

ONE FOX, TWO FOX

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"You have some nerve calling me out here without our Master, fox. And to think I'd planned a special parade for the citizens of my Rome today!" Chest puffed out with triumph, it was clear that the Saber clad in red was aesthetically out of her element at present. The incident with Altera now behind them, both Nero and Tamamo both had come to a truce regarding whose hand got to hold Hakuno Kishinami's -- they'd share -- but all wasn't peaceful on that front either. Both thought they deserved it more than the other. It was a constant competition.

So when Tamamo had invited Nero alone to her palace that day under the pretense of settling their differences, the Roman had been expecting a trap of some sort. She did not think their competition would reach heights as substantial as murdering one another, she had no reason to think a this fox was not capable of sabotaging her somehow. But Tamamo-no-Mae appeared to be in rather high spirits. Had something good happened? **"Ufufu...!"** Nothing about that snicker imbued Nero with confidence, nor did the fox summoning her mirror. Her Noble Phantasm. **"It's true I wanted to settle our differences though! I was just thinking... wouldn't it be better if our differences were more minimal? And so...!"**

The small mirror that floated at the Caster's side suddenly disappeared, only to reappear with a simple caveat: *it was now huge*. The reflective surface pointed at the Saber, it expanded like a wall between the fox and herself while retaining its circular shape. What... *What was this?* **"I don't know what you're up to, but showing me my own beauty is not going to minimize... our... differences..."**

Her confident stance fell apart as she watched her own reflection. Or rather, watched her own reflection shift slightly. It was her ears. Generally obstructed from the front by the emperor's golden bangs, she could see them poking out from

behind, drawing to a point. Those points? They slowly crawled to the top of her head, triangular shapes now clad in fur as white tufts emerged from the center. A hand, panicked, reached up to grab one only to find that they were absolutely, 100% real. **"MIKON!?** How dare you taint my body with an echo of yourself, you stupid fox! You stupid... huh? **What did I just say?"** Mikon? She'd definitely just Mikon'd, right?

Nero's confusion found now answer, and instead she was merely baited by trollish laughter from the other side of the mirror. It seemed Caster had having a good old time with this. Did she forget it was a mere mirror that separated them? Large as it was she could merely run around it and kick her ass, and considering the two fuzzy ears now nestled atop her head? There was no way she wasn't going to kick her furry little ass.

IF THIS MIRROR WOULD LET HER! Clearly still levitating, it followed the emperor regardless of the direction she ran, completely sectioning off her access point to Tamamo. What was worse? Attempt to summon her blade to cut it down bore no fruit. Rather, the blade she'd managed to summon was no blade at all. It looked akin to the giant mirror now in front of her short of the blue trim being red. **"Casko! I swear to the heavens I will cut you down! Turn me back!"**

This threat only served to provoke another bout of laughter from the fox, and Nero was left staring at herself in the mirror again. Those fluffy ears picked up the laughter with much higher clarity than she was used to, and the way they flickered back and forth at the slightest drop of a pin? It was agitating! Annoyed blush stained her cheeks, but pink quickly escalated to crimson as her gaze shifted towards those ears once more. Not because of the ears themselves, but because of the hair surrounding them.

A bright pink had settled in and seemed to be reaching out to her tips, the weight of her hair itself flattening out to even the point that her ahoge mattered against frumpy bangs and the braids behind her back unfurled and cascaded behind her back untied. It was almost completely sakura pink short of a few strands that remained blond, and they would remain that color permanently. So that it would be easier to differentiate.

"MIKON!?" The unique exclamation of surprise jumped from Nero's mouth once more, this time the pitch more grating and her gestures more animated as both hands worked to ruffle her new mane, careful of the ears. It felt a lot softer than the hair she was used to, almost like cotton candy. Were it tied up into twin tails with ribbons than it probably would have looked exactly like Tamamo's own. **"You fiend! Are you turning me into you!?"** In a way that wasn't all bad. Nero's attention to beauty was potent, and she certainly thought Tamamo to be a beautiful woman. It was just her *personality*? She was crafty and fake, the complete opposite of Nero whom wore her heart on her sleeve.

A gentle touch upon her bosom, however, tore the Saber away from her intent to scream. It sent a shudder through her body, and glancing down she saw pale fingers pressing into the part of her bosom that was typically bare atop her dress. **“Don’t move~.”** Hot breath rubbed up against her furry ear, Tamamo’s words freezing Nero’s body up. When had she moved behind her!? She could see the fox behind her in the reflection, expression she bore one of mischief. Tamamo’s fingers, in the mean time, slid across the emperor’s breast and beneath the cloth, hand firmly grasping it and provoking a gasp in a voice Nero barely recognized. The fox grabbed again and again, likewise playing with Saber’s nipple to evoke one gasp after another.

And each gasp sounded a little different. More joyous to be sure, but it was the pitch. The tone. Nero’s voice had always been unique in its own way but so had Tamamo’s, and the voice travelled between the two before it ultimately peaked at the latter. **“What did you do to me now, Tamamo-san!? Nero-chan sounds like *you* more than ever!”** Yes, her voice. But also the way she utilized emphasis while speaking, to the way she addressed both herself and others. Japanese honorifics? Since when!? Referring to herself in third person? *Never!*

“Hm~? If it’s so bad, then why are you smiling?” Tamamo provided the perfect argument as a second hand reached around Saber’s second shoulder and slid beneath to touch her second tit. Nero was... *flabbergasted*. Internally she was distraught, but the depraved smile her reflection showed was not something she could easily denounce. Why was she smiling? Did some sick and twisted part of her like being made the fox’s plaything? Did it like watching her body slowly succumb to a shape that was not her own?

Even now she could feel it. Caster’s hands playing with her breasts, they grew warm. The warmer they grew, the tighter her dress felt before they could no longer be contained and popped out not because the dress was shrinking, but because the contents had been growing. Nipples flopped around when Tamamo removed her hands, each erect and dark pink against cream colored flesh that was about one third larger than she was used to... but somehow she felt as if she could transform them if she really wanted to.

But why did she think that? As a Saber she had no such ability, but as a Caster she di-- *Wait*. **“EVEN MY SAINT GRAPH IS CHANGING!? HOW DARE YOU!”** This outburst felt much more Tamamo-like than Nero-like, and if she had the capacity to move still she might have thrown a punch at the fox hovering behind her. A shifting Saint Graph would explain why the understanding of her own abilities was slowly changing. Even her class? This was dangerous. It was dangerous... *SO WHY WAS SHE STILL SMILING!?* She almost felt giddy. Looking like Tamamo-san, acting like Tamamo-san... surely they could find a way to share her like this! A way to share *goshujin-sama*.

“I think you understand what’s going on, and I think you understand it’s too late. So just sit back and enjoy becoming a new tail, okay? ♥” A slap on the ass

accompanied Tamamo's instructions. Instructions that were replied to with an obedient: "Okay~! ❤️"

Internally Nero was screaming, but that voice was quickly being drowned out by new feelings and desires. Coming back to that slap on the ass for a moment, it was certainly rippling with a duration she hadn't expected. But the feeling of her leotard being wedged firmly in between the cheeks of her behind brought about explanation: it had swelled much like her tits had. Not as substantially mind you, but it was quite rounded and supple, thighs taking on their own softer girth as a few centimeters of height set in. One by one, pubes pink and unkempt begun to peek out from beneath the leotard that was cameltoeing the hell out of her pussy, but Tamamo reached down to give it a little tickle as a tease.

Nero squeaked in surprise, and that surprise saw her nose shrink and her eyes suddenly narrow into almond shakes, thick lips below accompanying rounder cheeks. There was absolutely no doubt that she bore resemblance to a certain Japanese woman now, particular as her eyes began to glow an abundant gold. "Unhand me you stupid... fox..." What was left of her old personality was quite clearly fighting for control, but the moment she noted her facial features it seemed to stutter. "I'm... **the stupid fox? I-I mean of course I am! I'm one of the Tamamo Ten after all!**" Wait, the what? The who!? She'd just said it, but it sounded right?

"**That's right~! ❤️ You're my tenth tail, Tamamo Rose!**" The origin seemed absolutely ecstatic that Nero's mind seemed to have waned in its entirety. A snap of the Caster's fingers saw the ex-Saber's garb reshape from a Roman dress into a kimono much like her own, though with crimsons instead of blues. "**But you're still missing oooooone important thing. What is it?**"

"**My tail! Where is Rose-chan's fuwa fuwa tail!?**" Tamamo's cringe-worthy use of language had really taken root in this tail, hm? Regardless, the tail was the final piece and Caster would be remiss to not bless her with one. The gigantic mirror shone one finally time, resonating with the smaller, crimson one that had been hovering at Rose's side ever since she'd summoned it. And then it erupted. Gloriously. *Fluffily*. A grandiose fox tail to rival Tamamo's own ejected from atop the ample rump of her new Alter Ego. "**AHA! THERE IT IS!**"

What was left as the blue mirror shrank and returned to its owner's side was a pair of Servants that looked incredibly similar in body and facial structure. If not for the blond streaks in Rose's hair, or the fact that her garb was both crimson and gold, it might have been difficult to tell the two of them apart. But wasn't this all the better? "**Now goshujin-sama can enjoy the taste of two MIKONs at once!**" It was Rose that had put forward the idea to share their 'goshujin-sama'. Ah, Hakuno Kishinami, you lucky devil.

Or was Tamamo the true luckster here? After all, she'd now gotten *exactly* what she wanted. And she conveyed that with a mischievous, shit-eating grin.