

WUK LAMENT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Just on the merit of looks alone, T'rikka was quite the unusual one.

While her appearance bore a vague resemblance to that of a Miqu'te woman – the race that she was *supposed* to be – any closer examination would reveal that this assessment was largely incorrect. Standing at 4'6" despite being a fully grown adult, she was *much* too short to be a Miqu'te of her age without something being wrong with her growth process. And that was if you didn't consider how short and thin her tail was, or how the shapes of her ears were a little *rounder* than any cat's had any business being.

That was because she wasn't a cat. She wasn't a Miqu'te. It had been some time now, but she had once been cursed to take a different form. Those were the ears and tail of a *mouse*. She was functionally a mouse woman and stood out because of it on merit alone. At least when people bothered to look closely enough, since there weren't exactly any races on Hydaelyn that had those traits otherwise.

“Aye! If you didn't want to be stolen from, you'd best have kept your coin purse somewhere more hidden, eh?” But even if she *wasn't* a tiny mouse woman, she was always going out of her way to draw as much attention as possible. She *was* a corsair after all, a pirate that sailed the seas while causing chaos wherever she went! She was never coy about the chaos and crimes that she committed, just as she wasn't being in this particular moment.

After the *End of Days* fittingly *ended*, the ports across the world had loosened up restrictions a little more. Nations that had once been extremely difficult to dock at were now significantly *less* so, and

thirsting for adventure? T'rikka had set sails for the distant land of Tural, docking at the port of Tuliyoallal with the intention of venturing further in. Even though she was a woman of the seas, there were interesting things to find on dry land too!



All the mouse woman had to do was *not* cause any problems on the way out of her port. But at the sight of a very hefty coin purse just being held out in the open, she *couldn't* resist. Her attempt at a five finger discount had been noticed, and while she'd gotten away with the coin? The Hrothgar man it belonged to was in hot pursuit, shouting after her while she dodged cargo, slipped through alleys, and lobbied back taunts of her own. It had turned into a whole *ordeal*, drawing the attention of the port's authorities.

It was times like there that T'rikka didn't mind being cursed to be so small. She could expertly fit into places a hulking Hrothgar man couldn't, and before long? She had managed to hide herself away in a small room just a ways into the city. She snickered in complete silence for a time, at least until she could hear a pair of footsteps walking past her door.

“I heard even the Third Promise is looking for that girl now. Strange, though. People say she looked kinda like a cat, but not really.” Had she not been in hiding, the woman probably would have burst out of the door to yell at them in that moment. Miqu'te saw being called a 'cat' as something akin to a slur, and even if she *wasn't* technically a Miqu'te anymore, the hatred she felt towards those prejudices was still real.

“Really? The Third Promise!? If more people were like her, we probably wouldn't have problems like these in the first place!”

New to the shores of Tural as she was, T'rikka didn't really know who they were talking about. **“Who is this Third Promise? They sound pretty important. Wonder if they're strong?”** It wasn't until the two men had walked away from her hiding spot that she finally murmured her thoughts under her breath. She clicked her tongue playfully and took a peek through a crack in the door to make *sure* the coast was clear. **“Well, guess that's one more person to try and dodge! I'm sure I've got it in me though!”**

The corsair was extremely confident to the point that she was quite *cocky* too. At times it was her own undoing, but in this case? Well, whether or not she'd been smarmy, her fate would have been the same.

There were secret systems in place to deter crime in Tuliyoall that few were familiar with. They didn't kill nor imprison anyone, but they saw to it that the culprit would never commit crime again. ...While also explaining how the Third Promise always seemed to be around whenever she was needed.

An ancient artifact in the temple that served as the centerpiece of Tuliyoall began to glow as its power was channeled. It began to do so around the time that T'rikka contemplated moving to a new hiding place, and in fact? She came to feel its power, even though she didn't have a clue where it was coming from. But as someone who had been cursed before, well... **“Wh-What is this? It feels like something's messing with me. Just like *that day*. Blimey!”**

She wasn't being cursed *again*, right? There was just no way!

The mouse woman had *really* wanted to believe that, but she was forced to reckon with the possibility that it was true once a tingling *warmth* ran through her body. That was how it had felt the first time she'd been cursed. It was never an *unpleasant* feeling, and in fact it was *pleasurable* in a way. But having your physical form messed with was still *invasive*. That aspect of the process was unpleasant regardless of the form that the sensations themselves too.

“What should I do? It's not like I have anywhere to go for help...” Running back to her ship was more or less the only option, and not only was that far more liable to get her caught, but if she really *was* cursed then she probably wouldn't get that far before she the curse fully took her anyways. The process was unwanted, but it could also be intimate. She'd be doing herself no favors by making a spectacle of herself, *especially* if whoever or *whatever* had inflicted her with this state *wanted* her to make a spectacle of things. **“Ugh. I gotta stay put and ride this out.”**

Since she was aware of what general things to expect, T'rikka was already working to observe her own body. *Something* was going to change, though the initial wave of afflictions didn't stand out to her like they would have if her body's build or curvature was afflicted early on. Rather, that tiny hiding place of hers didn't have a mirror for her to properly observe her own *ears*.

Incidentally, when she had been changed into a mouse woman from a cat woman, her ears had been first to change back then too. But the feeling was more subtle than elsewhere on her body, and so the tips shortening and widening, or the color of their fur lightening to a chestnut brown, didn't especially stand out to her. They actually

returned to looking more *feline*, but they were still different from the ears of a Miq'ote.

Mind you, that chestnut brown wasn't content with simply dyeing the hair of her ears. From where those ears met her scalp, the brown suddenly seeped into the surrounding hair as if the brown was a virus that had somehow been implanted into her skull. **"Eh? My hair's where its starting?"** The young woman did take notice of her hair, but she did so because the *style* was changing as the black lightened. It spilled down just past her shoulders in the back, while the bangs on the center of her forehead were slicked back. It was the bangs that framed the *sides* of her head that caught her attention.

"Not a fan of the color... Not like I'm getting a choice though." T'rikka *surely* would have liked to hope that she was going to get by with only a change of hair color, but it really didn't take her long at all to realize she was *not* getting off that easily. When she'd been turned into a mouse woman before, she'd felt how her bones were compressed into themselves as her height had been shaved off of her to bring her down to the 4'6" height she stood at today.

Which was why she was acutely able to tell that the *opposite* was now occurring long before any significant enough gains to observe had been made. **"Hey!?"**, she blurted out in an oddly deep voice the moment it occurred to her, sounding uncharacteristically excited about it for a moment too. **"I'm getting taller, aren't I!?"** She *definitely* was! The uncanny sensation of her bones and skin being *stretched* and *supplemented* with added mass was an uncanny one.

T'rikka began to notice that her line of sight had begun to rise upwards just as she'd anticipated. It only took about ten seconds or so for her to reach the five foot mark, which as inching incredibly close to her original height. But in the end? She blew *past* her original height, shooting up past 5'7" and towards the six foot range. **"Whoa!? I'm getting way too big!"** The excitement in her voice remained. No, maybe it was even *clearer* now?

If her clothes had been conscious, however, they probably wouldn't have sounded as excited about this as the one wearing them was. The sharp height increase alone was enough to undo them, lifting her pants up so high that they were practically shorts in the end, while her top and corset rose to expose her stomach. **"Ack!?"** The corset itself was causing the most issues. Not only had it been hoisted up so that it was compressing his chest, but her torso was actually becoming *broader*.

She fumbled with her hands for a moment, untying it in a panic until she could finally pull it free with a relieved gasp. **"Just how big am I**

getting here!?” She had to be *over* six feet, right? The woman was now 6’3”, specifically. And T’rikka’s body had *definitely* broadened, too. Her shoulders had to be about *twice* as far apart as they had been, and her hips weren’t really that far behind. It was no wonder her corset was causing her so many issues, especially since the straps had torn *right* off her blouse.

The woman could tell her problems were only going to grow if she continued to wear what she was. **“Guess I’d better— Oh.”** But it was *already* too late to consider stripping, it seemed. The stretched cups of her white blouse were pushing forward, the breadth of her own cleavage growing ampler by the second before her very eyes as she gasped childishly with surprise (once again a reaction that betrayed her original personality). Before long, her breasts appeared to be F-cups? Maybe *G-cups*? But her torso was broad, and her chest had actually become bulkier with muscle, so it could have been something of an illusion.

“Wait, when did I get so strong, anyways!?” T’rikka foolishly put the size of her own bosom aside, instead marveling at the sensation of feeling *strong*. It stemmed from her muscles. Not only had her pectorals grown much stronger, but her abs, arms, legs, and even her glutes were padded with muscle to give her body a denser, powerful look. There were a couple of races in the world that had builds like this. Only one had animal ears, however.

Her admiration towards her own strength, which somehow felt more earned because she could recall *training* until she was this powerful somehow, overshadowed the fact that her lower body had also swelled to be *thicker* beyond just this muscle mass. Her widened hips were made good use of, courtesy of fat pooling into her hardened thighs and ass. They finally tore the fabric of the pants that surrounded them bulging flesh and muscle peeking through these gaps.

Although *all* of her skin felt oddly *itchy* all of a sudden. **“Huh? What’s going on now? And why do I feel oddly bald?”** The woman wasn’t referring to her head. Wasn’t her body supposed to be hairier? Or, well... *furrier*? Unlike the previous curse that she had suffered, this one was affecting more than just the woman’s body. The effects on her mind hadn’t even been *considered* from her perspective, and now it was *too late*.

Because she was right! She *should* have been furrier! That was what the memories of her new body was saying, and those memories had essentially become law. She idly scratched at her itchy body here and there, not even so much as blinking as a soft, cream-colored fur emerged from newly formed fur follicles. The itching became oddly therapeutic

before long, namely because her short fingernails had stretched into sharp, darkened claws just like the nails on her toes had.

This fur *really* made it clear that T'rikka's race had returned to being something more common than a 'mouse girl', but with her tail thickening, lengthening, and growing coarser, chestnut fur at the tip? It was clear she wasn't becoming a Miqu'te again, but a mighty *Hrothgar* woman. The final indicator of this was the forward pull that affected her face.

Little by little her maw was drawn into a *snout*. Her nose flattened into a wet, black, upside-down triangle above thinned black lips that reached up to her nose like the snout of a proper cat. *Behind* those thin lips, her teeth were now razor sharp and her tongue had become rather rough. Yet her eyes? They took on a more ovular shape and darkened almost entirely to black. Again, like the eyes of a proper *feline*. She looked more like a lion than a mere cat.

And, well, Hrothgar were referred to as Xbr'aal in Tural anyways.

The woman suddenly mused to herself. "**I wanna do a good deed!**" Which was *not* what she had wanted to do before the curse had been set in place. This was just a side effect of the mental reconditioning that this curse had so *kindly* provided her with. At least it had also *kindly* decided to grant her a new outfit. Brown, leather Turalian garments with traditional dressings that showed off her furry tummy, as well as her buff arms and legs. There were matching sandals, leg wraps, arm bands, and even a feathered tiara on her head. She certainly would have had any issues blending in within Tuliyoallal any longer.

Aside from the fact that she looked and acted identically to a local celebrity.

"Hm? There was supposed to be a thief around here, wasn't there? I wonder where she went!?" After practically knocking down the door of the room that the very mouse she was searching for had been hiding in, *Wuk Lamat* placed one furred hand on her hip and used the other to shield her eyes from the hot Tuliyoallal sun. **"I hope she didn't get too far! What would I say to the one missing... their... coin purse?"**

The tall and muscular Hrothgar woman felt like a fool. Looking back at the room she'd been in, the coin purse in question was just *sitting there* on the ground. Had the thief abandoned it? **"Wow! That's a stroke of good luck! A shame I couldn't catch the culprit, though... For the good of Tural, next time I will!"** She ran over and picked up the

coin with a big smile, and then immediately ran back outside to find the man it had been stolen from.

Wuk Lamat's boundless energy and enthusiasm were what had earned her the respect of Tural's people despite only recently having become the Third Promise. But what the people didn't realize was that there was *more than one of her*. The original was busy with the Warrior of Light at that very moment, and the artifact in the temple? Now and again, it would choose criminals to create Wuk Lamat *duplicates* that could help around the city.



Technically, this one went by **Wuk Lamaat**. That longer A sound was very important! There had to be about *five* of them now, all understanding their roles but never appearing before the *real* Third Promise.

From the real Wuk Lamat's point of view, it was a little odd that she was sometimes thanked for deeds that she couldn't remember doing. But if it was helping people then it didn't matter, right?

“It was no problem! I’m happy to help!” Wuk Lamaat shook the man’s hand after returning the coin purse and bolted off again. Surely there would be someone else in Tuliyoallal that needed her help! She just had to make sure not to cross wires with one of the other Wuk Lamat copies in the meantime! **“You know, I’m getting pretty hungry. I wonder if now would be a good time...?”**

“A GOOD TIME TO GET SOME TACOS!”