

A PAIR OF VITCHES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It truly was beginning to feel like every month came with a new adventure at this rate, at least to Silvia Kuroi. If she wasn't exploring one part of the world with one friend, she was exploring another part with somebody different. This meant that life never got old, and the discoveries? The findings that could change our understanding of the known world of the Source? They were constant and often unimaginable.

Take this trip to Kugane of all places. Beneath the city nestled atop the ocean, a brand-new cavern had been unearthed where one had not existed before. A mystery, surely, but had it truly been here all of this time and no one had taken notice of it? Many scholars were questioning it, particularly those of Eorzea who had experience with the Crystal Tower. Expedition after expedition had been launched, but strangely enough nothing of note was discovered for months.

At least, until, they'd discovered a pair of artifacts. There was no doubt in the minds of those that had found them that they were spectacles – two pairs. But how had they ended up in these ancient caverns? They reacted to a terminal deeper within, but those that had been sent with them originally had disappeared without a trace. Had they been hunted by some sort of foul beast that lurked within the darkness? Regardless, it was a mystery that no scholar worth their salt could possibly ignore. So, of course—

“This is where I’m gonna die, huh?”

“As I keep telling you, we’re *not* going to die, S’aiya.”

To the one groaning about their inevitable deaths, these words did not come as a comfort. Not a single other scholar had agreed to undertake this quest despite the risks, but of course Silvia woke up and chose death that day. Her curiosity truly was insatiable – so much that they couldn't even find any additional adventurers or bodyguards for the expedition. Sure, S'aiya could have said no, but... If something happened to Silvia and she hadn't been there to *try* and stop it? Then she just wouldn't be able to live with herself.

Both halves of the Miqu'te pair were carrying a set of matching glasses as they entered the chamber of tragic renown. After all, it was here that the unusual terminal rested, and where the last expedition team had gone missing. The only thing that had been retrieved *were* the glasses, found laying on the floor without a single scratch on them.

**OH? HAVE A PAIR THAT ARE WORTHY FINALLY
COME?**

It only took the both of them stepping through the door for a disembodied voice to boom and take the pair by surprise, that surprise only mixed with fear and anxiety as a heavy, stone door closed behind them and left them shrouded in pitch black darkness. In regard to these latest developments? The goth Miqu'te only had one thing to say queued up: **“Told you we're gonna die.”**

**YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE~! OH! DO YOU
THINK IT'S DARK IN HERE? JUST PUT ON
THOSE GLASSES IN YOUR POCKETS THEN! OR,
IN YOUR CLEAVAGE I GUESS, IF YOU'RE THE
DOOMER CAT.**

“Who're you calling a cat!? That's an insult, you know!?” Anyone that was from this world knew it was rude to refer to Miqu'te this way, and that alone already had Silvia's mind running a mile a minute. Could this voice be from another world? Regardless, she did as she was told and reached into the breast pocket of her jacket, pulling out the glasses and sliding them up the bridge of her nose as instructed. Like the voice had implied, they certainly allowed her to see. The entire room had grown ridiculously bright, but it also allowed her to see a presence looming over them.

“Are you... a Primal?” Towering over them was a woman, naked as could be, laying in the room on her side for it could not accommodate her roughly thirty-foot height. But her glimpse had only been brief, for

her form was soon cast in shadows until nothing of a humanoid shape remained, leaving a series of intense, flaming eyes glowing down at the pair of them with an uncomfortable intensity. Silv was quick to nudge S'aiya with her elbow. "**Hey... Put those glasses on.**"

On the other hand, S'aiya didn't really *want* to. They weren't even at the terminal and something had responded? This information was different from what the first team had reported – and if Silv had mentioned a Primal wasn't it possible that they were at risk of becoming enthralled? More seriously was the implication that the last team went missing because they were likely sacrificed to summon the Primal in the first place. But with the only exit closed, she merely sighed and adorned the accessories anyways. "**Oh.**" How else was she supposed to react to the menacing eyes staring down at her?

**A PRIMAL? SO IS THAT WHAT THESE THINGS
ARE CALLED? I SUPPOSE IN MY PURSUIT OF
BECOMING A BEAST I MADE SOMETHING OF A
WRONG TURN AND ENDED UP HERE.**

So Silvia had been right! This woman – *monster*? She was an invader from another star? But how strange it was to hear a Primal not understand their own existence. More than anything, the scholar was interested in how such an existence could be conceptualized. Surely artificial Primals weren't a new concept, but from these words it sounded as if she'd just gone and become one accidentally. Provided she wasn't lying anyways, and she might very well have been doing so.

Putting this all aside, this was kind of a problem, wasn't it? She would have to put her curiosities aside until she knew they were safe. Though, they'd utterly failed step one in that regard. Had they just kept the glasses in their pockets (*or between their boobs as S'aiya had*) then there was nothing this shoddy Primal could have done to them. Her summoning was incomplete. But now? They were in the palm of this monster's hand.

While adorning the glasses had lit up the room, suddenly that light began to grow a little too intense. "**Ngh!?**" Silvia was the first to move to try and take the glasses off, and yet? The moment her fingers made contact with the frames, they passed right through what should have been solid material. She couldn't remove them!?" **S'aiya!?"**

"Right!" Squinting herself, the goth explorer recognized her companion's tone. It was her 'do something and get us the hell out of here' voice, but of course there was the problem S'aiya had noticed

previously. Was there even a way out? The stone door was the only entrance she'd seen, and even with the wider frame of vision created by the glasses there wasn't anything else that had resembled a door. Instinctively, took Silvia's hand and went to shield her, but... all of a sudden, the light faded.

...And they were no longer in the ruins. Or at least, that was how things appeared.

Perhaps it was more appropriate to say they had been dropped into a void, with an endless white opened up all around them. There didn't even appear to be a floor? But the space wasn't empty – after all, the two *had* been deposited onto a bed, and in lavished lingerie at that. Despite S'aiya's goth aesthetic, she was wearing a white bra and open negligee cut in a halter neck style, with matching string panties. On the other hand, Silvia was done up in the exact same outfit, but black. All of the lingerie covered the essentials but were so translucently designed that everything beneath could still be seen. And, since they had been dropped on their knees on either side of the bed, done up in hot pink, silken sheets, it made it all the more embarrassing.

“Uh—”

“THE FUCK!?”

As always, S'aiya articulated her frustration in a much more effective way than Silvia did. “***Where are we? Why are we dressed like this!?***” She quickly spun around, trying to hide her breasts from Silvia's unintentionally perverse gaze. They were both still wearing the glasses, and like before they could not even grasp them to remove them.

**YOU WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE, SO I LET YOU
OUT! AWW, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! YOU
TWO WILL BE HAVING SO MUCH FUN SOON,
I'M SURE! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO ONE
SEXIER THAN *ME!***

'Having so much fun' could only have *one* meaning in this case. Was this Primal trying to make them *fuck*? *What? Why?* But, sadly, the two had already been enthralled by her powers. This place was little more than their minds blended together with hers; and anything that happened here? It would be reflected upon reality in every manner imaginable.

Already, both Miqu'ete had begun to feel warm. The phenomenon had started shortly before the voice had spoken, the warmth not unfamiliar to either of them. Arousal? Sure, both parties thought the other was attractive and they'd just gotten a rather hearty glimpse at the other's naked form beneath the translucent lingerie, but it all felt a little too *intense*. They were growing *needy*, and that was part of the reason S'aiya had turned away so quickly. Despite the way she acted? When it came to things like this? She was unusually sheepish. Somehow, with the glasses on her face, it seemed even *hotter* now.

But Silv? When she was stirred, she was a far more forward person. **"Hey! Why are you looking away from me? We need to figure out how to get out of here, right?"** Or so she reasoned while reaching out to touch S'aiya's bare arm, but ulterior motives had already begun to form in secret. Seeing her friend's sensual body bare like this, with her big breasts and ass, and the threads of pink in her hair that appeared to be growing more abundant as time wore on— **"...What's wrong with your hair?"** She'd grown horny, but not ignorant. That color wasn't meant to be mixed in with the browns and blacks of S'aiya's mane, but then again?

Neither were her eyes meant to be gold, as revealed when S'aiya had turned her head out of confusion.

What had escaped the scholar's attention at first, though? The very same phenomenon was being replicated throughout her own form, with gold tearing away her natural air color as pupils first dilated before growing longer – on the whole creating a resting gaze that just felt naturally intimidating. And when it came to Silv's ruby red hair? It was lightening little by little, the shade a perfect match for what was becoming of the off-hue and over-saturation of her friend's hair as well. In a way, both of their heads were like flowers in bloom, the pink naught but petals opening as the Primal's influence grew stronger.

Their hair, likewise, grew at a similar pace to the apparent dye job. It fell far down their backs and even pooled beneath them against the bed, but once the length had evened out, different styles were bestowed upon both women entirely. For S'aiya, it was twirled into a long ponytail that hung to the left of her head, but for Silvia? That ample hair was pulled up and into a pair of sizable buns that were tucked behind her ears, which had thus far remained their usual ruby color.

A pause was needed, for while the two women had been staring at one another in disbelief, S'aiya finally broke the silence once more. **"M-My hair? What about your hair? And your eyes!"** The awkward silence ultimately resumed as both women reached up to comb through their hair, finding the color off and the quality? Neither of them had

ever possessed manes that were so silky before. And the way S'aiya's swung to the side? Silv was enamored by just how sexy it looked, provoking her to leave her own hair alone and crawl closer across the bed, licking her lips all the while. Those lips felt ever plumper, and even her friend's lips appeared far more voluminous and naturally pouty in shape, but the fact that she was so horny was making it difficult to think more critically about what was transpiring. "**H-Hey! Silv!**"

Alarmed when Silvia crawled up and onto her, and even more so when she pushed her back down and against the bed, S'aiya found herself confused by how much she'd suddenly *wanted* something to happen. She had rejected the notion of anything happening between Silvia and herself not only up until that moment, but basically *ever* (*even though Silv had never tried anything before this*), but now? It didn't feel so sinful. After all, how could one reject a woman *as beautiful as herself*? So, even as their lips locked and their breasts pressed against one another through the lingerie, she didn't have any real complaint.

Incidentally? Silvia's mind had been warped in a similar fashion. She had only made the move in the first place because she was feeling feistier, sure, but there was something deep down that told her *'it isn't a sin if it's with yourself, and even if it is a sin, who cares?'* She probed her tongue into S'aiya's mouth, neither party consciously aware of the fact that the muscles extending from their mouths were seemingly identical in shape and size, and that their make-out techniques had become basically the same.

As they sucked one another's faces, so to speak, the pink of their hair began to extend to new locations. The most obvious of which was their Miqu'te ears, which were quickly overcome as the fur upon them grew all the fluffier and all the pinker, almost creating the illusion that these ears were larger. Or, well, they actually were. Growing upwards ever so gradually, their tips peaked higher and they grew more sensitive to the touch while white tufts, fuwa as could be, sprouted up from within. As Silv kissed S'aiya, the latter's fingers reached up to massage the ears, amp-ing her motor up even more enthusiastically.

Likewise, there was the matter of their tails, which until now were the last remaining indicators of what their hair and fur colors had *once* been (*even the pubic hairs that could be seen through the translucent panties had turned a bright pink*). But those older, washed out colors? The duo didn't have any use for them any longer, so they were ultimately erased just like they had been *everywhere* else. Like with their ears, however, the color change came with unexpected side effects.

Well, to an observer it might not have been all that unexpected. Their ears as they were now no longer resembled a cat's in any possible

capacity. So long and fluffy? They better resembled a fox's. So earning a vulpine tail to match them wasn't really all that shocking, was it? The pink fur upon their extra appendages bristled and swelled as the tail itself lost some of its flexibility in exchange for durability. Feeling the discomfort of it all, S'aiya inevitably grabbed Silvia and turned them so they were both on their sides, giving her own tail plenty of room to grow while Silvia giggled sexily. They were both so lost in it all that what was happening to them was no longer a concern, even as the fluffiest of fluffy fox tails had been made of their feline ones.

In fact, even gazing into each other's eyes was enough to get lost in the opposing woman's intensity. Because they were oh so lost, though, they were missing the important clues to the fact that something had gone awry in the first place. After all, they absolutely should have noticed that the golden eyes they were staring into looked more befitting of an Eastern Doman native, with angled shapes and smaller noses nestled beneath them. On the whole, they looked nothing like they used to, with even their skin tones evened out to look the same.

Rather, from the neck up, both women were now *identical*, right down to the shapes and quality of the teeth within their mouths.

Were Silvia thinking straight, she might have realized S'aiya resembled the glimpse of the Primal's true form she'd seen earlier.

Other than their tails and skin tones, however, everything below that remained as different as ever, albeit briefly. With change came the invitation for more change, and when it came to figures, both Silvia and S'aiya were generally opposites. They were roughly the same height, but Silv's build was lean and soft. There was nothing abundant about her tits or ass, she was just pretty *normal*. On the other hand, S'aiya was both well endowed from top to bottom and fairly muscular. Her curves had been brought about by a curse she'd sustained earlier in her life, but they were *absolutely* real. Silvia had always envied them a little. '*What was so bad about a curse like that?*', she'd thought in secret.

Were she still in her right mind, she probably would have been elated to realize what was coming next. Laying side by side, still in one another's warm embrace, maintaining the cling to one another was growing relatively more difficult. They had to let go a little as something wedged itself in between them – or *some things*.

It was their breasts. Or, well, it was largely Silv's in the beginning. Fatty tissue had been splurged upon her bosom, and her now milky white skin strained around the additional mass, seeing them fill the bra of the lingerie set while her nipples rubbed up against S'aiya's own in between. Even reaching a matching size wasn't enough – or perhaps it was more

correct to say that they would sustain the fact that both women's tits matched in size (*and in the shared beauty mark that had appeared on the right underside of their tits*). Both sets continued to swell, pushing up against one another and seeing the lingerie they'd been placed in snap at the straps, granting easy access for any fingers that wanted to have a field day.

Both women wanted to have a field day, clearly. Fingers tweaked one another's nipples and kneaded the fat of their bosom as their moans became more ravenous, and their pussies below twitched with need. With their hands *literally* full (*and then some*), it fell upon their legs to twist together, interlock, and tease one another's genitals by rubbing up against one another – creating a feeling that only made the duo more depraved, like they wanted to *explode*.

That, in itself, was a joy all its own.

It was made all the easier as their lower halves soon expanded just as their breasts had, asses jiggling with bubbling meat as their bodies shuffled around while intertwined. Butts were rounder, perkier, jiglier – while their thighs became thicker and softer, skin tingling with an enhanced sensuality that made it all the better. From Silvia and S'aiya's point of view, during the changes, their skin might have been erogenous zones all their own.

Extraordinarily little of their old selves remained physically, and the two women whose bodies were tangled with one another? They were absolutely *identical*, right down to the points on their skin where the sweat came down heavily were exactly the same. Two women of Doman descent, with the features of a fox and absolutely bombastic figures.

No, not Doman. Their memories reflected something different. Their point of origin: Japan. A place that did not exist in this world, for they had come to reflect not only the physical but mental state of the Primal whom had enthralled them. Through and through, they had become envoys that shared everything about the one who had corrupted them, from memories of the past jumbled in with their own, to personality traits and, well, sexual preferences.

Needless to say, the selfcest sex got pretty fucking rough by the time they had both past out, spent.

I WONDERED WHEN YOU TWO WERE GOING TO WAKE UP AGAIN, I'D PUNISH YOU IF YOU WEREN'T SO BEAUTIFUL!

When the two foxes awoke once more, it was due to the booming voice of the Primal that occupied the ruins' core. In fact, not only were they no longer in that mental space, but they'd also been stripped completely bare down to their birthday suits – glasses aside. Everything that had transpired had taken place in their minds after being enthralled by Tamamo Vitch, so they were squeaky clean despite the rough, messy sex they'd had. They were even still standing. How long had they been out?

“Hm... Clothes. We need clothes.” Silvia remarked dryly once her clarity returned, and with a snap of her fingers a black china dress with a fox head cut-out revealed her tummy and the underside of her large breasts, a single golden bell dangling down the center. The dress was sleeveless and bound to a hot pink collar around her neck, accessorized with thin, black gloves and a pair of pink hair ties that kept her two buns in place. *Of course, she wasn't wearing any underwear~!*

S'aiya watched with interest. **“Oh~! I guess you're right, sister!”** It was certainly strange. Changed appearance or no, she could still tell Silvia was Silvia, but it felt far more natural to call her 'sister'. That was what their 'mother' willed of them according to the interference that had seized her brain, and so it would be. The two of them were absolutely powerless to resist. **“I suppose if I'm going to infiltrate the local government, I'm going to have to hide these...”** Her golden eyes glanced upwards towards the top of her head, and while she naturally couldn't see past the rim of fluffy, pink bangs that dangled there, she could still feel it as her fox ears disappeared and a more human pair appeared on the sides of her head. In the rear? Her tail completely disappeared away, her appearance overall given off the impression that she was a Hyur.

Tamamo Vitch didn't need to communicate their roles to them. Everything had been uploaded into their memories along with her personality. S'aiya was to go to Kugane under the guise of a Hyur and earn their trust, while Silvia would seek to wrangle the beast of Doman known as Tamamo-Gozen. To blend in, the former would need a new set of clothing as well, and so with a clap of her hands it took form. A white, button up dress jacket that was hardly buttoned up at all, tightly fit so that her toned tummy and ample cleavage was shoved into the eyes that anyone that gazed upon her, while the combination of a matching pencil skirt and black tights below would undoubtedly seal the deal. She looked akin to a sexy secretary.

But if a woman didn't pour on her charms, then what was the point?

S'aiya might have been the worst flirt in the world before, but now she had been imbued with the knowledge to woo most, if not any people that were to speak to her. All she needed was her huge tits and Tamamo Vitch's sly personality.

“Actually, what are we to call ourselves, mother? Would you like us to just go by Koyanskaya~?” Silvia raised a good point. For the time being they had to move in secret, and they certainly couldn't use their old names. Though, at the thought of confusing the people they'd once known by claiming their old names, while watching their faces contort into despair once they realized it was the truth? That certainly made their hearts skip a beat too.

HMM... NO, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA!
KOYANSILVIA AND KOYANS'AIYA.

Yes, that sounded right. Familiar enough to cause confusion, but still different enough that it could be argued they were different people. With the new names bestowed, both foxes smirked from ear to ear with the most menacing of smiles, each licking their lips in tandem. Evidently, the mental rewiring had worked *perfectly*.

Just a little more, and she could properly manifest in this world on her own. And then she would show everyone the terror not of a Primal, but
of a *Beast*.