

# ID:FURRY

## COMMISSION STORY

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“Hm... Hm... Hm...”

It was late at night aboard a certain bus named Mephistopheles, and one of the passengers that traveled upon it had taken it upon herself to creep out of her room. Well, for *that* to make sense we'd need to step back a bit, because most buses didn't typically *contain* bedrooms, right? As it turned out, Mephistopheles was no ordinary bus. It was a creation of Faust, one of the genius minds working at Limbus Company, and as one of their field agents – known as Sinners – at that.

Mephistopheles served many purposes. Its most basic was to service the Sinners that rode it across The City from destination to destination, but it was effectively their home when lodgings weren't provided as well. There *were* doors in the back of the bus that led them into bedrooms of a sort, but they were created with a technology the basic human mind could not comprehend. Existing, yet only existing when needed, much like the Mirror Dungeons that they farmed.

But that was just *one* of the fanciful things that this bus was capable of doing. Did you know it was powered through the consumption of flesh and blood? Well, now you do! Its engine was effectively powered by warm bodies. Sometimes cold ones. All because of this tech. But one of the more interesting features it had was the *Mirror* installed in its engine. You're probably thinking 'Huh? Why would an engine need a mirror?', but it wasn't something as mundane as the mirror you hung up in your bathroom.

The *Glass Mirror* was a special technology that allowed you to gaze into parallel worlds known as 'Mirror Worlds'. When it came to the Sinners,

it allowed them to access their alternate selves from these worlds and borrow their powers under the command of Dante, their manager. Yi Sang, another of the Sinners, had outfitted the bus with one of these mirrors so that this power could be channeled. Most had accepted it as a normal part of their daily lives.



But not all of the Sinners understood much about it. Some of them were curious. Maybe a little *too* curious. Well, okay. It was only one of them, and that Sinner was Sinner #3, *Don Quixote*. **“Huzzah! 'Tis plain that slumber doth hold dominion over all!”** The short-haired, short blonde woman was a peculiarity all on her own. She spoke like a knight from an old storybook, loved the heroic Fixers that worked in The City, and had a penchant for causing problems.

And her actions that night were *absolutely* going to amount to one such problem.

Don Quixote had overheard Faust and Yi Sang talking about some ‘potential problems’ with the Mirror and had overheard the term ‘Bloodfiend’ in their conversation without context. **“Hark, might it be so that a Bloodfiend such as I could prove a boon to this noble quest?”** Such was the idea that she had gotten in her head. She had assumed that her own blood might be instrumental in fixing it! And so, she snuck out of the bus and down to where the engine was, opening it to have a look at the Mirror.

**“A most dreadful engine of villainy doth appear!”** That was all that Sinner #3 could think whenever she saw that engine. It was able to grind human bodies into fuel, so you could only assume how scary it looked. The scent of blood filled the air the moment she had uncovered it, but she tried to look past that part of the compartment. The mirror in the back was what she’d been interested in, and so she leaned closer to get a better look. **“In what manner may I, a humble servant, lend mine aid to mend this most dire predicament?”**

The moment she drew close to it; she could see numerous versions of herself reflected in different shards. **“Ohoho!”** Don Quixote found this *very* interesting. Perhaps a little *too* interesting with how closely she leaned in to look... completely forgetting that the reason she was there could be traced back to the Mirror malfunctioning in the first place. One of the shards was... strange. The person who was reflected didn’t quite look like her. In fact, she appeared quite *fuzzy*?

But she wasn't able to get a good look. Not before a blast of light sent her flying back and away from the bus. It wasn't just *disorienting*. It knocked her out! At least for a minute before she finally came to once more. "**Ugh. What dark sorcery has befallen this weary traveler?**" It took her a few moments to find herself standing upright once more and realize that she had been flung quite a ways away from the bus. And then a few moments more to realize that she wasn't dressed in the same suit that was required of her while working as a Sinner. "**Eh!? Mine attire!?**"

Don Quixote was wearing... how could she even begin to describe it? A martial arts outfit? It was quite fashionable, what with baggy pants fashioned in white and black, a long tabard that ran down her front, and fingerless gloves. All with a white, black, and orange capalet hanging off her shoulders but bound around her neck. There were fingerless gloves, and sandals that didn't quite fit her small feet. In fact, the fit in general was rather inflexible. It was loose in some places and tighter in others, like around her chest.

"**Whence did these vestments spring forth, I say!?**" It was an understandable question asked with the petite woman's typical quirkiness. Well, she wasn't really *that* petite. She was 5'4", which was a fairly average height for a woman that was in her 20s (at least *physically*), and that was actually something that would remain unchanged throughout what was to come. But as it turned out? That would be perhaps the *only* thing that remained the same. There was *much* change on the horizon for her, all rooted in that Mirror World she had glimpsed for but a moment..

It probably would have been easier had things begun with a whimper instead of a bang, but a proverbial bang was *absolutely* what it began with – much to Don Quixote's surprise. "**Hm?**" Even the Sinner herself was uncertain about what was going on. First, her clothing had changed, and next? There was a strange pressure building at the base of her spine of all places. She had briefly misidentified it as indigestion, but that was dissuaded as the possibly cause felt something *push out*. "**Eh!?**"

Rather than reaching a hand behind her first, which would have been the *more* logical response to what she could only assume was something *stuck* to her butt region, she ended up spinning around several times while trying to get a look over her shoulder. She thought she'd seen something for a moment. A glimpse of orange. Or had it been black? Or white? "**What manner of beast doth appear before mine eyes?**" And as it turned out? While it had been an odd choice of words in the moment...

‘Beast’ had been an uncannily *apt* description.

Because whatever was happening behind her? The source of her discomfort and confusion was *growing*. She hadn’t been wrong. It was orange, white, *and* black – all colors presented upon the glossy *fur* of the tail that began to move back and forth above her ass. “**By my steed, doth mine eyes deceive me, or is that a tail I behold!? ... Maybe?**” Was her overdramatic language beginning to *wane* a little? She sounded almost *exhausted* by the time she had finished her reaction.

Two feet... three feet... four. The tail kept growing until it was nearly *five* feet long, about as thin as a small tree and *covered* with soft fur. She finally worked up the sense to reach back and *grab* it but yelped when she applied too much strength to the gesture and pain radiated through her tailbone through which it had grown. A vaguely itchy feeling began to spread across her body with that tailbone as the point of origin, however, beginning to wrap around the cheeks of her ass and around her hips.

The cutout around her hips made this all the more obvious to Don Quixote herself. “**Eh!? And now there’s... fur...? W-Wait! Why am I speaking like this!? Why wouldn’t I...? But speaking like that is kind of foolish, isn’t it?**” There had *been* a reason that she had always elected to speak in such a dramatic manner even though her true self had been exposed during the events of La Manchaland, but now? She couldn’t find the energy to keep it up. Part of her subconscious recognized that that she wouldn’t need to put up those airs soon, even if her conscious mind hadn’t drawn that conclusion just yet.

She rubbed her fingers against her thighs, watching orange fur grow thicker and fuller with black stripes. She’d been thinking it when she first glimpsed her tail, but it reminded her of a *tiger*, didn’t it? The inner front of her thighs played along as it was painted with white furs that soon swallowed her golden pubes and began to grow around her pussy, but the time it moved *down* her legs?

The proportions of Don Quixote’s lower half had begun to *change*. The fur had already made her silhouette appear *slightly* wider beneath the belt, but it widened further, and this time because her bones and flesh were *actually* being shifted. Her hips widened first, and at the same moment they had become fully covered with fur at that. They created about four extra inches of girth overall, creating a widened gap between her thighs that was encroached upon not long after by her thighs themselves.

Their fur-covered forms bloated with fat first, but muscle built beneath them that forced them to become even thicker. It was the strength of a being that wasn't supernaturally gifted like the Sinner technically had been as a Bloodfiend, but instead of someone that had spent a lot of time *training* her body to *be* strong. Oddly, it did not provide similar benefits to her arms, but her abs and pecs did benefit – even though the spreading white fur across her torso as the orange hugged her back did a good job of concealing it.

**“Is this an ID? Is there an ID where I’m a tiger!?”** There were certainly Identities where some of the Sinners weren't *completely* human, but she could also hear an inconsistency with that theory *as* she spoke. Her voice wasn't her own, and it *hadn't* been since she'd decided to speak more casually. If it was just an ID, then she should've sounded *like* herself. And it didn't explain why she had wide hips, thick and muscular thighs, and an ass that had bubbled with similar intent into a peach shape.

Orange with black stripes had continued down her legs in the meantime, but that fur paled to white just past her ankles. The design of the footwear she'd found herself in after the flash of light had felt odd at the time, like it hadn't been crafted for human feet in the first place. But this soon *made sense*. Her fur-coated toes swelled and the pinky toes fused into the toes beside them as this happened, all while her fingernails narrowed and darkened to *black* as they curled into *claws* that could be extended or contracted from these new, cat-like toes. Her heels lifted similarly in the back, and with that? They didn't look like *human* feet at all.

**“Oh.”** The only part of the outfit that *had* felt a little tight at first had been around her chest, but once white fur spread across her bosom and concealed her nipples in their entirety? Their impressive C-cups were *compressed*, shrinking into far more comfortable *B-cups* – at least within the confines of her new martial arts costume. **“Well, I suppose that fits more comfortably.”** Don Quixote reached up a hand to pat them but stopped when she noticed that her fingers appeared swollen. White fur played into this, but they genuinely *had* thickened slightly and had grown black claws to match while tiger stripes ran across orange up and down her arms.

All that really remained of the Sinner's old self was her face and head, which were generally the most important elements to recognize someone by. But she felt a pull and her jaw momentary unhinged courtesy of her growing snout. It was covered with white as her nose flattened into a white, black triangle, while her tongue became rough and the teeth within her mouth sharpened into fangs.

Orange was the color of the fur that covered the top half of her face, and it soon bled into her bob of yellow hair that grew a *little* longer and a little messier, with bangs painted black and white highlights present within while curling in towards her chin at the sides. They hid her ears at first, but those ears also moved up towards the top of her head as the cartilage rounded and fur covered them as well. The ears of a cat, surely. Or, more obviously, a *tiger*.

Her eyes had turned orange too... on top of narrowing so that they appeared more *Chinese*, but they weren't the reason a film of orange suddenly obscured her vision.

**“Where did these shades come from? ...Oh well.”** *Wai Fu* didn't stop herself from using a furry finger to push the frames of her new, yellow-tinted sunglasses up onto the bridge of her short snout. What had just happened to her had certainly been *strange*. An Identity that hadn't been her own at *all* had suddenly been pushed upon her, and there wasn't a trace of the Sinner she had once been in her appearance *or* her personality. It only lingered in the understanding of who she had *once* been.



She still fundamentally identified *as* Don Quixote, she also just... *didn't*? Thinking of herself as *Wai Fu* felt easier. There wasn't as much mental friction when she did so. Perhaps it was because her new personality had mellowed her out, but she didn't see much of a reason to panic so long as she was able to explain herself. **“I suppose I should head back to the bus and explain—?”** Just as she'd resolved to do the right thing, the sound of footsteps came rushing at her from the bus door.

Accompanied by a series of clicks that translated to **“Don Quixote!? Wait... Who are you? Are you Don Quixote?”** The approaching figure had been an androgynous figure dressed in a red suit, with a flaming clock prosthetic for a head. They were Dante, the Manager that all of the Sinners thought so highly of (even though it didn't used to be that way). They just seemed to *understand* that *Wai Fu* was their missing sinner. Well, that made sense considering the invisible chain that connected them still existed.

Which left *Wai Fu* in something of an awkward spot. Don Quixote probably wouldn't have felt that bad about sneaking out to play with the

mirror, but the tiger woman had more shame than that. She also hadn't really been given time to figure out how to tell her story. Her tiger ears drooped as her tail whipped from side to side behind her. **“Yeah, I am! As for how, uh... Well, I guess it's kind of my fault? But I'm not sure how to fix it? We'll probably have to ask Mr. Yi Sang.”**

And Faust. Those two were likely her best bet.