

NYEET LIFE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Leona Moonclaw had seen a number of fascinating sights over the course of her life, but perhaps none were quite as unbelievable as the city she presently navigated were, even though she'd walked the streets numerous times at this point. Artificial lights dotted the skyline behind the wide open Aetheryte plaza in the city center. Long, open walkways were propped up between 'islands' that seemed to just float within the city's container. And there was a whole lot of *purple*.

"Solution Nine is really quite the place..." The snow leopard-printed Hrothgar woman mused to herself *several* times as she traveled from that gate to the apartment building that she'd had jotted down on a piece of paper. Was it really all that surprising that this was the case, however? As far as the woman knew, this was the remnant of *another world*. This city had just *appeared* in Xak Tural out of nowhere, and those with curious minds had begun traveling the globe to visit it.

The Hrothgar's own circumstances were a little bit *different* though. She'd been in Tural when Solution Nine had first arrived, and so she'd been one of the first to visit once the gates opened. After things had settled, she'd become a frequent fighter in the Arcadion. It was a fighting ring where most of the locals utilized monster souls to transform, though Leona was strong enough to compete without them.

She'd become more and more popular until, finally? She had been offered temporary housing in one of the apartment buildings. The only stipulation was that she would be given a roommate, but that wasn't a big deal since the apartments had individual bedrooms. As Leona understood it, she'd just have to share the common area – and it was

still *much* easier than having to commute to Solution Nine every time she had a match.

“Hello?” After opening the door to her designated unit with the fingerprint scanner, she stepped in and spoke up. The Hrothgar was *immediately* met with a scent that came across as rather... *stale*. It wasn't a *bad* smell, more like the living room and hallway had just been overly *idle*. It didn't smell 'lived in', was probably the better way to word it. Everything she walked past in the modern-futuristic space seemed extremely *dusty* too. **“...Is no one cleaning?”**

She briefly wondered if maybe she'd been assigned the wrong apartment. If someone lived there, then surely it would have been in better shape too, right? But as she walked past one of the bedroom doors, she noticed that there was a light filtering in through the crack underneath it. **“...Hello?”** Leona knocked on the door first to no reply, so she eventually opened the door to find—

“NYA!?”



A woman squeaked and ducked under a comfortable looking duvet that she'd been wearing over her shoulders. Black hair, pink eyes, Miqu'te ears – these were the only traits that she had managed to notice before she went into hiding. **“G-Go away! I don't like people!”** Her words stung a little, but the Hrothgar quietly did what she was asked. She was a little put off. Not just by the young woman's attitude, but by the *scent* from that bedroom. It had been different from what she had smelled in the hall. Body odor, expired food, unwashed clothes... It had been a *mess* in the room in general.

“Okay then...” Leona had heard of people like this before. People that didn't like to socialize or go outside, that hid in their homes and rooms. The world outside of Solution Nine didn't have a word for them specifically though, so she didn't really know *what* to call her. If anything, maybe that just meant things would be pretty quiet around the apartment? She did wonder a little about all of the tech that had lit the dimly lit space, though.

Which made it a pleasant surprise when she slipped into the other bedroom and found similar devices set up once she turned on the light. In fact, the room almost looked *identical* to her roommate's aside from the mess on the floor. Even the duvet on the bed was the same one that her roommate had been using. **“Do these rooms just come with this stuff? Well, cuts back on things I need to purchase, I guess.”** Come to think of it, if that Miqu'te never left her room, then that explained why the apartment was so dusty.

“I guess I'll have to do some cleaning tomorrow...” It was always difficult to tell the time of day in Solution Nine, but it was already *almost* midnight. Evidently her roommate didn't *plan* on going to bed anytime soon. It was probably more of a question of when she'd woken up in the first place. Well, whatever. It wasn't really her problem. She put her bag at the end of her bed and stripped down until she was nothing but fur after making sure to draw her curtains.

Believing herself to be in complete privacy, she began to pace around in the nude while she was stretching. She examined the computer, the television, and the strange boxes beside them (that she didn't understand to be game consoles). Oddly enough, she couldn't help but think back to her roommate. She was... interesting. Was that the right word for it? **“Maybe I should try to properly introduce myself later...”**

Yet, at that very suggestion? Something bubbled up from deep down that made her abandon the idea. Was she feeling *anxious*?

She was, but it wasn't the root cause of anything. Instead? It was more of a *side effect* of something broader that had begun to affect Leona. On top of feeling *anxious*, she began to feel *tired*. Not strictly in the sense of feeling 'sleepy' either, though that *was* part of it. She mostly felt *physically* fatigued, which wasn't a feeling she normally suffered unless she had been training or fighting for a while. You know, after *actually* using her body. Seeing that she'd only traveled through Solution Nine that day, she definitely hadn't exerted herself enough for that to be the case.

“Maybe I should get some rest? Feels like the day really took its toll on me...” While it *was* weird, Leona didn't necessarily see it as big enough of an issue to give it a second guess. You *could* just randomly feel tired sometimes, which was something that she could shake off. But had she spared a glance at her body? She might have realized early on that this wasn't really the case at all. That said, the thick fur that covered her body did a good job of *hiding* it.

That was because she had, in fact, become *physically* weaker. Most Hrothgar women were *very* muscular because their strong physiques were baked into their DNA, after all. You'd never find a Hrothgar of *either* sex with thin arms or a soft tummy.

So then, had Leona become the *exception*? Looking at her arms, the thick firmness that had made up her 'guns' had been diminishing. They thinned until they were no longer tree trunks in size and more like twigs, and this loss was passed onto fingers that slimmed themselves. She could forget her lifting strength, and her gripping strength had taken just as severe as a hit.

"I hope I'm not ill... *I don't want to leave my room...*" Or so she murmured. Had she not noticed her strength draining? It was a much more rampant phenomenon than *just* her arms, because her legs and torso had suffered from a similar plague. The raw muscle was shed from her legs and even her ass, shrinking these regions into daintier forms while her tummy lost all of its definition in the process. These losses would eventually be compensated in a *different* way. But not *quite* yet.

Rather— **"*NYA!?*"** Huh? What was that noise she'd just made? It had sounded similar to the noise that her roommate had made when she'd opened the door, hadn't it? But the Hrothgar woman was too distracted to question it on more than a surface level. **"*Am I falling!?*"** With her voice *much* shriller as she pinpointed what was causing her alarm, Leona was at least *correct*. Kind of.

What she had subconsciously recognized as 'falling' was *actually* a sharp reduction of her height. Her limbs retracted, as did her spine, and her head slowly shrank in diameter to not seem *too* big – all as her gloves slipped off, her pants bunched up, and her tunic top hung like an oversized blanket from her shoulders. Leona *had* been over six feet tall, because her people were very tall in general.

Now she was only 5'0" tall on the dot!

"*I-I'm so short!*" The woman blurted out, somewhat alarmed by how she *sounded* too. She hadn't been that small since she was a *child*. Or...? ***When I was a child, I was a lot smaller than this! I'm the same size as sis after all!*** Did she... *have* a sister? For some reason her mind wandered towards the Miquo'te girl in the room beside hers. She'd only caught a glimpse of her at the time, so why was it she could now picture how she looked almost *perfectly*? Like she saw a similar appearance... in the mirror?"

It didn't occur to Leona just how *out of it* she was mentally. Her mind was being altered in real time, causing a number of problems with her

memories and personality as new truths replaced the old. And yet, the worse this became? The more drastically different her body appeared. Her new build certainly hadn't made much sense for a *Hrothgar*, but that was evidently by design. After all, she was now *balding*.

Thankfully it wasn't in the *traditional* sense. The hair that had grown from her scalp remained intact, although its snowy white *was* darkening to black. It was her *fur* that was slowly removed. Clumps of its silver and black leopard print fell out here and there initially, but the trend spread as more and more of a bare, pale complexion was revealed underneath. The removed fur didn't linger and instead disappeared into the aether once it touched the room's floor.

It wasn't as neat of a process as it might have sounded, however. Some of her more *feline* traits were changed the balder she became, like the claws on her hands smoothing and flattening away into regular nails upon pale fingers. There was nowhere that it was as noticeable as Leona's *feet*, though. As the fur was pulled away, her claws pulled in like on her hands and her toes shrunk – contrasting how flat of shape but round of heel her feet became. She even gained an additional pinkie toe on either foot! No longer did they resemble a cat's paws, but instead the feet of a different race like a Hyur, Miqu'te, or Elezen.

But she could only be *one* of those races, and it was confirmed not by what changed, but instead by what *remained*. **“Wh-Why would I leave? Why was I thinking of leaving!?”** None of this seemed to concern Leona, though. She kept glancing at the bedroom door nervously. Despite being such a go-getter before, she was developing a crippling fear of the *outside*.

Her distress at these thoughts was plain on her face... *kind of*. But it was only a little harder to read because her face appeared *odd*. It was in the middle of a transformation of its own, as the thinner fur that had covered it was slowly shaving away. The snout of this maw flattened, while once thin, cat-like lips puffed out into glossier, pinker forms beneath an average sized nose that had replaced the flat, black counterpart that had once been present. This nose wrinkled as her eyes grew above it, widening into brighter shaped that sparkled with *pink* beneath her now straight, black bangs.

Her face was nearly *identical* to that of the woman in the room beside hers.

Back to the ‘what remained’ comment though. The woman's face was very much that of a less animalistic race, but rather than shed the fur of her ears and have them retract back into something rounder? Their fur was just dyed the same black as her hair while shrinking ever so slightly.

They retained their feline designs, as did a blackened tail that was *just* as thin. Like the tail and ears of a *Miqo'te*. “**Whew... I stink.**” She didn't need her previous, enhanced sense of smell to tell that much.

But was she going to do something about it? *That would involve leaving my room!* If you refused to leave under almost *any* circumstance, then that would *obviously* have some negative health effects. Her paled skin was part of that, as was her *scent*. Her skin became oily, and a mixture of dried body odor and the scent of stale foods wafted off of it – and that was *without* addressing the scent of the downstairs areas, where her bush was now thick and black.

The clothes that Leona wore began to change. Color, thickness, style; all were affected, but *as* her body adopted its final unfortunate trait. *Weight*. She'd lost so much mass when she'd lost her muscles, but it was coming back in a form that was a little *fattier*. You could make out the padding of her ass and *D-cup* tits swell and droop a bit as a result, and some chub was applied to her arms, thighs, and cheeks to boot!

Where it might have been the *most* concerning was in her *tummy* though. She felt *bloated*, and that bloating led to the skin of her stomach stretching around the fat that pooled into her gut and deepened her bellybutton. It distended until it hung a few inches over her pelvis, stretch marks etched into its base. And yet? The oversized, white T-shirt (complete with stains) that had been fashioned from her old outfit still covered down to her jiggling thighs. Otherwise? She didn't even wear underwear. Just thigh high stockings on her legs.

Kira Xauglo clumsily and lazily sauntered over to her bed, her chubby belly jiggling just as much as her chest and butt did as her muscles ached from the movement. “**NYA!? Why'd I forget my duvet? Not like I'm going anywhere...**” The *Miqo'te* sounded tired and depressed, but more than anything? She sounded like she didn't recognize what had just happened to her. This was more or less the case. Her memories and sense of identity had completely faded, replaced with this new life that was nearly identical to that of the woman in the room next door.



And there was a *reason* for this. Said neighbor was her *twin sister*, Sia Xauglo. The two had lived in Solution Nine their entire lives, growing up

with its technology and social stigmas. They had rejected the soul system and had been shunned by their peers at a young age for it, which had led to the two ultimately shutting themselves off from society and becoming *NEETs*.

The moment she pulled her duvet off the bed and wrapped it around her shoulders, Kira's expression did a 180. It became a cute smile that *felt* much more confident, but that was only because her unbathed body was now shrouded in her favorite blanket. She then hopped onto the chair by the computer and spun around. **"That's it! All I need is my stuff and my sis! I'm not going anywhere else. I r-refuse!"** She was acting a little more defiant than usual because Leona's personality had left a vague impression on her subconscious.

With her hands freed from the confines of her blanket, they moved quickly to turn on her PC and grab a bag of chips that had been hiding on the desk shelf with 100% accuracy. This room was hers. She'd lived there forever and didn't go anywhere else. She knew it like the back of her hand! **"I wonder if sis is online? Maybe we could play some First Fantasy XIV!?"** Evidently in a much better mood, her Miqu'te tail peeked out from underneath the blanket and began to swish back and forth.

When it came to MMOs, at least, she was *super* outgoing!