

A TAO TAIL II.

JULY 2021 REQUEST STORY

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The Miqo'te thief, S'aiya, was elated for once in her goddamn life. For the longest time now she'd been plagued by a curse – one that had stolen away some of her agency and cursed her with the body of a 'big tiddy goth gf' thanks to the desires of the partner she'd been traveling with at the time. Said partner *no longer* ran with her, for obvious reasons.

For nearly two years she'd lived with an overabundance of curves. For two years, every piece of clothing she'd put on had turned into a tight, revealing goth alternative. It had been *hell*. But today? Good fortune had finally shone upon her. Today she had finally had that curse dispelled through another artifact that she had been searching for all this time.

Well, *mostly* dispelled. S'aiya could wear normal clothes again and much of her body had returned to its thinner, toner shape. But her breasts? Their sizing persisted with the E-cups she'd had in her cursed form. It was annoying, but if all she had to worry about was her tits being too big from now on she supposed she didn't have as many complaints.

“This is the inn room Silv is renting, right? I wonder how surprised she'll be...?” She'd wanted her cure to be a surprise, partially because she hadn't been confident it would work. If she had known ahead of time then, in the case that the cure was a failure, Silvia undoubtedly would have fretted over her for far too long. So she'd hooked her up with a shipment of artifacts from out of Eorzea – the same one she'd nabbed the charm she'd needed to revert her curse from in the first place.



Of course, there was no way that she could have know *more* cursed items were within that box of trinkets, and that Silvia had already fallen victim to them by this point in time. **“Actually, what happened in here? Why is it such a mess?”** S’aiya had snuck in through the window only to find all of the artifacts strewn about the room, her friend nowhere to be seen. Had something come up? But the mat on the floor had been kicked up haphazardly, and the window had claw marks on it...

Had she been attacked!?

Distracted by the thought, she hadn’t noticed a cloaked woman climbing in quietly through the window behind her. The hood concealed her face, but you could make out both her bright, red eyes and big, toothy smile despite it. **“AHA!”** The moment she caught sight – or scent of S’aiya in the room, the cat woman pounced and landed on top of the big breasted Miqu’te just as she’d turned around in shock to see who was. **“TAO HAS BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, BIG BOOBY FOOD LADY!”**

The fall knocked the hat right off of S’aiya’s head, and with a growl of anger she delivered a kick to the pouncer’s stomach, sending Taokaka flying back out the window with a wail as she fell onto the balcony below. **“WHAT THE HELL!?”** The thief jumped back up and onto her feet, bamboozled and sore. Who the hell was that? Why had she called her ‘big booby food lady’!? She’d had claws, hadn’t she? Was she the cause of those markings? Had she taken Silv? **“I can’t believe she just attacked *S’aiya* out of the blue like that!”**

Huh? Had she just spoken in third person?

The woman tilted her head to the side with confusion, oblivious to the fact that the very fabric of her being was *already* being unwound by this ‘chance’ encounter. The item that had created Taokaka still remained within this room, and triggered by the original’s presence the effects soon spread to the room’s newest denizens without any apparent trigger for her to notice.

It could be seen best, at first, in S’aiya’s tertiary Miqu’te traits. In the brown ears and tail she’d been born with as an Ul’Dah resident. Her feline ears, believe it or not, *grew* in size. Miqu’te ears were typically rather reserved in size, not taking up too much of their free head space – at least that was supposed to be the case. Yet the bases of her ears

stretched wider, and the tips reached higher. Meanwhile, the cat woman's tail was not only doubling in length but in width as well. Her tail ended up looking much denser as a result, particular at the tip which was swishing back and forth roughly three feet behind her.

And then, all at once, the fur on both her ears and tails changed. It all bristles as it halved in length, the fur's cut much closer to her skin than it should have been. But the color changed with some inconsistency as well. The bulk of their bodies drained from brown to orange, while some brown lingered in the form of spots that found darker edged. Almost like her ears and tail belonged to a different cat altogether, like a cheetah. Patterns like these weren't at all typical for a Miquote. Which made sense because she was moving away from her own race gradually.

As inconsequential as S'aiya's ears and tail were though, she didn't really pay much notice to these changes. Instead she was struggling with something a little less physical. A rapidly dwindling attention span and an energy that she just couldn't seem to reign in. **"Why is S'aiya feeling like this? Didn't she just get rid of her curse!?"** The third person persisted, and while she raised a hand to her lip to indicate surprise she was practically bouncing on her heels.

Which, of course, caused her massive breasts to bounce *boobily*. It wasn't that distracting of a feeling mind you, in no small part because as time wore on their mass diminished. Each bounce carried a little less weight to her bosom than the last, and the base of her white shirt fell lower and lower to cover her bellybutton given time. Before all was said and done her chest was still an impressive size, but it was still half of what it had been just a moment ago.

Even then, they were still bigger than the natural breast size she'd possessed before getting cursed.

"S'aiya feels so... Nn... How does S'aiya feel?" Putting a word to how she felt was difficult. What was this boundless energy that was coursing through her body? Why was it so difficult to think straight? Why was the word 'boobies' suddenly so funny to her? ...Her maturity as an adult was dwindling, and the phenomenon was right on cue for it to reflect in her flesh as well.

A youthfulness settled into the features of a face that already sported a mischievous smile that she couldn't seem to smother. She was distraught, and yet she couldn't appear to stop smiling as if it were her resting expression. But it was clear that her age was barreling back from her twenties and into her late teens, with even a couple of inches shaved off her height once her skin had been rejuvenated.

Where her breasts had shrunk to a more reasonable size, the (*now*) girl's thighs and ass actually grew a little plumper to contrast. She'd waited so long to return her figure to *semi-normal*, only for the one part that was actually fixed to bloat once more. Her thighs, already naturally sun kissed, bulged out with a delight born from both fat *and* muscles, for while she was already buff, that strength appeared to be enhanced slightly. This extended to her ass too, and it swelled with enough force to pop the front button off of her brand-new jeans.

“Oh! S'aiya's pants!?! Er... Why is S'aiya wearing pants?” That shouldn't have struck her as odd, should it have? Why was she fixated on the pants, and not the fact that her body was changing or that her voice was higher? Then again... not a single thing about her body's altered shape had struck her as odd thanks to the effects of the curse that was now plaguing her in the place of the curse she'd only *just* gotten rid of.

Now fretting over her clothes, that obliviousness persisted while an off color swept through S'aiya's hair. Her natural brown had enduring without any alteration all this time, only for a rich blonde to tickle its tones so close to the finish line. Not only that, but the length grew longer and unrulier, dangling over the front of her shoulders like vines.

S'aiya mumbled to herself for a moment. **“S'aicha doesn't like these clothes...”** This was despite the fact that she had only picked them out like an *hour* ago, speaking to her changing preferences. It was to be expected then that these new tastes would finally be represented in her own outfit.

The sides of the tight jacket that she was wearing open over her torso promptly pulled inward to close, buttons clicking together as the dark blue of its leather seemingly lightened into a cotton candy pink felt in its place. The jacket's bottom already hung to S'aiya's hips thanks to her loss of height (*and breasts*), but it dangled even lower and fanned open almost like a skirt near its now pink base.

Buttons multiplied so that there were three on either side vertically, a thick, hot pink zipper running down the gown's center with a yellow pull in the shape of a cat paw just below the base of her neck. The girl's sleeves? They grew incredibly bulbous around her hands, expanding in size so that they almost looked like giant paws with pink and white pawprints on the bottoms, and what looked like a trio of claw slots on the tips of either hand.

The cat girl's posture swayed to and fro a moment. **“Is S'aicha dizzy? Muu...?”** That wasn't really the case. Her pants had been yanked down to her ankles, where they fused with her shoes to create a pair of steel

platformers overlain with cream-colored socks that reached just below her knobby knees. Despite claims of dizziness though, the girl was still smiling. A smile that was growing toothier and toothier, razor sharp fangs on display in an almost eerie way.

So it was fortunate then that from the back of her new jacket, a hood was suddenly pulled up to obscure her face! Ears fit neatly into hot pink pockets while her blonde hair had no choice but to pool out the front. It certainly helped hide the eeriness of her face, and yet her sharp, white small could still be seen... along with the glow of a pair of red eyes within the shadows.

Only one thing remained, and it forced the girl to lurch forward with a cat-like cry. **“NYAH!?”** It was the weight of the hands hidden beneath the oversized sleeves that had sent her spilling. Fingers had compressed and bulged, two of them lost altogether as they took in the shapes of cat paws. But the real weight? It came from what was stashed within those sleeves along with her paws – paws that were also shaped into her feet as well, mind you.

Weapons, tools, all manners of items filled the tips of her oversized sleeves. And S’aiya? She not only knew how to wield them now, but she knew how to navigate that crowded space to make the most of her new arsenal.

“Nununuh... Chacha isn’t sure why she’s here! Actually, Chacha kind of knows, but it feels weird! Chacha’s head is all WEEWO!” The Kaka both knew where she was and didn’t at the same time, just as thinking of herself as ‘Chachakaka’ carried both nostalgia and uncertainty. She didn’t really get it, but it was easier to just not worry so much, right? She had other things to worry about, like the scent of another Kaka nearby?

While that was important, her growing hunger was problematic as well. Instinctually she’d grow more frantic as her hunger wore on, and... **“DON’T TRY IT!”** Before she could finish that thought, she sensed a presence behind her and turned around his in time for her paws to lock



with another's – the two rolling across the floor until they fell upon the bed. It was another Kaka? **“You're...”**

Silvia? Somehow that name came to mind for a second, but a member of the Kaka clan would never have a name like that. **“Taokaka? You're Taokaka, right?”**

“And you're Chachakaka!” Laying on top with her breasts and paws pressing up against Chacha's own, Tao was grinning from ear to ear. Like Chacha, she'd also recognized her as 'S'aiya' for just long enough to forge a connection, one that was taken overly intimately with a Kaka's instinctual traits having a more predominant role in their thought processes. Case in point? Tao began to like Chacha's face affectionately. **“Hey, do you know where Tao can get food? Tao is soooo hungry!”**

Chacha had been recoiling a little from the licking, intent on paying it back whenever she could. Taokaka was lucky she'd instead brought up a topic that was nearer and dearer to leopard-tailed Kaka's interests. **“Food!? Chacha wants to eat too! Chacha can get food easy though, so come with her and do as she says!”** She pushed Tao off gently, making sure to grope the other girl's breast playfully in the process before linking paws and dragging her to the window.

If one thing hadn't changed between S'aiya and Chachakaka?

It was that she was a *very* talented thief.