

MOO KON SPLASH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“The fog is thick and we’re short on crew. Could we ask you two to watch the ship’s bow? Monsters could attack at any moment.” A chartered ship to Hingashi had found problem with its route as a menacing fog had crossed the boat’s path. Pairing this fact with the reality that some of the crew had come down with a mysterious illness since setting sail from Horizon back in Thanalan and it was a recipe for the artifact hunting duo of Silvia and S’aiya to be put to work when they were only supposed to be along for the ride.

“S’aiya...” At the ship’s bow not too much longer after the captain had so kindly enlisted their aid, Silvia looked to her goth-clad friend with concern. Regardless of how the brown haired Miqu’te was dressed, she was a rogue. She didn’t like doing jobs she didn’t *want* to do, and her agitation was practically palpable on her facial features. Well, that and a little bit of sea sickness.

She tilted her head towards the inside of the ship to suggest her ruby haired companion back up a little. **“We won’t be reaching our destination if a monster sinks this thing, so it’s whatever. You’re buying me an extra serving when we reach land though.”** If it all played out well enough then there wouldn’t even *be* any fighting. But both of them were inwardly acknowledging that something felt off about this fog they were sailing through.

“Uh... Hey?” After looking back at the ship though, something alarmed Silvia. She rubbed her eyes not sure if she could believe them, because it had to be impossible, right? **“Why are we the only ones aboard the ship?”** On deck there had been somewhere in the ballpark of ten to

twenty people, the ship large enough to require abundant manpower. But *now*? It was entirely vacant aside from the two felines.

“What do you mea--”

CRASH!

Before the rogue could finish her question, the ship made contact with something in the bow. Neither of them knew what it was, because the impact had been so sudden and so powerful that the duo had been tossed off the ship at the moment of impact. The last thing they felt before they were knocked unconscious was the sensation of their bodies crashing against the water below.

But it wasn't the ocean they had fallen into.

“Silvia would you *wake up already?*”

The scholar let out a groan as a natural response to the fact that her entire body was being shaken rather violently. Once her lashes finally fluttered open, she was given a rather pleasing view of S'aiya for she was clad in something a little *uncharacteristic*. “...**Woah.**”

That reaction sparked a twitch of S'aiya's eye. “**Stop ogling me! I didn't choose to wear this!**” But how could she stop ogling her friend? After all, she was dressed in a fairly revealing swimsuit. A white bikini top that crossed around her neck, a thin cut bottom that clung to both her hips and tummy, translucent and detached sleeves, a pair of white flowers beneath her cat ears. Considering her typically goth fashion sense (*albeit one forced onto her by a curse*), it was definitely a treat. Particularly with those curves...

Get your gay little mind out of the gutter, Silvia.

“But... Why? How?” She took in more of her surroundings as she woke up, and it was clear that S'aiya's sense of fashion wasn't the only thing amiss here. “**Where?**” They had fallen from the boat, she could remember that. So why were they in what looked like an inn? No, that aside... She didn't recognize a lot of the technology employed in this space. What was the flat square upon the dresser? They strange pad with numbers on it by the door? And how was it that this bed was so unbelievably comfy? S'aiya was standing *beside* the bed.

It took the ruby haired Miquo'te only a quick glance down at herself to ask another question. “**And what am I wearing?**” She was garbed in a

low cut dress that laid the entire gap between her breasts bare, quality fine silk while the colour was a royal blue. Beneath her chest it opened out into a ling, white skirt with slits at the peak of her thighs placed so that the entirety of her legs would show - while at the foot of the bed a pair of white heels were just waiting for her to slide her feet into them.

Add in the dark blue butterfly ornament on the lower right side of Silvia's hair, the matching choker, and the complimentary floral armband on her right wrist and you had an ensemble that would have fetched a very high price on the market back home. It was most *certainly* a luxury item. **"Why am I wearing such an expensive piece? Did you... strip me naked and change me?"**

"NO!" S'aiya did not hesitate at all to shoot down that idea, and she looked a little flustered by the insinuation. **"Keep your weird fantasies out of this. I woke up dressed in this too. There was a letter on the dresser, it more or less explained what happened. Even if I'm hesitant to believe it."** And so she offered Silvia the paper on the nightstand to read.

TO OUR ESTEEMED GUESTS...
YOUR SHIP CRASHED INTO OUR BEACHSIDE HOTSPRINGS AND YOU FELL INTO ONE OF OUR SPRINGS. FORTUNATELY LITTLE WAS DAMAGED, BUT WE PLAN ON HAVING YOU TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE COSTS. IN THE MEANTIME WE HAVE GRANTED YOU NEW CLOTHING SO YOU CAN MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION. PLEASE COME DOWN TO THE LOBBY WHEN EVERYTHING IS READY.

Silvia wasn't sure what to make of this, and it explained S'aiya's panic. They crashed into hot springs in the middle of the ocean? There was no way an uncharted venue like that could possibly exist. Then there was the bit about costs, which she didn't agree with, yet what struck her as the strangest part was the section about making a good impression. A good impression on whom exactly, and why? **"This is..."**

"Bullshit, right?" The brunette was quick to finish that sentence with a cruder phrase than the redhead would have. **"Makes it sound like we're going to be appealing to some horny assholes. Look at what I'm wearing for crying out loud!"** Considering she'd already been chided for it once, Silvia was actually trying not to look at that outfit. However, her eyes did wander up to something unusual atop her fellow Miqo'te's ears. They looked *strange*.

But S'aiya also seemed to be staring at Silvia's ears. The reason for both was both similar but different. Similar in the sense that it was because their ears were progressively looking less and less like ears that

belonged to members of their race, but different because this was manifesting in different capacities.

For Silvia, her ears reached higher towards the ceiling, twitching playfully as they remained upright. Tufts of white fur lined the insides, but the outer fire took on a striking silver that clashed with the ruby red of her hair. In the meantime, S'aiya's didn't quite grow upwards. Instead they flattened out, tilting passively to the sides while they became rougher of skin and duller of fur quality. She remained brunette but the brown also became much darker by contrast.

“What’s up with your ears?”

“*My* ears? What about *your* ears?”

“*Huhn!?*”

The duo exchanged words of shocked discovery as they went from pointing at one another to reaching up to touch their own heads, both sides alarmed by what they felt. They could tell that what they were feeling didn't match what they could see on the other side, which made it even more perplexing. Although as S'aiya ran fingers near the base of her new, floppy ears, she encountered an additional problem. **“Wait... What are *these*?”**

There were little bumps just past the insides of her new (*seemingly barnyard animal-like*) ears. Small at first, the bikini-clad rogue ground her teeth together as an overwhelming pressure began to mount beneath them, forcing the lumps higher and higher until the skin above them inevitably tore. Both protrusions erupted together, slightly damp but otherwise blood free, as a pair of small and silver horns that jutted out only three or four inches beside either ear. **“*You have horns!*”** Silvia was quick to gasp out. S'aiya's reply was swift, because she was running her fingers up and down their grooves.

“*I realized, thanks.*”

So fixated on their heads, it hadn't occurred to either party to examine their bodies elsewhere - particularly as far as their tails were concerned. If one part of their bodies, their ears, were no longer Miqu'te-like then the next assumption they should have made was that their related, fluffy tails might also be at risk. But even though it didn't occur to either of them to check, that didn't mean they wouldn't reap any demerits. Then again, whether what would happen was a demerit or a boon would absolutely lay in the eye of the beholder.

S'aiya's tail received the least substantial of the changes, and even then what happened was still pretty significant. The color of the brown fur that lined it grew as dark as the hair upon her ears, volume all the while thinning as a once curly, fluffy appendage might as well have had only a light dusting of fuzz upon it. Well, everywhere except the tip, which had a long and loose tuft that would flick around as it moved passively. On the whole it seemed far more droopy in design, but seemed to move back and forth a lot more frequently. It matched her ears in the sense that it seemed more befitting of a farm animal than a feline, but more on *that* soon.

The tail of the redhead needed to be addressed as well, because what would occur to it was *far* more significant. Things started simply enough. A splash of silver here, another splash of silver there. It was a beautiful color that was only made more beautiful in thanks to how her fur had begun to grow. Longer, thicker, fluffier. It became soft, the fuwa fuwaiest of fluffy tails, while likewise doubling in length. The fur on the tip of the tail took a surprisingly dark blue that matched the color of the dress Silvia was wearing.

Long and luscious, the only thing better than *one* tail of this nature could be multiple, and like a mirage a complete set of nine fanned out from all around the base of her tailbone, fading into existence and promptly pulling Silv back against the bed with all the excess weight. "**Whoa!?**" All nine of them swished around as if they had minds of their own, and it would take their own a long while to figure out how to move specific appendages with ease as a result. "**One... Two... Three...**" She just started counting them.

"**Nine.**" S'aiya cut off her count early, eyes still wide at what she was observing. She'd seen tails like that before on fox monsters in Doma. They were definitely vulpine by nature, mystical and charming. They looked so soft that the brunette couldn't help but wonder what it might feel like to bury her face in them. "**And it seems I'm stuck with this.**" Reaching back with her right hand, she pulled her rope like tail forward.

"**Mine look like a fox's, and yours... a cow?**" Silvia was lucky she was still laying on the bed, else she might have fallen over with all the extra tails behind her. S'aiya could be heard groaning at this declaration - she had been trying so hard to *not* give that gut feeling that it was a cow's tail any legs to stand on. "**But how is this possible? What's happening to... YAWN... us?**" A yawn? Seriously? She had just woken up!

"**I-I don't know!?! H-Huh? Why am I acting so skittish?**" And now it was a problem with their behaviors. S'aiya was feeling far too

nervous for someone that steeled her heart for any twist life might throw her way, and Silv was feeling far too calm - *and sleepy* - all things considered. “**Wait... Something else is happening. I-I feel... Ngh... Hah!? Mmm!?**” The cow-like woman had begun to make some rather lewd noises, forcing the fox to seemingly peer away (*while sneaking peeks with darting eyes of course*). S’aiya fell forwards, hands going flat on the bed Silvia was laying on while her form buckled to its knees.

“**Hey what’s-- Oh!?**” About to reach out to see what was bothering her friend, the cause was made quite abundantly clear. After all, the cause was jiggling all over the place without a moment’s pause. *It was S’aiya’s breasts*. They looked a lot fuller than they had before she’d started moaning (*and that moaning led Silvi to believe they growth must have felt incredibly good*), and they seemed to be continuously splurging forward.

From S’aiya’s point of view it was like she had been subjected to a bliss she’d never felt before. Her chest burned but not in an uncomfortable way as what she assumed was fat was pumped into her chest, forcing the size of her tits to swell exponentially over a short period of time. Her posture, with her knees on the ground and her torso draped over the bed was absolutely necessary because the weight aside, her knees had weakened from the pleasure of their growth.

Seeing her friend essentially collapsed, Silvia finally leaned forward and took S’aiya’s arms so that she could help pull her onto the bed -- while *yawning*. “**Come on, get up here. Whatever is happening, you should at least let it happen somewhere *comfortable*.**” Her voice was like a gentle coo that was uncharacteristic of the scholar, and it was enough to lull S’aiya’s panic as she allowed herself to be pulled up onto the bed, legs and all. But breasts that had already crossed the DD threshold showed no sign of stopping in their pursuit of advanced excellence.

Although Silvia extending a helping hand wasn’t born exclusively of good intention. She wanted a better look at those swelling breasts, even going so far as to twist S’aiya so she rolled onto her back once pulled all the way onto her lap. She could feel the weight of her companion’s bosom growing more pronounced even as the girl laid there in what was clearly a pleased daze, tender lips panting with an extremely warm body.

Silvia wasn’t really interested in all *that* right now.

Instead her attention was fixed on the sizing of the tits themselves. With the cow girl on her back, her teats were just oozing and jiggling while

they jumped up in bulk. **“S-Silvia? What’s with that look?”** Seeing S’aiya act so meekly had its charms as well. The fox’s fingers crept to the extremely tight bikini top as the tits they held rounded out at a big, blubbery set of J-cups that had to be seen to be believed. The nipples of the young woman on her lap were large, almost like the teats of a real cow, and were pushing up strongly against the cloth. Forgetting her chest being the size of her head, each tit was basically a head and a half! **“Ngh... Something is coming!”**

S’aiya’s cry was enticingly erotic, delivered through those gasping breaths of hers. From her perspective the surging of titty meat had all but subsided, yet another pressure was filling them. Within a matter of moment her already huge bust line looked even more swollen, flesh slightly folding over the side of her torso as she laid still on her back. And then? Wet spots could be seen in the bikini tops, right where the nipples were. **“I f-feel so full...! Help!”** *Full of milk.* It was clear her fingers were twitching with need, only several inches from each gargantuan teat, but she hesitated to touch them just because she was worried about getting lost in ecstas- **“AHN!? THAT’S NOT WHAT I--N-NEVERMIND, KEEP GOING!”**

The fox had taken the cow’s cry for help as an invitation, and disoriented by how sleepy and floaty she felt Silvia cast aside the bikini around the nearest of the cow’s nipples and leaned forward to service it with her mouth. She gulped and gulped, partaking in the sweet nectar of S’aiya’s bosom while the victim wriggled and moaned and drooled all over herself. When the one breast seemed less full, she moved to the next and the cycle began anew. **“D-Don’t stop, Shinano-san!”** *Shinano? San?* They were both too mystified by this milk drinking endeavor to really think too hard about it. Or maybe it hadn’t even sounded strange in the first place?

But the drinking wasn’t without side effect. Silvia’s *own* chest was encompassed by a growing warmth as the milk settled in her stomach. It wasn’t the cause of the fact that the fox’s breasts began to swell, but it certainly wasn’t helpful in preventing it either. Because the cut of that fancy, blue dress she’d woken up in? It was filling up fast.

Sitting in the bed she’d hardly noticed that the front of the dress had so much vacant space, but on the other hand she wasn’t even paying much of a mind to it even now, as her breasts grew more predominant in shape and volume. Their weight pushed her down in slight so that she ended up suckling more of the cow’s teat, but otherwise even as they usurped her head in size she remained blissfully oblivious, for she was tasting bliss already. *‘Kashino-chan’s milk tastes so nice...’*, she thought to herself. *‘It tastes soothing, it’s like this one is a kit again, this one is... sleepy...’*

Her lashes fluttered as they struggled to stay awake, and once she removed her lips from the breast, milk trickled down onto the girl she was leaning over. It was evident that their mentalscapes had been substantially altered, but? It just wasn't evident to *them*. **“This one wants to take a nap, and you look so soft, so...”** She spoke down to ‘Kashino’, head swaying back and forth.

It was difficult to see, but both of their faces were subtly altering into designs more befitting of a denizen of what would have been Doma or Kugane back in the Source. Shinano’s features bore more maturity than Kashino’s, although they both held scarily plump lips and tiny noses. Their eyes were both fairly different in shape, taking on more angular strokes of the brush in design that spoke to the memories that had been gradually bleeding in. Memories of being residents of the Sakura Empire their whole lives, of growing up together despite differences in background, of *being in love*. Kashino’s eyes sparkled purple, while Shinano’s were a drowsy blue as... her head finally collapsed on the cow’s soft, comfortable bosom.

“Eep!? Sh-Shinano-san, get up!” Though try as she might, she couldn’t get her to wake up. **“N-Now what will we do?”** It was strange. She felt like something was very wrong here, but she couldn’t place it. What was strange about Shinano and herself being together in a hotel with her breasts out? Ever since they had become a couple this was a fairly common occurrence. She had been nervous when they’d first started exploring the bodies of the other, but Shinano had said to her once:

“With bodies this attractive, it’s nothing to be ashamed of. This one certainly isn’t.”

From their pretty faces, to their big racks, to the asses and thighs that were filling out even now to complete a pair of sexy bodies that would bring any man or lesbian to writhe with need - how could they be ashamed of themselves?

Kashino wriggled her butt against the bed while laying, just because its growth had made her seat rather uncomfortable without any adjustments. Where she exceeded in the size of her breasts, it was actually Shinano who had the better ass... not that this could be seen with how their bodies were intertwined. More than anything the cow was worried about how the fox had just fallen asleep against her bosom. Milk was dribbling from her teats even now, so it was going to be *all over her face* when she woke up, and they had... didn’t they have an important meeting of some sort to get to? **“Shinano-san! Please wake up sooooooon!”** That had *almost* sounded like a moo.

“Gentlemen. These two have substantial debt to pay off, so we were hoping you might take them into your ranks in exchange for that debt.” An hour later Shinano had finally woken up from her nap and, after getting cleaned up, the duo had gone down to the lobby as requested. The inn and hot springs owner had been present, as were two men in business suits with floral badges on their chests. Shinano recognized them immediately: they belonged to the Sakura Empire’s fleet girl division.

Were they being conscripted? Was it supposed to be a punishment? The fox smirked, still sleepy as could be in appearance. **“This one has no problems with this punishment. After all, this one and Kashino have dreamed of this for a long time.”** It was true. Every since they were little girls. It was of the greatest honor to serve as a fleet girl.

This seemed to take the innkeeper off guard. **“Wh-What!? But...!?”** What a sadistic man! He’d been planning on making their lives miserable this way! But sleepy as Shinano might have seemed, she was incredibly sly. This outcome had always been preordained. It was destiny, and she truly believed in it. Her head still felt a little cloudy, like she was in a dream. But what was real or fake? Did it really matter?

She was content being allowed to remain at Kashino’s side.

