

# TIGER TIME

## JANUARY 2022 BIG STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



With the turn of the new year came a number of exciting festivities within Chaldea. Considering how heavy the bulk of the year could be, it went without saying that everyone that worked there, both staff and Servants alike, would take any opportunity afforded them to unwind. And after Chaldea was destroyed during that *one* New Year's? Well, it was better to bury those memories under alcohol and merriment than sit around dwelling on what had been lost.

These days they had the Wandering Sea, and it was like their new home.

But while most of the residents were already on their way to whatever gatherings they had planned aboard the Wandering Sea, there was one young woman who was scrambling to get her things together. Because training had run a little late, Mashu Kyrielight had returned to her room in a hurry to get changed and pick up her things so that she could meet Gudao and Gudako, her Masters, at the room they had rented for the party they had planned.

Training last minute had been her idea, and both Masters had gone with her. But they'd lost track of time when all was said and done, which had led to their plans being delayed. So frantically had Mashu put on her usual outfit, and she was in the process of stuffing her bag with snacks and gifts. But eventually? Her hands grabbed something from the drawer where she had packed all of her party supplies that gave her pause.

**“Huh? Did I buy these from da Vinci-chan’s workshop?”** Rolling around in her hand were three sets of headbands, each sporting what looked to be cat ears? Tigers, specifically, based on the stripes? While



she couldn't remember purchasing them, Mashu *did* recall that 2022 was the Year of the Tiger. Maybe da Vinci had just thrown them in along with everything else as a bonus? That certainly *sounded* like something she might do. If anything, it might have been a special bonus for Mashu *specifically*.

And so, seeing no harm in bringing them along, she put two of them on top of the pile of things she needed to pack into the bag she was bringing to the party, while the third? She placed them on her own head. Unfortunately, however, those headbands had ended up in that bag by accident. They were of a special, enchanted make designed by Tamamo and put into production by da Vinci, and they had accidentally been included with Mashu's purchases.

And they absolutely *shouldn't* have been worn without permission.

There was an immediate reaction once Mashu put them on her head. She felt... *floaty*? Was that the best word to describe it? She wasn't even certain because she was having such a difficult time thinking. "...*Eh?*" There was just as an immediate reaction in her hair, for a color that was not her own began to seep in. Beginning with her roots, there was a very rich brown that might have been seen as much more mundane than the violet she typically sported. It quickly swept through the full length of it, and yet while that length didn't *change*? The style did, subtly. Ultimately it was rendered a little messier, with bangs changed so that a tuft hung between her eyes while the rest was swept to the sides.

The influence of what could *only* be the eared headband soon affected the girl's eyes, and while they did not change to a color that differed from purple, the purples they *did* possess became more vibrant than ever. All while her eyelashes became lengthier, and her eyes themselves? They narrowed, lids pinching closer together in the corners to give her an inherently Japanese look. But that wasn't even *all*. "**Huh? Why are my eyes all blurry?**" The airier nature of how the young lady was speaking aside, she wasn't wrong. Everything was fuzzy up until she removed her glasses, at which point perfect vision was restored.

"...*Like*, since when did I need glasses?" Admittedly she had *never* needed them, at least not since becoming a Demi-Servant, but she had always worn that prescription because she felt they suited her. But now? Her eyes had become more mortal again, and so a prescription meant for a Servant was causing problems with the eyes of a regular human. It was strange that she couldn't remember any of this, however.

For a brief moment, it almost looked like Mashu had begun to develop freckles across her face, for tiny, tanned speckles had begun to emerge. But they were multiplying across her body, mostly obscured by her clothes. Growing, spreading, fusing, until the young woman's entire body shone with a reddish tan. It wasn't artificial in any sense, however. It was natural, born from her traditional melanin levels and not from any sun exposure or time in a booth.

That said, Mashu felt *warm* almost like she *had* been out in the sun. A side effect of the energy been spent to transform her in the first place. The floatiness of her mind predated changes to her very persona. For example? Those glasses that confused her? The ones she had cherished? She tossed them over her shoulder as if they were nothing, lenses cracking on the ground behind her. **“Not even sure why I was carrying those~!”** Her voice carried a peppy indifference, practically vapid to the ear.

**“Mmmn...”** Uncharacteristic of Mashu beyond belief, she licked her lips and let a moan mellow out – a response made towards a growing discomfort that somehow? It felt *very good*. It was because what was uncomfortable was focused around areas that felt *great* when stimulated. For example?

She could feel her panties grinding *into* her pussy, and not for no reason. Her hips had widened and so had her thighs, growing thick and spongy while her ass ballooned to the point that the top hem of her tights got caught on her cheeks – the back of her dress pushed up as a result. It was making her *horny*, especially when you threw in what was happening with her chest.

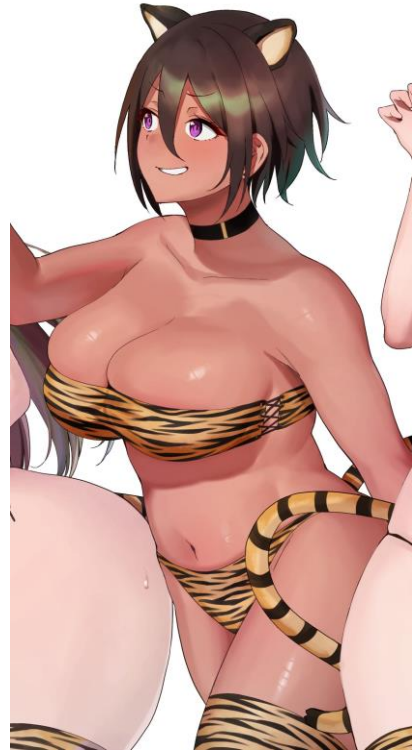
The skirt of Mashu's dress was hoisted even higher, for her bosom surged with an additional weight that made them bigger and rounder, filling in the loose space in the chest of her dress. Before long you could see tanned cheeks out in the open, and the young woman's hands had begun to rub her own tits with no shortage of raw enthusiasm. **“Oh yeah~! But I shouldn't do this yet, right? Foreplay's kinda boring by yourself!”** She licked her lips once more, and this time they were much fuller than they'd been before.

There was some clarity that had begun to emerge from the fuzziness the headband had inflicted, but it wasn't *correct*. Her memories, her personality, they didn't line up with who Mashu Kyrielight was. In fact, they spoke to a different life altogether. One where she attended college, and was in Chaldea because...? *Why*, again?

Mashu(?) couldn't really remember, but it didn't feel all that important either? It felt even less so once a pulsating glow from the headband

erased *all* of her clothing aside from her underwear, and even then? It transformed into a shoulderless bra and a tight pair of underwear that bore a tiger print. There was also a matching tail attached to the panties, and thigh highs to match. She didn't really care about why she was in Chaldea because she was planning on having *fun* that night!

**“Hmm~! I feel suuuper! I should go spread this nice feeling with everyone!”** Clad in her tiger print bikini, with a fake looking tiger tail sticking out from her bikini bottom's rear, the athletic but well-endowed, tanned woman was practically dancing in place, overwhelmed by gleeful, *slightly aroused* energy. Her short, brown hair bounced about as her barely bound breasts did.



Gone was Mashu's old identity, and what it had been replaced with? The persona of a college girl that loved to party and fuck. Each of the headbands contained a completely different persona, and she had worn the one that turned the wearer in the jockiest of the bunch. She wanted to go running, so wanted to ride someone until she passed out, and she really wanted to drink some fucking alcohol, baby!

Going by *Aki* now, she bound out the door and down the hall. Despite how she was *now*, she could remember that she *did* have plans to party.

And she'd made sure to take the other two headbands with her.

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It hadn't taken long for Gudao to get changed after training with his sister and Mashu for so long. He had quickly jumped into the shower and thrown on his regular black and gray outfit, before setting out to the room they had rented out for the evening. Mashu had *insisted* that she would handle everything they needed, from snacks, to games, to decorations, but he still felt a little guilty that he was basically going there empty handed. Knowing his sister, she was likely there already setting some things up *despite* what Mashu had promised.



He was about halfway to the room when he'd suddenly been passed over by someone moving at an incredibly high speed. It was honestly impressive just how fast she was moving, not to mention how she'd thrown something on his head while passing by. A headband of some sort? "*Uh...?*" The boy didn't recognize her from behind, but she had dark skin and was barely wearing much of anything.

**“SEE YOU AT THE PARTY,  
KOUHAI!”**

That was all she had shouted when she had run by, and he couldn't really make any sense of it. He didn't recognize her voice, and the only person that called him 'kouhai' to his knowledge was Yu. Based on her thicker build, that certainly *wasn't* Yu though. And how had she known about the party?

Gudao had plenty of questions, but he wasn't really asking the right ones. That was, of course, because he had immediately been subjected to the strange phenomenon that Mashu had previously, with her head quite suddenly feeling *vague* and *blurry*. But that wasn't *all* of the similarities between the two. While still blue, his irises suddenly shone with a blue that was much more vibrant than it had been before.

An off-color soon emerged in his hair as well, with the tips finding what *looked* like frosted tips initially, but quickly emerged as a pastel pink that gradually made its way into his roots. From that point on, the hair itself began to slither longer, seeing those spikes flatten and the hair overall straighten. Before long it rested at his shoulders, and it just as strangely went unnoticed. "**Huh? Did something... *happen~?***" Why did his manner of speech sound so *airy*?

Regardless of the cause, one needn't look any farther than his face to understand just what was happening here. The color and length of his hair had been fairly suggestive of this enough, but with his facial structure softening, lips swelling, nose shrinking, and eyes rounding, it wasn't long before his face better resembled that of a young woman. One with an Adam's apple, for that neck smoothed over as well.

**“*Hic!*”** With a voice most effeminate, the boy suddenly hiccupped out of nowhere, and from it he could taste the flavor of alcohol welling up from

within. The Master wasn't much of a drinker, and he certainly *hadn't* had anything alcoholic to drink just yet, but he also didn't really think much about it. *Pre-drinking before a party is pretty normal, right? It was New Years, so who cares!?*

His posture wobbled, and as it did? His clothes, for some reason, felt unusually *loose*. There was an obvious cause for this, said cause being that a couple of inches had been peeled off his overall height – but there was more to that as well. His waistline had pinched in, and his muscles? They all but disappeared, leaving limbs scrawny and his belly squishy. Hands and feet alike had regressed as well, leaving digits shorter and thinner, sporting manicures that looked well cared for.

*“EEP!?”* It was more or less inevitable that *her* dick would go the way of the dinosaurs, and thighs immediately rubbed together with both shock and subconscious delight once the snake between them wriggled and diminished until it was housed squarely *inside* of her, shaped as a new pussy that matched up with wriggling internal organs. Just above it, pinkened pubes were rearranged into a trimmed heart shape.

The girl's thighs continued to rub together; the stimulation much more sensual than it had ever been when she had been a man. Upon closer examination this made a great deal of sense, though. Gudo's thighs swelled thicker the more they collided, quickly bring her gray pants to a breaking point with how they were too thin to properly contain the peaks of her legs. Toss in an ass that bubbled to such an extent that raw ass cleavage peeked out over the tops.

*“Mm~!”* This clothing malfunction dilemma was rapidly nipped in the bud as her regular outfit was peeled away and disappeared, revealing a tiger-stripe thong and a triangle-shaped bikini top beneath, mind you. With matching thigh highs and a tiger tail, it was thematically similar to Aki's costume. She even had her hair pulled into cute, little pigtails! Except... the cups of her bikini top were just dangling there loosely. She had yet to develop the breasts to fill them.

That said, the signs were there that this was only a temporary issue. Her nipples *already* seemed swollen, with areola stretching two or three inches wider than any man's nipples would. All that remained was for the flat skin beneath to rise, and it certainly did do that. With no shortage of bouncing to boot!

Like a pair of balloons filling not with water, but with gelatin, her completely flat bosom gradually inflated. Each surge of weight saw them jiggle, and as they approached the size of her head that jiggling became even more abundant. They filled the tiny triangles of the bikini top and then some, clearly just a tad too big for these bindings. They were *heavy*,

too, but from what she could recall, they had grown pretty big when she was younger. She was used to them by now, and she *loved* having them touched.

**“Oooh? I guess I should pick up the pace! Eheh! I’m really excited!”** While she didn’t sport Aki’s tanned skin tone and wasn’t as bottom heavy as her perceived friend, the slightly younger *Kohaku* sported a more impressive bust that was hardly contained by her even skimpier bikini. Much like her peer, she was excited to get drunk and fool around. But her personality? She was something of an airhead. She was the type of woman that just went with the flow.

Mimicking a cat, she pawed at her soft, pink locks while baby blue eyes remained pointed forward. She knew which room she had to get to, and she was almost there! Wearing that tiger tail of hers was a little inconvenient, though. She didn’t like how it bounced against her bottom, and something it got stuck between her thighs. **“I can’t wait to take it *aaaall* off!”**



Much like her brother had surmised, Gudako *had* rushed over to the room the three of them had planned to use for their party and had begun to decorate it. Streamers and cute signs had been set up on the walls and ceiling, and she had even found a neat little 2022 sign that fit over the room’s big screen television. Because she knew that Mashu wouldn’t, she had also brought some alcohol. Nothing fancy, just some rum and vodka, but it would be nice to have a drink for once.

**“I hope she doesn’t get mad. But once and a while shouldn’t be a problem, right?”** None of them were big drinkers, so just as long as they didn’t have too much, there shouldn’t have been any problems! The sister was almost done setting up now, and she couldn’t wait for Mashu to see everything she had put together! She had made sure to

grab things that she was pretty sure the Demi-Servant *wouldn't* bring.

So, when the door swung open, she had been expecting to see Mashu or at least her brother come through. The person who did? It was a woman she didn't recognize, wearing an outfit that looked like her breasts might pop out at any moment, utterly unscripted. "**Hey! Put these on while I go get Kohaku, senpai!**", she shouted, not even giving Gudako a chance to reply before dunking a pair of tiger ears on a headband on her head. And then immediately disappearing out through the door again.

"**Senpai? Kohaku? What are...? Oooh...**" Any questions that the ginger-haired woman had possessed were immediately cut short, her mind overwhelmed with a fuzziness that made critical thinking difficult and her subconscious a mess. Ever so slow, as these mental demerits took place, the orange of her eyes darkened into an ashen gray.

And Gudako's hair also lost its ginger luster, lightening to a soft brown that bore a rather magnificent sheen. It was suggestive of the use of products that she didn't use, or perhaps a hair quality that was innate to her... or whomever she was fated to become now that those ears had been planted on her. The hair in question wasted no time in lengthening, and it quickly became the longest of the trio as it fell down past the girl's skirt. The growth even knocked the scrunchie out of her hair.

Did she feel... *horny*? It certainly *seemed* that way with how she had begun to mindlessly bite her lower lip. Teeth were forced to adjust a little bit while doing so, though. The lip in question – both halves – bloated dramatically to make them as thick as you might expect of a porn star. Adding to her appeal was a beauty mark that surfaced on the leftmost lower side of her face, and on the whole she now better resembled a naturally pretty Japanese woman around the age of twenty-five.

"**Mm... Why do I feel so... good?**" It almost felt like her sex drive had been put into overdrive, she had never wanted to fuck someone this bad in her life! And yet, at the same time? She had begun to act shy and demure. In fact, Gudako's self-confidence had taken a very sharp nosedive the blurrier her mind became.

The woman's outfit was altered sooner than in the other two cases, and much like them it became a tiger print swimsuit with thigh highs. This one was a one-piece, however, and the back was completely open while the front had the cleavage completely exposed. The issue with her costume changing *this* early was that her body had yet to *rise to the occasion*, so to speak. The swimsuit appeared so loose, in fact, that it was probably a fair assumption that her figure was destined to become the most bombastic of the three.



*And it was.*

Gudako's hips swung wider, and her shoulders also broadened some as a pair of pre-emptive steps meant to accommodate what was to come. In the end, this resulted in her waistline appearing naturally trimmer by contrast, and that illusion only grew as, well, she filled out. Her breasts led the charge with no shortage of shame, and hands that now featured longer fingers and keenly manicured nails reached up to fondle them with moans and groans as they bellowed forward.

It wasn't like her tits grew just a little bit. The doubled, tripled, almost increased their overall size by *eight* times. They were so massive that they stretched the front of the swimsuit forward so that it wouldn't even rest against her belly, with nipples that were bigger in size than either of her gray eyes. "**Oh... yeah! Yeah...! Mm...**" Voice soft and shy, fingers slid under the swimsuit to twerk her nips and plunge into the meaty fat of now H-cup tits.

While down below? Her ass made *great* use of the space afforded to her by widened hips. Cheeks blew up with reckless abandon, the lack of only cloth covering those cheeks a blessing in disguise as they bounced and frolicked. They looked ripe for slapping, and that had become a kink of Gudako's in the process. With each step she took, one cheek would bounce up and roll, before the next did with the next step.

And then there were her thighs, which hadn't exactly been making great use of her thigh highs. The tiger print cloth had hung loosely around the peaks of her legs during the initial outfit change, but no longer. For they took in the excess that had blessed her ginormous ass, in turn becoming just as ginormous themselves. They grew *so* thick, in fact, that the thigh highs were too *tight*. Flesh poured over their peaks, and when she would inevitably remove them later that night, they would undoubtedly leave some impressive markings upon them.

With the most bombastic figure of the three, *Sara* hugged her own body tightly for a moment as her mind finally caught up with everything that her flesh had been subjected to. Her H-cup tits were bigger than her head, and her tiger print swimsuit fully covered her front but had



had a completely open back. Her ass was entirely bare, and despite being shier by nature she didn't seem to be that ashamed of it.

Knowing what she was wearing? Sara felt sheepish. She was the oldest and thickest of the three college classmates, but she was also the shiest. The other two were always pushing her out of her comfort zone, and besides! With a little bit of alcohol, it wasn't all *that* hard to loosen her up. She'd agreed to wear this for New Years, but secretly? She had both been hoping and expecting that one of the other girls would rip it off of her.

*If not both of them.*

***“Where are... AH!?”*** Before she could even get that sentence out, both Aki *and* Kohaku had run through the door and tackled her onto the couch. Their breasts and bikinis intertwined, and it didn't take long for them to start giggling as hands ran across each other's bodies to undo the clothes they were wearing. Perhaps it was a little silly to have put them on just to take them off again?

But once they were stripped, Aki rolled off and flopped over to the meager pile of drinks. **“Before we fool around, let's get smashed!”**

This place was like, a karaoke booth or something, right? Surely there was room service!