

# CONFIDENT DANCERS

## COMMISSION STORY

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*Cagliostro was being a menace.*

Since her test runs of the *Twin-O-Matic* had been going so well she'd been making a point to snatch DNA samples of every and any crew member of the Grandcypher she could find, stashing them in a briefcase in tube-shaped 'bullets' that she could insert into the compartment based transformation gun. But there were still a number of scenarios that she wanted to test before she treated it as a mainstream alchemic invention that could be marketed.

She just needed the right circumstances to arise.

**“Kou... I'm not very confident. We're not as good as Yuel or Societte.”**

*These circumstances would do.*

The alchemist had passed one of the more spacious storage rooms on the Grandcypher when she'd overheard this, and in turn peeked in. There were two Erune children, Kou and You, practicing a dance. If she could recall correctly the ship's next destination was a summer festival on Auguste and those members of the crew that new the performative arts had decided to put on their own shows; yet it weighed on the children that they weren't confident enough.

**“What if you could perform just as well as those two?”** Bullets already loaded in her gun before entering, Cagliostro pitched her offer like a seedy salesman might. **“I just need you to agree to accept the harmless consequences!”** While this offer seemed to ignite some

interest in the multi-tailed girl, Kou, it was the boy that didn't seem very convinced. After all, her offer seemed to be accompanied by the pointing of a gun at the two of them, and he didn't fathom *death* would quite solve their dancing problem.

**“You’re Cagliostro, aren’t you? I don’t know...”** He had heard plenty about this girl and what she was capable of. **“Yes, but only if you explain the-- GAH!?”** But the alchemist was trigger happy, and on the word ‘yes’ she’d fired both bullets without even waiting to hear the rest. A second barrel had been added to the device and there was a curiosity in whether or not firing them in tandem would cause any ill-effects. One struck Kou, while the other struck You. **“What did ya do!? That stung more than a mosquito bitin’ my tushy!”**

“...”

“...”

**“Kou, why’re ya talkin’ like that? Ya sound like our-- H-Huh!? I’m doin’ it too!?”** Much to Cagliostro’s delight, both foxes had begun to yip at one another with a heavy boonies accent. She immediately whipped out her notepad and began to take notes. *‘Firing a double round disables the personality limiters and begins to corrupt their mannerisms right away’*. Normally the personality change could be triggered with a keyword, but it seemed things were moving at a different pace with this method. **“Yer hair’s lookin’ kinda funny too! Uwah!? My finger!?”**

You had pointed towards the top of Kou’s hair, yet in the process was immediately bewitched by the finger she had pointed with. It was longer and more slender, but more than that it was free of any scarring that had come about from her tragic past. She quickly pulled the hand back to her chest only to find it was a consistent problem across all of her digits, while her palm broadened in width so much that the fingerless gloves that were bound only to her middle fingers were stretched to the point of tension.

As the girl struggled with her hands, You’s comments had turned Kou’s attention to his hair. Short and blonde typically, he kept most of the length over his right eye. That was why it was easy for him to perceive the change his friend had been talking about. After all, light tones were rapidly darkening to raven black, and the segment that covered his eyes was quickly receding to the point where his bangs were styled into a fringe cut. **“The heck is happenin’ here!? What did ya do, Cagliostro!?”** The color was quick to spread to his ears, which in turn seemed to lengthen with new maturity.

It wasn't worth it for the alchemist to reply, really. If she took the time to explain there might have been a moment where she overlooked something as a result, and so she was content watching Kou's hair fall down his back in possibly the straightest length she had ever seen on a person. Well, any person that wasn't *already* Yuel. **“Hey! I asked what's happenin' here!?”**

Kou grit his teeth and stepped forward the moment he realized he was being ignored, but the moment he did he realized something was inherently off with his balance. It was almost like the length of his body was wrong, and the fact that his pants seemed to be riding up his legs a little more than usual suggested as much. Leg outstretched, he glanced down at it and was shocked to find that it did, indeed reach farther across the ground than it was supposed to.

The boy's bare tiptoes were outstretched, making it easy for him to buy into the cause. After all, the nails had become longer and painted a dark blue with a hue that struck him as familiar, and that familiarity was extended to the toes themselves. They actually looked slightly larger than normal, and the angle of the feet themselves seemed more pronounced, like the boy's heel was sharper. Somehow just looking at them made him confident his dance steps would become lighter and more fluid, and this was to say nothing of his slightly longer legs.

Although their added length did seem to be causing some degree of issue. He couldn't bend his knees at all for where they'd once sat at his ankles they now sat roughly halfway down his lower leg. It felt like the slightest bend would tear the delicate material of the garb. Until it finally happened. A loud *RIIIIIIP* sounded from his pants.

Just... *not at the knees.*

**“GAAAH! Cagliostrooo! The heck did ya do, really!?”** As he yelled out, a natural response to what he was now witnessing - *holes forming around his thighs as the flesh of his leg seemed to build in size and squishiness* - Kou's voice cracked and resettled until it was a shoe in for the one he so often heard dotting on him; coming straight out of Yuel's mouth. It wasn't just his voice and accent though, it was clear his vocabulary was slowly deteriorating while mannerisms became increasingly Yuel-like. Of course Cags took notes, because it wasn't like the raven-haired Erune was the sharpest tool in the shed.

Even though he'd been yelling at the unresponsive alchemist his gaze had quite clearly been fixated on his legs, or rather his *thighs*. They were the source of the tears, meat piling on as a rounder, feminine shape established itself beyond the confines of the fabric. It only took several moments for them to clamp down on his dick, which was standing at

even greater attention than it normally did. For a reason only Cagliostro had noticed while both Erunes were fascinated by their own changes. The growth Kou was experiencing? It had been a more consistent phenomenon than he'd realized. Arms, for example, had lengthened just as legs had. They remained lean and fit, but seemed better suited for a man or woman a little *older* than his current age of twelve. Even the front of his backless top has risen to show off his navel with the additional five centimeters that had been added to his body overall.

So the fact that his dick had grown so large despite being so young was that he wasn't exactly all that young anymore. He'd barreled up to match Yuel's own age of nineteen. Not that he had time to really register or fawn over the fact that he'd become an older young man, for he didn't get to remain a man at all for than a brief moment. As quickly as the tent had uncomfortably risen (*because his tight, child-sized pants could not accommodate them*) it fell like a tree chopped in the forest. There just wasn't a stump left behind, but rather a *deep hole*. A *vagina*. "**YEEP!**"

*Her* sex had changed, and in turn that provoked a number of additional flareups across her body. Thighs had already met their maker in this regard, but junk in the trunk was a very noticeable new addition. It couldn't merely bounce into shape though: Kou squeaked again as her hips cracked and separated wider, most of the pain actually from how the waistline of her pants dug into her bones before inevitably tearing at the side to allow a little breathing room.

With her waist broadened, this was the opening the Yuel-ifying Kou's butt needed to fill to its potential. Skin was pulled tightly around her buns as they expanded, testing the integrity of her pants even further as the tops of her ass peeked over like a muffin in a baking tray. More ribs firmed down the back, allowing more to peek out, and the growing woman peeked over notably narrow shoulders to look down at the ass cleavage sticking out.

**"You're really doin' a number on me ain't ya!? Even my tail... my fluffy... fluffy... tail..."** Since she was already staring at her ass it wasn't difficult to notice the tail stemming from her tailbone just above it. Black swept through her golden fur much like it had her head, and before long it was both pitch black and exponentially fluffier than it had been prior. She almost wanted to touch it herself... bury her face in it...

*What was she worried about again?*

Thoughts were definitely becoming more simple, her attention lesser while everything seemed to excite her. Even as her boy's top was hoisted higher upon her torso, tightening around a B-cup bosom that was shockingly bouncy despite its firmness, did she seem more confused

than concerned. **“Huh? What’s goin’ on with Societte over there? Lookin’ like she got all fused with ‘lil You.”**

**“I-I ain’t Societte! I’m actually You, Yuel!”** No longer so fixated on her own body, Yuel had called out to You on the other side of the room. This had triggered an exchanged that revealed to Cagliostro the extent of the forced personality change. It seems it went deeper than that and both memories and a mechanism forcing them to recognize one another as their new forms had been installed as well. *Interesting, interesting.* More notes for her notebook! **“Least I-I think so... I mean my tail’s gettin’ all white...”**

Societte’s meeker nature had certainly kicked aside You’s more assertive traits, and she was fumbling around like an embarrassed mess, practically chasing her own... tail? She’d actually been panicked because of that. Because there was only a *single one*. She was meant to have *nine* of them, yet when Yuel had been dealing with her own transformation they’d been slurped up one by one.

And her tail definitely was getting white. Tips of her fur almost looked frosted from the outset, but as the tail itself lengthened and the volume of her fur was amplified a snow white wholly settled into place. She’d been about to touch it with her larger hands when her tail was suddenly jumped by Yuel. **“Yay! I wanna touch Societte’s big, fluffy tail!”** ...Much to You’s dismay.

Ever since Kou had transformed fully she’d felt it. Her cheeks burning bright every time she looked at Yuel. Was this feeling longing? Love? It felt far too intimate, like she’d been close to Yuel for a very long time even though they’d only met about a year ago. B-But to begin with that was Kou! Not Yuel! Even though she looked like Yuel, smelled like Yuel, behaved like Yuel...

**“Wah!?”** Silver had crept into lengthening hair atop her head, but she wasn’t allotted an opportunity to examine it as Yuel glomping her tail had brought her to her knees. The impact caused an unfamiliar jiggle to ripple for her thighs, and as she leaned back a little while using Yuel as a backrest she realized they were getting bigger? She didn’t wear pants like Kou, instead electing for a pair of micro-shorts, so the anomaly of watching her legs spring to life with taut flesh was a little easier thanks to how bare they were.

The shorts had *limitations* however. Limitations that were quickly tested as You’s seat began to rise against the back of her legs. Butt bulged and yanked the front of her shorts into her waist painfully, the single button above her crotch destined to -- and ultimately *did* -- pop off to make a little more room. Said button almost smacked the

observing Cagliostro in the eye, though thankfully she'd had the good sense to step aside in time.

Her shorts were flossed against her pussy as the same phenomenon that had turned Kou nineteen brought You's age up to the same threshold, limbs settling into position a whopping *thirty centimeters* longer than they had been. This height was very keenly shown in her midriff, which was always bare despite her previous young age with the belly's arc, as it tucked in to a fit and keenly defined shape thanks to her lengthened spine against widened hips; a bellybutton so deep you could drink from it sinking in between her hard dancer's abs.

Now, Societte had a larger bosom than Yuel and the only thing You wore across her chest was a loosely fit chest wrap with a golden clasp between her prepubescent bosom. This made the expansion of her budding breasts both abundant and a thing of ease, with flesh pouring in beneath nipples that firmed and grew against the inside of the white wrap. She was already a little aroused by Yuel fondling her tail behind her which contributed to hardened teats, but breasts growing large served as a different stimulation all its own. They jiggled into fully functioning A-cups before springing up to B, until they finally bounced into a firm C that tested the integrity of her chest clasp... to the point it snapped off and hit the floor in front of her.

**“Y-Yuel! Cut it out! A lot's goin' on here and I... I... MPH!?”**

Before she could finish her thought, the black-haired Erune had stuck her head over You's shoulder and moved in for the kill, planting her lips against You's own. In a way it looked as if this was what provoked the final change in the girl's body as blue ears turned silver and lengthened dramatically. Her lips plumped up against Yuel's own as tongue was exchanged, and eyes softened to the point of almost crying while her irises softened to an ocean blue to starkly contrast Yuel's red.

Then she withdrew. **“How ya feelin' now Societte? Still gonna call yourself 'lil You?”** Yuel could remember. When Societte got flustered she could always be calmed down with a good kiss. Well, only from Yuel specifically! **“Though why're ya dressed like her? I mean it's kinda... nice...?”**

For some reason this provoked *Societte* to giggle, her tail wagging a little behind her. **“Yer just sayin' that cause ya can see my breasts, right? I don't mind if you touch 'em, no one else is here! As for the clothes... Wasn't it you who said it'd be funny t' try 'n surprise the kids? Didn't ya think they'd be too small, Yuel? Yer always so funny...”** She smiled a warm smile as Yuel's hand reached over to grab one of her breasts before moving in for another kiss.

For some reason though, the fact that they were alone struck Yuel as odd. It wasn't a big enough concern to stop her advance though, as she rubbed her skin up against Societte's.

*Hadn't someone else been here just a moment ago?*

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**“I guess it needs more tweaks than I thought. I didn't think it would completely phase out their old personalities and memories like that.”** Cagliostro stood outside the closed door, her ear catching the sound of two foxes making love on the other side. It would probably be possible to change them back, but at the same time... If she found the original Yuel and Societte and struck them with Kou and You's DNA, things would even out right?

**“Alright, guess I'm doing that before I make adjustments...”**