

# GIRLS OF THE HUNT

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Were they *serious*? Don’t we have more important things to do than watch over a Hunt Board?”**

**“For real! We have more important things to do.”**

Parchments in hand, the chatter between a Xaela Au Ra swordswoman and a Viera dancer didn’t go unheard by the people idling around the same part of Kugane. The pair of women had just passed through Shiozake Hostelry and were moving across the bridge to the east towards the inn room they had rented during their stay. Neither of them were Kugane natives and had only come to the area for business. So naturally they weren’t about to take a permanent position giving out hunting quests to adventurers in a nation they didn’t live in.

And yet neither woman threw the job advertisement out, opting to slide it into one of their pockets instead. “...**Well I guess it doesn’t matter.**” L’luna remarked coldly. Dressed in an outfit composed of black shorts and a top that were designed for exercise that she had brought from home, the dark-skinned woman gave a shrug. She wasn’t one to express herself more than necessary, and she was actually *surprised* they had given her a flyer in the first place. Most people were put off by her resting expression which could most politely be described as ‘passive aggressive’.

The Au Ra shrugged, her samurai outfit disheveled in slight as she did so. Tsukino was a pretty vocal person in all the wrong ways at times. She’d outright scoffed to the staff member who had handed them the papers even though they were just doing their job, but she’d been having a bad day. “**Right!?** **If they were offended then that’s a *them***

**problem! I didn't even want to talk to them but they were so pushy. Not that I blame them when their job seems so pointless.**" She had a *very* hard time holding her tongue when her mood was sour.

*Both* of them had endured a bad day and it was only eleven in the morning! They were friends in Kugane to work on jobs from one of Tsukino's clients as a mercenary. But there was no work for them that day, as they had found after going to visit that client. That meant no money for the day, and so they just returned to the inn. "**We *do* need a paycheck though. Maybe we *should* go work there!**" The Au Ra merely joked sarcastically as she dipped into the door of her own room.

The Viera just rolled her eyes at the joke.



About thirty minutes had passed since Tsukino had returned to her inn room (with her companion's room the one beside it) and she had taken the necessary steps to relax. They were going to grab dinner in the evening but until then? Well it might not have hurt to catch up on her sleep. Sometimes their jobs took them late into the night, if not force them to pull all-nighters. And so she stripped down to her small clothes consisting of a pair of tight shorts and a halter top, hanging everything she had been wearing otherwise up in the little closet her inn room provided.

**"Okay... Dinner at five? So about a five hour nap then!"** That was probably classified as a full on sleep session rather than a nap but the Xaela wasn't about to correct herself while eyeing her bed. But with her clothes hidden in the closet? She didn't notice that a light had begun to glow from within the pocket. That job advertisement for the Hunt Board she had been given had *lit up*, and around the same time a strange thought crossed her mind.

*A nap? But I need to be at work in thirty minutes.*

**"Work?"** Did she have a job lined up for noon that she had forgotten about? She was only dealing with the *singular* client in Kugane, right? He wouldn't have sent them packing for the day if there had actually been a job for them to do. "**This lack of sleep must be catching up to me.**" There *had* been a number of near sleepless nights in the past week due to jobs that had either been scheduled for overnight or had

taken longer than normal. It was a viable explanation to assume she was just fatigued.

In fact she felt a little heavy? Sluggish? Especially around her— **“Wait, what’s up with my tits!?”** Curious about the weight her gaze *had* wandered down to her own chest, which was covered only by the form-fitting black halter top that had been beneath her regular gear. Because there was so little covering it, the cause of the weight was more than a little obvious. It was, of course, *the weight of those tits* that was the issue.

The sensation of the top sliding tighter around the orbs of flesh, that were typically average in size, as they ballooned larger was an *incredibly* sensual feeling. It didn’t take long at all for the garment to slide upwards thanks to the expansion, allowing the balloons that continued to surge with mass to slip out from underneath, erect and puffy nipples and all. **“How!?”** Tsukino had a million questions about this, but that didn’t stop her from grabbing at and fondling them.

**“They’re definitely real... and really sensitive.”** Colored the same dark blue as the rest of her skin, this flesh was very hefty. Each breast was as large as her head! She couldn’t help but lean forward, though her posture was soon evened out once she found her lower half weighing *backwards*. The woman was just so distracted by her tits that she didn’t think too much of the fact that she had begun to pick a wedgie in her already tight shorts.

Because the truth of the matter was that it wasn’t *only* her breasts that had been inflating. Fat saw to it that her rump expanded in a similar fashion, a full heart shape erected as hips were pushed wide and thighs bloated several inches. Tsukino’s shorts could hardly maintain their integrity with cloth digging in so deeply to her hips and with her ass spilling over their top, lifting her tail in the process.

What was happening to her? Despite her body changing, the woman even felt like she was in *better spirits*? When was the last time she had felt this bubbly? Lifting and dropping her huge breasts to see them bounce with a smile. A smile that became bigger and bigger, facial features changing as if to *support* that smile. Wider and fuller lips were real headliners, and the bridge of her tiny nose lengthened *and* widened so that it was better defined. There was a daintier shape bestowed upon her eyes too, and when paired with widened cheeks? She hardly resembled herself.

The sensation of these features changing had led a hand to her cheeks to cup one. **“Did something happen to my *beautiful, smiling face?*”** Was there a reason she would have added those descriptors? Her

old self certainly *wouldn't*, but at least the gesture allowed her to catch a change that she might not have had she not been looking at her body... which *was* a little hard considering how voluptuous she had become. It was also a very striking change that would have been difficult to notice.

Tsukino's dark blue complexion wasn't *nearly* as blue as it should have been. "***Eh?***" It had lit up in tone considerable, so much so already that it was more of a light grey than blue in any capacity. Even that was fleeting, and it paled while a pinkish undertone emerged – dyeing not only her regular skin, but altering the color of her lips, nipples, and pussy so that they were a darker pink. "***Whoa... Was my skin a different color just a second ago!?***"

It was a very strange thing to say, and stranger still that it was spoken in such a ditzzy fashion. The implication was that she saw her current skin color as *normal*, and in fact she paid the sight and sensation of her scales crumbling and peeling off with just as much confusion. "***What was up with that stuff on my skin?***" There was an absent weight behind her in the meantime; her tail having shrunk back into her body without much fanfare.

A gold shimmered in the irises of the swordswoman's eyes just as the coloration of her hair started to darken. A raven black was the end result, wholly replacing the original color including the blue highlights. Once dyed efficiently enough it both lengthened *and* straightened, presenting her with hime cut bangs on top and longer ones that framed her face. Otherwise it reached all the way down her back to just above her full ass.

She clicked her tongue. Why did her head feel all *fuzzy*? It wasn't unpleasant but it made thinking hard. Fingers idly played with one of her nipples while her thoughts lingered, but this was the perfect chance for the final piece of the puzzle to fall into place. Or, well, *crumble away*. The keratin that composed her dark blue horns was fracturing, piece by piece falling yet disappearing entirely before hitting even her shoulders. Rather than leaving her without ears (because Au Ra heard through their horns), a pair of long, pointy ears emerged from within.

Not the ears of an Elezen, of a Wyverian. An ancient and incredibly rare race. Only a few walked the earth of Hydaelyn these days.

***"Heehee! I need to get to the Hunt Board soon or else I'll be late!"*** Cursed by the ad that she had scoffed at earlier that morning, *Hinoa* skipped over to her closet to pull out what she considered to be her 'work clothes' – big tits and full ass jiggling with each and every skip she made. Truthfully? The woman she had been turned into wasn't supposed to be *this* full-figured, but it was a side effect of the curse.



The two women had upset the employee that had spoken to them. That employee instead decided to curse the two so that they would not only work at the Hunt Board thinking it was their long-time career, but they would be happy, bubbly, and *extremely attractive* to attract adventurers. That was why Hinoa was so sexy and a touch vapid than you might expect. It didn't take the Kugane native very long at all get dressed and skip towards the inn door.



But wasn't the fact that she was staying in an inn strange if she was a native? **“Oh! I guess we only need to stay here a couple more days, right? Soon the renovations will be done!”** That was the justification that had arisen to fill that hole. Their home was under renovation so they were staying at an inn! Hinoa wasn't critically thinking enough though. Who was the other person? Her *twin sister*, of course!



Tsukino's quiet Viera partner had not chosen to sleep, and in fact the thought hadn't crossed her mind at all. If she had free time then that would be better spent doing her stretches, pushups, and other light exercises in now that they didn't have work to do. **“Hm...”** By the time she had finished her usual routine it was already about 11:30 in the morning. If they were having dinner at 5pm then there was still plenty of time to kill.

**“A jog?”** L'luna *could* do that. It wasn't like she had any reason to linger in her inn room until dinner time. Knowing Tsukino she would probably use the day to slack off – not because she wasn't disciplined, but because the two of them *had* been working a lot ever since coming to Kugane. How much time would a jog even kill? Maybe it wouldn't hurt her to take a break and do some reading?

*How will I get to work on time then?*

**“That's not right...”** It certainly wasn't. Even though Tsukino was the one who dealt with the

client under regular circumstances, L'luna took some measure of pride in her memory. Now that their job for the day had been cancelled there shouldn't have been anything for her to attend to. Yet the urge remained. The desire to get dressed. Her uniform was in the closet? But no... That was where she had hung up her dancing garb that morning.

Understandably confused and put off about this job that had crossed her mind, she was likewise understandably ignorant to the fact that her body began to appear *strikingly* different. Her dark brown skin was the earliest sign because it wasn't anywhere near as dark nor as brown as it probably should have been according to her own biology. Already reduced to a light tan, the overall color paled further towards the *exact* same shade that Hinoa's body sported, pink nipples and all. Of course, the many tattoos across her body were hidden by her lighter skin, but before long they faded away entirely.

L'Luna shook her head only to raise a brow. Something had felt *off* about that head shake and she couldn't immediately figure out what. Another shake helped her pinpoint it, and both hands flew up to grab the source. *Her Viera ears.* "**What in—!?**" She had *wanted* to finish that sentence but couldn't find the energy. Well, it was more like deep down she didn't want to make a scene, even though there was no one nearby to hear her. Already a quiet person, it was as if she was becoming even *quieter*.

Had she completed her outburst? It certainly would have been justified. Not only did she notice her skin color as her arms had flown up, but grabbing for her ears? She hadn't managed to grab them *at all* at first. She had to pat her head down to find them because their lengths had halved and *continued* to shrink. "**No... no... no...**" The Viera's soft cries of denial did absolutely nothing to stop them from disappearing into the top of her skull. But her hearing was not disturbed, because as her hands sooner found out a pointed pair had emerged on the sides of her head. Elezen?

*No, my lineage is far rarer than that.*

*Was it?* A lot was unfolding at once and she wasn't given an opportunity to process things that she probably should have. Case in point? She was forced to throw out her arms to maintain her balance, now plagued by a significant decrease in height that dropped her nearly an *entire foot* down. She was of equal height to Tsukino, which just so happened to be the same height as Hinoa. Thankfully she was wearing shorts and a gym top so that nothing slid off, though her top did cover more of her belly as a direct result.

It indirectly hid much of a very dramatic change to L'luna's build. **“Did I... get smaller? Heehee... Maybe I was always this small?”** Speaking with a fairer voice she was still fixated on her height, not noticing how her body was becoming *soft*. Chiseled muscles were melting away in real time, rendering her body suppler within the firm fitness that she had developed as a long-time Dancer.

While this manifested in a 'normal' way for her arms and tummy, that wasn't constantly true. The ex-Viera's breasts, ass, and thighs hadn't diminished in fullness when she had shrunk and already looked out of place since she was shorter. But those curves burgeoned *further* now that her body had softened. Her tits were the most notable in this regard, pale-pink softness refilling and stretching her sports bra until they not only rivaled Hinoa's cup size; they *surpassed* it. Otherwise? Her ass and thighs rivaled *her sister's* short of a cute beauty mark that had emerged on her left ass cheek.

Another shake of the woman's head was given, this time disturbing a very different alteration. White hair darkened to raven black – the very same as Hinoa's – and even took on an identical style. Hime-cut bangs, straight locks that reached down to her plump, peach-shaped ass and all. Eyes shimmered with the same gold and narrowed to match *her sibling's* and there was little chance that the rest of her facial construction wouldn't do the same. There was a vague difference between the two in the end, but ultimately? L'luna's face appeared as similar to Hinoa's as physically possible without being 100% identical.

Of the two Wyverian twins that oversaw the Hunt Board, *Minoto* was the quietest... which incidentally was the relationship between her and Tsukino in the first place. If Hinoa was the sun then Minoto was the moon, just as serene as she was beautiful. And while she was much shorter than she had been as a Viera, her beauty was still preserved. Her curves didn't only rival Hinoa's but they were a little bigger. **“Hopefully Hinoa didn't, like, forget about work...”**

While she was calmer though, she had received the same modifications according to the curse. She was a touch dumber than necessary and her ampler curves played into that. Dumb, quiet, and sexy. A good combination for enticing adventurers on the fence to take hunts from the board! It was difficult to get people to take on the work at



times after all, and it was no good for those monsters to go unchecked for long periods of time.

It didn't take long for the Wyverian woman to find her own uniform in the closet. It was nearly identical to her twin sister's outfit, though differing hair ornaments made it simpler to tell them apart. Just as elegantly as she looked, she then moved out into the hallway where she found Hinoa leaving the room beside her. **"Oh good, you didn't forget..."**

**"How could I forget? I love my job! Almost as much as you like bringing randoms home at night, right? Who did you sleep with last night?"** Hinoa playfully jabbed back. Sometimes she was guilty of it too, but Minoto was always bringing men or women into her bed after work. They were both a little too keen on getting fucked at times.

Minoto seemingly ignored the comment and began to move to exit the inn gracefully. She did love her job as well. After all she could talk to so many people and the *benefits* weren't bad either. She was just tired of taking strangers back to an inn. She would much rather bring them back to her *own* bed.