

FATAL FURRY

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“You know, I think we’ve had better days than this.”

“Now’s not the time for your sass, S’aiya.”

Silvia and S’aiya had suddenly found them in a little bit of a pickle. Well, perhaps *suddenly* wasn’t the best word, seeing as they had been in said pickle for a few hours now. Trapped in small, individual cages in an equally small cave, it was clear that the two of them had been taken captive by another force. One they had hardly caught sight of on their approach while the two had been investigating the entranceway to a new ruins site.

“They’re a Beast Tribe of some sort, that much is obvious. You saw how some of them looked like cats, foxes, etc? But they were humanoid. It’s curious, since I’ve never heard of a Beast Tribe like that.” Leave it to Silv to take being thrown into a cage as a moment for some retrospective. S’aiya didn’t doubt that she’d be scribbling this all down if she’d had a notepad on her – or control of her hands, since the two of them had had their wrists and ankles tied together.

The brown-haired Miqu’te of the two, S’aiya, simply sighed. **“And how is this information going to get out of here, *milady*?”** The *milady* was little more than a way to poke fun at her. She’d been expecting a jab back, but silence was all that ensued. **“Hey, Silv— *What?*”** Her cell was completely empty!



The next the red-headed Silvia knew what was going on, she was within some sort of glass tube without her companion at her side. Instead, she was in a big room constructed with steel that stood contradictory to the scenery she'd witnessed since being abducted. **“Is this Garlean design? Then the Beast Tribe is...?”** Allied with the Garleans? No, perhaps they'd simple taken over one of their bases at some point?

It was a little bit of both, actually. They were an artificial beast race created by the Garleans at a much earlier juncture, which was why there was so much inconsistency in terms of species. But they had eventually rebelled and taken control of the base, driving out any of the Garleans that sought to subjugate them. Of course, all of the devices that had been used to create them in the first place still remained, as did the

teleporters and weaponry.

The two cages that two Miqo'te had been locked into had been overtop one such teleporter, and now Silvia found herself locked in one of those Beast Tribe creation devices. She just didn't know it yet. But she soon would. **“Huh?”** The woman's red, feline ears suddenly twitched at the sound of a machine whirring to life – except other than the tube she was in and the big, metal door on the room's other side, there was no such machinery. Was it in a room parallel to her?

...Not that it mattered.

ZAP!

“OUCH!” Silv jumped in tandem with a flash of yellow light filling the tube, the glow disappearing just as quickly as it made every hair on her body stand on end, leaving her with an uncanny buzzing feeling across her skin. **“What was...?”** Before she could question it further, the front door of the tube opened and she scrambled out, falling on the floor nearby thanks to how numb and strange her body felt. At the very least the blast had seemingly disintegrated the ropes that had bound her!

“That was *super* weird.” Able to push herself up so that she was resting on her knees, the fact that a word she wouldn't typically use in

that fashion escaped her lips was not something that ultimately concerned her. Rather, with her legs out behind her and her feet bent in kind as a result, the scholar was ultimately perplexed by something else entirely. “...**Are my feet swollen?**”

Had they been injured in the fall? While slight at first, it definitely felt as if her feet had grown a size too big for her boots. It only felt like mild swelling in the beginning, more restricted by her socks than anything else. But with the passing of only a few moments more, Silv came to the conclusion that something was more wrong than she had first assumed.

It was a bit of a struggle, but she managed to change her posture so that she was sitting firm on her ass, legs and feet out in front of her. The logic had been that she would just pull off her boots and check the problem. The issue with that plan? No matter how hard she tugged, the boots wouldn't come off! “**Did my feet swell that big? Why!?**” She didn't really need to wonder why all that much longer.

RIIIIIIIIP!

The lining between the leather of her boots and the soles beneath them came undone gradually, and much to the Miqu'te's dismay, her toes began to emerge from with – socks around them already shredded. What was most alarming about it all though was that as they revealed more and more of themselves, so too did a tanned fur that covered them. Bigger and bigger each toe became, almost bulbous in shape while her toenails pulled into pointed, black claws. And on the undersides? Pink beads protruded from the fur, giving her feet a shape that was very pointedly...

“**Paws!?**” While wiggling these fluffy tootsies, that was the word that came to mind immediately. She was even more certain when it occurred to her that her pink toe wasn't simply hidden – but missing entirely outright. She reached out to try and pull her boots off now to get a better look, hoping with the bottoms blown out it would now work.

That *wasn't* the case, and what's more it alerted her to a similar, yet just as distressing change. “**No *freaking* way! My hands, too!?**” But it was true. The phenomenon that had afflicted her feet was similarly occurring to her bare hands now, before her very eyes.

It began with the same, tanned fur that covered her tootsies finding itself shooting up across fingers, palms, and the backs of her hands alike. In all honestly it was a little itchy, but that itchiness paled in comparison to the feeling of each of her five fingers on either hand growing more and more swollen. At least in the case of her hands she actually *retained*

all ten digits. As fingers swelled, they became thicker and rounder near the tips, where fingernails hardened, darkened, and thinned in width to become matching claws to those upon her feet. And their undersides? Cute, pink paw bead erupted, each one soft to the touch – but not in the same way as the fur that covered each finger otherwise was.

“How is this...? Am I turning into an animal!?” She was having a hard time keeping her cool and that was easy enough to chalk up to panic. But truthfully? It was just as much a side effect of her personality bending itself to fit the new reality being pushed upon her. Even now, the tanned fur had begun to travel up her limbs – tanned with black streaks on the outside, but a whiter tan on the underside. **“No... Couldn’t it also be...?”**

Was she turning into one of the Beast Tribe members that had kidnapped her in the first place?

Huh? Was I kidnapped?

A new dilemma appeared in the form of twisted memories, but it was hardly as striking of a change as what was going on with the woman’s hair. Silvia’s ruby red locks had been iconic. If you were to ask her friends what stood out most about her appearance, it was definitely that soft, crimson mane that they would point out. And yet for how memorable it may have been, it had already been compromised.

Strands of a golden blonde had settled in seemingly at random, which each dyed strand seemingly more unkempt than the red ones around them. Gradually, however, more of her hair suffered a similar fate, much of it lengthening in the back so that it fell far past her buttocks. Near the point of its blonde-ified completion, it was clear that there was no taming the mess of gold, which was even longer in her bangs as the swept between her eyes.

Strangely, Silvia didn’t even notice them. She was still staring at and wiggling her paws despite the fact that the situation was worsening for her. Because when it came to her Miqu’te ears? Well, they did retain their overall feline aesthetic, but fur thinned and tanned near the base and darkened near the tips, and they certainly *did* shrink ever so slightly. But they were still the ears of a cat.

Her tail, on the other hand? Swishing restless back and forth behind her, not only did its overall fluffiness diminish as the red gave way for a tanner base with horizontal, black stripes – but the tail’s shape was inherently shifting as well. It shortened and thickened simultaneously, length nearly halved while the tip grew thicker and stubbier. Rather

than swish from side to side now, it was wiggling ever so slightly thanks to reduced movement options.

“No way! This can’t be happening to me! I was totally... Uh... Uhhh... I was totally doing something else, or something!?”

With the pitch of her voice shriller, Silvia had defaulted to trying to convince herself that what was happening was strange, but a part of her wanted to accept it for some reason. Even as the fur continued to travel beneath her clothes, growing a little thicker as it coated her belly with white, concealing her belly button. It all made her ensemble feel extremely tight and warm, and before long she had peeled the tunic off of herself to reveal the damage to the shirt underneath. It was similar to what had happened to her tights, with fur poking out here and there.

The fur was so thick that tufts had erupted here and there, and with focus on her breasts it became clear that they were puffing up in size slightly just as the tanned fur coated them. **“H-Hey! Too tight!”** Silvia realized, of course, and with a careful slice with her claws she was able to give some space to her girls by creating an incision down the center of her neckline. It wasn’t only bigger boobs that escaped the best they could from this space, but a big, fluffy tuft of fur had grown above her cleavage, drooping down against the gap to conceal it.

“Why did I think I was kidnapped again? Actually, I don’t really remember much...”

Her eyes reflected an unfamiliar gold now, and her facial structure was hastily imperiled by a slight tug that pulled her maw forward. It was her nose that was yanked the farther, the tip shrinking but darkening to a tan while fur found its way around it – and her lips curled into a perpetual, cat-like smile as little fangs peaked out from behind. Splendidly, her face had been pushed out into a *muzzle*.

“Oooh! I still feel all weird! But it feels so right, too! Strange, huh?” The bobcat woman didn’t know at all who she was talking to, and instead it just felt kind of good to talk? Her old



self had been that way about her findings, but in this case she was just kind of babbling on incessantly about whatever simple topic came to mind. With the power of her strengthened limbs and oversized paws, she jumped up into a standing position with a single bound, loose tatters from her outfit falling from her form while applicable.

Her memory? It was completely shot. She had a personality that was different from how Silvia normally was, but she couldn't remember that past life or even a current one. From her perspective she had been 'reborn', which surely should have been a topic worth mulling over. Except she didn't, and turned her back to the machine that had transformed her as a sound buzzed from it simply so she could mindlessly lick the back of one of her huge paws. All she had was a name, or maybe it was a code? *PM-9*.



“...Huh?” The buzzing sound that PM-9 had turned her back to was, in fact, the teleported bringing S'aiya into the tube that had just transformed her. The brunette Miqu'te was just as confused as Silvia had been initially, but in this case? She could see someone else in the room from behind – a blonde woman that looked to be one of the tribesmen that had kidnapped them in the first place, wearing Silvia's clothes! **“Hey, you! What did you do with my friend!?”**

The bobcat's ears twitched to indicate she'd heard her, but she continued to play ignorant, cleaning herself and slowly ripping away her remaining outfit seeing as it was bringing discomfort. In the meantime, the device S'aiya was trapped in was whirring to life in the next room, but she was too fixated on the cat woman to notice. **“HEY—YOWCH!?”**

A flash of light forced her hairs on end and her body to numb, but unlike the light that had struck Silvia, the color was *silver*. It was indicative of the animal DNA that they had been zapped with, which meant that a completely different creature had been kept in mind for the brunette. Even so, the front glass panel flipped open, allowing the transformee to spill out. More physically fit than her friend though, she was able to keep herself on her feet. **“What the hell was *that*?”**

While she *had* remained upright, S'aiya's knees quivered a little to suggest that she was having problems maintaining her balance. The problem? There wasn't any reason that *should* have been the case. But

deep down in her subconscious a thought had emerged. One that served contradictory to common sense.

Why am I so tall? Why are my arms and legs so long?

There was no reason that such thoughts *should* have plagued her, and yet they were directly linked to the memory that was being forced into her along with the animal DNA of her destined form. “**Squeak!?**” She didn’t know why she had done so, but something surprisingly eventually prompted her to let out a strange, squeak-like cry – but she was hardly afforded any time to dwell on it, not with the strange feeling that had provoked it to cry out in the first place.

“Hold on a second! Am I getting smaller!? The hell!?” She hadn’t been certain initially, but the weight of her clothes had gradually grown overwhelming, not to mention the fit of it all. Her jacket fell from her shoulders and her hat slid off her head, for the surface area of her body was no longer competent enough to keep everything clinging to her form. It didn’t take much longer for her hips to narrow below the line that her jeans would fit, either, and so they slid off to reveal her black panties hanging on by a thread.

While she *had* shrunk, it had all been rather methodological thus far. Her proportions remained the same even as she dipped towards the three-foot mark – and at that point even her panties had fallen off along with her crop top, leaving her standing in the nude in a pile of her own clothes. **“Hey, you! Do something!”** Evidently, barking at the cat woman didn’t amount to much. She just continued to lick herself, lost in her own little world.

Maybe that was fine though, because it meant S’aiya didn’t need to cover... up... her... **“SQUEAK!?”** Looking down at her bosom, she couldn’t help but let out another *mousey* squeak. Her huge breasts were *half* the size they were supposed to be proportionately? No, they were getting even smaller before her very eyes! Hands flew up to grip them, but even then they diminished within her grasp until they were hardly B-cups. **“Why am I getting so small... But... Huh? When was I big? No, wasn’t I just...?”**

Hands fell from her chest just as further inches began to peel from her height. This time, however? Rather than peel away with any consistency, it was clear that it was set on redefining her figure in a manner similar to the boobs that had gotten away. Both her legs and torso shortened so that she dipped just below the three-foot mark, giving her a figure more befitting of someone in her early teens more than anything. At the very least, her thighs remained plump and her butt nice and perky.

But that youthfulness was clear on her facial features as well. In fact, she hardly even looked like herself any longer. That certainly wasn't helped as a wave of silver crashed through her locks of hair, ultimately pulling them longer and into two *very* elaborate curls that bounced out to the sides in the back.

“How did I get here... actually? It stands to reason that... No...?” Voice significantly higher to match her diminished stature, there was an unsettling calm communicated by S'aiya's voice now. Unlike Silvia who had gotten more expressive as her transformation had worn on, for her companion she'd just become quieter and less concerned. The girl's eyes widened ever-so-slightly now too, but only because her irises inherited a *very* deep red.

She didn't even notice the light brown fur that was sprouting across her body, extremely fuzzy and soft in both appearance *and* touch. While her body's exterior found itself coated in brown, her underside ended up white. This included her belly, breasts, inner thighs, and lower mouth. As for her hands and feet, digits thickened a little until they were sausage-like, nails pulling into little, white claws so that she appeared like she might be good at scurrying around.

A pulling sensation in her jaw forced her to cry out again. **“Ow!?”** Much like her friend, her face had been pulled forward into a snout – although it was much rounder inherently. Her nose, while tiny and wet, was also pink. And her mouth? She struggled to close it properly what with her two upper front teeth protruding, practically *triple* the size of her other teeth.

All that remained of S'aiya's proud, Miqu'te heritage were her ears and tail. Two areas that didn't take long to be 'corrected'. Regarding the latter, her tail pulled longer and longer, bones shrinking and fur thinning until they were little more than thin, silver hairs. This tiny, rope-like appendage was surely most befitting of a rodent than a feline. Something that was echoed in how her brown ears rounded and opened at the sides of her head, silver hair thin on the exterior while their interiors were pink.

In every way imaginable, she resembled a *mouse*.

“SQUEAK!?” Tiny, fuzzy fingers with little hook claws upon them reached up to paw at the muzzle she now possessed, the girl both perplexed by the design of her mouse-like body but also confused about *why* she was perplexed. Had she looked different before? Something made her think it had, but *MK 12* really couldn't remember. **“Wait, it makes no sense to worry about something I don't**

understand.” Somehow logic won out over feelings, but this was more or less the way of thinking of her new persona.

She stood completely naked as she'd grown far too small for her old outfit, but at least everything necessary was covered by her fur. MK 12 couldn't remember her past, but she could tell she was soon about to meet her future. This place was supposed to be her 'starting point', was it? And she, along with the bobcat, would become soldiers in the army of their people. She didn't even really understand why she knew that. It was almost as if it was ingrained in her very psyche.



“HEY!” The cat suddenly yelled with no shortage of enthusiasm, forcing the mouse's big, round ears to flatten as the girl recoiled slightly. Ah, so she was *that* type of woman. *Great.* **“You look pretty tasty, you know!? I don't suppose you'd let me take a little nibble?”** And she was interested in *voring* her too. Even better.

“Oh? I'll tell you what, then. If you can catch me, you can eat me. But do not underestimate me just because I'm small, cat. My skills make me one of the most competent members of our battle force.” Where had this confidence come from? She couldn't say. But she didn't mind it either. In response, PM-9 only had one comment to make.

“HEY! I'M A BOBCAT! GET IT RIGHT!”

“Okay, Bob.”

“MY NAME'S NOT BOB!”

Some things *didn't* change, it seemed.