

REFINED IMPRINTS

COMMISSION STORY

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“You know, I could have *sworn* this place was a regular bar at some point...”

“What? It’s clearly a milk bar. They only opened pretty recently.”

As the two women walked through the front door to the milk bar that had once *been* VA-11 Hall-A, Sei Asagiri and Stella Hoshii both exchanged some words that revealed the true breadth of the influence of the nanomachines that had transformed the building *and* the staff. Anyone who set foot inside the building had their memories rewritten by the influence of a few nanomachines that had been set up to do the task, only for them to return to the walls of the building when the job had been done.

“It’s kind of a weird concept though, isn’t it? I’m not even sure why we *came* here. Wasn’t it your idea?” Sei asked. The short, teal-haired woman wasn’t exactly much of a milk enthusiast because milk wasn’t very good for you as an adult. Back when she’d been a White Knight, she’d practically been barred from consuming it. Nonetheless, she was open to trying it if the red-headed, drill-haired, cat-eared woman that sat on the stool beside her had recommended it.

Both women glanced at the woman behind the bar. She was just as much cow as she was woman, and had a pretty staggering size to her in... all areas. It almost made Stella blush. **“We’ll take two milks please.”** The red head ordered before turning back to look at her friend. **“I... *think* I did? But it’s got kind of a homey vibe either way,**

right?” While talking, Stella thought that she’d overheard the cow woman mutter something to herself.

“I sure wish we had some investors. Money’s tight...”

But that wasn’t really her business.



It wasn’t long before their drinks arrived, and both women took sips from their respective glasses. **“Hey! This is actually pretty good!”** It was a little *strange* though. Sei, who had been certain that she wouldn’t actually like it, seemed to like it a little *too* much as the cow woman slipped to the back for a moment. But on the other hand? Stella, who *was* a milk enjoyer, made a very sour face after struggling to swallow what she could.

“This is *too* creamy. *Too* sweet. I... need to go to the bathroom.” Even *she* was confused about why she didn’t like it, but the two women were unfamiliar with the presence of the nanomachines. They didn’t target indiscriminately, but instead were bound to Betsy, the woman’s, desires. If she wanted investors... then why not make use of the only two customers that the milk bar had served all day? Stella had stormed off, leaving Sei alone.

And so, it was the perfect time for the machines to begin their work.

“Hm?” It wasn’t unusual for the armor that Sei wore to feel tight at times. It was a pretty inconsistent fit from the outset, so if she moved in ways she didn’t normally then it would sometimes feel a little tighter. At *that* moment? She’d noticed her chest plate felt a little tight and reasoned that it was just because she was leaning against the bar, and so she sat up straight to adjust it. It wasn’t something that she really should have been concerned about at *all*.

But she ended up having *concerns*. **“Why isn’t it...?”** She attempted to wiggle it *several* times so that the plate would slide back into place, but not only did it *not*, but it felt even tighter? **“Did I drink too much milk? Wait. No, that wouldn’t affect my chest. Did the plate shrink?”** She couldn’t fathom how *that* could happen either. The only other possibility was just as unimaginable though, that her breasts were somehow heavier?

That was *exactly* what was happening, though. The weight of B-cup bosom had expanded. C-cups, D-cups; until they were eventually *E-cups*

that were much too large for that chest plate. It was being pushed forward, with some of their mass being forced towards the sides of the plate within her shirt and bra. It was uncomfortable, distracting, and probably should have been *very* obvious from Sei's perspective. But she ended up getting *bored* of trying to figure it out, and glanced over at the glass of milk that Stella had left behind.

She reached over to grab it, leaning forward so that her ass lifted somewhat off the seat. But once she had the glass within her grasp and leaned back into her regular sitting position again? Her ass was sitting *higher* than it ever had before. **"Don't mind if I do. *Mrrow~!*"** Mrrow? Had she just *meowed*? Much like the heft of her bosom though, she didn't seem to pay it any mind thanks to the nanomachines' influence.

It didn't ever really occur to Sei that she was occasionally adjusting the way that she was sitting on her stool. Her ass had grown fatter, hoisting her up an additional inch or two as the weight pooled over the edges of the seat. Her ass would have been *heart-shaped* now if she was standing, so much larger that her hips had widened and her thighs had grown plumper. But all of this added weight had come with a *price*. Sei had been *very* muscular under all of those clothes, but those muscles had softened away. She was no stronger than any average woman her age now.

The young woman eyed the glass of milk in her hands with a playful smirk, none the wiser to the fact her body had *already* changed so dramatically. The nanomachines made it as seamless as possible, namely because it would have been more work if she screamed and Betsy came running, only to see her mid-transformation. The woman's short, teal hair had begun to *lengthen* and rapidly reached her shoulders where it curled into ringlet twin tails. Streaks of golden blonde were painted *into* the teal, and while only few at first, *all* of the hair on her body took on that same shade with time.

"I'm so excited...!" Maybe Sei was a little *too* excited, seeing as she was simply talking about drinking a glass of milk. She brought it to her lips, suggesting that she might take a sip, but instead? Her tongue extended and began to *lap it up*, a method of drinking that didn't work very well with a *human* tongue. She ended up being given a little help by that tongue though, because it transformed until it was flatter *and* rougher. Like the tongue of a *cat*.

This was no coincidence. While lapping the beverage up happily, the nanomachines began to do what they had done to all of the other victims – apply animal traits to their bodies. Fur that was the color of yellowed cream began to sprout *all over* her body, including her face while it

became increasingly easy for her to drink like a cat. This was because her face was drawn into a slight snout, one that saw her nose flatten and darken into a wet, black triangle while the teeth in her mouth were sharpened. By the time this muzzle was *completely* covered in fur? Her eyes had not only changed to green, but the slits of her pupils had lengthened vertically to resemble the eyes of a cat.

“Hmhmhm~! Such a tantalizing flavor! A worthy investment!” An *investment*, though? Sei had been the farthest thing from wealthy and Stella often had to treat her, but she sounded so confident that she had money to *spare*. In the meantime? Her bald, human ears had slowly crept up the sides of her head as a brown fuzz adorned a cartilage that’s shapes were altered until they were rounded triangles with beige insides. The ears of a cat, but perhaps not quite a *regular* cat.

That was reaffirmed by the *tail* that eventually peeked out from between her shirt and pants. It was about as thick as a rope and was covered by a fur that was the same beige as the fur in her ears. It grew and grew until it was about *six* feet long, but what made it stand out from a regular cat’s tail was a coarser, dark brown fur that sprouted from the tip. It looked like the tail of a *lion* more than a regular housecat. There was something *regal* about her appearance, right down to the way that she carried herself.

The woman sighed as it occurred to her the milk in her second glass had run dry. But she was also able to sigh much more deeply because her armor was no longer restraining her. The nanomachines had finally seen fit to address her garments now that her body’s transformation had completed. They were turned into a purple gown with a short skirt white around her breasts. It had puffy, white sleeves that reached past her elbows, where a mane-like fur that matched the color of her hair decorated the sleeves. That same fur could be seen around the fringe of her skirt. Otherwise, she was wearing matching, purple socks and golden heels.

Half-moons of gold were prevalent in this new attire too. Her knees and wrists were accessorized with them, but she also wore a half mask with blue, gemstone eyes on the right side of her face – effectively hiding her eyed since the left one was forcibly covered by her bangs. Altogether, it was the sort of bombastic outfit you’d expect someone wealthy in Glitch City to be wearing. That is to say that depending on who you asked, it was much *gaudier* than anything.

“And where did that dear waitress go? I’m *itching* for another glass!” Even the swish of the *lion woman*’s tail back and forth behind her had an air of elegance to it. *Aurelia Lionheart* had begun to tap one of her clawed, furred fingertips against the bar impatiently, which would

have been very uncharacteristic of her had she still been *Sei*. But Aurelia was a haughty lioness who, if she wanted something, she would *have* it.

As she now saw her own history, Aurelia was a wealthy lioness from an even wealthier family. There hadn't been a day in her life where she hadn't eaten from a silver spoon, and as she'd gotten older? She'd gotten a taste for the business and investment world. She was always looking for new ventures alongside her *partner*, so perhaps it was only natural that a *milk lover* like herself would see the potential.

“Is she not back from the bathroom yet? We need to make an offer *immediately*!”



“That’s weird... my body has never had a reaction like *that* to milk before.” Meanwhile, Stella had just finished washing her hands in the bathroom after making certain her body wasn't about to react poorly to the milk that had turned her off of it so quickly. Unlike *Sei*, Stella was *already* the daughter of a wealthy family. She likely wouldn't have been able to get the procedure needed to make her a Cat Boomer if she hadn't been. It was a method designed to prevent Nanomachine Rejection.

Which, ironically, only made her susceptible to the nanomachines that haunted the bar *now*. They'd already influenced her mind in slight – becoming the reason that she had found the milk so unbearable in the first place despite her usual love of it. **“Maybe it was just a bad glass? I suppose I can ask for an extra one, but... Hm?”** She'd dried her hands with paper towel without looking at them, but suddenly?

There was a strange amount of *resistance*. Almost like she was wearing gloves? But that couldn't be the case, of course.

Stella only became *more* confused when she looked down at those hands. “**What? What are these... patches?**” She had removed her gloves to wash her hands, of course, so they were bare. Or so they *should* have been bare, but there were patches of... something? Dirt? No, that couldn’t really be the case. In the first place, she had *just* finished washing her hands, but the more convincing point to the contrary was that the ‘dirt’ was silver. It couldn’t be soap either, since the soap she had used had been pink.

She used the index finger on one hand to touch one of these patches on the opposing one. “**...Soft?**” Not only was it soft, but she felt a light *tug* against her skin as she moved it. It wasn’t a splotch or anything like that, it was more like... hair? Or *fur*. The moment that finally occurred to her, she noticed an acutely itchy sensation that had begun to spread across her entire body. It wasn’t *just* her hands, and even there she could see more and more of it sprouting.

“**Am I growing fur!?**” Like a cat? Being a Cat Boomer, that was the first thought she’d had. But no, it *wasn’t* like a cat. And even then? The nanomachines responded to the fact that she’d giving such a harsh reaction. “**Or... Why wouldn’t I have fur...?**” Why was she saying *that* when there was an obvious reason why she wouldn’t have any? Because the nanomachines were course-correcting her awareness, even though her body was almost *entirely* covered with short, silver furs at this point.

It was already clear that Stella’s transformation was transpiring in a different order than Sei’s had. Sei hadn’t grown fur first, and her face had changed closer to the end. But for Stella? Her nose was already being tugged forward while her tongue lengthened to better fit within this new *snout*. Her nose became black and wet too, but between the *length* of her snout and how long and sharp the teeth within that mouth became, not to mention how her lips became thin, black, and leathery... she didn’t look like a cat, much like a lion.

She bore more of a resemblance to a *canine*. As if to confirm this theory, a silver fur crept across her red, cat-ear prosthetics and altered their shapes. They were longer and pointier animal ears with jagged tips, much more like a dog’s ears while the human pair hidden by her hair were basically erased. But then there was also her *tail*. The woman hadn’t had one before, obviously, but as it grew it was pinned down by the skirt of her crimson dress. It became longer, stiffer, and *furrier*, coated with a fur that was white than the fur that covered the rest of her body. It eventually became so strong that it lifted the dress skirt *up* to show off her ass.

Where it began to *wag* ever so slightly.

“What was I freaked out about? Maybe my hair is a little too vibrant?” Tied to the change to her facial structure, Stella’s voice was deeper now, but she was also speaking much more calmly. She could see her own reflection in the bathroom mirror, and even though her changes should have been *blatantly* obvious? What stuck out to her more were the things that *hadn’t* changed. Like the red of her hair which, as if on queue, inherited the same white as the fur of her tail. Her drills were straightened out and grew longer, her mane eventually becoming a mess of snowy white that reached the center of her back, with bangs swept to the left and sporting a single streak of grey.

And the color changes *didn’t* stop there. They came for her eyes next, including the prosthetic right one. An icy blue possessed the both of them, and the prosthetic was entirely repurposed into a biological eye without any of the benefits the false one might have afforded her. It was as if she’d never had the Cat Boomer surgery in the first place by this juncture. **“...Too vibrant? It looks the way that it always does though.”** And she *really* believed that.

It came as no surprise then that she didn’t really notice how her figure changed in the end, either. Much like Sei, she became more buxom in general much to the dismay of her dress. It didn’t far well against her widening hips, nor her swelling ass and thighs. And it was hoisted up by her average sized bosom bloating into a pair of full *F-cups* that threatened to tear through the fabric. But it didn’t really matter for long.

Much like had been the case for Aurelia, Stella’s clothes *did* change last. The new attire that she was afforded was *very* similar to what the lion woman was wearing too, but where Aurelia’s outfit was purple, hers was dark grey. There were a few other minor adjustments like the fur edges being white, and her half moon mask sitting on the left side of her face with *blue* gemstone ‘eyes’, not to mention the spiked anklets and armlets she was now adorned with. But it was all *very* clearly designed to *match* the lion’s outfit.

“Mn... I don’t see the merit in investing in a place such as this, but I guarantee Aurelia is already drafting the paperwork.” *Evelyn Wolfheart* huffed as she checked over her *wolf* woman appearance in the bathroom mirror one last time. She wore a similar mask to the one on Aurelia’s face, just on the opposite side, to show that the two were business partners. But it was actually *more* than that. They were romantic partners – happily married, in fact.

Of the two, Evelyn was quiet. Unless she was speaking to herself or Aurelia, she hard uttered anything at all. That made her the more intimidating half of the investor couple, but that also meant she gave up a percentage of her say. When it came to investments like this, it was expected that she'd give into her wife's whims at this point. **"Let's get this over with then."**

It didn't take the wolf long to rejoin the lion at the bar, where even her own glass was suspiciously empty. Aurelia must have drank it, possibly to give the barkeep the impression that they both loved it... but considering her penchant for milk, it was very likely she'd just drank it because she knew Evelyn didn't actually *like* milk. **"I'm back."** Those were the only words she offered when she sat down.

"Just in time!" Evelyn hadn't been wrong. Aurelia already had the forms out on the bar and was scribbling away as she worked out investment numbers. She wanted to go all in on a little milk bar? Well, they weren't— **"Milk bars aren't really a thing in Glitch City, right? So, if we make this one blow up, there's a whole market we could expand into!"** That was part of the reason they had fallen in love, they really *were* on the same wavelength when it came to most things, even though they were polar opposites when it came to their communication skills. **"You're fine with it, right? I love you!"**

Just hearing those words was enough to make Evelyn's tail wag behind her as she nodded and Aurelia squealed with delight.

It wasn't long after before Betsy returned from the back. **"Sorry about that y'all, I had to take the phone. Another collection call..."** Most investors would be turned off hearing that, because it meant that the bar likely was struggling financially. Well... there *weren't* any other customers inside at what should have been peak hours. Then again, both women did know how difficult it was for someone with animal features to make it in the city, so they were willing to overlook that.

"Actually, we wanted to make you an offer that'd help with all of that!"

"An offer? What are you fine folk talkin' about?"



It would certainly be *life changing*.

But how the heck were the nanomachines going to create wealth!?