

CUTIE SOCIETY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Disaster had struck of the utmost concern.

But it had begun with a very confusing *whimper*. Forced to dock at an unmarked island overnight, something very strange had awaited the crew of the Grandcypher the very next day. A second *Chloe* had appeared aboard the airship. Chloe was a young Erune teen who was into fashion and talking like you might expect a JK gyaru girl to speak, and honestly? If you were to ask pretty much *anyone*, only a singular Chloe was *probably* enough.

This had sparked a quick investigation that had uncovered an unsettling possibility: that this second Chloe had been Mahira, Chloe's roommate. But she certainly wasn't *acting* like Mahira, and she didn't seem to remember *being* Mahira either. Nonetheless? She referred to the original Chloe as 'sis'. This had baffled everyone at the time, but befuddlement was quick to turn into panic as, one by one...

Everyone in the mess hall where the two Chloes had gathered began to transform. One by one they turned into more Chloes like a virus jumping between hosts. The Divine Generals, Ferry, Vira, Narmaya, the Dragon Knights, and even *Primals* all succumbed to this phenomenon until the mess hall was practically overflowing with young Erune gyaru girls.

Those who could fled from the airship and into the forested island they had docked at. It seemed that merely being in the *presence* of one of these transformed Chloes for more than a few moments would guarantee a transformation of your own. So those who escaped? They

either sought to investigate the cause from a distance or, in the case of the captains and Lyria, were hidden away for their own protection.



“...Did I become separated from the others? Hm... This is a concerning development.” Ilsa, as had the other members of the Society that had been aboard the Grandcypher at the time the infection had begun to spread, were neatly nestled in the *former* camp; the ones investigating from a safe distance. With their expertise in information gathering it was only necessary that they take the lead on such an important task while the captains were hidden. But Ilsa *had* been traveling

with Beatrix and Zeta. *Had* been.

A late morning fog had rolled in, so thick in nature that they could hardly see in front of their noses as they moved ahead. Something must have gone awry so that they had lost track of one another during that period, because the Erune woman eventually emerged from this fog *alone*. **“At least there shouldn’t be any danger around— Ow!?”** A shoe had fallen out of the tree above her and landed on her head. The cute shoe of... a Chloe who was sitting on a branch up high.

“HEYOOOOOO!”

They had breached containment!?

“Actually... Gotta go! See ya!” The Erune girl jumped down from the branch with ease and ran off deeper into the forest, leaving Ilsa utterly baffled by just how quickly that had all transpired. Why had the Chloe just *up and left*? Was it sparing her? They didn’t have enough information about how much time needed to be in one’s presence for the effects to take hold even if it *was* presumably quite brief.

“I wonder what that was *like*, all... about? ...*Oh no.*” But Ilsa didn’t have to wonder about it for long. That slip in her speech had been telling enough, telling of the fog that had crashed into her mind while beginning to fill it with thoughts of fashion, style, and other things trendy teenaged girls though about often. It was... *distracting*. **“Is it my turn to *BECOME ALL CUTE AND STUFF!?*”** It very much *was*. And much like was the case with everyone else who had been changed, it was swift.

And it was prompt with its attention to alter Ilsa’s *build*. The adult and honestly impressive figure that she possessed as an Erune woman diminished almost immediately, beginning with her *bosom*. **“Oh that is *totes not cool!*”** The woman reached down and pawed at her own bosom, utterly incapable of stopping herself from speaking in a way that was similar to ‘how the kids spoke these days’. By the time her hands had *reached* her breasts? Their sizes had *already* halved – and as those same hands pressed against the weight that remained? It disappeared further until little more than a pair of perky *B-cups* were left instead.

“*Aw maaaaan!*” The infliction she was placing on her own, rising voice was plain. She was sounding more and more like a member of the hoard as her body continued to conform. His once bubble-shaped ass deflated next, along with the meat of her thighs so that her body’s curvature was *still* feminine. It just wasn’t *as* feminine as it had been. Ilsa’s figure had been above average for a woman of her race, yet now it was back down to what was more common. But the perkiness of it all spoke to the idea that she was also a touch more *youthful*. Considering Chloe herself was only *sixteen*, well, that was to be expected.

That age *really* began to show thanks to her height diminishing next. Clothing that had once fit her 5’7” tall body perfectly before was now completely flat around her chest and ass. But inches peeled away until she was roughly *five inches* shorter, around 5’2”. The clothes she was wearing, that had once suited her wholly, clashed with an appearance was just as much youthful as it was now short. It could be easily seen in her face that *twelve* years had been shed along with those inches.

She was no more than a girl in her mid-teens now. **“*OMG!?* I must be a total cutie, right!?** But isn’t this kinda wrong? But... I kinda wish everyone was as cute as me!” *That* was how the Chloes spread their curse. This earnest desire to ‘make everyone as cute as them’ that they just couldn’t ignore. How could she have a problem with this fate when she felt so happy and adorable!?

The stronger these feelings became, the more and more her skin color darkened to a light tan – and the more intensely the makeup was painted on her face.

Not... that Ilsa's face looked much like her own anymore. It had previously become a lot *younger*, yet the spreading of makeup only seemed to exacerbate their changes to erase what little remained of her old identity. Rounder cheeks, smaller eyes, a softer nose; all traits that perfectly mirrored Chloe's to a T. That was tragically a fate that similarly befell her long, black hair too. It was chopped off at her chin in a bob, the rest stolen by the wind as platinum blonde seeped up from her roots to their tips – aside from a strand of pink that was dyed on the left side. Even the fur on her ears paled to a light brown.

The girl was now Chloe's spitting image aside from the clothes that were sliding off of her. But not for long. Another part of the curse seemed to be gaining clothes that Chloe was often seen wearing, and Ilsa? She was dressed up in a black, frilled dress underneath a cream-colored jacket with a hot pink tie. Loose socks and brown shoes decorated her feet too. All part of the girl's *usual* outfit.

The Chloe that had been up in the tree had disappeared entirely. Not that it mattered when the damage had already been done, though. **“How'd I end up lost in the woods? lol.”** Because the *new Chloe* dressed in the gyaru's regular outfit was still present. Any trace of her identity as Ilsa had completely been removed from her – aside from a single strand of black in her hair that she would *definitely* dye out herself once she noticed.



She couldn't really remember what she was doing out there, but that was a trait shared with all of the 'infected'. **“Like, I can't shake this feelin' I should go looking for some more sisters though!? A few more cute sis' like me, that'd be the dream, right?”** And while Chloe's core personality was present, she felt compelled to seek out those who *weren't* infected to add them to the sea of twin siblings she was part of.

How had all of this even *begun*?



“Ugh! This is just my luck! I get separated from Ilsa and Beatrix, and then I end up coming across a whole pack of them!” Zeta really didn’t like having to treat her fellow crewmates like they were *zombies*, but if she wanted to avoid joining their ranks then she knew full well that she had to keep them at arm’s length while treating them as a hazard. Not long after she had escaped the fog, three or four of them had come down the forest path. “**I can’t believe they even made it this far in so quickly...**”

And so, the blonde society member had hidden herself amidst some bushes for the time being. She believed she was disguised enough that the Chloes wouldn’t be able to notice her, and they were far enough out of range that she *should* have been safe. But at the same time? A gyaru was a very enigmatic thing. Sometimes they could surprise you with the unthinkable?

“**HEYA!**”

Like sneaking up behind you and yelling in your ear. *More* than close enough to trigger the effects.

“**What the—!?**” It *definitely* took Zeta by surprise, and she jumped back from her hiding spot with the *intention* of making space away from the Chloe. Not that she seemingly *needed* to, because before the Society member could act further? That Chloe had already run off to rejoin the pack of the ones that had passed by. “**Shoot! How long was she there? Was it long enough to spread the infection? lol.**” Wait, no. That ‘lol’ at the end was all that she needed to confirm her worst fears.

TWITCH, TWITCH.

“**Twitch... twitch?**” The blonde woman sounded the sensation she felt with her lips as she reached a hand up to touch the source atop her head. Only to tragically be met with the sensation of her fingers rubbing up against thin, soft, *furred* cartilage. In the form of a pair of— “**ERUNE EARS!?! THIS IS SOOOO TOTALLY NOT GOOD!**” Nor was the fact that she was finding it harder to keep her thoughts straight

without trailing off to think about makeup and, for some reason, *going to the beach?*

As was the case with Ilsa, once Zeta's transformation began, it unfolded swiftly. The brown-furred ears were just the start of it, and from the points of her scalp where the ears met her hair, the golden blonde began to bleach until it was the same pale shade as Chloe's. The excess of hair past her chin was cut away, twintails and all, and a familiar pink highlight lit up on the left of her face. **"This is *totes* bad! I'm gonna be a goner at this rate *forreal!*"** But she couldn't really *fight* it as the continued degradation of her power to articulate intellectually affected her.

"Whoa, hey! I'm getting kinda small, aren't I?" The woman's body *was* shrinking, but so was her voice in a sense of the word. Her pitch was elevated to match the subject she was replicating, a subject that was much younger than her original self. The drop down to *sixteen* meant that she lost six years of her life and it really showed in a face that naturally looked increasingly like Chloe's. Thinner lips, bigger eyes with duller blues, a smaller nose, and a rounder shape. But it all looked a little *off* with the thick makeup that was applied.

Only because that makeup was meant for a girl with a darker complexion, though. It wasn't exactly an issue that lingered for long, mind you, because her complexion darkened to an even *darker* tan than Chloe normally possessed. Like she had been out in the sun for too long with a little extra tanning spray on. The paler bikini lines left *under* her clothes, riding her hips and covering her tits, demonstrated that well.

In the end, while ~~Chloe~~ Zeta *had* managed to notice that she was shrinking, she hadn't actually been addressing her height. She'd only lost a single inch anyways. What she *did* notice was exactly what she had been staring at. With her gaze pointed directly downward, she had commented on her breasts shrinking down until the front of her top barely had anything to cover at all. The same B-cups that every Chloe had. **"At least my tan lines are freaking *hawt!*"** She felt a looseness of her skirt around her hips that more or less confirmed the similar treatment of her lower half. Her ass and thighs had thinned, and her hips narrowed a little bit as a direct result of these losses.

With her body utterly identical to that of the trendy teenaged gyaru Erune, a change in clothing was in order. What Zeta *had* been wearing tightened into a tied white and black bikini top and a pair of tight jean shorts that you could see her tan lines peeking up from. A little cowboy hat with holes for her ears, matching cuffs, and even cute little heels made it clear that she had been going for some sort of 'cowgirl at the beach' aesthetic.

And it more or less worked?

“OIIIII! SIS! AND SIS! AND THE OTHER SISES!” The swimsuit-adorned *Chloe* soon realized that the others were leaving her behind and so she began to give chase, leaving behind the bushes that Zeta had been hiding within – and the identity of Zeta along with it. She didn’t have the foggiest idea *who* she had been prior to her transformation. She just knew that she had to seek out others to transform just like she had been. While appearing her cutest at the same time, of course! **“WAIT FOR ME!”**



Her movements were effortless, and her stride was *forced* to look as cute as she possibly could as she ran. That meant swinging her arms adorably, fake nails and all. **“Like, why’d they even leave one of their fellow cuties alone in the first place!?”** They must have known she was transforming! Even the one who had found her was among them!

“LOL! GUUUUUYS! BE TOTALLY SERIOUS RN!”



Beatrix pressed her back up against the middle wall of the cabin she had found within the forest. It clearly hadn’t been used in a long time and had seemed like a good place to catch her breath for a moment. At the time, the Society member had wondered if it would be best to remain since it could serve as a landmark. Eventually, Ilsa and Zeta would stumble upon it too, right? But the issue was that the *wrong people* had found it.

“Craaaap! This is not good!” Not even ten minutes after settling in *they* had appeared. Some of the Chloes that they had tried to barricade aboard the Grandcypher. But even assuming they had broken free on their own, how was it

that they'd caught up so quickly with all of that fog!? But the hoard was growing outside. They were banging on the locked door and windows from all sides, making passing comments about her needing to 'look cuter' and that they wanted her to 'join them'. "**What was the radius for infection again!?**" It didn't really matter how deep in the building she hid, though.

Because one had climbed up onto the roof and was in close enough proximity.

There wasn't anyone that could answer her question for her, and ultimately Bea didn't *need* anyone to answer it for her. She could tell well enough herself that something was wrong. It was seeping into her – not just her body, but her mind. And while she was panicked? In the end she... "**Hehe!?**" She couldn't stop herself from *giggling* girlishly, covering her mouth with shock immediately after. "**Oh no...**"

That mere giggle alone had invited the changed to her body to begin. Patches of darker, tanned skin emerged atop her usual pale, but those patches multiplied and bled together so that their combined coverage became greater and greater. It didn't take long at all for her body to be covered from head to toe with this tan, a coloring that didn't really work all that well with her dark brown hair.

Regardless of how much it clashed with her brown hair for those first few seconds though, it was hardly a permanent issue. No sooner than her skin had darkened, and brown eyes instead shone with a blue, strands of that mane lit up with a familiar platinum blonde. Just one or two at first, but what *seemed* like a dye job spread like wildfire and quickly encapsulated her entire head, brows and all. Like the others? This hair was cut at the chin so that she had Chloe's same bob, pink highlight and all.

"**Is it really my fate to be *just as cute and trendy as all the others!*?**" Was that *entirely* what she had wanted to say? Absolutely not, but Beatrix didn't really have any control over what she was blurting out now. She could only gawk at herself as the changes to her body became much more obvious, like how her thigh high tights felt looser and looser around her legs, or how the blue leather one piece she wore around her torso felt empty both in the rear *and* around her bosom. "**It's all gone! *All of my sexiness! lol!***" Why was she even *laughing* at that?

It was honestly getting harder and harder for the woman to take her own transformation seriously, believing herself to *actually* be Chloe more vividly as time ticked by. She didn't bat much of an eyelash at her height dropping two inches so that she reached the exact same 5'2" as

the others. In the end it made her shrunken figure stand out a little more, didn't it? And she couldn't see any problems with that! She *wanted* to look cute. She wanted *everyone* to look cute!

So, the de-aging process that made her look like a *sixteen* year old girl again wasn't even questioned – did she even *notice* the age drop, actually? If she did, she certainly didn't care. Her thinning lips, brightening eyes, and an abundance of makeup all eventually blessed her in the same way it had her peers. Of course, she was still missing one key 'Chloe feature'. But it sprung up from atop the girl's head with a bounce.

A pair of fluffy Erune ears that replaced her human ears, that is!

At her transformation's end, it was her clothing, much like the others, that put the final nail in the coffin of Beatrix's past existence. A cream-colored blouse with an exposed back and armpits beneath an oversized, fluffy pink jacket matched well with a pleated black skirt that was similar to the one on Chloe's original outfit. Even her socks and shoes were similar to that fit, but it was clear that this variation of the ensemble was composed of better material. There was also the addition of an ornament on the right side of her head, beneath the ear with the piercing that *all* Chloe's had.

“Ehehe... Actually, this place would be an EZ fix into the cutest base in the world, right? I'm totes right!” Now that the sixteen year old had undergone her change in priorities, she saw the cabin she had been hiding within in a new light. Because she was a *Chloe* herself, and one dressed *very* fashionably at that, the other Chloes outside had calmed down and were patiently awaiting the opening of the front door by their new sibling. **“Hey hey! This place might be my new fave on the island! We can totes use it, right?”**

She couldn't *wait* to share her idea with the others and, of course, they all agreed. Why *wouldn't* they? They were all *her* at the end of the day. Over the course of the hours that followed, more and more Chloes found the cabin. But while the Chloes that *had been* Ilsa and Zeta were among them, there were still some missing... Namely, the captains, Lyria, and Sandalphon had been sighted hiding in a gave but no one had managed to reach them.



Now they knew *exactly* where to find them, though. All they needed was a *plan*. And they made one! Along with the best name to label it! One that they all shouted in unison! “**OPERATION CUTIE SOCIETY, GO!**” Those stragglers wouldn’t even see it coming! And they *didn’t*. In fact, their plan went on without a hitch. It was fortunate for the rest of the skies now that Chloe didn’t know how to fly an airship, but as time ticked on...

Those that were transformed would regain their memories and skills and wish to venture back out into the rest of the world... where that curse would only spread again. Unfortunately, they would never regain their old bodies or personalities, however.