

INTERTWINE TO DIVINE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



These types of missions were far more commonplace than the Master of Chaldea would have liked as of late.

She was accustomed to running out quickly to gather resources, of course. Ever since she had become a Master of Chaldea it had becoming a key part of her work outside of solving Singularities and Lostbelts. The organization was lacking in staff all things considered, and was *especially* lacking in Masters. Ritsuka Fujimaru was realistically the only member of the staff that could lead that manner of expedition as she was the only one who could summon and control Servants.

The primary issue was one that probably should have been obvious well before they reached this point. The locations that she could Rayshift to in order to gather these necessities didn't *have* limitless resources. With time they could be restored, yes, but that required Chaldea leaving the gathering spot alone for a short while. But as their battles grew fiercer? The necessary supplies only went up in number. And now, what was once a half hour trip was nearly three hours per location.

“My feet or so sore... We really need to figure out a solution to this that isn't so much work.” About two hours in, Ritsuka had *already* begun to complain about this very problem to no one in particular. It was something that she knew da Vinci-chan was aware of, but a solution wasn't immediately apparent. Nonetheless, the Rider had told her that she would investigate ways to try and attempt to 'create' some of those supplies back at Chaldea itself. Ritsuka wasn't really holding her breath.

A Servant slithered behind the Master with sleepy-looking eyes staring down at the feet once the woman complained. The Ibuki-Douji of the Saber class had been summoned to help protect Ritsuka during this adventure into a Heian era Japan environment. Oni and other beasts lurked around every corner, making the presence of a Servant a necessity. And what Servant would be better than one that was already aware of her surroundings?



Ibuki-Douji had been summoned in her first Ascension, granted the body of a hatchling who was far more powerful than she appeared. **“Should you not take it as a chance to enjoy a pleasant stroll with me? Fufufu!”** The Saber *knew* that this probably wouldn’t take away her Master’s pain, but as the Servant summoned she felt like it was her

duty in some part to try and bring Ritsuka some comfort. There was naught that she could do for the woman’s feet. Well, there were *two* ideas maybe? **“Would you like me to carry you?”**

That was the *first* idea and the far more conventional one. Ibuki might have been small but she was *more* than capable of lifting up her Master. Perhaps she would even carry her bridal style? And if her meager size was the issue then she could simply rise up higher on her tail! Unfortunately that idea was met with a sharp rejection. **“No, it’s okay. I don’t want to burden you that way.”**



The divine oni child appeared to be *very* taken aback by this. A mere human, Master or no, would reject an offer to be carried by her!? Would such disrespect be answered with her blind rage!? No, she just pouted and continued to slither after her. **“Very well…”** But there *was* her *other* idea, right? Not only would it solve the issue of her Master’s sore feet, but it simultaneously might help her Master understand why her rejection had hurt so much. **“Master, one moment then! There is another way to relieve your pain!”**

Ritsuka stopped and turned to look at the snake. **“There is? Do you have some kind of magic ointment or something?”** It went without saying that the woman wasn’t expecting anything *too* extreme. Maybe Ibuki-Douji knew

of a local herb or something that could help alleviate her pain? Realistically she wasn't expecting anything more dramatic than *that*. But in the end? She received something far more confusing. A *hug*?

Ibuki had slithered behind her and embrace her from behind. "***Ibuki?***" But she didn't reply. "***H-Hey!***" It felt like the snake was burying her head into her ass for *some* reason! That was inappropriate! Ritsuka tried to see behind her but *couldn't*. Rather she felt a warm begin to spread around her legs, which ultimately prompted her to look *down*. "***E-EH!?***" What she saw only added additional panic and confusion. Ibuki's body was *melting into hers*? Was she disappearing? "***What are you doing, Ibuki!?***" But maybe it was wrong to say she *entirely* melted into her. Her upper body and head had, but the child's tail? It entirely enveloped beneath her knees, binding her lower legs into a snake's tail.

Which *definitely* wasn't normal.

"***Woah!***" Seeing as how basically everything *below* Ritsuka's knees was now the tail of a child-sized serpent it was only natural that she would find herself off balance. She caught herself on the branch of a nearby tree, it not even occurring to her that she no longer had sore feet. Because, well, she *didn't have feet* in the first place now! "***What did Ibuki do!? Did she fuse with me!? I feel her tail like it's my own...***" But she didn't have the understanding of how to *control* it just yet.

Still, the part of her body that *was* Ibuki's tail was causing a great deal of problems for her – namely because only half of her legs had been converted. It was difficult for her to properly see things above her legs while trying to support herself on the tree, but there *were* signs of that changing. Namely the appearance of *scales* around her thighs *and* her ass. They were largely white, but on the outskirts they were a dark purple. It didn't take long at all for them all, ass included, to be *entirely* painted by these shimmering scales.

But the changes to her legs and her new tail at large did not end there. The length of tail at her body's base not only began to lengthen but *thicken* as well, but that wasn't the only part of her that began thickening. *Every* part of her body that was now scaled began to do the same, but when it came to above her knees? It looked more like she was getting fuller thighs and a larger *ass* at first. "***What is—? Fufu!***" Ritsuka had been shocked... so why did she just *laugh it off* at the end?

The waistband of her panties beneath her skirt snapped, given no choice as the swelling of scaled thighs and a near gigantic rear pushed her hips to widen nearly *five* inches. Yet as tatters of her undergarments fell? It seemed that there was no risk of showing her pussy to the world. A long,

pale-purple scale had grown ovetop of it to hide both her loins *and* her decreasing thigh gap. But it wasn't really a *gap* moments later anyways.

Thighs had thickened so much before long that they were pressing *into* each other. But even if the Master had attempted to separate them from that moment on? She would have found herself incapable of doing so. They were *fusing*, becoming a singular part of her body. A scaled extension of her *tail* that incorporated a full ass with a crack sealed just the same. **“My tail! My...? N-No, this isn't mine! Why do I have Ibuki's tail!?”**

Nonetheless, the tail had slithered out to roughly twice her overall height behind her. **“KTCH!?”** And the woman it was attached to had to stifle an uncomfortable cry as, of all thing, tiny blades embedded themselves in the back of the base. Purple frills extended down the sides of the base and fanned out around her hip, and when all was said and done? Ritsuka felt confident that her serpent tail would grow no longer. She was *hoping* that this was all she had to endure.

And yet it only took seconds for her to realize that this wasn't the case. Not by a long shot. A pressurized pain erupted from the sides of her body, and rather than scream? **“HISSSSS!”** The woman hissed like a snake while orange eyes darkened to a menacing crimson. She was overwhelmed by sensations as what burst through her clothes but a *second pair of arms*. Arms that were inches longer than the pair still threaded through her sleeves above them. Arms that were dark purple, almost grey in color. And arms that had long, bony fingers with lengthened, light blue nails.

“Aren't those arms like *mine*!? Like Ibuki-Douji's!?” There was a continuous urge deep down to associate her own identity with Ibuki-Douji even despite knowing that they were *not* one in the same. Why was this happening? All because the Saber had done something without her permission!? She could only watch now as the same skin color from her new pair of arms spread across her original pair. As it did? Those arms lengthened. Her fingers lengthened. Her *nails* lengthened. All until they were carbon copies of the pair beneath them.

That purple-grey skin coloration was spreading *everywhere* that wasn't scaled, mind you. Her jacket lifted because her torso was pulled longer just like her arms were, and in doing so it revealed a tummy that not only had darkened in color but was now tighter and more toned, flowing seamlessly into the widened hips that met her tail. As this coloration crept up her neck? Her neck itself seemed to stretch a few inches itself. But once it slid into her face?

Well, it was getting increasingly harder for her to see herself as ‘Ritsuka Fujimaru’ already, and the changes *there* certainly wouldn’t help. The shape of her darkened face was pulled a little longer while her cheekbones were prompted to rise. Her nose stretched too, while the woman’s lips? They jiggled a touch as weight saw them thicken into greater maturity. When it came to Ritsuka’s eyes, mind you? *Already* red, they simply narrowed until her natural Japanese beauty was brought into the forefront... beneath a pair of now rounded eyebrows dyed blue.

Her head was racing. **“Who... am I?”** Her voice was deep and powerful, a far cry from the voice Ritsuka knew. And yet it was still familiar, and a part of her wanted to accept it as *hers*. She’d vaguely noticed it before too – a voice overlapping her own thoughts, indicative of the presence of another soul. Was it Ibuki’s? This had all begun because she had merged *into* her Master after all. But now it was getting difficult for her not to see the child Ibuki as just another facet of *herself*.

The blue that had emerged in her eyebrows soon permeated through the entirety of the woman’s hair’s length. Unruly locks flattened, but soon slithered out in length like glossy snakes that spilled out towards the ground beneath her where the lengths of her tips instead came aglow with a hot pink. **“Fufufu! Of course! I am Chaldea’s Master! But I am more than that!”** This hair was split into eight ‘tails’ by golden rings, and as she laughed? The hand that had been holding onto a tree clenched with such strength that it snapped it in two. She felt confident slithering about now.

Just as a pair of darkened horns protruded uncomfortably from her forehead, isolating the center of her bangs. A pair of *significantly* larger ones creaked and cracked out from the sides of her head however, their reddish keratin splitting into several intimidating branches above ears that were pulled into long, sharp points themselves. If her serpent’s tail didn’t make it painfully obvious, the being that she had become was *not* human.

Torn and disheveled cloth now began to dissipate from her body, exposing in turn her now-divine flesh in all of its glory. This included grey breasts and purple nipples that didn’t quite yet mesh with the rest of her appearance – namely because they had remained so *petite* versus the grand visage it was clear that she was inheriting. But as cloth began to reform in a new state around her person? They had finally taken advantage of their temporary freedom to burgeon, swelling into fleshy orbs that surpassed her head in size. She couldn’t even help herself from fondling them with her lower pair of hands. Or at least until white cloth wrapped around them.

She was accessorized with golden jewelry and fishnet gloves around her four arms. Blue cloth hung from her hips, bound with golden charms as her tall and seductive body swayed, and her tits jiggled with each breath. She peered around herself through crimson eyes not with anxiety but with *unrivaled confidence*. If she had stood taller on her new tail she would have seemed closer to *ten feet* in height, so how could she not?

“Mm! Well I suppose this does alleviate any concerns of sore feet. Fufufu!” Once the initial shock had worn off, the four-armed, *Ruler class Ibuki-Douji* could only laugh away what had just happened to her. Her Saber self had merged into her Master self and their union had led to *this*. A variation of Ibuki-Douji closer to her divine self, one that slithered about on her serpent’s tail and whose power wasn’t as weakened from being summoned in a modern setting. **“But what will they say at Chaldea, I wonder?”**



Her thoughts were communicated to her in double speak, like Ritsuka’s voice and Ibuki’s voice were speaking overtop of each other. Deep down

both souls still thrived within – but the Ruler Ibuki’s personality took precedence. If anyone questioned her identity? Well, Ritsuka’s Command Seals were still on the back of the snake’s upper right hand. She smirked upon noticing this.

“Fufufu! They’ll have no means of questioning *this*! They’ll simply have to accept me as I am!” A thought that prompted her to lick her lips. Would they worship her both as a god and as a Master? What delicacies would they bring her if requested? What amusements would she be provided to satisfy her needs? The clear shift in the woman’s priorities from when she had been Ritsuka was plain indeed. **“I must thank my smaller self for granting me this opportunity! To think that she had such an intriguing trick under her belt!”**

Realistically she was primarily pleased to no longer need to bother with her foot pain! She never needed to life one of her legs again (because she didn’t have any). Her long and powerful tail would slither neatly over top of everything without any soreness whatsoever.

And slither she did. All of the way to the extraction point with a huge smile on her face.

The arrival of Ibuki-Douji in a different class, while simultaneously possessing Ritsuka’s Command Seals, certainly shook Chaldea up. But upon questioning her they found Ritsuka’s most personal memories buried within her mind on top of it all – making it difficult for anyone to claim that her story was false. That didn’t mean that the woman wouldn’t be scolded for turning their only Master into a Master-Servant hybrid.

But was it *all* bad? For those who were constantly worried about the Master’s safety, for the Master to also *be* a Servant was a blessing in disguise. She was much more durable now and capable of defending herself. The more practical-minded saw this as a net win, even if her new personality wasn’t serious at all. On the other hand? Ritsuka’s closest friend vowed to find a way to change her back. Would they succeed?

Or would they end up bound to other Japanese Servants in the process?

Time would surely tell, as it always did.