

SNAKE FOR A FOX

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was unusual for Tenshukaku to be so *quiet*.

Although to be *fair*, it wasn't necessarily the most chaotic of places on the regular either. The palace was home to the Raiden Shogun, the Archon and Divine One that ruled over the entirety of the nation of Inazuma. As a result, there were always tens of Tenryou Commission soldiers stationed there, keeping guard so that the Raiden Shogun could conduct her business in peace – not that she needed this protection when she was far stronger than any human.

“Hm... Where are the guards that were supposed to be posted here?” Walking through the halls, however? Kujou Sara found none of the soldiers that were under her orders as the leader of the Tenryou Commission's military forces. None. Not a single soldier. But this was because of a report that she had not yet seen. That two mysterious youkai women had appeared on site and were hiding somewhere in the palace. All of the soldiers were looking for them.

Sara, on the other hand, was present to make a report to the Archon herself. With peace slowly returning to Inazuma after the Vision Hunt Decree had been revoked and the nation's borders were open once more, she had found herself delivering these reports more and more frequently – at least once per week. But Sara didn't mind. She enjoyed the work, and the tengu woman would never trade her current job for anything else. She would rather serve than the one being served.

Walking alone through the building's main floor, an unusual sight suddenly gave the woman pause. **“The library door is open? It should be locked.”** A wealth of secret Inazuman knowledge was

hidden down there, so much so that only those with the correct clearance even knew about the room. Sara was obviously one of them, thus her concern at the sight. Wary that there might have been a thief afoot, she stepped inside the doorway and down the stairs.



She hadn't expected to find the library in the state it was in. **"What in the world happened down here?"** Shelves were knocked down and tomes were scattered about. A thief had *certainly* made their way into the library, that was the only explanation that

could explain these circumstances according to Sara's expert opinion. Of course, the truth was far more unbelievable than any explanation she could have concocted.

That a transformed Raiden Shogun and Yae Miko had engaged in such wild sex in the library that they had carelessly knocked things over and made such a big mess without bothering to clean anything up. That was a situation that was beyond the tengu's wildest dreams for a *vast* number of reasons! **"I suppose I can postpone my meeting with the Shogun for a short while..."** She didn't really have a *choice*. Not when there was such a big mess to clean up!

And so what started as just a few minutes ultimately turned into an hour and a half. There was a *lot* of work to do. Pushing shelves back up into their proper positions was part of it, but then there were books and scrolls to sort back into their proper locations on those shelves. Honestly? Sara thought she was going to be there forever. But eventually she found it. The *final* scroll that needed to be put away.

"Ugh. This one came unraveled when it fell, huh? At least it's the last one, I suppose." Sara didn't bother reading the scroll's contents and simply went to roll it up so that she could file it away. But something unusual happened. There was something like a *resonance* between the ink on the paper and her Electro Vision. It was something

she *immediately* felt, for it felt like a shock passing through her body. It prompted her to drop the scroll, confused. **“What... was *that*?”**

Of course, Sara would have had to have read the scroll to understand. Not that she could *now*, because the text had glowed purple before being erased from the paper altogether. But the truth was that it was a scroll designed to produce a new Raiden Shogun in the case that Inazuma was left without one. Not even Ei herself had known of its existence, but it would create an automaton Archon that would act in place of the old one.

And now that spell had transferred itself onto Sara’s body.

The soldier examined the hands through which the strange energy had passed, a confused expression upon her facial features. **“Maybe it was *nothing*...?”** Unlike the previous victim at the hands of one of the texts down in this forbidden library, Sara did not have the context that something was now destined to go awry due to her interaction with it. She knew nothing of what had become of Inazuma’s top figureheads, but that information certainly would have helped avoid this situation outright. Then again, even if she *had* known, how would she have known which scrolls to not touch?

It truly *was not* nothing, however. It was simply a matter of the earliest deviations from Sara’s perceived form being a touch more subtle compared to what would eventually come further down the line. Such as? Well, it was certainly hard to perceive, but upon examining the short, dark purple bob that she styled her hair in, you could certainly tell that something was slightly *off*. Some of the strands were a redder purple than the usual bluish look that they typically had, and one by one that redder undertone spread from strand to strand – not even just those atop her head, but within her brows and loins as well.

There was likewise an issue with her *eyes*. Sara, as a woman of tengu heritage, already possessed eyes of gold that practically shone when reflecting light. But that gold deepened, and their shine? It wasn’t a reflection any longer. Her eyes were *legitimately* glowing, and their shapes rounded out so that any perceived Inazuma lineage was erased. Rather, those eyes bore more of a resemblance to a woman from Mondstadt than anything. Caucasian, using terms from a world that *wasn’t* Teyvat.

“Why can’t I shake the feeling that I just did something I shouldn’t have?” In the end, the woman picked the scroll back up and put it in its rightful place. She gave her head a shake, but didn’t quickly pick up on the feeling of her hair tickling the base of her neck. Now that her entire head of hair had changed in color, it was seemingly now time

for a change in *style*. Short hair was lengthening, not only tickling her neck in the process but falling far, *far* beyond that point. The tengu mask she had fastened to her head was loosened slightly because of this growth, and before long? Her hair had fallen as far as her ankles, with bangs hanging less than an inch above her golden eyes.

She pursed her lips, not thinking much at all about how this somehow felt *different*. Yet her lips had become fuller and glossier, arguably more seductive in nature beneath a nose that bore a sharper curve and narrower nostrils now. On the whole, her face was fuller in shape but likewise more *mature*? Not that she had been youthful before, she *was* an adult woman. But the appearance of her facial features felt more typical of what you might expect a '*mature woman*' to look like.

“Huhuhu! ...Hm? Why did I laugh like that? In fact, my voice... It sounds so decadent!” Sara hadn't been certain of all about what had prompted her to giggle that way. It was like an impulse that had just blossomed out of nowhere, and she had been incapable of resisting. It allowed her to realize that her voice was sultrier now, and contrary to expectations she subconsciously embraced it as if it was something to *love*. There was something else, too. She felt *desire*. A hedonistic urge within a woman that typically only cared about serving others.

Unbeknownst to the woman herself, the Vision that she wore around her waist had cracked. But this had not taken away her ability to use the Electro element. Her flesh tingled, but only because her body had begun to create electricity itself. Bioelectricity, in fact. Had there been any steel in the library at the time, it might have been attracted to the magnetic field that her body was giving off as this ability rooted itself within.

Sara licked her lips as desire built, showing off a tongue that was a touch longer and, perhaps, slightly forked. Rather than thinking of others, she had begun to think only of herself. **“Why am I satisfied serving the Raiden Shogun like this? Of course my power is superior!”** Was that how she really felt? No, it wasn't how *Sara* felt, but it was becoming increasingly clear that this woman was not Sara despite being Kujou Sara at her core.

Nothing made that clearer than how her figure finally began to change, and certainly not in a way that was subtle.

“Oh!” Rather than display shock or even question the indisputable feeling that her outfit had suddenly come down with a case of inescapable tightness, the woman's lips pulled up into an expression of glee. Her desires were becoming bottomless, and of course a woman that wanted everything for herself would naturally desire a body that

could help bring her closer to those goals. And she certainly received a form worthy of her hedonism.

Almost as if to say, 'if you want more, then here is more and then some', her tall yet average figure began to bloat. Not around her stomach nor anywhere else that might call her health into question, but this was all focused around the key features that most people would say made a woman attractive. Her height remained unaffected as well, she was already *plenty* tall. Yet her wings folded inwards, feathers shed from them before the bones were absorbed entirely into her body.

But because Sara wore skintight, black cloth around her torso, it was immediately clear just *what* was changing then. Her own hands reached up and caressed the flesh of her bosom, fingers tweaking engorged nipples beneath the thin, black cloth. "**Mm... That's right, give me what I desire!**" It certainly wasn't *just* her nipples that had engorged, and that was plainly perceived through how the skintight, black cloth was stretching around her breasts.

To say their growth was 'slight' would have been a dramatic understatement of the truth. Flesh built in weight and softness, giving her tits no choice but to stretch well beyond the confines of what was normal for their size. It didn't take long at all for their sizes to *double*, and by that point? The black cloth had already ripped and torn, creamy flesh peeking out through the crack with bulging desire. Sara continued to fondly them, fingers eventually hooking into these tears to widen them – and this was ultimately necessary as each breast eventually found a size so substantial that it would eclipse her own head. She outright tore the black away, leaving her bosom to bounce and heave bar, so that she could fondle herself without any resistance.

Her attention *was* fixed on her tits, but they were actually growing in tandem with her hips and the surrounding regions. Those hips in question were given no choice but to widen into child-bearing shapes, snapping the band of her underwear and leaving her otherwise naked (and increasingly wet) within her loins. This was for good reason, for weight compounded within her thighs and ass alike. Since her legs were largely bare, as each thigh bloated to surpass even her waistline in width. Her ass, on the other hand, found a fullness just as great as her tits. The shape of her body while looking at it from the side had very pronounced curvature now, and there was so much meat to dig into.

Which was obvious once her previous outfit melted away, onto to be replaced by a gold bikini and boots that left little to the imagination.

“I am... the Raiden Shogun? Huhuhu. Of course I am. I need enough power to pursue my own desires, and this is certainly *enough.*”

The voice of *Echidna*, the new Raiden Shogun, cooed with self-serving interest upon the realization of the role she had been



given, fingers now adjusting the golden headpiece that was fixed to her head. Like Poi and Hirume before her, the woman still had a vague recollection of her past identity – but she felt so *powerful* and *important* now that she couldn't imagine embracing that old self in a million years. Rather than serve, she was a woman that would much rather *be* served.

But whatever understanding she had of her life as Sara? It didn't linger for long, for the spell that had changed her was much more potent than the one that had changed the other two. It was potent enough that it sent ripples through Irminsul itself. *History* was changed so that Ei, Miko, and Sara had never existed in the first place. And in the same vein? Hirume, Poi, and Echidna had *always* existed.

It was a little more detailed than that, though. After Makoto's death, Echidna had become the Raiden Shogun naturally – and Poi and Hirume, who had been created by Makoto previously, had been programmed to serve Echidna and aid her with her duties. There had been no Vision Hunt Decree, no Archon hiding herself away for 500 years, just a constant ruling period by Echidna.

“**What a strange feeling... But I have *always* been the Raiden Shogun, have I not? For five hundred long years now... And yet after all that time, Hirume...**” Thinking back to her fox servant, Sara's passion for Ei had been distorted into a severe infatuation with Hirume. She wanted the fox all to herself, and yet Poi was always getting in her way! Was this something the Raiden Shogun should have been obsessing over? Probably not.

But things were very different now.

With memories altered, Echidna knew *exactly* where to find Hirume. She knew where Hirume's room was in *her* Tenshukaku. **"Hirume! What are you— YOU!"** Having thrown the door wide open, the snake Shogun's gaze immediately locked onto the futon in the room's corner. Or, well, the naked fox and nekomata women upon it. It was clear they were getting ready to fuck, and Echidna would not have it.

But Hirume and Poi? They were confused. Who *was* this? Because while Irminsul had changed the memories of the world, Ei had been a god and Miko had been a kitsune. Their memories had not been changed as they were technically outliers in the world. **"Huh!? Who the heck are you!? And why are you eyeing up my Hirume like that!?"** Poi wrapped an arm around the bodacious fox and hugged her close.

"Um...?" Hirume had no idea what was happening here.

And that confusion grew to an embarrassed one when Echidna shed the little clothing she was wearing and slid onto the futon on Hirume's other side, holding her close and sandwiching the fox between the two of them. **"She's mine! And so are you! My servants shouldn't talk back to me! I'm the Raiden Shogun, after all!"** Hirume as beat red, her face now burdened by a tit from Echidna on one side, and a tit from Poi on the other.

"Kyahaha! You? The Raiden Shogun!? Since when!?"

"Umm..."

Poor Hirume was getting really turned on here.