

SULETTA FORGETTA (SPOOKY)

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“SU-LE-TTA!?”

“M-Miss Miorine, I can explain! There have been way more duels lately so I kind of... *Suletta forgetta?*” Suletta Mercury was trying to lighten the tone as she cowered behind the couch that had been set up in Earth House’s dorm. She had just delivered some *unfortunate* news to her fiancée, Miorine Rembran. Well, she could refer to it as ‘unfortunate news’ all she wanted. The reality of the situation was that these circumstances had been created of her own volition. Or her own lapse of memory.

Which was a shame, too. It was October, and Suletta had only *just* learned of the holiday that came at the end of the month a few weeks back. A holiday where you could dress up in costumes; the idea was very exciting to a girl who had lived a sheltered life on Mercury, and she had been excited to dress up! As the leader of their company, GUND-ARM INC., Miorine had decided that Earth House would host a Halloween party. It was going to be a good way to network!

...But she wouldn’t admit she was doing it more for Suletta’s sake than anything else.

That was part of the reason as to why she was so *mad*. She had tasked Suletta with finding costumes for the two of them, but when she asked her what she had chosen on the morning of the 31st? She’d been met

with the reality that Suletta had forgotten all about it. **“What am I going to do with you? I don’t even know if we’ll have any luck finding something on the day of!”** Asticassia had limited shopping locations, and seasonable supplies tended to sell out quickly.

“I-It’s okay! I have an idea!”



“Well, that didn’t go very well...” It was past lunchtime now, and Suletta had retreated to her room after receiving a verbal lashing from her fiancée over her mistake. She couldn’t deny that it was *deserved*. The solution she’d offered were a pair of headbands she had purchased. One with black and purple bat wings, and one with white and pink cat ears. Suletta’s thinking had been that they could build their costumes round them!

Unfortunately, Miorine had hardly been enthusiastic about the idea.

And Suletta realized she had *really* let her precious Miss Miorine down. **“I think I was onto something though! With the right outfit this might be really cute!”** The Gundam pilot had left the cat ears on Miorine’s desk before retreating to her own room with the bat wing headband and had tossed it on her own head while checking herself out in the mirror. **“What kind of animal has wings on their head, though?”**

The girl felt the headband adjust a little atop her head. Was it because she had moved suddenly? It had already been a little off center, but now it at least appeared to be sitting straight. The issues began when she reached up to make sure the headband wasn’t too loose, however. **“...Eh?”** She had touched beneath the wings to grab the headband portion of the accessory, but it didn’t matter where she touched. She couldn’t find it. Her concern only worsened when she touched the base of one of the head wings.

“EHHHHHHHHHHH!?”

Suletta could *feel* the base of the wing she touched. Not just with her fingertips, but she could feel her own fingers touching the wing *through* the wing. Which twitched under her touch. *Both* of the wings did. Like they were not only part of her body, but *alive*. **“Wh-Wh-Wh-What!?”** Suletta always had a hard time dealing with unbelievable situations, but

this was definitely one of the *most* unbelievable. The headband had become part of her head!? Well, it was actually *worse* than that, as sharpened canines poking out from between her lips revealed.

“What do I do!? Do I tell Miss Miorine? Will she believe me!? N-No, how could she not! She could see for herself!” The Gundam pilot verbally tried to walk herself through her plan of action with her anxiety at an all time high. Unfortunately, her panic clouded her judgment when it came to checking just how widespread things might have been. At first, her panic could have been seen as the culprit for a draining of her skin’s color, but it was clearly the result of something more sinister – because that color paled to a white that persisted as her natural skin color.

More like her mother’s skin tone than her father’s, and her mother was a white woman.

Suletta’s eyes went wide as she came to another realization, though doing so highlighted how a tinge of yellow was dropped into her blue irises, turning them green instead. With narrowing pupils, at that. **“B-But what about the cat ears!? Does that mean Miss Miorine is going to get real cat ears!?”** Her fiancée might *actually* kill her! *Hm... But that would be quite adorable. I would love to see it.* Oddly, a part of her deep down didn’t seem to agree. *I could take a girl of her size, if she remains one, that is.*

And she licked her lips. **“Hm?”** That voice she’d been hearing in the back of her mind appeared to briefly manifest verbally, demonstrating an uncharacteristic calm and deeper tone as she question what she was feeling. Her lips were plumper than she recalled. **“W-Was it *not* just the ears?”** Several voice cracks cycled that new voice in and out inconsistently, demonstrating that there was an *accent* to it too. A *Scottish* accent.

Not that she had been wrong. Her lips *were* fuller, and her paled face had changed in more ways than simply that alone. It had pulled longer for one, which had the intended side effect of stretching her cheeks so that they were thinner beneath green eyes that were narrowed in shape. With a bigger nose and a smaller forehead? She looked more and more like the Caucasian woman that her skin color suggested. Mind you, this changed face made her appear much *older* too.

She already stood at 5’7”, much taller than other girls her age and *definitely* much taller than Miorine, so it was easier to pass off as a young woman with just a change of facial design. But this *was* vaguely helped. She grew an additional inch up to 5’8”, only disturbing her Holder uniform enough to life the jacket so that the base of her tummy

was visible. Otherwise? Her hands and feet had also grown a little longer, nails on fingers and toes finding themselves lengthened and manicured. **“What would Miss Miorine think of me now?”** She practically purred with her Scottish accent at this point, one hand now resting sassily on her hip.

Suletta had obviously undergone some sort of *attitude adjustment*. There wasn't a trace of panic on her voice, nor in how she carried herself. It was much too *confident*. But deep down she was recognizing that she had plenty to be confident *of*. She was feeling *stronger*, and gradually? She was appearing more and more *attractive*. Her face aside, that was something that was demonstrating itself in other ways.

The fit of a uniform that had only been mildly disturbed by a subtle growth spurt now found itself disturbed in much more *notable* ways. Well, not *all* of them were as noticeable. Her waistline compressing in from the sides was hardly as notable as, say, her *hips flaring out* about three inches, prompting her shorts to dig into them around the waist. But those shorts had a much more difficult time concealing her lower body thanks to raw, unfiltered *fat*.

It poured into the woman's ass and thighs, bloating them into full and perky shapes that had the cloth wrapped skin-tight around them. Her thighs were practically bursting out from the bottoms of those shorts, and her pale ass had torn the pilot leotard she wore under her clothes so that her ass cleavage could peek out the back. In an unrelated change? As this unfolded, the woman's hair both lengthened and straightened, reaching down to her hips as an emerald color replaced the red. It was a hime cut, as her bangs soon demonstrated.

“Mm, these changes are all rather welcome now, I'd say.” Suletta couldn't deny that she felt *good*, and was even groping her own chest through the front of her jacket as she felt the flesh beneath begin to stir. The nipples upon her C-cups had become erect and were leading the charge as the skin around them stretched as fat filled their sacks. Her breasts grew *as* she fondled them, lifting her jacket and stretching the orange leotard she wore around them to capacity until they were *E-cups*. **“Is this the end then— No.”**

She could tell on her own that something was *missing*, and she even arched her back to allow it to happen easier. Her leotard being torn above her ass and her top being lifted by her larger breasts essentially prevented any further clothing malfunction from transpiring as this happened, but from the backs of her hips? A pair of *huge*, purple bat wings with clawed tips erupted. They had a wingspan that was greater than her height, and they matched the smaller pair atop her head perfectly.

As if possessed by some kind of strange magic, her tattered clothing was basked in a purple glow. Reforming into a dark purple leotard with open cleavage and a heart cutout beneath her big tits, lighter purple leggings with dark purple bats in its design, and dark purple boots that reached just beneath her knees. It was a sexy and revealing outfit with fingerless, pink gloves and a white frilled collar down her almost nonexistent neck line.

“**Hmm...**” The beautiful seductress hummed to herself as she ran her long fingers through her gorgeous, emerald hair. *Morrigan Aensland* hadn’t taken her eyes off of her own appearance over the course of her transformation, for the once human part of her ego had been fixated on the beauty of a *succubus* that had replaced her younger, mortal visage. “**I certainly turned out quite nicely, didn’t I~?**”

There was definitely some awareness there. Morrigan could still recognize that she had been Suletta, but it was a fact that she merely shrugged off without much thought. It felt irrelevant in the face of this new reality, one where she was sexy, alluring, and strong. “**I can hardly wait for the Halloween party tonight! I’ll surely steal the show.**” That many eyes on her? It was exciting. Her heart was racing at the very thought of it!

“**But I guess I should see how my date is doing!**”



“**Tch. Maybe I was a little too harsh. I should try and dial things back when people disappoint me.**” Meanwhile, Miorine had remained in the main space of Earth House’s dorm to finalize the plans for the party that night. She eyed the cat ear headband that had been left on her desk here and there, but it only reignited her guilt. She was so used to being surrounded by people who let her down that at times she forgot people could make genuine mistakes.

Still, the issue of their costumes was still that: an issue. One she would likely have to resolve on her own, but... “**Could I make that headband work? But I’d have to dress up as some sort of cat**



girl, right?” Was Suletta *into* that kind of thing? She knew she was a big fan of anime, so it wasn't *impossible* that she'd developed some kind of delinquent desire for a cat girl fiancée. With a deep sigh, she reached over and put on the cat ear headband.

For Suletta's sake.

Miorine stood there in silence for a moment after putting the headband on. “**...I bet I look stupid.**” There wasn't exactly a mirror in the Earth House main room to *check*. But when she reached up to finally take the accessory off? “**...Huh?**” She found that she *couldn't*. “**What the hell!? Come off!**” It didn't matter how hard she pulled, it wouldn't budge, and making matters worse? Her ears began to twitch for some reason! “**Wait... Those aren't the ears that should be twitching! Meow!**”

...Meow? Had she just meowed!? The Bennet Group heiress had a bad habit of shutting down when she felt too overwhelmed, and this was one of those moments. Her head was spinning, and she found it difficult to process her own situation, leaving her eyes wide as silver irises were painted over by a bright, sky blue instead. She dropped her hand from her head before processing just *what* the problem was. That the headband now had a white furred band that had mended *to* her head and was slowly wrapping around her forehead and beneath her chin, even covering her neck with this white fur.

Was it right to even say that this fur was part of the headband anymore? No, this all seemed to be fur that was growing out of her own body, her human ears melting into it until they no longer remained, while the cat ears that *had* been part of the headband twitched and swayed – now part of Miorine's actual biology. “**This isn't... Something's wrong, but meow!?**” The girl seemed to snap out of her momentary stupor, but only because emotions – and an *energy* – that weren't her own had begun to stir within.

“**WAH!?**” There was an almost silly hum to Miorine's voice at the sensation of something *shooting out* from between her shorts and her Asticassia jacket. An unfamiliar weight pulled her back along with the sensation of *something* swishing from side to side behind her. “**A... A TAIL!?**” But it had been easy enough to identify. There was a long, thick, white cat tail moving from side to side behind her. Affixed *to* her tail bone. She reached back to touch it and could feel it from both sides of the equation. It was part of her body.

What was the cause of this? No, there could only be *one* cause, right? **“Suletta!”** The very thought of Suletta being the culprit provoked a momentary outburst from her. No, it wasn't like she could blame her if she didn't know, right? *And I don't know if I wanna make her mad, she's scary when she's angry...* Since when had she even considered Suletta *scary*, though? It was like she somehow recognized herself as lesser to Suletta in some way, even though it had always been the other way around.

She really felt *weird*. This was all weird and concerning, but a *smile* was plastered all over her face? A face that looked less and less *like* Miorine, such as how her blue eyes grew round and expressive, or her eyebrows thinner and brightened to... *blue*? Her nose shrank too, but just as fangs began to poke out from between her lips? Those lips swelled to fuller, mature shapes. Much like her fiancée in the nearby bedroom, she looked more like a woman in her mid-twenties than the teenager she had been before.

“Mm... What was I even worried about, meow!?” It was almost like a switch had been flipped deep down, but then again, a similar shift had occurred with Suletta's mental state as well. Miorine didn't feel as bothered about her current predicament all of a sudden, even as the coloration of her very pale skin darkened so that she had a naturally occurring, light tan from head to toe. This only made the white of her furry parts stand out all the more.

Which *actually* made it easier to see that this white fur had actually slowly been growing across her body in more places than just her ears, tail, and around her face. Well, it would have been a lot more obvious if she wasn't *clothed*, but thin trails and bands of it were wrapping across her body, little more than fuzz at first before thickening into a proper fluffy softness that covered her necessary bits, like around her loins or across her nipples. Some bands wrapped around her upper arms and thighs, while another ran above her bellybutton beneath her chest.

But these were just isolated instances. There were parts of her body that were becoming *much* furrier by contrast. Both from the centers of her thighs from just above her elbows, the fur grew in *much* thicker and worked its way down to her hands and feet, which underwent a *wild* transformation befitting of the possibilities that had already been established by her ears and tail.

When it came to her hands? Miorine had been scratching herself idly as the fur grew in, but eventually noticed that this scratching was becoming much more effective than it had been before. **“Mew?”** She eventually felt like checking on *why*, and was surprised by the sight of

the fur covering her fingers and the sight of her fingernails both darkening to a dark brown and *lengthening* into sharp points that had to be a few inches longer. *Claws?* Claws that didn't look out of place on hands that were seemingly *swelling*, growing several sizes too large until they almost appeared comical against her small stature.

The girl lifted her feet and stumbled a moment, unable to fixate on her upper paws for long. Fur could be seen peeking through the mesh of her tights, but the real problem was her *boots*. Much like her hands had, Miorine's feet had been swelling in size – though her feet were also growing *longer*. Clawed toes *burst* through the toes of those boots, and her heels became a little taller so that she was lifted up. But it was *odd*. The toes that had burst through were short in number. There were only *four*, because her pinkies had merged into the toes beside them.

But rather than freak out? “**Ooo! Soft!**” Miorine was leaning forward, staring down at her big toes and watching as she wiggled them up and down. “**I'm a little uncomfy though...**” She also lamented just how tight her outfit was. As a whole. Not just her broken footwear. It wasn't really *that* surprising, though. Her feet were getting farther and farther away from her gaze as she watched them, and her tights and shorts were being yanked down to show off her fur-covered loins while her top was lifted to show more and more of her belly.

She had grown. From barely 5' to 5'7. “**Whoa! I'm taller! I must look super sexy, meow!**” Was that the takeaway she *should* have had? She'd always wondered what it would be like to be taller and more attractive, but her bubblier personality amplified those desires to see this as something *fun*. It also distracted her from the weight of her own silver hair growing *incredibly* hefty, as it lengthened into a thick mass behind her that curved down to her thighs while a lengthy tuft of bangs peeked through the 'headband' of fur above her forehead. The color eventually shifted too, taking on a bright sky blue instead.

“**Nrgh... ENOUGH! I'm gonna strip!**” Miorine would have been ashamed to show even a little of her body off in the past, but she didn't even care that her pelvic region was basically nude, and was eager to even remove everything else. Clothing felt stuffy and restrictive! A fact that was probably bolstered by... the weight of her own body becoming bolstered. On some level it was with strength, as much of her body hardened thanks to his muscularity enhancing. She became *very* strong physically, and so her body took on a fitting tone for that strength.

But some of that weight was *softness* as her bare ass and thighs demonstrated. The latter parts, her thighs, became *especially* round and meaty, nearly doubling the width of a pinched in waist *per leg* while blending into a full and perky rump that her tail now slid through the

peaks of the cheeks of. The engorging of both buckled her knees, for her hips widened and bothered her posture for a time. The woman bent down to tear off what remained of her leggings, shorts, undergarments, and boots with her huge claws, and so for a brief moment that fat ass jiggled as it was lifted into the ground and dropped when she corrected her posture.

Though, when Miorine leaned forward *something else* grew as her body was almost at a 90 degree angle. Her petite breasts practically *exploded* within her uniform, snapping the strap of her bra so that tanned tits could fill up her Asticassia uniform top and the fur-shielded nipples could peak through said fur through because they were both larger *and* erect. By the time she stood up straight again, they were *F-cups* that her top was showing the underboob of. But not for long, because she tore into the cloth with her claws and pulled it right off.

Violently freeing her tits, which bounced and jiggled up and down several times from the force of the gesture.

“Heehee! This actually feels pretty nice!” It was almost *extremely* hard to believe that the bubbly, buxom cat woman that was practically dancing around the Earth House dorm had been Miorine up until she had put that headband on. Miorine was always so grumpy, but *Felicia*? Not only was she incredibly cheerful, but she made a point to try and *always* be cheerful.

She dropped down into a crouch, leaving all four of her paws on the floor for a moment before lifting one to lick it like a cat might. All the while? Each and every breath she took saw her exposed tits jiggle a little. This cat had absolutely no shame, which was interesting considering she was also a Sister of the church. **“I’m totally going to light up the dance floor tonight! I’m so quick and light on my feet! I just need the right partner!”**



The cat’s ears twitched at the sound of someone sauntering down the hall and into the room. **“You wound me, Felicia! If you need a partner, why not dance with your fiancée? Or are you no longer accepting of that in these new forms?”** It was the succubus, Morrigan, clearly having a little fun with things as offered a sly wink to the catwoman once they made eye contact.

If Miorine had been the assertive one, then it was *Morrigan* who filled that role between the two of them now.

“Meow!? I didn’t mean it like that! I was implying that you were already the right partner, is all!” Felicia jumped up again, but then dropped back down to *pounce* at the succubus. Felicia’s muscular weight still wasn’t enough to knock Morrigan over, and she managed to catch her so that the cat’s big, fluffy paws could wrap around her. Morrigan took advantage of this and stole Felicia’s lips... along with her tongue for a moment.

When the moment had come to an end, their lips parted but they remained in one another’s arms. **“We *do* have a little problem though. We should avoid being seen until the party. I’ll also need some more of those headbands, but I can remember where I purchased them.”** Morrigan evidently had some kind of plan. Well, if anyone who knew them saw them as is, they’d definitely be shocked.

“How about we debut our costumes at the party? Well, after we have some headbands handed out, that is!”

“*MEEEEOW!*”

That was Felicia’s way of saying yes!