

FOXFAIRE

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“You stupid fox! You got us lost again!” Nero Claudius spat venom towards Tamamo-no-Mae, shooting an emerald glare the Caster’s way as a branching path spread out before the two of them. The Singularity they were currently helping their Master with was a labyrinth beside the sea, a Holy Grail apparently hidden within one of the many chests scattered throughout. It was a peculiar mission, but one the two of them were uniquely suited for considering all of the looting that took place in the floors of the Moon Cell.

Ritsuka had split up the Servants they’d brought. There were no enemies and so there was no risk of danger. Of course they’d brought Mashu with them, but otherwise they’d paired off on their own. Nero and Tamamo had been a little late on the pairing and had ended up together. Of course they’d been bumping elbows the entire time, insulting one another viciously. That was just the nature of their rivalry, at their cores they did get along in some weird way.

From the branching path they’d separated themselves. Tamamo had spoken of being suspect that there were chests at the end of either route and splitting up would be more beneficial, so that was the plan they’d gone along with. Which eventually brought the red Saber to the old, pirate-looking ass chest in front of her. **“Not the kind of container best suited for a glorious treasure, but I suppose as long as I obtain it myself! Umu!”** Her head filled with thoughts of praise from her Master as she kicked the box with enough force to shatter it. Were the Grail inside it would be sturdy enough to endure the damages, but said Grail was *not* inside.

Instead the chest exploded into a plethora of crimson smoke and sparkling particles, a similar phenomenon evident in a section of the labyrinth over as blue smoke rose. A shrill cry suggested the victim there was Tamamo, yet Nero was dealing with her own issues. The smoke filling her lungs was tough enough, but the particles that reflected the light of the sunny sky above seemed to have a paralyzing effect on her. Spores of some sort? Saber couldn't imagine any good coming of them.

The Saber was indeed correct! It wasn't something worth celebrating, but alas! She could feel a tingling upon any area of her skin that was exposed. That meant the top of her bosom, her hands, her legs, and her face. The maiden was frozen with her hands at her side in shock, yet at the very least she could muster the strength to move both her head and eyes.

Looking downward gave her a clear enough look at her cleavage. Even though the particles had fallen upon her they were no longer visible and, at first, nothing seemed particularly amiss. But her green eyes squinted as something caught her attention. She surely thought that her mind was playing tricks on her right out of the gate, but was her skin looking more sickly? She was Caucasian already indeed, but she took such good care of her skin and always exposed it to a healthy amount of light. It was always positively aglow!

Was being the keyword. Before her very eyes the skin lightened to almost near-white, stopping just short of seeming ghostly. If the buck stopped there she might have had no further cause for alarm. *The buck didn't stop there.* As she could move her head Nero had tried to crane it to try and see if her hands or legs had met the same fate as her chest, but in doing so her hair had dashed past the corner of her eyes. It was only natural she'd expect her usual golden blonde, but instead she witnessed strands of such dark brown coloring that they were essentially black.

And she was gazing upon them with crimson eyes instead of her typical, beautiful emeralds.

Nero wanted to scream. Between her dark hair and her ghastly skin she must have looked like a ghostly existence not void of kin to the likes of Shuten-Douji or Minamoto-no-Raikou. These comparisons were a little too on the nose though, since her face was beginning to match theirs in terms of racial background.

Her red eyes certainly crept into a more distinguished angle and the shape of her nose had flattened. To compliment this her cheekbones crunched and narrowed, and while she couldn't speak something had suddenly pressed her to smack her lips with her tongue as if she was looking to taste something. Said lips were plump and decorated with

polish, the flavor not fruity or even tasty in the least. It was strange, yet the Emperor found herself longing for something after tasting her own lips.

A kiss. An embrace. She wanted to take it from the most important person to her, that fox. She wanted to taste her lips on her own, she longed for her tongues to dance. *What?* Of course, the reasonable voice in the forefront of her consciousness had to question this. She'd never craved any relationship of the sort with Tamamo and certainly never *intended* on it either.

This *did* make her wonder how that fox was fairing. Had she been doused in the same trap then she undoubtedly would be enduring similar effects. Whether or not they were the exact same or different was impossible to ascertain, but for some reason the Saber noted she could not accurately picture the fox despite just having seen her. Did she always have white ears and a white tail? Somehow that didn't line up...

But how could Nero accurately guess what was happening to the second party when she hadn't wholly realized what was changing in *herself*. She couldn't see that she held the facial features of a mature, Japanese beauty now, nor could she take note of the traditional red markings in the corners of her eyes that had flared up. She likewise couldn't see that the lengths of her fingers had not only grown, but had appeared much more delicate with long, dark red nails that might as well have doubled as dangerous claws. The bony stalks of her fingers were menacing on their own, but paired with those nails? *Yikes.*

The emperor was temporarily deafened, and while she tried yelling she still couldn't draw any sound from her mouth... though even if she could she would not have been able to hear it for roughly thirty seconds. It just so happened that her ability to hear came back with the vengeance. It was far more sensitive than she was accustomed to even as a Servant, and she felt like she could hear deeper in the labyrinth than ever before. Yet she couldn't hear the other fox, likely because she was also muted.

Other fox?

Wasn't there only one to begin with?

Herself? No, *she*...

She'd come with a second fox, right?

Somehow Nero had come to reflect on her own person as a fox like Tamamo, but this wasn't a misplaced assertion. After all, her sudden loss and renewal of hearing was thanks to her human ears fading into the thick cut of her dark hair and ultimately fusing into her skull while a fuzzy, alternative vulpine pair had popped up on the top of her head. They twitched in response to ever sound from the waves crashing again

the open maze structure about thirty feet away, to the sounds of footsteps far deeper in than she should have been able to sense.

Were those the footsteps of ~~Master~~ their enemy?

It made her restless. An enemy was in their territory and so that enemy needed to be put down. On the contrary, she continued to lick her lips with growing need. Both her chest and loins had been burning for a short while now and she couldn't really place her arousal. It was random. Why did she want to take Tamamo so badly? Why was Tamamo's visage changing so much in her memory? Why did her white locks and her serious expression get her motor running...?

That *really* didn't sound like Tamamo at all.

Crimson eyes were compelled down to the tits she so much wanted to touch as they ached; not because of the aching itself but because her erect nipples felt to be a little too stiff. At peak arousal they were always quite large but they somehow seemed even larger and more sensitive than she used to be. Had she not been frozen in place she might have fallen forward with what came next, yet before her eyes her very breasts surged out like balloons hooked up to an air pump. Nero already sported a *very* impressive bust for her height, but it had gone from impressive to astounding in a matter of several cup sizes.

Any expectations that this might ruin her regal attire, however, was made moot. It was like the cloth was flowing around her growing tits, cleavage becoming deeper as the center sank and the soft fibers around them became thick. It wasn't long before they resembled a thick kimono intentionally thrust open to show off her tits, sleeves having ruffled out into a dark, sleeved mantle with a crimson lining.

Again saved by her frozen posture, hips made her wince thanks to how they popped out of place and then snapped back into a wider position, forcing knees to buckle in. This might have thrown off her posture entirely if not for the fact that she was seemingly taller, the bent knees only keeping her at the same eye level in the meanwhile. Once she finally stood up straight she'd be revealed to be significantly taller than she had been before.

Her thighs gushed thick with extra padding as cushion became even better for the pushing than it had ever been, and this was all cast into view as the lower half of her attire conformed into the shape of a short crimson skirt. Black leggings buckled at the base of her thighs with reinforced steel as well, and one could no longer identify her as the Saber Servant by body nor attire.

This was made all the more troubling by an astounding pressure at the base of her spine. Alarming as it was, the half-fox was practically panting with anticipation as she awaited its release. She had a feeling that once the feeling exploded she would not only be able to move again, but find her satisfaction in her partner. And then, they could target the enemies.

She was not made to wait long, not before a plethora of soft and fuzzy appendages exploded out from above her ass like the contents of a firecracker. Guided by the transformation all six thread the needle of the holes cut out for them in her mantled jacket, and all six danced back and forth rhythmically despite the fact she couldn't move anything else.

“That’s better.” Voice returned, her pitch was deep and the tone it carried lustful. She licked her lips once more before jumping to clear the walls of the labyrinth -- something that had been barred by the creator of the maze to prevent cheating. But she was no longer a participant in the maze, she was a guardian of it. Along with her partner...

Akagi, as Nero was now named, landed on top of a fox much like her. She had similar markings, but wore short cut white hair and had six snow white tails. This was the very place the blue smoke had fluttered from earlier and Tamamo-no-Mae was nowhere to be seen... for much like Nero she had become a guardian fox, the one Akagi had pounced upon.

Her brown tails danced around behind her as she forced the white-haired fox, Kaga, onto her back on the rickety boarded floor of the maze. She promptly grabbed Kaga's tits with the intention of stirring her arousal, but it was quite clear she was already horny. A dampness in her pure white panties, which Akagi felt after a quick touch, told more than it needed to. Not that she was better off with how her crimson pair was *soaked*.

She leaned down to breathe her hot breath against the white fox's neck, which made her shudder with delight before taking a nibble of her flesh, and another, and another, until she'd both nibbled and interlocked with Kaga's lips. This was all she wanted right now. It was all either of them wanted. Each other. **“My sister...”** Kaga's words devolved into a demonic giggle. They were not truly sisters, but in the sense of a fleet girl, as they came from similar models, they could be called as such.

But they both knew they had to be quick. There were intruders in the labyrinth that couldn't be allowed to find the treasure.

Even if it meant killing them.