

# LEWD HORIZON

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Minori, stay close.”**

It was rare for this duo to go on a dungeon exploration mission alone but considering the circumstances it had been all but inevitable in the end. Trapped within the game world of Elder Tale, the humans that existed there now were constantly in a life or death struggle to build and maintain their own society so that they could guarantee safety not only for themselves, but for others as well.

One of the duties of those leading this effort – one helmed by the leader of the guild Log Horizon, a man named Shiroe – was to make sure that all trading and exploration routes were safe. That meant that when a new dungeon was discovered, he needed to send in an experienced team to make sure it would be safe for lower leveled adventures to traverse and pillage for supplies at a later date.

Normally he would have sent more than two people, but things had been hectic as of late. Manpower was short in the guild with its member tugged in every single direction, and so he had ultimately settled on this smaller but still extremely competent team.

The one in front was Akatsuki. Twenty years old in the real world, even within Elder Tale she was a girl no taller than one-hundred and fifty centimeters. A talented assassin, she was used to sneaking around and was powerful enough to dispatch most monsters with ease. On her own, this raven-haired woman was a force to be reckoned with.

In the back was her current partner, Minori. A kannagi (*shrine maiden*), her healing prowess was second to none. She had come an awfully long

way since she originally joined the guild, and the others couldn't be prouder. Only fourteen, she was around Akatsuki's height and sported short, brown hair with a left-leaning tail on the left side. Because Minori was the healer it was important to keep her safe. Since they were merely a team of two, in a worst-case scenario it was the kannagi that would be more important since all of the healing talent was hers alone.

So far, though? There didn't appear to be a whole lot to worry about. It was an underground dungeon set up like a temple, with plenty of notable features inside to make sure they weren't led astray from their paths. In terms of monsters? None, yet. Which was surprising, since this dungeon was in an area surrounded by high level mobs. They had expected there to be a plethora of them within as well, but after several hours? *Nada.*

**“How far down do you think we've gone, Akatsuki? It's been a while... and it's pretty suspicious that there are no monsters...”** Minori was young but she wasn't *foolish*. She was astute when it came to observation and had a pretty level head on her, so it wasn't surprising to hear her voice the very same concerns that the more experienced Akatsuki had been dwelling on. **“Plus, these stairs seem to go on forever...”**

She had a point. What was once an elaborate system of rooms had turned into a near constant downward walkway that was narrow and cramped, with no branching paths or even an end in sight from what they could see by torchlight. Although perhaps Minori's comment had been oozing with poor luck, because not long after complaining about the stairs... the stairs ceased existence.

That wasn't to say they just up and disappeared – that would have been impossible. The sound of a mechanism activating rang through the air, and all of the stone steps the two girls were walking upon collapsed inward to create a singular, smooth slope where keeping one's footing became next to impossible. It didn't take long for Minori to finally fall victim to gravity, falling to her butt and beginning the long slide down ahead of Akatsuki, who allowed herself to fall so she wasn't separated from her companion.

*And yet, it had been in vain.*

After they slid for roughly twenty seconds, crying out in a panic all the while, the 'staircase' split into two different paths. The two women, not expecting this, were thrust down different routes and ultimately ended up in very different, yet very similar places.

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**“Akatsuki!? Akatsuki!? Oh no...”** It didn’t take exceedingly long for Minori to find her composure after scrambling to her feet in an unknown space of isolation. The room she was in was fairly sizable, lit only by a large monument in the shape of a fox that dwelt in the room’s center. Cast in this pale purple glow, the girl wasn’t entirely sure that she could see any real exit among the murky shadows of the exterior – short of the tunnel ten feet in the air she had fallen from. This was a problem, because of Akatsuki had ended up somewhere more dangerous than she was absolutely going to need her assistance.

What the fourteen-year old was unaware of however was that she was being observed. The light of the fox statue was not born from nothing and was rather a side-effect of the structure being possessed by a mischievous fox spirit; one that was looking at its first human in what could be considered hundreds of years. This *kitsune-bi* (as it was called by *Elder Tale’s monsterdex*) was a spirit that would cling to things and corrupt them. There was no corrupting a statue, of course. *But a human?*

The purple glow of the room, from Minori’s perspective, suddenly extinguished itself and a pitch-black darkness claimed her field of vision. **“Wh-What!?”** She raised her weapon out of self-defence, unsure of where the enemy might be coming from if anywhere. But the enemy? She was unseen. In fact, the spirit had snuck up behind the human without her notice, before suddenly... flying straight into Minori’s body.

Her tiny form immediately seized up. Her heartrate built to a more exhilarated pace while her body temperature rose considerably. Altogether, this left the kannagi girl both worried and concerned simultaneously. **“I don’t feel very... Oh no! Was I poisoned!?”** It wasn’t impossible and was a very logical assumption to make considering her initial onset of symptoms. Although, signs she could not see spoke to the truth.

Despite the light of the room fading, she could still perceive her surroundings and Minori hadn’t quite pieced together why. The cause, though? From her head, a pair of fox ears emitting the same purple glow the statue had rested. They were translucent and intangible, and went a ways in matching the tail behind her. None would notice these features other than herself (*if she ever even did*), because they were the markings of a kitsune-bi possession. They could not turn humans into foxes, not regularly anyways, but the corruption did seep into the depths of their souls.

Twisting their personalities, their bodies, and even their hearts.

She cast a spell meant to dissuade ill-natured status effects to no avail. Was what she was experiencing not of that nature, or was it the kind of effect that required special circumstances to disperse? Even though she didn't feel well, her tummy let out a hearty rumble as cravings came to mind. Meat, fried tofu... *sex*.

**“E-Eh!?”** Cheeks flushed crimson; the girl began to fidget nervously in response to what had just crossed her mind. Her thought had wandered to Shiroe, and then to what kind of face he might make if she pushed him against the wall and straddled him while naked— **“Why am I thinking about things like this!?”** She was only fourteen, she'd never really had much of a sexual appetite! And yet this had come on with such an intensity that she couldn't help but like her lips with building need!

But even then? Her lips had felt a little strange when her tongue had probed them. Thicker – *fuller*? Almost like they'd been stung or bitten by a bug. Yet, it was a much more widespread phenomenon than she'd initially assumed. In fact, while the lips provided an enhanced appeal of maturity to her facial features, the fact she was appearing more mature wasn't due to the lips alone.

On the whole her face had begun to reflect a more advanced age of a woman in her twenties, as if it had been suddenly launched into adulthood without the girl's knowing. But this, too, was an affect of the kitsune-bi's corruption. It wouldn't setting for possessing some child without the features necessary to charm even the common man; it desired a sexier, suppler form to reside within.

The warmth she had been feeling had begun to find focus, and unfortunately it was in the areas that were already giving the girl trouble as her mind continued to wander into the realm of the lustful – each time, all of her willpower required to snap her back into an atypical innocence that felt more and more feigned with each passing moment.

Minori's fingers twitched, one hand hovering over her bosom as her lips began to exude a panting, needy breath. She could feel her breasts, small as they were, aching with a feeling she could only identify on a primal level as need. Resistance was difficult and, in the end, futile, for she eventually groped herself – leading to a surprise. **“W-Wait, this feels... bigger!”** The girl used her shock as an excuse to fondly both side of her chest, fingers finding more of her bosom to work with while the front of her kannagi costume became naturally dishevelled by all of the erratic contact.

It didn't take long for her breasts to find themselves completely exposed, drinking in the cool air of the cavern which offset some of the heat she

had been feeling thus far. Her costume on the whole looked rather ill-fit in no small part because of her height, which had been gradually fluctuating as the kitsune-bi's hold over her form became more pronounced. She earned roughly two inches of height, and while her shrine maiden attire was loose, this still caused some functionality problems.

Breasts now a pair of weighty C-cups, her height adjusted on the side, and her facing offering up the glow of maturity, she hardly looked like, nor was, a fourteen-year old girl any longer. Her hips swung wider while she was busy with her breasts as well, a preparatory stage for what was about to come about otherwise, as instinct began to guide one of her hands downward through the front of her outfit.

**“I shouldn't! It's improper!”** Minori's fingers hovered just above her pussy as she protested in a much more natural, sultry voice, wading past pubic hair that was much longer and fluffier than she recalled it being before. Although, that wasn't really of *much* concern to her at the moment. Her fingernails had lengthened slightly and teased her lips, which ached more than even her breasts did. Somehow, she just knew that if she reached to satisfy this need there would be no going back.

Then again, she was being provoked to do so by other facets. Her waistline pinched in and her hips widened, the perfect environment had been allotted for the advent of a rear destined to match the weight of her bosom. The cheeks of her buns surged forth, taut, round, and bouncy while filling out the back of her pants. Had she not been largely dressed then their increase in size would have appeared much more dramatic, and yet it was difficult to deny that there was an explicitly adult charm to them – both her ass and her thighs. The sway of her walk from now on would be intentionally promiscuous and sexy, as if every step were meant to seduce.

But then again, that just seemed to be the woman's nature under the kitsune-bi's influence. She could no longer stop herself, and fingers plunged into her depths while her body finally fell to floor in a pleasure seeking pile, masturbating the only thing on her mind as she pondered the various ways she could come to seduce men and women alike. Such as permanently changing her costume to show off her thighs and breasts and leading them into her room under the pretense of providing healing, or... **“Ah...! Ah! AH!”**

The new, kitsune-tsuki (*as those possessed by kitsune-bi were called*) cried out in ecstasy with the pumping of her fingers into her hole, rhythm matched but a steady lengthening and darkening of her hair that spilled out in length so that, if she were standing, it would fall to her ass. Now, though? It merely matted against her sweaty body.

“**AHHHHHHHH!**”

What she'd do after climaxing, though? Minori, now a lewdly-minded adult, wasn't sure. She really hadn't thought that far ahead, because nothing was stopping her from pleasuring herself once more.

Although she *was* still craving fried tofu.

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Elsewhere, Akatsuki had ended deposited in a room that might not have been all that much different from the one Minori had been corrupted within. It had a similar layout, with a statue in the center and its space essentially empty, but the statue was of a monkey instead of a fox, and peeking in above the walls up high appeared to be tree branches? “**How are they thriving down here?**” They were so far beneath ground level that there was no way sunlight could reach any plants, and the only light in this space in the first place seemed to radiate a dull red from the statue. Was it possible there was light on the other side of the wall, where the trees seemed to be growing from?

Then again this was the world of Elder Tale. Maybe it simply defied regular logic?

“**Monkey...**” Not much of a talker if she didn't have to, Akatsuki was somewhat fixated on the room's centerpiece despite the immediate need to get to Minori's side again. Maybe it was the eye-catching design or the crimson glow that stole the attention away from everything else in the space, but she just couldn't take her eyes off of it. Which was a shame, because with her abilities she could reach the tree branches above and look for her companion, yet the thought hadn't even occurred to her. Almost like her mental faculties, or more specifically her ability to conduct any critical thinking at the time, were being interfered with.

And in the end? This was basically the truth. There was no spirit haunting that statue like was the case with the kitsune-bi, but that didn't mean it wasn't free of corrupt intent. There was a tribe of monster women that typically lived among the deep jungles of Elder Tale. Shaped like monkeys, they were both foolish and sexually depraved, and had once possessed the innate ability to add other women to their ranks. That 'talent'? It had been sealed within this statue hundreds of years ago, but the seal had worn over time. Now it sought a vessel to spread this corruption through humanity once more, and a vessel *had* been presented.

Akatsuki couldn't peel her eyes away because she had been chosen to fulfill that role, and her inability to think critically had been the most immediate side effect. Her mind was becoming clouded, so much that she'd forgotten she had to find Minori, much less the techniques required to activate her combat skills. She just maintained all of her focus on the statue, oblivious to what was happening to her body – at least in the preliminary stages.

*For example:* the thing that was wriggling up and out the back of her pants. In the beginning it wasn't much more than a little nub covered with brown fuzz, but over time it snaked out as the length piled on, a full and flexible tail finally taking shape – one that resembled that of the monkey the statue embodied. At the very same time a brown fuzz encroached upon the cartilage of her ears as the organs fanned out into rounder shapes. Once again, they were much more simian in nature.

Were that not enough, the detached sleeves of her costume and the space within her ninja pants had begun to feel both hot, itchy, and uncomfortable. So much so that Akatsuki couldn't help but subconsciously scratch at them while her attention was still affixed to the crimson light. Beneath her clothing, fine hairs sprouted before splurging out long and unkempt as a fuzzy offering of fur that provided natural warmth and, while clothed like she was, agitation.

This fur was spread from just below her shoulders to the bases of her fingers on her arms, while on her legs it began beneath her thighs and ran to her ankles. The agitation made her itch and itch, bending over to get at her legs while her tail flicked back and forth behind her. But Akatsuki didn't question it. Not once. Her psyche instead felt more weightless than even, tummy rumbling and loins beginning to ache while carnal cravings began to root themselves within her person.

**“Why am I so hot and itchy...!?”** Yet the fog of mind was only temporary, and her awareness finally returned to her mid-scratch. Akatsuki was practically crouching down to reach behind her ankles, and it only took her noticing the fur sticking out from beneath her gloves to make her yip in surprise. **“Wh-Wh-What!? What's this!?”** Although bringing the opposing hand to tug at some of this fur yielded an additional concern: something about the shapes of her fingers looked off. They were a little too thick, and a little too *flexible*.

The shock of it all had sent the assassin stumbling backwards, and the moment she'd risked falling backwards her monkey tail ended up catching her, forcing Akatsuki to note its emergence as well. **“Something is wrong here... This looks like... a monkey! A filthy, horny, sexy, sex...”** The woman's voice deepened between adjectives, and what was meant to be a descriptor of a monkey had



devolved into her pondering the pleasure of sexual stimulation once more. Her thicker fingers pawed at her breasts with one hand while the other poked at the slit between her legs through her clothing, not at all satisfied but instead energized by this paltry attempt at self-intimacy.

**“Why so small? I want... big... N-No! I meant to say I need to fix this! Why... hard... big words? Horny... Fuck? That isn’t what I mean!”** Torn between mourning her lacking figure with a simpler mind and what remained of her former self struggling to remain vigilant in rejecting this phenomenon, she kept flipping between fondling herself and pulling away. Now, she wasn’t becoming stupid – Akatsuki might have been even smarter now. It was just that, when it came to the human language, it was a little difficult. Particularly when aroused as she was, speaking would be little more than an afterthought.

But the energy stored within the statue sought to make things easier for her. A blast of corrupt energy fired forth from its core, the power enough to completely obliterate Akatsuki’s equipment so that she was left bare as, well, *as a monkey*. Aside from the fur on her arms, legs, ears, and tail, it exposed a pretty fuzzy crotch as well. Not to mention the brown of her new fur had been seeping into the hair atop her head, styling it much more wildly as it grew and grew.

With easier access to all of the more sensitive places, her denser fingers began to get to work. One hand fondled her breast while the other probed her pussy needily, the woman crouching down after shuffling towards the wall so she could lean against it. **“Big... Bigger... BIGGER!!”**, she cried out as the effects of the statue began to influence her figure, offering her the sizing her sex drive desired.

Her breasts surged beneath her rough handling, but then again so much of her body had begun to surge in different ways. The monkey’s posture while crouched was forced to constantly shift due to a stretching spine and limbs, height quickly jumping her up to five-foot eight-inches while the rest of her shape was left to play catch up – which was basically what her tits were doing. The ballooned forth from her paltry A-cup sizing, bouncing beyond anything her human mind could have ever imagined before peaking at an abundance set of E’s. The one she was fondling was bound, but the spare that went unhandled? It jiggled up and down as her body rocked against her fingers below.

Glancing a little bit farther down, her stomach was showing off an impressive eight pack. Muscles had evidently become a staple of her new form, and they looked downright sexy on that tiny waistline that expanded out into a pair of swelling hips and supple thighs that sported a similar strength. For her to masturbate how she was, lower leg strength would definitely be needed. Although she’d find her jumping



power to be exemplary as well once she finally finished doing the deed, so to speak.

The only area more impressive than the woman's breasts, at least from a viewpoint focused on how sexy she might appear, was her ass. Leaning against the wall with her current posture, her ass didn't really stand out much in the beginning, and yet as cheeks became more and more ample that reality was changed. The skin was pulled tightly around her rump as buns was baked to perfection, peaks slightly rosy as they began to push up against the cold, stone wall behind her. For a brief moment Akatsuki pushed off with her tail, allowing space for her to reach back with the hand that had been servicing her breast to give it a firm smack before returning to its previous task.

*It seemed ass play was something of a preference for a monkey like her.*

All that was left of Akatsuki, really, was her face. Despite being twenty it still resembled a child's more or less under normal circumstance, but it was clear that as her body had towered, it had gained a much more mature design. Thick, sexy lips, big eyes with fluttery lashes, cheeks painted with a permanent, lustful glow – and then there were the red markings of the *Kakuen* tribe that ran towards her eyes from her cheeks.

Akatsuki hadn't forgotten who she was, but that all seemed so trivial now. An assassin? A woman from another world? None of that stuff was relevant to the lifestyle she wanted to lead now. One full of jumping through the trees, stuffing her face, and then stuffing her pussy. But she needed to find a mate. Man, woman, pretty much anything would do. She simply knew that servicing herself wasn't the same thing.

And her prayers had been answered. “**There you are, Akatsuki. Ufufu... You look very sexy.**” A woman had fallen from the slide that had dropped the monkey into the room earlier. She looked older and had a completely different hair color and style, but it was most certainly her companion, Minori. A man would have been better for both of them, but in the absence of any such thing? They embraced otherwise wordlessly.

Bodies wrapped among one another, all entangled in sweet lust, their new talents and needs came to the forefront as they worked towards a mutual satisfaction. Lips, breasts, pussies; it all danced together – the kitsune-tsuki's expert sexual knowledge working the monkey's form, while the Kakuen's rough style and curious tail saw to the holes of the fox.

This went on for *hours*.

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**“Minori...! Do you want to? Again...? Fuck?”** Even after hours had passed, the horny monkey still wanted to go for more (*high energy as she was*). But the fox? She was completely spent. Not to mention she had other ideas.

Still, she chuckled at her sexual companion’s passion, playfully mounting her, and leaning in to breathe hot air upon her neck. **“Not now. Wouldn’t you rather escape, my dearest Akatsuki? Imagine how much fun the two of us could have with Shiroe? And wouldn’t you like to create other women like you?”**

The Kakuen shuddered from the hot breath, but it was clear by her expression that she was interested. **“But how do we get out?”**

**“Oh, I think I may know a way.”**