

# AGE OF TANUKI

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The fact that I had ended up there at all was... Well, it wasn't my best moment.

I was just a guy that was down on my luck. Maybe that was excusing too much of what I was doing, but I legitimately wouldn't have been driven to such drastic measures if my life had been on the up and up. It was more on the down, down, and *mega* down. Times had *definitely* been tough as of late. I had lost my job at the office that I worked at, my girlfriend had dumped me, and I was at risk of losing my apartment. All tragically increasingly common occurrences in this day and age.

But this wasn't an excuse or justification for the actions I had taken that night. I had been walking home from what I assumed had been yet *another* fruitless job interview. They had given me the usual questions, and I had answered them to the best of my abilities, and I ended up walking away with *very* little confidence that I'd get the job. If I was a drinker then I probably would have hit the bar up before going home, but I'd never touched the stuff and didn't plan on starting when my financial situation was *already* bad.

On my way home however, I saw it. A boarded-up store that I'd heard rumors about at my old workplace shortly before I was fired. It was a rundown, abandoned jewelry shop that had been left in limbo after its previous owner mysteriously passed away. Apparently, it was all boarded up to hide the fact that all of the wares were still inside even a year later for some reason. It was in an abandoned part of town that, now that it was already late evening, didn't have a single person walking through other than myself.

Now, I wasn't *planning* on actually *stealing* – even if a successful heist could make all of my potential problems go away. But as I rounded the corner to take the next street, I noticed something unusual. The back door to the abandoned shop had been left slightly ajar? Was someone in there? Or was it a chance to do something that I *probably* shouldn't have? I used a perceived sense of good will as an excuse.

**“If someone is breaking and entering, I should probably do something...”**

That was how I justified it as I pulled the door open and stepped inside, careful about any potential cameras as if *I* was the guilty party. But deep down, I *knew* that I *was* the guilty party. If there were no cameras, and the door had just been left open, and there were things inside of value, then who was going to stop me so late at night so long as I didn't make a lot of noise? I hated that I was even considering it, but I was *desperate*.

But while the door in the back *was* open? When I entered, I found myself in a smaller, closed-off room with little of note. It had clearly been used as a breakroom, or perhaps where the owner did the accounting based on a safe in the back corner. There wasn't anything worth taking there though, and it looked like it had been picked clean. This was *reassuring* in a way, because maybe I wouldn't be tempted *to* steal if there wasn't anything to take in the first place?

I had been presented with an opportunity to just give up and head out before I did anything I would regret. After all, if that back room had been emptied, then the store probably was as well. The rumors had likely just been that: *rumors*, and there was nothing even *to* steal. But there was still a part of me that wanted to be sure. And so, I pushed the door into the store open.

**“...Huh? It's locked?”** Or I *tried* to, anyways. The L-shaped handle wouldn't budge, so if it wasn't locked then it was *stuck*. Which was pretty weird, right? The state of the back room didn't suggest it had been picked clean by anyone respectable – there were signs of thievery based on the damages – and yet the door that led to where all of the good stuff was kept had been left untouched? There weren't even any scuffmarks or other any indicators that anyone had attempted to open it by force.

**“Quite greedy, aren't we? Don't worry, I'll let you work it off~!”**

I blinked numerous times at the sound of a woman's voice, turning after letting go of the door handle to see if someone was in the room with me. But that *wasn't* the case and I knew it, because after all, I'd felt my lips

move as those words had been spoken. As if I had been the one to utter them myself. This didn't make a lick of sense, of course, because I certainly hadn't *consciously* chosen to say anything, and I definitely didn't have a voice that sounded, well, more like an older woman's voice than anything.

That was probably my sign to just *leave*. I had absolutely taken it as such and turned to leave and put it all behind me. Yet I was quick to realize that there was something working against this intention, and it once again used my own lips to communicate that to me. "**Ah, ah! No leaving until we're done. In fact, your shift is about to start!**" No leaving? *Shift*? What was I even talking about!?

"**H-Huh!?**" I finally wrestled my own lips away from this mysterious force, but only once my hand once again reached out for the door handle and... *opened it*. Even though it had *clearly* been locked before, it opened so easily, and I found myself stepping into a store that was... in much better condition than I would have assumed. It was fully stocked with lavish jewelry, and it *didn't* look like it had remained uncleaned for a year. Had someone been taking care of it?

No, I was facing more bizarre problems. "**I can't stop my body from moving...!?**" While I *was* able to speak again, I couldn't stop myself from walking over to some golden, bejeweled cuffs on one of the nearby shelves before putting them on. They were a little wider than my wrists were thick... or at least they *had* been when I had first put them on. I was a fairly skinny guy after all, without much fat *or* muscle to my bones.

I put on the cuffs with so much ease that you might have assumed I had worn them a million times in the past, and when they were properly fastened? Whatever looseness that had been present beneath them *disappeared*. "**E-Eh?**" Did my wrists and forearms look a little... thicker? *Softer*. Before my very eyes, my arm hair was shaved away and the skin of those arms both smoothed *and* thickened. They became slightly *pudgy*, and that became true of my hands as well as thin fingers not only became slightly plumper but also found the cracks of age beginning to form... below nails that grew several inches longer.

"**What the hell is going on!?** *Oh, you haven't seen anything yet~!*" Had I just answered my own question? No, that wasn't an answer so much as it was a *warning*. That something far more consequential was about to unfold. But while *I* was panicked, that didn't stop my hands from grabbing a few golden rings from a nearby bin and sliding them onto my fingers, lifting them as if to admire them with eyes that, well... looked *off*.

Before I realized what was going on, I found myself staring into one of the many mirrors in the store that had likely been erected for the sake of allowing customers to see how they looked while trying on the wares. **“Wh-What?”** My own voice didn’t provide an answer this time, but I knew *it* wanted me to see *something* in that mirror. And it was the changes themselves that eventually provided those answers, impossible as they were.

I’d been staring at myself for a good twenty seconds before my eyes suddenly locked with... well, my *own* eyes. I had noticed something strange within them: speckles of *gold* that rapidly multiplied, eventually replacing my original eye color entirely as the lashes around them began to grow longer and fuller, almost masking that the *shapes* of those eyes were changing too. They narrowed, pinching in at the sides as my eyelids became monolids and, in the very outer corners, markings were etched into skin that was beginning to look more and more *worn*.

*Crow’s feet* – a common sign of aging that didn’t tend to surface until *at least* your forties, which was an age I should have still been a way away from. **“I look older... No, more than that... You look Japanese too, right!? And like a woman.”** I could tell... even speaking as ‘myself’, my voice sounded like that woman I’d heard using my lips before. It made it harder to tell when *she* was talking which she was when she pointed out my race and perceived sex.

The womanhood she spoke of was something I’d been *trying* to ignore, but as I continued to stare at my own face, I began to see it more and more. My cheeks were growing rounder and a little chubbier, sure, and my eyes were already plenty feminine, but you could see it more in the thickness of my lips as they became fuller and poutier, with even the interior of my mouth aging while my nose grew sharply longer above it. While *pretty*, dimples and other signs of age certainly sold the idea that I was a *woman* in my *forties*.

**“Why are you doing this to little old me~!?”** I almost ended up choking on my own words, because why did I sound like *that!*? It was even more off-putting than the sight of my hair darkening brown as it lengthened into a fluffy mess that curled towards my chin but didn’t grow any longer. *Some* of that hair lightened to silver however, with a streak in my bangs and some in the back. Little by little, I looked like a middle-aged woman.

Well, the *woman* part decided to become a reality not even thirty seconds later. **“Mmn~!?”** I was once again surprised by the sound that left my own lips, for a sensual moan that bordered on a needy *purr* escaped as my cheeks turned pink. I recognized *why*, and my hands reached down to rub at the base of my pants as to confirm to me what I

had already realized. My cock had smoothed away, and a slit had opened a little lower beneath a bush of dark brown that had grown *quite* thick.

**“I don’t understand... Sure, I’m a beautiful, middle aged woman, but...”** I couldn’t stop myself from heaping on praise just as I couldn’t stop the smirk from spreading across my glossier lips. When my hands were done with my crotch, they grabbed a golden necklace from another display and gently hung it over my neck, with a golden charm dangling as far as my chest. And yet? That charm was pushed farther and farther away from my ribs.

Because now that I was *properly* a woman between my legs, the rest of my body had begun to follow suit. And that involved my body becoming *much* heavier. **“Oh my~!”** I sounded *excited* by the prospect of it. No, I *felt* excited about it. Was it really another’s force guiding my hands as I happily groped at a chest that had begun to swell into a pair of *tits*? No, as the cloth of the dress shirt I had worn to my interview strained, and buttons began to pop off so that creamy cleaved was exposed inch by inch, *I* was the one that felt enticed... and confident.

The weight didn’t *just* pool into my chest, though. Only two buttons remained fastened before long, because those tits grew until each one was *larger* than my head with erect nipples thicker than my eyes were wide, but *beneath* those tits my tummy had begun to distend as well. Fat pooled there, stretching my skin as stretch marks were etched into them as if I’d had that belly for a long time. It was more of a product of *age* than eating habits, and it only stretched my gut about four inches over my hairy crotch... though it did lift the base of my ill-fitted shirt to peek through.

**“I’m becoming so soft~!”** Was that a *good* thing? It didn’t necessarily feel like a *bad* thing. I hardly reached as my pants grew even *tighter*, with my ass burgeoning to split the back of my pants while a heart-shape developed, sagging slightly from age into thighs that were almost as thick as my soft tummy was wide. Through it all, I hadn’t even noticed that my height had dropped down to 5’3”.

The backs of my pants had already been yanked down, which ended up working out, because the ‘softness’ evidently hadn’t applied to my flesh alone. I’d grown something *new* – beginning as a small nub at the base of my spine that then erupted with a fluffy *POMF* as thick, brown and silver striped fur spread across its growing length. With all of that fur, it was just as thick as my body and stretched about *six* feet behind me before wrapping behind my legs. Silver furred ears soon sprung up from atop my head, triangular in shape and pierced with several golden rings each. **“And now I’m much softer!”**

Even though this meant I was no longer *human*, I didn't really see a problem with it!

I *did* briefly see a problem with my attire, but that was swiftly dealt with. My shorter, thicker, womanly figure could no longer be contained by the dress shirt and pants of a thinner, taller man, and that all just went *POOF!* There was a small explosion of smoke as I activated *my* new powers, and when it cleared? I was dressed in brown shoes, a long, beige skirt, and a green kimono-like top with a neckline so low that basically everything above my nipples was exposed. **“Just the way I like it!”**

I was already in the middle of the store, wearing several pieces of jewelry by the time my body had stopped changing. There was no denying that I was a *middle-aged woman*, one with ample curves and a belly to match, but I was also *more* than that. A smug, confident *tanuki* with fluffy ears and an even larger, fluffier tail. Tanuki shouldn't have even existed, at least not in the mythological sense, and yet—**“Well now! This'll do nicely!”** I smacked my own tummy humorously, as if trying to reassure myself that it was all real... even if I sounded compliant.



The thing was... I *wasn't*. **“I guess I owe you some thanks for trying to steal from *my* shop. Well, *our* shop? We're basically the same person now, you and I. We're both *Iroha*.”** I was *Iroha*. There was a subtle Japanese accent to my voice, which made sense considering tanuki *were* from Japan. I'd already seen my reflection in one of the shop mirrors anyways, and I very much looked like a Japanese woman in her forties.

My words were correct, even though a part of me wished they weren't. I had fallen in line with the woman whose voice had stolen my lips from the get-go, and now her thoughts and personality had corrupted my own. **“Well, I suppose you were going through a rough patch, so maybe this is better for us in a way? As a tanuki of *our* pedigree, you won't be left wanting for much of anything!”** That... *was* true. I could make sense of the powers I had now. As a

shapeshifter, there wasn't much I *couldn't* do, and now I'd live a lot longer.

But before I could think of any of that, I clapped my hands. This summoned a magic that removed the boards on the front of the store, powered the building, and restocked my wares. It was as if *my* jewelry shop had never closed down in the first place. **“But before I can have any of fun with any of *that*, and boy could I go for some sake and a fuck, we have a shift to run! Time to get ready for my first customer! Note to self though: hire a cashier tomorrow.”**

Then the *real* fun could begin!