

CATGIRLS + FUN = *BOING*

GIFT COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a beautiful evening in Ul'Dah, which meant all kinds of people were out. Musicians looking to earn an audience, vendors seeking the coin from an increased turnout of patronage, tourists from elsewhere in the world that had come to the city state for business or pleasure – Ul'Dah truly was the type of place that attracted *all* kinds.

The sun was setting, which in turn brought out the city's night life as well. It was relatively well known that Ul'Dah was home to some of the most exciting bars, clubs, and strip clubs in all of Eorzea. Some were tourists in the city just for that reason alone, and while it provided a substantial boost to the local economy, it wasn't a market that everyone approved of.

After all, some of the people it brought in were seedy at best. Clubs and strip clubs in particular were a breeding ground for crime, with the Eternal Flames only capable of attending to so many reports. It wasn't as if one could petition the Warrior of Light to deal with petty crimes either, which led to public disdain towards these venues and the people they brought in.

Silvia and Lysseria were among the ranks of those whose ire had been earned, but that would not keep the pair of them from going out at night. There was a level of pettiness that they wouldn't fall to. Besides, it wasn't like they'd lose braincells passing by the bimbos and sluts that walked the busy streets at night.

“Just ignore them, Silvia.” The two had been walking along at their own leisure when one such bimbo had collided with the Miqu’te scholar, who had been reading a book at the time while using the vague image of Lyss’ bunny back to guide herself while not paying attention to the ground. The slut hadn’t apologize and had sauntered off in a drunken state, leaving the feline to murmur profanity beneath her breath while picking up the tome she had dropped in the process.

She was lucky to have Lysseria around at times like this. The Viera was a steadier presence in her tumultuous life, and while Silv wasn’t the type to lash out regularly, when it came to her texts and studies, she was a little more sensitive. **“I don’t understand why they’re so active outside when the weather is nice. Are most of the bars not indoors? Don’t plague the rest of us with your inconsiderate presence.”**

“What a stuffy bitch!”

A rapid voice had chimed from the crowd. It was unknown if they’d overheard Silvia or were responding to something else, but it was enough to bring the ruby-furred woman’s fur to bristle. Lyss just reached back and flicked her on the forehead. **“They weren’t talking about you, don’t pay them any mind.”**

The deeper they wandered into the city’s entertainment district, the more women like this there seemed to be. Had there really been this much of a doom in that particular industry? Both Silvia and Lysseria held similar thoughts, particularly as they passed a group of gratuitously proportioned Miqu’te. All dolled up in sexy dresses that showed off curves that didn’t appear all that natural. Their manner of speech was littered with ‘like’s and ‘totally’s. Silv was sure she could never get along with someone like that, and she couldn’t stifle a roll of her eyes as she passed them.

Apparently? One member of the group had taken notice. **“Hey, like, don’t give us that look! If you two knew how good and fun and stuff this was, you’d totally join us!”** Or so the platinum-haired bimbo had mewled like a stupid cat. Lyss retained her composure (*Silv was jealous that she had that level of self-control*), but it was her Miqu’te companion that just froze up and shot the moron a glare.

“Doubt it” were the only words she hissed at the stranger before storming off, pushing her Viera friend from behind to indicate she wanted to get out of her as quickly as possible. The group of bimbos were left in their dust, but they didn’t stop chattering about the encounter even with the two adventurers absent.

“Oh we’ll, *like*, see about that!”

“*Ugh*, I feel like I got stupider walking through the entertainment strip. We should just go the long way next time.” Finally back in the inn room they had been renting from the Adventurer’s Guild, Silvia was quick to slam her tome on the nearest table and air her frustrations aloud. She knew Lyss would stand there quietly and listen, but she likely wouldn’t fan the flames any. The Viera also wasn’t a fan of women like that, but there was no point in letting them get to you. She just wished Silv could be a little more tolerant so incidents like that didn’t happen as often. **“And who did she think she was!? *Sigh*... I’m overreacting, huh?”**

Plus, Silvia always realized when she was overstepping. It was better to just let her realize it herself. Lyss snickered once she finally did. **“I don’t think your feelings are invalid or anything, it’s just a matter of not giving people like that the time of day. I’m sure they all have problems too, that’s why they act like that.”** Not to say she was sympathetic, but having a basic understanding was what allowed her to keep her cool.

The Miqu’te sighed once more. For a little while now, or at least since that encounter, her head had felt a little light? Maybe she was dizzy? It was hard for her to say. She just knew she felt a little *unwell*. Had she communicated this fact to Lysseria at the time, they two of them might have realized they were both feeling the same thing. But as the saying goes:

Too little, too late.

“I guess you’re right, but I *totes* don’t see the appeal of that lifestyle.” Silv had continued the conversation as she hung up her coat so that she was only wearing her undershirt and pants, but Lyss, who was pouring herself a glass of water, wasn’t sure what she’d just heard. Had Silvia said ‘*totes*’? Perhaps she had just been thinking too strongly about that irritating crowd and it had simply slipped out? That was the most likely scenario, all things considered. Pointing it out would just upset her though, and so the Viera kept it to herself.

Since neither of the duo were really looking at one another as they worked to put their things away after a busy day, it was the perfect time for the unfathomable to start its work. Although, at first? It seemed to have its tendrils stuck in Lysseria more than Silvia. This was for good reason – the two were now aboard a figurative train of change, but Lyss had one additional step that Silvia didn’t require to reach the final

station. Quite simply: Lyss was not the correct race for what was to come. Not *yet* anyways.

She had actually moved into the bathroom for the time being, hoping to freshen up while Silv put away her things. Drawing water to the sink, she would opt to wash her face and hands quickly and was weighing the possibility of filling a bath, for if *she* didn't use it Silvia undoubtedly *would*. While the sink was being filled to wash up, Lyss didn't miss a beat. Her adventuring clothes were thick and heavy, not practical for lounging around the inn as she had planned for the rest of the evening, and so she stripped down to the black tank top and high cut, black shorts she wore beneath it all. **"I suppose I need to get my gear treated soon too..."**

Distracted by these mundane activities, one could hardly fault her for noticing the effects of the curse the two of them had been unknowingly placed under beginning to bear fruit. As she bent forward to fold up her jacket, the gap between her tank-top and shorts in the back was hoisted up a little, revealing not only a brightly colored butterfly tattoo above her ass – a tramp stamp – but likewise a nub beginning to push itself out from where her tailbone rested. Viera, despite resembling rabbits, did not *typically* possess tails.

This growth was making a compelling argument to the contrary. It only took a matter of moments for it to slither even longer, tubular in shape but beginning to wriggle from side to side passively for the bones contained within allowed it. It did not remain fleshy in appearance for long though, for spurts of white fur began to erupt across this new appendage. All in all, it didn't much look like it belonged on Lyss even if Viera *did* have tails. It looked much better suited for a Miqu'te.

But who was to say Lysseria *wasn't* a Miqu'te?

She knew she was a Viera, but her body was gradually telling a *different* story. First it had been the emergence of the tail, but there were other signs. The shape of her nose was another, for while Viera typically had flatter tips and wider nostrils, that had all collapsed. The tip of her nose was longer and rounder now, looking more in line with Hyur and Miqu'te noses than anything. But there was also the matter of her *ears*.

Normally they added roughly an additional foot to her height, but now? That boost had already dwindled by half, their rounded tips slowly narrowing to points as they retreated towards her skull while the tufts of fur that protruded from their bases thinned somewhat. They finally ceased their shrinking at around four or five inches, but by that point they had earned a natural tilt backwards and were both perky and sensitive. Like a cat's. Like a *Miqu'te's*.

Her new tail swished side to side as she turned the tap off in the sink, not yet having noticed her reflection. “**Woah...**” Because Lyss had been feeling a little light-headed since they had come in, she chalked it up to a side-effect of that, but a wave of dizziness hit her suddenly. After a brief moment she almost felt as if the sink were closer to her face than it had been just seconds before. “**Hm...?**” Now? It was even *closer*. Not only that, but her tank-top and shorts felt a little looser? It wasn’t the width that was the issue, but the length. Why was her top dangling so low?

Instead of simply looking down, she turned her attention to her reflection. And what she saw?

“WHAT THE HELL!?”

Silvia could hear Lyss scream from the living room of the inn room they were renting and had been about to rush into the bathroom to check on her, when Lysseria herself had instead rushed out. “**Like, what happened to you!?**” For a brief second Silv’s voice had sounded about as vapid as those women she had met on the street, but she was more confused by the woman that had rushed out of the bathroom.

She *had* to be Lysseria. Her voice had sounded the same, and her breasts and hips were roughly the same size. But other than her hair and eye colors? Not much else was reminiscent of her friend’s old form. She’d once towered half a foot over Silvia, but now they were roughly the same height. She’d once been a Viera, but now there was a Miqu’te counterpart in her place. It appeared that her friend had shrunken to better meet the typical height of a Miqu’te woman, and yet her Viera curves? They’d remained in place, making her look all the sexier in an outfit that had become disheveled by the change in sizing. “**You’re... Lyss?**”

“**Like, of course I am! Who else would I be!?**” It was weird to Silvia to see Lyss so flustered by something. She was usually so composed, and yet these circumstances *were* exceptional. She couldn’t really blame her for it. Weird that she’d open her sentence with ‘like’, though. But then again? Silvia hadn’t noticed she had been peppering her own speech with the word either. “**Something *totally* weird is going on! My head has been swimming since you talked to those bimbos!**” No, Silv was re-evaluating things now. Lyss was acting far too emotional, shock aside. Even her body language seemed looser... **maybe not as loose as her big titties were, but— Huh!?** Why was she thinking about that at a time like this?

A strange fate had begun to beset the hair of both Miqu'te as they struggled to grapple with the ill-fated card they had been dealt. For Lyss it was more based on style than anything, with her white locks only subtly being dealt a change in color towards a falsified platinum blonde that would only be noticeable under a certain lighting. Otherwise, it was all about a change in substance. Her wilder do took on a sleek and fluffy volume, the scent of numerous hair care products wafting down to greet her nose as the new Miqu'te's hair became soft and gentle, each curl of its style meticulously fashioned to look a certain way. One might assume she had spent a gratuitous amount of time in front of the mirror trying to make it look the way it did.

One would be right to assume that.

Silvia was faring no better, and in terms of dissonance with what she should have looked like was actually *worse* off. It was the first indicator that anything was going awry with her body, as the tips of her ruby hair darkened to a raven black. **“What’s *like*, wrong with your hair *Silvi*?”** It seemed Lysseria had taken notice, and in pointing it out had referred to Silv with a rather stupid sounding name abbreviation. Not that the one being spoken to noticed.

“*Huh?*” Silvia was too distracted by the question, bringing fingers to the side of her head to tug a strand close just in time to watch the black coloring climb up its length until it met her roots. **“*Whoa! This is all black and sexy and stuff!*”** Wasn’t dark hair super sexy? The guys loved it! Much better than a gaudy red that drew attention away from her *finer* features. The discoloration had also afflicted her tail and ears, and much like Lyss the quality of hair and fur alike had been meticulously groomed to peak softness.

“*Why are we talking like dumbass sluts? I tootally don’t like this, Silvi!*” It was concerning that the now dark-haired feline was getting more caught up in what was happening. She definitely should have been more panicked at everything going on, but Silvia’s lips seemed to be hovering between disinterest and a *smile* of all things. Lysseria couldn’t keep her eyes of Silv’s lips, actually. They just looked so plump, far plumper than before. Had Lyss looked in a mirror she would have found that her own lips looked a similar way.

In fact, makeup was dolling them up quite abundantly. Thick mascara washed their lashes, dark blush practically lathered onto Lysseria’s cheeks with bright red lipstick. For Silvia, though, things took a lighter approach. The colors of blush and lipstick were much softer, almost unnoticeable against her paler skin palette. It almost looked as if the two were wearing opposing colors. *At first.*

It was as if the duo had suddenly been afflicted with opposing status condition if status conditions were so pointless as to affect the melanin in one's body. For Lyss, who was naturally tanned, her skin saw signs of paling. A speckle her and there at first, for a short while they appeared like peculiar cracks against her flesh. But as they built and spread, it was inevitable that these fragments would meet to see her old skin tone vanquished as flesh lightened to match even the bleach blonde of her hair. This fair skin and light hair were an unusual sight to behold, and when paired with her darker makeup it drew plenty of attention to her face.

Of course, it all happened so fast that by the time the duo could react, it was *already* too late.

Almost like the color of Lysseria's skin had been transferred to Silvia, the latter's flesh began to darken in a more consistent manner. At first it was like watching someone tan underneath the heat of the sun with the speed turned up, as she become golden brown from head to toe in a matter of seconds, but since she continued to darken it began to look less like a tan and more like her natural skin color, particularly as it peaked with a chocolate tone that was only several shades off from pitch black. Like Lyss, her skin more or less matched her hair now, and her light colored but thick makeup stood out all the more fantastically against darkened skin.

“Silvii, you're all dark and stuff!”

“And you *totes* got all, like, white! Like snow!”

Their reactions were blurted out back-to-back, and before long they started examining their own bodies with a curiosity that could only be described as *'bubbly'*. **“Hmm... Were we always so teeny tiny, Lyssi?”** Silvia pierced the silence that had followed once she'd gotten a good look at herself. Something that had been helped by the fact that, well, they were naked. The curse had torn their clothing away without either party noticing, or even caring much it seemed. *Wasn't it pretty normal to be nude in the presence of your BFFF? Wait, how many Fs did that have again?*

At the very least, 'Lyssi' still seemed to have some of her old wits about her. Silvia had succumbed far more quickly, perhaps because the curse's ire had been aimed at her predominantly, but watching her dark-skinned friend be so carefree about it all just made it harder for her to protest. What did she, like, mean teeny tiny? **“Oh! Are you talking about our boobies? I guess they seem a little small...”** But no amount of retained sense could stop her from blurting out a response as she reached out to grope Silvia's own tit as if it were the most natural

thing in the world. Silvia ended up reciprocating. **“Were mine supposed to be bigger? I thought you used to brag that yours were way, waaay bigger?”** Or so she could recall her friend saying, even if it seemed that wasn’t quite the case. Wait, though. Had Silvia ever actually said this? Was this level of intimacy normal between them? It didn’t sound right. It sounded... **“Whoa!?”**

The timing was suspicious, almost as if it had been intent on leading Lyss astray from her breakthrough, but the sudden feeling of Silvia’s breast growing as she held it could not be ignored – nor could the feeling of Silv’s hand clamping tighter around her *own* breast. It wasn’t as if either of them was squeezing though, but what they were holding? *They were growing*, reality correcting a growing dissonance with their memories.

For Silvia? The bloat of her breasts was quite substantial. Lyss had retained the mass of her Viera curves when becoming a Miqu’te after all, so she already was halfway there. But Silv had to bloom fully, so Lyss very quickly had to pull her hand back to better accommodate the swelling mass of her dark breasts and even darker nipples. They swelled so much that the flesh was seeping between Lyss’ fingertips, nipples pushing back her hand more and more while tits pressed against one another in the middle. They were firm, unbelievably so. So much that their mass could only be fake. ***But, like, what’s wrong with big, fake titties? I have ‘em too!***

On that point *she wasn’t wrong*. Silvia was struggling to hold in all of Lyss’ swelling bosom with her hand as well, gratuitous, bouncy, excessively fat tits never quite reaching the heights of Silv’s own, but not ending up too shy of the same sizing. Both women moaned as overactive sex drives kicked in, the combined sensation of the growth and the touching enough to bring their legs to quiver.

Quivering legs did accent another issue though. Both women were earning sizable ports to match their bows, with Lyss earning bonus points here. It wasn’t too surprising, not since Viera were fairly bottom heavy out of the gate and that mass had remained with her race change, but boy did that ass become fat. Much like her tits there was a firmness to them that likely wasn’t natural, indicative of magically placed implants, but every step she’d take would see the once-bun’s buns shift with delight. Silv earned a formidable booty as well, but it appeared she had earned all of the boon in her breasts to compensate.

“Mm...”

“Mm...”

The two appeared to be quite at home groping one another, and their naked bodies were meshing as they drew closer, thick thighs intertwined with one another and shaved pussies pressing up against one another. The scent of alcohol hung in the air; both having grown intoxicated along with their more recent transformations – not that it made much of a difference with their overall IQ drops.

“Honey? Candii? What are you raunchy bitches doing? Like, save some of that for the club!” A vapid, yet familiar voice sang from the room’s front entrance, where a familiar bimbo was standing. It was the same tanned, platinum haired Miqu’te they’d encountered earlier, clad in the same blue dress. **“Why aren’t you sluts dressed? Don’t you want some big, meaty cock tonight?”**

Both of the new bimbos undocked from one another, the new names that had been floated sticking to them like, well, *Honey on Candii*. *Honey* was Silvia’s new name, and *Candii* was Lysseria’s, but honestly? They couldn’t even remember what they’d used to be called. Nor could they remember their ill-fortuned encounter with this woman earlier.

“Oh! You’re totes right! We’re gonna be super fuckin’ late at this point!” It was sad to see the once proud scholar reduced to this empty-headed fucktoy, but she ran over to the rack where she’d originally hung her jacket up to pull down a sparkling, golden *dress* with the back and cleavage completely cut out. Evidently underwear wasn’t a part of the ensemble, for she went completely naked otherwise. On the other hand, Candii had run into the bathroom where she had folded up her adventuring clothes, only to find a similarly cut, red dress that she put on with the same lack of panties. **“Are the other girls outside, Aiya?”**

The Miqu’te in the doorway licked her lips needily, springing in to give Honey’s ass a squeeze playfully. **“Course! And, like, you know? If we can’t find any spicy studs tonight, we ladies can always have a hawt ‘n’ sexy harem again, right? Last time was, mm... really good.”** Aiya was the leader of their pack, a real go-getter that was teeming with both stupidity and depravity alike. Of course, no one knew that she had cursed the duo, or that she was even someone Silvia had known once upon time, in a completely different timeline. Fate had drawn her to this world, and of course she couldn’t just let Silvia be (*especially since she’d been such a bitch to her*). **“This time, Honey, I’m not letting that ass of your get away~! But your sexy, sickly white friend is welcome to join too.”**

Those words had a double meaning in the end. But neither Candii nor Honey had the context to piece that together. They were merely elated,

excited for a hot and sexy night on the town, where they could drink away their worries on their daddies' dimes. Or was it Aiya's dime? Aiya was always buying them things, and apparently her daddy was *reaaaally* rich!

“S-Sickly!? What the fuck! Honey, do I need to put on more makeup!?”

“No way, you sexy slut! You look totally hot! In fact, come here!”

All hope seemed to be lost as the duo embraced intimately, breasts and thighs squished together as they heatedly rubbed each other's bodies with acrylic nails upon slender fingers. **“Heeeey~! No fair! Let me in tooooo!”** Aiya knew she was the one who had caused this, so why wasn't she allowed in this embrace? **“I wanna join in on sexy time too!”**