

POOLSIDE PANTHER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This place is probably a little too fancy for someone like me...”

It was a comment that had earned me a bad case of the stink eye from the person I was with as we waited to check in at the hotel lobby. I honestly wasn't much of a tourist. I didn't really like going *out* more than I needed to on a good day, much less go somewhere where everything was unfamiliar to me. Yet, I had gone all the way to New York City at the behest of my closest friend.

There was a big anime con in town and while she was meeting friends she had met online there, she had wanted someone familiar there as well. I didn't really *mind* going, but I was a little concerned that I might bring down the mood. I wasn't the most social of guys after all. But I wouldn't really have to worry about any of that until the next day. We'd come a day early to grab our hotel room and set up, since we had to travel in from out of state.

“It isn't *that* fancy.” Cindy nudged me, lying through her teeth. The lobby was *super* fancy, and the building didn't just have a wave pool but an entire sauna as well. It was actually *pretty* expensive to stay there. More than I had been willing to pay at first, but considering going to the con had been a last minute idea, there hadn't really been anything cheaper available. That was part of the reason I was a little iffy about it.

“Okay, okay...”

From there, things went how you might have expected. We were given the keys to our room and had gone up eight floors to drop off our stuff.

It had still been early in the evening at that point and we *hadn't* eaten, so we grabbed some pizza from down the street before returning to our hotel room. It *was* a nice room. It was more like *rooms*, actually. We each had our own bed in our own room, and there was a common area with a big television that we elected to watch *Your Name* on for what was probably my 10th time, personally.

But then Cindy went to bed early, which left me to my own devices until *I* decided to sleep. I had definitely *tried* to sleep, but I was having a hard time doing so. Insomnia could be a real bitch, especially if you didn't like sleeping in unfamiliar places. With nothing else to *really* do? I decided to go for a walk. It hadn't been terribly long nor terribly exciting. The idea had been to tire myself out, but I was more awake than before by the end!

“This is the pool, huh? No one's here though...” Upon returning to the hotel, rather than return directly to my room I decided to explore the bottom floor. There had been a 24 hour bar and restaurant with a few customers still inside, a gift shop that had been closed up a while ago, and then the pool with the path to the sauna on the other side. The pool's room was empty, but it *was* after 1 in the morning. I was surprised it was even open, but it wasn't like it was required to have a lifeguard.

Using the pool had been out of the question. I hadn't owned a swimsuit, so I naturally hadn't *brought* a swimsuit. Still, it was the middle of summer and it was dead hot outside even at this hour. The scent of chlorine and the sound of the water rolling was a little enticing because of that even though the hotel was *very* well air conditioned, but I put the idea aside. After all... **“I'm not going to jump into the water in only my boxers.”** I wasn't a *savage*.

Before (I planned on) leaving, I gave the pool room one last look over. There wasn't much going on inside without anyone using it. The floor of the pool was tiled with white, and there were some benches set up for people to rest. If anything stood out, it was a piece of blue off to my left; something I hadn't even noticed until I turned to leave. It wasn't that far, so I walked over to look.

“Is this a ribbon? Maybe a child left it here...?” I crouched down and grabbed a long, thin ribbon that had a brooch or something of the sort affixed to one end. That brooch was a more vivid blue than the ribbon and had an open wing design. It looked expensive, which meant that it was probably important. **“There was a lost and found counter in the front foyer, right?”** Even if it was unmanned at that time, I could likely still give it to whoever was manning the front desk.

I closed my palm around the brooch so that it wouldn't slip out of my hand but ended up wincing and opening it again. Had there been a pin on the brooch that had been unclipped? It felt like something had just stabbed into my skin! But when I opened it? **“What? The pin is closed... Was it just a trick of my imagination?”** It wouldn't have been the first time I had felt a random ghost pain. But there *had* been a reason that I'd felt that.

The intention behind it just hadn't been made clear to me yet. Well, it probably *wouldn't* be made clear to me at all, but that was by design. If I had made too much noise, even so late at night, there was still a chance someone would have come to investigate what was going on. It might have gotten a little too messy if that was the case. Or, at least, the ribbon would have had to use up too much energy to undo any sort of situation like that.

So, what *was* happening to me? I had decided to pursue my original idea of taking the ribbon back to the lost and found counter, choosing instead to write off the pinching feeling I'd suffered as a trick of my subconscious. And yet, there were already clear signs developing that there really *was* more to what was going on. You needn't look any farther than my *face* to be able to tell as much.

“Wait...” My eyes changed in *color* all of a sudden. That in itself was odd, but the color they *became* was anything but normal. They were naturally a very *typical* eye color for a person living in this world, but the outer circles of my irises suddenly began to shine *gold*, and that coloring moved in towards my pupils where those black dots stretched into black *slits* instead. Of course, I hadn't paused because of my eyes. I'd stopped moving towards the exit because...

Where am I going?

Did I have some sort of business leaving the pool so soon? But why would I come to the pool in the first place if not to use it? Things felt... *unclear*. Just as the supposed gender that my face presented seemed to be all the more unclear. My golden gaze scanned the pool for a moment, while all the while their *shapes* changed. They narrowed in the corners but widened overall, and the eyelashes affixed to them fluttered a little longer beneath eyebrows that *thinned*.

I should stay. Part of me had wanted to *say* that allowed, but I felt like I had to be a little more careful about what I said in public all of a sudden. Had I tried to say anything out loud at that time, however? I might have noticed that my lips were pressing together *strangely*. The reason behind that was that my lips had swollen fuller beneath a nose that now had a shorter, thinner bridge. As a man I'd always thought I was

handsome enough, but now? My face looked like it belonged to a *real beauty*. One with... silver eyebrows?

Well, it wasn't *just* my eyebrows. The very same shade could be seen altering the color of individual strands of hair atop my head, with each dyed strand growing longer and longer. It eventually spread into *all* of the hair on my scalp, leading to it all cascading in a while, messy style down to the base of my back where the hairs darkened to black instead. This messiness of it all plagued my bangs as well, but there was something very *attractive* about it?

My Adam's apple had smoothed away too, ultimately making it so that from the neck up, I looked like a beautiful woman around the age of *thirty*.

And the rest of my body was seemingly *eager* to comply with what that insinuated. As a man I'd been slightly above average height, standing at 5'9". And yet? That suddenly dipped two inches, dropping me down to 5'7" while simultaneously seeing to it that my hands and feet all became smaller and daintier, but were also decorated with longer, manicured nails. "**Hm? But I'm not dressed for the pool.**" Looking down while speaking with a deep but womanly voice, was that *really* what I was concerned about? Had I really not noticed *anything*?

These were questions that only became more relevant – and in turn more concerning that I hadn't sought to ask them – as my body continued to change. My body's silhouette soon came under scrutiny by whatever force had the power to transform me in the first place. My shoulders and waist were forced inwards to give my torso a slenderer aesthetic that clashed with a parting of my hips a few inches. Short of my shirt looking a little loose and my pants looking very tight around my hips, however? It wasn't exactly obvious that any of this had happened.

If there were any *benefits* to be had, at least I was becoming *fitter*. Any excess fat had not only been trimmed away from my body, but turned into *muscle* that defined new abs, pecs, arms, and legs. Had I been naked, I would have looked like someone who hit the gym every day. Like I was keeping myself in shape for an important reason, like... *Missions?* Right. *Missions*, obviously.

But not all that was added to my form was a matter of strength and muscle. The fat that I had lost seemingly returned with the vengeance, though it wasn't deposited back in the same places. In fact, it wasn't even the same *amount*. It was a *lot* more. "**Tch.**" I calmly tugged at the base of my shirt, because I could feel it slowly pulling up to show off my

toned and sexy tummy. I just didn't process *why* I kept having to do that.

It was my *chest*. While I was still *technically* a man downstairs, the rest of my body was painting a clear picture that this wouldn't be the case for much longer. Where there had been no weight upon my bosom before, the front of my shirt slowly slid forward, and that occupied more and more space within my t-shirt. The weight of the *tits* that grew was excessive, but my back muscles had already strengthened more than enough to accommodate what eventually grew into a pair of jiggling *G-cups*. My shirt had lifted so high that it looked like I was wearing a *crop top*.

And I had just calmly accepted that. I was very calm in *general*. "*Hm?*" I hardly even *reacted* when the button of my pants popped off and flew into the pool, allowing my zipper to slowly unzip, courtesy of my lower half swelling in a vein similar to how by tits had come to be. My wider hips acted as a mounting tool for the weight that bled into my now hairless ass and thighs, forcing them to burgeon with more than just muscle. The back seams of my pants were given no choice but to *split* while the tops of my pale cheeks poked out and over what was left of my waistband.

On the other hand? The expansion of my thighs led to tears forming all around the legs as they attempted to meet each other in the middle. They *tripled* in size, and the flesh bulging through those tears almost seemed like a tease of how sexy those legs *actually* were. While my thighs had grown so much that you would have expected them to crush my dick... "*Mmn!?*" I was spared from that discomfort when my body shuddered and my thighs rubbed together in direct response to what was... My cock and balls shrinking, before ultimately pulling *inside* to become the sensitive lining of my new pussy.

"*That was... strange...*" Even with my mind and personality clearly changed, I wasn't immune to stimulation and arousal. Whether I reacted *strongly* to it was a different matter entirely, and I didn't. What was stranger still was that... Had I not been bothered by my outfit before? And yet, was I not wearing my swimsuit? I looked down to see my clear, pale cleavage. My body was wrapped up in a black, one-piece swimsuit that hung from the thinnest strap around my neck. It *barely* covered my nipples, and my legs and ass were almost entirely bare. I also hadn't realized that my hair had been pulled into a ponytail.

At this point? You probably would have assumed that my transformation had completed. But that *wasn't* the case. In the first place, there was an unusual hole in the back of my swimsuit. It sat just above the crack of my ass, right at the base of my tailbone? And that had

been *intended*. A small lump eventually peeked through that hole, and then it became more of a *rope*, one that was eventually painted in *silver fur* as it grew longer and longer, soon swishing back and forth as the fur at the tip darkened to black – just like the gradient of the hair atop my head. Was it the tail of a cat? Specifically, it was the tail of a *panther*.

But a human with *just* a tail would have been *weird*, right? Apparently, the ribbon believed I need to at least look a *little* more like an animal, as the ears on the sides of my head that had been hidden by my hair slowly crept upwards on the sides. They stretched, and the cartilage flattened and folded into triangular shapes that eventually became covered with silver fur themselves on *top* of my head. The sound of the water in the pool moving made them twitch, showing off the tufts of white that had grown from inside.

But to me? These new ‘features’ felt completely natural.

“**Hm... It fell off...**” I lowered my head to look down at the ribbon that was *still* resting in my palm. The brooch was supposed to be pinned to the front of *my* one piece swimsuit. I had no real attachment to either the outfit or the brooch, but it had been purchased for me by the friend I was staying at the hotel with. She would probably be sad if she saw it damaged, right? Even if I seldom showed much emotion, that didn’t mean I wasn’t conscientious of the emotions of others.

I fiddled with it for a moment as my panther tail swished back and forth behind me. I didn’t want to hear her say my name, *Schwarz*, in a stern voice later because Ceylon was upset that I hadn’t taken care of my gift. “**Ah. There.**” I was fortunate. I managed to clip it back on all by myself. I was spared from Ceylon’s wrath today. Of course, I wasn’t aware of what had actually happened.



An honest to goodness Arknights operator, and one with real cat features, should not have existed in the real world. Yet, reality had been altered to make the people of that world real. I had accidentally triggered this phenomenon, and it had even affected Suzie – who was now sleeping back at the apartment as Ceylon. We were no longer in New York for a convention, but we were instead on a mission.

It just so happened that I had been restless and had decided to go down to the pool for a late night swim. **“It’s not like me to get so worked up. This is just a basic recon mission.”** And it wasn’t even very *serious*. It was more like a vacation and Ceylon and herself than anything, and maybe that had been the Doctor’s intention when they had sent the two women there. With a sigh, I shook my head and climbed onto the diving board. With only my swimsuit to support them, my tits jiggled a little from the shakiness of the board.

And I dove right in without a second thought!

I couldn’t imagine not bringing a swimsuit and missing out on a good swim.