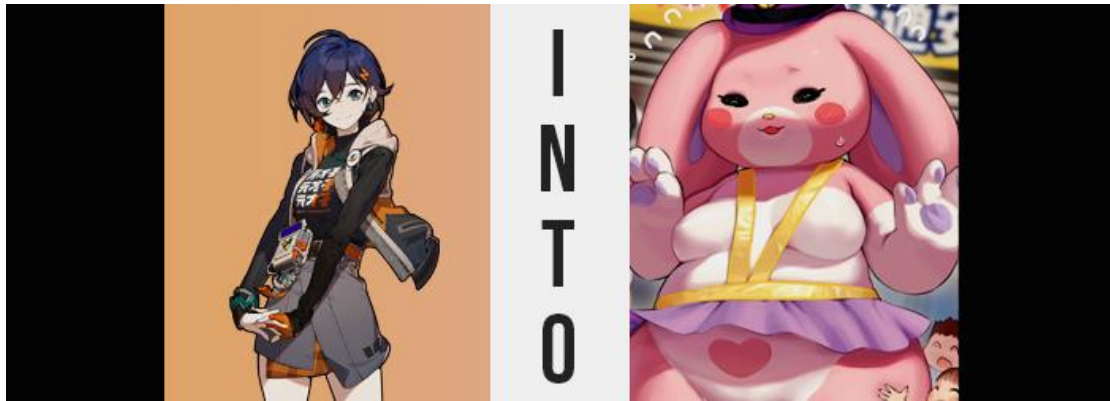


OFFICER BUNBUN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Uh... Jane? You said you had a job opportunity for me?”

Belle of the Proxy duo, Phaethon, pushed open a door within the main station of the New Eridu Public Security organization with a bit of hesitation. Knowns simply as NEPS or even PubSec for short depending on who you asked, the organization was essentially New Eridu’s primary law enforcement agency. They employed police officers, investigators and the like of course, all tasked with maintaining public order.

For that reason, it might have seemed a little strange for a member of *Phaethon* of all Proxies to willingly not only walk into the station, but head into one of the offices unprotected. Phaethon effectively operated *outside* of the law, and to your regular blue cap wearing officer, they *were* criminals that should be arrested. But *both* members of the group were *friends* with some high-ranking individuals in New Eridu that were aware of their identity.

The biggest of these fish was the *mayor*. They had entered something of a mutual contract with each other back when he’d needed help up in Failume Heights. He was aware of their identity, but he wasn’t why she could come and go so freely when it came to the police. Belle had friends *within* NEPS that knew of her secret. Zhu Yuan was one of the big names, but then there was also *Jane Doe* – the one that had invited her on this occasion in the first place.

Jane was something of an enigmatic individual, so much so that Belle had been surprised to learn that she *had* an office. She was a criminal behavior specialist that tended to work undercover with fake identities. She was so good at her job that she didn’t even know if ‘Jane Doe’ was



even her real name, and considering what that name meant in criminal terms, it likely wasn't. How did people not catch on that she was lying with a name like that!? It *was* a little on the nose.

“Is she not here yet? I mean I *am* a few minutes late, but I got held up at the front desk...” Jane had been as cryptic as always when she'd contacted the Proxy through the Interknot. It had just been a message about having a 'job' for her, claiming it involved 'clean money for a change'. Which meant it was *likely* an above-the-board job. Something official that NEPS would foot the bill for through the appropriate paperwork.

Which was *kind of* suspicious, the more Belle thought about it. If it was *that* 'clean', why not tell what it was over text? And since would they give *her* the responsibility to fulfill a position like that? She looked around the office, a little concerned about her absence. She eventually opened her phone to shoot her a text telling her that she'd arrived. It took a minute, but she *did* receive a reply.

> Sorry about that! I' ll be there in about five minutes! I left you a note though, just look around the floor! You' ll be *ready* the time I arrive with the *toys*!

“Well, *that's* cryptic. I'm assuming we're not about to play with LEGO...” Maybe the job really *was* more under-the-table than Jane had initially led on? 'Toys' might have just code for something related to the job. **“Why would she leave a note on the *floor*, though?”** Even for Jane, that was a little *strange*. But at the same time, it wasn't. It was also just as plausible that she was pretending to be quirky for her own amusement. She could easily imagine the rat Thiren laughing to herself as she walked down the hall!

It didn't take her long to find the note in question once she knew where *to* look for one. It was sitting under the chair behind the desk, which effectively *forced* her to move the chair to grab it. She vaguely saw something ticked *beneath* the desk but didn't think too much of it at first. At least not until she read the note aloud to herself. **“Belle. You're probably not going to like the sound of this idea, but HQ has been demoing a new mascot idea to work alongside Officer Mewmew. Have you ever worn a mascot suit before? I**

heard it can be fun! Regardless, before you answer me, try on what's under the desk...?"

Jane was right. She *didn't* like the sound of that. Wearing a hot mascot costume out on the street would have been *awful*, and wasn't she a little too *short*? **"Well, if all she's asking me to do is try something on..."** The woman crouched down and grabbed what had been under the desk. A pair of big pink *footwear* that resembled the feet of a giant rabbit? They reminded her of Officer Mewmew's feet in terms of texture. **"These are *definitely* too big for me..."** But that didn't stop her from dropping them back on the ground, removing her shoes, and slipping her socks and feet *into* them.

"Yeah. These are *way* too big for me. A shame! Guess this won't work out!" Well, she'd known from a glance that they wouldn't fit. It was a convenient out for a job she'd been planning on declining from the moment she'd heard what it was. **"They *are* pretty warm, though! Haha... Maybe a little *too* warm?"** And why did it feel like the material was pressing against the tops of her feet? They'd been so small at first that they didn't fill them out, but— **"AH!?"**

SQUEAK!

All things considered, the most reasonable solution would have been to bend over and pull them off. Being short and relatively fit, Belle didn't struggle much as she crouched down with the intention of just *pulling the feet off*. But she cried out when her hands sunk into the plush softness and a squeak sounded. She *had* been a little startled by it, but most of her surprise came from her contact *with* her foot. Despite it only being a piece of a costume? It felt warm, soft... and she could *feel* her hand squeezing it *through* her foot. **"Wh-What? Wait! Where's the gap!?"**

There *should* have been a gap around her ankle, right? Because they were *technically* shoes. But there was no gap, no seam, no *anything*. In fact, it looked like the boots were affixed *to* her ankles, even through her socks. Of course, the ankles *of* those boots were significantly thicker than her natural, human ankles... *at first*. The woman stared down with a confused glance *at* her socks though as what remained visible began to stretch and... *tore*.

"E-E-EH!?" Pink, fluffy plushness pushed through the tearing cloth and began to move *up* her lower legs like a plush wave, seeing them *triple* in girth as it *rapidly* approached her knees like some sort of messed up infection. ***SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!*** Still crouched, Belle grabbed at this swelling flesh in a panic. Each grab let out a squeak like a toy,

while to the touch it felt just as warm as her feet. She didn't *want* to get up, but the building weight made it difficult for her to remain as flexibly crouched as she had, and so she grabbed Jane's desk to help pull herself up.

It was only *then* it occurred to her that something *else* was off. The waves of rolling fat had crept into her knees and were beginning to work its way into her thighs, but she was briefly caught off-guard by how high her *eye level* was when she finally stood upright again. The desk beside her felt lower than she recalled, and it only got *farther* away as she felt her legs become all the heavier. She didn't dare attempt to lift one of her legs anyways, but...

“Wh-What is happening to *Officer Belle*!?” The sound of fabric continuously tearing came courtesy of the thigh high around her left leg. As the pink-furred, fatty flesh had moved up that leg, it had naturally split into ripped tatters as pieces fell to the ground below her. But it became a much faster and *louder* process when it came to the thigh. Whatever fat everything below her knees had gained? Her thighs *tripled* that heft, even squeaking *without* contact in a vaguely embarrassing fashion.

The pink fur that covered their jiggling forms wrapped around the sides and back, but it was a *white* fur that coated her warmer, suppler inner thighs. **“Stop, stop, stop!”** No amount of shouting slowed the phenomenon, which appeared to momentarily reach a roadblock: her hips were too narrow for the sheer mass that her thighs had put on. They were pressing against each other to the point that the fat was pooling out to the sides, but she *was* provided some relief when warmth spread up beneath her skirt and—

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

Briefly, it felt like her ass had been bloating with the same vigor that her thighs had. Her skirt was *definitely* lifting, and she could feel her panties flossing uncomfortably in between her ass cheeks. But it was bloating *too* much, and as the fur coated her hips? They *blew* out to the sides almost *three feet* – giving her a gait that was effectively *inhuman*. Those hips *tore* through her skirt, but what remained was torn courtesy of the weight that *already* existed in her thighs and ass. With the wider canvas, they compressed mass *bounced* out to the sides and back in a very cartoonish manner, effectively leaving her *naked* below the waist.

“Uh... Wait... Is *Officer Belle* exposed down there!?” Belle had *wanted* to get a look at her crotch to confirm her own nudity, and technically? She *wasn't*. While her crack was still exposed because of her

thin her new, pink fur was, the fur around her pussy had developed something of a *lip* that could be pulled back, covering her slit with only the slightest visible cameltoe. She was having difficulties *seeing* as much because her pelvis had protruded with a jiggle of its own, obscuring anything just under it.

Thus far, the transformation had been working itself *upwards*. “**Officer Bellebun must look ridiculous!**” The woman *had* noticed it. She had been referring to herself in the third person with a title that was... weird. She wasn’t an officer of *anything*, and why had she added the ‘bun’ to the end? Had she looked behind her, she might have noticed the big tuft of white fur that now concealed the bone of her new *rabbit tail* above an ass that would hardly even fit in both seats of Jane’s couch at once.

Either way, she *was* correct. Her lower half was pink, thick, and squishy. In a way it looked like she was wearing the lower half of a mascot costume... and might have been standing on stilts because she’d grown about six inches. But it was all flesh and blood (and fur), and the discrepancy between her upper and lower body was about to be evened out. Or... *bulged* out?

“**Urp!?**” At first, Belle almost wondered if she was getting gassy. She felt a warmth spread around her tummy, but she also felt incredibly *full* and *bloated*. “**W-Wait!?**” It didn’t take a *genius* to put together what *that* meant, especially not when she felt her shirt begin to tighten around her tummy. It lifted up a little at first, revealing white fur around a belly that pushed both forward *and* out to the sides to better fill into her excessively wide hips. This fat wrapped around to her back where pink fur grew, and— **SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! “STOP SQUEAKING!”**

Her cheeks burned red with a shameful embarrassment. She was getting *fat*, and not even just a *little* fat! Her gut gurgled, squeaked, and pushed out until it lipped over her swollen pelvis. It jiggled as it surged, her bellybutton soon filled in, and as things stretched? A patch of *pink* fur grew beneath where that bellybutton *had* been in the shape of a heart.

Tears welled up in the woman’s eyes. She was becoming some sort of big, chubby, *squeaky* freak! Not to mention she could tell that she was *still* growing taller as her belly expanded until it was roughly $\frac{3}{4}$ the width of her hips, with her reaching almost a *foot* out in front of her. There was *no* chance she could see past her tummy now. “**It’s so embarrassing for Officer Bellebun!**” But there was something else, too. A feeling that hadn’t been present before. She felt... somewhat *turned on!*?

Belle's breasts ached with a subtle *need*, but that was provoked by the furry swelling reaching up into her chest and shoulders. She must have been *over* six feet tall by this point, because her spine had lengthened as the weight had spread. Her shoulders widened too, as pink spread across them, but her breasts? It was the same white as her belly, wrapping around them and obscuring nipples that *doubled* in puffiness as the C-cups beneath them bounced into *G-cups* as if they were being inflated cartoonishly.

“Oopsie~!” Considering all of this fattening and widening, the woman's shirt hadn't been longed for this world. It practically *exploded* when her chest changed, fabric pieces falling and bouncing off her tummy, ass, and hips before hitting the ground. The only thing that *really* remained were her sleeves, but they clearly suffered *too* as the fat began to burgeon down them. About halfway down her upper arm, the fur that pushed through tearing fabric changed from pink to white, and it remained that color even as her elbows became thicker than her neck.

She was hyperventilating ever-so-slightly, which was *very* understandable. Stress aside, her body was *much* bigger, and it felt difficult bring in the amount of air she needed at her size. Of course, the sight of her hands *swelling* as the fat passed her wrists didn't help, especially not with her pinkies being absorbed *into* her hands as the remaining four effectively became thick, short sausages with purple pads under them – matching one bigger pad on either palm. She used these ‘paws’ to pull off what remained of her sleeves, because it was digging uncomfortably into her flesh. **“Is this ever going to STOOOOP!? HEEHEE!”**

Her eyes went wide in their current form one last time as her cheeks fattened and her head swelled into it was basically *five* times larger than it had been before. She had begun to rock back and forth in place, each step squeaking as her nose pushed forward and hardened into a light pink oval upon her new *snout* (which helped her breathe better, incidentally). Fat pooled under her chin, hanging until a thickened neck was basically hidden beneath jiggling white, whereas everything *around* the snout developed a familiar pink. Her chubby cheeks in particular darkened to vivid blush stickers, but she was blushing separately from that.

“Why is this happening to lil old mwEEEE! I'm too cute and fluffy for this!” By the time her front teeth had lengthened into buck teeth instead, she couldn't stop herself from speaking in such a *cutesy* manner. She wasn't some character on a kid's cartoon! ...Even though she probably *looked* like one. It only added to her embarrassment, which then stirred her loins *further*. Her eyes were forced into a by how heavy her face was overall, and that made her less responsive to the

sight of blue hair *falling* from her head. She was *bald* within seconds, but only if you didn't count the pink fur that replaced it.

Before long, her eyes were basically narrow, black beads that contributed to her cartoonish appearance, but considering the more animalistic traits of her body – her muzzle, paws, and tail – it still felt like she was missing *something*. Her big head felt a little *naked*, at least until *they* began to grow. Her ears not only crept higher on the sides of her head, but they grew long and floppy with the pink hear spreading across cartilage that became as thick as her *arms*. They hung part her shoulders and had purple lining inside of them. They *looked* like the ears of a rabbit plushie.

But then again, that was *exactly* what she looked like. A seven-foot-tall, vaguely sexy rabbit plushie. Except she wasn't full of wool or anything. She was living *and* breathing, and she was even dressed (barely) in an officer's cap with the NEPS logo, and a single skirt lifted high on her hips held up by a reflective yellow strap that wrapped around her basically nonexistent neck.

“Oh noes~! This is sooooo weird! Officer Bunbun is so cute and cuddly!” While the big, pink rabbit woman *looked* like a mascot unlike Officer Mewmew, *Officer Bunbun* was actually *organic*. Her soft and cuddly mascot body was 100% flesh and blood, from her plump belly to the nipples and pussy that her fur covered with *convenient* flaps. **“Noooo! Officer Bunbun wants to stop talking like this~! And Officer Bunbun isn't supposed to look like this!”**



She squeezed at her own body with her big paws, moving and wiggling around fat as each compression made her body *squeak* like a toy! Belle *wasn't* gone. She was technically still in control, but everything she said was being filtered so that it sounded energetic and cutesy, like you might expect a mascot *to* sound. It made her feel... embarrassed. And in turn that embarrassment made her feel... *aroused*.

Do I have a humiliation kink all of a sudden!? These were words that she could think but couldn't bring herself to *say*. Regardless, the

realization made her *panic*, and she ran towards the door clumsily with a squeak sounding with every step. **“I need to head to work!”** Wait, no! *I need to escape! I didn’t take this job! What am I doing!?* The rabbit *managed* to get the door open, but it was a job to get through. She was too wide to walk through it normally without her tummy getting caught, so she had to duck *and* shimmy sideways through.

“YAY! IT’S OFFICER BUNBUN!”

If it had been Bunbun’s plan to escape stealthily, it *immediately* went out the window. Several children ran to her like they had been *expecting* to see her. They jumped at her fat legs and hugged them, making her squeak as her cheeks reddened. *N-No! That isn’t a costume! It’s my actual body! This is so... so...* **“Aww! Heya kids! Officer Bunbun wuvs you too!”** She couldn’t stop herself from crouching down to give the kids a hug. It was *humiliating*, but that was only making her more... excited.

Fortunately for her, a familiar face came in with an assist from behind. **“Now kids, Officer Bunbun has a little meeting with me, so she’s busy. Run on now.”** Jane learned down towards the kids beside the bunny winking up at the ‘mascot’ before the kids dispersed with the noises of disappointment you’d expect. **“Now, Belle, why don’t you step back into my office?”** Bunbun caught that. Jane had used her old name!?

But why did it make her feel so... warm? No, it wasn’t just warmth. It was *definitely* arousal. It was somehow even more *embarrassing* to know that not only was she stuck in such a humiliating body, but someone *knew* who she was. **“Y-Yes Miss Jane!”** Perhaps a little *too obediently*, she saluted the Thiren and followed her into the office where Jane put down a bag on the desk. **“Did I do something wrong, Miss Jane~?”** *That’s not what I wanted to say!* She wanted to ask if she knew what was going in!

“Hm...” Rather than answer the question, Jane looked Bunbun up and down and licked her lips. **“You probably can’t say what you want to, can you, Belle?”** She watched the fat, fluffy mascot shudder at the sound of her own name again. **“Well, no one but you and I know who you used to be. You’re worried about what’s going on, but you also can’t stop yourself from going with the flow, right? Being in such an embarrassing form. Forced to talk that way. ...The squeaking. But you’re into it, aren’t you? After all, you’re looking a little moist around...”**

Jane approached her and grabbed at the mascot’s crotch. **“Here! But you know? I think you’re pretty hot in a weird way. How you**

look, how it *excites you*, and how you can get away with pleasing yourself in public while everyone else thinks it's completely normal!" *Huh!? I wouldn't do that... Would I? But... I am feeling pretty wound up...* Of course, Jane grabbing her *hadn't* helped. Neither had the squeak her body had made. The Thiren slipped back to the desk and reached into the bag, pulling out a light-up baton that was used for direction traffic. She tossed it at Bunbun.

And Officer Bunbun didn't think twice. She practically collapsed on to the couch of the office with another squeak and spread her legs. She *instantly* worked the baton against her pussy, eventually sliding it in with an embarrassed pant like she was a beast in heat. She felt so much shame, but she also felt like she was *used* to doing it publicly like Jane had said. **"Th-Thank you, Miss Jane! Relieving myself I-like this is super-duper necessary!"** *It isn't though! But... but... but... It feels so good! Am I going to end up liking this!?*

"Hmhm! I know, sweetie. We all do. But save some for me, I'm also feeling a little... frisky."

"Oh!" NO WAY!?