

FATE / REINCARNATED

CH1: FUR AFFINITY

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Shirou Emiya had no idea what was happening. All he knew that he was in danger.

Was it a man or a monster who had been chasing him? Either way, he were trying to kill him. He'd already been pursued throughout his school, and for a time Shirou believed he had managed to elude his pursuer. But just as he believed he had managed to get into the clear by getting home, that monster had returned once more. The boy had looked for something, *anything* to use as a weapon, and had been forced to use Reinforcement magic on a mundane item with the hopes that it would help repel his attacker's spear.

Not only had it *not* worked, but he had been pushed back as far as the shed he used in his backyard for repairs and other work. “**Dammit, is this where it all ends?**” He had no idea what was happening even now. All he knew was that it looked like he was *absolutely* about to die. Once that man in the blue bodysuit closed the little distance between them, he would be impaled and that would be it.

So desperate to get away, the Japanese teen accidentally tripped and fall backwards onto the floor of his shed. But when he did? A red glow soon lit up the bleak darkness of the small space, leaving him even more confused. “**What the—**” And yet before he could even finish that thought, he was seemingly swallowed up by what was clearly a magic circle carved beneath the floor. Which left his pursuer *very* confused once he finally got inside.

“**Huh? Where'd the kid go?**”



Shirou's orange eyes squinted at a blinding light that suddenly obscured his vision. Considering he had *just* been in a dimly lit shed in the middle of the night, you could hardly blame him from being so blinded even by what was very clearly an overhead light in a bedroom. Wait, how had he ended up in a bedroom? **"This doesn't make sense. Did I get teleported...?"** Magic like that *probably* existed, but since he was such a novice he didn't really know how to use it.

Wasn't this bad though? Whether he'd intended on it or not, he was now in someone else's house without permission. It looked as if he was in a master bedroom, with a big bed on the back wall. It appeared to be covered with white and blue furs, though? Maybe the owner had a dog that tended to shed a lot? **"A blue dog, though?"** Blue dogs didn't exist, and why on Earth would anyone dye their dog's fur? This line of thinking was on the completely wrong track, though.

Because there was a negligee dangling from the nearby closet. And in its back? There was a strange hole just above the skirt. Something that wouldn't be needed if a *human* had worn it. But it wasn't as if Shirou was the type of guy to go looking at the clothing of others without permission. Especially a woman's. **"It doesn't matter, I need to get out of *my* room."** Wait. *His* room? Had he really just said that?

The young man shook his head, and yet? He made no motion to move out of it like he planned on. Almost as if he was pinned in place by some mysterious force. It wasn't funny! He really had to get out of there before the owner returned! But that wouldn't be an issue if it really *was* his room, would it?

Before the idea of leaving the room could root itself in his mind again, a sudden sensation completely pulled Shirou away from every single one of his worries – because the feeling was just so profound and alarming that of course it took precedent. Both of his hands immediately jolted down to the source. His groin. Because... **"Did I just lose my dick!?"** As much as *she* pawed at the front of her pants though? She couldn't feel the bulge that was normally there.

A bead of sweat rolled down Shirou's cheek. She was much too afraid to pull down her pants to check, but she could pretty much tell without doing so that her sex had changed. **"Why did that...? What's going**

on!?” Was it magic? It *had* to be magic, right? But even then, how did she go from almost being killed to having her little guy killed off right before her eyes!?

It was much worse than that, however. Losing her dick was only the start, and with it gone a woman's femininity soon encroached into every facet of her body, rounding and softening her to an extent that, well, didn't quite make a lot of sense for her age. Take the area directly around her new pussy, for example?

Naturally, Shirou would begin to bloat there – particularly around her ass and thighs. And a softness *did* settle in, forcing her pants to tighten around flesh that pushed them to their limits... and then some. **“Wh-What now!?”** It really was *excessive*, because the cloth of her pants were given no choice but to rip at the sides and eventually fall into tatters once her plump, engorged flesh was forced to tear through them. In a tizzy, she did her best to kick off what remained – but in doing so she realized her boxers had suffered the same fate, and her new pussy? It was exposed.

“Why am I so...?” The transforming woman hardly had the word for it. But everything beneath her stomach was so abundantly plump and almost cartoonishly exaggerated compared to everything above them. If anything it looked like she had the lower half of a woman in her forties – and a woman that was quite shapely at that. But it was okay, because the rest of her body? It would soon fill out as well.

This time she had the good sense to pull off her shirt before any damage was done, because she could feel a warmth spreading over her chest. She managed to get the top off her arms not a moment too soon, because seconds later? Her already hefty body was forced to lurch forward due to the emergence of a pair of breasts that were anything but small. E-cups? F? G? There were bigger than Shirou's head, that much was obvious, with areola as big as her eyes. But while her lower expansion had left her shocked? She felt something else in this case.

A strange *acceptance*.

Should there have been something unusual about her having big tits and a huge ass? The more her memories became obscured, the more certain she was that she had been this fully figured for some time now. Ever since she had become an adult all those years ago? These memories, of course, did not line up with Shirou's actual age? Or did they? Because as feminization saw her facial features lean in towards the same womanliness that her figure presented, so too did she look a little older. Like a woman at least *twice* her original age.

Her hair cascaded down past her shoulders and all of the way down her back, and for a moment? It almost looked like her transformation had been completed. From head to toe she had become MILF-ified, a woman in her forties with an extremely wide and sexy figure as memories had adjusted to match. And yet there was still more to come, for this was not the world he came from. It was *not* a world inhabited by *humans*.

Shirou blinked, and when her thin and feminine eyes opened? They were not their usual orange, but a bright blue. All the while, a soft blue color swept through her hair, becoming whiter and whiter as it reached down to the long and fluffy tips. If the color of these hairs was familiar, it was because *it was the same color as the fur she had seen on the bed when she had first appeared in this room*.

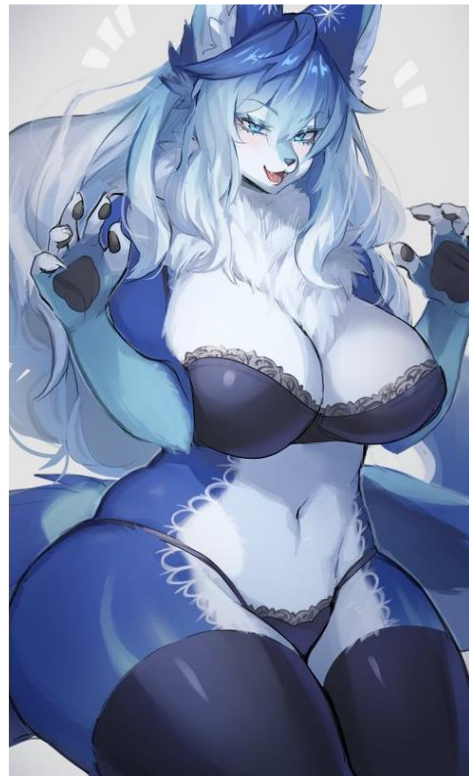
“Mm... I feel very warm.” She practically *purred* with a voice that was deeper yet more like that of a woman. And for a brief moment? The purr almost made sense. Because hairs began to sprout out all across her body. Soft, inch-long fur composed the bulk of it, with a navy blue covering her back, arms, thighs, ass, and the sides of her torso. Tufts even emerged from the crack of her big ass. While on the other hand? A white covered her face, tummy, pussy, and between her thighs. This fluff obscured her nipples and loins, but they were still there.

The fluffiest of her new fur, however, emerged beneath her neck but above her tits. This mass of softness was incredibly downy and comfortable, and it almost looked like a scarf that had been wrapped around her body. Of course, had her body remained how it was? She probably just would have looked like a furry human. So *fortunately* that hadn't really been the case.

Her body's shape changed. The ears on the sides of her head traversed to the peak of her head, where they lengthened into triangles covered with navy blue fur, and lined with tufts of white. While her face? Her nose darkening and becoming wetter as it took on an upside down triangular shape, that face pulled out into a respectable muzzle with sharp canine teeth now hiding a longer, more sensitive tongue. She certainly didn't resemble a cat, but not a dog either. She bore more of a resemblance to a *fox*.

A tail erupted from above her plump and perky bottom, the appendage rather stiff once it lengthened to about five feet. Much like her hair, it started with a darker blue fur near the base, but eventually grew white near the tip. There was a *lot* of fur on this tail though, and it all practically exploded into shape once the length had properly filled out. There was even change to be seen on her hands and feet, as digits thickened, nails lengthened, and little paw beads emerged on their bottoms.

“Ara, ara! The kids are out for the evening, so I suppose mother can have some fun?” While Shirou Emiya had once occupied this woman’s bedroom, there was now no one but *Shira Glassveil*, a woman covered in blue fur with a voluptuous figure, complete with a fox’s physical features. She looked like a sexy, bipedal fox more than anything – which was essentially what she was.



Shirou had been summoned into another world. A world that had immediately sought to assimilate him into its people. And the people here? They were all anthropomorphic animals, as if all animals had evolved in a similar fashion as humans had. Even their modern society was similar, barring some changes for an ease of living.

Shira was a fox woman who worked at an office nearby. She had three kits with her previous lover, but eventually left him after she realized her interest was in other women instead. And, well... since she was in her forties, she had become something of a milf over the past few years. She had a lot of friends in the office that she liked to fool around with, and since her children were all at a party?

She licked at the lips of her muzzle with her long tongue, picking some sexy lingerie out of a nearby dresser. **“Maybe Daisy is free tonight? Plenty of fun to be had with a cow.”** As in a cow *woman*. Adding udders into the mix certainly brought new layers to sex!