

FAT TAIL FRIDAY

MAY 2022 REQUEST STORY

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“Junk. Junk. More junk. Even *more* junk.”

It had been a long day for Silvia Kuroi, and she was more or less at her breaking point. Now and again the local merchants acquired a batch of artifacts from local ruins that they would sell to her to root through, and while there were often some *real* treasures to be found among them? She couldn't help but feel like, lately, maybe they were trying to pull a fast one on her? The past four batches had included nothing of real note, and considering both the amount she paid and the time she had to spend rooting through box after box, it was beginning to feel like this arrangement was losing its value.

The long sessions of going through these boxes could be tedious, and it was for that reason that the ruby-haired Miquote was presently at her wit's end. She had started the process at six in the morning, and now it was almost eight in the evening. Short of a break for dinner, she'd hardly stopped – and there were *still* four boxes to go through. **“If it's going to keep being like this, perhaps I should have the merchants screen the goods after all...”**

But that idea carried its own risks. She didn't let the merchants themselves peruse the contents in case they saw something they wanted. In that case, who would stop them from fishing it out and selling it on their own? Then again, maybe that *was* what was happening and she hadn't encountered any good finds because they had been picking them out of the boxes? She had much to consider if she was going to go forward with this arrangement in the future.

“YAAAAAWN.” It wasn’t the first yawn that Silvia had let loose since she had begun. It had been a long day, and she was getting a little sleepy. Which felt a little topical, considering after finding what felt like her one-hundredth average ruins stone, she found something that was, well, perhaps not *valuable*, but it was certainly *different* compared to everything else that she had sorted through thus far. **“Isn’t this a... what are those called again? A dreamcatcher?”**



It certainly appeared to be. A circular object with mesh and beads dancing throughout – the frame was black and the beads with a mix of black and gold. Apparently if you hung one up by your bed it would keep bad dreams away. Which was a little superstitious, honestly, but there were little superstitious things like this across all civilizations, ancient or not. It was a neat little trinket, but ultimately it probably wouldn’t be worth very much, and so she placed it off to the side on her desk. **“Might be something neat to hang up in my bedroom, if anything.”**

And so the night wore on, and before long another hour had passed. Because she was getting more and more tired, though, her mind began to wander away from the task at hand and continued to do just that. Rather than focusing on the background and quality of the objects she was picking out of the boxes, her mind kept wandering to thoughts of retiring to bed. Or the things she would do after she got up. She was daydreaming plenty, and considering how long her day was, who could really blame her?

“Maybe I really *should* go to bed.” She finally said what she had been thinking, but was quick to argue with herself. **“No... If I do that, I’ll need to return to this tomorrow and I want to relax.”** She didn’t really like putting off work to another day, because that could lead to bad habits! But looking at the two boxes she had left, she also let out a defeated sigh. She was likely looking at another couple of hours of this at minimum. And so, her mind once again began to wander.

But little did she know, rooting through these boxes away from her desk, that something had begun to *react* not to her fatigue, but to how her mind kept slipping away from the task at hand. She may not have been asleep, but daydreams *were* a type of dream, and the dreamcatcher had become attuned to her thoughts in this sleepy state. As well as her *body*.

Not that there was really any way for her to realize this, all things considered.

I wonder how you even make a dreamcatcher? It wasn't a thought that Silvia *should* have had, but it had still crossed her mind, nonetheless. In fact, she kept thinking back to it the more she grew distracted. Why? She didn't really think too hard about it, but the truth of it was that it was the dreamcatcher itself that was forcing her to think about it. To *daydream* about it. It was doing so with a purpose, and physical signs of that purpose began to show on the Miquo'te's body.

The woman let out another yawn and then rubbed at her cheeks to try and wake herself up, oblivious to the fact that the color of her skin had begun to pale. Not just a little, but a *lot*, quickly leaning more towards a porcelain white than its usual, healthy pink. This color change all but erased the dark, whisker-like markings that framed Silvia's face, and even the red of her lips seemingly paled some as a result.

On the other hand, it wasn't only her skin losing its color. Beginning with what seemed like only a strand or two, the ruby red of the woman's hair was ultimately tainted by shimmering silver – void of any potential vibrancy whatsoever. What began with one a strand or two, however, quickly spread throughout the rest of her hair. Until not only was her head painted with shimmering silver, ears and all, but so were her brows and pubes.

“I just can't focus. Maybe I should sleep after all...?” This time she rubbed at her eyes, and in doing so they began to sparkle with gold. Although they also seemed strangely misshapen after the fact, like they were rounder and just the slightest bit droopy. *The Doctor would probably tell me I should sleep.* Who? Where had that thought come from? That memory? It felt out of place, but Silv was quick to stop questioning it as her thoughts wandered back to dreamcatchers again.

Nonetheless, her physical transformation trooped on. Her hair, now silver as could be, almost looked like extensions had been placed into it because its overall length was increasing dramatically. It fell down as far as her ankles, but it probably wouldn't have reached that far if not for the fact that, well... *Her head was much closer to the ground than it had been when the hair growth had begun.*

Silvia was confused, actually. The big boxes she had been sorting through were large, but she had been more than tall enough to root around in them while standing. On the other hand, *now?* Her eyes could just barely peer over their tops, and she really didn't have the foggiest clue as to what had changed to make it so. The reality of the situation was, of course, that she had shrunk. **“Did these boxes get bigger...?”**

But thanks to the dreamcatcher, she didn't see it that way. She felt like, maybe, she had just been dreaming of being taller? That made sense, right?

She *had* plummeted all the way down to 4'10", though, and her tunic had both fallen past her knees in the front, and gotten caught on her Miquote tail in the back. Strangely her figure had been preserved thus far, so the size of her breasts and hips hadn't changed at all despite her drop in height, but it *was* a very dramatic drop that would make her life a little more difficult.

"Mm... Maybe it's nothing...?" The woman's voice had becoming softer, and almost a little younger in sound – which might have made sense upon examining her face. Her features had softened, and the shape of her head almost looked like it had been crushed downward so that she had a more circular face. It made her look younger, particularly when you considered how small she had become.

And it was reflected, finally, in her figure. Or at least one aspect of it. Her chest was flattening with no lack of fanfare, never quite disappearing entirely but shrinking down so that her breasts were a modest B-cup. All the while? She kept thinking about building *another* dreamcatcher. *Since she knew how, and all.* Which was a little different than what she had been thinking earlier.

Her feline ears twitched, but while they normally did as much in response to the sounds around her, they weren't really responding to a sound at *all*. Instead, those ears appeared to be getting smaller, twitching every so often as they seemingly slid down the sides of her head through her silver hair – while losing their fur in the process. It didn't take long for this process to stop, ears left resting on the sides of her head with naked points that were more reminiscent of a Harvin or Elezen's ears. But she was neither. She still had her *tail*, after all.

Although, come to think of it? **"...Mm?"** Silvia's reactions much quieter and more subdued by this juncture, she didn't react all that much to what felt like a weight imbalance that was focused largely behind her. She didn't look over her shoulder to watch the clumps of silver fur fall from her tail, only to expose the pale skin beneath them. Though... *was* that what had happened?

The pale skin there appeared to be a little dry and *rough*, and from among the white a plethora of different colors began to emerge. Sparkling, segmented pieces of skin that varied from white, to silver, to black – while the tip of her tail soon sharpened into a perfect point. Her tail's natural flexibility stiffened as these *scales* coated it, and looking at

the base of the tail it appeared that the appendage was swelling bigger. Perhaps into the realm of an Au Ra's thickness?

Hardly.

Black spines emerged atop the reptilian tail, and the scales were pulled wider as the tail itself began to appear plumper and plumper. The thickness at the base was the most profound, while it was thinnest near the tippy top point – but the difference between the two regions was as striking as night and day. “*H-Huh? Whoa...?*” The girl herself had to throw her arms out to her sides to maintain her balance, the base of her tail soon swelling so big that it eclipsed much of her ass despite being rooted just above it. Naturally, this increased size had no choice but to tear through her loose-fitted tunic, and more and more of it was ripped through as it continued to swell.

But some of her balance was evened out as flesh burgeoned elsewhere. Her legs grew stronger naturally, but visually this wasn't what was most eye catching about them. It was her thighs. Almost as if they were mirroring her tail, a plumpness beset them and pale skin was pulled tightly around their shapes, which looked even more abundant considering just how short she was. With her new height her thigh highs had already fallen some, but now they struggled to stretch around her chubby legs.

“**I feel... weird...?**” Silvia sounded unsure. Was it her clothes that made her feel this way? They didn't seem to fit right for some reason, so that had to be it, right? Even her panties felt too tight, like her butt had gotten bigger and they were being flossed between soft cheeks. Not that it was obvious, because the thickness of her tail's base surpassed the width of her torso! *...Having a tail this big is troublesome.*

At least when it came to her clothing, her discomfort was alleviated. Because in a flash, her old ensemble was erased, and in its place a black, hooded jacked with detached sleeves overtop a pair of black, latex panties and matching, torn leggings covered her. It was a futuristic and forward fashion style that showed off her tail and thighs – the shapeliest parts of her body. But then again? She dressed this way because, thick as she was, she could hardly wear much else.

The fat-tailed gator girl had been so confused for several minutes now, but she soon found herself attracted to the desk in the room that was both unfamiliar and not. This was her office, wasn't it? So what was with the huge boxes and all of the clutter? *Tomimi* did have a penchant for collecting things that she probably shouldn't, but even then this was much more chaotic than even she could tolerate. Then again, she was

still quite distracted by the desk – or the object atop of it that seemed to be beckoning her to it.

“A dreamcatcher? Oh, I like this one...” With short and stubby fingers she picked it up, her height only enough to just barely see over the top of the wooden desk in the first place. Holding it in her hands, it was quite large. And familiar...? **“Did I make it...?”** She had a real penchant for making dreamcatchers, actually. So much so that she always had a bag full of them, and was often seen handing them out to the other Operators back at Rhodes Island, which was...

Wait. **“This isn’t Rhodes Island. Where is this?”** It didn’t at all seem like a place she had visited before, so why had she perceived it as her own office at first? Confused again, panic set in and she spun around – only for her thick tail to crash into one of the desk legs and completely shatter it. Which in turn sent all of the contents of the desk spilling onto the floor. **“Oh no!”** It wasn’t all that strange to see her tail bringing about chaos though. Even for her people, tails never quite got *that* thick. She had something of an insecurity over it.



Perhaps responding to her confusion and panic, the dreamcatcher in the Archosauria’s hand suddenly began to glow, and it felt like she had fallen ever so briefly. Not dramatically so, but as if she had fallen down a single stair. **“Um... Huh?”** And the next she knew, the unfamiliar location had disappeared. She found herself in what looked like a dorm room, with a desk in the distance covered in dreamcatchers and the materials to make them. **“This is... my room?”**

It certainly was. It was *Tomimi’s* room, and the fact that she completely accepted this meant that the few remaining traces of Silvia’s ego had all but faded into obscurity. Even her memories of that other room, of the Miko’tē’s office, were fading – and before long she couldn’t remember at all why she had been so upset in the first place. She felt comfortable. At home. And all of that fatigue that had plagued her in the beginning was basically moot. She felt awake and energetic! Probably because the dreamcatcher she was holding had inspired her to make some more!

This room was big enough that the girl's tail did not have much of a risk of causing problems, and so she ran over to the desk with her chubby thighs jiggling about as she did so. It didn't take her long to plop her perky butt on the work stool and begin to fiddle with some of the materials. Did she feel a little sleepy? Sure, but at least she had plenty of dreamcatchers to watch over her sleep when she finally took a nap!