

FOX SQUAD

BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Tamamo-no-Mae had been highly irritated as of late.

You could hardly blame her, really. Not only had she *not* been in the spotlight for a terribly long time, but a no Tamamo-face – *two of them!* – had arrived in Chaldea. And despite sharing her general appearance? They had no relation to her whatsoever! Why was this Koyanskaya just riding on the coattails of her popularity? Not only was it incredibly rude, but it was also *working!* It most certainly felt as if her Master had been paying more intention to this impostor than herself over the past few months. And Tamamo hated that!

With her blood so boiled over the matter, Tamamo had given herself a new goal for the time being. Do everything in her power to lessen the appeal of those two glasses-wearing fakers! Or, well, at least make them look less like *her!* If they were going to be around Chaldea? Fine! Whatever! But she most certainly planned on changing their appearances so that they no longer resembled her. A complete and utter fox woman overhaul! And perhaps completely embarrass them at the same time? That would certainly be good!

She just had to lure them into a trap...

“This is where the flier said to go, right? I’m not sure who decided it was a good idea to host a ‘fox girl cheer squad’, and I definitely can’t imagine it getting many members...” The Master of Chaldea, a ginger-haired young woman by the name of Ritsuka Fujimaru, clutched an elaborately colored piece of paper between gloved fingertips while Mashu Kyrielight trailed a short ways behind her.

The two hadn't originally had any plans to come down to this particular storage room that day, but after being handed a precarious flier by the Koyanskaya of Light, they had made their way down to the location. Apparently one of them had been slipped under not only the door of the Assassin, but of her Foreigner counterpart as well. It was a trap so obvious that of course they wouldn't fall for it, yet... They still pushed it on their Master to investigate, nonetheless.

“I agree, senpai. There aren't a ton of foxes in Chaldea... much less a need for cheerleaders.” Mashu agreed with her Master's assessment. Short of NeroFES and its spinoffs, there weren't exactly a lot of sporting events about that would require cheerleaders at all. Which made this all extra suspicious, in the end. But they were underestimating the trap that had been set.

Largely because it hadn't been set for *them* in the first place.

Nonetheless, this trap was automated and the pair of them didn't need to do much to activate it. Upon stepping into the storage room, a spell activated, and the room filled with light. Both of them cried out in surprise, but in the end these cries disappeared along with the women themselves.



“Huh? Where am I...” The next Ritsuka knew, she was in a changing room? It was familiar – and on the subject of NeroFES, wasn't this one of the locker rooms used for that event? Except the walls were plastered with posters and art of a completely different Servant. They were plastered with Tamamo-no-Mae decorations. **“Uh...”** Well, she had most certainly identified the culprit behind the fliers. But why? Maybe it was better not to ask in the end?

Clearly she had to find Tamamo and tell her off for all of this. Whatever *this* was.

But when she went to leave? There had been resistance on the locker room doorknob that prevented her from opening it. **“What the heck?”** Not that it wouldn't open. But *something* had to happen before it would. And it was already beginning, although the Master it was affecting had yet to take notice.

For some reason, instead, she was becoming increasingly distracted by all of the Tamamo paraphernalia posted about. At first she had thought it was tacky, but wasn't some of it a little *cute*? Attractive, even. She had never quite thought that intently about the Caster's appearance, but wasn't she incredibly beautiful?

Time wore on, and Ritsuka didn't even question why her affections for the fox Servant were growing stronger and stronger. Yet on the subject of growing? Well, several things had begun to emerge from the young woman's body where they most certainly *shouldn't* have.

Two of these things erupted from the peak of her head – or at least that was how it *looked*. But the truth of the matter was that her own ears had slowly been slinking up the sides of her head. Not only that, but they had been stretching and pulling up towards the ceiling, tips taking points so that they looked like they belonged to an animal once they reached about seven inches in total length. Once they settled atop her head's peak, they more or less confirmed what had been expected once thin hairs began to emerge. Soft fur, in fact. And a fur that was not the same orange as her hair, but instead a very vivid pink.

These ears twitched about of their own volition, all while Ritsuka giggled to herself while her obsession with Tamamo continued to grow. Just as something had continued to grow out from the gap between her coat and skirt. An additional appendage that had sprouted from her tailbone. One that was covered with the same pink fur that had decorated her ears. Yet this tail grew longer and longer, and as it did? The fur did the same, flowing with a long and incredibly silkiness that may have rivaled Tamamo's own.

“Mm... Tamamo-sama...!” The Master's voice had become bubblier and higher. Incredibly so. But with her eyes practically sparkling at one of the nearby posters, she hardly took notice of it. In fact, those eyes, once orange, began to shine a bright pink. As did her brows, which thickened gratuitously. She found herself biting her lower lip – a lip that was much denser and shinier than it had ever been – upon a face that bore a little more maturity than it had before. In fact, she hardly even looked like herself with the changes that had occurred thus far.

But even though the bright pink color had already dyed so much, it soon made it clear that it was nowhere near done when it came to seeping into Ritsuka's features. It had made its way into her hair next, starting at her roots before sweeping through to their tips. But once it had all been fully dyed with this bubble-gum, however, the length of her mane soon extended exponentially. It fell rapidly down her back, hairs intertwining with each other at the sides as it tumbled down as far as her ankles. And

when all was said and done? She had a pair of very long, very thick, pink braids bound by hot pink ribbons that had appeared as if from nowhere.

These weren't the only hairs dyed pink, as so too were her brows and, well, the hair above her loins. That said that hair had grown longer and just as fluffy as the fur on her tail, all while her pussy itself appeared fuller beneath her skirt. A skirt that, while once gray, had adopted a bright pink color itself. The band around it even seemed a little looser. Or it at least did for a time.

Because once her hips suddenly widened, the fit of her skirt was no longer an issue! As if pulled by an invisible force they had been parted several inches, ultimately buckling her knees as the weight of her body began to fill out. Little by little her thighs and ass bloated, soft and sensual tissue lifting a skirt that actually appeared to be shorter than it had once been with its newfound pinkness. By the time they completed their swelling, her lower half had become *incredibly* pronounced.

But even then, the sway of her now ample hips and peach-shaped ass paled little in comparison to the growth of the melons atop her chest. Ritsuka's already moderately sized breasts grew with no shortage of vigor, all while the cloth of her coat and undershirt blended together and thinner into a pink that stretched and opened so that her tummy and cleavage were plenty exposed. And at least when it came to her cleavage? There certainly was *plenty* of it.

In fact, as they heaved out and the cloth stretched, a sweaty sheen spread across skin that was pulled seemingly to maximum tightness. It was clear that the shirt had become a bright pink crop top – one with the word Strawberry embroidered in the front – but it really highlighted how massive her G-cup breasts were. Every breath saw them bounce and jiggle beneath the strawberry choker that appeared around her neck. Her extremely soft and sexy body, undeniably, had been done up in a cheerleader's outfit.

While her mind had entirely succumbed to
Tamamo fever.

“Yay! Yay~! Ta-ma-mo!” Feeling compelled to do so, the strawberry pink fox woman danced about and sang this little cheer, her big and bouncy breasts jiggling and heaving about, ripples running through her thighs and ass as she jumped and



twirled. The fox named *Ichigo* had just been overwhelmed with an intense desire to display her affections for the great and beautiful Tamamo-no-Mae in the only way she knew how. Through her cheers as a slightly less beautiful, but overly enthusiastic kitsune cheerleader!

The intention had been to turn the two Koyanskaya's into Tamamo's own posse. One that followed her around, cheered her on, and laid with her whenever she desired. While the end result was correct in Ritsuka's case... Well, Ritsuka wasn't supposed to be the target in the end at all, now was she? Ichigo wholly believed herself to be a kitsune, one who had been born and raised as one of Tamamo's familiars.

Even though the door to the locker room had opened, the pink-haired bombshell did not leave. Instead, she cast her gaze, and a bubbly question, towards the adjoined shower room. “**I wonder what's taking Blackberry so long? I wanna go shower Tamamo-sama in affection!**”



Unlike Ritsuka, who had essentially been slapped in the face with how obvious the culprit behind their sudden capture might have been, Mashu Kyrielight had ended up somewhere without the presence of all of those posters to tip her off. On the other hand? She also hadn't been sent all that far from where her Master had ended up, either.

She had appeared in the shower room that was adjoined with the locker room and left completely in her birthday suit at that. “**Um... How did I end up naked!?**” With a hand drawn across her breasts and another covering her crotch, she panicked about the circumstances at hand. Standing under a shower, she was equally surprised once the hot water suddenly turned on and poured down upon her. “**Ah!?**” She immediately leaped out, but she was already fairly wet, droplets of water rolling down her body's curves.

Once Mashu jumped out though, a thought crossed her mind. *Wait, I need to finish my shower. I need to smell good in case we...* In case she what? Who else was included in that thought? Where had it even come from? Nonetheless, her body was slowly guided back under the water of the shower so that it could soak into her hair and body. The water itself wasn't exactly the *trigger* for her transformation, but it certainly appeared that way considering how quickly it took once she was fully coated with moisture.

The time it took for the water to travel across Mashu's body was the first tell. In the sense that it took longer for the droplets to travel from her head to the ground... because there was simply more of her body to travel across. Short of her muscles melting away, leaving her skin smoother, softer, and more ample, much like in Ritsuka's case, although it didn't transpire in the exact same order as her Master's transformation had.

To begin with, it was her breasts that swelled upwards in size first. Her areola had widened and puffed up, standing erect and about an inch longer than they usually did. But after they had grown a size (and a beauty mark had grown on her right breast), the tits themselves soon swelled. Mashu didn't even question it as she gradually adjusted her balance to avoid falling forward, the heft of her burgeoning breasts the sole culprit behind this issue.

Fortunately, some natural balance was found once her rear end began to experience a similar phenomenon. **"This water is nice. I'm sure Miss Tamamo would enjoy it as well."** Part of the reason she had paid it no mind was because her mind kept wandering to Tamamo-no-Mae for *some reason*. But why did it matter *why* she was thinking of Tamamo when doing so brought her so much joy?

In the end, her rear end swelled even larger than Ichigo's despite her breasts becoming of similar size. The extra meat also blessed her thighs, bloating them so that they were so thicc that they rubbed passively together between her legs and lipped over each other when she stood still. Yet at the same time? Their skin – and her skin on the whole – appeared to be much paler. Perhaps it was simply a trick of the dim light of the shower room?

No.

With her figure now as abundant as that of a model, and as soft as a seductress, it was her tertiary features that saw reform next. Her face was among them, features growing fairer and much more naturally pretty while inheriting an appeal that made her look like a woman in her late twenties. This newfound maturity was accompanied by luscious lips and bigger eyes, and in turn she looked very Caucasian compared to how Japanese Ichigo had ended up looking.

Beneath her right eye, a beauty mark appeared. But as she blinked? Her lashes grew longer, and the purples of her irises darkened to a deeper tone. **"In fact, I'll be meeting Miss Tamamo soon..."** With her memories contorting, so too did the sound of her voice change. Mashu always sounded calm, but her voice held a hollower coo to it now that almost came across as broody and seductive.

And almost as if it wished to visually match with this broody tone, the color of all of Mashu's hair soon darkened towards a dark black. Whether it was her brows, her pubes, or even the hair atop her head – it all turned raven black. At least until purple streaks weaved midst locks that grew longer and shaggier, any style otherwise flattened out by the water that still fell upon her.

Fingers ran through her hair for a time because she felt a strange tugging at the sides of her head, and in doing so the nails of her fingers not only grew longer, but were also painted with the very same darkness. What she had thought was a tugging of her hair, on the other hand? Well, it was the extension of her ears into a pair of fluffy vulpine ones atop her head. They were nearly identical to those of her companions short of the fact that they were black.

And the fuzzy tail that fanned out behind her was very much the same. Except for, while wet? She almost smelled a little like wet animal. That smell would go away once it dried out, though.

Now thoroughly rinsed, the pale skin of the voluptuous *Blackberry* was left to air dry even as water seemed to pool between her massive tits before slowly draining down across her tummy. Because, as she now realized? She had not brought a towel into the shower with her, which meant she'd need to dry off in the locker room. Which was fine. Her clothes were there anyways.

While wet, her shoulder length black hair bobbed behind her as she walked there, the sound of wet feet splatting against the floor the only sound as she peered quietly in to find Ichigo giving a little cheer for their beloved Tamamo. The two of them, at a glance, probably seemed to be wholly incompatible. Ichigo was pink, bubbly, and hyperactive. Whereas on the other hand? Blackberry was calm, goth, and chill. But they held a mutual love and respect for their favorite fox Caster.



Well, that and they both saw each other as *incredibly* sexy.

This was no sooner on display than as soon as Blackberry, completely naked, stepped into the locker room. On sight, Ichigo practically jumped into the goth fox's arm, both of their tails swishing about with glee. “Oh,

hey Ichigo..” Blackberry retained her calm, but she absolutely knew where this was going. Ichigo was already groping one of her breasts and twerking the nipple on the other, after all. **“You want to fool around before we find Miss Tamamo?”**

“Mhm! You’re already naked, so let’s fuck~!”

And *that’s* what the fox says.