

DEEP DIVE DISGUISE

COMMISSION STORY

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For Jane Doe, things had felt like business as usual.

The rat Thiren was a very interesting specimen, you see. As you could surmise by her name being a play on *John Doe*, it wasn't actually her *real* name. *No one* knew who she really was or where she came from, at least not anymore. And that was *perfect*, because her job required her to constantly play different roles. They were *seldom* ever *good* roles though, even if she did have fun playing them at times.

On paper? Jane was a criminal behavior specialist. She had been working for the Criminal Investigation Special Response Team, a team within the New Eridu Public Security office, for some time now. Her responsibilities *used* to isolate her to the offices, forced to try and reason with some of the more *unruly* criminals that the organization brought in. It hadn't been her responsibility to reform them, and understanding them as she did? She knew that would have been impossible in the first place.

Back then, her role had simply been to *understand* them. So long as she could make sense of their habits and decisions, she could extract important intelligence from them in service of the office. But some years ago? This job ended up inheriting a far more *hands on* aspect. The higher ups realized that Jane Doe's talents were better suited for a very specific type of field work. A role that required any records of her life be purged.

She was to play the role of a criminal and blend in with them. Because she had studied them for so long, Jane knew exactly how to act. She knew how to pretend, and she knew how to manipulate criminals to do

her bidding. From that day forward, Jane would don disguise after disguise, taking on plenty of fake names to fit the roles that were given to her. Sometimes she would be a gang's informant, while during others she would play the part of a new member. Little by little she could earn the trust of the criminals, allowing her to acquire important information while also sabotaging their plans while necessary.



“This mission requires special measures, hm~?” Jane had returned to her apartment after her most recent mission briefing, her rat tail wrapped around a small, white pill bottle that had been given to her by the higher up that had briefed her. She had just placed down a suitcase, too. **“But the Outer Ring, hm? I suppose I’ve never done a job out there…”** The Outer Ring, as its name suggested, was a ring of land a ways outside of New Eridu City. It was like the Wild West, a place of farmers, bikers, and dirt roads.

It was much more of a *lawless land* out there than in the city, where Pubsec had reigned in most of the open crime. But it seemed that they wanted to branch out, or at the very least they had some sort of lead that suggested a criminal operating *within* the city had connections on the outside. They were looking for some very specific intelligence, seemingly, but Jane wouldn’t know what it was until she had become familiar with her new ‘identity’.

But that was where these ‘special measures’ seemingly came into play. Usually, it was enough for Jane to take on a fake name and change her appearance artificially a little bit. She’d wear a wig, dress differently, or wear her makeup in a manner that basically made her unrecognizable. It was a little funny that it worked so well when there wasn’t all that much she could do about her furrier features. It worked well enough when the criminals she was blending in with weren’t familiar with her work.

“I wonder how they even *heard* about me.” From what she had been told, in *this* case a regular disguise just wouldn’t do. Apparently, the criminal mastermind that Pubsec wanted information on was aware of her existence and might have compiled a fairly sizable dossier about her usual methods. Jane’s tail was brought forward, where she dropped the pill bottle in her hand. **“How much do I trust something R&D has barely tested, though?”**

As part of her mission, she had been tasked with consuming the single pill in that pill bottle. She'd been told that Research & Development had created something that would *help* with her disguise, but they hadn't told her what it was supposed to do. They told her it would be a 'fun surprise' and warned her that she should strip down before she ingested the pill. **"And they even said they won't give me the antidote until the mission is over..."** What was it, some kind of *poison*?

Work was work regardless. She placed the pill bottle down for a minute as she did as she was instructed. It wasn't long at all before she was pulling her panties down her legs and twirling them around her index finger before tossing them onto her bed. Jane hardly had any shame in the first place, much less in the comfort of her own bedroom. From that point on, it was just a matter of downing the pill with a gulp from a glass of water at her bedside. **"Now, I guess I get to see just what they whipped up down there."**

If anything, she *did* notice something very small early on. **"Hm? Now when did *you* get there?"** Without any particular expectations, she'd been observing her own body curiously. She couldn't deny that she felt somewhat *warm*. Like she was developing a fever, yet without any of the aches and pains that came with one. That sensation *was* steadily building, and she was beginning to grow warmer to the point that beads of sweat had vaguely begun to develop across her skin.

Jane wasn't talking about any *sweat*, though. She had leaned forward enough to see just past the tips of her nipples, and she noticed a black speck to the left of her bellybutton that hadn't been there before. A new beauty mark that *certainly* hadn't been there the last time she'd looked in the mirror. **"Well, if they developed a pill to give me moles, I'm not quite sure how effective *that* will be in the grand scheme of things."** The woman giggled to herself.

She pressed one of her fingers against this new marking, rubbing it gently to feel its indentation – discovering soon that there were actually *two* of them. One was just much smaller than the other. **"Hm?"** A twitch of her ears pulled her fingers back up to touch *them* instead though. **"Oh, maybe this is a little more interesting?"** If she kept a mirror in her room then perhaps she could have *seen* them, but not having a visual guide for *everything* happening to her was rather fun in its own way!

What her fingers had allowed her to realize was *several* things back to back. The first was that the rat ears on the sides of her head were slightly higher on her skull than they should have been – and in fact were steadily moving even higher. But there was also the matter of their *shapes*. She could tell that they were longer, and once rounder tips were

being reshaped into sharper points, almost like they belonged to a different animal altogether. **“Perhaps a cat or a fox?”** She’d been right the first time, for white tufts appeared at the bases of these ears once they were neatly positioned on the upper sides of her skull.

Whether it was hair or fur, anything of a similar existence upon the woman’s body began to brighten next. A golden blond painted both the outsides and innards of her new *feline* ears, while that very same color spread into the soft black of Jane’s shoulder length mane. The hair that brightened had its style altered too with time, with her bangs becoming choppier and parting to the sides in the middle. All of this hair became a little coarser in quality, but this wasn’t evident anywhere as keenly as it was the hair on the *back* of the woman’s head. It grew out exponentially, reaching as far down as her butt while strands of brown darkened seemingly at random.

Jane rubbed a length of these bangs between her fingers, unknowing of the reality that her dully colored eyes had been in the process of brightening to a vivid green, red markings painting themselves under their corners. **“Assuming the *type* of Thiren that I am is being altered, that’s quite remarkable.”** Even after clearing her throat, her voice didn’t seem to return to what it had been before. It was a little deeper now, and the more playful hum Jane always spoke with had flattened.

She received a rather unquestionable confirmation that her theory had been right on the mark as her *tail* drew her attention. The woman peered over her shoulder to get a better look at an appendage that was *stiffening* courtesy of the bones within it growing thicker. She’d been able to use it like a third arm before, but now it didn’t feel *nearly* flexible enough to do that. Once the bone had nearly tripled in girth, predominantly golden fur could be seen growing out of that six foot length. It became fluffier and fluffier with the odd brown stripe weaved into the gold. By the time it swished about, she was able to confirm her suspicions.

“A cat, then.”

By this point in time, Jane’s body was *very* warm. She was sweating bullets, the moisture dripping down her naked body and delivering it an appealing *sheen* in the process. The next wave of changed didn’t exactly tackle her race further, though that was far from being fully adjusted. Instead? It tackled the woman’s build. Such as her *height* of all things. It was substantially so, but her limbs and torso stretched to deliver an additional two inches to her overall height.

And on the subject of *gains*, her chest wasn't exempt. "**Well, I'm not going to complain about this...**" The woman herself had taken immediate notice and began to grope at them with her hands. They grew one cup size larger, and then another. It was a strange feeling to have the weight she was so accustomed to having on her chest feel so much more *ample*, though since they were glossed with sweat it was a little slippery. On the other hand? Her thighs and ass remained relatively untouched, perhaps only growing a touch perkier if anything.

It was *as* the woman fondled herself that evidence of her racial animal changing was reinforced. You see, Thirens came in all shapes in sized. They could be largely *any* animal, and even then the percentage of that animal their bodies were tended to vary. Jane herself only had a rat ears and tail, but there were some whose bodies were much more animal like. Often covered from head to toe with fur.

"**...I guess that's why I feel so itchy now.**" Which was *exactly* what she was then being subjected to. Whether it was around her breasts, her tummy, her legs, her back, or even her face; a coat of fur had begun to grow in, varying in length and color depending on where it was. Take, for example, the front of her body. From her nose down to the base of her thighs, the fur that grew in down the front was cream colored and relatively thin. It was fluffier around her tits, hiding her nipples, but it was much thinner around her tummy so that you could see her new moles and make out the depth of her bellybutton.

Comparatively, the fur that grew basically *everywhere* else bore a similar golden color to the color of her fur hair. It was puffier around her hips and thighs, while her fingers elongated, and nails darkened into brown claws underneath the fur's admission. Jane's steps upon the floor became softer thanks to pink toe beans that emerged on the bottoms of her furrier feet, those toes swelling a little to look much more like *paws* than her hands did.

She clicked her tongue and groaned at the sensation of her jaw temporarily becoming unhinged while the fur grew over her face. Eventually it popped back into place, but not before her nose had been pulled out into a short snout. Her nose had darkened, becoming cold and wet while inheriting a short triangular shape, and even her lips became thin and leathery upon what was clearly a cat's face. The upper half of her face was gold, but there were brown markings reaching down from her forehead. "**Well that was uncomfortable.**"

Covered in white and blonde fur from head to toe, the new cat Thiren sauntered over to the suitcase she had been given along with the pill she'd consumed. "**I have to admit, that thing was pretty potent. I'm even acting differently.**" The way that the woman spoke was

stern, with a confidence that bordered arrogance. She crouched down and popped the lid off of the case, clawed fingers plucking a paper off the top of what was several sets of clothing designed to fit her new proportions and role.

“Looks like my name’s Pulchra?” And so *Pulchra* she was. She wouldn’t think of herself as anything else until the job was completed. **“It looks like I’m playing the part of an Outer Ring mercenary this time. Mercenaries are usually pretty strong, right? But I guess I’m up to it.”** Her body was so different proportionately, but at the same time she felt like she knew how to use it. It would probably be better suited for different weapons, though. She was probably still fast, but she was a little burlier.



Pulchra placed the paper on her bed and crouched back down to pull out the outfit on top. She could smell motor oil and gunpowder clinging to the fabric. **“Good thing I know how to drive a bike based on these.”** And furred fingers pulled out a set of keys that could *only* have belonged to a motorcycle. She’d have to read over her new profile in *full* later, but for now?

“That drug is crazy though. It was uncomfortable as hell, but who knew you could change someone like this? It’d probably be dangerous in the wrong hands.” They’d have to be *very* careful with it. If criminals got hold of it, then her own job would probably end up getting a *lot* harder. *Sniff, sniff.* **“But damn do I stink. Why’d that have to make me all sweaty? Its practically stuck to my fur... Guess I have to shower before I do anything else.”**

Her mission didn’t officially start for two days, so she had time to adjust to her new body. **“Wonder how this body performs in the bedroom, though? Weird... I’m into men *and* women, but why do I wanna try it with a chick so bad? Don’t tell me the mental effects were *that* potent?”** Or was this Pulchra identity just supposed to be gay in the first place?