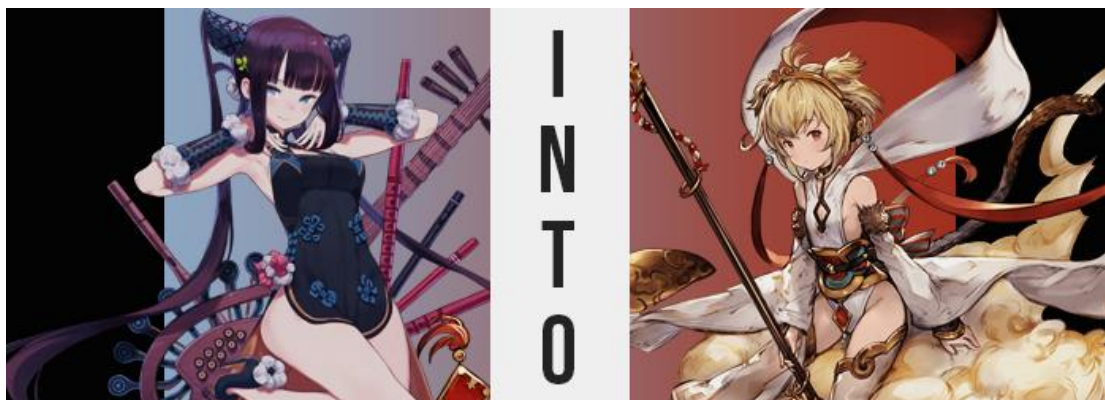


MONKEYING AROUND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Chaldea had been noisy as of late, but then again didn't that always seem to be the case? The advent of yet another New Year was upon them, and on the coattails of Christmas most of the staff and Servants had essentially been dormant for a few days before. But with New Year's Eve now upon them, it seemed as if the good spirits had been returned to everyone, and after all that rest energy levels had returned to their all-time high.

From the perspective of the Foreigner-class Servant, Yang Guifei, New Years was something of a nostalgic time of year for her. It had been on New Year's Day that she had been summoned more than a few years prior by this point in time, and she did have some fond albeit confusing memories of that day. Of essentially stepping into a new world and eventually being surrounded by people that cared about her. Considering the sort of life she had lived, and what had ultimately been her fate, it was truly more than she could have ever hoped to ask for.

“That does remind me though...” Navigating the halls of the Wandering Sea, the Chinese woman soon reminisced about a strange rumor that had also been popping up around this time of year for the past few years. That at the turn of the New Year, a new Servant would pop up within Chaldea that no one had any recollection of summoning, yet the records of the summoning device itself contained data of them doing so.

Surely it was nothing more than an error, or perhaps everyone had misremembered at once? Such things *could* happen, it was simply called the ‘Mandela Effect’. But Yang Guifei certainly wasn't a profound scholar in any capacity, and she didn't claim to know much of this effect

outside of its name. But it didn't really matter, because the summoning database should have been more accurate than everyone's memories anyways, shouldn't it?

**“HEYA! COME TRY YOUR FREE SAMPLES!
GET ‘EM WHILE THEY’RE FRESH!”**



As soon as Yuyu had arrived at her destination that morning, the cafeteria, her ears were immediately met by the boisterous voice of, coincidentally, one of those very same Servants that had been rumored to have appeared as if

out of nowhere. Kumbhira was a short and pretty woman with tanned skin, big breasts, and horns. She wasn't as beautiful as Yang Guifei herself (*in her own opinion*), but she felt like a completely natural addition to Chaldea, much like the others in her group that called themselves the *Divine Generals*.

Where had they come from? Which historical figures were they based on? Considering all of the strange figures that had been summoned to Chaldea thus far, including a Foreigner like herself, Yuyu had never really thought to question it too much. Some questions were better left unanswered in her mind.

Besides, how could she be suspicious of someone who was offering her *free pudding*? Because that was what Kumbhira had been trying to push, it seemed. A special banana flavored pudding that she had made for the new year was on the menu, and several Servants had already claimed some and were scattered about the cafeteria. The Foreigner, of course, thought it would have been rude to refuse – well, that and she had honestly wanted to try some herself – and so she took a cup and spoon before retreating to her usual place.

“Now let's see here!” This usual spot was around a corner, that hugged the kitchen itself. The Servant preferred it because it was quieter, and unless the cafeteria was full there weren't really any angles for anyone to stare at her. Even now, she couldn't see Kumbhira and the other Servants that were eating. Nor could they see her.

Which meant she could marvel at the dessert in piece. Its yellowish color appeared to be perfect, and based on its scent alone she had a feeling its sweetness would be just as unmatched. If it wasn't already obvious? Yuyu was something of an enjoyer of sweets. Perhaps a little *too* much if you asked some, but as a Servant she hardly had to worry about calories anyways.

Once she had sized up the delicacy? **“Down you go!”** Thus followed the act of consuming it. It was as sweet and rich as she could have hoped, and the endorphins the taste released in her brain were just the best! Though to be fair, *most* sweets seemed to have this effect on her. It didn't take long before she had eaten the entire sample cup up, and in turn she only craved more. **“I wonder if it would be rude if I asked for seconds?”**

It wasn't like there had been a line, right? And it seemed like there had been lots left over. Plus, when Kumbhira had given her the pudding in the first place, she'd asked her to give her feedback after. **“I should definitely let *big sis Kumbhira* know how good it tastes, too!”** She would certainly appreciate this praise, after all...

...Wait a second.

That had *very obviously* been a strange thing to say. After all, Yuyu most definitely believed that, while Servants were essentially immortal, that she was physically older than Kumbhira, being a woman in her twenties in that regard. So there was absolutely *no* reason for her to think of the horned woman as a 'big sister' or anything of the sort. But that was also a piece of her concerns. She *hadn't* thought of her that way. She had just said it without any thought whatsoever, as if it was a completely natural thing to do.

“Uhm? Maybe that was nothing?” Staring down at the emptied pudding cup, this was just the Chinese Servant being optimistic. She knew herself well enough to know that she would absolutely *never* say something that she didn't mean. And so either she had honestly meant that, something was wrong with her, or... *both*. At least she was in the cafeteria where a number of Servants had gathered, and so it would be easy to fetch help, right?

But why do I need help? I'm okay?

A voice within the depths of her mind, almost childish in sound, had something different in mind. It was clear that whatever had taken hold of Yang Guifei had no intention of giving her an opportunity to wriggle her way out of its grasp. While there *was* an internal struggle for a moment as she tried to subconsciously resist its grasp, inevitably she

lost out against its power – turning the colors of her eyes from blue to red in the process.

Throughout this, the woman had remain seated in the cafeteria chair. A chair that was pretty standard. Blue plastic, a gap between the seat and the backrest. You certainly know the kind of chair this is without a doubt. But through that gap between the two plastic pieces? Something had began to peek out after lifting the back of the dress to reveal the cheeks of her ass and the black panties she was wearing underneath. Though what was doing lifting wasn't exactly something that could be considered normal at *all*.

Unless, you know, normal people had *tails*? Because that was exactly what was sticking out. A tail no thicker than a small hose, and one covered with soft, brown fur. Initially it wasn't all that long, only about six inches in length in total, but as it began to rhythmically swish from side to side according to Yuyu's mood, it eventually stretched to about *three feet* in overall length. It didn't look like the tail of a cat or dog, or anything even remotely similar. It could only be the tail of a *monkey*.

“I feel... I feel like... *I need more banana pudding?*” That shouldn't have been a priority at all, but it was clear her priorities had been forcibly shifted from the fact that she *still* hadn't gotten up to get help even though she felt so bizarre. In the meantime, it was clear that a tail wasn't really the only monkey-like attribute her body had yearned to develop. Not as brown fur wrapped around ears that not only grew, but rounded in shape until they looked like a monkey's. They were much more sensitive to sound as well.

But still, Yuyu didn't realize, even though they were *much* warmer now.

The hairs of the woman's head that were now touching these monkey ears came away from this contact with some change of their own, as they lightened to blonde before this color jumped to the next strand, and the next one, and the next one. It didn't take long for her entire head to not only ignite with this color, but shorten *dramatically*. She kept her hair long, and it usually fell to her ankles. But now? Everything past her shoulders was cut loose, and what was cut away seemed to disappear into obscurity.

She shook her head, feeling groggier with each passing moment. **“No... Something's not right. *I am... Uh... I'm...?*”** As her lingering question ran on, it was easy enough to hear the pitch of her voice rising higher and higher. Yuyu's brain was continuously being flooded with memories and thoughts that didn't really belong to herself – or at least the self that had existed in that moment. But that concept of 'self' was shifting just as rapidly as her body was.

And it had really turned up the dial on that front. If she had sounded much more childish, well that was because her body had begun to *look* it as well. Since she was seated there wasn't a huge drop from her own perspective, but within that dress of hers? Her body was regressing at an alarming rate. It only took a matter of moments for her to look like a teenager once more, and from that point on? She was robbed of any and all of her maturity.

Her height was certainly part of that, but it would be negligent not to address what became of her womanly curves. Yang Guifei's breasts seemed to feel the effects first, though even initially it would have been charitable to say they were much larger than C-cups. Which honestly wasn't all that small, but compared to some of the other women in Chaldea... *Nonetheless*, their well of maturity dried up and their sizes collapsed into meager A-cups. Maybe even *smaller*, like buds that would one day flower.

Yuyu's overall stature dipped well beneath the five foot mark, and her posture in the chair was naturally forced to adjust as a result. Her knees drew closer to her hips as legs lessened in size, and eventually? Her feet only *just* barely reached the floor while sitting up right. The girl's rear end thinned significantly just as her chest had, until it was largely comparable to that of a girl in her early teens – just as her impeccable thighs eventually smoothed away into shapes that were still pronounced, but only barely against her new height of 4'4".

Her tummy rumbled. **“Yeah, some more pudding sounds good right now. That was really, really good!”** In fact, that pudding was all she could think of. Even though the Foreigner had never been particularly fond of banana, she now was essentially *obsessed* with it. Thinned lips pursed as she smiled at the thought, and her eyes were bright and wide – maybe a little *too* wide. Any resemblance to a woman of Chinese descent had been snatched away, leaving her with a childish, rounded, almost Caucasian face.

The girl, now looking to be around the age of *ten*. A far cry from her usual age, and an age where that provocative dress Yuyu wore was much too inappropriate – and much too big. Fortunately for her, her clothes erupted into golden sparkles and reformed as an entirely different outfit before she noticed. Long, detached, flowing sleeves of white with gold trim and a leotard-like ensemble with an attached scarf that sported a crimson under side made up the bulk of the outfit, and while feet were bare? Golden clasps fastened translucent, puffy pantlegs to her even though her thighs and behind were completely exposed. There was also a circlet in her hair that helped style the two tufts behind it.

“Heehee! I’m so happy that big sis Kumbhira made my favorite for New Years!” The

child finally rose from her seat, pushing it back with a great deal of energy before she bounced up onto her heels. The monkey tail swished back and forth excitedly behind her, and her rounded ears idly took in all of the sounds of the cafeteria. Was it

busier than it had been when she had started eating? Strange, she couldn’t really remember much of what happened before getting that pudding in the first place.



Andira, an Assassin class Servant, only knew one thing. And that was that she wanted *more* pudding! So she scooped up her cup and spoon and made a mad dash around the corner. **“Big sis! I finished! It was delicious! Could I have some... oh!”** The monkey girl was stopped dead in her tracks the moment she turned the corner though, because occupying the cafeteria aside from Kumbhira? Was multiple versions of herself.

“Oh, you must be the real Andira, right? Could you clean these guys up? You’re eating all of my samples!” The Draph behind the kitchen counter was quick to ask this favor of the Erune, and in doing so it became clear to Andira just what she had done. All with their own individual cups of pudding, scattered around the cafeteria there were a number of clones of herself that she *must* have created. After all, that was one of her abilities!

But the *truth* was lost on both Andira and Kumbhira, the latter individually unintentionally having wrought change that not even she could perceive as having happened. All of these clones? They were the other Servants that had been eating the pudding samples. Yuyu had essentially become the core Andira and she saw herself as such. And with a clap of her hands? She withdrew all of the copies back into herself.

Taking with it a substantial chunk of Chaldea’s fighting force.

“S-Sorry... Am I in trouble? I was just so excited for banana pudding that I must have summoned them without realizing...” And so that she could selfishly take all of the pudding for herself, at that! She honestly felt bad, but that sweet, banana-y taste just could not be denied! She *was* a monkey, after all!

Fortunately, Kumbhira was reassuring. **“No, no, it’s okay! I have a lot left over still! Did you want a few more, Andira? But don’t tell the others, else they might get mad at me for spoiling you...”** Andira *was* the youngest member of the Divine Generals though, so how could she not? And it wasn’t like the monkey herself would say no to such an offer.

“Sure thing! I won’t tell anyone!”