

MELU MADE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Lady Furina? What did you say this was all for again?”

“Ahahaha... It doesn’t really matter *now*.”

Furina de Fontaine peered off to the side when a *reasonable* question was asked of her. After all, the one asking was someone that was helping her with this task on invitation. Golden locks were tussled in the air as Navia looked down at her with an inquisitive expression. It was clear that the president of the Spina di Rosula hadn’t meant any harm with her query. There was no suspicion in her gaze nor her tone, but admittedly? The ex-Archon was still hesitant to explain what was going on.

Despite the fact that she had asked the Geo wielder to escort her out onto Fontaine’s waters with a boat, carrying several barrels of a mysterious blue substance. **“If you’re curious about whether or not this will be dangerous for the life that lives under the waters, you needn’t fret! I have done extensive research to make sure that it is harmless.”** To bring several barrels of something out onto the water? Well, there was really only one thing that Furina could want to do with that. She wanted to *dump* it all.

But it really *was* harmless. After all, the substance was something that essentially belonged to nature in the first place. It was a special concoction that had been made when Furina had been studying ways to prevent Fontaine’s prophecy from coming true. A potential workaround to protect the people if there was nothing else available. Making use of the essence of Melusines and a number of other *unsavory* ingredients, if

a Fontainian ingested it, it was supposed to give them some resistance to the Primordial Seawater. Or at least that had been the intention.

But Furina had never gotten a chance to test it on a human – or rather? She had cowered away from the idea. Because she didn't know if it would cause any harm to a person she didn't *want* anyone to come into contact with it. Which was why she had asked Navia to help her dispose of them. **“This is far enough I think. Shall we pour the first one?”** The boat was small but still big enough to feature a cabin with the controls inside. Once stopped? The two stepped outside to grab the first barrel.

And yet the worst case scenario occurred. The very first barrel had an unnoticed crack in the side, and so when it was laid against the edge of the boat? It crumbled on the side, spilling the blue liquid all over the boat... and all over the feet of both women. **“Oh no! This isn't dangerous, is it Miss Furina? ...Miss Furina!?”** Before Navia could get any answers on the subject? Furina passed out, fortunately landing *outside* of the puddle.



“Ngh... What in the world happened to me?” Furina awoke ten minutes later, laying in a small cot that was put up within the tiny control cabin. She threw her legs over the cot's side and *immediately* recalled the events that had led to her fainting. **“Oh no! It spilled on our feet! But...”** Looking down? She was barefoot. Had Navia cleaned them off for her? Technically the substance was only supposed to be effective if it was consumed so she probably wasn't in any *real* danger.

But she still had a sinking feeling.

As soon as she stood up straight that sinking feeling paid dividends. She felt *unstable* and a touch dizzy. **“Haha... It must just be a side effect from fainting!”** That made sense! The potion was supposed to only be consumed, so touching her skin was likely fine, right? There was no way to confirm that physical contact was enough for it to affect a human! But of course the opposite was true too. She had never touched it with her own skin to *know* that.

What was *actually* occurring was that an *incompatibility* had been formed between the woman's mind and her body. She didn't quite understand this but her brain had received a *tweak*. For some reason it believed that she was supposed to be much shorter and her limbs stubbier. If her brain believed this but her body *wasn't* shaped like that, then what would happen? Naturally you would feel an imbalance of sorts.

Furina weighed sitting back down on the cot but was stubborn in her decision to stand. She had to make sure that Navia was also alright and thank her for what she had done. "**Mmn... But it isn't any easier to stand without propping myself up against the wall.**" Was she also developing a migraine of some kind? There was an unfamiliar pressure developing on the front of her head, just above her eyes. It didn't *hurt* but it certainly felt like something was *off*.

She was too fixated on preventing herself from falling to reach a hand up to massage her forehead. The pressure had begun to alleviate itself anyways and so she had felt a moment of relief. At least until she realized that her head felt a little *heavy* now? "**Hm?**" This confused her enough that she finally reached one hand up to touch what she *thought* would be her hair. But her hand touched something else first. Something big and hard. "**A-A horn!? I have horns!?**" Because there was one on either side of her forehead.

It was only natural that she would feel compelled to run out to Navia for help, but Furina stopped herself. She was touching the horns, unaware of their pale blue color. "**This feeling... It couldn't be!?**" She couldn't *see* them, but the velvety feeling they had to the touch, she had definitely felt it before. Was it one of the horn-like rhinophores of a Melusine!? "**Er... But...?**" Melusine essence *had* been in the concoction. Had her body absorbed it? Was *this* how its effects were going to manifest?

By the time she lowered her hand past her eyes the ex-Archon became acutely aware of the reality that it was affecting her in more ways than just giving her body a couple of extra protrusions. She was struggling to pull her fingers apart – and now she could see why. Each individual finger had been coated by a pale blue, velvety fur and was *swelling*. When these fingers met they began to fuse, ultimately leaving her with a pair of hands that resembled cartoonishly thick oven mitts.

Wait. But Navia had been splashed too, hadn't she!? "**Oh no!**" She went to storm out the door but forgot about the dizziness that continued to affect her. She stumbled, but in doing so was made aware of how her bare feet were interacting with the wooden boards of the cabin floor.

Her steps hadn't felt *right* and it was clear *why* now that she was looking down at them.

“Where... did my feet go?” They were still *there* obviously, but nothing extended past her ankles. In fact those ankles, coated with the same very thin fur, had nearly tripled in their swell. Her ‘feet’ now existed as stubby, flat-footed ends at the bottoms of her legs, with soft beans on their undersides. And the fur? It was moving inwards both from her hands *and* her feet.

As this fur covered her limbs? The limbs in question grew thicker and *shorter*, Furina's height gradually falling closer and closer to the ground which miraculously began to stave off her imbalance. Her body was beginning to fall more and more in line with what her subconscious had believed it to look and operate like, and that was realized even further when the fur slid underneath her shorts and over her torso.

“I can hardly believe this! But it's so... so... cool!? E-Eh!? My voice too!? But why would I find it cool...? Even though it's really cool!” The more that the woman's body shrunk the higher the pitch of her voice rose. But more than that? The *simpler* things felt. It wasn't like her intelligence was disappearing or anything. It was more like the way her thoughts were framed was... simpler? And she was beginning to find herself *enjoying* the transformation she was enduring.

Rather than the pale blue, a white fur spread across Furina's tummy as her torso shortened. Her belly bulged out ever so slightly in tandem, almost giving that torso of hers a shape better likened to a stuffed animal than anything. When it spread over her breasts? What little existed melted away, nipples and all, until there were only slight mounds on her chest that were barely noticeable. As if to simply suggest that yes, she was female like all Melusine were.

The human-sized clothing that the woman was wearing slid off of and pooled around her as she became so small that she was inevitably swallowed by it. **“Oh no!”** Stubby limbs flailed around to try and push it all off. She was rendered a mere 4' tall before the shrinking stopped, and with a little but of a struggle? She managed to strip herself down... aside from her hat. This revealed that a pair of wing-like growths had grown from beneath her shoulder blades too. As had a tail from the base of her spine.

“Ack!” In a final change, blue fur above white fur grew in over her small face. There was momentary discomfort because her nose was pulled forward into a small, deer-like snout complete with a wet, black tip. But *unlike* a deer? Her canine teeth had sharpened. There wasn't a single trace of her humanity left upon her form.

“I’m a Melusine...? I’m a Melusine!” Furina felt *conflicted*. It was true that she had transformed into a *Melusine*, no doubt because of the potion that she had created, but... Why didn’t she *hate* it? No, it wasn’t a matter of hating *or* loving it. It just felt far too natural. She felt at peace with herself *and* with the world around her. And to those ends? It had evidently had an effect on her perception of the world around her. There was a bubbly innocence projected within the rounded eyes of the short and stubby creature.



She couldn’t help but do an excited little twirl. Furina’s flair for the theatrical remained ingrained within her personality but there was something a touch more *childish* about how she conducted herself now that she was a Melusine. **“I hardly see this as a problem! In fact I feel so *free*! Hmm... I wonder what Monsieur Neuvillette would say if he saw me now? I’m sure he’d believe I’m the most adorable Melusine in all of Fontaine!”**

Evidently the change had reignited her previous *confidence* as well.



“And *there!*” Meanwhile, with her bare legs hanging over the side of the boat Navia had finally managed to wash the rest of the blue substance off of her body. **“I guess it isn’t harmful, else I’d be feeling its effects by now, right? It is strange though. I feel like more splashed on me than I managed to wash off... Trick of the light?”** In actuality, just like Furina’s body her own had already absorbed some of it. Which meant she was on borrowed time when it came to her body being human.

She hopped up onto her feet but stumbled. **“Whoa! Why do I feel so unsteady? It’s almost like today is my first day walking on these feet!”** And again, much like Furina? It was a side effect of a small part of her brain shifting to that of what she was becoming. A small and stubby-limbed

creature that wasn't accustomed to standing on long, thin legs.

But all would be fixed with time.

Navia had attempted to dismiss the dizziness as a mere side effect of all of the excitement, but unfortunately an additional sensation that brought her gaze down to her own cleavage gave her more reason to be *concerned*. “**Ah!? Er... What am I looking at here?**” The woman blinked numerous times as she watched the front of her dress *loosen*? Because its contents were tightening, shrinking, and progressively pushing closer and closer to her ribcage.

Her breasts were evaporating before her very eyes! “**H-Huh!?**” She pressed a gloved hand against her chest to try and confirm what she was seeing, but by the time she had mustered the courage to do so her tits were pretty much non-existent. *Literally*. Not only was her chest almost *entirely* flat aside from the very slightest bit of roundness, but her nipples were *gone*!?

As the president of the Spina di Rosula was quick to realize? While her breasts had been the region to catch her attention it hadn't *just* been her tits that she had lost. A similar phenomenon had swept over her ass and thighs, seeing them deflate in a similar manner until there was absolutely no definition to them whatsoever. Not like a child's body but more like... a body that didn't confirm to the human indicators of gender in the first place? Not that Navia herself had pieced that together herself.

She had other things to worry about. “**This can't be happeniiiiing!?**” Her cries became quite shrill once it seemed like her dress was swallowing her whole. This *wasn't* the case of course; she was shrinking just as Furina had. And she was lucky that she had taken off her boots, because she *absolutely* would have fallen over wearing them while her body became more and more compact. Her gloves slid off along with her hat, and when all was said and done?

A 4'1” Navia basically *stepped out* of her dress' neckline.

“**Wh-What is going on!? Am I a child!?**” That *might* have been a possibility if not for the reality that her face had retained its maturity. And even then? A velvety fur was prompt in emerging across her body. Her tummy was covered in white like Furina, with her belly button smoothing away as it was both smothered and bulged into a vaguely rounded shape. But the rest of her body proper? The fur that grew was a pale yellow that appeared to compliment her hair and obscured any inappropriate regions of her body as it was now.

As she watched this fur spread, a realization struck Navia. Her body's changing shape, the fur... "**Ngh!?**" And the pull upon her face that stretched it out into a short muzzle with a black nose, much of it covered with white fur yet yellow framing above her eyes and nose... It all evoked her familiar with a certain race of people that lived alongside humans in Fontaine.

And she was presented with fewer reasons to doubt her assumptions. She leaned forward to watch her small feet shorten into thickening ankles, beans forming on their soles as the appendages became much stubbier on the whole. "**Ooooooh!**" Wasn't this kind of *exciting*? The woman was getting caught up in new thoughts and feelings as her mind was wired with the same innocence of the creature she was becoming. Like Furina the way she perceived things was a little *simpler*, even if she wasn't dumber.

She couldn't help but wave her hands around with awe as her fingers thickened and their nails were absorbed. They mended together into huge, oven mitt-shaped hands that seemed quite large compared to her height. But she could still flex the fingers and hold things since she retained her thumbs. They were just *smaller!* "**Hehehe!**" Why was she giggling at it? Honestly? She couldn't imagine herself taking this seriously. Navia just felt so absolutely *pleasant!*

While the woman didn't grow any wings on her back like Furina had, the rhinophores *did* eventually extend from her forehead to match a more consistent point of Melusine biology. But Navia's rhinophores? They weren't as horn shaped as Furina's. They grew longer but thinner, curving at the tops as yellow became a patterned white. They looked much more like antennae than horns – but such was the nature of a pair of rhinophores. They could appear in many different ways! Just like the short tail that emerged from behind her.

The new *Melusine* blinked as she studied her new body. Naturally her dress no longer fit her, but with the coverage her new form provided it seemed that she didn't really need to worry about clothing in the first place. "**I'm really cute!**" Just as her blue peer in the cabin had, she had quickly adjusted to her new self. The childlike innocence of a Melusine had seeped into her personality, quickly warming her up to the changes while likewise making her a little *sillier*. "**Did the blue stuff do this? Then I wonder...**"



Her oddly shaped, flat feet pattered against the ground. She ran to the cabin and threw open the door with no shortage of confidence. "**Surprise! Did it happen to you too,**

Furina!?” The blue Melusine almost fell backwards with shock thanks to the door flying open with such sudden speed. **“Sorry! Didn’t mean to scare ya!”**

Once she got past the initial shock, Furina seemed to perk up once she realized this yellow Melusine was Navia as well. **“Oh! Navia! Well, I suppose I’ll have to share the title of cutest Melusine with you!”** She gave a little twirl and a bow, but soon took Navia’s paw-hand in her own so she could give it a little kiss. The type of kiss that immediately made Navia think of a Melusine *prince*. It made her heart race!

“Hey, do you wanna go for a swim!? Maybe we can find a place to make a home underwater!”

“T-Together?”

“Does my handsome prince not want to live with her beautiful princess!?”

They really *were* like kids now. Furina couldn’t stop blushing like a bashful schoolgirl while Navia egged her on! Their core personalities remained, but the Melusine were a people that often sought companionship in each other. The feelings that Navia felt towards Furina were no different as new instincts took hold. Not quite romance, and yet... something much more personal than romance.

And so, hand in hand? They dove into the waters.