

A FAMILIAR ITCH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I still don’t see why you needed *me* here for this.”

“What? A girl can’t need moral support!?”

“Idiot...” While the two young women *were* best friends, it was pretty on par for the course for Kirisame Marisa and Hakurei Reimu to bicker back and forth like this. Two people could simultaneously be best friends *and* rivals at the same time, and that more or less described the situationship between the magician and shrine maiden. It was more of a thing of Reimu being so lazy that she didn’t like going out of her way to do things.

And Marisa had asked her to do just that. **“Hey! You’ve been cooped up in the shrine for days now. Would it really hurt you to get out once in a while?”** To be fair *to* Reimu, though, Marisa had baited her out into her forest home claiming that she had some *big emergency* to deal with. The shrine maiden was a little sour about the whole thing, especially when it turned out she’d basically been drawn all the way out just to watch Marisa *work*.

“There hasn’t been much going on lately. Shouldn’t I savor these moments before there’s another *incident*?” Gensokyo was typically plagued by these ‘incidents’; moments where youkai would stir up trouble for the people that lived there, like the Scarlet Devil Mansion incident way back when. And when those incidents eventually arose? It usually fell on the shoulders of the Hakurei shrine maiden, Reimu, to deal with them.

The shrine maiden collapsed onto her side on the floor in front of the kotatsu table Marisa was working on, which prompted Marisa to smirk to herself as she continued fiddling with a magic circle. **“Hey! This is my first time summoning familiars, you know? What if I *totally* screw it up and summon a great evil? Then there’d be an incident for you to solve!”** Reimu rolled her eyes at Marisa’s ‘joke’, namely because the whole point was that she *didn’t* want to solve any incidents.



No other words were exchanged between the two women as Marisa narrowed her concentration. She had to channel her magic power *into* the summoning circle to get it to activate, and she needed to keep a form in mind for her familiars. It was easier to start with animals, so maybe a cat and a fox? **“And... *aha!*”** The magic circle lit up finally, but... **“*Whoa!?*”** It glowed a little *too* bright. The light *filled* the room, forcing both girls to look away.

And once that light had faded? **“Hey! What gives!?”** There *weren’t* any familiars sitting on Marisa’s table where they should, and the paper with the magic circle had *burned up*. Reimu giggling in the background didn’t go unnoticed, and the magician shot a glare her way. **“One sec, I’m gonna grab a new sheet from the back room.”** She took the chance to slip into the back room *before* Reimu could make an actual comment. And she closed the sliding door behind her.

“Weird, though... I feel kinda warm...”

Warm and *itchy*.

It wasn’t so distracting that Marisa had dropped everything just yet. Youkai or not, she was still capable of having allergic reactions and breaking out in hives, and she was keen to just dismiss what she was feeling as something like that. **“Now where’d I put that paper? Kind of annoying since paper isn’t cheap in Gensokyo...”** She peeked in drawers and looked upon shelves, occasionally scratching at a bare arm or through her gown. But the need to itch began to consume more and more of her attention. **“Agh! Okay, what’s—!?”**

Two things had happened at once. One: Marisa had gone to scratch her arm again, only for her fingers to graze upon something *soft*. Two: she

looked down at her bare skin and saw *exactly* what had caused that feeling. And what she was looking at *definitely* wasn't normal. For a split second she wondered if the patch of 'skin' she was looking at had just yellowed a little, but once she focused a little harder it became clear that the yellow... was *fur*. "**Meow!?**"

The young woman's eyes widened in direct response to that noise. A noise that she would have expected to hear from a *cat* had leapt from her own lips unprompted, a realization that inspired dread considering the realization that had caused her to cry out in the first place. "**What's going on here!?**" She had a *theory*, but she was trying to avoid acknowledging it for the time being.

...It was becoming pretty hard to do that, though. The itchiness hadn't subsided, it had intensified *and* spread across the rest of her body. And wherever that itchy feeling arose? Blonde fur eventually spouting. Maria has *naturally* been worried that her 'humanity' was in peril, that she would shrink down into a feline that was incapable of communication. But fortunately? She didn't shrink at all.

This didn't mean she didn't become more cat-like, though. "**Ack!?**" This fur spread across her *face*, and as it did? The front of her face was *stretched* to the point that her jaw momentarily unhinged itself uncomfortably. Marisa went cross-eyed at the sight of her nose slowly getting farther and farther away from the front of her face. "**Ugh...**" The tip of that nose felt *wet*. It flattened and darkened until it was little more than a black triangle, all while her mouth stretched to meet this end of her new *snout* – with all of her teeth sharpening into pointier forms within.

The magician felt *very* overwhelmed. Not only because of the physical changes to her body, but because of the 'benefits' they provided too. The smells in her home had become all the sharper now that she had a more beast-like nose, and she became acutely aware of all of the noises outside, too. Even the ruffling of ears outside was so loud all of a sudden that she felt almost like she was standing *right beside* them. "**Meow!? N-No! No meows!**"

Ah!? It suddenly occurred to her that her hearing had sharpened because her ears were no longer as 'normal' as they should have been, and bringing fur-covered fingers up to the sides of her head revealed that this was the case. Her fleshy, human ears had crept up the sides of her head only to be warmed by the same blonde fur that covered the rest of her body. But it also highlighted that, for some reason, her fur was a little darker than the blonde of her hair?

“H-Hey!?” Marisa had to drop her hands to her sides again because she *stumbled*. The itchiness had passed now that the fur had grown in fully, but her body continued to become more catlike. Her stumbling came courtesy of her knees *inverting*, allowing her legs to look and function more like a cat’s *haunches*. This spread into her shoes, where her feet shrunk in length and her toes grew until several of them had *merged* into a trio of toes on either *paw*, complete with soft paw pads on their undersides.

It took her a second to adjust to how these paws interacted with the floor, and with her feet so much shorter she slipped out of her socks and shoes. **“This is so weird! But it has to be because of the summoning, right?”** After all, she *had* wanted a cat as one of her familiars. While finally accepting what had been obvious? A tail finally shot out from the base of her spine, tearing through her dress and swishing from side to side.

At least, she’d thought, it seemed to be *over*. She couldn’t exactly become *more* cat like unless she was becoming a feral feline, but that didn’t seem to be the case. **“Phew... Now I can get back to... to... to...? Meow!?”** What... had she been doing? She couldn’t remember! *Where* was she, even? What had seemed like the end of her transformation, as it turned out, was *anything* but.

The difference in the blonde of the cat’s hair relative to the color of her fur was an issue that was addressed promptly. The darker shade of gold that her fur sported took root in her scalp and pushed through the length of her hair until it reached her tips, but even then it looked like the changed color pushed her hair *longer*. What had once reached the center of her back had now stretched past her ass, which seemed like a greater feat because, well...

Her ass was actually *farther* away from her head than it had been a moment ago. Marisa’s limbs and spine all stretched, providing an additional *five* inches to her height – especially in her cat-like legs. This came with the added ‘benefit’ of widening her shoulders and hips, though her hips received a bigger dose of this boon as they expanded nearly *four* inches wider altogether.

“Meow... I feel like I was doing something important, was I not?” The continued mewling aside, there was definitely something off about what the magician had said. Not only was there a deeper, sultrier sound to her voice, but she had suddenly begun to speak in a far more *proper* manner. But none of this necessarily felt out of place. She sounded more mature, but she also *looked* more mature too. It was just a little harder to tell when her face was essentially a *cat’s*.

Even so, there was something *sharper* about her face's design. Her cheeks were narrowed, and if her lips hadn't already slimmed into the thin, black lips of a feline then they *might* have swelled. There came a womanly *allure* to a pair of eyes that narrowed but also dimmed with a haunting crimson colour. Her rough tongue licked her own lips. "*Mm...*" And she purred. Very *naturally* at that. A body that had felt foreign to her before was now one she felt at *home* in.

The remaining changes that awaited Marisa targeted her *figure*. Her small, furry breasts swelled for starters, pushing out the interior of her dress until it felt like her new *E-cups* would tear right through. But she was also the benefactor of a swollen rump, with blonde cheeks perking up with a bouncy weight that bled into thicker thighs as well. Since she was so much *bigger*, it looked like a nuisance to remain dressed as she was.

But the spell had an answer for *that*, too. The material of her dress thinned, merged, and changed color until she was wearing a simple, purple dress with her deepened cleavage fully exposed. A red ribbon was not only tied around her neck, but also on the white cap that now sat between her ears. She tugged at her dress with white-gloved hands as she leaned back, her body lingering in the air even though she raised her feet *into* it.

Because of her cat features, it had been hard to say at first. She looked like a different youkai altogether, but only vague. Yet, her clothes had transformed into an *identical* version of that woman's own, which made her new identity far more obvious.

"**Meow?** **Could something have just happened to me?**" Standing – no, *floating* in the back room of Marisa's home was *not* the magician that had crept back there by herself. She bore a strong resemblance to Yakumo Yukari. She believed herself to be *Yakumo Yukari*. But it was clear that it wasn't 1:1. The real



Yukari *wasn't* a furry cat woman. She didn't meow. And she didn't *purr* like she had begun to do. **“No, I suppose that *couldn't* be the case!”**

She felt all warm and fuzzy. Her ears were twitching, and her tail swished back and forth. Yukari was *excited*? How could she not be? With her stronger sense of smell as a feline, she could smell her *master* in the other room. That was another way that she differentiated from the real Yukari. The *real* Yakumo Yukari would never view someone else as her ‘master’. She was her own boss.

“I should see if master needs anything, meow!”



Beyond the comedic timing of Marisa's familiar summoning plan going awry right after Reimu had announced her displeasure about this entire arrangement, the shrine maiden remained in front of the kotatsu without thinking much of the whole situation. She was a competent shrine maiden, but she didn't really understand the magic that magician youkai like Marisa, Alice, and Patchouli used. **“Ugh, wait. If she can't figure it out, she's going to call Alice over, isn't**

she?” Alice's mushroom home wasn't that far from here, after all.

“Hm?” Reimu adjusted her posture and sat up before eventually committing to stand instead. She felt *uncomfortable*. Warm. *Itchy*. Was she sick? Having an allergic reaction? It felt a little like it did whenever she was drunk – minus the itchy part – and she didn't really feel *intoxicated* in the first place. **“What's...? Did Marisa's summoning do something weird?”** She *had* felt a weird tingle at the time the light had filled the room, come to think of it.

And the shrine maiden *was* about to be subjected to the same spell that Marisa was being subjected to in the next room at that moment. But her fur *didn't* grow first. Which sucked, because she absolutely *wasn't* as

tolerant of how *itchy* she was feeling! “**Agh! What the heck!?**” Reimu begrudgingly pushed herself up off the ground and began to *scratch*. Here, there, basically *anywhere* that her fingers could reach. She scratched so hard at first that patches of her skin turned red from the friction.

Eventually, something became even more distracting than her itchy body, though. “**Huh? Am I going crazy...?**” It was a realization that left her wondering if maybe she was *unwell*. Marisa’s living room space felt *smaller*? The roof was closer and the kotatsu table seemed farther down. It wasn’t until the woman stared directly down that it actually occurred to her what the problem was. “**Am I taller?**” She wasn’t completely sure, largely because she was still so *itchy*.

Yep. About *six inches* had been applied to her height. The fact that her skirt was separate from her sleeveless top meant that there hadn’t been any obvious clothing malfunction aside from more of her belly and legs being bare, and even wider shoulders and hips didn’t damage the fit of it all very much. Reimu was also ignorant to what *else* was happening beneath her skirt since it was so long and frilly.

The fact that Gensokyo didn’t have easy access to modern underwear meant that the woman was just wearing a pair of bloomers under her skirt, and those bloomers had so much free space around them that if, say, her *ass grew*, it wasn’t *necessarily* something that she could easily feel. And that was more or less what had happened. Her cheeks had gained a few pounds, their shapes expanding to fit her widened hips while lifting the back of her skirt to show that her thighs had done the same. But while it was all *thicker*? Something about her skin seemed *loose*. Like her skin was *older*, maybe?

This looseness of skin was replicated underneath the folds of her shrine maiden crop top, but that was *hardly* as notable as the *growth* they underwent seconds later. “**H-Huh!? My breasts are...?**” Reimu took notice, of course. She’d *been* distracted by how tall she’d suddenly grown, but it was hard to ignore the weight of your own bosom inflating and the size of your own nipples *engorging* in the process. They ballooned, lifting her top up to just beneath the threshold of her bosom.

Her tits, soon *F-cups*, ended up taking *all* of the space in her crop top – which was stretched so much at the sides you could catch a glimpse of her sideboob through the arm holes. “**Wh-What in the world? My bosom isn’t meant to be... this... Hm?**” Thus far, Reimu’s mind hadn’t suffered from any tampering. But she was on the cusp of enduring this fate, and the realization that she was speaking *strangely* didn’t escape her in the interim. No, not just that. It was the sound of her voice. “**Why does my voice sound so deep? Intriguing.**”

The real Hakurei Reimu would *never* say ‘intriguing’!

So then, what if she *wasn't* Hakurei Reimu? Marisa's fate had already demonstrated that this was a possibility, so there was no reason to deny the possibility. In fact, in that very moment? Her medium length hair wasn't only *growing*, but its brown lightened to a golden blonde at the same time. Her locks eventually reached down past her thighs, while her face...

Well, that definitely *wasn't* Reimu's face. Her eyes not only narrowed, but their dull reds darkened in opacity as a maturity settled into place that coincided with just how *mature* her body had become overall. Little by little she went from appearing like a young adult to a woman in her *thirties*, complete with the wear of age, full lips, and a rounder jaw that, when combines, completely stole away any resemblance to her old self. **“Wait. My voice? This body... Do I not sound like... Junko?”** She paused. **“No, of course I'm Junko. Who else would I be?”**

Evidently? Not *the* Junko. Because the real Junko's face wouldn't *pull forward* like Reimu's soon did. In a way it resembled what had happened to Marisa after her fur had grown in, with teeth sharpening, her tongue lengthening, and her nose becoming small, wet, and black. It wasn't until its shape was distorted into an animal's *snout* with thin, black lips that golden fur spread across it, simultaneously alleviating her face from the itching phenomenon after long last.

The older woman was gradually relieved from head to toe, but only because of the fur that was much fuller and fluffier than a cat's that had quickly covered her body. Her snout already suggested this, but she wasn't becoming a feline. It was the face of something akin to a canine. No, a *fox*? The growth and fluff of her golden ears about seven inches on top of her head removed any doubts about her species. And her memories had been altered too much now for her to recall that a *fox* was one of the familiars Marisa had attempted to summon.

“Ah?” ‘Junko’ stumbled forward by the combined efforts of a thick, fluffy tail that pushed out from her spine above her skirt, and legs that swung back under her knees. She lifted a triage of toes on either furred foot from within her shoes. But they were short, round paws that were raised up where her heels had once been. **“Come to think of it...”** She looked down and didn't see *any* issues with her body. It was her clothes that had struck her as unusual.

Had, anyways. **“...Perhaps I'm so bored my mind is playing tricks on me?”**

There was *nothing* odd about the long sleeved, black gown and ornate, red tabard. Her feet remained bare, but she was wearing black lingerie under her gown (a gift from an outsider) and a matching black dalachi headdress atop her head. The outfit seemed like it was missing shoes, but that was impossible. No one made shoes that would fit those vulpine paws of hers. And whether or not the woman recognized it, this all *was* weird. She had *just* been wearing a shrine maiden outfit!

The big, fluffy fox ears upon *Junko*'s head twitched at the sounds of *her familiar* speaking to herself in the room next door. Even though she was *technically* a familiar herself. **"To think she would be off following her own whims at a time like this, when we aren't even sure how we ended up here in the first place?"** Much like there had been with Yukari, there were definitely some *major* inconsistencies between the Junko that Reimu had become and the genuine article. Being a furry fox woman really stood out as a difference for one.



Her new relationship with the cat Yukari in the next room was another. Junko was a mother that had been scorned by fate. A woman that had led a war against the denizens of the moon. She wouldn't normally be spending time in the small home of a magician, and she couldn't even remember *how* she had ended up there. She just recalled *appearing* there with Yukari, and then Yukari had gone exploring.

"Oh, I see you've returned." The fox turned to the sliding door as it opened and the cat woman floated in. At least with her gaps they would be able to leave as soon as the cat's curiosity had been satiated. **"...Have you gotten your fill? Can we return to our abode now?"** It only made sense that a master and her familiar would be *living together*. But their relationship was a little more complicated than that.

Once the cat had drifted close enough, once they were only a few feet apart, they were both overwhelmed with a peculiar *heat*. Beast-like instincts began to burn. **"Master!"** The cat mewed excitedly, clearly

sensing what the fox was. She looked almost *needy*. But Junko felt the exact same way. Yukari was bound to her every order, and that first order of hers felt obvious in that moment. Well... It wasn't really her first order according to their memories. Not that she seemingly needed an order to get Yukari to do this.

“Kiss m— *MMPH!*?”

The cat didn't even hear out the entire order before she pounced on her foxy master. Both of their furry bodies collapsed onto the futon beside the kotatsu, their furry snouts locked and their animal tongues mingling. Were these new lives their *correct* ones? No. Could they remember having lived anything differently to raise a complaint about it in the first place? Also no. But this all just felt *right*. Like they were supposed to be together, their fur-covered bodies pressing against one another. United as one, forever and ever.