

YEAR OF THE RABBIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes random pit stops yielded fun and interesting experiences.

That was what the two captains of the Grandcypher had come to learn over the course of their travels. A lot of the time their flights were without event, and it was simple enough to get from point A to point B. They owed a lot of that to Rackam and the durability of the airship in question. But there was also times where things *didn't* go as planned and they ended up in places they had not planned on visiting because of it.

This had begun as one of those experiences. While flying out to their next destination, to ring in the New Year like they did every year, there had been a *slight* hitch. An engine failure that certainly wasn't fatal, but it had forced an emergency stop and delayed the continuation of their trip until the next morning. Gran and Djeeta weren't really bothered by it, not when they had been on track to show up early anyways.

Besides! The island that they had landed on, named Lapin Island? They had been preparing for a festival when they had docked, and one that was going to be held that night. The locals were warm and inviting, asking them to come along. And it was *clearly* a celebration of the Year of the Rabbit seeing as how everyone was wearing fake bunny ears! ...Or at least that was the impression that they had gotten.

So after checking into a local inn, Gran and Djeeta headed out to the festival along with other members of the crew. It didn't take long for them all to head their separate ways with so many events and stalls to explore, and it seemed as if the overnight festival would conclude with a

beautiful fireworks show? Which the two of them were excited to see! But until then? **“I’m so hungry...”**

It was the sister that lamented the rumbling in her tummy at the expense of a raised eyebrow from her brother. **“You’re the one who decided not to eat a snack before we left the ship, remember?”** Which had been a full three or so hours ago now by *this* point in time. It had been wholly her fault, but... **“Look, I see some dango stalls over there?”** Teasing aside, he could at least get her something to eat.

And Gran had been right. There *were* two dango stalls opposite each other. But they had both been left unattended for some reason, even though both locations were fully stocked. **“Uh... That’s weird. Hey, are the owners of these stalls around?”** Djeeta had been quick to ask a local, who had assured her that the ones running them would be back soon.

“Oh! Well how about we watch them in the meantime?”



Gran wasn’t sure how he’d ended up in this position. Well, he *did*. Because of his boisterous sister across the dimly lit path between them, now at the opposing stall. She had volunteered them to watch the dango stalls so readily, even though neither of them had any experience with serving it. But he didn’t disagree with her decision, because who knew what thieves could be waiting to prey upon an unattended stall?

“The moonlight sure is bright tonight.” He couldn’t help but make a comment to himself while staring up at the sky over a nearby cliff. It almost felt *too* bright. Unnaturally so. But surely that had to be a trick of his imagination? He would have tried to wave Djeeta down to see if she had a similar opinion, but since the stalls

had roofs that dissuaded much of the light from entering inside, it was kind of difficult to make out what the other side was doing.

Gran shook his head. **“I guess it doesn’t matter. Not like she’s going to sell more than me anyways.”** He didn’t think much of it, but wasn’t this an unusual thing to think in the end? It wasn’t as if the two siblings had agreed to watch the stalls with competition in mind. In fact, he hadn’t really been all that motivated in the first place, much less did he care enough to compete with Djeeta over sales.

Pondering this strange thought, there were actually more pressing matters that he should have taken notice of. Most of which, initially, were focused in, around, and on his head. In fact, two of them had quickly made themselves *extremely* apparent. Because these changes were featured upon his *ears*.

At first these changes were small, if not *unusual*. After all, ear cartilage wasn't supposed to be *furry*, was it? Yet fine white hairs had begun to sprout upon the outskirts of his ears, while a much more colorful pink began to spread within the inner ears. This all became clearer because the ears in question soon began to lengthen, tips growing rounder and thicker as they pointed up towards the roof of the stall. Even their positioning slid higher on Gran's head, until finally? He possessed a pair of long, white rabbit ears not unlike those he had mistook as decorations worn by the people of the village.

He tapped a bare finger against the stall counter. No one seemed to be coming just yet. "**Come on... If she gets a customer first...**" Then he'd be mad? Hadn't he just dismissed this notion of a competition between the two? Yet it had come up again, once again leaving the young man perplexed as the changes to his personage only worsened.

After all, at the base of those new rabbit ears of his, a change of color and style alike had begun to affect his tussled, brown hair. The brown all lightened until it was a dirty blonde instead, and the messy look of those locks ultimately flattened downwards. If his hair grew longer then it certainly hadn't been to an obvious extent, though the locks *did* curve around the sides of his chin and down the peak of his neck – bangs cast to the left while just barely avoiding dangling into his eyes.

Which, in its own right, was actually pretty remarkable. Because Gran's eyes? They weren't exactly what they had once been in terms of shape nor size. Bigger and brighter, they now sported lashes that were just a touch longer compared to their usual appearances, giving them a more girlish appearance. On the other hand? The browns of his irises had ignited a bright red. Which was actually *another* physical feature common of the people that lived on this isle. It just hadn't been *as* obvious as the ears.

Where Gran's eyes now appeared quite girlish, as did his haircut despite its short length, the rest of his facial features promptly gave into this trend as well. His face became much more circular on the whole, with lips that were upturned in slight and a nose that was fair with narrowed nostrils. Yet on the whole it wasn't *exceptionally* feminine. Perhaps androgynous at best, leaving it to the rest of his physical features to tell the story of his sex.

“Huh?” The captain shook his head a moment, a little confused by his own posture. He’d been leaning against the dango stall’s counter, but now he was actively being forced to alter that posture to remain in the position he’d been holding since he had arrived. His clothes also felt looser, and had his voice been a little higher there? Too much was happening for him to process all at once, and yet simultaneously he seemed to accept things that were different as quickly as he noticed them?

Because he was most certainly *shrinking*, and in the end he had shrunk down to roughly 4’10” with his baggy blue sweater and equally baggy brown pants even baggier than before. Those pants didn’t survive, ultimately falling to his ankles *along* with his boxers, but his sweater now basically dangled off him like a dress anyways. A dress that hid the other changes that were contained therein.

Such as, for example, how his waistline had pinched in ever so slightly, while hips flared out just a touch as well. These changes gave his body a discreetly feminine shape, but there remained a soft broadness to his tummy that highlighted his shorter stature well. Though things became *much* clearer in the ‘what the heck is happening’ department once nipples above grew erect, large, and rubbing against the underside of his hoodie? *Sensitive*.

“H-Huh!? Why do I feel so strange?” It wasn’t like he could leave *his* stall to figure it out! But the truth of the matter was that a pair of B-cup breasts had slowly begun to build themselves beneath the blue cloth of his outerwear. Because they weren’t excessive in size, they didn’t exactly *bounce about*, but they certainly jiggled with their newfound perkiness, appearing quite large against *her* otherwise small body.

And that pronoun wasn’t misplaced. Part of Gran’s strange feeling had come from a vacancy between her legs. One that could only be caused by something that was supposed to be there, well, *no longer being there*. Like a man’s dick and balls, for example. They had all dried up, leaving a pussy in its place between the short woman’s legs. And as if to celebrate the appearance of this changed sex? The thighs around it protruded splendidly, rubbing against each other idly even as she stood there.

Excess weight from those thighs brought the cheeks of her ass to grow as well, and with the paltry weight of her chest it was left fairly plain that she was an ass and thighs girl instead. Cheeks grew to almost twice the size of her bosom in mass, pushing out the back of her hoodie for but a brief moment. Brief only because a change in clothing seemed to be in order.

In the end, the woman was standing in the stall barefoot, adorned with yellow and white vertically stripes pants with white lace trim. Her soft belly was bare, and her upper half saw itself wrapped in an orange top with a white lace collar and unusual sleeves.

There was also the appearance of a tail at the base of her tailbone. But it was round and covered with soft, white fur. Like a rabbit's, of course.

“Wait, where is my...?” She had originally thought it odd that the weight wasn't upon her head, but *Ringo* promptly located and picked up a cap on the stall counter the moment her clothing had transformed otherwise, placing it on her head of blonde hair and in turn flattening Erune ears that strongly resembled those of a rabbit. Just like everyone else in this village, she was a Moon Rabbit-type Erune, and one that celebrated this Moon Rabbit Festival every year. It just so happened to coincide with the Year of the Rabbit on this occasion.



“I'm still not a fan of festivals, it's much too crowded...” She gazed inwardly towards the center of the festival. No one had come across her stall yet, but it was only a matter of time before people got hungry. And being someone who preferred to be alone, while also being someone who liked a paycheck? Well, *Ringo* had mixed feelings about running the stall in the first place. Her gaze settled across the street, arms crossed beneath her chest.

“Wonder if *she's* doing any better?”

“Hmhmhm!” There had been far less skepticism on the other side of the sea of stalls about watching over the dango stall, and that was naturally because it had been *Djeeta's* idea in the first place. She had never served dango before, true, but she was excited to learn. So she was dancing around the stall attempting to figure out as much as she could before her first customer.

That said, these stalls were off to the side from where most of the festival goers were collecting in the center of the festival grounds. Which was fine by her! They'd get hungry eventually, and hopefully she'd either learn how to serve it, or she'd be replaced by the actual owner. And with the moonlight shining towards her stall from its rising position past the



cliff? The latter scenario would certainly come true. Although maybe not in the way she had been anticipating it would.

“I guess the longer I’m here, the better chances I’ll sell more than him though...”

Djeeta had quickly fallen into the same trap that her brother had as her eyes began to reflect the light of the moon in a familiar crimson color, but *unlike* Gran it didn’t really strike her as weird at all. She had always been more than a little competitive with him, so it felt much more natural.

What *didn’t* feel natural, on the other hand?

“Huh? Did the stall get bigger, or am I going crazy?” She was *definitely* leaning towards the latter scenario, because it wasn’t like structures like the one she was in could just *get bigger* right? Maybe it was because she *still* hadn’t anything to eat? But on that note... Where had her hunger gone? *Didn’t I eat before opening the stall though?* ...Even though that wasn’t true.

Going back to her *statement*, though? The stall most certainly hadn’t gotten bigger, which only left one realistic (yet not all that realistic) explanation. If the room wasn’t bigger then Djeeta herself must have been smaller. Which was the truth in this case, for her body had been gradually decreasing in height until she was a mere 5’ tall. It left her dress loose, and yet it wasn’t in any harm of falling off since it was kept up by her shoulders.

And at the same time? While her body *was* smaller, she didn’t look any younger. If anything, she was just a shorter woman compared to moments before. Although she also *wasn’t* without any further changes to her figure. Her thighs, for one, actually seemed to thin a touch so that they weren’t as wide across, and her perky bottom? It ultimately compressed so that it was *still* perky, but it always wasn’t *as* perky.

But these were sacrifices that arguably paid off elsewhere, for Djeeta’s bosom? It made good use of the extra space afforded in her dress now that she was shorter. They jiggled as an additional layer of fat saw their round shapes expand, bloating these breasts up an additional cup size. If Ringo was an ass girl, well then whoever Djeeta was becoming? She was the opposite, though it was easily hidden by her clothing.

Her nose wrinkled. **“Why don’t I have any customers yet? I need to draw first blood.”** Evidently she had completely forgotten about how the stall looked bigger, and she hadn’t noticed her changed figure.

Rather, her red eyes stared off into the festival's distance while rounding in shape somewhat, yet lids also narrowed to give them an Asian look. Her lips were plumper and her cheeks rounder as well, to the point that she was no longer recognizable as her old self.

In fact, the remaining aspects of her identity as Djeeta were drying up just as quickly as her memories were. Streaks of bright blue shone midst her typically golden hair, the color inevitably overtaking it all as the dominant coloration. But this hair also grew longer and *fluffier*, cascading down to the center of her back in its new fullness. Bangs in the front crossed in the middle, and overall? Between her face and her hair, the woman really was quite pretty.

All that remained were changes to her ears that mirrored those Gran had been subjected to. The same white and pink fur grew from their cartilage, and they lifted up atop her head the same way as well. Stretching to about six inches in height, the right one found itself adorned with a golden clasp on the side.

As did the rest of her clothing change into a puffy, blue dress with golden lunar patterns on the skirt. Lace trim of red separated this dress into segments, while two matching scrunches bound long hair into tails. Cloth footwear found her feet, and she was evidently wearing bloomers under the skirt. Bloomers that *somewhat* disguised the fluffy bunny tail that had grown there.

Fingers grasped the handle of a long, wooden mallet in the corner of the dango stall. Had it always been there, or was it a new addition? From *Seiran's* perspective it had to be the latter, because there wasn't anywhere she *didn't* bring her mochi-making mallet. It was so intrinsically tied to her identity as a Moon Rabbit. A socially awkward Moon Rabbit that didn't really get along with her peers in their tribe of Erunes, but a Moon Rabbit, nonetheless.

With red eyes sharp, she could readily make out another pair of crimson optics staring at her from across the path. **“Ringo is sizing up my stall, is she? WELL I’M GOING TO SELL MORE THAN YOU, IDIOT!”** Awkward as she was, Seiran still leaned forward and threw out a fist to try and look intimidating. Even if it just looked *adorable* with how her rabbit ears flopped about.



Ringo and herself had been rivals since they were little girls, and as dango saleswomen that hadn't changed.

“WHO ARE YOU CALLING AN IDIOT, IDIOT!?! OF COURSE I’LL SELL MORE THAN YOU!” Came Ringo’s response from across the way. Their relationship was a funny one, because they were awkward with everyone but each other. It was to the point that some of their peers had more or less assumed that, eventually, the two of them would end up together in some sort of romantic capacity. If they ever worked through their rivalry and turned it into something *healthier*, that is.

Before they could yell at each other more, customers began to line up on both sides. Unfamiliar ones, too! They must have all been aboard that ship that had docked suddenly that day for repairs? Not that either Ringo nor Seiran minded. A customer was a customer!