

FOX COLLECTIVE

COMMISSION STORY

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The Astral Express' return to Penacony had been sudden, unexpected, but not unwanted.

After thwarting Sunday's plans and bringing an end to the eternal dream, business had taken the crew back to the Xianzhou Luofu for the Luminary Wardance Festival. Compared to everything else they had been through recently, it was *supposed* to be a nice break. But unfortunately, the Astral Express crew just had a knack for coming to the right place at the *wrong* time. A number of tragedies unfolded back to back, ultimately leading to the festival coming under siege.

“Hopefully nothing goes wrong *this* time...” Caelus, the Trailblazer, murmured under his breath while walking down Penacony's streets with March 7th. They had been taken to Penacony to pick up a special guest for transport, but no one had let them in on *who* that guest was. Well, Himeko seemed to know, but she was keeping it a secret. At the very least they were almost at the meeting point.

The awkward laugh he heard March made beside him didn't inspire confidence. **“W-Well, we could even attend a school festival here recently without something going wrong, right?”** *Right.* He'd almost forgotten about that incident with Rappa, Recca, and Dr. Primitive. Bleaching that whole monkey thing from his memory was *probably* for the best. **“W-Wait! Miss Tingyun!?”**

Both of them had started to search for this 'guest' they were supposed to be escorting. Himeko had told the two that they'd know them when they saw them, and apparently March had been the first one to set eyes on someone matching that description. Caelus saw her too once March had

called out her name, much to his surprise. A Foxian woman dressed in reds and browns. A Foxian woman that had been deemed *missing* and considered *deceased* according to the Xianzhou.



Back during the incident with the Xianzhou's Stellaron, a Lord Ravager had disappeared the real Tingyun and stolen her identity, working with the Astral Express in the process. That Lord Ravager had killed the fake Tingyun's body mercilessly, and in the wake of everything the real one had never turned up. For Caelus, March, and Dan Heng (who was off with Welt), they had always hoped that she was still out there alive somewhere. And it turned out that she was!

"Miss Tingyun! It's really you!" Both of the Nameless decided to approach the

Foxian, only to realize once they started to move that something was *off*. They'd both gone in different directions. **"...Eh?"** They stopped midway and looked at each other, then in the direction where the other part was going. **"TH-THERE'S TWO TINGYUNS!?"** March was correct. But she also *wasn't*.

Caelus didn't overreact like his friend did and looked around calmly. He didn't really understand *why* this had happened, but he could see the problem. **"...There's more than two, March."** Spread out through the nearby market there had to be at least *twenty* of them! Had this been part of the plan? No, this seemed like it was unplanned. Either way, they needed information. **"Let's talk to one each and see."**

March nodded and went off to talk to the one she'd noticed first, while the man approached the one closest to him. Or, at least, that had been the *plan*, but she suddenly ducked into a nearby alleyway. **"Hey!"** He cried out as he slipped in after her. The alley went on for a *while* and wasn't particularly well lit. Still, it was bright enough that he could see the Tingyun he was following. Or at least it *should* have been, but he didn't see *anyone* down there. **"Huh? Where did she go?"**

Did the alley split somewhere that he hadn't noticed? Was she maybe hiding behind something? There weren't exactly any good hiding places that he could *see*, but seeing as he didn't know how so many Tingyuns had appeared in the first place? Was it possible that she had just *disappeared*? This *was* a land of dreams, after all. If anything stood out to him though, it was the scent of the air in the alley. It was very... *floral*. Overwhelmingly so, and it hadn't been that strong when he had first entered.

"That's weird..." Because as he'd already noted, there wasn't much of *anything* in the alleyway. There certainly weren't any flowers, much less anything that could have obviously been emitting such a strong smell. He wanted to think it was nothing and just turned around. If the Tingyun he had been pursuing had disappeared then maybe the others had as well? Or, at least, he could find another one to try and speak with in the market. **"...What?"** It was just that a small problem had developed that would make that plan more difficult.

The alleyway entrance that he'd walked into was *gone*? It seemed to stretch infinitely in both directions like an endless path. Well, it might have had an end, but it definitely wasn't within sight from where he was currently standing. **"So, it *was* a trap after all... Figures."** Nothing was ever easy these days, was it? But then the questions remained: what kind of trap *was* this, and how would he get out? There was another question too. Why did he feel a little *weird*?

Was the floral scent even *stronger* now? It was making her a little *dizzy*. An allergic reaction? No. Was it possible that something had been laced *into* the fragrance. That felt more likely. But also, since he was in the Land of Dreams? There were possible explanations that only the culprit could actually fathom. It was one of the dangers of visiting, as Dr. Primitive's escapades had proven. **"I... What...? *Should a lady of my wealth be exposed to such a fragrance!?*"** If Caelus had been confused and concerned *before*, then he definitely was after *those* words had left his lips.

In the first place? It was *pretty* obvious that he was *not* a woman. He also wasn't *wealthy*. As a Nameless, Pom-Pom basically budget the money they were all given and it was pretty flexible in amount. Did he had a little more in his pocket than most of Penacony's visitors? Considering the costs and entry fee? Probably not. So, he *wasn't* wealthy enough to be speaking so high and mighty. It also wasn't in his character to do so!

"That's... weird. Why did I say *that*?" The overwhelming floral fragrance hadn't subsided, but the young man also didn't feel as dizzy after about thirty seconds of putting up with it. Mind you, that didn't

mean that he was really *out of the woods*, so to speak. In fact, if being a little dizzy was comparable to being lost in the woods? Then, well, he was about to become *lost in a jungle* of uncertainty. “...**Huh?**”

It didn't take Caelus long to realize that he was *stiff*. Not overall, of course, but his dick... He'd become *erect*. *Is this really the time?* He had to wonder if maybe there had been something stimulating in the fragrance he was being subjected to. Ultimately, it ended up just being a passing problem because his dick was getting smaller, and smaller, and... Wait. If his dick was getting smaller, why was it still *erect*? It hadn't gotten even a *little* flaccid?

Despite this alarming consistency, the young man decided against doing anything to *check*. Whether he dropped his pants or shoved his hands down them, if someone else saw it then that would cause all *sorts* of problems for him. So, then, what was *actually* happening? The actual size and girth of his dick had been shrinking closer to his pelvis. The smaller it became, the less defined its dick-like features were. In the end? It was little more than a *nub*... which made more sense the moment he felt a tug on his balls that pulled them up *inside of her*.

Repurposing the tiny nub that had remained as her new *clit* in the process.

“**Mmn!?**” The (now) woman couldn't help but shudder and moan from such a stimulating chain, unaware of just how much her body rapidly changed on the whole *as* her pussy had formed. While on the subtler side, her hips pushed out while her waist and shoulders had narrowed. The slightest bit of fat came to pad her thighs, butt, and even develop an *A-cup* pair of breasts beneath her clothes too, while femininity softened her facial features. Overall? It looked like Caelus had just... *transitioned*? Like Caelus if she'd just been hit with some sort of 'girlification beam'.

But that was only because what she had just suffered was a preparatory step. “**I-I'm a woman?**” She assumed her voice was just a part of it, but if she'd paid more attention to *how* it sounded then she might have picked up on a clue regarding the truth behind her sudden foray into womanhood. Her voice, after all, sounded identical to that of a woman she knew.

A woman with *brown hair*, perhaps? Indeed. Because that was the very same color that began to emerge amidst a head of hair that had always been short and silver. It began in her roots, almost making it seem like the silver was a dye that was in the process of washing out, but before long *all* of Caelus' hair had succumbed to that very shade... *and then*

some, for it grew all the way down her back while her bangs slipped across her nose.

“I’m... a woman... A rich and powerful woman, I’d hope!” Was that... really something worth worrying about at that moment? Her sex had just changed, but she was more concerned with her wealth? There were arguably *other* things that she should have been worried about too, though some, like her *face* probably weren’t as obvious.

Nonetheless, her facial structure gradually became ever more feminine – while gradually seeming more like the face of a Xianzhou *native* at the same time. Her face’s overall shape rounded, including a more ovular chin, while her lips swelled, nose slimmed, and her eyes, well... They were the most obvious tell of her change of race. They pinched in at the corners as her eyelids became monolid and her golden irises shifted in hue to a much more normal *green*.

Caelus began to pace impatiently in a circle within the alley, turning up her nose at her dimly lit surroundings. **“Being a woman isn’t a big deal. What else would I be?”** Her words just served as further proof that her persona was succumbing to whatever power was enforcing the changes upon her flesh. Though, each step she inevitably took while pacing became a little more *laborious*. It wasn’t like she was getting tired. It was more like she was... *heavier*?

Her baggy outfit made it difficult to tell just how feminine her body had become when she’d originally taken a woman’s form, namely because there hadn’t been anything particularly *impressive* about the minimalist figure that she had been bestowed. But it was becoming *more* obvious, especially with how the base of her white shirt was slowly lifting up to show off her tummy. The cause? Well, that miniscule cup size that she’d already developed practically *ballooned* into a pair of perky *E-cups* that, without a bra to support them, jiggled and bounced with every step she took.

It was a feeling that probably should have been distracting if not blatantly noticeable, but Caelus was too far gone. Too caught up in thoughts of *beauty* and *wealth* that betrayed her older, humbler personality. The weight of her big tits just felt *normal* to her now, as did the sway of her lower body as she walked. The sides of her pants had become a little *tight* because of this, namely because each step saw her hips widen and weight seep into her thighs, which had swelled to the point that their shapes were clearly visible through her tightened pants.

All while her height had shortened a few inches.

“I suppose I should figure out where I am? Strange, my memories are out of sorts...” That much was *obvious*. For a brief moment, the sight of her own clothes stood out to her. Why was she wearing something so *cheap* and *ugly*? But she eventually looked *away*, and by the time she looked back? She was wearing a sleeveless, brown dress with a red sash wrapped around her waist and toeless, white stirrups around her feet. Golden and red were accentuated here and there, and her hair had been lifted into a ponytail.

Perhaps I was seeing things? Though I suppose I could purchase more expensive clothing either way... Again, that *really* wasn't the problem... Still, while you might have assumed that this is where her transformation came to an end, that wasn't *quite* the case. She had become a Xianzhou native, but that wasn't her *exact* race. Xianzhou natives could be split into different races, such as... *Foxians*?

Foxians were the only relevant race in that moment based on what was happening to the woman's *ears*. With the rest of her body repurposed into the shape of her new intended form, they finally crept up the sides of her head as dark brown fur spread across their exteriors and white on the interior. They were pulled up into a pair of points atop her head that were blatantly *vulpine* in design.

There had also been a peculiarly placed *hole* in the back of Caelus' new dress, right above her plump ass. It didn't really serve much of a purpose if she'd remained a human, but her ears already confirmed that this wasn't the case. So, really? Was it all that surprising when her tailbone peeked out through that hole and then *exploded* both in length and in the amount of fur that covered it; going from 0% fur to about 300% thick, fluffy, brown furry that aligned with the color of her hair. It was *heavy*, but her subconscious had already been adjusted to deal with its burden.

“Ohohoho! How could I ever end up lost in such a straight and narrow alley? Though I don't know why I'm here in the first place... It's gross!” While the *Tingyun* that she had become certainly *looked* identical to the others that had been walking around, but there was also something very *off* about her at the same time. From her mannerisms (especially the way she had laughed) to the way she spoke, she definitely didn't *behave* like the real Tingyun.

If Caelus had actually been given an opportunity to speak to the Tingyun he'd followed, he might have observed a similar phenomenon. In fact, she would have been acting just like *this* Tingyun was. The Tingyun that *March* was speaking with at the time behaved differently too, but not in the same way. *That* Tingyun was acting more like a child, while this one was more like... a stuck up, spoiled rich lady.

Or what the real Tingyun believed rich ladies acted like, at least.

The exit to the alleyway had reappeared, and the ojou-sama Tingyun didn't even recall that it had disappeared in the first place. She had *no* recollection of anything before just a moment ago, at least from after... Hm. She knew her own name, her history, but basically everything else was a blur. **"How strange! But I'm sure with enough money, I can find some answers! Ohohoho!"** She opened her fan with a violent jolt and started fanning her face as she walked out.



Not that she could remember seeing March, but March wasn't anywhere *to* be seen when she walked back into the market. Were there *more* Tinglyuns somehow?

The Tingyun March had gone to speak with was now speaking to another Tingyun. But the rich Tingyun didn't see anything wrong with this. She just wandered over to the nearest vendor without delay. **"You! Fill up a bag with your finest wares!"** Of course, anyone working in the market was already aware of the many Foxian clones. And didn't have the foggiest idea what to do with them.

Fortunately, Welt would eventually return with Sunday in tow, who would help restore Tingyun to her original form. But doing so? It meant merging *all* of the Tinglyuns into the real thing.

And that included the two that Caelus and March had become.