

MARCH NEEDS SNEK MILFS

COMMISSION STORY

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The end of March was rapidly approaching, which meant that in terms of *events*, Fate / Grand Order was entering a time of uncertainty.

New Years, Valentine's Day, White Day – the game followed a pretty standard event schedule over the first quarter of the year most of the time. There were enough real world observations to draw event ideas from, but since the game didn't really observe things like Easter there was usually a dry spell up until Golden Week... beyond doing something small and funny for April Fool's Day, anyways. This didn't mean the game would *skip* any events, but they definitely wouldn't be themed after any holidays.

“Guess we're going to have a dead week, then?” Joseph mused after logging into the game to collect his daily login bonus and tackle the daily missions. As expected, there wasn't a new event for him to sink his teeth into in any capacity, but that was fine. Maybe he'd work some of his Rank up Quest backlog or something like that? Either way, his dailies came first. They didn't take very long to do, but... **“Hm?”**

Once he got out of the last battle needed for these quests, he was met with an update download. It wasn't at a normal time by a long shot, which left him skeptical for a second. But thinking it might be to fix an in-game bug or something like that, he didn't linger on any questions he might have had for long and downloaded it just as he would *any* update. And once it finished?

“March Needs MILFs? *That’s an interesting event name.*” The game had updated with a new event. One that he couldn’t remember seeing an announcement for, and the name kind of made him raise an eyebrow. What kind of event would have a name like *that*? It clearly wasn’t one that was going to have a *serious* plot. But then it occurred to Joseph. **“If this event is about MILFs...”** Then what Servant was on rate-up?

Unfortunately, he wasn’t able to check.

“Wh-Where am I!?” Everything had happened so fast that the man had been forced to reckon with numerous questions all at once. When he’d clicked to load FGO’s gacha banner, there had been a flash of light from the screen so bright that he’d been temporarily blinded. When it cleared? He was sitting in an *unfamiliar* living room, on a comfy couch in front of a television that wasn’t on. It wasn’t *his* home. He definitely wouldn’t have put up so many gaudy, snake-themed ornaments.

Oh, but this is my home.

It was brief, but this thought had crossed his mind as if to correct the original assumption that he wasn’t ‘home’. It didn’t register strongly enough for Joseph to really think too much about it. We *all* had intrusive thoughts now and again. **“I... need to get out of here. Assuming I’m not dreaming, anyways.”** Honestly, a dream was the only *plausible* way that he could explain any of this. But that wasn’t the *actual* answer, of course.

And there *wouldn’t* be a clear answer for him to find for a moment. He had taken to looking around the living space in search of an *exit*, because he really *didn’t* want to get caught loitering in someone else’s home. Breaking and entering was still a crime *regardless* of how he’d ended up inside. A question that the man *certainly* didn’t have an answer for. The best answer he had was that his *game* had somehow brought him there, and what cop would accept *that* as an answer?

As Joseph looked around though? He became overly cautious of where he was looking. He didn’t want to meet a human’s gaze for some reason – something akin to an *instinct* that he didn’t understand. The man’s own eyes might have provided some insight into this, though. The outer rings of his irises began to show an *unusual* color. A light purple that slowly traveled in towards his pupils and painted them a vaguely darker shade instead of black. This was *already* strange.

But then those pupils dilated into *square* shapes.

“**Hm?**” The man’s eyes had *strained* while this was happening, forcing him to close them for a moment. And when he opened them? The room seemed to be *clearer* somehow? It didn’t feel like it was worth mentioning in the grand scheme of things, at least without the context of the color change. That color change continued *elsewhere* though. It could be seen emerging amidst the hair of his eyebrows, which seemed to thin in kind. It gradually painted the short hair atop his head even though its original style persisted for the time being. Where it *didn’t* persist was in his pubes, which seemingly grew thicker than ever before once they were recolored.

And the rest of the hair on his body was *shaved away*. Shaved away while any lingering excess of weight upon his frame thinned away. He had possessed a softer build that didn’t quite count as ‘chubby’, whereas his muscles hardened until he had a toned tummy and limbs. “**I feel kind of weird.**” Weird enough for him to remark as much, but Joseph couldn’t really place the reason. It was because he subconsciously noticed just how light he felt compared to how he had before.

He was becoming even lighter still, in fact, but this was more due to some *vertical* challenges. The weight that was lost was in his *bones* as they shortened and thinner in length and size. Joseph was a naturally tall guy who stood just shy of the six foot mark, but this stature lessened, giving him pause. “**Was this room always so big? Annoying.**” It seemed that he *did* notice that he had dropped down to 5’8” but noticing it and being able to *identify the problem* were different things altogether.

Even if the room *had* grown, what about it was ‘annoying’ exactly? The man was the farthest thing from the type of guy to get worked up over nothing, but he’d sounded so *salty* there for a second. It was an indication that while he was changing *physically*, that may not have been the *only* aspect of what was happening to him. It was just that the physical signs were more noticeable. His clothes were now baggier upon his body since he had shrunk, and this made it a little difficult to notice just *how* much things had been changing otherwise.

His waistline had actually narrowed a few inches while he’d shrunk, which was made impossible to see by his loose shirt. The long sleeves had covered his hands, too, disguising just how those hands were slightly smaller in width, yet... were his fingers longer? A similar phenomenon had affected Joseph’s feet, too. His toes grew smaller and his heel gentler in its arch, but those feet were simultaneously a touch *longer* within his socks. But more on these hands and feet later.

“**Huh? Why was I looking for a way out? I live here! ...Don’t I?**” What had once come across as an *intrusive thought* before no longer felt

that way. He'd spoken it like it was fact, and what was an intrusive thought *now* was a voice deep down that was telling him he was a stranger to this place. The voice he *did* speak with? Its pitch was higher, and its inflection had a low rumble to it. It sounded undeniably like a *woman's* voice, and if he'd been in the right headspace he probably would have found it alarming.

The fact that the man *didn't* find it alarming set the stage for just how little he questioned everything that unfolded after the fact. Any sharp edges were smoothed away from the corners of his face, while weight was applied to his lips so that they became plusher and fuller. This all made him seem *older* too, like he had pushed his *forties*. His eyes narrowed, his nose shrunk, and his hair, well... While it had remained short despite its prior color change, it *wasn't* that way any longer.

“Tch.” Long fingers reached up to his shoulders as a ticklish sensation teased any exposed skin. He took the time to push the lengthened hair right off his shoulders, not question that length for even a second while it fell until the tips rested only a few inches off of the floor. It was *all* long and *heavy*, but at least his bangs had been lifted and brushed to the sides so that they weren't in his eyes. ...Even if it was becoming increasingly difficult to claim *anything* on his body belonged to a *man*.

Well, the inconsistency didn't really linger for all that long. **“Urk!?”** Joseph's knees buckled seemingly out of nowhere, both a reactive response to an uncanny sensation between *her* legs, and the parting of the *woman's* hips practically in tandem. What she had felt could only be one thing: her manhood had shriveled up, and the remnants had been tugged down and into a newly formed cavity between her legs. It became her pussy, and her body shuddered further as her internal organs shifted and adjusted into a womb and other female equivalents.

“What the hell was that?” Considering what she had *felt*, and considering how ignorant she'd been thus far, it was odd that she realized something was amiss. It had just been *that* bizarre of a feeling. One that couldn't be rivaled by the sensation of weight pooling into her ass and thighs, prompting the cheeks of her ass to rapidly not just fill, but *overflow* her pants until flesh peeked out and over their waistband. This bubbled butt would have been sexy as hell in the right outfit, just as her thicker thighs would have.

Her purple gaze narrowed down at her shirt all of a sudden. It had felt a little *tight* out of nowhere. **“What's going on with this outfit?”** Her nipples were clearly defined against the fabric of her t-shirt, and they were pushing farther and farther away from her chest because of the weight pooling beneath them. Skin stretched around what was clearly a pair of women's tits, lifting up her shirt's base to show off her toned

tummy in the process until a pair of hefty *G-cups* sat upon her chest. **“It’s ugly. Why would I wear this?”**

That absolutely *shouldn't* have been the issue she took with her outfit, but she couldn't even remember putting that fit *on* now. The woman's olive complexion was gradually lightening to a pale pink now. But this wasn't a *consistent* change. In fact, the skin around her hands and feet *darkened* to black instead. This skin was oddly *shiny* though, almost like it wasn't *skin* at all. If a closer inspection had been made, it would have become clear *why*. They were covered with *scales*. Like the scales of the snakes that decorated *her* living room.

These scales were only black directly around her hands and feet, though. They turned to *gold* around her ankles, and those golden scales traveled up to her thighs – just as they traveled from her ankles to just below her elbows. The nails affixed to these fingers and toes darkened to a solid *gold* but also extended into monstrous *claws* that matched what exploded from the base of her spine. A long, wriggling *tail* that looked like the lower half of a snake. The scales on top were golden, while black muscles wriggled upon the base.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS...

Snakes could be heard hissing all of a sudden, but Joseph didn't seem to bat an eyelash. She was still perplexed by her *clothes*, unbothered by how the tips of her hear had darkened and distorted into a number of snake heads that were lashing about on their own. “***That’s better.***” was all she said when her clothing was then adjusted to her body, becoming a pair of tight jeans and a white sweater top overtop appropriately fitted underwear.

“**Silence.**” All it took was one word on *Gorgon*’s part to silence the hissing of the snakes that branched off from the woman’s long and monstrous mass of hair before they turned back into normal locks. There were no longer any doubts in her mind that this *was* her home. The woman could recall purchasing it when she moved to the Japan of this world. A world where Servants lived among regular humans. That was why she was dressed in modern clothes, and why the older woman seemed to have taken so keenly to modern society.



She had long since stood from her couch, but now she paced back and forth within her living room impatiently. **“I’m a Servant. How am I supposed to live such a boring life?”** Gorgon may have adjusted to it, but that didn’t mean she had no complaints. As an Avenger-class Servant, she was naturally easy to annoy. But there was *one* way to ease her boredom. **“Hmph. I’m going to have to go and ask her to spend time with me again, aren’t I?”** Who was this mysterious person? Based on the Servant’s tone, it must have been someone incredibly terrifying!

...But it was just her neighbor.

“I... Huh?” Unlike Joseph, I hadn’t even gotten as far as checking the banner on my FGO game. Just logging into the game had been enough to spark that flash of light, and once my vision finally adjusted, I found myself standing in an unfamiliar bedroom. It wasn’t done up in a western style at all. Old, Japanese furniture surrounding a king-sized futon bed on the floor, with a sliding shoji door, closed, leading out into the hall. **“I was just playing a game, right?”**

If I ever got the chance to tell Joseph *this* story, I could only imagine what he’d say. ‘*You sure you weren’t just dreaming, Axel?*’ or something like that. I couldn’t have possibly fathomed that he was closer than I thought. Despite living in different *countries* normally? He was in the house next door at that very moment, experiencing a very unusual fate. *A fate that I was on the cusp of sharing in.*

“I should probably leave, but...” That *wasn’t* my home. Was someone else there? Was I going to get in trouble? I’d have to put the ‘how did this happen?’ question on the backburner for the time being and focus on escaping, preferably without being seen and ending up in jail or something. **“I hope this isn’t *really* in Japan and this is just someone’s choice of house design.”**

I *was* in Japan, though.

I glanced at the door, unaware that the eyes through which I was looking at it were being altered in real time. My black pupils dilated *vertically* until they formed a pair of slits that felt more like a snake or lizard’s than a *human’s* pair of eyes, and they looked even more bizarre as my eyes began to glow *gold* instead. They then pinched in the corners while a monolid design was structured across my eyelids, lashes growing longer and longer... until they looked like a woman’s eyes. A *Japanese* woman’s eyes.

‘Japanese’ and ‘woman’ were two keywords that ultimately decided what was going to happen to me in the following minutes. Both aspects could be seen taking root in my face as a whole, even though it didn’t even occur to me in the least that my face was pulling pulled longer into a more ovular shape, and any excess weight was being pushed away to leave my cheeks thinner. What *didn’t* remain thinner were my *lips*. They swelled plumper as if collagen had been forced inside, but this weight really *was* natural even though a blue paint found itself spread across them. It matched an eyeshadow that was splashed around my eyelids.

“Am I really not supposed to be here? ...W-Wait, is my voice off?” It wasn’t just *off*. My pale face had become exceptionally beautiful, and my voice had heightened to match that. I just hadn’t clued in on *another* aspect. I was speaking – and by extension *thinking* – in fluent Japanese. It made *sense*. I looked the part of a Japanese beauty facially, and that aesthetic was gaining a little extra traction courtesy of my dark hair. It was lengthening *and* lightening. Not towards white but towards a *silver* that spilled down to my back’s center... while my bands were swept to cover my right eye.

I blinked with confusion. *Do I always wear my hair like this? Of course I do!* Well, that solved *that* mystery! ...Right? **“N-No, I don’t, right?”** I felt lost and confused. Mascara defined my eyes against skin that looked even pales than normal as I looked around. A Japanese-style bedroom that had looked so foreign to me before felt vaguely... *familiar* somehow instead. **“What’s...? I... I don’t feel so good...”** On top of everything else, I felt a flash of fatigue.

Maybe that wasn’t all *that* shocking. For how pretty my face had become, I definitely looked *older*. Around *forty* or so, probably. And how much energy did *transforming a body* expend in the first place? It was only a passing feeling anyways. My energy returned with a little *extra*, courtesy of it finally becoming my turn to grow *lighter*. I was a much heavier man than Joseph was. Or I *had* been, but my pants slipped from my hips and my huge shirt became rather *vacant* as *all* of those extra pounds were dismissed.

Before long I was almost perfectly trim. *Almost*. While my stretchmarks had been alleviated and my belly was significantly leaner than it had been before, there was still a notable belly pouch that protruded a couple of inches over my pelvis. It wasn’t unattractive and was more of a sign of my enhanced *age* than anything. I idly rubbed at it with longer, manicured fingers, not even questioning its presence. **“My pants...?”** I was evidently more concerned about why I was wearing only a shirt – and one that didn’t even *fit* me at that.

What happened to all of that weight I'd lost, though? Had it just been erased entirely? Sent into a void? *Not quite*. While some of it was lost forever, the bulk of it was actually *repurposed* instead. It was reassigned to different parts of my body, like my thighs for example. They had initially thinned, but they became thicker again all of a sudden in a way that was *different* than before. This thickness was firmer, not a product of any lifestyle choices but instead *genetics*.

Genetics that also saw to it that some of the weight padded my ass until it pushed out into a rippling heart shape behind me, even lifting the base of my shirt a bit to tease the bases of these bouncier cheeks. This renewed heft brought my knees to buckle – not because I had become too heavy, but because my hips had been shoved wider as a side effect. “*Hm?*” And while I didn't notice any of *this*, I did subconsciously sense that something was off about my *stature*. I had shrunk a few inches, dropping down to 5'7”. “**Am I still tired? Is that why I put on this shirt?**”

What was happening *clearly* wasn't a product of fatigue, however. In no world would simply being a little tired lead to a *man's cock and balls folding in to become a woman's pussy*, much less one that was so wider that one could only assume it had been used to *birth a child* once in the past. “*Mmn... Oh!?*” To me, all that registered was that I'd randomly *moaned*. My body's immediate response to a sensual slit opening up between my legs.

But a woman's body wasn't complete with a pair of *breasts* to draw attention to, and my ass and thighs could only account for roughly *half* of the weight that had ultimately been repurposed. My *chest* inherited the rest, ballooning what was once flat *forward* into a pair of mounds that could *only* be my new tits. My nipples engorged atop them, getting thicker and thicker with larger areola the bigger my tits became. And they grew from mounds, to hills, to *mountains* before long. The base of my shirt was lifted high enough that you could see my pussy *and* the bush of silver pubes above it, because my tits were *stupendously* big.

My *I-cup* breasts were certainly *weighty*, and seeing as I was older, they sagged ever so slightly without the proper support. I was fortunate enough to receive that support thanks to changing outfit. My abundantly large men's tee stretched into a grey sweater-dress that reached down to the tops of my thighs. It rested only on my right shoulder, with the left one bare and some of the material folded over my chest to show the bulk of my left tit. A fluffy, white coat with slits cut into the sleeves warmed my bare arms, and bleach leather boots reached my left knee, while the right one was folded down *below* my knee. A black band clasped my right thigh, and I also received a matching choker aside from new silver earrings and black belts dangling from my coat sleeves.

“NNNNNGH! How long did I even sleep today? It’s hard when you have nothing better to do!” At the end of my transformation I had noted that my body felt rather *stiff*. A big, upwards stretch unfolded, lifting my generous bosom and dropping it down to bounce several times once I lowered my arms after the stretch. I, *Mrs. Snake*, was a woman from Japanese mythology. Now? I had been summoned as a Servant into the modern era. One living a life just as mundane as any other human.

My issue at the time was that I was *woefully unemployed*. As a snake that had taken a human form to marry a man (as my legend stated), I understood how to live a ‘normal’ life, but that didn’t translate into having any useful skills. **“I suppose I *could* try writing a novel again. My problem is I just keep getting too distracted!”** Writing at a laptop just came very *naturally* to me for some reason. A reason I couldn’t explain. And those distractions were *hardly* my fault! **“Let’s see, it’s 2pm, so...”**



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

“...Right on cue.” I couldn’t help but chuckle to myself once I hear that knocking at the door. It prompted me to cross through the sliding door and through the traditional, Japanese styling of the home I had purchased. **“I’m coming, Gorgon!”** My neighbor was a fellow snake-inspired Servant, and one of a similar age to myself. We weren’t young enough to keep up with the kids, but we were able to do things at our own pace. Perhaps that was why she was drawn to spending time with me, even if she wasn’t even the most *amicable* at times.

The bond we shared was unique, and it had been *growing* as of late. And so, when I opened the front door I offered the snake-haired woman on the other side a smile. **“Are you ready for our date? Where would you like to go today?”** My words forced a cute scowl on her lips.

“I told you to stop calling our outings that!”

“What else should I call them, then~?”

“Shut up!”