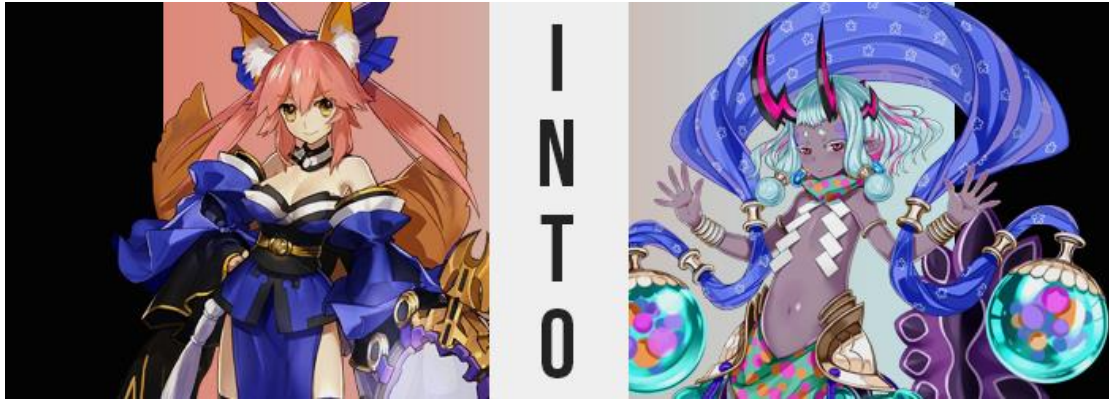


TAMAMO-NO-MORE

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There were so many Servants allied within Chaldea that it wasn't unusual for them to have feuds of sorts. Items taken from the fridge, invading one another's free time, generally stepping on one another's toes – these types of things were inevitably with over one hundred individuals gathered in one place, Servants or not.

One rivalry in particular had been escalating as of late. On one side there was the oni party consisting of the Assassin, Shuten-Douji and the Berserker, Ibaraki-Douji; and on the *other* side? It was the Caster, Tamamo-no-Mae. Perhaps there should have been a natural rivalry between Shuten and Tamamo seeing as they were both members of Japan's Great Evils, but this? It was over something far pettier.

Simply put: *Tamamo had merely been stealing the onis' sake from the storage room.*

Typically, Shuten and Ibaraki kept their stash within their rooms, but as of late their collection had grown so vast that there simply wasn't enough space. The overflow needed to be dealt with, and this excess was placed in marked crates in the warehouse-like space that was shared between all of the staff and Servants of Chaldea. Whether it was intentional or through sheer ignorance, the Caster had been stealing bottles from that stash.

Sure, they could have just asked her to stop doing it. That might have been a more natural resolution to the issue at hand. But it was also a *boring* solution, and Shuten-Douji was not one to settle for whichever resolution might be the most *boring* of the bunch. She liked to add a little zest to everything, just for her own entertainment. And since the

Caster didn't know they were onto her, the Assassin had the perfect plan in mind.

Tamamo, after bringing another bottle of sake back to her room, was in good spirits as always. In truth it was a mixture of willful ignorance and a genuine lack of knowledge that had led to this incident escalating. She had assumed that this sake belonged to someone else, but she also hadn't noticed the markings on the boxes. At worst, she believed that eventually someone would tell her to stop taking it and that would be that. At best, maybe whomever it belonged to didn't mind? That would be the best case scenario, really!

“Haah! Nothing better than a tasty drink and a Sunday laying under the covers!” Or such had been her plans for the day. Ever since that Saberface Caster had shown up, she was being brought out on less and less missions. But a lazy day in her futon? She couldn't really complain about that! Osakabe-hime would certainly approve, at any rate. A little too excited to settle in her sheets before taking the first sip though, the fox opened the bottle and took a big gulp before putting it and the dish on the low table beside her bed.

All according to plan. But not *her* plan.

The moment the gulp bottomed out in her gut; the fox's skin began to crawl in a way that was immediately noticeable. **“Nani!? What's happening to me right now!? This feels super weird!”** *Everything everywhere* was tingling, and she was pinned in place without the ability to move her legs. But incidentally? It was her legs that felt the strangest, a numbing chill sweeping up to her hips from her toes.

Hidden beneath her leggings, a peculiar texture began to creep and crawl across her feet. *Scales*. Her skin was unknowingly textured, the blood beneath it adjusted to the cold blood of a reptile rather than that of a warm and fuzzy fox. But that wasn't *all*. The nails upon her toes softened and became one with the scales, and those scales themselves? Depending on where they were on her lower leg, the coloration was vastly different.

On the front of her legs and the tops of her feet, the scales, one by one, found an inherent whiteness to them, almost like the shine of a pearl. It was almost like an unusual set of wrinkles ran across them horizontally as well, this lines on one leg always matching those on the other like they were meant to link together.

The scales on the backs of Tamamo's legs were might more complex though. They didn't have the wrinkles for one, but it was the coloring that stood out more significantly. Each scale didn't pale, but rather took on a varying shade of purple depending on where on the back of her legs or the bottom of her feet it appeared. The lighter shade was much more consistent and was clearly the colored base. But the much darker shade weaved down the length of her limbs in something akin to a squiggly pattern running down the outskirts of either leg. On the soles of her feet though, the dark purple appeared in splotches on the outskirts...

...molding even the Caster's flesh into their shape. "**M-MIKON!?** **WHAT IS HAPPENING!?**" Between the feeling of the sides of her feet pushing against her socks and sandals and the emergence of the scales poking out from beneath her leggings – travelling up to her thighs not long after – Tamamo didn't have any excuse in regard to ignorance involving her transformation. Cloth tore as the protrusions extended, yet at the same time her toes were merging together to give them more of a fin-like aesthetic, until...

Both legs were suddenly drawn to one another, and that 'suddenly' *cannot* be stressed enough. "**HYA!?**" It was as if both legs had been magnetically charged and yanked towards one another, the sound of cloth tearing further causing the fox's nerves to fray – for she had an idea about what was happening. She could feel it, after all. Her legs were merging together, becoming a single appendage. Her thigh highs peeled from her legs without the middle layer to keep them bound, and as her feet merged at the heels, they fanned out to either side. "**A-A tail!?**"

It was clear as day that this was the reality of the situation, and after her thighs attached themselves to one another, the sound of something new snapping could be heard beneath her kimono... before her black panties fluttered to the ground, severed into two pieces while her pussy was concealed with the pearl folds of her snake underbelly. Yet the scales? They did not rise past her hips. The fox tail that rested above her buttocks looked far more out of place now than it ever had, but it ended up folding in and downwards, becoming one with her snakier features.

Rather, discomfort was returned twofold in her lower half right after. Her body fell slightly forwards as the snake half caught her weight on its white underside, but there was just more *of* that underside. It had bloated thanks to the new matter introduced by her much foxier tail, widening dramatically, but it also grew longer as well so the grooved tips behind her extended farther away from her body. It was all so ugly, and gaudy, and gross! "**I don't want to be some sort of lizard!**"

The fox herself was on the verge of tears, but by glimpsing her golden eyes it was evident that this lower half was only a fragment of a growing

issue. For speckles of crimson red had muddied her gaze, and within a matter of moments the gold of her irises had been entirely overwhelmed by this new color.

What's more, something peculiar was up with the fox ears that rested atop her head. Bit by bit, tufts of fur regressing inwards until they were totally bare, free completely of fluff and looking uncomfortably fleshy. The bizarreness of this change was only blatant for a brief moment though, for eventually these ears slid downwards and positioned themselves on either side of her head where ears normally went, although they did not lose their triangular shapes.

While nothing else was lost though, there absolutely was gain. A color different from the rest of her flesh, as an ashen gray dyed their tips, and eventually crept towards her skull. ...At which point, it all spread into her face. Tamamo wriggled her nose, catching sight of the off-color the moment it stole away her paleness. **“N-Now what!? My nose looks all...”** Wait. Was it the color? The color was odd, right? So why was she now so fixated on its size mentally? Could she always see this much of it? Shouldn't it be smaller? **“H-Huh...? What was I...?”**

Her mouth hung agape; the woman shocked by her own confusion. At the very least, this expression revealed that her fangs had grown longer, her teeth a little sharper; but it also allowed the ashen skin tone to spread beneath her robes without notice, darkening her nipples to dark purple at the same time. Where skin would typically pinken from increased blood flow now, with this new skin tone it would instead glisten a dark violet.

The truth of her confusion, on the other hand, was that her mind was falling under the transformation's influence. Things that were changing looked *correct*, but on the other hand? Anything of her old appearance now looked like it didn't belong at all. Not that there was very much left in the first place. She felt a little tall, and had her chest always been so... *boingy?*

As the mental alterations took more intimately, so too did additional change wash across her head. The roots of her sakura pink hair, for example, took on a pastel blue that held a greenish tint. Opposed to sweeping through the full length of that hair though, it stopped abruptly just above her shoulders. And the excess? It was cut off in the back, while in the front, her bangs were more or less eviscerated by an unknown force, leaving her forehead fully exposed.

“I'm... Who? Tamamo...? That's a silly name, is it not?” She continued to struggle with her memories, though one could hardly fault her for she hardly bore any resemblance to that old self now. Her

eyebrows were dyed the same blue as her hair, but they pulled inward and rounded so that they looked as if they were done in the style of *hikimayu*. Makeup found its way upon her complexion as well, and cloud-like art done up in violet drifted out and up from the far corners of her eyes, while eyelids found themselves done up with light blue eyeshadow.

And then, *she fell*.

It wasn't alarming at all. She was not put off by it. Rather, it felt more like she was falling to meet a size she was more accustomed to, and it was only her torso diminishing in the end. Her snake half? It remained largely consistent other than narrowing around the waist as her hips grew narrower.

Tamamo(?) wasn't *just* shrinking, she was also growing younger. This fact was plain as day, one only needed to look at the front of her dress where her cleavage rapidly regressed in size. Big breasts hollowed out, ashen skin pulling tighter while her nipples likewise shrunk. But shrinking arms and tinier fingers saw to it that the kimono inevitably fell from her torso, leaving the serpent's young body completely exposed.

Her chest completely flat, her rear and hips having lost their definition as well, there was only one place that held any roundness or bulge. Her *tummy*. It was slight, but excess fat gathered there, seeing it protrude just a little bit. One could not blame her though, not when her upper body now better resembled a young girl's. In fact, her face did not as all resemble a younger Tamamo. If anything, she looked strangely like Shuten-Douji.



“It’s cold in here... I am sleepy, as much as I would like to play.” Her voice carried a childish squeak as she began to lower her snake body to the ground, curling around itself before draping her plump belly against the purple, patterned backside as if she were tied into a knot. The chill made her desire

slumber, but as she laid a puffy cheek to her own tail, one final touch emerged.

Horns. A set of four. Tinier pairs appeared on the sides of her head, while larger ones appeared on the front. They almost looked like daggers, with hot pink cores, surrounded by black bone. Their sleek design was unusual, completely unlike those of any oni in Chaldea.

But then again, she was *no* oni.

Some time later, both Shuten and Ibaraki had slipped into Tamamo's room to see if their plan had been successful. Considering the snake girl passed out on the floor, though? **"Hmm... This isn't quite what I had in mind. Perhaps her divinity stopped her from becoming a full oni."** Shuten had mixed her own blood within some of the sake bottles as a trap. It was a little known fact that anyone that drank an oni's blood would likewise become an oni, but the aura of the child still clung onto divinity for dear life, not to mention...

"Hmm... Doesn't she look kinda like you, Shuten?" Ibaraki was brave enough to crouch beside the child and poke her rounded, exposed belly. Ibuki-Douji simply mumbled and squirmed, her big tail smacking Ibaraki in the head to a chorus of chuckles from Shuten. **"Ow!?"**

Bur Ibaraki had a point. The familiarity was uncanny. There was a difference in color palette and design, but at her most basic level... she was very Shuten-esque. It was nostalgic in a way that made Shuten grumpy. She'd been planning on taking the transformed Tamamo and making her a part of her group, but as this child was now? **"Let's go, Ibaraki. It would only invite trouble if we brought her back with us."**

"Huh? But--?"

"I said *let's go.*"

The intention was to avoid trouble on her part, but that didn't mean Ibuki-Douji wouldn't be trouble for others. After all once she awoke? She'd surely navigate Chaldea out of confusion. Well, it would be out of Shuten's hands at that point. Might as well let her Master deal with it!