

FOX FOR A FOX

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Puppets are superior. They’re stronger and more efficient.”

“Aren’t you underselling my abilities as a kitsune, Ei? My powers certainly have much more... *flexibility*.”

The bantering that could easily be mistaken as the howling of ghosts from atop the Grand Narukami Shrine midst the dead of night was not *exactly* that, but had anyone been passing its steps at such an ungodly hour they might have gotten this impression. The truth of the matter that the two voices belonged to both Inazuma’s Archon as well as its head shrine maiden, Yae Miko. The two were close, essentially lovers (just not officially according to the people), but that did not spare them from the odd kerfuffle.

Everyone had disagreements at the end of the day, some more so than others. And when one of you locked yourself in a Plane of Euthymia for five hundred years, some differences would naturally arise from the personal growth that had occurred over that excessive period of time. Even then, this wasn’t all that profound of an argument in the first place. They were simply arguing over the usefulness of their own talents.

This conversation had arose over the subject of how to best protect Inazuma’s borders. Being a nation spread across several islands, it was difficult to have soldiers stationed at every possible access point. And so the Raiden Shogun, real name Ei, had been arguing that she could make puppet soldiers to watch them. **“Making enough of them would take too long, and don’t you think it would unsettle Inazuma’s people?”** That had been Miko’s argument against it.

On the other hand, the kitsune herself had suggested putting up talismans and the like. Products of her magical powers as a kitsune. **“And you don’t think that the people, already susceptible to myths about youkai, would not be unsettled by this?”** Ei wasn’t without her own counterpoint on this matter either, or at least it seemed.

Ultimately, their disagreement ended at a standstill.



“This work is trivial. I do not understand its purpose.” The next day, the Raiden Shogun was perusing the tomes held within a secret library built within Inazuma’s depths. It was not Ei in control of the body at this point, but instead the puppet personality that she had fashioned to rule her nation while she had been absent for those some 500 years. The two could switch places according to Ei’s will, and she typically gave the more mundane work to the puppet now that they existed mutually.

The puppet’s task on that day? To dig up any tomes on puppetcraft that could be found within these archives and to record their contents while Ei’s personality rested. For what was essentially a machine that desired combat, the Raiden Shogun was not pleased with this task. But she also *always* did what Ei asked of her. And so she collected a number of books and took them back to a dimly lit desk.

Fortunately since she was an automaton in a sense, recording the information within the books was as simple as quickly scanning the pages with her eyes. The data collected would then be stored in her memory, and Ei could access it whenever she liked. And so while there were about eight or nine books stacked high, each one thicker than the last? It would only have taken her about twenty minutes to store the text from all of them.

At least, that would have been the case had it all gone ahead without a hitch.

But in her automated haste to get through the materials as quickly as possible, the puppet unknowingly made a mistake. She flipped through the pages so quickly that she shattered a seal that had been placed upon one of the pages by an ancient onmyouji, and the moment it did? The puppet shut down – forcing the proper personality, Ei, to take control. “**Erm...?**”

She hadn’t the foggiest idea what had just happened since she didn’t look through the puppet’s eyes unless necessary. Her personality had been sleeping within her Plane of Euthymia one moment, and the next security measures had put her back in control of the body. “**Did something happen? Why did her personality shut down? Does she need a reboot?**” The task the Shogun had been given was so trivial that she couldn’t possibly fathom what might have prompted her to go offline like that. But that wasn’t even *just* it. Because Ei couldn’t reboot her. That personality was *gone*. “**What? This is impossible!**”

The personality wasn’t actually missing though. It was more like Ei’s own had been forced to absorb it. But she couldn’t discern as much as things developed like they did. And she wouldn’t be afforded much of an opportunity to do so, either. This also would not necessarily cause any problems, because what was truly happening if not the Shogun’s consciousness returning to the root it had been created from?

All the while, Ei seemed uncertain of what to do. “**This must be an error of some kind. I should be able to recover her, but to do that I’ll need to...**” She would need to withdraw back into her Plane of Euthymia, which would ultimately leave her body immobile with no personality to guide it. But this archive was secure, and so she could afford to... Except that she *couldn’t*. She could afford to do it, but she *couldn’t* withdraw. She’d been locked out of her Plane? “**N-No...!?**”

Out of all the impossible things that had been happening at once, this was the most alarming for the Archon. Her Plane of Euthymia was her safe space. A place she could retreat to that was tied to her ego, and so for her to not be able to access it? *Had her ego been damaged somehow?* Was that why the Raiden Shogun’s consciousness had dried up?

She was understandably caught up in this dilemma, but something more pressing prompted her to snap out of it. “**Hm? What now?**” And by *something pressing?* That was meant *literally*. The front of her kimono, folded over properly and bound with an obi, felt unusually tight all of a sudden. At first Ei thought that maybe her clothing had got caught on something and been pulled tighter, but looking down...

Wasn’t her neckline lower than she remembered?

She was pretty meticulous about how her outfit should look and had programmed the Shogun to take the same care, but it definitely looked like the fold had been tugged down farther than normal. And farther. And farther. Until it became practically impossible for her to *not* realize what was happening. “**My... My chest?**” It was definitely larger. She could feel that it was heavier. But a cup size larger already, it continued to swell bigger still.

Considering she had modeled the puppet body she currently occupied with her ideal proportions in mind, even that extra cup size was too much from her perspective. Yet... “**Ah!?**” Only moments later the folds of her kimono unraveled and the obi around her waist snapped, because the mass of her tits *doubled* in size in just a matter of seconds. Pink flesh spilled out, the vibrations from their growth jiggling round tits that continued to grow *even more*. They were essentially bare now, and so you could make out how big her nipples were too. Erect? They were certainly larger than her eyes.

And they were so *heavy!* If not for her body being artificial, she undoubtedly would have fallen forward – but even then she had thrown out both hands to try and ‘catch’ them, which only led to fingers sinking into orbs that were each larger than her *head*. “***Mine teats!?* I mean... My chest!?**” What was that she had said at first? It *couldn't* have been right, could it? It sounded much too archaic even *for* a woman that had lived for hundreds of years.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to cover up her massive mammaries even with her hands, because they were so big that she could hardly even wrap an arm around one without it slipping out. And she was having similar, *yet different*, problems a little farther down. Her hips had suddenly pulled wider by *inches*, which forced her posture to buckle and another bounce of her tits to steal the show. “***Oof!***”

While the woman's thighs were already exposed, the thigh high boots she wore were naturally a little snug so that they wouldn't fall. Ei had an impressive set of thighs, in fact. But they were quickly surpassing their initial schematics just as her breasts had. Skin was pulled tautly around flesh that built and burgeoned, lipping over the hem of her thigh highs and, ultimately, *forcing them to tear*.

“***Eep!?***” The squeak that escaped Ei's lips didn't quite carry the same sound that her voice normally did. It sounded a touch higher, but she wasn't fixated on that. She was trying to see past her *big, beautiful breasts* to see what was happening with her *extremely attractive thighs*. For what reason was she suddenly finding herself so proud of this increasingly lewd body of hers? It almost left her feeling... *smug*.

In terms of her figure, there was only one region left to grow. Her ass had remained largely untouched until her thighs had bloated to perfection, and once they were done the excess weight that had blessed them pushed its overflow *into* the cheeks of her rump. The underwear she was wearing could be heard ripping loudly behind her as cheeks doubled in size – earning a healthy sheen just like her thighs had.

The changes in weight distribution had prompted the woman's body to rock to and fro since she was getting thicker here and there, but for a moment it felt like, despite how buxom she was, there was finally some sort of balance? **“Is it over? Mine heart can hardly take much more!”** Not that a puppet *had* a heart, and while her innards had been changing? They remained artificial.

Her ears twitched, which... Human-like ears *shouldn't* have done that. And Ei didn't even think twice about it with everything else that was taking place. Yet their positions had been slowly crawling up her head's sides until they settled on top, shapes not only pulling into tall triangles that better resembled the ears of a beast, but were quickly wrapped in a golden fur that made the beast in question more evident. Those were undoubtedly the ears of a *fox*. Not unlike those of her romantic partner.

The golden color that painted their beautiful fur was quick to spread, usurping the role of her dominant hair color with the purple of her mane ultimately overwritten. Her hair did not grow longer, but it certainly grew thicker and fluffier, and that alone was enough to unravel that braid that was tied behind her.

“I feel so strange, and yet...” It didn't feel *bad*. Her face was much more expressive, but it also bore the look of a woman that was perhaps overly confident as eyes began to glow gold themselves. Her face took on a fuller shape while remaining beautiful, with lips larger and her tongue more talented. They had all of the hallmarks of a beautiful woman that frequented more scandalous acts, even though Ei had never been that type of woman. Well... *now she was*.

Without thinking, she snapped her fingers. Doing so seemed to trigger some sort of *power* that she must have developed, because a golden light shone across her clothing and reshaped it. Rips and tears were corrected and the styles and colors were completely overwritten. Until she was clad in a shrine maiden outfit that highlighted her bombastic figure. Her ginormous tits were almost completely bare shore of the tips for example, and her crimson skirt showed her bloated thighs and even a peek of her ass.

But Ei? She liked that. It made her feel a *different* sort of 'power'.

Almost like they were responding to her newfound acceptance, nine tails emerged from her tailbone, effectively lifting the back of her short skirt but ultimately hiding the crack of her ass with their number and size. Each tail bore the same golden fur as her ears (albeit with white tips), and they were so large and fluffy that they eclipsed her figure from behind. You wouldn't be able to see her detached sleeve nor the frilly headdress she was wearing with those nine appendages swishing back and forth.

“Mine entire body... Even the way I speak. Nay, this is not correct! And yet...”

What good could be done about it? Without knowing how the transformation had been triggered in the first place, it wasn't like the woman could understand how to reverse it. It had probably been done with magic, something she didn't even truly comprehend herself.

“Could I consult the shrine maiden of the Grand Narukami Shrine?”



The fact that the woman spoke of Miko so formally was an aspect of the mental changes she had succumbed to, for she couldn't even refer to herself with her old name any longer. Even internalizing her identity came up with the name *Hirume*, despite the fact that she had complete and total awareness of the woman she had once been.

“But mine body is truly remarkable. It is an automaton still, but these proportions...” The pride she felt was Hirume's, not Ei's, but that didn't change that she felt it. Her excessively abundant bosom barely fit within the folds of her new shrine maiden outfit, much less her huge ass and thighs. It was all so heavy and bounced with even subtle movements from her person, yet none of it felt *inconvenient* thanks to the body's strength and design. **“Verily! I shall go prove the superiority of automatons to her now!”**

...Only for her to trip and land on her breasts and face after a single step.

“Ahahaha! You needn’t explain further! I understand even if you can’t say it! You’re Ei, hm? Now isn’t this a funny development!” Later that night, when the crowds at the shrine had finally cleared, Hirume had approached a lonesome Miko before the great tree just like Ei had the night before. It had been a bit awkward, but she had managed to get Miko to understand what had happened after fumbling through it since she couldn’t use her old name.

Eventually she got through to her. **“Thou art correct! Now this one would like to reiterate just how correct she was! Mine body is superior to any defense measures that could be yielded through magic, and... H-Hey! What art thou doing!?”** She had *tried* to gloat, but as she had done so, the pink haired Miko had moved closer to her body and was closely examining it. Once behind Hirume? She reached her hands under Hirume’s armpits and laced fingers around her huge tits. Easy to fluster as is, the blonde fox turned beet red and practically froze up.

“I see! Well, I suppose you were right about the craftsmanship? This body certainly doesn’t even hold a dime to mine, but isn’t it a little *too* lewd? The things we could do in the bedroom now... It would certainly be something, don’t you think?” Miko’s words were sly, but her expression was slyer.

Hirume just gulped.

She couldn’t retain her haughtiness in a situation like this one!