

# FURRY FORCE

## COMMISSION STORY

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Ayano Keiko didn't like feeling like she was weak.

It was an unfortunate fact about her that she wasn't the most intimidating looking of individuals. Not that she really, truly wanted to look *intimidating*, but she didn't want to be seen as a weakling. It was a deep seated insecurity of her that originated a great deal from her time trapped in the death game that was Sword Art Online. That 'adventure', if it could even be called that considering the tragedy surrounding the event, had ultimately placed her in a position where she needed to be protected by others.

Which wasn't inherently *bad*. It had been *necessary*. If Ayano had died in the game under her in-game name of 'Silica'? Then she would have died in real life as the unagreed to rules of the twisted game had outlined. At times she'd had no option than to lean on the support of Kirito and the others. And now free of that game she didn't *want* to be in a situation where she would have to just sit idly back and watch as someone else endangered themselves for her sake.

**“And the first step to getting stronger is to getting fit!”** In a gesture that came across as *incredibly* cute thanks to her small size, she pointed a finger towards the ceiling of her bedroom while declaring this aloud. It had been some months since being freed from the nightmare of Sword Art Online, and both the physical and mental tolls that had weighed on the victims had finally begun to ease for many. She had even begun to plan another VRMMO with the others known as ALfheim Online!



The mental recovery had probably been the most important; because how many people had Silica seen die for real while trapped in that game? But the *physical* recovery couldn't really be understated either. All of the victims' bodies had spent *two years* in what was essentially a very dangerous coma. Those bodies hadn't been able to get daily exercise at all. For that reason? Ayano had been insisting that she hadn't hit a growth spurt because of that!

But she really *had* been incredibly weak when she had first woken up. It had taken a good while of physical therapy to even reach a point where she could think about starting something like a new workout routine. But dressed in a red tank top and stretchy, black yoga pants that Sunday morning? She was more than ready to finally try! **“Now what was the video link again...?”**

After turning on her television, the fifteen year old girl synced it to her phone and began to scroll through the notes she had saved to her handheld device. She was a *little* ashamed to admit it, but the martial arts video that she was looking for had been sent to her by a mysterious source while logged into ALO one night. She'd quickly taken the video streaming URL and saved it in her phone. They'd promised that practicing what was on the video would '*definitely make her fitter and stronger no matter how small she was*'.

**“Asuna-san would probably tell me not to trust videos I receive from random strangers, but if it's just a video showing off some exercise and martial arts maneuvers then it *should* be fine, right? I just won't give them my parents' credit card info if they ask!”** Ayano was at least smart enough to recognize the possibility that it was some sort of phishing scam. It didn't take her long to copy the video URL from the note she had saved into the TV control app on her phone and so, finally, the video came up on the screen.

## ***WAAI FU'S MORNING REGIMINE!***

That was the name of the video. **“Oh! Good thing I decided to start early! I wonder if it would work as well if I had done it in the afternoon?”** It *probably* would have been fine, all things considered. The teen took her position in the center of the exercise mat that she had put in the center of her bedroom floor and loosened her posture. She'd

had the good sense to stretch beforehand so she wasn't too worried about pulling a muscle. **"Aaaaaand *play!*"**

Ayano gently tossed her phone onto her nearby bed once the video began to play, and her attention became fixated on the screen so that she could see just what *kind* of video it was. But it was only... hands? No, were those *paws*? Like the paws of a cat? A tiger? They looked real but also too human, like they were somewhere in between with furred digits – she could tell as much because of how zoomed in the camera was. The hands had white fur, but the wrists had more traditional tiger stripes. **"Could this be one of those Vtuber model workouts? I guess that'd make sense..."** That kind of content *had* been on the rise as of late.

Regardless of what the video showed performing the moves, it was still her responsibility as the one exercising to mirror them, right? The opening moves looked simple enough though. Wasn't that just a forward punch? Thrust one arm, pull it close, thrust out the next one, pull it close, repeat. She began to copy these punches with a *surprising* amount of ease. Despite having absolutely *no* experience with martial arts it felt like she was right at home. **"Hey! This is pretty easy! Maybe I was stronger than I thought!"**

That would really depend on how you interpreted things though.

At the end of the day the punching was pretty mindless, but Ayano didn't get tired of it as quickly as she might have expected to. It *was* a little odd that she didn't have much of a desire to take her gaze *off* of the video for even a second, however. Under normal circumstances she would have stopped her punching and looked down to adjust her clothing. Why? Because she could feel the base of her red tank top slowly traveling up on her tummy until her navel was revealed.

That wasn't even the *sole* unusual clothing malfunction that she could feel. **"Wait, I should probably fix my clothes, but..."** *Maybe when the set finishes!* The ankles of her yoga pants were gradually creeping up her legs too. Even discounting her clothing... were her punches reaching farther than she remembered? They were almost hitting the screen! Had she adjusted her positioning at all? Maybe she had done it subconsciously? So she backed up a few inches on her mat.

But the creeping feeling that her clothing had slid hadn't merely been from the motions her body was making while exercising. In fact, it hadn't quite struck the teen that she was now looking *slightly* down at her television. Her tummy was almost wholly exposed, and the base of her pants had risen up about three inches on her pants because, well...

Ayano had *grown five inches* so that she stood at 5'4" as opposed to her usual 4'11".

**"I wonder why the hands are paws any... ways...?"** She didn't stop punching the air even though a realization seemed to strike her mid-sentence and sweat had begun to form on her skin. **"Why does my voice sound like this? Actually, doesn't it sound similar to the voice that read the video title aloud? M-Maybe I'm just tired...?"** So tired that she hadn't noticed her height springing up five inches? Perhaps if the video hadn't been so *hypnotizing* in nature then she would have.

There were limits to how much could be ignored though. Ayano's clothes soon felt even *less* like they fit properly, especially around her chest and hips. The reasons weren't difficult to decipher visually, and on some level the teen seemed to recognize it as well. **"Um..."** The tightness around her tank top's chest had arisen because her chest had done the same. *Arisen*, that is. Her flat, A-cup breasts had been pushing against the underside of the tank top, stretching down the neckline so that you could see her cleavage while nipples engorged themselves and could be seen poking up *against* the cloth. When all was said and done they had moved up *two* cup sizes, now resting at sizably perky *C-cups*.

As for why her yoga pants had felt so restrictive? The girl had felt it largely in her hips initially and they *had* swung a few inches wider. But this step had merely been a preparatory one, for her thighs and ass soon filled with addition weight that pulled her skin tautly around them. They were much plusher, and each punch that the girl threw caused both her ass and her tits to jiggle unfamiliarly. It was enough to finally get her to stop and look down.

And the *woman* shrieked. **"EEP!? Wh-What happened to my body!? I'm all boingy!?"** It actually wasn't *solely* a matter of her becoming *boingier*. She had the figure of a young adult woman, and even then her face had clearly aged too. She looked more like someone in her early twenties. But she was *exactly* twenty years old. **"How did this— O-Oh!?"** The newfound softness and curvature of her flesh was already difficult to deal with.

But there was an added feeling that ended up being fortunate that she hadn't been thrusting her arms or really *any* muscles at that moment. All of her muscles had tensed up for but a second. It was uncomfortable and limited her movements, but all at once that tension softened away. When it did though? As her muscles relaxed they *swelled*, all of the muscles in her body protruding healthily and even adding further mass to her thighs, ass, and chest that could be observed through how tight her workout uniform had become.

**“I’m... stronger?”** Flexing her arms, she could *feel* the strength rippling through her body. It came in time for the exercise on the screen to change, this time displaying the full body of the tiger woman performing the moves. She really *did* look like a mix between a tiger and a human, but for some reason? As Ayano admired that beautiful and surreal appearance she began to mirror the moves again. **“Wait, why am I...? I can’t stop!”**

And this time? There was no hope of her pulling her attention away from the video. The images were burned into her eyes... *literally*, for her brown irises shifted to a warm orange color amidst eyes that grew larger in shape while narrowing the corners to see more *Chinese* than Japanese in terms of ethnicity. Her face had begun to seem smaller on the whole, but oddly...

There was *fur* sprouting from her cheeks. White fur that spread to wrap around her jaw and swollen lips. Those lips became black leather in color and texture, but strangely? **“Ungh...!?”** It was strange. It felt almost like her face was being *pulled forward*. And it *was*. A slight muzzle was forming, her human nose flattening into a cold, wet, black triangle above a mouth that was now populated by many sharp teeth. Around her forehead this white fur sprouted up in *orange* as well, and Ayano’s ears? Inch by inch they crept up the sides of her head, shapes rounding and thickening into they were circular, white-furred *tiger ears*.

Tiger ears that were fixated within hair that was changing in color and style. Black, white, and orange mixed themselves among hairs that had once been a sandy brown. This hair shortened *dramatically* until it was merely a layered bob with the black hair composing her bangs, whereas orange and white mixed atop her head between her ears. This was in addition to *all* of the fur that had begun to sprout across her body from head to toe.

**“It’s so hot... B-But why!? I have like... a muzzle?”** The heat of the fur that was growing *all* over her body could not be discounted. It was extremely soft and coated both the exposed skin *and* the skin hiding under her tank top and yoga pants, leaving an interestingly fuzzy pattern rendered beneath the latter. As she punched the air in front of her Ayano could *see* the fingers on her hands thickening and the white fur spreading across them. Not to mention the sensation of her fingernails hardening and darkening into sharp, black claws.

Weren’t they a *lot* like the hands of the ‘avatar’ leading the workout on screen?



What had occurred with her hands had also been happening to her feet, but it wasn't a 1:1 similar transformation. White-furred toes were nearly *tripling* in thickness and, ultimately, her pinky toes merged into the ones beside them so that she only had four, cat-like toes with pink beads on the bases of either foot. Those beads, albeit smaller variations of them, also popped up on her hands.

She almost looked *identical* to the woman on the screen by this point and it seemed like the exercises were winding down, much to Ayano's relief. "**I-Is that a tail!?**" And yet the sensation of something thick slithering out from her tailbone provided the woman with one last surprise. A four-foot tiger's tail that swished back and forth distractingly behind her. It was odd, but she seemed to understand how to move it with her mind. And in fact it felt like it might be useful for maintaining her balance at times?

"**EHHHHHH!?**" It was lucky that Ayano had been home alone that morning, because the scream she made when she finally managed to pull herself away from the television to look at her mirror in the corner of the room had been *loud*. It had also been in an entirely different voice, which would have doubly alerted her family that something was very, *very* wrong. Which it *was*! "**I'm the woman who was in the video? I'm... Waai Fu?**"

The tiger woman's memories had remained entirely intact from before the transformation, but there was *one* little tweak. The moment she had uttered that name? In the back of her mind it became synonymous with her identity. When thinking of what her name *was*, she'd answer *Waai Fu* without a second thought – even though she could find the ability to correct herself after.



"**I can't live like this! I'm not even human!**" People on the internet would call her a 'furry', right? She looked like she was split between a tiger and a person. But she *was* very soft; touching herself with her fuzzy fingers confirmed as much. And squeezing her arms? She couldn't help but marvel at how *strong* she was. "**Maybe this isn't so bad. I did want to be stronger, and I feel like I could take on the world like this!**"

But how would she explain this to her friends and family? Would they even *believe* her!? What if the government saw her as some kind of

monster and *abducted* her!? She didn't want to become a living government experiment! Unsure of *what* to do, Wai Fu coincidentally looked back at the TV that had been playing the video one more time. A message was on the screen. **"If you need help adjusting to your new life, call..."** And she listed off a phone number. **"I guess I should call them. I'm not sure what else I can even do!"**

Thankfully, with the right paperwork from the company that had been responsible? It had been possible for her to fit back in with society albeit awkwardly. Her friends even believed it too! But it was still extremely peculiar, especially now that she was about four years older on *top* of becoming a tiger furry.

Not to mention... were there any *other* victims of those videos out there?