

INFURSION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Watch your step, Lady Fufu.”

“Oh, thanks Mr. Lycaon! ...But you really don’t need to treat me like a child!”

The pair traversing the fringes of the Outer Ring outside of New Eridu was certainly an unlikely duo. A tall wolf Thiren that was just as much a wolf as he was a man, with a small tiger Thiren hopping alongside him that was the opposite, more human in appearance, with only a tiger’s ears and tail. Von Lycaon and Ju Fufu were agents from two *completely* different factions, but they had ended up teaming up together on a mission given to them by the mayor. He had ties to both Victoria Housekeeping *and* Yunkui Summit, after all.

While the mission that the two had been given was a simple one, it was also *dangerous*. There had been reports of scavengers digging up a strange looking mineral in the Outer Ring. Black and jagged, based on the reports that the mayor’s office had received, anyone who came into contact with it fell ill within days. The working theory was that it might have been radioactive, or some sort of biohazard.

But the reports had *also* confirmed that the only people who *hadn’t* gotten sick in any way, even after weeks of exposure, were Thirens. Because they didn’t know *how* dangerous the substance was, they couldn’t send normal people in even if they *were* protected appropriately... because even people who had handled it while protected had fallen ill.

“Ah, my apologies. Because you’re so small...” Lycaon glanced down at the young woman, who *was* an adult – albeit just barely – but looked away when he noticed she was glaring at him. Her appearance must have been something of a sore spot. **“Erm... I apologize. But we should be coming up on where the substance was mined from.”** Because the operation was classified, they couldn’t just take a sample that the bandits out in the Outer Ring had already harvested.

Apparently, there was a greater body of it out on the very edge, seemingly growing out of an abandoned gas station. And as it turned out? That report had been correct. The moment they rounded the exterior of the building; a gigantic black crystal was jutting out towards the sky. **“Well... I sure hope the reports that it doesn’t affect Thirens was true... But we’ll do as we planned, right Mr. Lycaon? I’ll break some off from the inside, and you can handle a piece from the outside?”**

“Correct. Apparently, the lab wants to see if exposure to sunlight changes its composition at all.”



“Hm. It’s far frailer than I expected, not that I’m going to complain.” Standing in the sun outside of the gas station, all the wolfman had needed to do was pull on a piece of the black crystal with his clawed, paw-like hand to pull a piece right off. He trusted the mayor’s assurance that he wouldn’t be harmed, but of course the mayor’s assurance depended on the intelligence they had gathered.

What they had unearthed was a truth that no Thirens who had been exposed to it had ‘become sick or died’. But what if someone had been keeping the side effects of that exposure a secret because it was something wholly unbelievable. After all, that substance? Originium as it was technically called? It was from a different *world* altogether.

“Now all that’s left is to see how Yunkui Summit’s little upstart is doing and...” Lycaon had *thought* that the operation had gone without a hitch, but an unfortunate reality check proverbially slapped him in the face seconds later. A strange feeling was *pulsating* through

his body... and it originated from the crystal he was holding in his hand. “**Ah!?**” Naturally concerned about his own safety, he dropped it onto the sand and stepped back. “**What was *that*!? Was it not safe after all? Was the intelligence bogus...?**”

The wolf had been *about* to say that he didn’t feel *ill* at least, but he was forced to re-evaluate that claim before he even made it. He was hit by a wave of *fatigue*. “**Ngh... This isn’t good. I must tell the girl before *she*...**” But he felt so *heavy*. It was hard to muster the strength, which was odd because while his body was furry, it was also incredibly *muscular*. Therein existed the source of his sudden feeling of weakness though.

Lycaon had yet to investigate his body for damage, because he couldn’t have imagined anything like markings appearing on it – especially with all of his fur obscuring his skin. *Had* he bothered, he might have noticed that his forearms, which were normally comparable to *miniature tree trunks* in thickness, were *thinning*. He felt weaker because all of his overpowering strength was *literally* fading away, leaving those arms thin. His pecs, abs, and even his thigh muscles were all affected similar.

But there was one *very* big problem with his upper legs weakening and thinning like that. “***Shit*!?**” The man was a professional. He *never* cursed, yet stumbling all of a sudden was enough to make him curse out loud without so much as a second thought. But the lower halves of the Thiren’s legs, from his knees to his feet, were *very* heavy, metallic prosthetics designed for combat. His weaker body wasn’t strong enough to properly move them and that was definitely part of the problem.

There was a bigger issue, though. The shapes of those prosthetics had been perfectly designed to fit the shape of Lycaon’s *old* legs. His furry thighs *actually* appeared to thicken again slightly, this time with a touch of fat to help mask the muscle that remained, but the prosthetics still jut out several inches past his skin in all directions. “***That hurts!***” Where was his usual calm? He was barking like an unrefined *mutt*.

In his defense though, he *was* legitimately in pain. Nerves were firing up that shouldn’t have beneath his knees, and his lower legs began to feel... *sweaty*? It wasn’t until the sound of steel cracking forced him to look down that he saw his prosthetics crumble away, revealing a pair of perfectly normal – albeit strangely dainty – furry feet escape from those metallic prisons. “***H-How?***” It even seemed like he had lost some height in the process.

Well, the prosthetics *had* added a few inches to his overall height, but the man’s body *actually was* getting smaller on top of that, too. He *had* been a hulking 6’6”, a man who typically towered well over his peers.

“Am I getting smaller? Or was I always...? The hell?” To be fair, it was a *very* significant drop. Well over a foot, as his height dropped all the way down to 5’4”. It was a process that wasn’t without *numerous* side effects though, or else his body might have appeared wildly inconsistent in terms of its shape. The issue was that rather than preserve his masculinity, things went in a *different* direction altogether. **“Something is wrong here...”** Then why was he having problems figuring out *what* it was? The voice that spoke through his snout already sounded much more like a young *woman’s*.

As it turned out, that was what his body looked *far* more like by the time he had finished shrinking. Von Lycaon’s waistline had swung inwards while placing greater emphasis on wider hips, his shoulders had slimmed, and her furry hands and feet were *far* daintier – more akin to a wolf Thiren woman’s. What was now become a trend soon became a reality, however. **“Ngh!? Shit!?”** *She* keeled forward. It felt like she’d been kicked in the balls. **“...Fucking balls?”** *Why the hell’d I have those?*

Evidently, the change in sex had even affected her perception. Von Lycaon could no longer remember being a man, but that was hardly the only thing she could no longer recall about her *previous* life. The silver hair atop her head fell out in an unbrushed mess behind her, falling down to a tail that not only pulled slightly shorter, but had its silver fur darken as well. Even her ears began to appear slightly *off*. They curved and shortened but were still *clearly* the ears of a wolf.

“Ack...!?” There was probably *no* comfortable way for one’s wolf snout to shorten, but her silver eyes winced as her wet nose crept closer and closer the rest of her face. It was disorienting; *too* disorienting, preventing her from making sense of what was going on. That all of the fur around not only it, but her *entire* body was receding to reveal soft, pale skin underneath, that her nose was pushing out and drying with flared nostrils to resemble a much more human nose. Even her leathery, black lips bloated and turned pink until not only her face appeared more human, but her entire body did aside from her ears and tail.

Her hands and feet had likewise lost any semblance of looking like a wolf’s at *all*. Fingers and toes were thinner, and claws had dulled into long, black nails instead.

Lycaon hadn’t even *realized* that the damaged eye underneath the eyepatch on the right side of her face had been repaired, although in exchange a scar was etched across her left eye instead. **“The hell... was that...?”** And at her transformation’s end? She felt *woozy*. Her legs felt sore? Weak? It was a fleeting feeling, but in the interim several black crystals poked out of her thighs beneath her now *very* oversized pants.

Her clothing had masked a lot of her transformation since she was so much smaller now. But that cloth constricted against her furless body at the transformation's end, refashioned into a black leather jacket with a raised collar and a matching pair of short shorts, a winder to expose her navel visible between them. Fingerless gloves inconspicuously peeked out from beneath those sleeves, while a black hairclip sat in the left side of her hair. Perhaps more intriguingly, however, were the two swords that now rested on her right hip. They'd been constructed from the broken pieces of her old prosthetics.

Not that she could remember *having* them after finally clearing her head.

“Eh? Where the hell even *am* I? That’s a bigass chunk of Originium... That probably ain’t safe.” Compared to the polite and respectful guy that Von Lycaon had been, *Lapland* was a much more flippant wolf that didn’t harbor much respect for *anyone* or *anything*. She spoke crudely and moved with an almost intimidating amount of casualness, cracking her neck and running at the back of her head with a groan.



Was Lycaon even *in* there anymore? Vaguely, but her new persona who complete control. The Originium had taken ‘memories’ stored within it that and pushed them upon any Thirens that came into contact with it, changing them both body and mind into people from the world it had come from. *Why* it had appeared in the Outer Rim was a mystery though, and it wasn’t like it had a *will*.

Lapland was disgruntled by all this. From her point of view, she had just *appeared* in a foreign land beside the most dangerous substance known to man back where she came from. Her Lupo tail swished back and forth behind her as she considered her next plan of action. But, well, a woman’s scream from inside the nearby gas station got her moving towards its entrance. **“Well, that’s as good a lead as any I guess.”**

Not that she *wanted* to deal with it.



As it turned out, Ju Fufu wasn't having as easy of a time removing *her* piece of black crystal from the greater bulk of it. **"NNNNNGH! COME OFF, WOULD YOU!?"** She didn't want to smack it with her weapon, because that might shatter it and damage the crystal's integrity so that it came crumbling down... which would have been dangerous for a different reason. The sunlight evidently *did* have an effect on it. Maybe because of the means that had brought it to this world in the first place, but sunlight now weakened its integrity.

Meaning the tiger Thiren's side was *much* sturdier.

"UUUUGH!" For a young lady that got agitated every time she was mistaken for a child, she wasn't exactly doing herself any favors in that moment with how she was lashing out. She kicked it in a fit of rage, not expecting that to actually *do* anything, but... A piece flew off and ricocheted square off of her forehead. **"Ow!?"** Fufu stumbled back after screaming, momentarily stunned. But she was about to feel far *more* stunned.

The crystal's effects would have activated whether or not that piece had smacked her in the head, but the impact *did* seem to stimulate it further. After all, the red mark from where it struck her had grown *itchy*, but because it was her forehead she couldn't exactly see it. Fufu was trying to put it out of mind anyways. **"Okay, let's try again!"** And yet? A circle of *orange fur* had sprouted from that spot... and it began to grow *elsewhere* on her body.

She had reached out her hands to try and grab the Originium again, only to withdraw them so that she could scratch at one harm with the opposing hand. **"Why am I so itchy!?"** If she hadn't been wearing fingerless gloves then it might have been apparent to her right away, but unfortunately it wasn't until the itchiness reached her fingers – and she watched thin, white *furs* sprout from them as her digits thickened and her nails curled into thin, sharp cat claws, that she had her answer.

"Wh-Wha!?" *Naturally* concerned, she used one paw-like hand to pull the glove of the opposing arm, which ultimately revealed that the arm was now covered by soft, orange fur with black stripes. She *was* a tiger Thiren, so she could naturally identify it as a tiger's fur, but she wasn't *supposed* to have fur all over her body! And the orange was *much* more

vivid than the orange on her ears, tail, and hair, where it was yellower. At least that had *been* the case, but it was slowly brightening while she fixated on her arms and hands that now appeared *twice* as big as they had been before. “**Am I becoming *more* Thiren!?**”

Fufu didn’t really know what other conclusion she could draw, especially when it wasn’t *just* her arms that were suffering this fate. Her bare legs demonstrated similar fur growth, and while she couldn’t *see* what was happening under her clothing, the fact that her torso felt itchy and her clothes felt a smidgen too tight, she could only assume the same was happening there as well. Orange with black stripes *was* the constant, but the front of her torso and her inner thighs were covered with *white* fur instead.

“**But why!? Is it this *Originium* stuff!? ...Eh? Is that what it was called?**” Had she heard that name for it somewhere before? She was pretty sure she hadn’t? But wondering about it *did* pull her attention away from her own face being pulled forward slightly into a very *vague* snout shape. White fur spread from above her nose down to her neck, while that nose merged into her new snout to become small, triangular, and black. Her lips thinned, taking on a black and leathery texture while the teeth within her mouth sharpened and her tongue became rougher... like an *actual* feline’s.

It escaped her attention because she was being rewired to believe that her face had *always* been that way, that she had always been just as much a cat as she was a humanoid. “**Whoa!?**” She soon stumbled as the fur crept across her feet though, distorting them within her shoes so that they didn’t fit even on the principle of their general *shapes*. Her heels lifted out of her footwear and her soles both flattened and shortened while white fur decorated them. Toes merged until she had only three, round ones on either foot with black claws curling out of them. Not that she needed beads on their undersides to prove it, but their growth *did* contribute to the fact that they were more akin to the paws of a *cat* now.

Or, well, a *tiger*.

Responding to the discomfort, she kicked the shoes away with a great deal of skill. Fufu was already something of a brawler in combat, but those motions were more akin to those of a professional *martial artist*. “**What’s going on with my clothes here...?**” The tail that swished behind her looked completely different at this point, with the orange fur brighter and additional black stripes wrapping around even its white underside. It wasn’t quite as fluffy, but it did look *very* soft. As did her ears, as well as her now bright orange hair, which shortened until it was a messy, layered bob that also included black and white.

Aside from her build, she didn't really look at *all* like Ju Fufu. Her light blue eyes even widened and began to shine with a bright orange instead of their usual blue. **"Am I supposed to be this short? My reach wouldn't be very far, would it?"** And why was *reach* important? Because it helped define her effectiveness in hand-to-hand combat. Her present height of 4'8" meant that this reach was fairly limited.

But not for *long*. Maybe the transformation was responding to her commentary, but her body's limbs and torso began to lengthen in a way that finally disheveled more than just her footwear. Her shirt gradually untucked itself from her shorts and pulled up to reveal a white, furry, and *toned* belly while her arms pushed farther out of her sleeves. She grew to be 5'4" before long, a perfectly normal height for a young woman in her early twenties like she *continued* to be.

If there was anything else to note at this point, it was her figure. It didn't actually change all *that* dramatically as her height changed the most, but her breasts *did* swell a cup size, and her hips jutted out to present her with a more childbearing gait. Her thighs thickened a touch too, but it was actually more with *muscle* than fat. Her legs were *very* strong now. And while Fufu's outfit soon changed to better suit the life her memories now reflected?

It more or less covered everything. Only her hands, feet, hips, and face were *really* bare. She now wore a martial arts uniform fashioned from white, orange, and black like her fur. Detached pants clung to her legs, while a largely black robe covered her torso – the combination leaving her hips exposed, whereas her digitigrade feet had slipped into custom sandals that matched the fingerless gloves around her arms. Tinted, yellow shades rested around her eyes, and a white capelet with an orange underside sat upon her shoulders.

Now just as much tiger as she was a human, at least in terms of percentage, *Waai Fu* looked around with a renewed curiosity. **"Huh? What was I doing in a gas station? You'd think that I'd— ORIGINIUM!?"** The shriek that Lappland had heard had been *that* one. It was hard *not* to be freaked out by the crystal mound that reached through a hole in the ceiling behind her. That was *dangerous*, and it certainly had no place in... *wherever this was*. It had yet to occur to the martial artist that she wasn't even in Terra, the world that Originium... *originated* from.



“Would ya keep it down before I make you shut it myself!?” Waai Fu was startled a second time, because a loud voice barked at her from the gas station’s front door rather aggressive. As it turned out, ‘bark’ was definitely the right word from it considering the speaker’s wolf features. The two didn’t say anything else for about ten seconds, as both of them stared blankly at each other. It was Lappland that ended up breaking the silence. **“Huh? Wait a sec... You’re from Terra too, aren’t you? I recognize ya...”**

From Terra? The tiger was hung up on those two words more than anything else. The recognition was mutual. The Lupo was from Siracusa if she recalled, and she had fought alongside Rhodes Island at *least* once. **“Yeah... But what do you mean *from Terra*? We’re on Terra, right? I mean, there’s Originium...”** The Feline opened one of her paw-like hands as she gestured towards the black crystal structure behind her. She hadn’t seen the world outside of the gas station to realize that this was disproved by the giant bubbles that obscured the horizon.

Neither of them knew what Hollows *were*, so hopefully they didn’t seek to explore them on their way back. If they could even figure out where they were in the first place.

“Yeah, *about that*. Let’s go for a walk.”