

# FROG IS YOUR THROAT

FEBRUARY 2022 REQUEST STORY

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It was not unusual for these two to share a tea time, even the two participating were a little strange themselves.

On one side of the tiny table within the quaint cottages (*carved out of a fallen tree, no less*), there was the woman who looked the least likely to reside there permanently. That was of no surprise, seeing as her fair features and the fox ears and tail did not necessarily lend themselves to the aesthetic of an individual that would typically opt to visit such an abode. This fox youkai, Ranka, was there on invitation.

While the woman on the *opposite* side of a table set with tea? Well, she was most certainly the one who lived in this poorly lit hut. She was decorated like a witch, which most certainly complimented the presence of cauldrons and unusual herbs in the atelier's background. What's more, she *also* was very clearly *not* human, but not in the same way that Ranka wasn't.

That was because Remy was a frog. Or, at least, was part frog? Her situation was rather complicated, and correlated with the presence of an *actual* frog hopping about near the cauldron behind them. You see, she and her Master had once been human. Like *completely* human, until one day they were turned into frog – or frog-like depending on which of the two you spoke of – through a concoction they did not understand well enough to replicate. From that point on, the frog witch had begun to dedicate her time to figuring out the cause so that she could find a way to hopefully *reverse* it.

**“Twas kind of you to invite me over for tea, Remy. But I cannot help but question your motives, considering how**

**sudden it was.**” Ranka knew full well of the frog witch’s background. They were on good terms, and the youkai *had* been helping the witch with her goals in limited amounts. **“Did you have some manner of breakthrough?”** Her own red eyes looked directly at the similarly colored ones of the woman across the table from her, idly sipping her tea after posing the question.



Remy’s eyes were red, but the stretched pupils most certainly spoke to her amphibian body – just as the slimy, green hands that had pushed the tea to Ranka in the first place did, or the long tongue that occasionally poked out from her lips. **“You could say that!”** As always, Remy’s voice carried a croak to it that was just as suggestive of the fact that she was part frog than anything.

**“I’ve been toying with a number of concoctions utilizing a series of different combinations that call back to the taste of the number that saw my master and I transformed into these unsightly forms. However, we are lacking an appropriate test subject due to the fact that our bodies have already succumbed to a frog status inducing brew, therefore we cannot be used regardless of how much I desire it.”** This speech wasn’t without its fair share of coughs, a side

effect of her croaky voice.

**“...I am *not* to be used as a test subject, Remy. I have made that *plenty* clear to you in the past.”** The witch had a habit of overexplaining, largely because she was the type of woman that saw herself as the smartest person in any room despite the tragedy that had led to her current... *condition*. But Ranka had her pride as well. She would not willingly submit herself to such experimentation, not when the *intention* was to create another frog amalgamation like her. She would help them with their research when she could. The fox would *not* be the subject of it. She’d have to find some sorry humans from the nearby village to test it on.

Wait, what was with that look on the witch’s face? It had been brief, but her eyes had flickered to the tea cup that Ranka had already sipped from *several* times. **“You did *not*.”** Remy was the type to get caught up in

her research. So much so that she wasn't immune to having some severe lapses of judgment if it was for the sake of proving to herself that she could do something. Such lapses had led to her current situation in the first place, after all. **"If this works, do not think that I will be obedient to you! I will make sure to quash your little project!"**

**"If there had been another way, I assure you I would have done it! Please try to understand, Ranka! Erm... Well, I suppose you will soon enough, whether or not you desire it now?"** And what did *that* mean!? The fox rose from the table and immediately started towards the door without another word. Before she could reach the exit though, she was wracked with chills that kept her situated where she was.

And why had she begun to perspire so much? It wouldn't have been *that* strange if it hadn't made her feel so... *gooey*.

**"What did you – KERO!?"** In a fit of panic, the fox had spun around the glare directly at the witch. But while it was obvious what she had *intended* on asking, she'd been interrupted by a frog-like noise that bubbled up from the back of her throat. Remy better have hoped that ribbiting was all that potion had done to her...! **"Remy?"**

But the frog witch? She seemingly refused to answer, and had buried her face in a book. She'd known what she was doing all along, it seemed, and this was all part of whatever trap she'd set. **"I swear, I will... will... BLEP!?"** For a brief second, Ranka thought she had been on the verge of throwing up. Something had clogged the back of her throat and she had ultimately gagged on it, but when she eventually forced it out of her mouth? It dangled there and stuck to her lower lip and chin.

**"My tongue!?"** It was hard to speak, which was only natural when your tongue had fallen out of your mouth – quite literally because it had grown too long to properly be stashed inside for now. It was a problem that would eventually be fixed as the rest of her mouth's interior deepened to store it, but for now the pink taster continued to grow even more, slapping against the front folds of her kimono... right above her chest.

This was an ample distraction that kept her from trying to interrogate Remy further, almost like she had *planned* it this way. But there Ranka was, clumsily trying to lift up her tongue with her hands, getting the sticky slime that coated it all over her digits as she tried to stuff the whole tongue back in a mouth that belonged on a face that had peculiarly been robbed of its crimson, whisker-like markings.

After failing several times, she withdrew those hands. But was left shocked to find that the digits were no longer what she remembered. “**KERO!?** I mean, **WHATH!?**” She was trying so hard to stop making that frog noise, but her lisped words thanks to her tongue weren’t much better. Nonetheless, her exclamation was founded on something that *was* alarming. Sticky both from the coating of her tongue, and of a slimy goop that her own body was now excreting, she’d first thought that her fingers had been stuck together because of this.

Now that she could see them, however? It was much, *much* worse than that. Molded by the goop, webbing had weaved between fingers that were thicker and much more noticeably *green* than she recalled. Counting, wasn’t she even *missing* one on either hands? This appeared to be the case, because her pinkies were missing! While the exteriors were soft and bore a darker green, the color of the undersides were much lighter. The tip of each finger was big and round, looking suitable for suction on flatter surface. *Like a frog’s*, of course.

Not that her feet were faring any better. An alchemic concoction could only affect one’s body, not the clothes they were wearing, so a tightness swept within the socks of her sandals around the same time her hands had been engorged. Because her feet did the very same thing, just... much more dramatically. To be fair, they *did* triple in size, with four toes on either foot shredding through socks that had already been dampened by the natural lube her body had given off. Feet thick, green, and naturally raised, they were thick enough to snap the bands of her sandals and looked powerful enough to send her petite frame bounding.

“**ENOTH! Stop thith, Remy, kero!**” She would’ve launched herself *at* the witch if she could, but her quickly changing body meant she couldn’t force any movements that might in turn result on her landing flat on her face. She didn’t want to taste the dirty floorboards with her new tongue.

The shiny green patterns continued to spread across her body nonetheless, with arms and legs completely coated with green patches and stripes of varying tones. While the shapes of her arms remained relatively unchanged, except perhaps growing slightly longer to adapt to a lifestyle of bounding with all four limbs, the same couldn’t *really* be said about her legs. Frogs were naturally known to be powerful jumpers, and Ranka wasn’t traditionally a very strong individual physically, much less in the leg department.

But as it turned out? Today was *leg day*.

Standing on her big, frog feet was already a struggle on its own, but a widening of her hips certainly didn’t help anything. “**Wah!?**” Was her

voice coarser now? Almost like Remy's? Most certainly, but it wasn't as jarring of a concern as her posture being forced to change as dramatically as it had been. The bottom half of her kimono, soaked through, slid from these widened hips after being dislodged by their growth to reveal she was largely naked from the waist down now short of undergarments that were on the cusp of falling themselves.

This made the patterns on her legs clearer, along with the fact that they were becoming denser and denser. Their flesh, masked by the rubbery skin exterior, could be seen rapidly expanding, thickening, swelling. Some of it was a soft fat that made these thighs look gentler, but that gentle touch was only needed because of how *muscular* they were becoming underneath. Before long, each thigh was as thick as her head, granting her the strength needed to bound with a frog's power.

**“KERO!?”** The next she ribbited, she was surprised to find her tongue launching itself back into her mouth, where it settled in the very back. Of course, her head had changed plenty to allow this, including a pale green color that had tainted all of its skin, as well as an overall widening of her face to accommodate the tongue in question. As for her eyes? The were quick to resemble Remy's, although instead of being red in color, they were undeniably gold.

Perhaps she was a different type of frog?

Without thinking, or perhaps to say unintentionally, Ranka dropped down to all fours so all of her sticky fingers and toes were planted on the ground, with thick legs parted wide so that she could stick her arms between them. This was just the most 'comfortable' way for her to sit, especially with the folds of her white kimono top becoming unraveled thanks to a combination of slime and, well...

It certainly didn't help that the mounds they had been wrapped within were swelling. Her mammaries, clad in a pale green (as her tummy was), pushed out several sizes so that they were plump, enticing DDs. That said, while the shapes of her nipples remained and even grew twice as swollen due to the transformation's influence, they became glossed over with the very same rubbery green skin as the rest of her face.

Practically naked now, Ranka felt... free? Like this was the way it should be. While a part of her deep down very much minded what had happened, it also felt kind of nice? Kind of free? She almost wanted to laugh about it, but the thread of her foxy self that rejected this tried desperately to hold on, even as the last of her physical similarities were robbed from her.

This referenced the dark green color that was sent awash throughout her hair, altering it irreversibly towards the color of the swamp, yet not touching the fur of her fox ears in the process. Of course, other plans were in store for those, and as they flattened *into* her head, it was pretty clear what those plans were. They eventually disappeared into her hairline, while a pair of short, pointed ears deprived of fur popped up beneath the green hair on the sides of her head.

Remy, seemingly, was snickering to herself. She'd stopped hiding behind the book and was observing Ranka's transformation – or at least the final piece of it, as she watched the woman's exposed fox tail slither back into where her tailbone was. She could only assume those extra, glamored tails had done the exact same thing.

When all was said and done, there was a second frog woman within the confines of Remy's cottage. Crouching on all fours, Ranka was powerless to suppress the croaking that her mouth made passively in any extent, slime pouring off her body as she slowly grew more acclimated to the climate of the room around her. In terms of *frogginess* she did not resemble Remy in terms of subtleness, nor did she resemble Remy's master in the sense that she had become a full frog.



It was more like she had been shoved into the dead center of those two things. The perfect 50/50 between frog and not a frog. **“I can't believe you did this to me! I am most certainly happy with it, kero!”** She'd most certainly meant to say, 'really upset', but there seemed to be a stopgap in place that prevented her from expressing any displeasure with this situation. Instead she felt quite... happy? Ranka could tell she wasn't quite acting like herself, but it was hard to care when you were also left feeling so *bubbly*.

Being a frog might be kind of *fun*, right?

Even worse, she could slowly feel herself becoming *comfortable* with it all. As she steadily rose onto her two, webbed feet and her tongue

slipped loose again, she found herself looking at Remy expectantly. Thick frog legs twitched as she finally found the footing she had lost. What was she expecting here? **“You... You turned me your assistant~? That’s pretty awesome, kero!”** That was what it felt like. She desired to be subservient to the witch. Part of her hated this, but part of her felt okay with it. Excited, even!

**“I’m so sorry! But it had to be done this way! Youkai carry magic in them as well, right? So I couldn’t test this on a human. It had to be someone that was proficient in the same crafts as we were.”** She meant beings that could imbue special powers into alchemic brews. The same sort of brew that Ranka had been tricked into consuming. **“And I knew you would act out, so... Perhaps I altered the properties to make you obedient to me?”**

She was saying something so *sinister* so *casually*.

But Ranka? After letting loose another **“KERO!”**, she found that she couldn’t even be mad about it. A side effect of the brew, of course, but she was bound to abide by its influence now. **“Oh well. Not like I can resist anyways, so perhaps I shall make the best of it! Now, mistress, what shall I do for you. kero?”**

It was going to be a long night of tests on her new body.