

FROG FAN-ATIC

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Phew! I really managed to dodge a bullet there...!”

Astra Yao was fresh out of breath when she finally managed to hide herself away in the depths of a back alleyway. If you saw her there in that moment, you might have naturally assumed the worst. For such a famous person to be hiding away, fresh out of breath – didn’t that mean she was likely being chased? And surely if this was the case, she was being chased by an absolute villain! Someone looking to extort her, or maybe even claim her life!?

In actuality, it was nothing quite as dire. She had been running away from *her own manager*. Astra hated that she sometimes felt the need to pull a fast one on Evelyn. She was just doing the job *Astra* had assigned her, after all. But the singer also wasn’t the type that liked to sit around twiddling her thumbs, nor did she like feeling like she was having her freedom restricted in any meaningful way.

That was why her job could rub her the wrong way now and again. Don’t get it wrong, though. Astra Yao *loved* singing, but she *didn’t* love the company that she did it under. The Stars of Lyra were contracted under TOPS, and she knew well enough that they were just using her as a means to their ends. The city was more peaceful if the people had an idol like Astra to look up to, but they also recognized her wild spirit. They always tried to inundate her schedule with the most boring meetings on the planet to keep her in check

But she wasn’t having it! She was onto their games! If not for her pure-hearted desire to bring joy to others by singing, she probably would have abandoned them and gone solo a while ago. The issue was that she

couldn't *afford* to. It was because of TOPS that she'd gotten famous, and if she dropped them? She knew full well that they would do their best to bury her career after that. Exposure worked best for her goals, even if it meant suffering a little.

But was it *really* suffering if she always found a means of running away? On *this* occasion, Astra had pretended to head over to give an autograph to a fan outside of the TOPS building while they were heading in. She waited for the right moment, and when Evelyn looked away for just a second? She *bolted*! **"Forgive me, Eve! I'll make it up to you with dinner!"** She knew Evelyn got annoyed by her antics, but she also knew that her manager and bodyguard would cover for and support her.

She might be a little grumpy about it, though.



Unfortunately for her, though? While she had escaped *Evelyn's* notice? She hadn't escaped *everyone's*. She hadn't exactly run out with a disguise this time, and someone had not only *recognized* her, but they had tailed her. And not with the best of intentions. **"Wow! Ribbit! I can't believe it! You're the real Astra Yao! I'm like your biggest fan!"** A voice called out to her from down the alley, pushing her to look in that direction.

This wasn't exactly a rare occasion for the singer. She *was* the most famous performer in all of New Eridu City, after all. Greeting fans out in the wild was a natural part of the life she led, though this one was... interesting. A Thiren woman around her age, but rather than a mammal she was based off a frog. Her green skin, webbed fingers, and odd eyes made that plain. **"Yup! That's me! Would you like an autograph?"** The best thing to do was to just give them what they wanted and send them on their way.

"I'm just so excited!" But that wasn't what happened in *this* case. She was hardly even given a chance. The frog Thiren jumped at her with the power behind her thick, frog legs and pinned the singer to the wall, where the woman's lips touched her own. *Seriously!? I'm getting kissed without my consent!?* It unfortunately wasn't the first time *this* had happened either, but it was slimier and full of a *lot* more tongue than the last one.

The kiss was brief. Astra quickly found the strength to push her off. **“Hey!?”** The frog stumbled back with her eyes wide. Evidently, it had just occurred to her what she had done. **“You can’t go kissing someone without permission, *ribbit!*”** Both women looked even more stunned after *that*. Why had she added that ribbit at the end? She wasn’t trying to make fun of the frog!

“I’m so sorry! I got way too excited!” The frog’s gaze kept flickering between the alleyway floor and Astra. It was making the singer a little more self-conscious than she probably *should* have been, like there was something on her face. **“L-Let me pay you, ribbit! Or... No, that’d be worse... But, uh... M-Miss Astra...”** Astra had been ready to let her off the hook. She was a little shaken up by the sudden kiss, but she was strong enough to push past it. Plus, it would have been *really* bad for her rep if it led to an incident. **“Were your eyes always that color? Y-Yellow, I mean...?”**

What had she meant by *that*?

Astra gingerly reached her left hand up towards the eye on the same side of her head with confusion, but only because it was a little difficult to *check* her own eye color without some means of doing so. They were in an alley after all, and the singer hadn’t run off with her purse in tow – so she didn’t have her compact mirror on her. **“Are they actually yellow? You’re... not messing with me?”** She didn’t want to distrust the frog Thiren, but at the same time she *had* just kissed her without permission. Astra’s opinion of her wasn’t high.

“I’m not! And it’s not just their colors! Your pupils, too...” She really *was* telling the truth. The Thiren had clearly watched the dark pink of Astra’s gaze change hue, shifting towards a dark yellow that wasn’t all that different in shade to the eyes of the girl that had kissed her. But more than that? Her *pupils* ultimately became *just* as similar, but that made them *odd* for a human’ Because her pupils were pulled *out* to the sides, becoming more akin to a pair of horizontal lines that pinched in slightly in their centers.

The Agent momentarily went cross-eyed. **“Eh!?”** And she slammed them shut to avoid any discomfort. It only lingered for a moment, but when she opened them? Her eyes felt *moister* for some reason. Like she was on the verge of crying, but she never really *cried*. A pinch of pressure behind them prompted her eyeballs to *bulge* ever so slightly too! But the change to her eyes that she *did* notice came when she went to blink. Her normal eyelids closed and opened as normal, but there was *another*. A second eyelid that had a meshier appearance to it that covered her entire eye. **“What!?”**

Where had it come from? What purpose did it serve!? While Astra was plagued by all of these questions, the frog Thiren seemed to have her own suspicions. After all, she could see that her idol's appearance was becoming stranger and stranger, with her eyelids looking pale green and *glossy*. A color that began to appear in patches across the exposed skin that she could make out. **"A third eyelid... The kind that frogs use when jumping and swimming..."** She blinked with her own eyes, exhibiting her own third eyelid.

"W-Wait... do you mean to say I'm becoming a frog!?" It was a question that was posed as Astra's attention was drawn down to her *hands*. Her entire body had begun to feel clammier all of a sudden, and was she *sweating*? No, it was just that any patches of skin that greened ended up excreting a layer of *slimy mucus* that was seeping into her clothes. But while her body just felt weird in general? Her hands and feet stood out to her. Her hands were just easier to examine. **"O-Oh... Maybe you're right."**

The singer was trying her best *not* to freak out, but that was getting harder and harder to do. Her bare hands had exposed to her that the color of her skin was changing color, though only the lower halves of her hand had greened. From just below her fingers and all the way up to their tips? The fleshy color of her skin were now a bright *orange* that bore the same, slimier characteristic of her already transformed skin. It was just... that the changes didn't end there.

Astra blinked repeatedly with all three of her eyelids as she watched the tips of her fingers swell, while orange skin *between* those fingers stretched upward to form a layer of *webbing* between each digit. Her fingernails dissolved into those fingers, and she curiously stretched her fingers apart and closed them over and over to feel the tug of the webbing between them. They looked very *sticky*. They looked like the hands of a *frog Thiren*.

Speaking of frog Thirens, the unwanted kisser had fallen silent. She was worried that this was somehow *her* fault, but her eyes also kept flickering over to a dumpster that was nearby them. It was later in the morning now, and the *flies* that had been resting inside began to stir and buzz about. Something that Astra had subconsciously begun to notice too, licking her lips at their annoying buzzing without realizing why.

"Ah!? My feet too, *ribbit*!?" Though, for the time being? She was too distracted by other things. Her black heels had begun to feel cramped, and after lifting one of those feet forward? The reason was apparent. Orange skin was pushing up and out of her shoes! In a panic, she knelt forward and pulled one heel off, and then the other. As either of her bare

feet touched the ground? Her feet *sank* as her balled heels were flattening. Her toes had fanned out and swelled into the same ball shapes that the tips of her fingers had, whereas thicker webbing spread between them. The frog Thiren that had kissed her wasn't wearing shoes, and now it became clear as to *why*. "**Wah!?**"

A sudden imbalance caused her to catch herself on the nearby dumpster, stirring some of the flies that had been sitting on it to fly up into the open. "**E-Ew!?**" She tried to pull herself away, but she wasn't accustomed to the stickiness of her new frog hands. She was stuck, and that was *probably* for the best since she'd only stumbled in the first place because her *ankles* had inverted. Not only ad they pushed *backwards*, but dark blue spots had appeared amidst their green – spreading up her legs to present them with a *pattern*.

Astra's legs *thickened*. Only a bit, and only because the muscles *in* those legs were dramatically strengthened to grant her a frog's jumping strength. Navy blue lines were etched into her muscular thighs, with an orange shadow wrapping around each stripe. Further up? Her *breasts* curiously gained a singular cup size, but this was more in service of how frogs' pouches normally expanded when they croaked. They just made her (now damp) top feel a little tighter.

"**Ribbit!?**" She croaked once more, this time as she *finally* managed to pull herself away from the dumpster. But the flies buzzing about were distracting her. Her yellow frog eyes kept following them with pinpoint precision. Did she want to catch them? It *felt* like it, but it wasn't something she could accomplish with her *hands*. Yet, as the impulse continued to grow... She was slowly acquiring the means.

Her mouth felt *odd*. Empty. In part? This was because her teeth were softening, mending into the rest of her mouth. This felt *awful*, but in their absence? The *front* of her mouth began to feel *heavy*. "**Hmph!?** **Whath!?**" Astra struggled to speak but was still following a fly with her gaze. Little by little her mouth felt *fuller*. *Too* full. The reality of what was happening was that her tongue had merged with the front of her mouth and was *growing*. It thinned in the process, becoming ropier as the base of her mouth smoothed out to accommodate its retractable length.

"**Blep!**" Until finally? That tongue forced its way out from between her lips. It fell out like a loose hose, dangling all the way down to her bellybutton much to the dismay of both women. "**Ith tho long!?**" How was she supposed to— "**Ouch!?**" *Retract it*. A muscle activated in her mouth and the whole thing shot back up into her mouth, slapping her in the face in the process. If she'd had it *her* way, it would have stayed in there until she could figure out what's going on.

But *instincts* had a different plan. *TWHIP!* Her eyes had locked onto one of the flies again, and beyond Astra's control her tongue *shot out and hit it*. She could *taste* it while that tongue retracted into her mouth, depositing the fly into the back of her throat where it was swallowed. **"I-I just ate a fly!?"** She would have been nauseous if not for the fact that she was trying not to admit her palette had changed and it actually felt *satisfying* to eat it.

What remained of her transformation was quick and seemed more geared towards putting on the 'finishing touches'. More navy blue markings surfaced on her skin, largely around her eyes, neck, and cheeks. And a pair of slimy fins peeked out from behind bangs that paled towards a silvery white, but didn't change in length, quality, or style at all. On the other hand? Her eyebrows were shaved away, only for stripes of orange skin to replace them.

In the end, while she was still recognizable in terms of her general facial shape, rough build, and hairstyle, would anyone *believe* her if she introduced herself as Astra Yao at this point? She had become a *frog Thiren* through and through, developing a biology that was very similar to the young woman that had so suddenly kissed her. **"I don't understand, ribbit! Did you mean to do this? But how...?"** Considering she had become a *frog* it was easy to point a finger at the one who had kissed her. Unfortunately...



"I-I don't know, Miss Yao! I wouldn't have done this to you intentionally! After all, you were beautiful the way you were!" She didn't want to imply that she thought she was prettier as a human, even though she *did*. Frog Thirens had some traits that made them seem 'fuller' in appearance, especially in their faces. **"W-We should work together to figure it out! I mean... I owe it to you for what I did..."**

Well, the frog was definitely *right* about that. Maybe the two incidents *were* related, but she couldn't prove that. Either way, the singer was stuck between a rock and a hard place. She couldn't just waltz up to Evelyn with her current body. Not only would it shock her, but if the paparazzi saw her... There would be a fully blown panic! It would be best to stick to the shadows for the time being, until—

BUUUUUUZZ!

THWIP!

“Ugh...” Another one of the flies from the nearby dumpster had drawn closer to them, and Astra’s tongue had instinctively shot out to grab it. She immediately swallowed, vaguely disgusted that she had *savored* its taste on the way down. This new ‘diet’ of hers was definitely going to take some getting used to... She didn’t really have a choice, did she? After adjusting to her long tongue slipping back into her mouth once more, she turned to her overzealous fan. **“Okay! But you can’t tell *anyone* about this, got it? At least until we know what’s going on. I don’t think you did it, but I *do* think it might have been targeted.”**

What if someone was doing something to turn regular humans into Thirens just in general? Well, if it came out that this was the case, she might be able to out herself. Astra could only hope that it didn’t happen to anyone else in the meantime, though.