

# LOOKING FOXY

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The adventures throughout Tartatus had been becoming particularly stressful as of late. The higher the group of SEES operatives composed only of students climbed the more tumultuous the conditions grew. It wasn't *just* the fact that the Shadow adversaries that they fought were growing stronger, but the labyrinth's design and hurdles were growing more diabolical at the same time.

**“At least once this expedition has finished we’ll be able to finally relax for a spell.”** The words of Mitsuru Kirijo had served as vague inspiration for everyone involved before they had broken off into their own directions to do one final pass of the floor they had just finished exploring. Mitsuru was essentially the de facto leader of the group from a housekeeping perspective, being the one that handled things like organization and paperwork. But her battle prowess certainly wasn't something to be underestimated either. She was one tough cookie.

Her words had been inspirational because they had been based on truth. Natsuyasumi – summer vacation – was on the horizon, and in fact they had sat through their final day of school before the break earlier in the day. Despite the risks the Midnight Hour and Tartarus posed, they had all agreed to use a week of that break to relax. And Mitsuru had a private beach house for them to use! They were heading out that way the following afternoon, so this was effectively their last trip into the wayward tower until they returned from vacation.

Everyone was in much higher spirits than normal, which really spoke to just how much that holiday must have been needed in the first place. Even Fuuka was showing signs of fatigue and she didn't necessarily fight

on the frontlines whatsoever. Mitsuru was confident that it had been the right call to set that break up, she just had to make sure everyone safely saw it through this one final Midnight Hour for the time being.

Based on what she had been hearing back from the others, it seemed that they had scrubbed almost every nook and cranny of the Tartarus floor they were on. Except for the single side path that Mitsuru herself had been walking down. Once she reached the end? They could go home. But much to her surprise there had legitimately *been* something at the end. **“A parasol?”**

Propped up in the back corner had been a violet parasol, folded up, with a translucent look to its mesh. Sometimes items from the school itself got mixed up in Tartarus, but it was strange to see something that had been largely unaffected by the building’s changes. Thinking little of it? **“Hmm...”** Mitsuru grabbed the parasol by the handle to examine it a moment.

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**“Erm—!?”** The Japanese teenager was taken off guard, as the moment her fingers had firmly grasped the handle of the parasol her surroundings had changed. Gone was the twisted and decrepit manifestation of her school that she had been exploring, the girl now grappling with a harsh summer heat that barreled down on top of her. **“I’m... on a beach?”**

That much was *immediately* obvious. There was sand at her feet and a bright, blue ocean spanned out before her. It certainly wasn’t any beach that *Mitsuru* knew, but based on the view it was likely she was still in Japan, or at least a place *like* Japan. The architecture of the city behind her was very reminiscent of her homeland, but something about it all just felt *off*.

**“How is this possible? Is it some manner of vision?”** They had never found anything in Tartarus that could displace a member in the past, and it certainly would have been very alarming if they had. Mitsuru wanted to assume that she was experiencing an illusion of some kind – and she finally put a finger on what was bothering her about this new surroundings of hers.

Despite it being a big and beautiful beach bordering a city in the middle of the day, she was the *only* person around. No one else was walking on the beach nor swimming on the water and there was nary a car to see driving past on the road behind her. **“I don’t understand... Was this the parasol’s doing?”** She had been holding it all this time. If the parasol had brought her to this place then perhaps letting go would do the opposite? The idea felt solid in the moment and so she eventually allowed the item to drop.

**THUD!**

All that occurred was the sound of the object hitting the sand. Nothing about Mitsuru’s circumstances had changed and she was *still* standing on that unfamiliar beach. **“Well *that* didn’t work. But if there was a trigger to send me here, if I even truly *was* displaced, then there must be some way to send me back.”** A trigger of some sort? Perhaps if she explored the beach... But the girl didn’t realize in that moment that she wouldn’t be afforded much of a chance to explore.

At least not before she accepted that this beach was *exactly* where she was supposed to be.

The parasol *must* have been the key; that was the only explanation that made any real sense to the teenager. She had touched it and then she had arrived on this sunny yet lifeless beach. If it wasn’t the key to returning back to where she had come from, did that mean there was another key? She was trying her best to internally reject the other possibility; one that wasn’t much of a possibility at all. Because it would have been admitting that despite whatever she tried, she might be stuck there. *Wherever* there was, exactly... **“I suppose I could figure that out for now at least.”**

She chose to be optimistic for the time being. This beach was on the outskirts of a city, which meant that there should have been a way to figure out *which* city it was. Perhaps a pamphlet of some sort inside one of the resort hotels that towered high behind her? *I... know where I am though? Why would I need a pamphlet?*

**“Hm? No... No I do not.”** It was such a strange thought to have crossed Mitsuru’s mind, because she certainly had *zero* context regarding her current predicament. Or at least that was how it was *supposed* to be, yet in the end that voice in the back of her mind felt so confident and certain. Yet if a thought could have a sound? She might have even said in that moment that it didn’t quite *sound* like her.

Unfortunately she wasn't at the liberty of having the time to properly process what that might have meant, because a very *distracting* feeling built just above her ass. It was an uncomfortable pressure that prompted Mitsuru to contort her back so that she could see over her shoulder. "**What is that?**" Inevitably a hand reached back. It almost felt like something was pushing up against her skirt at the base of her spine.

What her hand found once it reached back was *literally* that. "**Um!?**" Mitsuru's cheeks turned red as fingers groped what felt to be an extension sticking out of her back. "**Is this... Is this a tail!?**" It felt unbelievable to ask so boldly something like that aloud, but the girl could feel it in her hand – and it was *still growing*. It lifted up the back of her skirt as it extended, eventually poking out from behind it in all of its *fluffy* glory.

Yes, *fluffy*. Because what she could see was not a bald, fleshy growth but instead a tail wrapped in dark brown fur. She immediately leaned back more so she could grab the tip, fingers sinking into soft fluff that continued to growing longer *still*. "**This is... unbelievable.**" Before long it had reached its fully grown length, a tail that was almost as long as one of her legs flickering back and forth behind her with brown fur that sported a slightly redder hue at the tip.

As understandable distracted by the emergence of a *tail* as she was, however? She in turn had missed a related change. Her ears had gradually traveled up the sides of her head, the same brown fur spreading across their cartilage while rising into a pair of fluffy, triangular fox ears atop her head. Not only were their tips reddish like the tip of her tail was, but what tufts of fur lined their insides. They twitched at the sounds of the crashing waves nearby.

**"Is that a fox's tail? Well of course my tail is a fox's tail, but... H-Huh? Why in the world did I say that?"** Mitsuru had spoken of this new tail with such familiarity, as if it had always been an extension of her body. Perhaps that was why she could control it so effortlessly, or why her twitching vulpine ears had gone unnoticed. She was slowly accepting her changing body as 'correct' as if it had always been that way.

In turn, the change of her hair color and style alike went unchallenged by the girl's perception of reality. The same dark brown color that was present in her fur had emerged midst her mane (and all of the hair upon her body in fact) quickly erasing the red on the outer layer of her hair while an under layer still bore a similar crimson. This hair both grew longer and became straighter in style overall, falling all of the way down to the backs of her knees. When it came to Mitsuru's long, leftward

brushed bangs though? They thinned and uncovered her eye, leaving bangs to curve in between her eyes instead.

Thoughts of her tail were quickly derailed. *Oh, the mischievous things she could do with it! Knocking off pottery, tripping people; sure these were minor offenses, but anything to sew a little chaos—* “**Wh-WHY am I thINKing things like this?**” It wasn’t *just* her thoughts that were off at these point. Her voice had experienced a number of voice cracks that made her voice sound higher pitched and more energetic. But after that last crack? This sound persisted.

Her mind felt *muddied*, so much so now that it seemed as if there was little hope of Mitsuru identifying that something was terribly wrong with her circumstances. Her already pretty face inherited an almost more traditional, youthful glow as eyes widened and skin softened. Her irises even changed in color themselves, from a dark crimson to a soft violet that betrayed they chaotic thoughts that swirled about inside her head. She *looked* like a delicate flower. But this flower was growing thorns when it came to her personality.

Thorns were the *last* things growing in terms of her body, however. In fact her flesh’s design was becoming increasingly erotic; at least compared to how it had once been. Mitsuru was by no means an unattractive girl and her figure had the abundance where it counted. But while she stood there stunned by what was transpiring internally she became even *more* so.

Although in tandem, the clothing she was wearing began to dissipate. It was briefly apparent that her breasts were swelling fuller and perkier than they ever had been, a cup size or two making them fuller and her nipples undeniably larger. But as her top disintegrated into nothingness, it wasn’t an ill-fitted bra that was revealed beneath but instead a white bikini top with purple trim that hugged her E-cup breasts just tightly enough. This lack of a shirt likewise revealed that her tummy appeared *softer*.

She wasn’t as fit as she had been when first setting foot on this beach.

Mitsuru’s skirt followed her top in its sudden disappearance, but much like the flesh that was housed beneath her top, her lower body grew fuller as well. Thighs swelled several inches thicker so that skin was pulled taut and shiny around them. Despite this forcing hips to widen a touch, the abundance of these things still completely closed any thigh gap and would thighs would rub sensually against each other as she walked. Her ass became perkier as well within the matching bikini bottom that was revealed, but it wasn’t as excessive as her thigh and breast growth.



Clarity returned to the woman's mind slowly. "**Mm...?**" And in the meantime her outfit continued to be replaced. The bikini served as a foundation, but sandals lifted delicate feet up, purple bows decorated her bikini bottom, and a long, purple throw was draped delicately over her shoulders. There were still the many flowers that had popped up in her hair, or the odd flower halo that floated behind her that were worth noting.

**"My mask... My mask... Where did I leave my mask?"**

Thinking nothing of what she had just endeavored through, for the woman could no longer *recall* what she had just been through, the swimsuit clad *Kosaka Wakamo* patted herself down even though she wasn't exactly *wearing* much. She was only wearing a bikini and that very light throw over her shoulders – it wasn't like there were pockets for her to hide a mask within. "**Did I leave it back at the inn?**"



From what the fox-eared and tailed woman could recall, she was renting a room in a nearby resort – one of the tall buildings overlooking the beach on the other side of the road up the hill behind her. She had come to this beach with other girls... from work? The nature of her visit was something to that effect. But Wakamo had a preference for wearing her fox mask even among friends.

It was easier to cause problems on purpose when they didn't know who you were!

The fox woman was something of a chaotic individual. With a title like 'Fox of Calamity' though it was to be expected, wasn't it? She had been suspended from her school and had been arrested by the authorities numerous times for sewing the seeds of destruction. Evidently her cute and sexy demeanor was just a front to hide those traits behind an

innocent façade. She *had* calmed down quite a bit after meeting her new sensei, and speaking of... He was on this trip too, wasn't he?

**“AGH! Guess I'll need to go back up and get it!”** A cute stomp of Wakamo's foot saw a ripple run through her thighs, ass, and tits. She was an amply figured young woman and she *definitely* knew it. Wasn't it fun to tease people that were ogling her? Maybe she had a soft spot for that kind of attention, but she needed her mask! She might *actually* get flustered if they were to see her face while doing such a thing! But her Sensei was still an exception in that front. *He* was allowed to see her face while she did the flustering.

Before running back up the hill, she gave a little twirl as she remembered something with an **“*Oh!*”**. She bent down and picked *her* parasol up from the sand, giving it a shake and then opening it over her shoulder. **“I certainly cannot forget *my* favorite parasol, now can I?”** She really didn't want her pristine skin to burn, that would be absolutely terrible!