

FOXY FAMILIA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Tamamo no Mae had finally had enough.

Or rather, she had finally had enough for the millionth or so time! It tended to be a constant cycle for the fox bride, who always felt like she had to try the hardest to compete with the affections of other Servants for her Master. The Moon Cell as of late had become something of Hakuno's own personal harem, particularly after the incident with Charlemagne had been solved. Now that peace had been obtained?

Not only were there *more* Sevants clamoring around them, but there was so little to do that Hakuno's schedule was always open to be fawned over. **"It isn't fair, damnit!"** The fox miko in question had retreated back to her domain, beaten not physically but emotionally. How was she supposed to compete with so many adversaries? She would never admit it, but some of them were much more attractive than her. And her charms as a fox just weren't working like they used to!

"Actually, maybe that's the answer?" Had she, perhaps, thought of a good idea? If the fox charm had worn out its appeal, then what if she leveled the playing field? Because she would definitely stand out under *those* circumstances, wouldn't she?

Ones where *everyone* was a fox girl?

EMIYA, although he went by the more ambiguous title of *No Name* these days, was not as trifled by the goings on in the Moon Cell as many of the other Servants seemed to be in the wake of the most recent crisis. He was content minding his own business, only checking on Hakuno

Kishinami now and again to make sure that she was being taken care of. He had no ambitions of approaching her romantically, though surely Tamamo had a different opinion regarding how she often perceived his actions.



“No, this distance is enough.” Hidden in an alleyway, the Servant was actually out on reconnaissance that day. Things had certainly quieted down, but considering the sheer number of Servants in the Moon Cell it was still important for him to keep a finger on the community’s pulse. Not all of the summoned spirits were necessarily good people, which meant that it was only a matter of time before another incident occurred.

He had been *planning* on checking in on one of those problem Servants, Elizabeth Bathory, but something had stopped him just short of entering her domain. **“What... is this feeling?”** It was a red flag. Almost a baser instinct that was telling the tanned man that something was amiss, yet he couldn’t quite place it. Was it magecraft? No, he had high leveled Magic Resistance, that shouldn’t have been the case.

Nonetheless, *whatever* it was quickly made its effects known. Because the man promptly began to wobble to and fro. **“...Eh?”** It was enough to prompt a small sound of confusion from him, for his entire body’s balance had somehow been compromised. He didn’t fall forward, backwards, nor to the side, and yet? His eye level dropped considerably all on its own. What was stranger still was how his armor, pants, and sleeves all felt baggier.

That said, it was easily explained. Because oh so rapidly? The man had lost *ten inches* of his towering height, now a meager five-foot-three by contrast. **“I shrunk? What the hell is *happenin’!*?”** EMIYA was a man who typically maintained his composure in every situation, but seemingly since he was now practically swimming in his own clothing, any notion of remaining calm was off the table. That wasn’t *quite* it, though. More like it wasn’t wholly *his* personality any longer.

His sleeves were much too long for his arms now, and so hands had been swallowed by them. This disguised the fact that they had shrunk as well, but more than that it disguised that fingers had changed structurally as well. They were thinner, and nails had grown longer into a proper manicure. Similar trends could be seen in his feet and toes, wholly introducing the idea that his appearance was skewing towards the feminine.

Which, unfortunately for him, was *exactly* the case. It gradually became more obvious, but only if you could see beneath the man's clothes – which he did *not* have the liberty of doing. But his waistline was pulled in much more tightly, and around the same time the extremely firm muscles in his belly, chest, and pretty much everywhere appeared to soften. Not to say they were erased in their entirety, but the almost Adonis-like physique that he had existed no longer.

“I’m... feelin’... not right.” The way he spoke was becoming *equally* strange, with a country accent peppering words that sounded both peppier and higher pitched in sound. Looking at his face, though, it was easy to draw a correlation between that voice and what was happening to him. After all, his facial features were softening and smoothing, eroding the chiseled aesthetic it sported in favor of something rounder and smaller. From how his eyes brightened to how his lips plumped, ultimately? It was a face that better suited a young woman, not a man with his level of experience.

But for how increasingly noticeable his changes were becoming, it seemed that the man himself was powerless to even *notice* them. This became clear once he didn't even react to the weight of his own hair becoming more significant, for white locks spilled *far* down his back and sides, covering his ears while bangs lost their slicked back styling and fluffily hovered across his eyes.

This all transpired while his figure was irreparably skewed in the same direction that the rest of his flesh was trending, but his clothing once again disguised it. Such as the deposits of supple fat that had begun to accumulate beneath his nipples, pushing them forward against the underside of his armored chest piece until these B-cup breasts could faintly be seen even through the oversized attire.

Meanwhile, similar trends were occurring beneath EMIYA's waist. His hips had swung wider not optionally but *forced*, for they *had* to in order to accommodate the swell that pushed outwardly upon them from almost all sides. This push was led by a bulge of his ass cheeks, which rounded out several inches farther behind him, as well as burgeoning thighs that pressed against each other between his legs. Something that should have wreaked havoc against a certain part of his body, and yet...

There was no discomfort, because it was gone.

She didn't even notice the absence of her cock and balls, and was still standing there as if she'd been hypnotized. Which made the remaining changes, while dramatically, ultimately unnoticed. Such as an adjustment to the levels of melanin in her skin that ultimately brought it

all too a lighter, pinkish pale. Or a dark blue that swept through her already lengthened hair.

But these changes still paled to the *protrusions* that the woman's body spit out. Namely the long and fluffy tail of matching blue that erupted from the base of her tailbone, and the pair of fluffy, vulpine ears that erupted from atop her head to unknowingly replace the pair that had disappeared beneath her hair on the sides.

Her clothes then fell from her body finally, revealing a different outfit had appeared underneath. One composed of what looked like womens' underwear and furred leggings, one that was decorated with crimson detached sleeves and heeled sandals. Complete with hair decorations that appeared beneath her ears, she looked every part a dancer with her whole ass out as the fog came to be lifted from her mind.

“Huh! Feel like I was doin’ somethin’ important? Guess not though?” The fluffy, dark-furred tail of *Yuel* the Erune swished back and forth behind her as she remained crouched behind the cybernetic wall that EMIYA had been using as cover when things had suddenly *gone south*. But as far as the fox woman could recall, well... Actually, she couldn't recall much at all! **“Guess that means I can go explorin’ then!”**

Energy surged throughout every facet of her body, and it manifested on her face with a very, very wide smile. She was hopping around all over the place, aimlessly exploring a place that was *very* unfamiliar. **“Ain’t sure where I am, though!”** Despite it being confusing, she didn't exactly seem *upset*, however. That went doubly once she began to sniff the air curiously.



“Hey! I recognize this scent!”

And so she scurried off into the depths of Elizabeth Bathory's domain.

“Hmm? An intruder in my domain? How brave!” A young maiden's voice dripped with venom as she observed the other end of one of her sensors (stolen from Archimedes) going off, indicating *someone* had entered her domain. Without a visual, Elizabeth Bathory couldn't

exactly tell *who* it was, but the who didn't really matter, did it? They were probably here to cause problems for her! And on *bath day* of all days!



For how much slack Elizabeth got and for how much she technically *was* a villain, the Bloody Countess by this point in the Moon Cell was more interested in keeping to herself. She wasn't up to any trouble, and was on amicable enough terms with Hakuno that she would sometimes pop up to flirt with her. ...Which didn't go all that well since Elizabeth was only fourteen.

No! Today was the day that the idol had planned on having a hot bath! And with water drawn, she slid into its warm embrace even *despite* the warnings! No one would dare disturb a Servant of *her* renown while she was bathing, right? Not unless they wanted a death sentence. "**Haaaah...**" With her shoulders sinking into the tub though, she closed her eyes and cast aside all of her worries. It just felt so *good*!

And *because* it felt good, and even a little *tingly*, Elizabeth didn't think much of it at all as her body began to change. In fact she kept her eyes closed throughout the entire thing. Though to be fair, initially it targeting things that EMIYA hadn't possessed in the first place, so it was a little more probably that the girl *wouldn't* notice while enthralled by the comfort of a steaming bath.

One of these areas was her draconic tail, which was completely submerged beneath the bathwater. Since the tail was cold-blooded by nature, she loved keeping it as warm as she possibly could. Seemingly, though? That wouldn't be much of a concern for her going forward. Because while wet, silver hairs began to sprout of from this tail across its entire length. While short at first, they ultimately erupted in length until the entire appendage was cloaked in a wet, silver fluff – and in turn it disguised the bone structure thinning into something more befitting of a mammal.

Of a fox.

This was something that was reinforced simultaneously by changes on top of her head. The already pointed, fleshy ears on her head's side seemed to fold inwards until they were gone completely, leaving Elizabeth slightly disoriented for she couldn't hear a moment. "**Huh?**"

But it almost felt like her ears had popped, for her hearing came back with a sudden eruption of silver fluff atop her head. Two fox-like ears had not only erupted, but evidently her horns had loosened – for the were dislodged from the force of her growing ears and fell with a *thud* on the floor behind the bath. “**Weird... I guess this bath is just extra *rejuvenatin*!**” It didn’t even cross her mind to open her eyes to see that her tail and ears belonged to a dragon no longer.

That said, the silver of her body’s new fur did *not* remain isolated to her ears and tail, and from the former? It inevitably slipped into the bright pink locks of her hair. For but a brief moment the coloration drew correlation to Carmilla, the Assassin that the Lancer was meant to one day be – and as this hair became fuller and fluffier it was even easier to illicit that comparison. And yet? Change that turned the tides of her facial structure dashed any remaining similarities almost immediately.

To begin with, as maturity bled in to give her the impression of a young woman rather than a fourteen year old girl, her chin narrowed into a shape that would have been impossible from merely aging. Her lips pursed fuller, and while her eyes were closed? It was still obvious that the shapes had changed. They narrowed, and paired with a slightly more pronounced nose ultimately gave her a resting expression that was notably more *peaceful*. She didn’t look like Elizabeth nor even an older Elizabeth. She just looked like an older, unrelated woman.

It was a shame that her body had yet to catch up, but that was soon adjusted. Her limbs and torso lengthened slowly, subtly pushing her posture to change within a tub that was already rather big for her small body. Knees raised higher out of the water, while fingers (already robbed of the pink keratin that once wrapped them) slid along the tub’s edge as she held herself upright. Before long an additional three inches had been applied to her height, and it was becoming clearer that she was no longer a child.

This was true of other areas as well. Steamy water had hidden her chest, which was *beyond* lackluster in its offering, yet her changed height had propped it up slightly. Not enough to emerge from the water, but... Ultimately, it surfaced all on its own. Nipples emerged from the water, slightly puffier than they had been prior, while her bosom protruded with a shiny, wet bounce. Not to anything *significant*, but in a way emerging as B-cups was somehow a *significant* size increase, nonetheless.

Changed age could be seen farther down as well, but it was once again hidden beneath the bathwater. Still, her hips extended to push against the sides of the bath’s basin, allowing for her thighs to bloat fully and her posture to once again shift as a direct result of additional padding

seeing her ass swell several inches – until it was probably the most enticing aspect of her body. As a dancer, though? That was surely a much more powerful asset.

“Haaaah... Sure feels good in here...” Her voice dripping with a country bumpkin accent not at all unlike Yuel’s, *Societte* had hardly taken notice of the fact that she had transformed – because she had been so caught up in the comfort of her bath that nothing else mattered. **“Not sure how I ended up in here, but it’s still really relaxin’!”** Her surroundings were unlike anything she’d ever seen before, but she also didn’t feel like she was in *danger*, so why not soak in the warm water a bit longer?



The pile of clothes Elizabeth had left turned into Societte’s dress anyways.

Just as she contemplated finally getting out, though? **“I knew I smelled ya, Societte!”** A familiar voice called through the air, and a loud splash predated a weight upon her body in the bath. Soci’s eyes immediately went wide to find her girlfriend staring down at her. Now soaked. And still wearing her clothes. It was a little *shocking*, but the silver-furred fox smiled all the same.

“Oh! There ya are, Yuel!”



after all.

“Umu! Of course I would start the day as I do every day!” As always, there was no sign of hesitation in the actions nor body language of Nero Claudius, who had strolled up to her Master’s bedroom door first thing in the morning to give her a little bit of ‘beginning of the day affection’. While Tamamo took issue with all of the Servants that doted on Hakuno, Nero was likely the highest profile target. Hakuno *lived* with her,

And Nero? She had *never* been shy about displaying her affections. The phrase ‘right in front of my salad?’ applied to how the emperor would

often throw herself all over the Master while in Tamamo's presence, and it was absolutely on purpose. It was Nero's way of asserting dominance in an environment where Hakuno hadn't technically chosen an official romantic partner.

Nero, even now, was ready to fully commit to busting into the bedroom and throwing off her clothes! But just shy of pushing the door open, a strange feeling gave her pause. "**Hm?**"

The Saber wasn't certain as to *why*, but something immediately drew her hands to her bosom, grabbing it even through the cloth of her dress. "**Something is off here.**" For a woman that was so proud of her beauty, maybe it wasn't exactly *shocking* that she would immediately notice when that beauty had somehow been compromised. But her breasts? They certainly felt *lighter*. No... They were getting lighter and lighter still within her grasp. "**What the—!?**"

Not one to wield expletives, she came *very* close to doing so but stopped herself short of doing so. Because the neckline of her dress was hanging looser and looser even as she stared at it. The breasts under the palms of her hands were tightening, the precious weight that gave them their appeal fading until they were little more than A-cups. "**I... How on...? Erm...?**" The usual Nero would have screamed at the top of her lungs, but her response to the tragic loss of her boobs was oddly *subdued*.

And it wasn't even *just* her breasts that were lost. The perkiness of her ass had disappeared, leaving her bum on a touch more raised than otherwise would have been considered flat. And her thighs? They were now hardly even pudgier than the rest of her legs. In a way, what remained of her curves was more suggestive of yet to be realized potential. That is to say that her figure bore resemblance to a girl than that of a woman.

"**Something's not... Isn't this frustrating?**" The Saber's voice was softer as she questioned not her own body, but her own personality. She should have been *mad*, shouldn't she have? And yet she couldn't get herself worked up about what was happening to her at all. She felt more scared? Uncertain? And as she was left to dwell on it, Nero's already meager height of 4'11" worsened in verticality. She was practically swimming in her dress, now 4'3". "**This too...**"

Her height and figure better reflected that of a twelve year old girl, and after squinting a moment due to an adjustment of her eyes that saw them narrow, it became plain that her face was doing the same. It became rounder, and every aspect of it that demonstrated even the slightest bit of maturity. This meant thinned lips, brighter eyes, and the smallest of noses.

Nero shuffled in place, her body language now a far cry from the confidence that she normally exuded. In the meantime? A deep blue tore through her hair, ruffling the style while a set of nubs began to erupt from the sides of its peak. Like the other two she developed a pair of fox ears, yet *unlike* the other two they were much, *much* taller – spanning almost two feet in height while fluffy blue danced about.

Just as she had outdone the other two in ears, she outdid them in *tail* as well. Or technically? *Tails*. Where the other two women had one, the girl's tailbone erupted with *six* identical tails, bursting through the fabric of her loose dress before dancing about. Each was exceptionally fluffy in its look and feel, but the girl felt oddly guarded about letting *anyone* touch them. That said, she didn't think much of their appearance at all.

And as her dress peeled off? It revealed a kimono-like garment beneath. One done up with pinks and white and blues, shoeless to reveal that her toenails – much like her fingernails – were now long like claws. The girl's eyes glowed red as she looked up at the door one more time, and a singular question came to her mind.

“What... am I doing here?” All of that ever-present confidence that was oh so typical of Nero had *completely* eroded by the end of her transformation, and the twelve year old fox girl with a plethora of tails that stood in her place looked around cautiously. It wasn't surprising that this was the case, after all? *You* didn't know where she was, and she had suffered so much emotionally for so long that she had no confidence whatsoever. But more than that? She hated being *alone* now. **“I don't want to be here...”**

Any notion of opening the door in front of her was gone now. The child didn't know who *or* what was in there, and that scared her. Though had she known that a familiar face was on the other side, that Hakuno had been transformed into the fox boy that she considered her better half by this point, then she probably would have had a lot more courage. But for now? She retreated, hoping to find something, *anything* that might be familiar.

It was a result that Tamamo would have reveled in if she hadn't also



transformed the target of her affections into a young boy. Not that she would ever know this, because in the end?

She too was a victim. But she didn't become a fox...