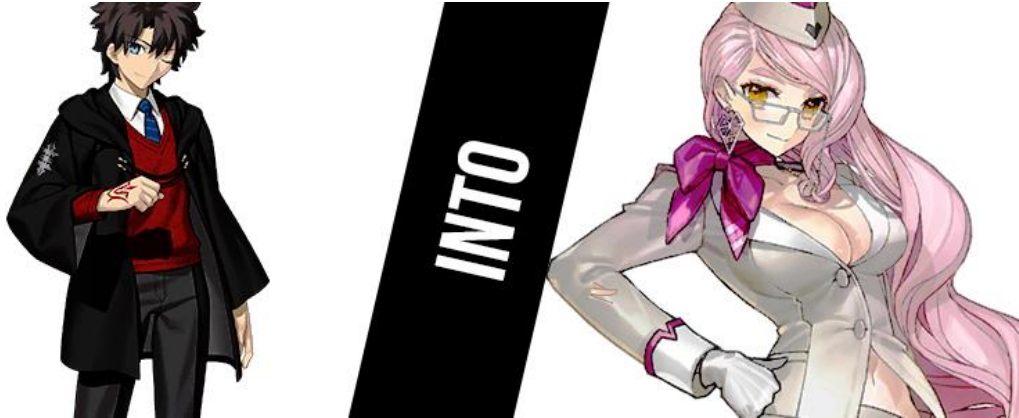


# DON'T BE SUCH A VITCH

written by CHALDEACHANGE

- A Gudao (M) into Koyanskaya TG / TWINNING / MC STORY.
- NSFW!
- VAGUE SPOILERS FOR FGO: LOSTBELT IN THE COSMOS



The Lostbelt of China had come to its inevitable end. Those that needed to be defeated were defeated, a world that needed to be pruned had been pruned. It was a necessary evil to see that Panhuman History was restored to its proper glory. It was a gruesome task Chaldea had taken up in order to restore their own future, and it wasn't one without sacrifices. On this mission alone, both Gudao himself and the acting director had been placed in the path of peril after foolishly falling for the poisoning scheme of the enemy. But an antidote had been secured for both of the poisoned, with Gudao's resting in his pocket as he returned to his room aboard the Wandering Sea.

It was a tiny bottle, the gift of Koyanskaya. She was a venomous woman herself, whom had first introduced herself as a secretary but had shown many different faces over the course of their journey thus far. She was a fox, a monster wearing a human's face. Cruelty was like second nature to her, and she never shied away from one upping her most recent personal low. But, it seemed, she was also a woman that stayed true to her word. When she promised to give Gudao the cure to his ailment, she hadn't lied.

Turning the bottle idly in his right hand, it didn't take long for him to open the container and down its contents. It could have been an even stronger poison for all he knew; this whole experience had shown that his poison resistance had a bottom, no doubt because of Mashu's change in powers. He was already on death's doorstep however, and if this merely sped up the process of his own demise then it was still better than restlessly waiting to die.

How long would it take to work? If it even worked at all. In the end he could only trust the words of a fox that had proven herself to be far less than trustworthy. But the contempt she'd shown for humanity's inability to follow through with their promises? He felt, at least, that this part of Koyanskaya was somewhat genuine.

Impatience inevitably surfaced as Gudao pondered the effects of the potion, and he decided to strip down so that he might put on his pajamas for the evening, if it was even evening? It was difficult to tell in the Wandering Sea. It didn't take long to get down to his boxers, muscles and scars on display for no one in particular as he folded his arctic Chaldea uniform at the foot of his bed. He'd take a nap, he figured, and then when he woke up he'd seek out da Vinci in hopes that she could give some form of insight into what was happening with the potion.

Before he could stand again to reach for his PJs, his vision was consumed by black and he hit the pillow of his own bed as unintended sleep took hold.

How much time had passed? Was he truly sleeping? Gudao felt strangely conscious as he drifted through the void. Drifting... Drifting... But at the end of the darkness a light suddenly shone. It consumed the darkness, and a world suddenly opened up all around him. It was like he was in the sky far above human society, time passing rapidly beneath him as the moon and sun both rose and fell. The buildings, the trees, the landscape below reminded him of the China he'd recently visited.

Or rather he knew it was China somehow. It all seemed too familiar, and yet somehow painful. A sense of guilt washed over him for but a single moment, but that guilt quickly turned to anger.

**HUMANS.** Everything was the fault of humans.

## ***EVERYTHING...***

Gudao found himself heaving as his eyes shot open with a start. His chest rose and fell rhythmically as he found it difficult to breathe. Lights in his room had dimmed automatically after he'd fallen asleep, and so something eerie shone in the room that he could not see. His own eyes shone an eerie gold in the darkness. His eyesight had become more advanced as well, so much that while he could tell his room was dark, he had no trouble seeing through the shadows.

His skin practically burning, hands became planted in the mattress beside him as he did his best to push himself back up onto a sitting position, inevitably tossing his legs over the bedside once he'd accomplished it. Every movement felt like a struggle, his body felt heavy, and for some reason he couldn't calm the pounding in his chest.

Body swaying side to side as he struggled to understand his current physical state - was he going to die of the poison after all? - with each rise and fall of his chest his complexion began to change. Damaged skin was absorbed by the whole of the untainted coating of his body as scars and beauty marks seemingly dissipated into nothing, skin becoming smooth as a babe's as body hair fell from his arms, legs, and chest. His Adam's apple regressed into his neck as he continued to gasp, unaware of the changed taking place.

In an attempt to try and feel his pulse Gudao brought a hand just above his heart, but he didn't even register the fact that long nails dug into the skin of his chest as they took on a perfect manicure, fingers themselves elongating and thinning until they were of exemplary feminine beauty. His pulse seemed to be fine, but he needed a better look at himself. His idle hand reached over to the night-side table as gingerly gripped an object upon its surface. Without even questioning why he'd thought to do it, Gudao nestled a pair of silver glasses upon his nose. They did little for his vision, which was already something far beyond 20/20, but they made him look cute, right? ❤️

As his chest continued to rise and fall from panic, he could feel something else begin to rise above his heart as well. It was the first change that had caught the boy's attention. He'd removed his hand from his heart after his pulse had been measured, but it shot right back as his abs began to feel heavy. Spectacles turned downward as he was soon cupping a small boob where his pectorals had been just a moment prior, nipple seemingly inflamed as his areola expanded to accommodate his form's growing femininity. The same phenomenon took place on both sides of his chest simultaneously, and it wasn't long before a small pair of breasts hung from his chest.

He was still sore, still tired, and so he hadn't said much thus far, but he managed to get a single word out at this point: "**Boobs?**". Even his voice sounded different as changes were occurring beneath his skin, his masculine tone of voice having become sweeter, more sultry. His nipples bounced up and down as the mass continued to accumulate beneath his areola until the two had become a pair of unthinkable massive breasts for how perky they were. With each sharp breath Gudao took, the twins bounced sensually. It was enough to make Gudao hard, though he hesitated to touch them or the member he could no longer see beyond their mass.

But beneath their gratuitous vastness the changed trooped on. Gudao's stomach arced inward as any excess muscle was pruned away, though its firmness was still to be envied. Hips flared outward with a sharp crack that brought the boy to fall to his side against the covers, breasts knocking against each other as they did so. At the same time his shoulders cracked inwards, his upper frame beginning to match the womanly shape his arms had taken.

His dick had been unmistakably erect at the peak of his breast formation, but he became increasingly aware that its mass was disappearing. No longer able to stop himself from responding to his arousal, a manicured finger slid into his boxers and between thighs that had taken on a respectably thick and soft girth and teased what was left of his dick just before its tip became *her* clit and labia took shape. But fingers quickly took the plunge.

She felt empowered. She was aroused, but she wanted this. To experience this carnal pleasure, simple as it was. It was one of the things humans understood well.

...No? Why was she thinking of humans like she wasn't one?

Sweet-scented sweat dripped down her soft skin all across her horizontally positioned body as it seeped into the bed below her. As she probed her own vagina and fluids began to stir, her ass began to shift irreparably away from a masculine shape and took on new purpose as the soft cheeks of a voluptuous woman, jiggle to their form rippling with each thrust of her hips against her own hand. Her boxers had grown extremely tight and had been pushed down to her knees even before that, but now if she pulled them up there was no way they'd slip around her pert ass cheeks.

She was lost in her own lust as the changes to her legs reached their final phase and she gained a respectable pair of sexy runner's legs that almost seemed out of place on a form that had shrunk to around 5'2". Her feet had become dainty but adjusted to the use of heels; she'd have little difficulty tossing on a pair when she was done with herself.

**"AHHHHN~! ❤️"** A feminine moan slipped from her lips as her moment of pleasure reached its climax and Gudao turned onto her back. Her face had become increasingly feminine throughout the endeavor, and her lips were now thick with volume which brought accent to the trail of drool that had rolled down the corner. Golden eyes had become rounder, eyebrows tended to and their color a more vibrant pink. That pink had likewise swept though her hair which had pooled behind her head while taking on bombastic volume. Were she to stand, it would undoubtedly reach beneath her ass. Bangs curled down over her left eye, provoking her to blow them away with her own lips.

And just like that, the pain and fatigue subsided. The new woman laid there, her own juices soaking the cloth around her thighs as she stared unblinkingly at the ceiling. *How shameful*, she thought. But the fact that it was shameful merely made her heart race. She had been Gudao just a moment before, she could recall that clearly, and yet...

No longer. She didn't wish to be an ugly, human male. An entity on the side of 'righteousness', a goody two shoes. No, thoughts of chaos and suffering drew near and dear to her heart as a venomous smirk played upon her lips. Koyanskaya had done this to her on purpose, and so a revenge game was needed even if she enjoyed it immensely.

Koyanskaya. Tamamo Vitch. She would take these names as her own.

If the original had qualm with that they could duke it out, but the newly christened Vitch doubted it would be an issue. In fact it was quite exciting! After all... Likes, dislikes, sexual preferences...

**"No one knows me quite like me~! ❤️"** Koyanskaya's hand played at her own nipple once more. She'd leave this place and seek out the original soon, but this new body? She'd yet to have her fun with it yet. Maybe on her way out she'd step on a certain fluffy rodent a few times.