their completion... so that she could take her place as the most beautiful.

Toes wriggled as their mass was all but erased, feet in their entirety retreating towards her ankles as what regressed became darker than the rest. What was left was a pair of solid nubs that had grooves on the bottom to establish grip upon the ground below, leaving her without proper feet at all.

As the coloring of her leg from just below the thighs and down continued to grow black, any traces of flesh that had once kept them warm erased themselves as a solid, almost plastic texture rose instead. It wasn't soft nor was it rounded as muscle hardened and the space where flesh and bone usually sat filled with the same hardened blackness. At the edge of the plastic, between the newly formed prosthetics and the thigh that had remained fleshy, an indentation grew deeper to indicate that the lower portion was attached to her body as a separate entity.

Tamamo couldn't feel these attachments of course, and as her eyes were affixed on the fact that her natural legs had become largely unnatural it escaped her notice that the two melons obscuring her view of the changes had begun to obscure them less so. Breaths became shallow as the flesh of her boobs was forced over and around a bikini top that was beginning to tighten and dig into her, yet at each moment before it became too uncomfortable the size of said breasts diminished before the top grew tighter again. Rinse, repeat, until they were little more than a pair of underdeveloped A-cups that were uncased by a black bikini top that had once been blue with a fox emblem embroidered.

Hips and ass succumbed to a similar phenomenon as legs straightened naturally in response to her hips becoming narrower. Without such a substantial gait between both limbs they could rest a little more comfortably, not that the woman could feel much physically anymore to begin with. The fox's ass, large and tender as it had been, was squeezed much like her breasts by a blackening bikini bottom, flesh poking out from its sides even as a pair of tiny but firm ass was left in its place. In terms of appeal points this rump would definitely serve to be her greatest *ass-set*.

"Ugh. Now I'm all sandy." Complaints not of her transformation but about her resting conditions flowed naturally from fair lips. All that had Tamamo had prided herself in her body had dissipated and yet she couldn't muster the energy to care. She still perceived herself as beautiful but now it was more along the lines of *'I am perfect and no one can compare'* as opposed to her more generic confidence.

Hands dug into the sand as the girl (*because with her frame as petite as it was it would be difficult to call herself a woman*) attempted to push herself upright. She could not feel her fingers touching the ground nor could she feel prosthetic legs wobbling behind her as she rose like a ballerina, yet the knowledge regarding how to move this way felt like second nature as Tamamo finally stood upon her *'feet'*.

Through presumably a miracle, the sun hat she'd been wearing as part of her Lancer form had remained atop her head despite losing her fox ears and falling over. It grew heavy as whites largely turned black. Material expanded, falling down her back and wrapping itself around her arms and hands before stopping just above her thighs, covering all that was necessary. With senses dulled, Meltamo didn't even realize. Instead, recalling BB's presence, she scoffed.

"Why is she here, and playing around with others no less?" Melt hated BB, that much was to be sure. But at the same time... **"Oh well, it's not my problem."** And that was the mentality BB had been looking for. She knew Meltlilith was too wrapped up in herself to stick out her neck even if she knew something, which made her the perfect identity to assign that troublesome fox.

So the Alter Ego merely continued down the beach, pink locks straightening and turning Sakura-purple as prosthetics left tiny marks in the sand, each swept up by the water. Occasionally she'd glance at the waves, and each time she did the golds of her eyes would reflect the blues of the water more and more. As she traveled she

seemed to accumulate guests: little penguins that began to follow after her like Meltlilth was the mother.

And she didn't appear again for the rest of the trip.