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COMMISSION STORY

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“I can’t believe it didn’t work oooooout!”

It was probably *quite* the site. Glitch City housed some *interesting* characters, but probably none that stood out quite as much as an overly tall *cow woman* that was dressed like she’d just walked in from an old-timey farm sitting on one of the barstools of the local bar, VA-11 HALL-A. This woman, Betsy, had actually been a regular of the bar before... as *Alma*... but didn’t remember any of that after being transitioned into this new life of hers by a cow print bikini laced with nanomachines.

When her transformation had finished? She believed herself to be a newcomer to the city, one with big plans to set up a shop to sell produce from her family farm! But those plans *evidently* hadn’t worked out, as her slouched, drunken form appeared to suggest. For *some* reason? The place she’d planned on renting didn’t have any record of her applying, and she couldn’t get into contact with her family!

...That is, of course, because none of these things had existed before. The nanomachines that had transformed her remained active in her body, replicating and transforming things around her as needed. That’s how all of Alma’s stuff had been emptied from her apartment to make it look like she’d just moved in. But those nanomachines couldn’t create appointments or *people* out of thin air. **“I just wish I had friends at least!”**

“Are you alright there?” Betsy wasn’t familiar with the staff of the bar, but they seemed to be fretting over *her*. A short woman with dark violet hair grabbed the glass she was using just seconds after pounding it back, while a short haired woman with hair of silver came to check on

her, even giving her a pat on the back. Betsy was a little *too* wasted already though, she didn't really seem to notice that any of this was going on. *Nor* that her 'wish' had activated the nanomachines, which had been released onto anything she had touched with new 'orders' to grant her 'wish'.



The woman that had come to comfort her was Dana Zane, the proprietress and manager of the bar. She was used to dealing with customers like these, though maybe not so *big* and *furry*? Had she received extensive body mods to look like that? Maybe she was more well off than she appeared? “**Maybe I should call you a taxi— Ugh!**” Her heart had been in the right place, but her body suddenly *reeled*.

It had begun with a strong tingling in the hand that patted the woman's back and quickly spread throughout the rest of her body as she keeled over. The nanomachines had spread into her own body, where they would nest after reforming her to the desires of their original host. And Betsy had wished for *friends*.

Dana contemplated calling for help, but there were a couple of problems with that. Jill had gone to the back, where it was difficult to hear anyone, and the woman she'd touched just seconds ago was *snoring* up a storm. “**Shit...**” She clenched her teeth. It would have been wrong to say she was in pain. It was more like the overwhelming feeling that something was *terribly* wrong. What was making her clench her teeth specifically was a building pressure on the sides of her head.

“**Am I developing one hell of a migraine, or what?**” It still didn't *hurt*, but the feeling was definitely akin to how it felt to develop a tension headache. If that was *all* it had been, then she definitely wouldn't have *curled* as that pressure culminated with what felt like the skin on her scalp tearing... and the feeling of something *hard* pushing out of those two spots. “**What the fuck!?**”

The woman did exactly what *anyone* would have done in a situation like this one: she reached up to feel around for... *something*, anything to help her understand what was happening. It was just unfortunate that what she discovered felt so *impossible*. “**H-Huh!?**” Because what her hands found, and what her fingers *gripped around*, *must* have been a pair of *curved horns*. They were black in color and smooth to the touch, and much to Dana's dismay? If she pulled on them, she could feel the tug on her skull. Which meant they were *attached*.

“Why the hell do I have horns? Humans don’t have...” As she said that, the woman’s attention turned to the cow woman that was asleep at the bar. *Normally*, humans didn’t have horns, but there was an example to the contrary right in front of her. What did that mean? What could it— **“Whoa!?”** The woman’s posture felt *very* unstable all of a sudden, leaving her to grab a nearby barstool so that she didn’t fall. The cause behind this imbalance was twofold, though.

The first cause was *immediately* apparent to the bar owner, especially since she was still within an arm’s reach of the gigantic cow woman. She *already* looked huge, but she was looking even bigger... as Dana’s uniform gradually became too big for her body. It was bunching up around her legs and stomach, while her short sleeves drooped down to her elbows. **“No way... Am I getting smaller?”** Well, by the time she had found those words, it was more like she’d *become* smaller. Her medium height had dipped down to a meager 4’11”. **“Is this how Jill sees the world?”**

Unsure of how else to react, she couldn’t help but crack a joke.

Her imbalance hadn’t *merely* stepped from her shorter stature, however. *Weight* played a part too, but it was namely the weight of her curves. Once she’d settled with her new height, the woman promptly focused her attention downward at her shirt. It had *been* a little baggier because she was smaller overall, but now it felt *tight*. **“My chest...?”** Dana would have *normally* elected to say ‘tits’, but she elected for something a little less crude for some reason.

Regardless of what language she used, she wasn’t *wrong*. It was difficult at first to stand up straight because her breasts were swelling within her top – not helped by the skintight layer she wore under the button-up shirt in place of a bra. **“Urgh...”** Before long, that nylon layer tore and the top button of her shirt popped up. Her tits had grown *two* sizes, but more than that they felt very *warm*? Dana got her first glimpse as to *why* when she noticed, of all things, *white fur* peeking out from her cleavage.

“E-Eh?” Her voice sounded soft and sheepish as she stared blankly at this fur. Had it covered the *entirety* of her breasts? It was more than that, in fact. It was spreading *all* across her body beneath her clothing, and you could see it beginning to sprout from her hands and forearms as well. That *included* the prosthetic left arm, which as it became furrier and furrier? The more *real* it felt to the woman. Steel was turned to blood, flesh, and bone, until it was like she had never lost it in the first place. **“My arm is back...? Wait, back?”**

According to her memories as they were now, she really never *had* lost it in the first place.

Growing fur all of a sudden was a little hard on her uniform. Fur took up more space, after all, and nowhere was it worse than her *legs*. The fur there was far shaggier than anywhere else on her body, and you could see how the pant legs were puffing out from the snow white growth. But not the fur *alone*. Dana may have been shorter, but the weight of her legs was becoming too much for her boots to bear. Her feet felt a little too *big* for her shoes? But that feeling also dulled for *some reason*.

Until finally... **CRUNCH!** The woman's feet both exploded through the fronts of her boots and flattened the heels like popping a pair of balloons. What stuck out weren't a pair of regular feet, however, but instead a pair of *brown hooves* that had very furry, white heels that lifted upwards. The lower halves of her legs had almost *doubled* in thickness. Material likewise frayed on the sides of her legs and even the seam of her butt crack, allowing more fur to escape from around thickened thighs and a perkier butt.

"My body is so... furry..." She was more or less pointing out the obvious, but that was all her mind allowed her to do. She felt a little *distracted*? A side effect of her personality and memories changing. If she'd *been* more aware, then she might have noticed how her face was pulling into a rounded snout while the fur sprouted from those features as well. Her nostrils flared and were stretched apart beneath eyes that were smaller and *browner*. But it became difficult to *see* the right eye thanks to her short, silver hairstyle growing *exponentially* until it reached the backs of her hooves. It was white. wild and fluffy, with bangs swept over her right eye

You could almost miss how her ears had grown into fuzzy bovine shapes that stuck out from her head's sides.

"Eh? Betsy? She's out cold, huh?" Though the fog had lifted from her mind, *Amrita* spared a glance to the cow woman that was slouched over the bar. While she was small, the *yak woman* had come to Glitch City a while ago after immigrating from Tibet. The nanomachines had even altered her clothing to reflect that, for she was now clad in an orangey red chuba with her long hair braided in the back. She could remember looking for the perfect



opportunity to open a business when she'd met Betsy, who was also in a sticky situation. In the end? They had decided to open a *milk bar* together.

And VA-11 HALL-A was already beginning to change to match this image as the nanomachines spread farther and farther throughout, transforming it from a cyberpunk bar to a homely, country inspired alternative. “**I don't know how she always overdoes it on milk, though.**” Either way, it was getting pretty late, wasn't it? They should probably look at closing up!

“**No one's out here buying dairy after 9pm, that's for sure...**”



“**Is she still drinking?**” Gillian, otherwise known as ‘Robert’ as a way of concealing his identity, had been at the back of the bar at the time. He'd been stuck on dish duty, much to his dismay, and there was a woman out front that was downing drinks like a champ. Unfortunately, that led to more work for him to do. One of the bartenders, Jill, had brought him another glass before smirking and heading out the back door.

Probably taking *another* smoke break, but he couldn't judge when he *also* wanted to take one. The two of them couldn't have been anymore different yet similar at the exact same time. She kept telling him that there was something ‘funny’ about that customer and that he should take a peek, but he hadn't had time! He just grabbed the newest glass that had been brought to him from the side of the sink with a sigh. “**Woah!?**” Though a strange feeling swept through him *from* that hand, pushing him to drop the glass.

Jill had taken the glass from Betsy *after* she'd made her wish, so the nanomachines were secretly *covering* it. And now? They were on Gillian's body too.

An itch upon the man's chin prompted him to scratch there, only to become alarmed when he noticed doing so had pulled off some of his facial hair. “**Huh? What the...?**” In fact, *all* of his body's unnecessary body hair was ultimately erased, all while there was something about his face's design that became increasingly *feminine*. His features ended up softening, and his eyes not only widened but were illuminated to a bright red. “**Pretty sure hair isn't supposed to fall out like that.**” Nor were a man's lips supposed to suddenly become full and pouty, but that was evidently a little lost on him.

In fact, once his face resembled that of a young woman? The rest of his body then followed suit. **“Something’s... *wrong* with me, isn’t it?”** His reaction was far tamer than his boss’s though, even as a few inches peeled off of his above average height and his waistline dipped in – something that not only made his hips seem wider naturally, but his hips *did* widen too. **“Nah. Maybe this is some sort of *fucked up dream?*”**

She definitely wanted to believe it was a ‘fucked up dream’, seeing as how she could tell she’d just become a *woman*. Her voice had shot up several octaves in tandem with the sensation of her cock and balls being pulled into the empty void that was the woman’s new pussy. And her chest had even puffed out into a small pair of tits in the process. **“So, I guess I’m a girl now?”** Gillian *tried* to sound nonchalant about it, but there was also a part of her that contradicted this. **“...Or I was *always* a woman, right!?”**

It definitely wasn’t in her nature to be so *bubbly*, much less so *wrong*. It was probably the clearest indicator yet that the nanomachines had infiltrated her mind, not only adjusting how she behaved but how she reacted to what would transpire with her body from that point onward. Gillian felt very *warm* for one, and that *probably* had something to do with the patched of black fur that had begun to spread not only around her face, but around her body as a whole.

Because of how she was dressed, the patches on her face were initially the most noticeable. They eventually grew *into* each other, coating her face with a layer of black as the *shape* of her face began to *stretch* forward into a slight snout of her own. Her nose flattened into the front of this snout as her nostrils flared, giving her a very *animalistic* appearance that was built upon by the long, furry ears that escaped out from behind a head of hair that was simultaneously growing both in length and volume, but also lightening in color towards a very pale pink. This hair was *very* thick and reached past her shoulders, while pinkened eyebrows stood out far easier against her otherwise black face.

She rubbed at her face a second time, feeling her fur but not seeming to find it odd. **“Come to think of it, don’t weird guys *totally* always rub at their chin? We had a regular one time that kept doing it, and doing it, and doing it more!”** Was this relevant to *anything*, like how her fingers had thinned as they became furrier? Nope. It seemed more like she just liked hearing the sound of her own voice! She didn’t even bat an eyelash as a short, fluffy white tail poked out from between her top and pants. Paired with her ears, they looked sort of like they belonged to a *sheep*?

The overall fluffiness of her growing fur seemingly pointed towards that specific animal as well. This was abundant clear in her *legs* where the fur was not only thicker, but the bones within her legs became thicker too. It was actually fairly similar to what had transpired with Amrita's legs, with her heels lifting as the front of her feet hardened into black hooves that eventually destroyed her footwear. On the other hand? Pant legs that were designed for a lankier man's limbs were struggling against the thickness not only of this fur, but of her expanding thighs and ass as a whole. It was inevitable that the sides of those pants would split.

“Hey! Why am I even wearin’ this? My tits are *waaay* too big!”

Instead of noticing her hooves, ass, or even her thighs, however? Gillian seemed to be more distracted by the area directly beneath her chin. This was unsurprising, seeing as how her previously small bust had swollen *several* sizes larger, forcing the top few buttons of her button-up shirt to pop off and even unfurling the front of her vest so that she had a bird's eye view of her very furry cleavage.

But that window was erased in the *literal* blink of an eye. She'd been looking at her own cleavage through an ill-fitted bartender's uniform one moment, and the next? She was dressed in an ornate, Chinese dress with a pink to orange gradient. There was a long slit down the right, so that you could see her full, fluffy leg, and a golden headdress pulled her hair up into two buns on top and a big bun in the back.

“Wow! How many glasses of milk did Betsy push back? I swear, she keeps tellin’ me she’s worried about puttin’ on weight but then has nights like this!” The *black-furred sheep* woman looked over at the pile of finished dishes, her memories telling her that she had *just* completed them. *Bo Maryland* always worked the behind the counter at the milk bar she was running with Betsy and Amrita. Well, it was more like they always *wanted* her in the back for *some reason*.

Probably because she was *way* too yappy. She had a bad habit of oversharing things like, say, *Betsy being worried about her weight*, which was why it was a bad idea to have her speaking with customers unsupervised. She was also a bit of a clumsy ditz who could hardly even be



trusted around *dishes*. But they really had nowhere else to *put* her. Dishes were replaceable. Some customers were not.

“I’m just about done out here! Wonder what our *manager* is up to out back though? I wanna go home...”



Julianne Stingray, known by everyone around her as *Jill*, was certainly having an unusual night. It wasn’t every day you got to meet a giant cow woman, and certainly not one who could pound back as much booze as she could. She hadn’t been very open, but it seemed like she was having work problems? **“Well, it’s not really *my* problem, I guess.”** The only company she had was the cool night air of the back alley behind the bar as she prepared to have a smoke.

Of course, she’d carried Betsy’s glass to Gillian. The nanomachines hadn’t *skipped* her, she just hadn’t felt the full force of their presence. She *did* notice something odd when she reached her hand into the pocket of her skirt to grab her smokes, though. Namely that there *weren’t* any smokes. **“The hell? I definitely put them in here...”** She *always* carried her smokes in her pocket! **“I didn’t drop them, did—Ugh!?”**

There was the initial kickback from the nanomachines finally starting their work.

Unsure of what else to do, Jill immediately placed her hand on the outer wall of the bar the moment her body lurched confusingly. **“What the hell just *hit* me?”** Was she *sick*? No, there was *no* way that there was any illness strong enough to knock the wind out of her so suddenly, and it wasn’t as if she’d been *hit* by anything. The feeling had just come out of *nowhere*!

Making things all the more confusing was the fact that the woman found herself *repeatedly* adjusting where she place her hand on the wall for some reason. Was her arm slipping? No, if anything it was kind of the opposite? Her elbow kept bending downward, as if she was too...? **“Wait.”** The bartender began to piece it together all on her own. It wasn’t *just* where her hand was resting. Her vest and shirt were being untucked from her skirt, and her tights were being yanked down from her waist?

“What the *fuck*!?” It was a realization that warranted the use of that language. Jill had a complex about how short she was, and had always wished that she’d managed to grow a little taller. But she wasn’t expecting that growth spurt to come at *her* age, much less so much so quickly. **“Shit, I need to do something about my clothes!”** She didn’t know *how* or *why* it was happening, but she knew that there were some *immediate* problems with the fact that it was happening.

She’d been *way* too short for her age, and now she was almost 5’10”!? Her sleeves had pulled back to her elbows, and her tights had fallen past her knees. Because it felt like her *feet* were now too big for her heels, she managed to kick them off in a panic while continuing to hold the wall. But she didn’t have as much luck with the *rest* of her uniform, which was apparently being challenged by *more* than merely a major jump in height.

“Wait, isn’t this *baaaaad*!?” Jill had to put aside the strange bleating noise she’d just made, though she did raise a worried brow. Her skirt *already* covered basically *nothing*, but now it was *tearing* at the sides as her hips swung out almost five inches wider. A step that felt more preparatory than anything with how her thighs thickened to nearly *thrice* their original girth only moments later. They were plump and firm, and the same could be said of the padding that was then applied to her cheeks.

Not even her waistline was spared from the *thickening* process, forcing the bottom three buttons of her uniform vest and top to pop *right* off as it roughly doubled in girth, yet was still significantly narrower than her hips. It wasn’t long after that the *rest* of the buttons on her upper wear popped off courtesy of her tits swelling with a vigor similar to her ass. Her paltry B-cups *ballooned* into a pair of *E-cups* that left her dumbfounded.

Though, what left her even *more* dumbfounded was what was *growing* from her newly exposed cleavage.

White fur.

“Is that—*Ack*!?” Just as Jill was about to question what she was looking at, her jaw stiffened. No, it was being *pulled*? Inch by inch, her face was tugged forward while patches of white sprouted across her face until it was covered entirely. Her red eyes pales to a soft pink and her nostrils merged into her new snout with a cool, wet, and leathery appearance. She didn’t look much like Jill already, and her dark hair paling to the same white as her growing fur as her twintails came undone into a messy style that reached her knees certainly didn’t make her identity any more obvious.

As the fur covered more and more of her body, some of her physical traits became more common with those of the three women *still* inside the bar. A short, white tail pushed out from the base of her tailbone for example, and after the fur spread across her thick thighs and down to her feet? The fronts of those feet hardened and pushed inward, lifting her up on a pair of new *hooves* through what remained of her stockings. What capped it off was actually what Dana had felt first. “**Ugh...**” A pressure atop her head that led to two horns growing out, though they were brown and curled forward, around a pair of *goat* ears.

It only took a single blink for Jill’s clothing malfunction to correct itself. Her furry thighs all the way down to her hooves were completely bare, but a *very* tight black dress hugged her curves enticingly. Everything she wore took clear Chinese inspirations, such as the big sleeves and the yin-yang cap atop her head. While she also had fresh, red markings upon her face? Her long hair was likewise braided behind her.

“We should really put a security camera by the back door.” The *goat woman*’s eyes narrowed at the vague darkness of the back alley. The milk bar that she ran with Betsy, Amrita, and Bo – and consequentially *managed* – wasn’t exactly prime real estate for thieves. But *Grace Meadows* was the type of woman that considered *every* possibility. She was as stern as she was tall and buxom, which certainly wasn’t as much as Betsy, but the other two didn’t hold a candle to her.



She tapped one of her hooves on the pavement impatiently before turning her attention to the door. **“I shouldn’t linger out here...”** Animal people weren’t that common in Glitch City, so they couldn’t be too careful. Grace was too smart to show any exploitable vulnerabilities though, and in fact, she was just too smart in *general*. There was a reason that *she* was the manager and not the others. Either way, it was getting late.

“We need to close up... and figure out how the three of us are going to carry Betsy to the apartment.”

On the bright side? The four of them at least *lived* together. That would make it easier.