

BUNNY HOP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A lot of tension surrounded the existence of this room, because the tenants had not visited for quite some while. That was what the captain of the Grandcypher, Gran, believed once he stepped into one of his ship's lodging rooms. Now, it wasn't strange for those that used this room to missing for a long period of time. After all, they had done something like this the year before.

But Gran just wished Gourmet Edifice's members were a little more communicative.

“If you're going to go away for months on end, at least *tell someone!*” There was no one other than the young man present as he lit the room's light, drawing skepticism to who exactly he was speaking with. Admittedly the room was just so quiet that hearing his own voice brought him some comfort, seeing as things were covered in dust from the long absence of the four that typically made use of the space.

Gourmet Edifice was a guild of adventurers from a distant island. They were always looking for interesting ingredients and food ideas, and now and again they offered the crew of the Grandcypher a helping hand. Gran didn't doubt that they were off on such an adventure even now, but at the same time it was his duty as captain to, well, *figure out where they even went.*

There was always the fear that something had happened to a crew member that hadn't shown up in a while, which often led to him sending out other crew members in pursuit of them just to check up. Usually some sort of clue to their whereabouts was left if they didn't just report

to someone about where they were going in the first place. Which they had.

Lunalu had just forgotten to inform the captain and it had been so long that it had *entirely* slipped her mind by now.



There were some documents left open on the room's desk, hiding amongst the *four* beds that were shoved in the room's four corners. Well, Gran believed them to be documents when he'd first observed them, but on closer inspection they appeared to be a series of doodles. Each one looked to be done by a different member of the guild, from Kokkoro, to Pecorine, to Kyaru, to... that very plain guy? *What was his name again?* Most of them had names so he could tell, but that one did not.

And yet there was even *one more*. A fifth, mystery drawing signed by a name so scribbly that he couldn't make out anything more than an 'M'. **“Was there a fifth member? Even then, this drawing is a little...?”** *Childish?* It was a crudely scrawled carrot, only distinguishable because it had been colored in with an orange crayon. The youngest member of Gourmet Edifice was certainly Kokkoro, but even if her name *had* started with an 'M', this drawing was much cruder than the one that *was* marked with her name.

It wasn't impossible that they had hosted a visitor at some point before they left, he supposed. As long as someone was vouched for by a member of the crew they could board the ship. Still, something about that carrot picture was bothering him. **“Is it just my imagination, or is that carrot glowing?”** That couldn't really be the case, could it? After all, pictures did not simply *glow*.

Or so he wanted to believe at first. But the fingers that were holding the picture? They suddenly felt a little warm, and said warmth was quick to spread up his arms and throughout the entirety of his body. Somewhere during this sensation he'd let go of the picture and taken a few steps back, a single chill running down his spine. **“What... was that?”** Had that picture been enchanted or something?

As he looked down, everything *appeared* to be fine. No damage, no changes, everything was the same as it had always been. Still, good sense told him he should consult with a doctor and, if need be, an alchemist. Putting his concern about Gourmet Edifice aside for the moment he started towards the door. Only to find himself stopping.

Fingers ran up to his scalp and began to scratch vigorously. “**Why am I so itchy?**” Was it related to the picture’s glow? No, that couldn’t be it, could it? But try as he might to bring his scalp comfort through the stimulation of his fingernails, the itchiness persisted. It took him a short while longer for the cause to strike him, though. “**Wait a second.**”

Gran wasn’t sure if he was misreading the sensation at first, but once a strand of *very* long hair fell down against his eyes? He grew certain. “**Is my hair getting longer?**” He could have sworn that his hair had been brushing against his forearm when it should have only reached his wrist at best, but the strand dangling in front of him more or less confirmed the reality of the situation.

He raised an eyebrow, the breadth of the growth not quite occurring to him as the length grew so much that it spilled down his back, strands losing their natural curl as straightness seized them. Yet in the front? His bangs didn’t grow all that much longer, instead resting messily up top with a center parting, while the sides curled around his face.

“**I don’t get it. Why did my hair grow so long? It almost looks like it belongs to a girl?**” He did eventually take in the truth of its length after spinning a little in place. It was baffling because it was the only change that the boy had noticed as of yet – what would someone have to gain from growing his hair out longer? And straighter for that matter?

And yet the tragedy was that if he’d had access to a mirror, he might have understood what was *actually* happening before it was too late. There was an undeniable softness settling into his facial features, seeing the masculine skew of the young man’s design take an irreversible hit into the feminine. Whether it was fuller, glossier lips, or bigger, rounder eyes with longer lashes, or a narrowed jaw – in the end, Gran’s face appeared more akin to what it would have looked like had he been born with a different chromosome situation.

Paired with his long hair, it was undeniable that the boy had begun to look like, well, a *girl*. A fact certainly not helped at all any by a diminishing stature. One that began with his sweater and pants looking just the slightest bit emptier, for that which filled them had lessened. Not his height though, not yet. Instead it was his muscle mass that had regressed, with everything from the thickness of her arms and legs, all of

the way to his abs and pecs melting until his skin was void of any signs of strength.

Gran certainly *felt it*, too. “**Whoa!?**” He almost collapsed, like his body had just breathed a sigh that eliminated all of the power he had earned through his training. He managed to catch himself with the muscles that remained, yet during this short stint he, well, became shorter himself. Two inches? Three? With his body’s exhale this size change had been made apparent, and it looked like his clothes were about to fall off as a result.

“**Did I shrink!? WHY!? What did that light do to me!?**” Or what *was* it, really? Had he been cursed? Was this some sort of unusual spell that made people smaller... and gave them longer hair... and... “**No, it couldn’t be.**” He really didn’t want to believe that what he was imagining was possible, much less being inflicted upon him. Yet more signs of it were coming to fruition, including a narrowed waistline, widened hips, and lengthened fingernails upon smaller digits.

Until the cruel reality of it all set in as his dick and balls opted to roll out. “**NO!?**” Gran had definitely felt it! Their cock and balls had been so suddenly tugged inside of *her* groin that she had by the time her hands had reached down to grab her crotch through her loose pants, the most she accomplished was prodding her new slid in a way that made her shudder. “**I’m a girl!?**”

Increasingly so, if her proportions had anything to say about it. The thighs that surrounded the groin she was prodding had already begun to inflate, bloating to pleasantly plump sizes that crushed the hands between them and forced Gran to pull them out. She pulled them out just in time for one hand to travel down to her rear, for she felt the back of her brown pants push out in a similar fashion to how her thighs did, taking a pleasant and reasonable bubble shape befitting of her age and new sex.

While her other hand? She let out an effeminate squeak once it collided, unintentionally, with her chest. Once flat and muscular, fatty tissue had forced the young woman’s nipples forward and erect, rubbing up against the underside of her undershirt as a pair of B-cup tits formed, ultimately culminating her transformation into a woman. “**I can’t be... I can’t be a... a... a...?**”

But something was *wrong*. What had she been trying to say? “**I can’t be a woman? But, uh?**” She clearly was, wasn’t she? Had she not been *born* a woman? No longer did anything about her sex strike her as strange, undoubtedly due to a change in her mental state that redirected her confusion and rewrote her memories so that things had always been

this way. On the other hand, however? There was still something that Gran found to be wrong, and it wasn't exactly her sex.

Have I always been this big and old?

The voice that pondered this in the back of her mind certainly carried a childish whimsy to its infliction. But yes! She felt too tall! She didn't usually have a chest like this, or a butt like this, or any of this!

Which meant it was time for Gran's transformation to enter phase two, whether she was aware of it any longer or not. It began by rectifying the concerns that her inner voice was already expression, and before the woman knew it, the world had begun to grow larger and larger around her at a rapid pace. "**WOOOOOooooOOOOAAAAH!**" Quite like the child she was beginning to resemble, she immaturely expressed her shock as the world swelled around her, her voice growing ever higher as she did so.

It was astounding just how quickly she did shrink, with her arms and legs swallowed by her sweater and undershirt while her pants and boxers were denied the hips necessary to keep them upright in the end. To say it was simply a loss of height would be underselling things, for the curves she had only gained moments before with her new womanhood diminished, leaving her chest slightly puffy but otherwise flat, and her lower half more or less underdeveloped.

Like an honest to goodness child's body would be, and if her softened facial features were any indicator that was one-hundred percent what had happened. From thick, rosy cheeks to big, sparkling eyes, her youthfulness was blatantly as apparent in her face as it was her tiny hand and tootsies. "**Woah~! Why are my clothes so huuge!?**"

Evidently her mind was still being adjusted to match her reality, for she could no longer recall the act of getting dressed in that very outfit earlier in the day. Instead, she wriggled restlessly beneath a sweater that looked rife for falling off at any moment, or at least until it began to tighten against her. It only took a few moments for the fabrics to dye and crawl upon her body, transforming her plain but boyish ensemble into a cute, rabbit-inspired outfit that fit Gran's shrunken form perfectly.

A pink, short-sleeved shirt, several brown belts, and puffy blue shorts were the highlights – along with her soft, red gloves, the fluffy shoulder throw, and a bunny hood that was evidently attached to the top. It was all so *cute*! It made her want to hop, skip, and jump about! And she did so!

While bounding about, the two remaining tells of her former identity were swathed away. The girl's long, brown hair was braided into two tails with bunny rabbit hair ties on the tips, and yet while doing so a soft pink swept through her mane, matching the perpetual blush that now decorated her cute little cheeks.

And her eyes? With lashes shorter yet more stylized, her brown irises shone gold. Or was it orange? Either way, it was a shade very similar to whichever crayon had been used to draw the carrot that had put into action this transformation in the first place. Gran couldn't remember being an icky boy anymore. Or being tall. Or being old! As far as she was aware now, Gran wasn't even her name! It was something cuter, right? Something really, really cute! What was it again? Oh! Oh, she was on the verge of remembering!

That's right~!

The ten-year-old *Mimi* practically hopped around the room now that her transformation was complete – a gesture that was certainly fitting for a member of the Beast race that associated herself with bunnies even if her ears *were* only part of an accessory and not at all biological. **“Hm~? How did I end up here? Isn't this the place that Yuuki and the others were all staying on that big, huge ship!?”**



For a girl of her age Mimi was... Well, a lot like a girl of her age *should* be. Bubbly and bouncy, but she possessed a poor sense of direction and a below average understanding of things that adults were attuned to like responsibility. Despite not knowing *how* she'd ended up in the cabin, it was beyond her to think more critically about it than '*this is strange!*', because it was so easy for her to simply go with the flow.

“One bunny~ Two bunny~ Three!” Bouncing about, she was already singing an original song to herself like any easy to entertain child might, and her investigation eventually brought her to the desk with all of the drawings on them. She was quick to scoop up the one with the carrot. **“Oh! I remember these~! When I visited Gourmet Edifice last we all drew together! Miss Pecorine said my carrot looked so real that she could eat it there and then!”**

Were these memories *actually* correct, however? Because she was so young she had not really paid it much mind, but wasn't there a part of her that, deep down, saw something wrong with this? The bunny ears atop her hood bounced as she shrugged any potential anxiety related to this away. *Nah! Why would I worry?*

“But that’s weird though...? Where are all my big sisters? And big brother Yuuki at that~?”