

A CATTY GF

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It hadn't been that long since the Quiet Zero incident, really.

Which meant that things were still a little *messy* overall. The space-based corporations were still reeling from the revelations made by the governing parties at the time, because it was difficult to slink away from firing a secret space laser off when the 'threat' you were trying to eliminate with it was still around after to tell the people that you were lying, and bad actors like Prospera Mercury had been taken in by the authorities.

And while Suletta Mercury *was* worried about the fates of her mother and sister, she had major problems of her own to deal with. After pushing her Permet Score to the limit while piloting the Calibarn, her body had been wracked by the ill effects of Permet's curse. Glowing lines had appeared all over her body, and she'd been rendered effectively immobile beneath her waist.

The doctors believed she'd be able to walk again eventually, but for the time being she'd be bound to a bed. She was lucky to be alive, or so she'd been told. It was something she'd had about a month to accept, but being holed up in a medical room at Asticassia while Miorine arranged for the two of them to have more personal arrangements had been, well... *boring*!

"I wonder when Miss Miorine will be visiting me today!?" Miorine had been with her as much as she could, but she also had responsibilities as the one who had been in charge of the Benerit Group at the time of everything happening. She would likely be absolved of any wrongdoing, but she still had to attend meetings and interrogations

related to the investigation. **“She’s kind of like a cat with how she just turns up and acts affectionately!”**

Propped up in her medical bed with nothing else to do, the girl couldn’t help but muse about her bride-to-be. It must have been because Suletta had almost died, but Miorine had been much more affectionate with her lately... or at least when she was in the mood. She always acted so distant, but when she wanted affection... Well, that made her cute! **“It’s too bad *she* doesn’t see how cat-like she is, though!”**

“I wish she could see it for herself!”



“*Hah...*” Around roughly the same time, Miorine had returned to her room in the Earth House building after a rather lengthy interrogation. She had been keeping it together for Suletta considering she was in *far* worse condition than anyone else that had survived the Quiet Zero incident, but it was slowly beginning to take a toll on her. Several hours of being locked in a small room with an officer, telling them every minute detail about the incident and her time filling in for her father... Well, it certainly wasn’t *fun*.

And it wasn’t the *only* thing she had been doing, either. She’d been helping redirect the funds to Asticassia to help rebuild it after the terrorist attack and Shaddiq’s rebellion, and then there was the matter of Suletta’s mother. Because she knew it would help Suletta feel better, she’d been making sure Prospera was at least comfortable while imprisoned. She’d done some terrible things, but she also couldn’t help but wonder what *she* would have done if she’d been put in that situation.

And then there was the matter of Suletta’s Mr. Hot keychain. Suletta kept asking for it back, but Miorine had been holding it hostage intentionally. It had been showing signs of Permet activity that had yet to properly manifest, and she wanted to make sure that it wasn’t dangerous – so, she had sent it in for testing unaware that it was simply a matter of the keychain housing Eri’s consciousness. **“I need a nap...”**

The girl groaned as she collapses face first onto her bed. She *needed* a nap, but she also knew that she didn’t have time to take one just yet. She had more meetings that evening and if she fell asleep now, she probably wouldn’t have time to see her fiancée first. **“I guess I should get ready to head over...”** She eventually pushed herself up, knowing she had to freshen up and get changed.

Miorine was still wearing her uniform around the school, just because it was easier than picking something new out every day. Convenience was important to her, which was also why her room had become a *mess*. Suletta used to clean up for her when she was able-bodied, but now? Well, the girl knew that she'd have to train herself to handle all of that. It would probably be years before she could even walk again. This was by no means a complaint on her part, but rather a reality that she had to face. She could never blame Suletta for any of that.

If anything, she had become more dedicated to improving herself for her fiancée's sake than ever before.

It was around the time that she began to move towards the conjoined bathroom unit of the door room that Suletta had made that wish of hers back in her medical bed, however. Neither of them were aware of a wishing star that had passed nearby the space colony that functioned as their school at roughly the same moment, and they surely wouldn't have believed in the power of such a thing in the first place. And yet... it was about to become *very* real for the silver-haired girl.

“Hm?” For a brief moment, Miorine thought that perhaps her mind was playing tricks on it. She'd briefly wondered if her room was *off* somehow, but she initially couldn't place why she might have gotten that impression. It wasn't until she realized that the orange leotard she wore under her uniform was bunching up around her belly, and that her shorts and jacket felt slightly ill-fitted, that it struck her. **“D-Did the room get bigger, or...?”**

No, that couldn't have been the case considering the clues that she had. **“A-Am I get *smaller*!?”** That was the only explanation that made *any* degree of sense, even though it didn't actually make *any* sense. As far as she was aware, there wasn't any technology out there that could *shrink* a person, and yet she'd been forced to lose about *three inches* of her overall height before it finally appeared to wind down. **“*Meow* the hell!?”**

The girl's eyes went wide, and she didn't even realize that a yellow glow had possessed them as her pupils were pulled into thin, almost cat-like slits. Well, that was more or less related to why her eyes had gone wide in the first place. **“Was that a slip of the tongue? Why did I *mrrow*!?”** It was becoming more and more difficult to excuse now that it had happened *again*. **“WHY!?”**

But the moment she blurted that question out, she received an answer... *sort of*. It was technically an answer, but it didn't necessarily make any sense to her. Because *as* she had cried out? She felt her balance slip

backwards courtesy of something slipping out behind her, between her uniform top and her shorts, while also snaking through a small gap in the back of her leotard. It was— “**A TAIL!?**” Well, there wasn’t really any other way to describe it.

Miorine arched her back and turned her neck to look over her shoulder, and even then she only caught a glimpse of the chestnut fur growing over its otherwise *five-foot-long* length. Perhaps because it had just grown, this fur was thick and unkempt. “**I should see to that before— NYA!?**” Why did she have to see to *anything*? This time, she made another cat-like noise while expressing her surprise. But she was also becoming increasingly distracted by the *sounds* of her room.

Since when were the rattling pipes in the walls so loud? Or the footsteps of the others out in Earth House? She felt her ears twitch on top of her head, and... *Wait*. They were *where* and they were doing *what*!? The girl’s hands reached up to grab a pair of thin, yet furry and sensitive cat ears atop her head. They were very soft, but they weren’t *human*. She couldn’t control how they twitched depending on the nearby sounds; it was mildly distracting.

Even as she squished the soft cartilage between her fingertips after this new discovery, because her nails soon stabbed into them. “**Nyow!?**” Miorine pulled both of her hands down with her palms pointed up towards her face, and she was *immediately* alarmed by what she saw. Those *weren’t* fingernails, but instead sharp, black claws that were curling out from fingers that looked *twice* as large as they should have been.

They continued to swell upon hands that were doing the same, and she could see patches of skin beneath each finger, as well as one on either palm, raise into soft, pink pads. Her thumbs merged into her index fingers just in time for brown fur to spread around the fingers and backs of her hands, while a cream-colored shade grew around her new paw pads. They almost looked like elaborate costume gloves... except for the fact that they were entirely *real*.

RIIIIIIP!

“**MEOW WHAT!?**” Because she had been in her own room, Miorine hadn’t been wearing her boots. But that had made it all the easier for her feat to *tear* through the feet of her stockings, grown into lower paws that were a perfect match for the ones on her hands. They rendered her slightly off-balance, but as she caught herself, she could only really think of her voice. “**Why do I sound like this, mrrow!?**” Higher. Shriller. Bubblier. Nothing like the serious girl she had been before.

Then again, could she even really be considered a ‘girl’ anymore? Not in the sense that she was *masculine*, but instead because she looked a little too *old* to be classified as a minor at least. Her face matured by several years, pushing her up to look around *nineteen* while her facial features were robbed of any resemblance to the girl she had once been. This meant thickening her lips until they were luscious and rosy, lengthening her nose, narrowing her golden eyes, and... rounding her cheeks? Even her brows grew bushier, though their silvers found more color in a soft *pink* instead.

“Am I becoming a kitty? Why though!?” In all fairness, it didn’t really seem like she was becoming a *feral cat*. If that had been the plan, then the pink from her brows wouldn’t have seeped into her pubes nor the hair atop her head. In fact, that hair grew longer *and* wilder, spilling down her back in an unkempt mess while her bangs were both parted to the sides *and* hung down the center towards her nose. Her pubes, on the other hand, grew significantly more unkempt within her shorts. **“I-Is it finished?”**

If anything, *whatever* was happening to her at least felt like it was winding down. *Unfortunately*, though? Her body itself had *different* plans. **“MEW!?”** The very moment she lowered her guard, the front button of her shorts burst *right* off, and those shorts began to dig into her flesh. Her hips had been forced wider by the *abundance* of fat that was pooling into the aspects of her body that made it feminine. If she was *older*, then it made sense for her to have *more* to those regions, right?

And that was *exactly* what had happened. Her thighs *ballooned* with a softness that went so far as to see the sides of her shorts split while the leotard underneath was wedged both against her loins and into the deepening crack of a jiggling, heart-shaped ass. This weight went so far as to even gather in her tummy, forcing the front of her uniform to lift so that you could see how the leotard could *barely* contain the soft, several inch thick pouch that had developed.

“Should I get help? I-I need to tell Sulettnya!” *Because* she was distressed, Miorine was looking for comfort. And what would have been more comforting than the fiancée that she loved *super duper extra much*? She just wanted to snuggle, hug, and nuzzle her beloved as she pet her head and hugged her back! **“W-Wait!”** Were her feelings about Suletta really like *that*? And didn’t it feel like there were some pet-like behaviors mixed in there as well?

Unfortunately, she didn’t really have a chance to think about that in any depth. The gathering of fat had made its way up to her *chest*, and her

small breasts swelled so *abundantly* that the front zipper was yanked straight down and the sides of the leotard were pushed in between her tits so that they could escape through the narrow arm holes. “**HOLY MOLY!?**” What had once been A, maybe B-cups at best had ballooned to what were probably *J-cups*, bouncing and jiggling now that they were completely free. Miorine couldn’t stop herself from grabbing at them with paws that were *definitely* large enough to cup them.

But they weren’t exposed for long. “**MRROW!?**” Another cat-like cry escaped her lips, this time as a direct response to her clothes, which were already tight, tightening further against her body. But it wasn’t because she was growing anymore. Layers were merging into a red, latex bodysuit that covered her from her neck to her ankles, doing little to hide the definition of her body, and absolutely needing the white flaps of cloth that dangles over her puffy nipples and crotch to hide lines that didn’t need to be seen. Tight, white thigh highs were worn over the leg section of the bodysuit, while detached white sleeves wrapped around her arms.

Whenever she turned her head now, a jingle wrang from the bell around the big, red collar on her neck that matched the big bow in her hair tying it into a ponytail.

“**WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MEOW!?**”

Well, it *was* fairly obvious. It was even communicated in her now *quite* different voice with that new verbal tick. Miorine had been transformed into a bonafide *cat girl*, one that was short, soft, and busty, with big paws and a bubbly personality that she was having difficulty suppressing. She was also less intelligent, which didn’t help, especially with her mind going a mile a minute as she tried to adjust to a body that was far too... *jiggly*.

Without meaning to, the woman had dropped down to all four like an animal and began to run in a circle. “**What do I do? What do I do!? Oh! I KNOW! I should go see Sulettnya!**” Because Suletta had always been her happy place, and she felt that even *more* strongly now. In fact, the moment she centered Suletta in her mind once more? She *had* to see her. She craved her attention! There was nothing that she wanted more!

And so? She *bolted* out the front door of her room! The journey to the medical wing had been an eventful one, namely because she wasn’t used to the size of her paws, the weight of her body, or how absolutely *bouncy*



everything was – especially when she had run there on all fours. But by the time she reached the door to Suletta’s room? She’d managed to compose herself somewhat. She wasn’t going to go *crazy* like she had with the burst of energy that had led her there in the first place!

Or so she had *thought*.

But the moment the automatic door slid open and Suletta was revealed on the bed, it was like a switch had been flicked on in Miorine’s head. “**SULETTNYAAAAA!**” That new affectionate and lovey dovey part of her went into overdrive, and she practically *threw* herself at her fiancée, even jumping on her medical bed, much to Suletta’s surprise. She had been worried that Suletta wouldn’t realize who she was, but...

“**M-Miss Miorine, what happened to you!?**” It was lucky that she couldn’t really feel her legs, because the cat woman was probably *very* heavy. Suletta didn’t know *how* she knew it, but this was definitely her fiancée. Was it because she had made that wish? But then... How did she turn her back!? Then again, she was very pretty, and cute, and soft, and affectionate... “**A-Actually, I think it’s fine? You can just stay like that for now...!**”

“**MRROW!**”

Nuzzling into Suletta’s chest, Miorine wanted nothing more.