

WET FUR

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“We’re getting a drink after this, right? You *are* old enough to drink, right?”

“I am. Do you *need* to keep teasing me this way, S’aiya?”

From the goth Miqo’te’s point of view, she was just delivering some light ribbing as they wandered into the changing area provided by the Bokaisen Hot Springs. Through the (*literal*) luck of the draw, the two of them had won a contest from the spin of a lottery wheel, one that gave them free reign of the hot springs for their own amusement that evening.

The Au Ra girl, Dreah, was the much more enthused member of the duo. She’d never been to a hot spring before, and she was wondering what the warm water might do for her long, blonde hair and her white scales and horns. There were rumors that the springs could entirely rejuvenate the look of one’s horn, after all!

On the other hand, the elder Miqo’te S’aiya was less interested. She wasn’t used to any sort of luxuries and felt a little traitorous to her own personal creed by indulging in a privilege like this. But the eighteen-year-old Dreah had really wanted to go, and neither Silvia nor Nadja from their Kugane travelling party were available. To the twenty-eight-year-old cat, this ended up feeling a lot like a babysitting session. She wasn’t particularly good with kids on the whole.

“Look. My bad. I don’t usually... Maybe I’m just getting old.” S’aiya certainly *felt* old. It didn’t help that she didn’t have any siblings

and had grown up largely by herself. Dealing with someone so young was just something she'd need to *adjust* to.

At the very least, Dreah knew this. Silvia had warned her about it from the onset. *'S'aiya isn't good with the younger crowd. Then she wonders why she's single. So if she gives you a hard time when you're along, just know she doesn't mean it.'* **"It's fine! We're here to relax anyways, right? So I'll meet you in the water!"** The Au Ra was quick to run off into the second changing room, which was connected to the first by a doorless doorway.

"Uh... Alright? See you there?"

S'aiya was left clearly confused, but Dreah had run off for a reason. As they were speaking, the cat had already begun to strip her clothes from her body. S'aiya's figure was... beyond respectable. Apparently she had been cursed at some point? Thus her goth tastes. But it didn't change that she'd ended up supremely well endowed as a result – and for the shy Dreah? Even changing around a normally proportioned woman would have made her shy. It was simply better that she did it alone.

Not that it took exceptionally long to do. Dreah's armor wasn't as complicated as it looked, and it only took her a minute or so to peel everything off of herself before wrapping one of the complimentary, white towels around her body. She tied it above her chest as was traditional, and this way it hid everything from the peaks of her thighs all of the way up to her smaller, but perky bosom.

Content with how it was holding up, she had been about to head out to the bathing area proper when something gave her pause. Why was a strand of *silver* hair dangling in front of her eyes? **"Huh?"** She picked at it a moment, wondering if it was a hair that had fallen from above or something. But pulling at revealed that it was very much attached to her head. And considering she was a very natural blonde... **"Is... something wrong here?"**

Dreah had already had some run-ins with unusual circumstances in the past. Whenever you rolled with Silvia and S'aiya, there always seemed to be some sort of strange magic or curse at work. But never before had she been a *victim* of such a thing. **"I should get back to... to... H-Huh? Who did I come here with again?"** Before she could piece together the good sense to approach S'aiya with this predicament however, she couldn't remember her companion's name. She had come with someone to these hot springs, right? But... *who!?*

They had definitely been... older than her, right? No, that sounded a little wrong. But there was no way they could be younger? Even though that sounded right somehow...

This was largely irrelevant to the fact that her body was changing though, something of which a single silver hair had only been the tip of the iceberg of. It was already much more than a strand by this point in time, the color having spread throughout her entire head of hair without pause, erasing the blonde completely. All that was touched silver appeared to benefit from an increased softness though, bringing an unseen fluffiness to its length, which had grown past her tail.

“I was here to bathe, obviously. But why? What was I *doin*?” A county bumpkin’s accent had made its way into her dialect passively, Dreah taking little notice of it with her general confusion stealing her attention away from much else. Of course, there were changes that couldn’t easily be perceived regardless, such as how her purple eyes lightened to take on the very color of a bright, blue sky.

Or how the top of her head now had a pair of *protrusions*. Little, fluffy lumps that seemed to stick up where one would usually find a Viera or Migo’te’s ears, even though Au Ra heard through the horns on the sides of her head. Yet these growths continued to grow, sprouting upwards like flowers made of cartilage and silver fur, reach half a foot from the base of her head before culminating in fox-like, triangular shapes.

She could hear through these new, fuwa ears, and so the horns at her head’s sides no longer served any purpose. They were ultimately disposed of in the strangest of ways, with cracks forming in them before they fell towards the floor around her in pieces, yet somehow evaporating before they fell even two feet. This was, in fact, a trend that remained consisted for her reptilian scales as well. Whether they were on her arms or legs, they cracked and fell, leaving her complexion completely clear.

“Oh, but we won a contest, didn’t we? Can’t remember who I came with, but I know *she* was the one who did the rollin’!” Dreah’s voice was softer now, but it carried a tone that was as smooth to listen to as honey was to taste. Her words were communicated through accentuated facial features, like plump and glossy lips that matched a curved nose and narrowed eyes. In fact, while she didn’t look any younger or older, Dreah hardly looked like herself anyways. She was far more naturally beautiful than she’d once been, almost like a princess.

Adding to that appeal came a sudden pressure within the base of her bosom, one that culminated in some tension around where she had tied her towel just above her chest. This only made sense though, seeing as

her breasts had begun to *grow*. They bulged forward, nipples both erect and engorging themselves beneath the towel while forcing the tie to unravel. **“Oh!”** What ultimately surprised her was simply the towel falling from her person though, not the fact that her chest was larger. They jiggled with a full additional cup size – perhaps a little larger, bringing them to a heftier C sizing that bordered a pair of Ds.

With her body bare now, it was easier to make out what was befalling her further down at the same time. Her toned tummy softened slightly, and the arch of her waistline became much more pronounced while her navel deepened. What was more mesmerizing was the bush above her pussy though, with how her silver hairs there had grown so fluffy and unkempt.

Dreah’s legs had always been toned, but now? Their tone tensed and firmed, but not before softer tissue suffocated them to conceal the reality of their strength. Through and through they became the legs of a dancer, and while the Au Ra(?) was not trained in dancing at all, she could now subconsciously perform a number of traditional dances as if it were as instinctual to her as *breathing*.

“Right! I know who I came here with! Silly ol’ me, forgettin’ like that!” The teenaged woman excitedly announced her realization to no one in particular, all while her tail swished back and forth behind her. The scales that had once patterned it had actually fallen off with the



rest of them, leaving its color and look oddly *fleshy*. Yet, before long? Fluffy, silver fur grew from it with no shortage of haste. What it resulted in was a long, soft tail that certainly wouldn’t be able to agreeably fit beneath a towel without some adjustments.

A tail that clearly belonged to a *fox*, not a lizard.

Or an *Erune*.

“Oh darn. Where’d she run off to? I know she’s not a fan of baths, but I thought she would like the hot springs...”

Cheek resting in her hand while tilting her head to the side, *Societte* knelt forward to pick up her towel and drape it over her

body once more, though her tail made it difficult, so she had to tie it behind her. How had it fallen off? Had she not bound it properly? It was of only secondary concern to her because she was missing the individual she had come to these springs with.

A young girl.

“Did I piss her off? I didn’t mean to...” Back in the other room, a little earlier in time, S’aiya had been left frustrated by Dreah’s sudden departure. She wasn’t frustrated with the Au Ra however, but with herself for coming on too strong. S’aiya was the type of woman that liked to act tough, but the moment you left her alone her anxiety had a tendency to get the better of her. But what she didn’t know, what neither of them knew, was that this place was feeding on that anxiety.

The prize they’d won hadn’t been as simple as *‘free reign in a hot spring one evening’*. There were legends that stated once every one-hundred years, a goddess that watched over the Bokaisen Hot Springs would grant any desire expressed by whomever was its patron at 8pm sharp. What they’d won had been, in fact, an opportunity to have these desires granted.

And it was now 8pm.

“Maybe I just don’t get kids. Or maybe she just doesn’t get adults. I don’t know.” It wasn’t like the Miqu’te had wished for anything as she struggled to tie her towel around her E-cup breasts, but it didn’t need to be phrased like a wish. The desire had been interpreted, and as it was so vague there was plenty of room for the goddess to grant it however she wished, mischievous as the legends claimed her to be.

Her words had been interpreted as such: *‘I wish to understand children better, for the sake of getting along better with Dreah’*. It was vague. Terribly so. There were numerous ways that this desire could be granted, and the goddess had chosen to do so in a very backwards way that would see their very existences twisted... as already seen by what would happen to Dreah in the next room.

Or what was already happening, because as S’aiya soon realized... **“Huh? Do the clothing storage cabinets look taller, or is it just me?”** The Miqu’te looked around for a moment before looking down at herself. The ground was certainly *closer*. **“Okay, it’s just me.”** And in the *worst* possible way. She was *shrinking*.

Now, S’aiya knew a thing or two about curses. Her goth aesthetic and bountiful figure were both the direct results of one. But she couldn’t

fathom was she was under the influence of yet another curse, particularly when there were no triggers that she could think of. Whether she could identify the reason or not though, that didn't change that her figure was diminishing at a rapid pace, forcing her to tighten the towel that was draped around her with a sigh.

“Now what exactly is happening to me!?” As her stature dwindled, the pitch of her voice rose until it was best described as *‘shrill’*. Like she was a child, even though she was in her... in her... **“How old am I?”** A fair question at a glance, but there was no reason S'aiya should have forgotten her *age*.

Sure, her breasts had shrunk so much that the towel could practically wrap all the way around her very narrow torso, and her hips had crunched in so that she didn't have anything close to a sway of womanly maturity as she walked, with a curve-less rear and thighs that were only rounded from the onset of puberty, but she was an adult! **“Am I an adult?”**

Hadn't she just had a bombastic figure that stole the attention of any man or woman that caught sight of her? Wasn't she used to have breasts so large that if she didn't sleep in the proper position that it was difficult to breathe? Hadn't she just been like 5'7"? But now, at *best* she was 4'3" – a full 1'4" had been peeled off of her along with all of her womanly swag, leaving her with the body of a young girl.

This was accentuated no better than in her face, where her cheeks were soft and her eyes rather large and expressive. Naturally, all of her black makeup had faded away, but her lips looked incredibly small *despite* her new lack of lipstick, not because of it. It made sense that her voice was so childlike looking at her face now, for it was certainly the face of a girl around the age of *twelve*.

One with eyes that shone red, with thin brows that slanted downwards that were also dyed... *dark blue*? No, it wasn't just her brows. This color had spread through all of the hair of her body, including that upon her head. Her natural brown and the black streaks within it; all blued as its length was dramatically shortened just as her height was. Still, its natural curliness remained until all that remained was a very messy bob of blue, with lengthy bangs that crisscrossed between her eyes.

Her lightly tanned flesh paled shortly after her hair finished darkening, splotches of white overcoming her natural tan until this whiter tone was not only the norm, but it had completely replaced her sun kissed coloring and the Miqu'te markings that usually framed her face.

“I’m a kid... Why’d I think I was an adult? But this place is... How’d I get here?” Things became ‘clearer’, and S’aiya tilted her head to the side, puzzled as she was. While she did so, the blue of her hair soon spread through her ears – and those ears miraculously *grew*. Not even a little bit, but they engorged themselves dramatically, *tripling* in size while the fur upon them became softer than ever. Each ear was so large that it took up half of her head, but at the same time the range from which she could hear practically doubled as a result.

Her feline tail swished from side to side as blue fur took it as well, and like Drea’s tail the fur that decorated it became thicker and fluffier. So much so that it lifted up the back of her towel to show off her tiny buttocks. But after the tail stiffened and its bushiness flourished, something jarring occurred.

Eight duplicate tails exploded from around the first, their weight great and their size so abundant and sudden that they knocked the girl’s towel from her body, forcing her cheeks to burn red a moment before remembering she was all alone. **“Ah!? Wh-What the!?”** Fingers that were now decorated with sharpened nails reached back to grab a duo of fluffy tails, but once she yanked them forward it occurred to her.

What’s so strange about my tails? I’ve always had these!

It was true. Because of her abilities, she’d had nine tails for an exceptionally long time. They were a hassle, and because of them she really hated bathing. Wait. She hated bathing? Red eyes skimmed the room one more time. The look of the cubbies, the humid air wafting in from a nearby door...

“W-Wait! This is a bath! I don’t want to take a bath!” All of *You’s* furs bristled as she realized where she was, more concerned about the implications than the fact that she was currently standing naked in the changing room with her towel on the floor. Her vulpine ears had flattened atop her head thanks



to the anxiety that had just taken root. She *hated* baths, almost like a bratty kid.

Then again, she *was* only twelve, not yet even a preteen. Her nine tails wriggled violently behind her as part of her visceral reaction to her current circumstances, and the *Erune* child slowly began to back away without looking behind her. This was folly on her part, because...

“Gotcha!” A sweet, yet familiar voice called out as a fresh, white towel fell past her eyes, prompting You to raise her arms in surprise. This created the perfect opportunity to pull said towel against her body and tie it behind her so that her tails were free, all before she was pulled into a gentle hug from behind. **“You ain’t gettin’ away from me that easily, You! We gotta take a bath! That’s the whole reason we came!”**

It was Societte. You recognized her elder fox’s voice and scent immediately. Her cheeks dyed crimson, she thrashed a little while trying to look up and behind her, but eventually settled down once she realized she couldn’t escape the older *Erune*’s grip. **“I don’t want to take a bath though!”** She’d honestly rather die! But she could already feel it. Societte was scooching them towards the door.

“If you’re stinky, no one else is gonna wanna be around ya, right? Kou would hold his nose! Do you want that?” At the mention of Kou, You immediately caved into Societte’s demands and wriggled free so she could head towards the door at her own pace.

“I-I don’t care what Kou thinks! He always stinks!” Did she really not care though? Oh well! Whatever got her in the bath!

“Next time we should bring Yuel and Kou, actually...”

Unfortunately, the goddess’ powers were still active, and sensing this desire of Societte’s? Amending reality, elsewhere in Kugane Silvia and Nadja were turned into Yuel and Kou not long after.