

# BUNNY BE

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**“I really didn’t want to come back here, but it wasn’t like she left me with much of a choice...”**

Defeat was clear in the ring of Dreah Rhyus’ voice as she navigated a secluded shopping area of Black Brush Station. Around her neck rested a rather mundane, stone necklace, and that necklace had been the source of her woes. She had bought it from a merchant in this very area and for a price that was fairly steep. He’d made it sound incredibly enticing, suggested it carried a rare and powerful enchantment of sorts.

But, at least as far as her travelling companion Nadja was concerned, it was a useless string of stones. As they had been pooling their funds together for their travels, the Viera had berated her Au Ra companion to the point that she’d been forced to hold back tears of shock in all of her shyness. And now? She had been left to search for the merchant so that she could demand a refund.

**“Nadja said she’d show up to help me in a little bit but to ‘try on my own for now’, yet...”** She didn’t really have much faith in her ability to handle a confrontational situation like this. Dreah was insecure and softspoken and not at all good at arguing with strangers. **“She’s always looking after me though. I was I could look after her for a change, but I can hardly look after myself...”**

It wasn’t a wish per se, but it did not really need to be one. Not to activate the honest to goodness enchantment cast onto the stone necklace she was wearing – the very same enchantment Nadja had refuted even existed back when they had been arguing. And honestly? It was likely for the best that Dreah now found herself in a secluded part of



the shopping district for what was about to unfold was not something that should have been witnessed by passersby.

Not that they'd remember seeing anything anyways.

In truth though, the enchanted necklace would only activate under specific circumstances. It could grant its wearer's desires for a fixed price, one that would change the life of the one whose desire was granted forever... they just, quite simply, would not realize that anything had changed whatsoever. And now those dull rocks upon her necklace had begun to glow, and a warmth had begun to spread through Drea's body. One that she thought she could shake at first, but as time wore on it became increasingly difficult to ignore.

**“That’s strange... Should I visit a healer on my way home?”** The Au Ra spoke with sense about her condition, pondering the best way to make sure her health remained upstanding so that she didn't pass on any potential illness to Nadja. At the time though, the fact that she was under the influence of a magical artifact hadn't even crossed her mind. Not even as a gentle *orange* began to brighten up her otherwise blonde head of hair.

Initially it was little more than a few strands that succumbed to the shift in pigment, but like an uncontrolled forest fire this coloration rapidly spread into the surrounding area. It wasn't color alone that shifted as a result of these effects though, for each strand touched by the sensation likewise softened and *grew*, curling naturally as it fell down her back. Before long the lean of the growth shifted however, and it ended up swept to and past the front of her left shoulder.

**“Huh? Was my hair always this... long?”** Drea noticed the change in weight of course, and she wondered this allowed as fingers played with the tips that dangled over her shoulder. It was strange. Something deep down was panicked by this discovery. Wasn't the color wrong too? It used to be... *It used to be...* **“If I can't remember, maybe it's always been that way after all.”**

Drea being such a passive person wasn't really something that was working in her benefit here, for it became hard for her to question the obviously changing reality around her. It was easy to doubt your own

eyes and memory when you weren't confident and were always doubting yourself, unfortunately.

Exhausting struck her not long after, once again contributing to the misconception that she was becoming 'sick'. This still wasn't the case however, and it was actually a sad side-effect of what was becoming of her body. It was hard to tell with her armor on, but despite her height Dreah was a rather buff young Au Ra. Or *had been*, at least. Instead, all of that excess strength was being siphoned out of her seemingly, leaving her arms and legs thinner and her body less capable of carrying itself with that armor on. She was still toned enough to see it in her tummy, but it looked more like that was from tirelessly doing crunches or something of the sort.

**“I haven't even found the merchant yet, I can't be feeling like this. I'd hate myself if I got *my little sister* sick, too.”** That sentence hung in the air for just a moment before Dreah realized exactly what it was she'd said wrong. **“Little sister? I didn't have one of those before...?”** She felt more certain of that than what had happened with her hair. Besides, she'd meant to speak of *Nadja* in that sentence. *Would that make Nadja my little sister?*

The Au Ra had brought a finger to her chin while thinking about this, a gesture that certainly wasn't typical of her in any sense. She wasn't usually so expressive with her body language, and this was on top of the fact that she was struggling to keep herself upright with her armor pieces vs her lessened strength.

Even though her hand was directly in front of her face, it didn't really register to the young woman that something was strikingly wrong with her digits. Her fingers were longer than normal and, not to mention, *smoother*. Callouses earned from swinging a spear around had dissipated entirely, and instead there were only some minor splinters as if she was used to wielding a wooden weapon instead.

While it was easy enough to excuse her ignore when it came to noting such minor shifts in aesthetic, there was another, much more dramatic change that had gone unnoticed. The tips of her fingers were dark brown. And it wasn't an isolated color change either, for spots of the same color had begun to spread across her skin like a sea of mis-sized, misshapen freckles.

They spread rapidly and with reckless abandon, stealing away her natural skin tone with their melanin-richness. Arms, legs, tummy, ass, face – everything succumbed, and her nipples and pussy struck an even darker chocolate shade. One might assume that the white scales on her body might stand out more radiantly against such a complexion, and yet

they fell to the color change as well; even becoming sanded away until only regular skin remained in their place.

“Ah... Ah... **ACHOO!?**” A wrinkle of her nose promptly disturbed her, and a sneeze was forced out, caught by the hand that was already near her lips. “**I really am getting sick, then?**” But her immune system as a *Viera* had always been so good! *Wait, I’m not a... Am I?* A Viera like Nadja? Well if they really were sisters, then didn’t that make the most sense?

The sneeze had actually been forced by further change, this time influencing the Au Ra’s face to make it appear... very much *less* like an Au Ra. Her once rounded nose had not only grown longer, but had flattened much like a rabbit’s at the tip. Throw in raised cheekbones that made her browned face look much longer, fat lips that appeared naturally glossy, and narrowed eyes with lengthened lashes and, well... She appeared far more like a Viera than the lizard girl she was *supposed* to be.

Strangely, the weight of her armor had been lifted without any warning. “**Hm? Wasn’t I wearing something else just a moment ago...?**” She even looked down to compare her memories, but this was what she usually wore, wasn’t it? *It wasn’t*. Her armor had been replaced without her notice, and she was now dressed in some traditional Viera gear dyed in purple, an ensemble that left her tummy bare, with her upper legs and top decorated in comfy but ornate robes.

In her hair was a multicolored, feathered hairpiece, and a number of bands and decorated sleeves adorned her arms. Golden chains hung across her forehead too, now with a purple gem in the center while white paint markings were stroked beneath her eyes along with dark eyeshadow and lipstick that really brought her new sensual maturity to the forefront.

It was clear with even a glance that this didn’t fit properly though. The only person it wasn’t clear to was Dreah herself, but the fact that the top and bottom almost overlapped instead of showing off her navel was the biggest tell. “**Oh my... Something is off here!**” Then again, this was the woman who hadn’t realized her voice had deepened after her sneeze, nor that her manner of speech altogether carried a much more dotingly appeal to it.

But *what* was off? It was hard to say, even though it was so blatantly obvious. Yet for all her confusion on the matter, it was quick to correct itself. After all, the woman was prompt in *springing up like a freshly watered weed*. Arms, legs, and torso alike all stretched, allowing her outfit to fit all the more properly as it was pulled up to adjust. Before

long, her toned belly was on full display, and it didn't look at all like anything might fall from her body. Almost a foot and a half had been applied, ascending her far beyond the maximum height an Au Ra would usually normally expect to obtain.

Her increased height wasn't without other benefit though. Her breasts had been delivered a several size boost, though hidden by the craft of her top just as the widening of her hips and thickness of her rear were obscured by the ensemble's lower segment. It was a shame, because even for a bun her frame was rather bombastic. But she wasn't the sort of woman to date around, even now. **"I worry too much about my dear sister to waste time on such activities!"** Or so she said.

Dreah still felt a little out of it, but she was increasingly certain that she wasn't sick. She couldn't say why, it was more of a feeling than anything. Though the sudden sound of wood clacking against the road behind her interrupted her daze for a moment. **"Hm?"** Looking behind her, she found a wooden staff on the ground for casting magic. It took her a second to put two and two together. **"Oh, when did I drop this?"** It was hers, she recognized this. What she didn't recognize as she picked it up was that it had just been *part of her body*.

*Because, on closer inspection, her tail was missing.*

She holstered the staff on her back where she 'usually' kept it, though the thought of *'did I wield magic before?'* did cross her mind. It led to a number of additional internal questions about her name and identity, and before long she stumbled upon something shocking. ***My name isn't Dreah?*** Was that really not true? It sounded so familiar, and yet...

Now tackling the final mental hurdle of the necklace's power, the final physical shift occurred as well. The tips of her white Au Ra horns, the only remaining racial trait of her past life, seemed to unravel and open up to reveal a light fuzz within. They opened more and more, and it became clear that pale orange fur had lines their insides somehow.

Yet, on the hard outskirts? An orange not unlike her hair had begun to fluff out from the solid bone at the same time. Upwards it all pulled and stretched towards the sky, hard horns softening into tender cartilage lined with dark orange on the exterior and pastel orange on the interior. Standing just over half a foot each, now *atop* her head, were a pair of mighty Viera ears.

***Something is wrong, isn't it? Something is... Is it? I just don't know...***

***My name is... is... Sigrun?***



**“Hey, sis? Why are you standing there all dazed like that? You were just picking up new bedding for our inn room, right?”** The sound of a familiar voice eventually stirred *Sigrun* from within the realm of uncertainty. Forget being simply familiar though, it was a voice she absolutely could *never* forget. After all, it was the voice of her baby sister.

The dark-skinned Viera woman turned to meet the gaze of a Viera slightly smaller than herself with a smile. **“My, my! To hear you fretting over your big sister like this really warms my heart, Nadja! But I simply got a little sidetracked, there’s no need to worry about me!”** Not only did the older Viera feel like doting upon her younger sibling, patting her between her ears despite her body language protesting, but she felt terribly *confident* in doing so at the same time.

Meanwhile, Nadja was blushing as if this were completely normal. Because, from her point of view? It *was*. She couldn’t remember Sigrun as she’d once been – there was only the doting older sister that she knew, loved, and sometimes had to put up with. It was hard having a sibling that was so endeared to and constantly worried about you! **“Geez, not in public, would you? Let’s go get the bedding together then, I have nothing else to do.”**

Sigrun merely rubbed the stone necklace around her neck while Nadja proposed the idea. It had been a precious gift from her most precious sibling after all, and so she would never part from nor stop wearing that accessory. **“Sounds good! And then when we get back, I’ll cook your favorite stew! And oh! Would you like me to clean your ears? You can use my lap as a pillo-”**

**“I’m not a little kid anymore!”**

And yet as the two walked away? While the stone necklace was still around Sigrun’s neck, a duplicate could be found on the ground where she had been standing. A duplicate that was then picked up by a certain, brown-haired Miqo’te that had been walking past...

