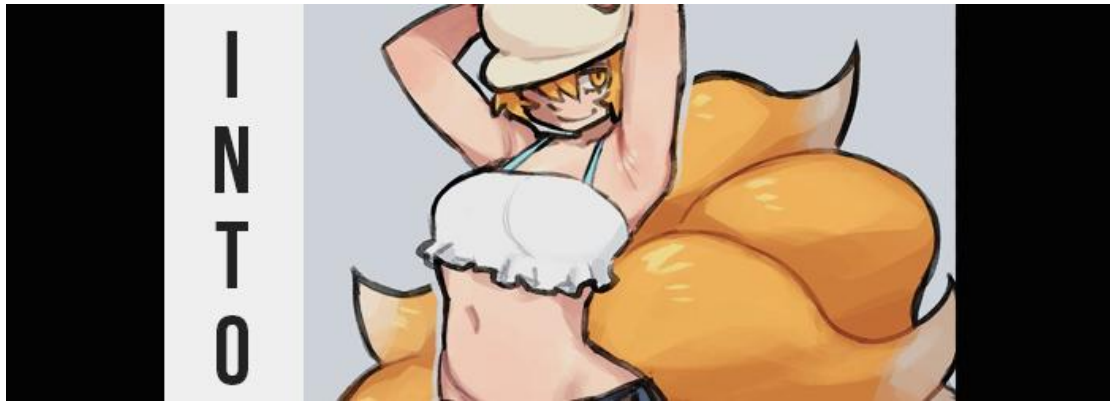


JUST RAN WITH IT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It wasn't easy managing an office.

And, in fact, I had *never* really wanted to do it. When I was younger, my aspirations had always been greater. A firefighter, a pilot, an astronaut... But well, that was how things *always* were with kids. Your ambitions were much greater when you didn't really understand how the world worked or how much effort you needed to put into accomplishing even one of the most basic of those desires. In terms of work ethic as an adult, I wasn't necessarily the best, nor was I the worst.

That had more or less been my ethic through high school and post-secondary education as well. I wasn't going to shoot for the stars. I'd put in the effort that businessowners were willing to pay me for and nothing more. But even then? That manager position had more or less fallen on my lap about a year ago when the old manager passed away suddenly in a traffic accident. They didn't take no for an answer, but they also paid me more so... *I dealt with it.*

It helped me pay down some debt, get my own place, and finally get my life going on the right foot. I couldn't complain about *that*, even if I didn't have much else going on. No real hobbies to speak of, no girlfriend to dote on, and no time to spend on any of them even *if* I'd had them. I basically got up at the crack of dawn, went to work, went home, and went to bed. So, when staffing problems came up – like a member of my team suddenly going home sick – things could be a little dicey.

Thankfully, there was a guy on my team who had been willing to pick up the slack and stay late. I felt bad, but no one else volunteered and *my*

boss would have had my ass if it hadn't gotten done. I'd worked an all-nighter the night prior, so I *physically* couldn't have tapped in to do it myself. I'd have to wiggle some room in the monthly budget to give him a bonus or something to make up for it.

I awoke the following morning and *immediately* checked the security logs on my phone. We worked in an office building with multiple floors and state-of-the-art security system, so if anyone walked in or out of the building at any time they had to pass through checkpoints that notified me – at least when it came to my team's floor. There weren't exactly security exits *that* high up.

“Huh? Why didn't he leave? Did he *sleep at the office*?” It wasn't exactly unheard of and *did* happen from time to time, but I was fairly certain there shouldn't have been so much work left over from the missing employee that he would have been there any later than midnight. But there wasn't a single log from after he'd presumably ordered dinner. Which meant he was still inside. **“*Sigh.*”**

Hopefully he had just lost track of time, and it wasn't a matter of him having problems at home or anything like that. He was a little younger than me, but it wasn't like that didn't mean there couldn't be issues. Did he have a girlfriend or anything like that? He didn't really talk about himself too much, but maybe it would be worth asking. After all, as always, the sun had only *just* come up, and I was already getting ready to head in.

As the manager, I tried my best to make sure I got in before anyone else. A feat that would be made impossible if someone had *slept there*, of course, but did it count as him getting there first if he'd never left? I wasn't going to press it or anything like that, because it definitely wasn't a point of pride or anything. It was probably a *good* thing in this case, because then I could talk to him about whatever was going on.

The commute *to* the office wasn't too bad. About a ten-minute drive. Then it took me about five minutes to use the elevator to reach the office. Basically, once I'd left my front door then I was there in no time at all. Nobody was working in the main office section of our floor, and the bathrooms were unoccupied, which meant that he could only be in the— **“*Huh?*”** The breakroom was the only room he *could* have been in, and while there *was* someone in that room.

It wasn't him.

Not unless he'd somehow turned into a buxom Japanese woman with fluffy ears and a big tail? Well, *I* couldn't have possibly known that this was actually the case. I was still trying to wrap my head around a

stranger being on my premises! There was no way she could have gotten in without security catching her, and was she drinking from a *sake* bottle? **“Hey! What are you doing in here!?”** I lurched forward naturally, not to do anything *to* her but to make my presence known since she *was* trespassing.

But after taking a few steps I *tripped*. Over *nothing*? No, there had been a wire strung out across the ground. The strange, cosplaying woman at the table just laughed, and a sudden weight made itself known atop my head. **“Huh?”** Something had landed on top of it, and it was *heavy*? No, it wouldn’t budge when I tried to remove it, but that certainly wasn’t *weight*. It was like it was stuck?

“What’s wrong, RanRan? Why would you take off your favorite hat?”

“RanRan?” I locked eyes with the stranger as I repeated the weird nickname she had just used, still trying to pull the hat off in the meantime. Because it was stuck to my head, I didn’t know that it was a trendy, white cap with a short beak and a fox sticker on the side. Was she talking to *me*? I eventually turned my head to look behind me. There was no one there, so she could only *be* talking to *me*, right? **“Look, lady. I don’t know how you got in here, but you need to get out.”** I kept glancing at her tail and ears. For fakes, they looked *very* convincing.

But little did I know that I was about to have a set of my own. In fact, at least the *ear* portions were already growing in; I just hadn’t *noticed*. If my ears were growing in any way, then you would have expected them to push out from the *sides* of my head, right? But I hadn’t noticed *because* that wasn’t happening. Because they had moved up and *under* the hat affixed to my head, cartilage stretching into longer, triangular shapes that were pinned back *under* the hat as a *golden blonde* spread across them.

How could I have possibly known their color if they were under my hat at the time? Well, I *couldn’t* have. But I *did* end up the color elsewhere nearby. **“...Huh?”** The woman had not answered any of my questions, instead choosing to observe me with a quiet smirk upon her lips instead. My attention had drifted *away* from her anyways, with my eyes preferring to travel up to look at my *bangs*. I was a guy in my thirties, and while I would *hopefully* never show signs of balding, I also didn’t like my hair too long.

So then, why was it that I could see my bangs? And why were they a golden blonde color when my hair was supposed to be *brown*? The confusion was plain on my face but nowhere was that truer than my

eyes... eyes that adopted a similar gold within their irises as my pupils were pulled into vertical slits. **“What’s going on!? Why the hell’s my hair like this!?”** Of course, I was much more concerned about the thing that I had noticed, my hair, because it had grown into a messy, chin-length bob. **“Is it this stupid hat? Are you doing this!? You—!?”**

My voice cracked, or at least I initially processed it as cracking, just as I was *forced* to sharply inhale for no discernible reason. It led to me sucking in my gut and straightening my back, but in the wake of that motion I felt all the *more* disoriented. **“Uh... What... was that? HYA!?”** Now, I was an office worker and had been for some time now. I wasn’t exactly *fit* and had actually had something of a belly on me. The squeak (and quite a feminine one at that) had sounded when I looked down and realized that the front of my button-up dress shirt was just *hanging there* loosely with nothing inside.

“A-Am I thin!? And the hell is wrong with my voice!?” On the latter point, it was a little too unbelievable to call what had happened to it a mere *voice crack* by this point. I consistently sounded like a woman. On the *former* point, I certainly was. It wasn’t even isolated to my tummy. My cheeks and limbs were thinner, and when it came to my belly... **“Are those abs...?”** How had I gone from a soft belly to *muscles* in a matter of seconds!? Well, I supposed I could have asked ‘how’ about any number of things by this point.

The stranger just continued to stare at me all the while, as if she was waiting for something.

For all that I’d noticed about my build, and I squeaked again when my taller height dropped almost *instantly* down to 5’6” – shrinking my hands and feet into daintier forms in the process – I hadn’t quite caught how much had been happening to my *face* in the meantime. My voice change had become obvious around the time my Adam’s apple had smoothed away, but that was only part of it.

As my eyes had changed color previously, perhaps that was a good place to start? Not long after their colors changed, the shapes of my eyelids had followed suit. They narrowed while my lashes had lengthened, particularly in the corners until they had a distinctly more *Asian* appearance. And while I continued to speak English aloud? My thoughts were steadily being processed more and more in *Japanese*. **“What am I even doing... dressed like this?”**

I spoke through lips that had swollen into fuller, plusher forms upon a face that was shorter and rounder, but now also possessed a small nose and flawless skin. It was quite *beautiful* and only continued to suggest

what might have been obvious for some time now. Just *what* that was, however, did not wait long at all to become a reality. “**Oh!?**” For some time now, my thoughts had been getting heavier and heavier. The shift in internalized language had certainly contributed to that, but the moment I felt that *tug* between my legs that signaled my changed sex, well... Things became even groggier.

“**I’m a... woman?**” I was a *woman*. A fact that should have should have been extremely surprising, and yet I didn’t even sound certain of whether or not I should have been questioning it in the first place. Was I not *supposed* to be a beautiful Japanese woman? That descriptor was become all the truer within my oversized dress shirt and pants combo, because with that height loss it was all *very* baggy upon my frame. It was almost like it was a consolation that I soon began to *fill it out* more.

Perhaps that was the natural next step after my sex had changed, but my hips *did* flare out at the sides so that added fat could pad my lower body. This was probably *best* seen in my ass, as cheeks that had thinned from my prior weight loss *jiggled* back to life to fill out my boxers and pants. What had briefly been flat developed into a pronounced, sexy heart-shape in a matter of seconds, while the thighs below were fed enough excess that they rubbed together below my pelvis even *with* my hips widened.

If there had been another aspect of my body that had grown smaller, it was my *waist*. It pinched inwards in a way that made my widened hips stand out all the more, though the button-up shirt was too baggy for it to show. What it *wasn’t* too baggy to show on the other hand was that just *above* my belly. It made sense since I *was* now a woman and all, but a chest that had become completely flat surged out with a visible *bounce*. I didn’t stumble, but I did *grumble* as I looked down to see two mounds obscuring my vision. Two *D-cup* tits. “**Well, nothing odd about that...**”

I was a woman. Women had breasts. *I could remember always having them.* Wait. Was that true?

Well, I was certainly given a better *look* at those tits seconds later. The oversized outfit I’d been wearing practically *dissolved* aside from the hat, but it simply revealed a different outfit had been worn underneath consisting of a frilly, white crop top with no sleeves (that showed off my bare armpits when I stretched and the entirety of my tummy), along with blue jeans that tightly hugged my new curves. It was a trendy fit that didn’t really look like it belonged in an *office* setting.

Then again, offices didn’t normally contain *bake-tanuki*... or *kitsune* for that matter. I’d already started recognizing myself as one at one point,

and my ears already proved it. Yet, the lack of anything covering the lower half of my torso made it significantly easier for my *nine* orange, white-tipped tails to extend into their full and fluffy glory, wriggling and flicking around according to their own whims.

A *lot* of things suddenly made sense to me.

“Mamizou? What was I...?” I could feel the hat on top of my head move, and I in fact adjusted it myself to pull it down against my blonde bangs. That was more movement than it had afforded me before, but could I even remember any of that? Nah. I felt *pretty* confused about what I had even been doing? I was a youkai from Japan, and I was in an office building in the West? That didn’t make sense... at first. But the puzzle pieces were finally falling back into place.



I’d come to this country *with* Mamizou after she’d wanted a break from Gensokyo with Yukari’s permission. We hadn’t *needed* to work to take what we needed. As youkai in a world of mortals, using magic and trickery was enough to get our own way. But the bake-tanuki had *insisted* on getting a human job at this office. *Ran Yakumo* had then come to visit Mamizou to... **“Ah, I remember.”**

My heart now beating quickly, I quickly closed the gap between the tanuki and myself and wrapped my arm around the other woman’s waist. **“Oh—!?”** But before Mamizou could manage to say any more than that, I stole her lips before probing into her mouth with my tongue. I pressed her against the counter passionately and she clung to me back – neither of us aware of how the picture of the ‘boss’, of who I had once been, warped into a picture of who I was now. The fox woman who was *not* dressed for a day at the office.

But that was just the kind of carefree boss I was!

We still had some time before the rest of my team came in, so I reached my hands up and under Mamizou’s shirt to unclasp her bra while pulling her away, out into the hall, and into *my* office. **“I hope you’re ready for your punishment for leaving me along all night.”** I

chuckled as I lifted her onto my empty desk. Usually *she* was the friskier one, but hey.

Sometimes you were just in the mood!