

# CAT FOR A FOX

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been several days now since the unthinkable had occurred.

After having a disagreement about the effectiveness of kitsune magic versus long-lived automatons between Yae Miko and the Raiden Shogun, Ei, the latter woman had gone into the depths of a library in order to seek knowledge that would prove her point correct. But she had inadvertently activated a spell within the pages of one of the books that had been explored in pursuit of this knowledge. One that had turned Ei into *Hirume*, a woman that was both fox *and* automaton.

It was certainly *strange*. She was different in both personality and appearance (though Miko had no complaints about Hirume's buxom figure), and her old flame couldn't even refer to herself with her original name. Yet Ei's soul was still buried within, conscious of her changes. Miko, being Miko however, had taken full advantage of the situation to have her way with Hirume night after night. How could she say no to such pillowy tits? But it the novelty had worn off after a few days, and now?

The two of them were back in the library where Ei had been transformed in the first place. **“Art thou certain you will be able to return me to mine true form, Yae Miko?”** Admittedly, what had prompted the novelty to wear off all the quicker was Hirume's manner of speech. It was rather *grating* to the fox's ears, and so she had pushed her plan of reverting Ei forward. Else she might have had her fun for a whole week before opting to correct it.

**“Yes, yes. I've already found the spell that changed you, Hirume. How sneaky for someone to lace it within the pages**

**of this book...**” Miko could only wonder *why* it had been placed within the tome in the first place. What good would it be to turn a stranger into an automaton like Hirume? Unless the spell had been meant as a trick to be played on someone else and Ei had simply gotten caught up in it? Well, that level of bad luck would be just like her, realistically.



It was simply a matter of reversing the spell's inclination, forcing the 'opposite' effect on the one that had been changed by it in the first place. Such vague wording could have disastrous effects if pointed at someone who had not been affected by the spell in the first place, but for an individual that had already fallen victim? Well, spells followed rules. It would register that Ei had been changed by the core spell and correct that appropriately. **“A shame though, you really were oh so fun in the bedroom!”**

**“M-Miss Miko!?”** Hirume admittedly didn't wish to recount how much sex they'd had ever since her transformation. Even if this body of hers *was* highly sensitive. And it had felt *extra* good as a result. She blushed, looking away from the fox miko that was pacing with the tome in hand nearby. **“Well... I suppose mine palette hath been sufficiently treated.”**

Miko smirked as she cast fingertips across the spell encrypted in the books pages, prompting the book to glow before turning it around and pointing the pages at the more bombastic fox woman. **“I'll take that as a compliment. But I miss the old Ei as well, so shall we get this over with?”** The light shone stronger, prompting elation from both women. Miko yearned to have Ei back to her true self, and Hirume yearned to *return* to her true self – and these overlapping desires would soon be fulfilled.

**“ACHOO!”**

**“...Achoo?”**

Just as the reversal spell had been on the cusp of taking effect, however? Disaster struck and Hirume sneezed – triggering an ability that neither of the women realized that her new body had. Her magic resistance was reinforced by something within her core. ...To the point that the spell was reflected off of her like a mirror. Yae recoiled and Hirume, evidently overwhelmed by the impact, fell to the ground unconscious. “...**Oh dear.**”

The still conscious Miko realized that she had different issues to contend with. The magic had not flown back into the book that it had escaped from, and instead? Had collided with her own body. Which of course brought into play the issue of ‘using a reversed spell upon someone unaffected by it could lead to unexpected circumstances’. As the kitsune saw it, she had a *very* limited window to correct what had now been set into motion. She was a master of magic, it shouldn’t have been all that hard for her! Except for one little issue. “**Erm...?**”

*How did one cast a spell again?*

“**No, that can’t be... To cast I spell I simply need to *fold the laundry neatly...? Er, no... I need to *clean up any spills I find? What!?****” Miko’s lower lip quivered. With her talents and knowledge it should have been *child’s play* to enact a counter spell quickly. Yet this knowledge of hers, where *was* it? Why could she not remember? Why was it, that upon thinking of her talents, her mind kept racing towards housekeeping skills? Those were typically things she reserved for the lower ranking shrine maidens to deal with, after all!

It was unlike the Guuji Yae to be taken so off-guard, and her baser instincts kept her mind racing as she attempted to figure out a way to reverse things before it was too late. Yet she genuinely could not think of anything. Any sort of information relevant to spell casting, and taken a step further, any information relevant to *being a kitsune* had been seemingly bleached from her mind. In its place, the most mundane skills had taken the forefront. How to brew tea, how to wash out stains – none of which were things that would help her!

Her constantly calm demeanor was showing cracks now, and understandably so. Panic was setting in, partially because the woman’s personality itself was undergoing some *repurposing*. But there were physical indicators that the spell had taken root beginning to surface now as well. One need not look much farther than her hair. Miko prided herself in her hair, which bore the same color as freshly fallen cherry blossom petals.

...*But no longer*. Tips darkened to purple, and then eventually to a black that likewise had a subtly dark blue hue. From that point onward it

traversed towards her roots, wilting the cherry blossom color entirely. This applied, likewise, to the hair of her brows as well as the hair beneath her underwear. As well as, well, the *fur* of her ears. “**What weird stuff is going to happen to me!?**” And what was with this strangely casual dialect!?

Ears blackened, evidently it seemed that this wasn't the *only* thing that was happening to them. The kitsune's fox ears were typically folded backward, almost blending in perfectly with her hair. But they had perked up now that their fur was darker, shapes *shorter*? The long triangles seemed more compressed, and that alone was enough to give off the impression of a different animal altogether. Tufts of white grew within a pink inner ear, and it really was undeniable.

They looked like the ears of a *cat*.

Miko was looking herself over in a tizzy, trying to find any inconsistencies in her appearance since she knew by nature alone, the spell that had hit her was meant to change the one it affected. But she hadn't considered her hair just yet, which meant it could grow without much of a fuss. Her hair already *was* quite long, but it cascaded even farther down in the back, nearly reaching the floor. While her bangs? They nearly doubled in length, growing around and between her eyes while curling up to the sides into two sets of licks.

“**What is...?**” It would have taken the woman much longer to realize her hair had grown if not for the sensation of something flicking against it – and that feeling guided her to twist her back and peer over her shoulder. “**WHAT!?**” Her voice cracked as what she saw prompted a scream. Not only was the full length and thickness of her new hair within her line of sight, but what was flicking *against* it shouldn't have been there.

A long, black, *feline tail* that extended about six feet.

Being a fox, she wasn't unaccustomed to having an appendage above her ass. She hid her tails in her human form, and in fox form it was ever present. But in this case? “**That's... not... a fox's tail...**” It certainly *wasn't*. It was a cat's tail, and she didn't have the power to hide it. Almost with a mind of its own it swished back and forth behind her, the woman's expression...

Well, with her eyes wide, she was almost showing her shock *cartoonishly*. But it really wasn't helped by the woman's facial structure... in that she was looking less and less like Miko with each passing second. Her face became fuller, rounder, *cuter* in what seemed like the blink of an eye, with a smaller nose and sharper eyes. Even then,

the lilac color of her irises lit up into an unconventional gold, which added some color to her expression as her mind raced to process what her fate might be.

**“I’m becoming a cat!?”** She couldn’t hide that her voice was shriller any longer, and the more casual and almost immature was she was speaking was a far cry from what was demonstrated by her old persona. Yet changed entirely from the neck up, Miko certainly wasn’t prepared at all for what was to follow. Though, considering Hirume’s build? Perhaps she *should* have anticipated it in some capacity.

The brunt of it began as an uncanny pressure in an uncanny location. **“...Huh?”** A feeling that prompted the *cat* to look down at her own chest, a confused expression highlighted by her new facial features. But that displayed confusion twisted into horror, and perhaps a touch of *delight*, as the cause of that confusion rendered itself apparent. After all, how could she *not* notice the front of her shrine maiden outfit beginning to swell forward?

She lurched forward slightly, the weight of her bosom forcing a sudden shift in balance. **“My tits!?”** It was certainly a cruder term than Miko would have normally used, but it *was* accurate. The size of her breasts had already doubled, and her clothing as it was certainly wasn’t a suitable container for their heft. But much to her dismay... or perhaps much to her *growing elation*, they did not stop at merely *double* the size.

Miko’s side boob was *always* on display in that outfit, and with tits bigger than window was even larger. Yet, as her breasts still expanded, rounded flesh actively began to seek an escape. It all began to pool off to the sides, pulling the chest of her outfit more to the middle until, finally? F-cup breasts jiggled completely bare, having escaped through the sides and forced the cloth into the crevice of her cleavage’s depths. **“They’re so big!”** Already leaning completely forward, her posture sunk further as pillowy breasts *continued* to grow. Nipples stretched until her areola were twice the size of her eyes, and the tits themselves? Panicked fingers sinking into their flesh, they were nearly twice the size of her head as well!

It may have seemed like a miracle that she hadn’t fallen forward with a load that excessive, but help was received by back muscles that tightened to support them. Not to mention her bottom half, below an extremely narrow waistline that remained unchanged, came to balance out that weight. It was fortunate that her legs were bare, for her thighs gratuitously expanded, skin stretched tautly around them as each thigh was thicker than her waist – which in turn proportionally gave her a



bombastic ass that swallowed up her underwear. **“My butt is huge too!”** Just like Hirume.

Some sort of impulse pushed her to snap her fingers, and upon doing so? The ill-fitted shrine maiden outfit she wore was erase. Instead she was adorned with an outfit that seemed more befitting of a maid. A very, *very* lewd maid. For most of her sensual, thicc figure was clad in a skintight body sock – one so tight that the shapes of her nipples could be seen peeking out from the sides of the bikini-like top of her short-skirted maid dress. Long, black thigh high boots gave her seductive form a slightly raised height, and steel gauntlets clad her fingers.

When it came to her hair? It had all been braided into three braids. One extremely long and thick braid in the center, with two smaller and thinner ones on the side; each tied at the end with a blue bow. A maid’s headdress sat atop her head in front of her cat ears, blue roses on the sides. There was a splash of gold in this outfit’s design – decals on her boots and sleeves, as well as rings on her tail. But it all certainly highlighted how ridiculous her body now was.

**“Urk! This body is so... LEWD!”** It was plain to see that Miko’s ego was still in tact along with her memories, but much like had been the case with her lover, the book’s spell had remade her into an automaton of rather eccentric design. The ‘reversal’ aspect of the spell had saw fit to invert many of the once fox’s aspects – such as the fact that she was now a *cat* technically, but that wasn’t even the only one.



Her figure had been reversed, humbler curves now replaced with meat to rival, if not overcome Hifume’s own. Rather than a palette of white and pink, blacks and purples ran rampant. And rather than an air of maturity that had been so typical of Miko? She was now much more immature and sillier in persona if her previous lines hadn’t been indicative enough.

Every movement she made just felt so burdened, no doubt because of her massive chest and ass. She had also been fighting a strange sense of

*subservience* that was hinted at by both her unconventional maid outfit and the many service skills that had replaced her knowledge of magic. Seeing Hirume passed out on the floor, however? It cleared her mind of any hesitation and she ran right over.

Tits flopping around all the while.

**“Hirume! Hirume! Wake up!”** Armored fingers devoid of attachable claws shook the fox, and Hirume’s eyes did eventually open groggily. She clearly didn’t know what had happened, and the cat woman hadn’t expected her to recognize her upon opening those eyes either. And yet...

**“Nn...? Poi?”** Poi. The cat hadn’t thought much about what her name might be now, forgetting that Hirume had lost her previous one herself. But upon hearing it she *knew* this was her name. In fact, what had her old name been again? It was almost dizzying to try and recall, and she most certainly *wasn’t* able to do so. Before Poi could respond though, Hirume jumped up onto her feet. **“Hehe... Mine back! I require thine service! A massage, if thou would please!”**

In Hirume’s mind, Poi was still her girlfriend. But she was also a maid that was meant to serve and please her. But while Poi’s mind was now much more subservient in general, their preserved romantic relationship along with traces of Miko’s slier persona prompted some pushback. **“Kyaha! I don’t think so!”** She fought her desire to follow that order and pounced on the fox, pinning her to the floor of the hidden library as their huge breasts pressed against each other.

Poi still wore the pants in this relationship, and Hirume was going to learn that. Through touching and being touched. But she brought her lips up to Hirume’s ear and gingerly whispered into it first. **“I think you should take up the role of head shrine maiden now, and I’ll serve as the Shogun from the shadows, too.”** It only made sense seeing as Hirume was a fox. Poi licked her lips, noticing the fox shudder from the intimate contact, and gave that vulpine ear a little nibble.

To assert dominance, of course.

Now hopefully they would remember to lock the door after leaving...