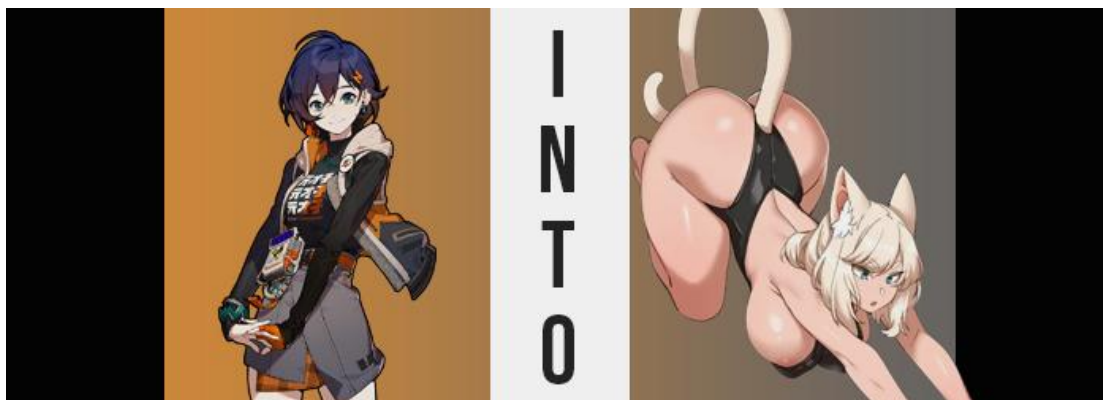


NINE DUMB LIVES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This probably isn’t *actually* where she lives, right?”

The little sister of the Proxy duo, Belle, had just stepped out of an apartment elevator and was walking down a hallway *lined* with numbered doors. That wasn’t exactly surprising to her seeing as she was in an *apartment building* and all, but it was *why* she was in that high rise building in the first place that was the more interesting. **“824... 824...”**

816... 818... 820... 822... **“There!”** The blue haired woman stopped directly in front of the door numbered with the specific number she was looking for and then rang the doorbell. She’d received a text earlier that day from a hidden number. But even though she couldn’t trace the number *back* to anyone? Belle knew who it was. That text had contained a certain code along with the instructions to come to this specific apartment at 8pm.

It took a moment, but the sound of boots approaching from the other side of the door finally predated the sound of *numerous* locks being undone, before the young woman was able to look up at a very familiar face. **“Hiya Jane! You needed me for something?”** The tall and beautiful rat Thiren on the other side of the door both smirked *and* took Belle’s hand before pulling her inside. **“Woah!?”**

The door was kicked shut once Belle was safely inside. **“Not very bright of you to use *that* name here, Belle. I’m undercover, you know.”** Despite her appearances, Jane Doe was a member of an undercover unit working with New Eridu’s police force. It was her job to join gangs and other crime organizations on the downlow so that she

could both gather information and bring them down from the inside. Something that was *very* perilous if she was ever found out.



“Oh. Oops! I’m so sorry!” While being led into the living room, Phaethon was quick to cover her mouth and bow apologetically. She probably *should* have assumed that was the case, but then did that mean her theory was incorrect. **“Wait. So, then this isn’t your real home, I’m guessing? It must just be a hideout...?”** Darn, she’d been hoping to figure out where the elusive Jane Doe *actually* lived.

Which was why she was happy to hear what followed once the two finally stopped in the living room. **“Well, in a sense this is my home. One of many, but it’s essentially my main base.”** The rat didn’t offer Belle a seat, but ended up collapsing onto the nearby couch all on her own with her arms hanging onto the top and her legs crossed in a *very* seductive way. Whether that was intentional or not, Belle couldn’t be certain.

“But that’s why I need *your* help. I need to wipe my name from this lease while continuing to use it as part of my current mission. But that would mean you staying here for the time being. Essentially... I need a house sitter. Do you think your brother could handle things in your absence?” The information that was clearly missing here was for *how long* Jane needed her to do as she was asking.

Belle didn’t think about *that*, though. **“Oh, sure! Wise is more than capable, and we have plenty of part timers helping with Random Play these days!”** In her mind, she was assuming Jane just needed help for a few days to a few weeks. **“Plus I can just commute to the shop from here if he *really* needs me!”** House sitting didn’t mean she had to stay *in* the apartment at all times, right?

“Perfect!” The Thiren clapped and stood up again. She approached the smaller woman as if she was going to shake her hand, but instead? Jane fished a small, glowing gemstone from her pocket. **“But to keep my identity secret from *this* enemy, I’ll need you be even *dumber!*”** Before Belle could even react, the crystal was thrown at her face and it *exploded* into an even brighter glow.

And that was the last thing Belle remembered happening for about *two* hours.

“H-Huh? What happened? Jane?” The next thing she knew she had woken up on Jane’s couch. Had she passed out? Had it been because of that light? No... Somehow, she felt like she’d dreamed that part? She pushed herself off of the couch shakily but quickly realized that something was amiss. Even though she had just woken up? She still felt *dizzy*? Not enough to topple her, but enough to make her steps uneasy. **“What *happened*? How late is it?”**

Fortunately, there was a clock on the nearby wall. The big, open windows revealed New Eridu City swathed in darkness aside from the many lights and signs below, but it was still hard to tell *how* late it was without that clock. **“Almost midnight, huh? Did I pass out for some reason? J-Jane?”** This wasn’t her home. Not only did she not know where anything was, but she didn’t even know if the Thiren herself was home. If she’d gone out, then maybe she’d left a note?

Even so, she tried calling out one more time.

“*Dear?*”

Dear!? Belle’s cheeks immediately burned pink. Why had she just called out to Jane like she was her *wife* – or at least *girlfriend*? Their relationship *wasn’t* like that, but she couldn’t say she disliked the thought of it. Which, in a way, was good. But only if you knew what was coming for her. Belle herself certainly *didn’t*. She couldn’t have possibly fathomed what sort of situation she had *actually* become embroiled in at Jane’s behest. All because she had *technically* agreed to her request. A request that had *omitted* a great deal of information.

Even now, there were indicators that what had happened to the young woman was more than a mere momentary lapse of consciousness. After all, her head of short, blue hair looked a little *different*. It was almost as if someone had gone to all the trouble of dyeing *blonde highlights* into her hair with how some of her strands were significantly lighter than the rest. But as the next few seconds ticked by? It looked decreasingly like a highlights job and more like her entire head of hair was being dyed in that sandy blonde color. Strand by strand.

If it had only been her hair *color* changing then, well... That was *still* alarming, but it could have been worse. Unfortunately for Belle herself, this *wasn’t* the case. Each dyed strand grew longer, undoing her chin-length bob in favor of a style that tickled *just* past her shoulders in the back, while the hair that framed the sides of her head grew thickly down to her shoulders. It was a tickling that she couldn’t ignore.

In fact? It *scared* her! **“*UWAH!?*”** She’d thought for a second that a spider had landed on her shoulder! But she was stunlock for a brief

second once she realized— “**W-Wait! My, *like*, hair? Why does my hair look like this? It’s *waaaaay* wrong! But *waaaaay* pretty, too!**” Why did she sound like that? So... *vapid*? She hadn’t intended on calling it pretty at all either, that had just sort of slipped out on its own.

With Belle’s eyes wide, it was actually fairly easy to tell that the blues of her eyes held a brighter hue than they had before, but you only would have looked *at* those eyes if you’d noticed that the *rest* of her face had begun to change in different ways in the first place. The colors of her eyes were only a small piece of what happened to them otherwise, such as how her lashes appeared to lengthen upon lids that gave her eyes a sharper sharp with their angles.

“**Hair doesn’t, *like*, change! Cough, cough... And something *super* wrong with my voice, isn’t it?**” Was she going crazy, or did it sound kind of... *erotic*? But was she not questioning *how* she was speaking? She sounded *significantly* less intelligent, almost like a valley girl. If she tried to call upon any computer knowledge *now*? It probably would have been a lost cause.

Nonetheless, every time she spoke? Her lips seemed *fuller*. Almost like someone had inflated them with collagen, but they were actually all natural. Upon a face that was both narrower and a touch longer, she was easily left with the tastefully attractive facial features of someone who might be revered for their beauty, and her sultry voice went a long way to help develop that image.

If that was the *end goal*, however, there was still a lot of work to be done. Not only was she prettier but she looked about six years older, making her around *thirty* if her face was indicative of her ultimate fate. It just didn’t align well with how *short* and *slim* she was. But there was also nothing saying that these things couldn’t be altered in the same way that her head had been, was there?

That was what was targeted next, in fact. “**Whoa! Why do my clothes feel like, *suuuuuuuuper* tight?**” It was a question asked that probably should have had an *extremely* obvious answer if she’d bothered to take one good look at herself. The issue was that even though Belle *did* look down at her body, something seemed to stop her brain from properly processing what was going on. If she *could*? It would have been much more apparent to her that her shirt had been untucked from her skirt, and her left thigh high sock was in the process of sliding *past* her knee.

More succinctly put: the woman was *growing*. If you glanced at Belle, the fact that she was growing *vertically* definitely would have been the most obvious takeaway. Her skirt was lifting higher and higher so that

more of her thighs were teased. But there was also a *horizontal* swell to her body in specific regions. Her shoulders were one of them, stretching enough to help tear the sleeves around the tops of them, and her thighs were the *other*. They flared out in a way that lifted her skirt from the sides as well, and before long you could see the base of her black panties while looking at her from the front.

Belle's *very* average height of 5'5" had pushed her all the way up to 5'10", and she had a much more traditionally 'womanly' framework. One that some woman grew but didn't expand beyond, yet the possibility also existed that a woman with a silhouette of that shape would *swell* when she reached maturity. Which side of this coin would Belle's ultimate fate land upon?

It wasn't very long of a wait to *see*. Not as the fit of her panties soon became all the more encumbered, digging *into* the crack of her ass to the point that a wedgie inflicted by a bully might have been more comfortable. "**Ugh! Like, what is going on down there?**" The woman arched her back and reached a hand around to dig into her own cheeks, even though those cheeks were the *issue*. Her ass *burgeoned* with soft abundance, pulling her skin tightly around them until they had bloated into an undeniable heart shape.

One that Belle did *not* register as 'incorrect' in any way. She just felt like she'd put on underwear that was a little too small, or *something*. The same could be said of her thighs, which followed in the footsteps of her ass and swelled with reckless abandon. They *weren't* encumbered by any clothing since her growth spurt had already pulled everything from them, but without anything to hold them back they jiggled with delight as they nearly *doubled* the thickness of her waist *each*.

In the front, her panties had been pulled so tight against her pussy that you could not only make out her cameltoe, but a bush of lengthened blonde pubes trying to escape in the process. But the tension around that area was soon alleviated as her panties looked like they were... growing? In the front their material stretched and thickened to cover her pussy properly, while in the back this *latex* flossed between her otherwise bare cheeks in a much more bearable way. It looked more like the base of a leotard. Or maybe a *swimsuit*?

"What the hell am I even wearing?" The woman tugged at her shirt before opting to completely pull off her sleeves. She went to lift the rest of the ill-fitted shirt over her head next but ended up meeting a very unexpected snag. "**Huh? How'd I even get this thing over my giant tits?**" Belle had a *gigantic* rack according to her memories as she was, and reality had been bending to make it so.

She couldn't lift the base of her shirt over a pair of tits that were already *E-cups* – two sizes larger than her C-cups were supposed to be. Every time she tried to pull? There was *more* resistance. They were *F-cups* the next time she tried, then *G-cups*. Each pull saw the swelling, exposed underboob jiggle. And by the time she eventually gave up? They were *K-cups*. “**Ugh! I want this stupid uggo shirt oooooooff!**” Who even wore graphic tees at her age?

In what could only be described as a ‘wish granting moment’, not only was her shirt eviscerated, but her skirt and (undersized) shoes were as well. She would have been left naked if not for how the black latex from her transformed panties had crept up the front of her torso. She was wearing a backless, black one piece swimsuit that *struggled* to contain her gigantic tits. One wrong move and she could have suffered a nip slip on either side.

“**Wait! I’m totally in my swimsuit? Was I gonna go down to the pool? But— MRROW!?**” For a brief moment it had appeared her transformation might have concluded, but the cat-like sound of surprise that left her full lips was indicative of otherwise. She spun around in place, the motion forcing her thighs and tits to jiggle intimately, trying to catch sight of the cause of a *weird* feeling behind her. There had actually been a hole in the swimsuit just above her ass’s crack.

And now it was clear why it was there. An additional appendage slithered out from that gap – undeniably a fuzzy, feline tail that was covered with fur that shared a color with her hair. But that wasn't the *only* cat-like feature that was bestowed upon her. Cat-like habits were imprinted on her very soul, all while her human ears quickly stretched and slid up the sides of her head. A pair of furry blonde triangles were left sitting on top of her skull, twitching at *every* sound in the room.

Rather than stretch like a normal person, the big breasted, blonde bimbo got onto her knees and stretched out on the floor like a cat. “**Mrrow!**” Which didn't look *that strange* (aside from her huge tits bouncing off the floor) considering she *was* a cat Thiren. *Daisy Doe* didn't see anything wrong with it as she sprung back up onto her feet and her tits bounced wildly either. Not only had her memories been changed but so had *reality itself*.



“**I, like, wonder when my dear**

beloved extra special and totally beautiful wife is coming home? I'm so boooooored!" Cat features aside, though? Daisy was almost the perfect manifestation of your stereotypical blonde haired bimbo. She didn't really know *much* and had gotten by in life with her good looks alone. In fact, she was one of New Eridu City's most famous models. No one had ever seen her wife, but they *knew* she was married.

The popular theory was that she must have been the trophy wife of someone powerful in New Eridu.

After her little stretch was done, the cat went to sit down on her couch. She had put on her swimsuit to go down to the apartment pool, but she'd been hoping *Jane* would be home to go with her! Her wife was *always* out for days at a time, and while her cat-like nature made her adept at amusing herself alone, her dumb ass still yearned for intimacy now and again.

"Mrr!?" Daisy's neck snapped around suddenly. Something had moved on the living room wall! Something bright and fast! **"MRR!?"** And there it was again! A red... dot? *Wait.* **"Stop teasing me!"** Even though she'd caught on, the cat still got into a pouncing position while her tail swished from side to side like she was ready to hunt. Who was she talking to? She didn't need to look to check. She could hear familiar footsteps step out from the nearby bedroom door.

The cat *did* pounce. But she did a 180 and kicked off with so much power that she cleared basically the entire room in a single bound, but she landed in the arms of a smirking rat Thiren just after she pocket her laser pointer. **"Hey, Daisy! Were you keeping yourself busy? And are you going to the pool? Did you want to get in some... stretches first?"** Jane tilted her head back at the bedroom doorway suggestively.

"Totally! Let's do it, babe!"

Sex. They were going to have sex.