

FOREVER BUN

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



They say that beyond the stars lied an endless realm of possibilities.

Well, Kitty didn't need to fall back on the idea that this was some manner of fantasy; she knew full well that it was the truth. As a Scion of the Seventh Dawn, and as the Warrior of Light, she was one of the privileged few that had managed to take flight into the stars themselves upon the space vessel, Ragnarok. It was truly tragic that she had only done so under such pressing circumstances, that the fate of her very star had relied on it at the time. Even so, it was an experience that she wouldn't soon forget, even though she had temporarily been led to Tural for a short while.

There truly was a limitless potential out there. A limitless potential of the likes she had only been teased, for what she had seen was merely the shadows of civilizations ruined, led to their own demise whether through Meteion's meddling or not. But the Scholar recognized that there must have still been plenty of civilizations out there that continued to flourish, and that not every world was meant for such a terrible end. Her home star of Hydaelyn stood to represent as much, or at least she hoped.

But while traveling to the far reaches of the universe wasn't on the menu for the time being, Kitty was still able to venture beyond the star's atmosphere on a whim. She had attuned herself with several Aetheryte on Mare Lamentorum, otherwise known much more simply as the *moon*. It was here that the rabbit-like Loporrit made their homes in Bestway Burrows, helping work towards a better future for Hydaelyn.

Aside from the ruined seal where Zodiark had once been imprisoned and some alien monsters, there wasn't a whole lot to see in Mare Lamentorum aside from the Loporrits, however. Still, the Warrior of Light enjoyed their company. Not only were they cute, but they were all very knowledgeable and accommodating whenever she came to visit. With Tural's current issues in a temporary limbo, she had taken some time out of her schedule to go and visit them.



Because the Loporrit were quite fond of her too. So much so that they had attempted to keep her from leaving Bestway Burrows in the past.

“Oh no...” Kitty had only recalled that incident because, at present, she had been reminded of it a little *too* keenly. The Hyur woman had just awoken from a good night's sleep (if you could call it night when she was *on* the moon) and had gone to leave through the door of the room she had been borrowing. She was glad that the Loporrits had people-sized beds, seeing as the rabbit people themselves were less than half of even *her* size.

But how well she had been accommodated wasn't exactly the point here, especially when the current issue was that she couldn't *leave* those accommodations. **“Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself... It could just be a regular door malfunction.”** After showering, brushing her teeth, and getting dressed in the attached bathroom, the woman had gone to leave through the bedroom's only door. It opened with a sensor, and in the case that this failed, there was a keypad beside it to open things that way.

The fatal flaw with this system, evidently, was that there was no way to *manually* open it in the case that *both* of these systems had failed. **“Maybe there was just a power surge... or something? I'm sure one of the Loporrits will realize eventually...”** She was supposed to meet one of them for breakfast, so it likely wouldn't take *that* long. Or at least she hoped.

Even then, she was still a little *suspicious* about this. The door failure felt too targeted, and she was *pretty* sure she'd heard something moving about in the vents the night before. There was also the fact that the bunnies had been laying it on a little *thick* ever since she arrived the day before. *‘It would be a shame to see you leave!’*. *‘You should stick around forever this time!’*. Some of the Loporrit's might have liked her a little *too* much.

“**Hm...**” Kitty had opted to consider her options but wasn’t able to do so in peace for long before a high pitched whining noise caught her attention. It was so subtle that she wouldn’t even have noticed it if she hadn’t been standing there in total silence. It took her a moment to look upwards – directly at one of *several* vents in her room. “**What is making that noise?**” Was something wrong with the ventilation system?

She received a very *unfortunate* answer *as* she stared up at the vent. Things had initially *appeared* to be fine, but just as she was about to look down once more, a strange *fog* began to pour out of not only that vent, but all *three* of them in the room – endangering the visibility of the room. But was it fog, gas, or *something else*? Was it *dangerous*? “**That’s not good...**” That was all that the scholar had to say on the matter as she covered her nose and her mouth with her sleeve, even though she had accidentally already inhaled some of this odorless substance.

And so she was due for a firsthand experience of what its intended purpose was.

In what seemed to be a fortunate turn for the young woman, whatever had seeped in through the vents didn’t take long at all to disperse. The room’s visibility returned to normal within the minute, and so she deemed it safe enough to finally uncover her mouth and nose. “**Just what was that?**” She had a strong suspicion that maybe the Loporrits had been up to something again, but at the same time if they were trying to *imprison* her to prevent her leaving again... Well, that perhaps felt a little too cruel for a people that were otherwise very kind to her.

And while she was definitely correct to believe that they wouldn’t go *that* far, she was at least on the right track that the Loporrits were responsible for everything that had just happened. And the intentions behind them were far stranger than she could have ever possibly imagined. It all began with an incessant and agitating *itchiness* that seemed to focus on certain areas of her body early on.

At first? It was only the Hyur woman’s ears that experienced this overwhelming itchiness. She was liable to dismiss it as just a natural response to whatever had been in the air *at first*. At least until she felt what she could only really describe as a sharp *pull* or *stretch* upon either ear at roughly the same time. “**Huh?**” Anyone’s natural response to a feeling like that would have been to reach up and check, since you couldn’t really *look* at your ears.

“**Eep!?**” But Kitty couldn’t have predicted just what it was she found when she did reach up, not in a million years. Her fingers were gingerly

tracing the outskirts of a pair of ears that were higher on her head than they should have been. Well, that wasn't even the *only* issue. The stretching feeling hadn't been for naught either, and they seemed to not only be much longer, but the Hyur shape of their cartilage had been smoother away... and seemed to be coated in something *soft*. **“I-Is that fur?”** Yes. White on the outside of her ears and pink on the inside, her ears were continuing to shift so that they appear more and more like a *rabbit's* ears.

“What's... going on? Do I have Viera ears suddenly?” It certainly wasn't something she'd *brag* about, but as the Warrior of Light she'd had her form changed by enemies and allies alike numerous times over the course of her adventures. To have her form tampered with wasn't new, and there *was* a race of people on Etheirys with bunny ears called Viera. But in terms of animal features, they didn't really have anything more striking than that.

Which was exactly why the woman was forced to reassess her assumption not even a moment later. The itchy feeling focused on the sides of her cheeks now, from which point? She could vaguely observe two long *whiskers* growing on either side of her face. Viera didn't have whiskers... nor did they have flat, pink, triangular noses like her own was wrinkling to become in the center of her face. But she knew a race that *did*.

“Am I becomingth...!?” Issues had begun to compile at an alarming rate, and they seemed to be even affecting her ability to speak – albeit temporarily. She was lisping her words, confused by the sound but acutely aware of *why* that was. Her upper front two teeth had *grown*, pushing others away as they took more buck-toothed forms that were very intrusive within a mouth that, at first, remained shaped to the general form of a Hyur's mouth.

But that changed. Her flattened nose was pulled a little outwards, in turn reshaping the front of her face into a short snout that bore thinned, pink lips. It looked like the face of a *rabbit* almost, albeit a bald one. This wasn't helped by Kitty's eyes. **“This is so odd!”** Her vision blurred momentarily as their colors glazed over with a familiar bright blue. Her irises took up *much* more of her eye space now, and it was a good thing that this appeared to improve her vision too... because her glasses ended up falling off thanks to the change with her snout.

“This can't be happening!” Kitty had a pretty good idea of *what* was happening to her now, though it felt unbelievable in a way. Her voice had jumped a number of octaves to sound higher and cuter as hands patted down her own face. But she could see that her fingers, oddly, were becoming a little thicker while her fingernails seemed to thin and

sharpen into tiny, black claws. She was simultaneously overwhelmed by what felt like her form-fitting outfit becoming loose in specific areas – namely around her chest and pelvis.

There was a good reason for this. Namely that her mature curves were diminishing in a way that made her body look a *little* more androgynous. Take her bosom for example. Her breasts were being robbed of their weight, and as a result her skin tightened, and nipples shrunk upon shrinking mounds. They were hardly A-cups by the time it was done, just enough to demonstrate that she would *remain* a woman. While farther down on her body, her ass, thighs, and even her hips all compressed until they were essentially featureless themselves.

At the very least, Kitty had adjusted to the new Leporidae shape of her face. But she was now distracted by just how *widespread* the itchiness had become. It was basically present everywhere, from her face to her limbs, to even her loins. It wasn't very difficult to observe *why* that was, however. Whether on her face or hands, she could feel that something had begun to *emerge* from this itchiness. “**Fur now...?**”

A *very* soft and downy fur was growing from every facet of her body, colored the same as the fur on the backs of her ears. As it spread across her face, her cheeks became *significantly* rounder, and her eyebrows were essentially absorbed into its layering. Yet it *also* sprouted from her scalp, pushing out her hair follicles so that locks of blonde fell down onto the ground. Kitty almost *screamed* at the sight of that! Now furry hands explored the top of her head to find that there was fur there too.

“**Why is this happening to me...?**” It was all so disorienting, but she had also accepted it for what it was. She had no means of *stopping* it, after all. Which was why she only offering a small gasp as her height began to *plummet*, her body quickly absorbed into the folds of an outfit that was *excessively* large upon a body that was becoming not only short, but unusually proportioned. Her feet were small yet oddly flat, with legs that seemed too short for the rest of her body, especially when her arms were left longer. Her fur-covered tummy even rounded and protruded very slightly.

By the time she managed to wade her *three foot* tall body out of the clothing pile, her transformation was complete.

“**I'm... I'm a Loporrit...**” It certainly hadn't taken the fog clearing for the woman to become aware of this, seeing as it had been incredibly obvious to her even early on. Having stepped out of her old clothes, despite being *naked* in the traditional sense, her thick fur covered all of the parts of her body that *needed* to be covered anyways, while

preserving what was the bare minimum signs that her sex was at least still female.

That didn't provide her with any comfort though. **“Did they do this to me after all? Livingway and all the others!?”** Well, who *else* had anything to gain from turning a Hyur woman into a rabbit one? She doubted that any of her enemies would have gone to all the trouble, much less traveled to Mare Lamentorem to do so in the first place. **“Mark my words, if my tail isn't fluffy and my name isn't Hidingway!”**



Putting aside the fact that she'd referred to her fluffy tail like it was the most natural thing in the world for a moment, what was that name she had just used for herself? *Hidingway*? **“H-Hidingway? Like I always keep myself hidden? But my name is Hidingway! N-No? H-Hidingway...?”** As bold as her initial declaration had been, the Loporrit regressed back into her sheepish persona the moment she found herself incapable of uttering her old name.

It wasn't *just* her name, come to think of it. Being in Bestway Burrows brought her no shortage of comfort. It was almost *nostalgic*, as if she had spent her whole life living among the Loporrits – even though she knew for a fact that she hadn't. Her memories fortunately weren't in any danger of being erased, but her mind had still been forced into this envelope of 'I am a Loporrit!' whether she liked it or not. **“What am I to do...?”**

They must have done it behind the back of Livingway, their leader. If Hidingway could tell her what happened, then maybe she could help her return to normal! **“B-But to talk to Livingway alone, oh...”** With her fur and whiskers you couldn't really *see* it, but she was *blushing*. Livingway had always been Kitty's favorite among the Loporrits, but now that she had become one herself...

Could it be that those feelings had turned into a crush instead!?