

FURRY AFFINITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There were plenty of world out there, but this was one that Ranka Mori felt a particularly keen affinity with.

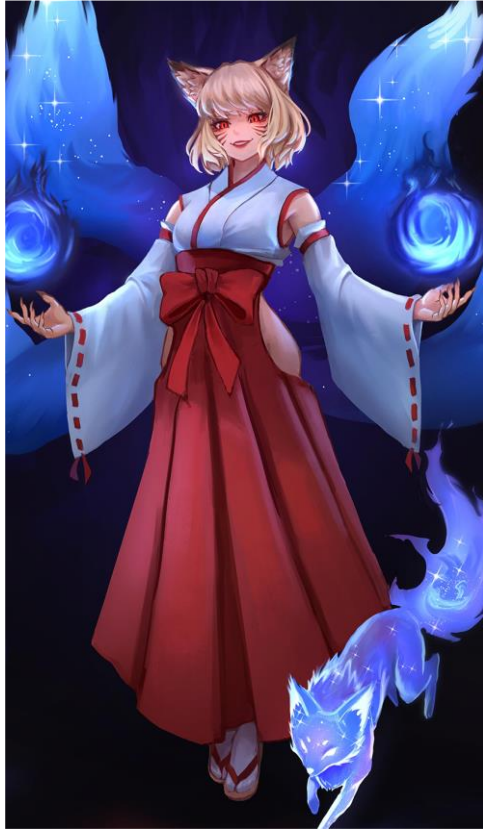
A world of modern sensibilities and technologies where those from all walks of life lived side by side. A world where humans existed, but also those that were of varying degrees like animals. The more like an animal someone appeared the rarer they were in the grand scheme of things, but they *were* common enough that no one gawked at them – though some people *did* fetishize them.

It was just the way that evolution had worked in this world. More common than regular humans were beings that were a little bit *less so*. People that still appeared largely human but had animal features like ears and tails. It was *perfect* for Ranka, who was a kitsune auspice and typically had to disguise herself in worlds where such things were not common to avoid receiving too much attention.

Here? She could live out her life as if it was a normal one – something a little bit of forged documentation had ultimately allowed. She lived in one of the bigger cities she was aware of, slipping away with her magic when she wanted a change of scenery. But this day *wasn't* one of those days. In fact she had been in a *shopping* mood.

From store to store she had jumped, collecting a sizable bounty of purchases that she had occasionally warped back to her home using her powers when they became too much to carry. Largely? They were modern clothes and fashion accessories that she wanted to try out, but there were some items of convenience like soaps and the like mixed in. Yet oddly, throughout the course of her shopping adventure?

She couldn't shake the feeling that someone was following her.



The issue was that Ranka was sometimes a little too cocky for her own good. So what if someone was following her? They wouldn't be able to lay a hand on her, she'd cast a spell to deter such a thing from ever happening. She did *not* appreciate unwanted advances. But then again what sort of woman *did*?

“Hm... So this is one of those new ‘changing pods’, is it?” Eventually the kitsune's escapades had led her to a pricier shop with more technologically advanced shopping aides. She had heard about these, of course. They were pods you could lay in and your mind and appearance would temporarily be uploaded into a digital space – like virtual reality but much more realistic. Using the device you could try on clothing and see how it

looked on you without having to get changed at all.

And so? She decided to give it a shot. Putting her belongings in a nearby locker she laid herself down in the pod. It was a little cramped, but she wouldn't be staying inside for long. It eventually closed to leave her in pitch black darkness as the machinery warmed up, until finally? She felt a tug in the back of her mind and the world lit up around her in pure white.

It was like she was standing in a white void. **“So this is a digital space. Intriguing.”** Ranka looked around. It all felt so *real*, and she quickly realized she was dressed only in a replication of her underwear. That made sense seeing as this space was for trying on clothes, but how did *that* work? As she recalled from skimming in the instructions, a list of items was supposed to appear before her that she could flip through and choose using her own mind.

**Finally. I was wondering when you'd slip up!
You're cute, but you're not really my type. At least
not as you are...**

“What—!?” A woman’s voice boomed, taking the kitsune out of her immersive shopping mood immediately. Was it being expressed through a speaker? No, it felt more like someone was speaking right beside her pod in the real world. As a result it was likely they couldn’t hear her reply in this digital space. A number of strange popups appeared around her in the digital field, many warnings about a foreign program interfering and a series of popups bearing sliders of the like she wasn’t able to process before the next appeared overtop of it.

Did you know? They rushed this tech out. It can change your clothes, but with a little tampering you can change just about anything about the person inside. What they’re wearing, what they look like, what they act like... You just need to bypass the security!

She *really* didn’t like the sound of that. Her body in the physical world was in a sort of temporary slumber while she was in this space and so she wasn’t able to utilize any of her powers. **“You! Have you been the one following me!? I should have done something sooner!”** The woman merely laughed on the other end.

Sorry, I can’t hear you! I can see you with my tablet, but no audio. I bet you’re probably mad though? I wouldn’t worry about it, really. You won’t care at all in a few minutes!

Ranka squinted. **“What do you mean by...?”** Right, the woman couldn’t hear her. So she was essentially asking her questions to a brick wall, *great*. But what was that about ‘changing the person inside’ the machine? Surely technology like that wouldn’t be released to the public? That would have been a gross negligence of... Well, tech companies committed gross negligence all the time, she supposed.

I’m going to go quiet for a bit while I fiddle with these sliders, but you look like you don’t believe what I’m saying. So let’s start you off with something that will make it *clear*.

The slider popups that had been displayed in the void before her all seemingly minimized. All except for *one*. Ranka squinted. **“Breast size? You can’t mean to say that—?”** Was she supposed to believe that her body could *actually* be altered in this space? Yet her question was interrupted as bore witness to the slider beginning to move upwards

from '35', presumably the default of her own chest, towards '100'. If the kitsune had any doubts about the plausibility of the situation that she found herself in, she soon found those doubts addressed.

Because as the numbers ticked up one by one, she immediately found her attention drawn down to her own bust. As implausible as it all *sounded*, she couldn't deny that she *felt* the fit of her bra tightening, and she could *see* her flesh bloating within the cups. “**No... This cannot actually be happening!?**” Her refusal to accept reality was being consistently challenged as her breasts *continued* to grow, however.

Unaccustomed to more weight than her bosom typically housed, perhaps it was only natural that Ranka would find her posture tilting forward, prompting her to constantly adjust as the weight became more and more excessive. “**Grr... How big are they going to grow!?**” She had no answer, but the scale had *already* reached '60'. By this point the limit of the bra she was wearing was at its limit, tits already E-cups – perhaps the maximum limit the smallclothes functionality allowed for breasts in the program technically. But the slider continued to tick upwards, until finally...

RIIIIIIIIP!

The kitsune's flesh could no longer be contained, and F-cup tits poured out of her replicated bra as tatters began to spill... up until the bra itself scattered into a series of pixels, leaving her completely naked sans her panties. Freed from their prison, it was now clear that her nipples had grown to keep pace with the huge, round breasts that were growing *still* even after meeting her head in size. It was clear that they were too big to continue defying gravity and began to sag a touch as L-cups fully peaked out the '100' on the slider. “**What the hell! I can hardly even stand up straight!**”

The program seemingly had an answer for this though, for she found her posture easier to correct as the muscles in her back rippled with new strength. Ranka couldn't even tell that these changes had been replicated in the real world, and that her *enormous* tits were now pressing up against the roof of the pod she had laid in of her own volition.

“**No response... Damn it!**” Right on cue though, the breast slider disappeared from her vision and a new one appeared. 'Height'. “**Do not tell me she's about to make me some sort of imbalanced short stack!?**” Fortunately that *wasn't* the case, for her resting value of '52' soon rose – and the woman's body rose along with it. Ranka took heart in the fact that the slider stopped at '75', but this still had increased her

height to about six feet, putting her head and feet at the top and bottom of the pod in the real world. It all helped make her outlandishly sized tits seem a little *less* so, but the sliders were swapped out again. This time?

‘Ass’. The kitsune clicked her tongue. The numbers began to rise from ‘40’, and no sooner than they had begun to tick up did she begin to feel her panties grow tight. The front was yanked into her groin as the rear end behind her inflated with a fulfilling heft, her once perky but unexceptional booty stretching into a full heart shape. Evidently the thickness of her thighs was tied to her ass, for they became plumper and plusher in kind, stretching several inches wider. Ultimately? This left her hips with no choice other than to push wider apart, prompting her knees to buckle in kind. But her lower half didn’t end up *nearly* as bombastic as her upper half had, much to her relief.

Well, it was only a little relief. Another slider flickered by and the front of her underwear felt tighter still. She had an idea about what *that* was, but it wasn’t as consequential as everything else had been. Unlike her bra, her panties had been able to accommodate the changes to her lower body without tearing at least. **“How am I supposed to carry on like this? I look like a freak!”** A *sexy* freak, but a freak, nonetheless. There were hardly women out there that had *this* extraordinary figure. She’d even gotten softer around the tummy, likely a side effect of becoming so plush everywhere else. Her tummy had a very subtle bulge to it now.

Could she disengage from this immersive VR space? No, that woman had wrestled all of the controls from her, she was solely out that deranged individual’s mercy even as new sliders were brought up. Eye and hair colors now, both played with in equal measure. There were things she could easily perceive, yet like she was in a video game character creator her hair and eye color alike rapidly flipped through various shades, ultimately ending up with lime green eyes and a reddish-orange hair color that was much darker than her usual blonde – but it was also applied to her fox ears and all of her tails as well, even if only one was visible.

“Hairstyle too!? Urgh, I am *not* a doll for you to play with!” This popup had a number of sliders that altered the length, style, and feel of her new auburn locks. They grew quickly, spilling well down her back as the strands themselves thickened. Layers were choppy, giving her a messy look despite how long it was – which honestly wasn’t all that surprising since there was so *much* of it. It would probably be a pain in the ass to take care of daily. **“I said *s-s-stop! E-Eh? What’s happenin’... Why am I talking so...!?*”** Where was that accent coming from, much less the stutter?

Ranka's eyes went wide. The popup that had been controlling her hair had been concealing a different slider popup. 'Personality'. There were a number of traits on there but she couldn't read them. They were too small to tell what they said, she could just see the slides moving, but she could *feel* it. She didn't feel as confident, and she had started to second guess speaking up against her captor or resisting. "**N-No, stop it!**" For *now*, though, she exhibited some manner of resistance.

'Furry?'

"**W-Wait!**" The only options beside the text of that popup were 'Y/N' with the N for no currently highlighted. Ranka had heard that term used across plenty of worlds, but in this one? It was a term fetishists used to describe the rare individuals who were just as much animal in traits as they were human in shape. Had that been her goal all along? Then— "**N-No!**" It had just been switched to Y.

The effects were felt *immediately*. The woman's body temperature escalated excessively, so much so that sweat began to pour from her skin and steam began to vaguely dance from its surface even despite the fact that this was merely a simulation (you could assume how things were going in the pod itself). Ranka panted from the heat, each labored breath making her aware that something felt very *off* about the interior of her mouth. "**Mmf!?**"

It felt *full*. The cause was quickly made evident because she had almost *choked* on it, but her tongue had been growing increasingly larger and rougher – like a canine or *vulpine's*. It eventually dangled out from lips that were both thinning and darkening to black, lifted by a row of teeth that sharpened and elongated. She couldn't talk during this period, particularly as her jaw seemed to momentarily unhinge as everything on her face pulled forward along with the tip of her nose.

An animal's *snout* was forming, that much was *very* clear. Her human-like nose was flattening into the tip of it all, yet it also darkened towards black and became wet. She could smell the sweat of her own body much more clearly now because her sense of smell had been amplified as a result. While this seemed like a really *bizarre* change at first, sharper teeth conforming now to the stretched shape of her mouth (*at least her tongue fit inside?*)...

It appeared *less* strange once the *fur* began to grow in. A soft and abundant layer of fur was the primary cause for her sweat – and it seemed that *despite* what she grew in she could still sweat more despite it. For the more part this fluffiness was the same color as the hair atop her head; an orange red that covered the top half of her face and her back. But as it wrapped around towards the *front* of her body? It was a

paler orange, the puffier tuft at the base of her neck and all. Strangely, though? Her huge, puffy nipples remained completely exposed.

“I-I’m becoming a fox...” Ranka’s distress was audible and the new personality she had been fighting against had finally won out entirely. Her memories were altering subtle and so she understood. She was becoming a fox woman. The line between what she was becoming and what she had been as a kitsune was actually quite different even if it *did* sound similar. Kitsune had magic powers and kept the shape of a human almost entirely, but a fox woman was just as it sounded. A humanoid woman that had evolved from a fox in this world.

Forget using her power, she couldn’t even remember what she used to be able to *do*.

She recognized this, but it was growing harder to recall having ever possessed a different body. Somehow she clung onto a strand of remembrance for the time being. **“N-No... I’m... I...? No way this is happenin’ ta me... I’m supposed ta be...”** Strong? But she felt so *weak*. No amount of recollection could save the dismissal of her extra tails, which all folded into the one visible extension from above her thick ass. That tail *did* grow longer and thicker though, and as new memories served it was just as hard to groom it as it was her hair. So too were her *ears*, which stretched a handful of inches higher and grew a few inches wider at their base. They looked even more like a fox’s.

As the orange fur wrapped around her hands and feet, all four of these places underwent additional changes. Digits and toes thickened several inches, though she retained five digits on each including her thumbs. Hands and feet were perhaps *twice* as big as a human’s when all was said and done, claws hooking out from where fingernails had once been. But in many ways they were *paws*. The dry, black finger and toe beads that emerged on his palms and soles were proof of this.

In the end Ranka was left gawking at herself. She turned over her paws in front of her, sweat still dripping in an appealing manner down her furry, fox-like body. This was so *wrong*, and yet... Was it right? Could this have been who she *really* was? **“Ah!?”** Her attention was drawn away from the fact that her clothing was changed into something that stylishly fit this new form of hers. Well, *barely* fit it.

Well, the speaker hadn’t been *wrong*, she didn’t really feel *mad* about her current form. Despite the fact that she was *heftier* in every sexy way imaginable, sweating dripping sensually down her thick fur. The one who had held her captive within the digital space had ultimately dressed her in a black tank top that covered so little of her thick and fluffy bosom. Her lower body was done up in matching yoga pants, and a

jacket with green highlights hung from her shoulders. There was also a cap atop her head, though it naturally had holes for her tall ears to poke through.

She felt strong and sexy, and yet... **“H-Hey, do ya think ya could turn me back? I’m not supposed to look like this, so...”** Her ‘demands’ to be returned to normal were *very* passive, and deep down she felt like if she was told no that she would just accept it. **“Just... don’t save those settin’s, okay? Or I’ll never... I’ll never go back to bein’ normal.”** Her once strong-willed personality had been reduced to whatever *this* was, ultimately.



**Why would I do all this and *not* save it though?
You’re my girlfriend, right? A real hottie to boot.
Right... *Kaya*?**

On some level she knew this was wrong, but a window had popped up with her name displayed. She watched her old name be deleted, and ‘Kaya’ was typed in. And from that moment on? She couldn’t remember herself by any other name. **“R-Right, of course I’m yer girlfriend, but—”** *Kaya* wasn’t her girlfriend, right? But deep down she knew she was. She always had been? How could she say no to her beautiful, strong girlfriend on the other side of the screen? So what if her partner was a human with a furry fetish? Their love was true. So, so true.

And as the woman clicked ‘*SAVE*’ and Kaya felt herself pulled from the digital space, that would remain a constant in her mind. Her undying love and loyalty, while passive, was reserved only for the pretty human woman that was gazing down longingly at her once the pod opened and all of the sweat-scented steam that had accumulated in the pod dispersed. **“There’s my sweet Kaya! I see you found something sporty to wear! Even though I like you just as soft as you are!”** The woman leaned down and planted a kiss on the fox woman’s muzzle, prompting Kaya to return the gesture with a touch of skepticism.

Part of her still wanted to accept this as ‘wrong’. But she just *couldn’t*. She had memories of being this woman’s partner and so she didn’t resist as she climbed into the pod with her. With her full, furry body so big, she barely fit into it by herself, but this other woman... Secilia, as she now recalled? Wiggled in despite all the sweat that dripped from Kaya’s body. It was cramped but it felt *comfortable*. Even though they were in public, she could tell what her partner sought.

Thankfully these pods were in their own private rooms.

“**S-Secelia? Maybe we shouldn’t do it in here...?**” But the human moved to straddle Kaya’s hips, nonetheless, whipping off her top and bra before shimmying down her pants and underwear. She was about to get topped, which made *total* sense seeing as she was essentially the *ultimate* sub. Sometimes Secilia even had Kaya call her ‘dommy mommy’. She moved to peel the clothing Kaya had *just* received off her own body, and the fox gulped. Her tail couldn’t move since she was laying on her back, but if it could? It would have been twitching with anticipation. Not to mention the size of *that* bulge.

Secilia had modified Kaya’s brain to make her sexually needy, after all. And that was something that was about to *truly* be tested.