

DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rukia Kuchiki had been living in the human world for some time now.

Well, in this case she was on a *returning* trip, having been assigned to keep an eye on Ichigo Kurosaki and his friends after the incident with Aizen Sousuke had unfolded the way it had. Admittedly? While she'd been against it during her first *involuntary* stay, back when Ichigo had accidentally stolen her Shinigami powers from her, she had been happy to return a second time.

Renji might have smirked at the thought when she'd mentioned it to him in a rare moment of weakness, but she actually *liked* living in the human realm, even though she didn't *technically* belong. She liked attending Karakura High School as a fake transfer student, and she enjoyed living such a relaxed, mundane lifestyle. Maybe more than anything, though? She enjoyed the *company*.

Being around kids her own 'age', even though she was technically much older on paper as a Shinigami, was *refreshing* in a sense. It made her feel like she'd finally been given the childhood she would never have had otherwise. Those were feelings that she *definitely* wasn't going to dive into involuntarily, however.

"Hm? Oh. Thanks..." During that month after Aizen had gone missing? She'd returned to the life she'd led while using her Gigai. She'd been going to school as always, and that meant she had daily encounters with friends like Orihime Inoue. That girl was always fretting over basically everyone, be it Ichigo or Rukia herself. On this occasion? She had skipped over to Rukia when the lunch bell rang and give her a lunchbox.

...Which was a *little* bit alarming. Orihime was notorious for her very *peculiar* tastes. *Literally*. She was always exploring new flavors, mixing things that no ordinary human would ever *dare* to put together. Peanut butter on fried fish? She'd not only eaten it, but she *liked* it. Mushrooms wrapped in cotton candy? Another of her unusual creations that she seemingly had been a big fan of. Basically? This all meant that the contents of the box the ginger-haired girl had given her made it a 'mystery box' of the highest degree.

Orihime had been quick to skip off in pursuit of who she assumed to be *Ichigo* with another lunchbox in hand – poor bastard – leaving Rukia alone in the class with the rest of her peers. **“I swear, she’s more like a mother than a friend sometimes...”** While whatever was in the box would *likely* be scary, Rukia still smirked to herself with amusement. She couldn't complain about someone caring about her enough to make her lunch.

...She'd find another use for it if it wasn't inedible.



“...Huh?” Rukia opened the lunchbox just like *any* normal person would, and yet what happened in that instant left her befuddled. Almost as if someone had flipped a switch, the busy scene of her classroom at lunchtime had been replaced by the same classroom, empty, with the light of the setting sun filtering in through the windows. **“What just happened?”** It took her a moment to realize that she was no longer in her Gigai, either. She sat in the open, Shinigami robes and all.

She looked around, and then down at the lunchbox she'd just opened. It was still *there*, but the contents of the box were gone. Someone had eaten them? Had she somehow *skipped forward in time* until after classes for the day had ended? While she couldn't explain *how*, that explanation at least made sense. But the fact that she wasn't in her Gigai, and that Gigai was nowhere to be seen, raised questions. **“Did I just forget about half of my day? I guess that would explain it...”**

Although it would have been concerning for different reasons if that *had* been the case. It wasn't, though. The light of the setting sun was the *only* light filtering into the room, so her surroundings weren't as illuminated as they typically were. There were some differences in the furniture and setup. It all looked newer. And the date in the corner of the chalkboard was *many* years in the future. At least *twenty*.

All of these were signs that Rukia missed, but only because something else commanded her attention. **"I guess I should meet okaa-san at the gate, she— Eh? Like my mom?"** For a normal girl of her age, it wouldn't really have been *that* strange of a thing to say. But Rukia was no normal girl. She was technically a spirit without parents. She had no mother to meet, especially *not* a human one. So, where had that thought come from? And why had she begun to idly pack up the lunchbox when she had *other* things to worry about?

A buzzing in what she thought was *her* desk pushed Rukia to pull a small, orange smartphone out from inside of it. **"Huh? Why does this phone look so...?"** She was used to things like flip phones, but it was more like a small tablet. It also *opened* on its own, responding to a face ID that she didn't realize it was even installed. But if it wasn't *her* phone, then why did the face ID even work? Well...

It wouldn't have been so strange if her face matched the biometric data stored *within* that phone, would it? Not that the Shinigami would have had the foggiest idea of what that *meant*, coming from what must have been the *past* based on the phone model she was holding. **"...Why am I staring at my phone like I've never seen it before?"** Her voice, somehow, sounded *lighter* as she posed a question that left her even more confused than before. Was it *her* phone or not?

Either way, regarding the biometric scanner on her phone... it was true that it was picking up accurate data that confirmed she *was* the correct owner of the cellular device. The stipulation to make that true, however, was that Rukia's face *itself* was conforming to the biometric data and not the other way around. While she was physically in her mid to late teens despite how long she had lived as a Shinigami, it was becoming increasingly clear that this face had begun to seem a little... *younger*?

What actually made this the clearest was the general *shape* of her face. It was already rather round, but it became rounder still as the curvature of her face widened a little. It was a facial shape that was strangely reminiscent of the face of the girl that had given her that lunchbox in the first place, but it simultaneously was *different* too. Her chin was much sharper in design than the rest of her face, almost as if someone else's DNA had been mixed into her genetic code along with the code of... *Orihime*?

“This isn’t... I’m supposed to be... U-Uh?” Rukia was confused for several reasons. Why was her phone working? Was it *not* supposed to work? Why wasn’t she certain about things she *should* have been certain about? A confused expression was cutely plastered across a face that now had thinner lips, a smaller nose, and *much* bigger eyes. Eyes that slowly brightened in color until they were a reddish orange. **“E-Eh!?”** She had *wanted* to play with her phone deep down (rather than figure out why it confused her), but her screen was getting hard to see...?

The phone was gently put down on the dark, with the girl handling it incapable of seeing that the fingers she had used to place it there didn’t look how they should have either. They were a little smaller and thinner, with a beauty mark on the back of her right hand that absolutely *hadn’t* been there before. But what was actually more apparent than the hands themselves were the *nails* on her fingers. She wasn’t the type to care about looking ‘pretty’ at all normally, but her nails were longer, manicured, and painted a reddish orange.

Rukia might have had an easier time noticing if what had caused her to cry out hadn’t been her vision becoming *extremely* blurry. She couldn’t even really make out the shapes of anything in front of her anymore! As a kneejerk reaction, she used both of her hands to rub at her eyes to see if that would clear anything up. It *wasn’t*, of course, but only because she wasn’t experiencing some kind of dizzy spell. The cause of this dizziness was much more fundamental. **“Where did I put my glasses?”** Her vision was just *innately* worse.

She placed a hand inside of *her* desk and felt around inside of it with the familiarity of someone who *knew* what to expect inside. Eventually, her manicured fingers wrapped around what she was looking for and she pulled out a pair of glasses with big, circular frames that she pushed up onto her nose and hooked around a pair of ears that seemed to be a little *bigger* than they had before. They fit perfectly on her changed face; a face that made her look more like a *twelve year old* than a girl in her teens.

“That’s better!” With her vision corrected, you might have expected her to begin noticing her changes a little clearer. But unfortunately? If she hadn’t even questioned why she needed glasses all of a sudden in the first place, she was already in the throes of being a lost cause. Case in point? She didn’t even think about the tickling sensation against her neck, one that came courtesy of her shoulder length hairstyle inching just past her shoulders... while the qualities, including the *color* of that hair.

There had already been a clear familiarity in her face. Rukia already looked uncannily similar to Orihime for reasons that weren't easily understood. She had kept her friend in her mind. Every time she looked down at the lunchbox? She thought of her. But that perception was slowly twisted. At some point, her feelings towards her began to skew away from friendship and towards something more intimate than even the affection between a pair of lovers. She began to see Orihime as a *mother* instead.

This was the truth of what was happening to her, and why the color that her hair inherited was a dark *orange* that was slightly darker than her 'mother's'. It bore the same glossiness as her new moms, and while puffy in the front? The back was pulled into a pair of braided pigtails with yellow ribbons binding them. Whatever was changing her body could seemingly *also* change her clothing.

“W-Woah!” The fact that she had become younger came paired with the prediction that she would get *smaller* too. And yet? There were two things working against this prediction. The fact that Rukia was *already* short at 4'9" was part of it, and so her confusing slipped out due to her balance shifting courtesy of her height *increasing* instead. She didn't appear to register her gains of just over three inches, bringing her up to 5' *tall*. Because girls grew more than boys in the earliest stages of puberty, this wasn't *that* surprising.

Besides, the other part of it was that she had not only Orihime's good genetics, but her father was *Ichigo*. Even so, it was the former's genetics that led to her younger body actually becoming *bigger*. The front of her Shinigami uniform pushed slightly more forward than it did normally. Rukia's bust had been small, but now? It had still seemingly grown two bra sizes. That didn't make them *huge* by any means, but considering her mother's figure... she expected by the time she was fifteen they'd probably be *huge*!

Unfortunately, while her bust had started growing in rather early, her thighs and butt hadn't. She was still pretty thin in those areas, but she was pretty sure her panties had been getting a little tighter recently? That meant that she probably *was* beginning to grow there, right? Not that she cared or anything... She was just tired of the boys staring at her mom. Why not stare at *her*!?

She hardly had the time to recover from the imbalance before she was no longer burdened by vaguely ill-fitted attire. Her robes tightened were reshaped as if both their designs and colors were malleable. Before long? She was dressed in a reddish-pink cardigan over a white button-up shirt and blue tie. She had pleated, plaid skirt, shin-high socks, and brown shoes as well. Not to mention her underwear, well... She'd only

recently started testing out more *mature* styles! She was even accessorized with a thin choker and a pair of studded earrings!

“What time is— Uwah!? Band club went *way* later than I thought it would!” *Reika Kurosaki* picked up her phone with her smaller hands and double checked the time, before grabbing her things and beginning to stuff them under her bag in the process. Books went first, and then the box that had contained the *delicious* meal of rice and chocolate syrup that her mother had made her for lunch! ...Well, like mother like daughter when it came to tastes, apparently.



She was the *youngest* child of Ichigo and Orihime, born a year after her older brother. While she was in the building that her mom and dad had gone to high school in? About five years ago, Karakura had erected a new high school, while the old one was repurposed as a middle school. Considering she was only *twelve*, this checked out. **“Okaa-san is definitely waiting at the gate!”** In fact, she could see her from the classroom window.

And so? Reika grabbed her stuff and ran out the door. While she was still a young girl, she was very *nimble*. Was it a side effect from her past life? No, she’d just inherited Ichigo’s powers just like her brother had. She knew all about spirits, how to deal with them, and about how her parents had fallen in love. But she had yet to receive any *formal* training. Apparently, her mom planned on bestowing her hairpin unto her when she turned thirteen.

She hadn’t heard the story of why that hairpin was important yet,
however.

After a brisk walk down the stairs and a skip out the front door of the building, Reika found herself pushing past the gate to see her forty year old mother smiling at her. **“Sorry kaa-san! Club went on way longer than we were supposed to! Then I had to clean up...”** The only reason Orihime made the trip every day was because she was a momma’s girl. Else her brother could have gotten her instead. **“Lunch was really good too! It’s a shame dad always seems to insist on cooking dinner for some reason...”**

Anyone who knew her mother’s cooking that *didn’t* have Reika’s equally unique palette understood *exactly* why that was the case.

Especially when the Kurosakis had company over.

