

# PUNISHED FOX

## JULY REQUEST STORY

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The events of the Indian Lostbelt had continued along an all-familiar trend. Despite the presence of the Crypters and despite the presence of those few Servants chosen by the Alien Gods, the efforts of Chaldea's resistance had proven to win out against all of the odds stacked against them. One could only wonder how on Master alongside a few measly Servants could thwart their plans not once, not twice, but *four* times now. With each loss the leader of the Crypters grew more agitated, more likely to lash out at his underlings.

And no underling was lashed out at quite like Koyanskaya. While she wasn't his ally as much as she was paid contract work, Kirschtaria Wodime had taken to making her his butt monkey for the various failures. It was only fitting after all, seeing as she had been present at every single Lostbelt thus far. She'd gone as far as to ally herself with Chaldea temporarily during QIN and, even out of necessity it went against his schemes. Had she just died along with them? It would have been preferable.

**"And what do you have to say for yourself this time, fox?"** While Wodime and the few remaining Crypters alongside him were all mere holograms, his voice boomed throughout the secluded room Koyanskaya had claimed as her own in Atlantis, their next destination. The fox had taken to hiding her animal features once more, returning to the secretary attire she'd worn while infiltrating Chaldea, but having the word spit at her with venom was insulting nonetheless.

**"Oh? And do you really think you have the authority to act like the failure was my fault? Blame your weak pawns, not your hired help you know? Or do you forget who I work for *other* than you."** It was no secret that her allegiance to the alien gods gave Koyanskaya something of an ego. As long as she had that authority she could pursue her goals as she pleased. At the very least that was the plan, and Wodime

would normally back off when reminded of it, but on this particular occasion he didn't seem intent on letting her threats idle.

He exhaled and raised his hand. The moment he did, the Alter Ego's body began to burn. **"Ah!? AHHH!? A curse glyph? When did you!?"** She couldn't see it, but she could feel it. A glowing, red mark running up and down her back. She was usually so guarded, when would he have had time to... **"Douman!"** A name came to mind, that of one of her personal allies. He was twisted and something of a fool, if it meant a quick laugh he would most certainly take advantage of even the slightest lowering of her guard to inscribe it upon her Saint Graph.

**"How you received it is none of your concern, just know we've received permission to use it. We won't do anything as cruel as kill you, but as for what we will do..."** All of the other holograms shut off, leaving only Wodime's remaining. He was smirking, clearly enjoying this. For too long this woman had acted against his interests and so he was going to reign her in. She was too cunning for her own good, even taking pride in the fact, so naturally she'd be more amicable if she wasn't so smart.

But why stop there? This was punishment. Dumbing her down a little was all and well, but they could take things a little farther...

Koyanskaya was none too impressed by it all, and this was only amplified when Wodime's hologram disappeared too. **"GET BACK HERE YOU BASTARD!"** Because she couldn't see the curse inscription she wasn't sure what to expect. It could be something as simple with tampering with her memory or something as extreme as changing her form. None of the outcomes were good, but there were definitely some that were preferable over others.

That was when she noticed it. A box sitting on the table of her small, dark bedroom. Walls made of stone, there was only a bed and table in her quarters and there was merely a single door. No one should have been able to come in without her permission, and yet...

She staggered over to the box, skin still on fire, and opened it. There was a tiny note that read *'from Douman'* within, but beneath the note was a set of lingerie. The cup size on the bra was tremendous, a good three times her already abundant size, and the panties seemed to fare no better. The design? Floral, mixed, *totally* not to her tastes.

If they were a gift from Douman, however... *Oh no.*

Realization dawned at the last moment, just in time for the Servant to notice the first of the changes. It had been obscured by her gloves, but the fact that they suddenly began to fit uncomfortably, like her nails were digging into the cloth. Frantically she plucked one glove from her left hand, before using that hand to free the other, and what was revealed was alarming.

Koyanskaya's fingernails had certainly grown, but there was nothing natural about their growth. Extensions of a blindingly pink color rested upon every nail, their

surfaces occasionally clacking together as fingers flexed in and out. They were fake and tacky, something the Servant would never be caught dead wearing. Yet, under the dim light of the room, it took her a moment to recognize a separate change. The milky color of her skin had darkened not due to melanin, but from what was surely a very fake tanning bed. A quick glance down at her exposed cleavage was enough to confirm that it was a widespread change that had taken her whole body and wasn't merely limited to her hands. **"What did he do, what did he, like, do!?"**

She wracked her brain, hands pulled to her sides to keep them from pissing her off. The woman hadn't even noticed that the quality of the brain she was attempting to wrack had begun to dip and plague her speech. Complicated word choices became more simplistic, analogies became too difficult for her to understand.

'Bleeding' from her emptying head and into her hair was an off-shade of pink that began to dismiss the vibrancy of its usual color in favor of a darker contrast. It swept through the entirety of her head almost instantaneously before said head of hair began to expand with seemingly intended volume. Hairs grew thick and luscious, soft and bouncy, the scent of conditioner and light hairspray use abundant.

**"I'm going to kill Wodime! That ungrateful, stupid idiot!"** Stronger words had been intended but slipped away as soon as she grabbed them, and the additional weight atop her head went completely unnoticed as the next set of changes would begin to reveal just why she'd been left a set of lingerie in the first place.

It began around her waist, high tension that quickly chewed at her skirt as it dug into hips that expanded to almost comical proportions. The width of her hips was almost double what it had once been, and the new angling forced her knees to clink inward, her enticing legs almost looking scrawny when compared to her new gait. Naturally this would come to correct itself however, and tanned skin quickly swelled around her thighs while pushing what remained of the woman's skirt to its limit. **"Like, my thighs are all uncomfy!"**, Koyanskaya cried, her words growing even less intellectual as shredded white fluttered to the ground from thighs. Surely such a size couldn't be obtained naturally, and their bolstered width was aided by implants.

Implants that additionally formed in her ass cheeks. Black panties almost looked the part of a thong as her buns suddenly swelled dramatically behind her, forcing the underwear to wedge in her crack as butt bounced hypnotically a moment. It strained at the front as well, pubic hair above being more luscious and well-groomed just in time for panties to finally snap and fall to the ground.

Somewhere along the road her panic had subsided and newfound giddiness possessed the Servant to give her fake ass a smack. **"It's so big and bubbly! I bet boy and girls love to play with Koy... Koyansuck... Vitchie's butt!"** She'd even struggled with her own fake name, mind transitioning it to something easier to remember. Didn't Vitchie sound like bitchy?

Fake nails slipped into her ass crack to pull free any material that had gotten stuck, the appearance of a butterfly tramp stamp above her round and tantalizing behind gone unnoticed. Her stomach saw no real significant change, but her breasts...

*Her breasts...*

She already had ample cleavage. Like her original, Koyanskaya had a huge pair of knockers and she had no reservations about showing them off. But her punishment would see them bigger, *much* bigger. The top button on her jacket popped off immediately the moment the swelling began, the second not too far behind. Her head was already spinning, fingernails digging into the soft flesh of her left tit as it begun to defy biological norms.

Because they were fake, of course. Implants more gratuitous than those in her legs and ass began to bulge outward, any potential drooping as tits surpassed a G-cup were countered by the artificial additives that kept them big and perky. The woman had no choice but to shed her jacket after her bra finally snapped, showcases areola both thick and round, nipples poking out quite a ways. Finally stopping at an L-cup, Koyanskaya could barely stand upright until her muscles adjusted to the weight.

Each tit was almost twice the size of her head, every subtle movement sending a jiggle through their mass. Playfully she tried to wrap her arms around them to no avail, and instead settled for trying to jump a moment. **“Heehee! Those stupid Chaldea idiwots awe gonna fwall head ovwer hweels!”** Speech slurred through no fault of her own as lips thickened thanks to additional work, tongue lashing inconveniently against their swollen size a moment until she got used to it. Lashes fluttered darker and longer as an abundance of blush spread across her face.

At the very least she could recognize something had been done to her. Wody-kun and Doumy-kun had cursed her with something and she couldn't remember what! Her head was like a fog, and she was kind of horny too. It wasn't like any of her abilities had been taken though. With every step her tits bounced and her ass jiggled, but eventually she made it to the present Douman had left her. Struggling a moment, she managed to adorn the over-sized lingerie.

**“Alright! Vitchie is gonna, like, kick all their butts for Wody-kun! But first... I wonder if anyone wants to fuck? I'm like, super horny right now!”** Ass shook from side to side as she made her way out the door into Atlantis. Surely there had to be hot stud or a sexy bitch around to play with her, right?

But Wodime would have some *different* problems going forward.