

AZYS LIVE

MAY 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“You’re sure this map is right? There’s nothing but open skies as far as the eye can see. I knew we should have just hired a guide.”

“Of course I’m reading it right! You’re forgetting who you’re talking to!” Aboard a tiny airship for two, Silvia Kuroi and her occasional partner S’aiya had plotted a course for the mysterious airborne facility of old named Azys Lla. Apparently, there were new caverns and areas of the facility that had been opened up that were ripe for exploration, and Silvia? Being the scholar she was, she couldn’t resist an opportunity to learn more about an age long past.

But neither her nor her partner had ever flown to Azys Lla before and were relying on a sky map Silvia had picked up in the market. The ruby-haired Silvia was insistent on the fact that she was reading it correctly, which mean the alternative was... **“You got duped.”** Voice dry from the pilot’s seat, S’aiya wasted no time pointing it out. The map was a fabrication, then. It was the only explanation that made sense.

“You could just be flying wrong.”

“Hey now!”

CRASH!

The duo had been on the verge of another argument when the world suddenly shattered around them. No... As Silvia realized, they’d crashed into something? The sky was different, but behind them she could see a

rough hole where they'd pierced this... dome? But below, there was a flying city. It looked much more futuristic, and yet it didn't at all match the descriptions she'd heard from other researchers. **"Is this really Azys Lla?"** Regardless, she was in awe. Was this place being lived in, even now? It certainly appeared that way. Could this be a great discovery?

S'aiya, on the other hand? Not so much. **"That collision busted one of our propellers. We're going down!"** No sooner than she'd said that than the small aircraft began to nose dive. She was counting on Silvia to cast a barrier of some sort as they fell towards what looked to be a big, white dome, and... they crashed through it.

"Your landing skills could use some work, S'aiya. S'aiya?" Thankfully that last minute barrier had prevented any damage to her body, but as she pulled herself from the remains of their fallen ship, half buried in the rubble of the ceiling above, she noticed her friend had hit her head and had fallen unconscious from the impact. **"Crud!"**

It took her a few moments, but she managed to unstrap her fellow Miqu'te from the cockpit and drag her away from the crash site, into a long, lit hallway that connected to their point of impact. Unaware of where they were or if they were in any danger, she pulled the goth brunette into the next available room with some difficulty. **"Why are you so heavy!?"** She knew the reason. Those honkers on her chest!

Fortunately, there was a couch in this room, and with haste she hoisted her 'sleeping' friend up and onto it. This space looked like... a dressing room? With a mirror and a makeup table, she was surprised to find something so mundane in a place that had looked so spectacular from above. She wanted to explore so bad! But she also knew she couldn't head out until S'aiya awoke.

Idly, she wandered over to the mirror and the table beneath it. There was all manner of shiny things resting atop of it, many of which caught the scholar's attention. **"Muhuhu! What do we have h— What was that sound I just made?"** *Muhuhu?* What was that? She'd never made a weird sound like that in her life! Did it even have a meaning, or was it just some kind of weird *laugh*?

An action born from her confusion, she had raised a hand to her mouth shortly after addressing the sound, but before she had the sense to pull it away? She noticed something quite peculiar upon her fingers. **"Huh? That's... Is that hair?"** Silvia thought that this was what she was looking at originally; several strands of brown were poking out from the

outskirts of her fingertips, only noticeable thanks to the bright light of the room.

And yet, before her very eyes? They multiplied. What were once a few ended up numbered in the tens, which in turn became hundreds, until the outskirts of her fingers and even the backs of her hands were done up in an exceptionally fine fur. **“How is this...? What’s going on here?”** Turning her hands over, she found a whiter fur on her palms. She’d seen phenomenon like this before – transmutation skills existed – but she couldn’t fathom what was happening to her in this case, much less *why*.

Shock was obvious, but there wasn’t any fear until each of those fingers began to itch and grow. Little by little they thickened, growing before her very eyes until each digit was as thick as a sausage... Or a fur-covered sausage, at any rate. Well, with two exceptions. Her thumbs, evidently, were no longer long for this world and ended up absorbed into the mass of her index fingers, leaving her with four digits per hand.

Er, per *paw*.

“Are these my hands, *wan!*?” Both of these paws were held in front of her, cartoonishly massive as they were. And before Silv could even contemplate the *wan* she’d just added to the end of her sentence, she was forced to observe and squirm in response to the feeling of a single, black claw shooting from each digit. **“Claws!?”** But it continued, and she rolled hands over to show white paws once more. Something was pushing up from these hands, and furless, pink paw pads took shape on the bottom while a single bead arose on each finger with a fifth beneath the pad.

As if to mock her, even fluffier fur erupted around her wrists, giving these paws an appeal as if they were mere gloves. But they *weren’t*. They were created with her flesh and blood. And before she even had a chance to fully process their appearance? Warmth and pressure alike collected within her boots, and a matching pair of lower paws burst forth, completely obliterating her boots much to the Miqu’te’s surprise. **“WAN!?”**

Silvia lifted one foot and then the next after dropping the first, her movements generally clumsy while hands did the same. With their greater size, each growth was much heavier than normal hands and feet. **“What type of animal...? No, maybe they belong to a monster?”** There was a means to become a succubus temporarily within the Palace of the Dead, and the scholar inside of her couldn’t help but lead her to believe the effects were similar.

Although... While she was fixated on these meaty paws, her tertiary traits as a feline were unknowingly being sacrificed too. Typically, a Miqote's ears and tail bore the same fur color as the hair atop their head, but both areas soon found themselves embroiled in a brown not unlike those on her paws. Regarding her ears: they reached towards the ceiling, their triangular shapes sharpening and twitching with an increased sensitivity, all while the white from around her paw pads found its way into these triangles as fluffy tufts. Silv's ear design lent itself more towards the vulpine than the feline now.

And this assessment? It was made all the more definitive considering the fate of her now brown tail. The cat-like ropiness of its design became inherently stiffer with a slight bend in the center while her furs stood on end. But those furs likewise grew, tail puffing up dramatically to the point where its fluffier volume demanded the scholar's attention. While it drew to a point at the tip, the main body of this tail was about as thick with fur as the woman's torso and was softer than even her paws.

The moment Silvia caught sight of it, she couldn't help but grab it with her paws and yank it in front of her. "**FUWA!?** It's so super **FUWA, wan!**" Fuwa...? What did that mean? *Fluffy*? Somehow, she felt like it meant it was fluffy. Not to mention the wans were becoming more frequent, and she'd more or less stopped finding them unusual altogether.

She couldn't stop fondling her tail, honestly. Even though her paws were so big and fluffy themselves, she could still feel the softness of her tail on the pads. No amount of fondling could halt her changes though, and the ruby of her hair found itself in jeopardy next. Well, not only the color. The lengths of it were subjected to what could only be interpreted as a very harsh treatment of sorts, ends straightening and sticking out in every direction – all while a cherry blossom pink swept through to completion. It looked messy, but in a weirdly *adorable* way.

"Wait... This isn't r-r-r-right!? Is it! I'm not all fuwa like this, wan! I'm usually... Um..." Her voice, having jumped to a high but expressive pitch, stuttered for a moment thanks to her jumbled ego. At the same time, her eyes had not only taken on a golden glow but also widened horizontally while narrowing vertically. It created the impression that she might be a native of Doman, even though she absolutely wasn't.

A number of other changes had struck her face as well, including canine teeth that poked out from between her lips like fangs. Lips that, by the way, had swollen to a plumpness that shone naturally. Beautiful, yet adorable. This trend struck her with a smaller nose and rounder cheeks

as well, and before long she had a perpetual, circular blush playing upon her cheeks.

Needless to say, she hardly looked like Silvia anymore.

“My name is... Silvia Cat?” Apparently, her mental state wasn't faring much better. She could recall hailing herself as an intellectual, and yet she couldn't string together any thoughts that were particularly complex. Instead, she was growing easily distracted and less critical of both herself and her surroundings. She also felt much more carefree about her own circumstances. This place... she almost felt like she knew where she was?

All that was left with her body was a simple remolding anyways. But first? She needed to grow to pass the strength check. Of course she was fit, but her physical state was part of the reason she leaned into casting jobs when it came to combat. But no longer would that be a concern! ...In part because she couldn't even remember what her last job was anyways, but more credibly all of the muscles throughout her body tensed and bulged, making her far stronger physically.

Only for that strength to be obscured by a supple softness that slipped between her muscles and her skin. Silvia's increased bulk made her sleeves uncomfortable, but flesh bulged out freely around the hems of her thigh highs as thighs themselves became incredulously soft and supple, so much that they touched one another from across the aisle.

“Wan!?” A bark – *as she now understood this to be mimicking a dog* – sounded from surprise at the feeling of her undergarments being squeezed against her ass and pelvis, full responsibility falling upon her ass. It had swollen dramatically over just a few moments, lifting the back of her tunic, and showing bare rump in the process. Her panties had been slurped up by her cushiony tushy, grinding the front of her crotch and exposing some of the wild, pink pubes that hid beneath in the process.

If felt like the ultimate wedgie! But if that were considered a wedgie, was there a term for a similar feeling in her chest area? Because... **“BOINGIES!?”** Silvia arched her back and she cried out a very chaotic and childish term thanks to the front of her tunic practically exploding, cloth frayed, and bra snapped thanks to the culmination of a building pressure beneath her bosom that finally resulted in a spontaneous and tremendous growth.

“My boobies, wan!” Tits bounced free in a way that was extremely captivating to the woman's simplified mind, flopping in opposite directions before meaty paws caught them. Each orb was at least a DD,

jiggly and firm. And Silvia? She felt absolutely no shame by exposing them. Rather, she felt extremely bummed that she somehow knew she had to cover them for her *idol gig*.

Entirely on cue, she was stripped completely bare by an invisible force for only a second, only for an alternate outfit that fit her curves to sweep down and upon her from head to toe. It was a puffy waitress ensemble decorated with red and white vertical stripes, complete with a hat and matching apron that lent itself to a much more cute and stylized aesthetic. Perhaps most amazing of all was the giant roller skates that consumed her foot-paws. With a white exterior and red wheels, it was undoubtedly a standout feature – if not how her ample cleavage was displayed, or the cute apron with her new name etched upon it. Adding to it all was the big, red bow that bound her wild hair into a ponytail behind her.



Body and clothes alike assimilated into this new environment by way of its strange air, *Tamamo Cat* was now sniffing around the cat woman on the couch as if she were a total stranger. “**Who put this strange one here? But her chest is all BOINGY!**” She’d knelt beside the ‘stranger’ and had taken notice of her chest, suddenly slapping it with one of her meaty paws to see how much it bounced. A lot!

On the other hand? The gesture was enough to snap the unconscious S’aiya out of her trance. Eyes flickered open, and immediately met those of the fox... cat... dog... thing. “**What the hell do you think you’re doing?**” She was quick to jump up and reach for her blades, only to find them absent? Where was she? Where was Silvia? What was this strange woman dressed in a waitress costume doing?

“**Oh, I understand now! You must be my new partner!**” Huh? What did that mean? How did she even come to that conclusion? But before she could even comprehend an answer, the fox had jumped her and was snuggling up against her body breasts first. “**Don’t worry, you’ll understand in a moment, wan!**” Did this fox just make a dog noise? No, she was fairly certain she wasn’t going to understand *anything*.

“Get off of me you stupid animal! Just because your breasts are a little bigger than mi— Wait, why do I care about that!?” A fair question, really. Why had that gripe come to mind? It didn’t sound like something she would worry about. Even so, she pushed Tamamo Cat away while disoriented.

Funnily enough, the fox... cat... *thing* stopped moving closer to her after that, and instead perched herself on the dressing room table while golden eyes watched the Miqu’te with a little too much interest for her comfort. S’aiya leered back. Was the beast woman staring at her *head*?

She certainly *was*! And for good reason, at that. Among the brown with black streaks of the goth’s hairdo was a color that certainly didn’t belong there. An exceptionally hot pink that stood out like a sore thumb – first only dancing among a few strands, but rapidly claiming her full head. Curls unfurled to become impossibly straight, and an almost implausible length spread throughout as it fanned out in layers in both directions behind her.

It spilled down past her cat tail, one that found its fur temporarily painted in the same pink as her hair and ears. But those ears? They appeared to be growing smaller and smaller still. **“Huh?”** Until, for just a second, S’aiya had to speak because she’d become temporarily deaf. Her ears had disappeared only for a new pair to take shape at the sides of her head. Long and pointed, they resembled those of an elezen even though the continued presence of a tail suggested otherwise.

“Did you do something to me?” The Miqu’te held a handful of bright pink in her hand and was glaring daggers at the fox. The only response she received was a cat-like smirk from her however, forcing S’aiya to stomp defiantly. **“I asked you a question, you stupid fox! ACK!? What’s going on with my voooice!?”** Out of nowhere she’d begun to sound so shrill, and even her choice of words felt far more childish than the typical wit she was known for.

On the other hand, childishness was all she was being left with. Her stature had begun to diminish, and while relatively tall for a Miqu’te, that advantage was swiftly being allocated elsewhere. **“I’m shrinking too!? WHY!? Well, if I’m smaller I’ll be cuter...! Eh? Since when do I care about being cute?”** Even the amount she was squeaking was concerning, because S’aiya was not typically one to talk more than she absolutely had to.

She could spew one million words a second and it wouldn’t change her fate though. Her height was dropping rapidly in a way that didn’t leave any one part of her looking wrongly sized while compared to the rest. Arms and legs collapsed, and her torso fell in tandem. But surprisingly

she wasn't even all that bothered with growing shorter, at least not when confronted with-

“MY BREASTS ARE SHRINKING!?”

It was a shriek of agony that could have broken glass, yet she was forced to watch with fingers groping bosom as she both saw and felt its hefty weight diminish. They'd been on the verge of E-cups while the fox had smacked them earlier, but as the skin tight top flattened dramatically, one could hardly even call what she sported an A-cup. **“No, no, no! This is so unfaaaair! Why me!?”**

Once upon a time S'aiya had hated this hefty bosom for it had been placed upon her via a curse, but now? Her twisting personality was being fashioned into something much vainer, and she now lamented their loss. Just as she soon mourned an ass and thighs that followed suit, leaving her figure short and stalky.

The next she stomped? Her foot lifted right out of the boot with how small it had become. Narrowed hips did little to keep her frilled skirt upon her lower half, but fortunately the belt just managed to keep it clinging on just as the skin tight nature of her top kept it in place despite her absent bosom and extremely tiny gait. In terms of body shape and the design of her curves, she best resembled a young teen now.

Well, that explained her personality a little!

It could readily be seen in her face too. A once mature looking face had become small and pouty, any gothic makeup erased from her features to leave a soft and smooth complexion with wide eyes that shone a bright blue. She was hardly recognizable as S'aiya anymore, suggesting her DNA had been fundamentally changed in its entirety. *But at least she was cute!*

“How am I supposed to be the top idol if— E-Eh? Top idol? Do I really want to be an idol? Y-Yeah! Of course I do! I want nothing more than to be an idol!” Even then, she didn't feel entirely certain about this answer. She was tapping her hips impatiently and confused as she mulled this declaration over, absolutely oblivious to the hot pink coating that had originated in her fingernails and eventually spread down to her palms, coating each finger entirely as if they were claws.

Tamamo Cat continued to watch, her simple gaze fixated on what was swishing back and forth behind the girl that was now of the tender age

of fourteen. She'd previously been watching her tanned skin pale in patches, but this was more interesting!

Clumps of pink fur had been peeling away from this tail with every flick, after all. Each swish saw it barer, and beneath? There wasn't pale skin, but instead a plethora of black scales that appeared reminiscent of a lizard. Or perhaps a *dragon*? Nah, probably a lizard! Once it was completely stripped of every hair, a pair of hot pink growth promptly shot out from the sides of the black tip, splitting it into a V-shape. All of this happened without S'aiya's notice.

She was too out of it anyways. Her mind was going a mile a minute, jumping in every direction as she struggled with both muddled memories and an insatiable energy. **"My name's... S'aiya? It isn't, right? That's such an ugly name! Hey, don't insult my name! Er... No, but it's not?"** It was like watching a one girl comedy show that was failing miserably. Thankfully, something put a stop to it.

"OW!?" Everything else had been painless, but not the protrusions that erupted from her skull. Clawed hands reached up to take hold as she felt them slither upwards, growths of smooth bone that curved out and in again before narrowing at the points. Tamamo Cat was obscuring the room's only mirror at the time, but somehow? S'aiya seemed to know how they looked.

More like: *she remembered.*

Black at the tips, pink in the middle, and white at the base! She could picture her beautiful horns perfectly! Some of the white from her right horn even seeped into her bangs, giving her a single white streak in the front. With the recognition of her horns came a sudden confidence boost, and the child cast aside all her doubts... *like an idiot*. Maybe if she'd continued to question her condition, she could have retained her old identity? But her new personality was foolish enough to simply cast it aside.

"Ahaha! Of course I'm an idol! Dressed like this, what else could I be!?" For a brief second this declaration seemed to be without merit considering she was still clad in what could best be described as *'the seeker of a goth gf's wet dream'*, but as had been the case with the fox, her own body was stripped bare and presented with a much more fitting costume.

It was an elaborate, purple dress with a very Japanese rock flair. The jacket turned into a skirt with silver studwork, but even then, there were frilled layers of black and purple beneath them. Her sleeves, completely leather, were detached and fluttered out behind her like a black dragon's

wings with spikes at the cuffs, while a plethora of belts were wrapped beneath her tiny chest. There were her leather boots too of course, but also a silver, horned charm with glowing, red eyes and mouth above the belts. And her hair? It was still fanned out behind her, but the tops were pulled into two tiny tails with purple scrunchies, while a black bow rested to the right on one of the stretches of bangs that framed the girl's face.



“Do you feel better noooow, wan!?” Throughout the entire transformation, the beast woman had merely watched quietly as the big boobied cat woman had turned into a familiar face. *Elizabeth Bathory!* Dress up as an idol, as she should be! This floating city hosted the infamous *Grail Live* after all, an idol competition of the ages!

The dragon girl blinked as if momentarily confused by the fox's question. Something certainly felt *odd* even if she'd more or less come to terms with... What was she coming to terms with again? Had she always been this short? Clawed hands fluttered to her chest. Or this *flat*? It felt... wrong. But any attempt to rationalize this wrongness was instead supplemented by a strong feeling of jealousy aimed at her 'partner'.

“No fair! It's really no fair!” Like the child she resembled, she stomped a heel against the floor with her hands all bawled up, tail standing straight behind her. **“Why did I get paired up with someone with such a huge chest! I, Elizabeth JAPAN, the greatest idol of all time, need to be the center of attention! But you...!”** Cat was going to steal all her thunder!

Unknowingly returning a gesture that had been struck upon S'aiya earlier, she stepped forward and slapped Tamamo Cat's enormous chest, watching the contents bounce back and forth from the physical trauma. **“How am I supposed to compete with these!? No faaaaair!”**

“Muhuhu! You could stuff your chest, wan!”

“DIE!”

“Could you slap me there again, wan? It felt good!”

“Ugh.”

The girls are fighting again!