

YEAR OF TINY TIGERS

COMMISSION STORY

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The Year of the Bull had come and gone in a flash, and the Divine General representing this animal could not help but feel just the slightest bit melancholic. Well, *no*. To call it ‘slight’ would have been a very apparent understatement. Thinking that the year’s end meant that she might have to part the Grandcypher, she might as well have been experiencing a bout of crippling depression!

You see, her journey over the course of that year had brought her close to the Grandcypher’s captain, Gran. Her whole life she had been preparing to be the perfect bride, and she had *finally* found the man with which she wished to put those skills to the test with! He was *absolutely* her Prince Charming, and the cow-themed Draph wanted nothing more than to be his princess forever!

...Even if the two of them had wildly different ideas about the nature of their relationship. Catura might have been all in, but Gran himself was clueless about her feelings. Okay, ‘clueless’ *might* have been just a tad disingenuous, but he certainly didn’t respond with the same amount of interest that she gave him. He was more or less hoping that her feelings would mellow out into something more platonic over time.

In a way that truly embodied the vibes of teenaged angst, Catura that evening had found herself beneath an old peach tree on the island they were currently docked at. When she was feeling down she found it best to give herself some space from the others. She might have approached Gran with her woes were said woes not *about* him. **“It isn’t fair. I wish we could be together forever...”**



Because it was so high up and obscured by the tree's foliage, the Draph was oblivious despite the fact that one of the peaches in the tree had begun to glow a tender orange. It was resonated with her words – the wish she had half-heartedly made while lamenting the circumstances that she currently faced. The fruit was bursting forth with the power necessary to make her wish a reality. The conundrum, however? The wish did not contain any specifics.

And there was certainly more than one way to keep two people together forever.

“Hweh?” While Catura had practically been sitting in a depressed ball since arriving, she promptly perked up thanks to a tingle that wracked through her form. The evening air was a little chilly what with the sun disappearing over the horizon, and so her mind immediately

went to the thought that her body had just gotten a little cold. In a worst case? Maybe she was getting sick! Then she could delay her leave, and Gran would have to take care of her. Now that wouldn't be *too* bad, would it?

Unfortunately for her, she hadn't quite been correct with that assessment. The chill had originated from somewhere much more fundamental, and it spoke to a magic that was now flowing into her flesh, her mind, and her *soul*. The scent of peaches grew ever stronger in the process, emanating from Catura's skin and hair, like it was baked into her very existence. Until finally?

“Huh? Why am I sinking...?” The Draph had still been sitting beneath the tree, utterly unaware of the fact that anything worth concerning herself over had begun. At least until it began to feel like she was sinking in her seat. Was the earth swallowing her up? Looking down at herself, that didn't *seem* to be the case. **“Am I getting smaller!?”**

It was a very unbelievable thing to shout, really. People didn't just *shrink* unless they had the power to do so, and Draph women were already among the shortest of the races if you didn't count Harvins. But with her top translucent as it was, it wasn't all that difficult to make out how her breasts were fading before her very eyes. **“No, no, no!”** She

pawed at her bra not because she wanted it to fit, but because Catura knew the importance of having a nice body when it came to catching a man's eye.

While she was certainly catch her cups, she hadn't caught a more subtle change as both her ass and thighs thinned in a similar fashion to her chest. Her voice was growing ever higher, even though in truth she had actually *grown* a few centimeters taller. It made her sound *younger*, which if you were to look at her face... *Yeah*, that was totally what was happening. Her already round cheeks looked even rounder than before, with wider eyes and smaller horns. Typical of young Draphs, even though her bosom had collapsed it was still fairly pronounced – although thankfully obscured by cups none the less.

“Am I a kid!?” Jumping up, her thigh highs peeled from scrawny legs while her shorts fell from her hips. Her underwear hung on for dear life with hips narrowed compared to what they used to be, but all in all while she had shrunk? It wasn't vertically so. Her limbs were actually slightly longer! All of her shrinkage had been regarding her figure *exclusively*. **“But *my underwear!*”** Yeah, you could definitely see those, and she seemed to be far more sensitive about it than she normally was.

I'm not going to be like one of those women in those books!

...*Huh? What books? Where had that thought come from? A memory of some kind? But certainly not a memory that *should* have existed in Catura's mind. It left her standing there dumbfounded, and *while* she was dumbfounded, her situation only worsened in a way that she wasn't even noticing.*

Observing the youthened Draph's hair, you could easily see that its silvery blues were shifting in favor of a color that could be seen as much more mundane by some. That was because it was a golden blonde, a color that was fairly common among the people of the sky. And if it had stopped *with* the color? Then perhaps it wouldn't be seen as all that dramatic since it could easily be washed out with dye. But Catura's locks, which were practically Rapunzel length, found themselves cut just at the base of her shoulders. The excess just faded away, serving no extra purpose.

A change in color wasn't limited *only* to her hair, mind you. Her golden irises sparked to life with a dull crimson, while thinning eyebrows adopted the same blonde as that which rested atop her head. Strangely enough, with the focus on her face it was evident that there was more going on than a color swap though, for while still round, her cheeks

thinned along with a collapsing skull so that her *head* looked much smaller and much fairer.

“I feel so... *weird!*” Catura herself could not really keep up with what was going on, and there were forces at work that were making it harder for her to perceive them. She felt much bubblier, with a smirk playing at the corners of smaller lips despite normally wearing a much more neutral resting expression. Everything that she held dear was disappearing from her psyche, and the castle she had erected in her head that was representative of her fairy tale ending? It was *crumbling*. Why was she so restless? Why *wouldn't* she be this restless?

In the meantime, the Draph's horns began to look... *off*. They whites were darkening, and yet that darkness came with a soft looking texture - almost like fur. They soon *opened*, revealing a plush inside lined with white tufts of softness, while the exteriors became gold at their bases. There was no doubt that these were the ears of an Erune, which in turn made the pair of pointed Draph ears on the sides of her head moot. Naturally they disappeared beneath her hairline before long.

Catura's figure was still thinning even as the energy within reached a boiling point. She couldn't sit still as legs and arms became thin and stinky. The generous chest size that had been left by her Draph heritage flattened into nothingness in the process, leaving her background much more questionable. ***But I'm an Erune, aren't I? Born from a peach!***

Or so she had thought, but that sounded a little weird somehow. Nonetheless, an extra appendage began to wriggle up from the bottom of her jacket. A tail, furred with orange and black stripes like a tiger's. Incidentally but not unintentionally the animal that came after the bull in the zodiac.

“*Hup!*” Overwhelmed by her own vigor, the child hopped with both feet away from the tree some. The moment those feet hit the ground, a ripple saw her outfit transform in an instant thanks to a flash of red light. She was left clad in a red dress with detached miko sleeves, a cute bow in front and a frilly underskirt attached. Her hair was even pulled up into tiny twintails. With a bell dangling from her chest, it was clearly the same kind of outfit most Divine Generals wore. Perhaps stranger were the gloves and boots she was wearing, for they were fashioned to resemble the paws of a tiger.

But we represent the tiger, though?

“This is kind of a lame-o place to be sitting! My sister isn’t even here!” With a feeling that almost sounded like a POP within her very soul, the final pieces of the puzzle that was her new ego clicked into place. Gone entirely was the young Draph teen that dreamed of marriage, and in her place there was naught but an Erune child – eyes of red demonstrating just how wired and rambunctious she had become, while blonde hair was tussled to suggest that she had been jumping around.



Finding her current circumstances to be *boring*, *Huang* of Cidala hopped up onto her tiny feet and did a cute little twirl to sort out the kinks in her muscles. She wasn’t like her sister, always idling and reading. She wanted to run around, play, have fun! She wasn’t about curling up and being depressed! **“I’m gonna go find Bai so we can play!”** At this *fun* idea, her fluffy tiger ears perked up. She hadn’t even realized that it was a day earlier, just hours before she’d meet the crew of the Grandcypher.

And off she ran. *Like Naruto.*

In the meantime, Gran had already returned to his quarters after a busy day of this and that. There was never a shortage of errands to be run when you were the captain of an airship, and that day was no exception really. It was a shame, because it limited the time he had left to see Catura before she went back. They still had the next day, but for all the help she had been the girl deserved a little more than the bare minimum he could afford. So, instead of going to bed right after showering, he was planning on going to find her.

Before he could even get to that point though, he was given a reason to pause. The young man hadn’t even reached the point where he was going to remove his clothing, but it seemed like *it was removing itself*? At the very least this was true of his pants, which had just dropped from his waist without warning. He was very lucky that he hadn’t been in the hall or another public space. **“What the—!?”**

There had been no change in his hips that had prompted the loss of his pants, but there *had* been a change when it came to his waistline. Without any warning (short of a strange chill he had dismissed) his waistline had crunched in so that it was much narrower. With Gran's pants designed to cling to them, it was only natural that they would fall like they had. What *wasn't* natural was their loss of mass in the first place. **"How did... Huh?"**



He'd naturally reached down to investigate the cause, but he didn't even get to the point of lifting up his blue top before he caught sight of his fingers. They were longer and thinner than he remembered, appearing downright soft and girlish, with slightly longer nails. This wasn't even isolated to his *hands*, for his heels had collapsed along with his toes within his socks.

"Wait, they look like a... I'm not becoming a *girl*, am I?" If he sounded strangely calm, it wasn't because he wasn't surprised. He was *too* surprised, and so he couldn't work out the mental capacity to express it properly. Even as he pondered this possibility his body's silhouette was diminishing, as a few inches were shaved from him, making him appear smaller.

The band of his boxers was quick to tighten, for his hips suddenly swung wider to make up for what was lost from his waist. It was only a few inches, but it gave space for both his thighs and ass to suddenly swell until they were much more pronounced, albeit not excessively so. That wasn't where Gran's hands went, mind you.

They hovered over his chest where he could feel his nipples rubbing up at his shirt's underside. Rubbing... Rubbing... *Growing*. Those nipples were swollen, and the flesh beneath them even more so. Fingers eventually came down on them, pressing into breasts that formed tenderly and swelled into C-cups. He ended up so caught up in their growth that he didn't realize *her* dick and balls had dissipated, much less that her hair had straightened and fallen to her shoulders.

“This feels... *Hey! Where are you going!?*” Too lost in the sauce, her voice cracked and hands withdrew because they were quite simply given no choice in the matter. The mass that had just grown once again began to fade from the new woman’s body, as was all of the weight in her thighs and butt to boot. Not only that, but the world around her looked bigger and— *Wait*, was this the same room she’d been in a second ago? This was *her* room, but it didn’t look right...

Whether she had been displaced or not, what was important was that she was shrinking. She fell to the 4’8” mark, taking on a height identical to that of Catura’s new form while a youthfulness made itself apparent in her features – most noticeably a face that had been feminized *and* youthened so that she looked the part of a little girl that she had become physically. Thinking back to what she had just done, she couldn’t help but blush. *This isn’t one of my books!* ...Despite her age, she liked to read things she shouldn’t.

She squeaked with her heightened voice, realizing the only thing that covered her body was that blue shirt – and even then it felt *really* big now. Fortunately for her, much of its weight was supported by that which had begun to extend from her tailbone: a prehensile appendage that slithered and wagged, silver fur with black stripes making it look almost like a fluffy hose. It was a tiger tail not unlike Huang’s. But that wasn’t all, for her human ears had been slowly crawling up the sides of her head towards its peak, becoming pointed, coned, and clad in silver and black fur just like her tail. The perfect pair of tiger-inspired Erune ears.

The child herself felt so disoriented. She had forgotten things that were important, she felt? But she couldn’t really figure out *what* those memories were. Her brown eyes took crimson undertones as they brightened to match her cuter resting expression, and the silver from her fur was quick to paint her brown hair to match. And with a flash of red? Her outfit came to be identical to that of Huang’s but with silver in place of gold when it came to her gloves and boots.

Blink... Blink... Blink...

Slowly but surely she began to piece things together again. Her identity, where she was, what she was supposed to be doing. But even though it made *sense*, it didn’t mean that it felt *right*. As if doubting reality itself, she was patting herself down with some measure of disbelief. Once she concluded her body wasn’t the problem however, she turned her attention to the room itself.

“Mm... *The qi flow in this room feels off.*” Identical to the girl that Catura had become short of the fact that her head was covered by hair of

silver, the child observed the room she was standing in with a very calm and reserved expression. *Bai* had been displaced so that she was a ways away from the airship at a time a day earlier, standing in the room she shared with her sister in the home she called her own. **“Was I getting ready for bed? But Huang isn’t here...”**

Her silver-striped tiger tail swished about behind her while she peeked about. She couldn’t remember what she had been doing just before that, but she also knew that their duties as the next Divine General were on the cusp of being realized. She wasn’t afforded long to ponder on it before the door flew open and she was pounced like a cat’s prey, though. By a girl that looked like, and smelled of the same peaches that Bai did. It could only be her twin sister.



“GOTCHA!” Huang had crashed in and pounced on her, tiger-paw gloves gripping Bai’s shoulders as she laid on her back like a puppy that had been bested by its sibling. Which was more or less the case here. **“Why are you moping around our room, sis? Laolao said its time to have dinner and bathe, and then after we can play!”** It was so typical for Huang to forget about their responsibilities when she was feeling energetic.

Fortunately, Bai was strong enough to push her off with a sigh. **“Sister, we have duties to perform tomorrow, don’t we? So maybe we shouldn’t play too late?”**

“But!?”

Bai could already tell. They were going to end up playing anyways.