

SKINTIGHT DELIGHT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmph! I am the one fit to marry my dearest praetor!”

“As if! *Goshujin-sama*’s heart belongs to me!”

Another day in the Moon Cell, another pointless argument between Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus and Tamamo no Mae. The two really were a match made in hell; two women competing for affections of their poor Master, the female Hakuno Kishinami. It was fortunate that the Moon Cell Holy Grail War had properly ended, and the incident revolving around the Regalia and Altera had been sorted out.

But where there should have been peace, these two were just creating more conflict. They acting amicable with one another while Hakuno was present, but when the Master was sleeping or out with a different Servant entirely? The two went at it like cobras fighting over territory.

Apparently, in this case their argument had started over the idea of marriage. Because the Servants shared their Master’s affections, it was practically impossible for one to get a leg up over the other. And yet! There was one concept that could tilt one of them over the edge and define a clear winner! The holy union that was marriage! If Hakuno married one of them, the other would be the clear loser regardless of how much they protested!

“Umu! We’ll see about that! The second my praetor returns from her trip with the young Altera, I will propose to her! And then when she accepts my proposition? That will be the end of the line for you, you stupid fox!” This great plan of Nero’s did seem

to hinge on one thing of importance: Hakuno actually agreeing to marry her, which likely wouldn't happen. But the mere threat of it all was enough to tip Tamamo over the edge, and with Nero's back turned? She enacted a curse, one that was fired into the Saber where it took root in her Saint Graph. **"Huh!? WHAT DID YOU DO!?"**

Saber spun around quickly, meeting the agitated gaze of her opponent in the process. But Tamamo? She was smirking fiendishly. **"What did I do? What did I do?"** The tables had turned considerably it seemed, and that change in power balance was reflected in the expressions of the two women. Where Tamamo was now exuding confidence, Nero was hesitant. **"I was just thinking that when I marry *goshujin-sama*, she'll need a lovely outfit! And, oh! Didn't you have an outfit like that at one point? I wonder how you'd feel being that very costume, worn by *goshujin-sama* at our wedding!?"**

What was any of that supposed to mean? She didn't have the foggiest clue. Being a costume? It wasn't like she could just be turned into clothes. After all, she had Magic Resistance! But as much as she so desperately wanted to argue, Nero could not find the words to speak. No, not only that, but she could not move. Had she been paralyzed? She was powerless as Tamamo waved and disappeared into her spiritual form. **"Good luck~! Maybe I'll change you back when our honeymoon is over~!"**

That stupid, insane fox! Just what was she planning!? What was her fixation on that Bride costume? Surely, it was an artifact of an era long past, one born of her folly to take Hakuno as a bride in the midst of BB's unsavory planes, but that had never come to fruition! She'd had no choice but to abandon the idea once the Moon Cell had been remade!

Nero shivered. A coldness had plagued her, and it did not take long to understand why. Since when had her clothing been removed!? Was it before or after Tamamo had left? Arms at her side, unable to move, she felt more like a mannequin lining the shop that was her throne room at the time. She'd soon learn that this was a fairly adept prediction of what was to come, at least in part.

At three points on her body? The coldness dipped to an icy temperature – or perhaps it was better to say that it was so cold that it almost felt numb? Yet, with her eyes glued forward thanks to the curse that she had been inflicted with, she had no means of identifying the cause. Two of these spots were at the peaks of her thighs, while the third? It was on her neck, just below her chin. She could not perceive the cause, but from an observer's point of view?

Her skin at this trio of points appeared *hard. Shiny*. Like if you were to knock upon it, you might encounter the sharp knock of your finger against steel. In all three cases, this spot was vertically long, about three inches in fact, but only a singular inch wide. And their color? *Silver*. Before long, all three of them began to bulge forward as if peeling away from her flesh proper, before dangling off of them like unusually shaped skin tags. But, considering what they revealed beneath them once they protruded? It was evident what they were.

With tiny gaps near the top and bottom, they could only be the grips typically seen on zippers. The only thing that made this a certain was that as they'd bulged out, the gaps they had left in their place had unearthed what was clearly a set of silver zipper teeth, weaved together with a vertical design. These spots, in the beginning? They were only the same size as the grips that had birthed them, yet given a few more moments? *They began to spread downward*.

Nero's tender flesh indented down a trio of strips stemming from each of the three zipper tags, with each piece of skin that pressed in eventually hardening and parting into the same toothed, bound, zipper design that had emerged just above it. On her torso, it crawled down between the woman's breasts and towards her belly button, which likewise became one with the zipper itself. It bled down as far as her pussy, ultimately seeing its lips become one with the zipper themselves. While the indentations on her legs? They split her ample thighs in two, crawling through her knees and all the way down to her ankles.

From these zippers, an additional series of changes began to fan out. The skin of the flesh that lined them began to darken, but not only that, as it flattened and thinned out, the skin cells twisted and weaved amongst one another, ultimately better resembling cloth to the touch than human skin. This phenomenon shot out roughly an inch in either direction, before an equally thick layer of golden color rose from her regular skin color, encasing the outskirts of the black like a proper lining.

Now, Saber herself was unable to see what was happening, but there was plenty she could feel. *'This is strange! Just what on earth did she do to me!? Is she toying with my beautiful body!?'* Every area that saw change grew cold and dulled in sensation, though she didn't eventually lose that feeling altogether. It was even more apparent to her, however, once that numbness began to fan out from, what was her perspective, a trio of lines running down her body that brought about numbness.

The more widespread numbing sensation came about as the majority of her flesh began to lighten in color. Was it becoming pale? Well, *yes*, but the final destination seemed to be a complete, bleach white. In areas

where you could typically see the woman's veins, the sight of them faded entirely as a solid snow color became the norm, and the texture of that skin? It grew firmer than it normally was, but there was a softness to it as well. A solid but tender leather, one that was dancing across her entire form.

The cheeks of her ass, for example? They were pulled tightly towards one another as the crack between them was mended and corrected with white, though a subtle indentation did remain prominent even when sealed. Then there was the matter of her nipples which, while being erect since the cool air had tickled her bare body, smoothed out as their pinks became white as well, ultimately giving her breasts the appearance of a doll's. No, her entire body almost gave off that impression, for not a speck of human anatomy remained beneath the Saber's chin.

Nero's hands? They remained properly sized, and all five fingers remained counted upon them despite her obvious shift towards the inanimate, but they were forced to stretch into open positions as the white claimed them, nails erased to become one with the same bleached leather. What was perhaps most amazing about this area was the excess that built around her wrists, fluttering open into lacy cuffs that bloomed towards her elbows and were bound in place by... black chain? A portion of her wrists had solidified into that shape.

Below, her toes blended together as their color likewise lightened. The gaps between each digit were filled solidly, the shapes of her feet curving to better resemble a pair of boots, while the soles of her feet parted and hardened to become the heels. Heels that were, for some reason, painted a bright, baby blue. Cuffs bound by chain were spat forth from the material that surrounded her ankles too, and belts of white and gold bound the space both above and below either knee.

'Umu!? What is happening!?! I feel so unstable! I feel so... empty!' It was a difficult feeling to put a finger on as her body began to... *sag*? Her point of view was drooping closer and closer to the ground, and one needn't look any farther than the integrity of her build to see the cause. This feeling of emptiness that she'd noted? It was *very* clearly responsible.

Her 'feet' had remained firm for example, but everything above it? It was sagging as if it were emptying, which was, in fact, the truth. All of the flesh, blood, and bone within Nero's shell was fading as if being sucked out by a vacuum. Before long she couldn't feel much of anything. Hunger became irrelevant, for she no longer had a stomach. The way the anxiety of this situation made her heart race? Irrelevant, for her heart

had stilled entirely. But despite not having a heart that beat nor lungs that breathed, her consciousness remained.

Without warning, the most shocking of thing occurred. Nero's head fell from her body, landing just two feet away from it, with her green eyes pointed at what had once been her flesh and blood. *'Wh-What!?! That costume! Is that my body!?! Impossible! Then what of my head!?!'* She'd had a bad feeling, but now seeing her bride costume all balled up on the ground where she'd known she had been standing? It all made sense. Why her body had felt numb, why she'd felt empty, and why Tamamo had been so fixated on her Bride costume.

As for her head? At first, with her green eyes essentially vacant, it had looked like the head of a doll that had been knocked free of its torso, but atop her golden hair a set of pure, white flowers emerged. Well, they didn't so much emerge as they were composed of the hair; a phenomenon replicated in the back where much of her golden locks were transitioned into a long, flowing white veil with a lace pattern. Hair alone was not enough to make up the length of this veil though and given a moment she could feel it. Her head growing lighter and lighter still, her jaw unhinging and flattening, her eyes being sucked in. All of this blood and bone was transitioned into the veil so that it could reach the intended length.

And for a brief moment? Nero only knew darkness.

It was only a brief moment however, and all at one it was like her vision had just been flicked back on. However, it was... inconsistent. She was used to perceiving her surrounding with her eyes, but now her range of sight was much more abundant. All at once she could see the bodysuit that had once been her torso, the veil that had once been her head, and everything in between. If it were a piece of the Bride costume, she found she could see through it. It was jarring, and—

'UMU!?!' Her point of view suddenly shifted instantaneously, as did an unusual feeling appear within her empty shoulders. Was something... propping her up? *'I am dangling by a hanger!?!'* And off the top of her throne, at that. She couldn't deny that this felt more comfortable with her boots dangling towards the ground, and her veil was now hanging from the hanger's peak, but...

'CHANGE ME BACK, YOU STUPID FOX!'

Not that anyone could *hear* her.

Almost an hour passed, and during that time? Nero had remained *entirely* still. Well, her body *was* her Bride costume, it wasn't as if she could just get up and walk away. She had been raging internally at her predicament with no mouth to scream. What would happen if someone found her? Would someone find her? It had only been an hour, but she had already lost track of time. It could have been days and she wouldn't have realized.

But finally? The front entrance to her throne room opened, and in entered her precious Hakuno. Nero's mood instantly improved. If anyone would take notice of this unusual situation and solve it, it was her! Yet as she drew closer and closer, Nero became increasingly certain that something was wrong. Hakuno's eyes were glossy. Mind control? Had Tamamo done something to her as well!? *That damned fox!*

Hakuno reached her arm out and pulled down the zipped that ran between Nero's breasts – or at least, what had *once* been her breasts. The sound of the zipper being pulled all of the way down to her crotch echoed loudly throughout the throne room, but once it bottomed out? The Master finally removed the Bride costume from the hanger it had been dangling from, Nero's form draped over the throne armrest temporarily.

It was only temporary, because it did not take long for Hakuno to do what needed to be done. That was, of course, *stripping*. Angry as the bodysuit was, she was pleased to be able to observe her Master's glistening, naked form with her own two... eyes? Fibers? She could see out of any portion of her body, so it was hard to say, really.

Before long, Hakuno reached out to grab her again. Even the AI's soft fingertips against her skintight form felt arousing, which was odd because it wasn't as if she could climax even if she wanted to. Clothing wasn't even *supposed* to have feelings, was it? Compared to how numb she had felt both during and after her transformation, having a human body come into contact with her made brought about a greater sense of touch than when her body had consisted of flesh and blood. *'I almost wonder what it feels like to be worn...'*

And then, it happened. The brunette spread the bodysuit wide on the sides of the unzipped torso, and she lowered a slender leg into the boots of the ensemble. While Nero's fit had originally remained consistent with her old figure, as she was now introduced to a new body type, she could feel her fibers tightening around the girl's feet, ankles, legs, and thighs.

The experience was a sensual one, Hakuno's warmth bleeding into Nero's *'body'*, but among other things? Her taste. The flavor of the

maiden's skin was inconsistent, completely dependent on cleanliness. If a bead of sweat had been rolling down that leg, she would taste its saltiness. Had she just been cleaned? She would taste soap.

Both feet now planted firmly *within* Nero, she was pulled up against her Master's ass and pussy next. Like with the legs, she felt herself cling tightly against Hakuno's leaner frame, but the tastes she caught this time were far more pronounced. Naturally, over the course of her life, Nero had tasted pussy – this really wasn't all that different, except the warmth radiating from her grain felt all the more intimate as a result of being worn. If Nero could shudder, she absolutely *would* have.

Loathing this predicament was becoming harder and harder with the more of the girl's body she came to cover. Fingers wriggled into her gloves, and once tightly wrapped around them, every wriggle of Hakuno's fingers sent a wave of pleasure through the bodysuit just as each movement of her leg would. Even having her zipper yanked up was immensely pleasurable, as she wrapped around the woman's belly and the zipper was eventually thrust past her breasts.

As Hakuno had adorned her while entirely naked, the girl's erect nipples prodded with prominence into Nero's cups as she tightened to fit around her lackluster breast size as well. Somehow, cupping those little titties as she ended up doing, it felt better than literally anything else in regard to being worn. It was as if this clothing form of hers was particularly receptive to the parts of a human body that dealt with pleasure, for the area around her zipper pussy ached at well. Was it merely a holdover phenomenon from her old body? Nero didn't care to learn, she was too wrapped up in, well, *wrapping someone up*.

It felt so good that, in the end all of her anger had been completely let go. Had she been mad about something before? As Hakuno took the veil that had likewise been hanging from the hanger – *the last piece of the costume that contained Nero's ego* – and place it on her head, Nero was lost entirely. She was still very much herself, but as long as she was being worn she could very much accept her new life.

“Goshujin-sama, you look lovely!” Tamamo finally apparated from nowhere once more, throwing herself at her Master with glee. She produced a golden bell, which she fastened around her Master's neck with chain. Not even this reappearance was enough to stoke Nero's anger once more, though. In fact, she quite enjoyed feeling Tamamo's breasts rub up against her exterior. Hakuno was still in a trance, of course, but Tamamo had no intention of dissolving it until their wedding had been finalized.

Not that Nero cared anymore, really.

But little did Tamamo nor Hakuno notice, that Tamamo's curse was beginning to have some unusual side effects. For in Hakuno's hair, strands of brown were slowly brightening to a golden blonde. And for Tamamo, who had orchestrated this devious plan? A familiar shade of purple decorated a strand or two of her own. Almost as if her plan had been deemed as devious as something a certain Mooncancer might come up with.

But *that* is a story for another time, perhaps.