

DANCIN'

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Somehow, he imagined the home of Amber the Outrider would be a little *different* from the reality he had come to experience. The Traveler, Aether, had been invited to visit Amber's apartment briefly after they had returned from a rather intensive Dendro Slime hunt, and upon doing so he was surprised to find things so, well, neat and tidy.

After all, Amber was always pushing herself to go the extra mile, and her demeanor had a tendency to come off as rather tomboyish – so naturally? Aether had expected her living conditions might be a little chaotic. Chaotic minds inspired chaotic habits after all, but once they'd arrived? He had basically been left flabbergasted by just how clean it all was. Not a single thing was out of place, not a speck of dust upon a single shelf. **“Does your apartment *always* look like this?”**, or so he'd asked, not thinking about how that might come off as a little rude.

“Hey!” Evidently, Amber had certainly taken it rudely. She puffed up one of her cheeks and pouted at the boy, her foot restlessly tapping against the ground as it always did when she felt annoyed or restless. That anger momentarily diffused, however. **“Yeah, well... I'm not here very often, and Jean does come by to tidy up now and again.”**

Amber's eyes wandered to a certain area in the living room. One that stood out, for it was littered with what looked like scraps of stuffing and crimson thread around a workbench. It took Aether a moment to understand what all of that might be for, but Amber ended up explaining it anyways. **“Other than my bedroom, I use that little work space the most. It's where I make all of my Baron Bunnies. And as you can see...”**

Aether chuckled, prompting another exclamation from the Outrider. He was quick to cover his tracks. **“No, I’m not making fun of you. I just think it’s very ‘Amber’ of you. It’s endearing.”** The girl herself blushed and mumbled something incoherent under her breath, before turning her back and heading deeper into the Mondstadt apartment. “What was that?”

“NOTHING! I’M GOING TO GET CLEANED UP BEFORE WE MEET KAEYA FOR DINNER!”

Or so she said, but her tone was certainly defensive enough. Aether was too oblivious to realize that, perhaps, the young woman might have had a crush on him. *Tragic*, really. But Amber’s departure left him alone in the bulk of her apartment, and there really wasn’t... much to do? He ended up wandering over to the work area she had pointed out before, running a finger along the edge. **“I guess I was a little mean. I’ll clean this up for her as an apology...”**

Gloved hands worked quickly, scooping up all of the stuffed doll fragments that were scattered about. Stuffing, thread, it was all there. But what he didn’t see? Any mechanisms that might allow the Baron Bunny to move. Was it enchanted by her Vision, then? He’d always wondered how they were able to dance, and she’d been fairly secretive about it.

Eventually, he had amassed everything into a neat pile. Having grabbed a garbage bag, he was about to scoop it all up and into the black contained, but upon doing so? Something *shocked* him. It was startling, but not incredibly painful. Surprising enough to drop the garbage bag though. **“Strange.”** He retained his calm, because as far as he was concerned there wasn’t really anything to be worried about.

He should’ve been.

As he reached down to pick up the bag he’d dropped, strange forces were *already* at work. Aether short but messy hair had already fallen to his shoulders, the tips almost a dark brown when compared to the blonde at their base – but even then, the roots were darkening to see to it that the coloration was a consistent one. Since he was bent forward, as the hair fell even longer, it scattered all around his field of vision and hung towards the ground, making it impossible to actually avoid noticing. **“Huh!?”**

The boy jolted back up without even grabbing the bag, confused by the state of his mane as fingers grabbed handfuls from either side and pulled them in towards his chest. **“What’s up with my hair? It**

almost looks like...” Like *Amber’s*. Not just the look of it. He’d accidentally touched her hair once or twice, and the feel of it was pretty similar. Even the scent... Though, looking at the hands holding that hair brought further surprise. Had his fingers always been so small, his nails so long? No, again... they looked like... “**AMBER!**”

Aether bolted down the hallway Amber had disappeared down, stopping just short of a doorway that was quite clearly the bathroom. The loud hiss of a shower running within greeted him, and even as he cried out to get Amber’s attention, she didn’t seem to respond. Could she not hear him? Then, what other options were available?

He was quick to bolt back to the worktable in search of some kind of clue. All the while, his body was still changing. The honorary knight didn’t really realize it, but even as he’d run back and forth (*which much greater agility behind each step, mind you*) his muscular frame had been regressing so that it became leaner and leaner. His muscles did not wholly disappear, but they were better disguised as a thinner layer of fat overlapped them, giving his body a softer glow. Though, plenty of muscle *was* lost – it was just that much of it was preserved in his arms and legs.

The result of all this loss was that his outfit had begun to hang a little more loosely from Aether’s frame. Without his notice, his black gloves had fallen right off to expose bare fingers, their designs? Smaller and cuter. “**Crap! It’s still – my voice too!?**” Forget sounding Amber-like, that sound was a dead match for the Outrider’s voice, completely and entirely.

It was something reflected in his face, for his facial features were following the same trend. His nose, for example, wriggled as it collapsed several sizes, taking a gentler slope to its top. His lips? It wasn’t dramatic, but they both widened in reach and grew plumper in thickness. Most dramatically, the changes could be seen in the boy’s eyes, for not only did they grow wide, but his lashes danced long, and his brows thinned as the same brown that plagued his hair made its way into their hairs.

“**But why is this happening? Was it because of that jolt? Is this some sort of strange Fa-aaaa-AAAA!?**” Before he could wonder if this was some kind of Fatui plot, the unease sensation born from *him* becoming a *her* completely interrupted her line of thought. Hands jumped down to her pants, noting the lack of a bulge but not daring to dig deeper, although they quickly moved to her hips as she felt them swing out and test the waistline of those pants.

This increased girth invited growth to Aether's lower body and considering much of Amber's appeal was down that way, it really was no surprise that things became something of a tight squeeze. She could do little more than loosen her belt as her rear bulged backwards into a pair of round, gratuitous buns, each ample and eye-catching (*and Aether knew that because it always caught her eye while she climbed beneath Amber*). But, perhaps, they weren't as ample as she felt and watched her thighs become, their greatness bulging so round that the upper segment of her pants had no additional room left to accommodate anything.

“W-Wait, hold up, not there!” It was too late for Aether's lower half, but now she pleaded to protect the upper. Her stomach had gurgled, and the side of her shirt became incredibly loose thanks to the side of her belly swinging in and curving out to meet those wide hips of hers. What she was most worried about was— *Yup*, there they were. Her nipples had felt quite itchy, and they'd been rubbing up against the inside of her clothes at first, but now? They were expanding. Fat gathered beneath them, little by little, until a pair of small but perky breasts were concealed beneath his shirt. **“Why... did this happen!?”**

From head to toe, she looked like Amber had just put on Aether's clothes. Her personality nor memories had changed, not that she might have expected them to, but she was still puzzled. **“I look... I look... BFF!? WHATH!?”** Yet another interruption plagued her, and in this case? It made it harder, almost *impossible* to talk.

Her mouth felt like, and tasted like, it was full of *cotton*. She tried to move her mouth to get a feel for whether or not this was what had *actually* happened, and yet... where was her tongue? She couldn't – her brain couldn't find it? The truth of it was that yes, her mouth had filled with cotton. And her tongue? It had become cotton as well. In fact, a wave of paralysis suddenly overtook the freshly minted Amber clone, and with it came a completely different kind of anxiety.

She didn't remain still forever though. On the other hand, she didn't end up moving according to her own will either. She jumped suddenly, waving her arms out and bringing them in again. Out, and in again, before she finally did another jump and twirled around. The same thing repeated, and she eventually turned back around to face the other direction. But Aether could not make a sound for her lips had sealed shut, and as her lips flattened against her face? They were pulled wide until they looked not like lips at all, but a wide, pink, mouth made of felt, with cute little fangs etched inside. Blush pasties, likewise, appeared over either of her cuter, rounding cheeks.

In fact, after twirling again, it was clear that this 'felt' was becoming a fairly common phenomenon, replacing her skin from that upon her face

to the toes on her feet. In most places, however? It was a crimson red that matched the color Amber always wore. Her arms and legs took on this brighter color, at least as far as her hands and feet. But those hands and feet? They didn't exactly retain a human color either, for they turned snow white. They didn't even retain a human *shape*.

Bleached white, now of soft fabric, fingers, and toes alike regressed inwards, while her hands and feet widened and rounded, becoming stubby mockeries of what they'd once been. This didn't stop her dance at all, however, and she continued to do it with ease, even as all of the flesh and bones within her body, now composed of fabric, turned to soft cotton.

Aether's clothes, ultimately, ended up absorbed by the fabric of her body's new form, just in time for her height to begin to plummet. Down and down she fell, all the while the finer details of her body eroding away as a plusher, plumper shape was taken instead. Bleach white decorated her chest and belly, while her breasts and nipples became one with the rounder shape of her regressing torso.

Even her biological faculties had been shutting down one by one. A tummy filled with fluff was not one that desired food for example, so it wasn't like she had any reason to feel hungry every again. Without a mouth, she couldn't even eat anyways! But once her nose flattened against her plush face, the need to breathe eroded as well, and so did her heartbeat. But she did not die. Not *traditionally*. Aether was still conscious, watching and feeling through a body that should not have been capable of doing either.

Her body eventually dipped beneath the height of a typical adult knee, and her dance continued. She recognized it. This was the exact same dance that Amber's Baron Bunnies committed themselves to, and at this height? Had that become her fate? Golden eyes dried and lost their color as they widened and flattened against her felt face, becoming little more than a decoration just as her mouth had. Aether's '*Amber hair*' likewise amassed together, ultimately looking more like an arts and crafts mockup of what the hair should have looked like instead of consisting of individual strands.

The base of her tiny body was entirely a Baron Bunny, but she still missed some accessories. That was wear her old clothes ended up being regurgitated, becoming a series of cute, personal touches that Amber always applied to these dolls. A tuft of white fur beneath her neck was one, but then there was the signature, crimson hood that wrapped around the back of what was meant to be her head. This hood had long rabbit ears with golden clips built in, and over the hood? A pair of cute, little goggles that matched Amber's own.

Not that she could see this. She just knew what she was. She could not talk, she could not scream, she could not seek Amber to ask for help. All she could do was...

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle.

The Baron Bunny's mind was not vacant, but with its face designed with that cheeky expression, and with her arms and legs wiggling back and forth, it was certainly unlikely that anyone could ever fathom that within, there was a very anxious Aether that was trying her best to try and figure out a way to change back. Other than this stupid dance, she had zero idea how to move. She had no voice to speak either, though that mouth was merely a decoration regardless.

She continued to dance and dance, and when Amber came out of the bath wearing only a towel around her torso? She danced some more. Even though, if Aether had still been himself, he likely would have had the world's biggest nosebleed. **"Huh? Did Aether activate you? Where is he, anyways? I didn't know he knew how..."** Water still dripping down her slender form, the Outrider had moved towards the doll and crouched down in front of it, both picking it up and holding it close to her chest, which was peeking out a little from beneath the towel.

Aether was at her limit after getting a cotton face full of cleavage.

Despite being held, she was still trying to dance in Amber's arms, but once the girl held an index finger to the doll, all of the Baron Bunny's movements ceased. From the doll's perspective, it was like a static shock had just jumped from her body, and she went *limp*. Not only that, but Aether's consciousness went vacant as well.

The static shock Aether had felt earlier? It had been residual Pyro energy that was used to power the Baron Bunnies, their form recorded to the energy's 'memory'. That energy had then reshaped its vessel – *the once boy* – into the only form it recognized. That was the accidental cause of her transformation, so accidental that Amber didn't even realize she was holding her friend. But all Aether knew now that she was deactivated, was darkness. Perhaps it was for the best, because if she ended up hearing what Amber said next, she might have panicked even harder.

"Let's put you in the pile. Eventually I'll need you to go all BOOM and stuff. It's unfortunate, but this is the best way to distract those darn hilichurls..." This was Aether's fate, inevitably. To dance until she exploded. On the bright side, her consciousness would now be preserved within Amber's Vision. Even if she exploded,

she would be implanted again and again into each consecutive Baron Bunny. Almost exploding, never dying.

She would be with Amber for time eternal.