

MAID TO MEOW

COMMISSION STORY

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It could almost be alarming at times just how quickly things changed.

And this wasn't a statement related to any specific thing. You could easily use it to refer to, say, the *weather*, or your relationships with other people. Time was always fleeting and there would always be things that would be outside of our control regardless of how much we desired to affect or alter their outcomes. Of course, because this saying was applicable to so many things, what was *I* applying it to that had made the very thought cross my mind in the first place?

I had actually been thinking of the city that I lived in. “**A new department store, and there's a public pool over there...**” For over a year now, a large section of my city had been more or less off limits. There had been a redevelopment plan for it that came as part of a general expansion project. More and more people had been relocating locally over the past decade, and it had been becoming clearer that the local amenities weren't going to be able to cut it in the long term.

And so, some of the countryside and a number of buildings that weren't being used had been sectioned off so that they could build. New stores and facilities were constructed over the past year and a pace that almost felt dizzying. And now, with everything complete and staffed, they finally managed to open this new district up to *everyone*. It had been about a week since *that* had happened, and I had finally decided to check it out.

I'd waited a week because I wasn't *stupid*, and I'd even gone as far as to go on a Monday morning. New locations were always overly busy, and I couldn't imagine how difficult it would have been to walk those streets

during the opening week. Fortunately for me, my plan had panned out and there was hardly a soul on the street even despite the time of day. It hadn't really been my intention to buy anything or use any services. I just had been interested in going for a walk and checking out what had been added to the city for future endeavors.

I really *hadn't* planned on going into any of the buildings, but... I had a moment of weakness. There was a little café nestled within a strip mall that I hadn't expected to see. "**A cat café?**" Named 'Be With Meow in a Moment', I had to wonder if such a long name would really do them any favors. But the sign featured art of a number of cats surrounding a cat... woman in a maid costume? Well, it was just art. At the time, I could only assume that it was a shop mascot or something like that.

And I *did* love cats.

Despite my prior plans to not enter any of the new stores, I ended up entering this café. They were open, and there didn't seem to be any customers. Maybe I could see some cats and grab a coffee? That seemed like a pretty good plan to me! I ended up feeling pretty disappointed when I stepped inside and found no cats, no customers, and certainly no maids (not that the maids were my main priority). There was just an old woman sitting behind the counter. Had I made a mistake?

In a way I *had*, but realistically it was more like I'd been *misled*. Tricked intentionally. I just hadn't realized it yet. "**Hello! Welcome and congratulations! You're our first customer!**" The old lady had been so *still*, and she spoke up so suddenly that it startled me. First customer? Was that what was going on? If it was their very first day of operation, then they might not have had everything set up just yet. "**Are you interested in receiving a prize for being the very first one?**"

This was part of the trap. It probably wouldn't have matter how much suspicion I could have cast upon the stranger, and I probably wouldn't have since she seemed both very frail *and* very kind – I would have answered the same way every time. "**A prize? Sure!**" In *my* mind it could only have been something like a free meal or a special item. Considering how small the café was and the fact I'd never heard of it, it likely wasn't a prize that would be valued very highly.

"**Perfect! And here I was worried since I hadn't found someone.**" She was worried that she hadn't found a... *first customer*? With the little context that I had, this was the only conclusion that I could draw. It was a strange one. If you opened a store then it was only natural that you would *eventually* get a customer unless you opened it

in like, Antarctica. **“We’ve really been in need of a maid, after all!”** She dinged a bell on the counter in front of her.

Unknowingly sealing my fate.

“Now, Rey, go be a dear and sweep the floor. We’ll have customers soon, I’m sure.” Rey? Who was that? It certainly wasn’t *my* name, and so I ended up looking behind me to make sure a girl with that name hadn’t been standing there. There *wasn’t* one. So, I began to walk. Away from the counter. Towards the back of the store. I found a small closet and opened it, pulling out a broom and dustpan. It was only *then* that it occurred to me that something was wrong.

Very wrong. **“H-Huh? Why did I... do as she said?”** The woman hadn’t been addressing me at all. It was like my body just moved on its own. My mind had been so *foggy*. Even now? My hands were moving, sweeping in place despite any attempts on my part to *stop* it from happening. **“I can’t stop!?”** Things were actually much, *much* worse than that, however.

Not only could I *not* stop, but my will to do so faded slowly once more as my mind was consumed by a fog. I just *continued* to sweep, moving gradually down the hall without thinking of or considering anything else. Not even noting just how *warm* and vaguely *itchy* my hands and forearms began to feel. If I’d had it in me to check, I *definitely* would have been *extremely* alarmed.

After all, my hands were becoming *paler*. No, that wasn’t quite what was happening. From *afar* it seemed that way, but what was *actually* occurring was that short, white *furs* had begun to sprout from my skin in these areas. This was obviously *bad*, because humans didn’t *grow fur*. And yet it was happening, all while my furrier fingers thickened slightly and my fingernails narrowed, thickened, *and* sharpened until my hands had a set of *claws* that could be retracted at will.

The fur traveled up my arms and all the way to my shoulders, and from those shoulders down to my fingertips? About 85% of my skin ended up completely covered by this snow white. The other 15% took on oddities of their own, though. Whether it was my fingertips or my palms, some of the skin had risen in these places to avoid all of the fur that was sprouting. Yet this skin pinkened and softened as it reached about two inches away from my palm. These paw pads and beads were *very* plush to the touch, and they gripped the broom handle effortlessly.

Like I had been *training* to do it.

But finally... “**HUH!?**” That fog that had gripped my mind faded again, and I found myself thinking with what I could only assume was perfect clarity (it wasn’t). I immediately noticed my hands – no, my *paws*? – and arms, and dropped the broom from sheer surprise. They looked like a cross between a human’s hands and a pair of *cat paws*, but that couldn’t be it, could it?

DING!

“Rey!? Can you pick up that broom and mop where you swept next, please?” The old lady’s voice called out again, and I *immediately* picked up the broom and shoved it back in the closet even though I hadn’t wanted to. Part of me wanted to talk back, to tell her to stop *whatever* she was doing to me. But I couldn’t move my tongue to cry out disobediently. Why did she even keep calling me Rey? My name wasn’t Rey, it was... It was... *Oh no! Did Master make me forget my name!?*

I didn’t even get to question that *additional* oddity that had emerged amidst my thoughts before the mental fog claimed my mind again, sweeping me into mindlessly mopping the hallway I had only swept moments before. This time, however, I acted outside of my specific orders. My feet had begun to ache, and so I removed my shoes and socks, and set them on a table beside the cleaning closet before resuming my mopping job.

Had I been in my right mind I *definitely* would have questioned why my feet were aching so much in the first place. The truth was that my legs and feet were succumbing to a phenomenon similar to my arms and hands. The same white fur was spreading down my legs from the hips, more or less leaving my torso and pelvis untouched for now. What was *odd* was that when my thighs became fluffier? They also appeared to take on fuller shapes. Even my hips widened ever so slightly to alter my gait.

Which *was* pretty weird, but it still wasn’t the *weirdest* thing that happened to my lower body at the time. My ankles thickened slightly as the snow white took them, and it was clearly a necessary change for what happened below them. The cause of my aching feet was laid plain: my feet were *growing* while the fur spread. They grew a few inches wider, but in terms of length? They actually *withdrew*. My pinkie and big toes merged into the ones beside them so that I only had three digits per foot, while what remained thickened into short, circular toes. Each one completed with its own sharp, retractable claw.

“Meow!?” The moment I finished mopping, the mental impairment I was facing lifted, and two things happened involuntarily courtesy of my

surprise. The first was that all of the fur I had grown so far stood on end, while the other was that I *meowed* instead of exclaiming in a more human matter. This unnerved me for a moment. Walking on the paw pads that had surfaced on the soles of my feet felt *weird*, especially with the floor wet. But what *really* confused me was the socks and shoes on the table. “**Whose are those?**” They almost felt *familiar* somehow.

DING!

“Rey? Can you give the dishes one last wash before we open?”

Another order came from *my boss* before I could worry about those shoes any longer. I answered on instinct *this* time. “**Right away, Meowster!**” What I was doing felt *natural*. Like I was doing what I was supposed to. So, I didn’t even think about it as I skipped into the kitchen and turned on the tap. “*Meow!?*” Unfortunately, someone had left one of the hoses switched on, so when I turned on the water? I was *sprayed*. It soaked my clothes, but fortunately didn’t get onto much else.

So, I moved without thinking again. I pulled my shirt up and over my head and then wiggled out of my pants and boxers. Before long, I stood *naked* beside the sink, but it didn’t bother me. Mostly because anything that would have been *problematic* to expose just *wasn’t* exposed, even though I wasn’t wearing clothing. The growth of the snow white fur had moved inward to cover my torso and loins, though there had been some *noteworthy* side effects.

As it had wrapped around my shoulders and waistline, these areas had all narrowed – which made my wider hips stand out even more. My lips twitched for a moment while I carried folded clothes out to where the shoes and socks had been left prior, because I thought they must have all belonged to the same person, right? It didn’t even occur to me that *I’d* been wearing them until seconds prior anymore. My lips had twitched for an unrelated reason, however.

This fur had cupped my dick and balls, and as the fur spread? It all *diminished*. My male genitalia had regressed until it was *nothing*, with a slit that was more human than feline opening between my legs in its place. This made my body *female* by the merit of internals, and I was provided with the additional benefit of growing... *tits*. My furry, flat chest surged forth with weight, its bounciness difficult to make out with the snow white in the way and my nipples concealed. Nonetheless, by the time they had fully grown they were a perky pair of *C-cups*. Certainly nothing to scoff at.

“There really is something about these clothes, though!”

Something just felt different in *general*. My voice being of a much higher pitch *should* have been one of these things, especially with the fur now growing from my *face* on top of everything else. It gradually softened so that it was *cuter*, while my lips thinned and blackened to look more like a *cat*’s. The same could be said of a nose that flattened turned cold and wet as its color stood out against the sea of white s a dark pink.

Still, its loss of length was supplemented by my jaw momentarily locking as my face was pulled out into the slightest snout. I continued to stare at the clothing with my arms crossed beneath my new chest. Gold glistened, replacing the original colors of my eyes while they grew larger and gained longer lashes in kind. Even my pupils narrowed into slits that were reminiscent of a *feline*’s eyes. I looked ever part the woman I was biologically, and yet I still didn’t look as much like a *cat* as I probably should have.

This was something that was quickly rectified, taking advantage of the trance that the sight of the clothing had left me in – because deep down a part of my mind still realized the clothes were *mine*, and this clashed with my *updated* opinion. **“Hm...”** In the meantime? My short hair lit to a shade of white that was just *vaguely* more silver than my fur. It lengthened into a fluffy bob with centered bangs, though this wasn’t even the most surprising change to the top of my head. Hidden by this hair? My *ears* had been moving upwards on my skull. They eventually peaked out, just as white and fluffy as the *rest* of my body, and they eventually grew into a huge pair of cat ears.

My new body was only complete once a long, matching tail erupted from the base of my spine, swishing playfully from side to side as I stood idle.

“Meow? Seriously! Whose clothes are those, anyways?” My feline eyes narrowed at the pile of clothing I’d brought together on the table. Had a man just *stripped* and left his clothes hanging around!? Oh no! But wait, that didn’t make much sense! Either way, I had *many* more important things to worry about! My fur covered the important bits, but I was still *naked*. I was supposed to be in uniform! My white paws pattered against the wooden floor as I ran back to the changing room.



It didn't take me long to find my classical maid uniform. It *was* just hanging on the door, after all! But it was *weird*! Every time I slid a piece on, I felt a little *weird*? I mean I'd *always* been a pretty, ditzy cat girl, but it wasn't like me to get nagged by the idea that I was *forgetting* things so frequently! I was more of a *clumsy* kitten than anything! A very clumsy *Rey*! I'd managed to get changed just in time, because I heard the bell out in the lobby. "**Coming, Meowster!**"

The feeling of a maid's shoes over my lower paws felt cramped, though. Human clothes didn't always fit my cat girl body perfectly. It didn't take me long to make my way to the front door, where my Master was waiting with her usual smile. She *was* my boss, but I had to refer to everyone in the store as my Master! Or my *Meowster* as my verbal quirk force me to! "**Are you ready for our grand opening?**" It *was* the very first day! As the world's first cat girl, this was a big debut for me! Master had promised I would have help soon, depending on how the first day went, though!

"I was born ready, Meowster!"