

A BURNICE SPECIAL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“As I thought, this really isn’t my scene...”

As a point against me, however, there weren’t many places that I could consider *being* my scene in the first place. I was an introvert that didn’t much like going out at all. If given the chance, I would always choose to remain inside and hang out with friends *online* rather than choosing to spend time with people that actually lived *near* me. It was a strategy that *definitely* worked most of the time. I was pretty good at saying no, and so I didn’t really *have* to go out all that often.

But there would inevitably times that I caved. If I wanted to keep my real life friendships at least moderately healthy then there were times that I would have to oblige *despite* my reservations. And *that* was why I had ended up at a *bar* on that Friday night against my better judgment. My best friend hadn’t given me much of a choice, but she had a pretty *overpowering* personality in the first place. Introverts and extroverts *could* mix, but it wasn’t always a pretty ordeal... for the introvert, anyways.

I had followed after her as we passed through the front door and got a table, but I was immediately overwhelmed by the sights and sounds that reminded me why I didn’t like going to bars in the first place. The atmosphere was just *not* my vibe, beginning with how *crowded* things were. If we were going to go to the bar, I should have insisted we go on a quieter day of the week like Monday or Tuesday, not *Friday*.

She’d had a specific reason to go on Friday, however. This bar had been chosen in particular because one of her friends worked there, and that friend had organized a video game themed night. I was at least

interested in playing some games, but I definitely *hadn't* been interested in just how crowded the building was. **“All of these people aren't here *for the game night*, I'm guessing?”** I quietly asked my friend, who was still leading the way.

“Duh! Normal bar things are still happening! She rented some rooms in the back, though. That's where she's set the games up!” It did bring me *some* relief to hear that we wouldn't be in the main part of the building for this event, but I still didn't have the foggiest idea *how many* people would be turning up. **“You can relax a little. Once you get into one of the rooms, you won't have to come out until we leave!”** And my friend was fortunately kind enough to consider my reservations enough to reassure me.

It didn't take much longer for us to come across one of those rooms. Bars as big as this one tended to have private spaces for parties and events, and that was seemingly what her friend had rented out. Three rooms side by side, each one only a little bit bigger than a karaoke booth. **“I'm gonna go find Suzie, so you can just wait in here for now!”** After checking one of the doors, my friend ushered me into the attached room before skipping off, closing the door behind her.

“Uh...?” When the door finally shut and the noise from outside of the room subsided, I wasn't even afforded a sigh of relief. There wasn't anyone else in the room, but it also wasn't *quiet*. A PC had been hooked up to a 32 inch monitor on a table in the back of the room. It was *probably* what the games were going to be played on once everyone was settled, but for now?

BURNICE! BURNICE! BURNICE!

Whoever had set things up must have had a soft spot for Hoyoverse's newest game, *Zenless Zone Zero*. The demo video for the most recent character at the time, Burnice White, was playing while blasting the related silly song through the speakers. It was a song that had very quickly rose to infamy online for reasons that were both good and bad. Some loved the silly, upbeat song, while others found it to be cringe and annoying. Of course, the funny little dance that the character did on screen throughout contributed to these polarizing opinions.

I could see both sides of it, but I'd say I leaned more into liking it than hating it. It was entertaining and catchy, but it definitely wasn't something I would want to watch or listen to on repeat all day, every day. **“Oh no, it's repeating.”** It was a level of acceptance for the song that had me dryly pointing out the obvious as the video began to loop. I had originally assumed it was on a playlist of *all* the character demos.

But it turned out that someone just *really* liked Burnice's demo specifically.

The computer *was* right there, and no one else was in the room. I could have just as easily turned it off if it was going to annoy me. But it hadn't yet. I didn't want to get in trouble, and what if someone else came in and caught me doing it? "**I'll just leave it for now...**" That was probably the safest course of action. I was nodding my head along to the beat anyways. No, it wasn't *just* nodding my head. I was also tapping one of my feet?

Was I getting into it?

"**Uh...**" Well, the song *was* mildly catchy. I couldn't really deny that. But even the catchiest songs didn't really make me move to the beat at all. That just wasn't the kind of person I was. I *definitely* wouldn't have moved my body to a song in a potentially public place, too. There wasn't anyone in the room with me, but that feeling of anxiety deep within posed the constant question of 'what if someone walked in at any given time and saw me doing something'. That was how deeply my social anxiety was ingrained.

I mustered all of my willpower to stop these rhythmic motions. It appeared to work at first, and I really did consider taking that moment to walk over and turn off the computer. But then a thought struck me. One that was wrong on so many levels. *Why would I turn off my favorite song? It's about me, after all!* "**About me? Unless my name is Burnice White, that just isn't true.**" Little did I know that I was foreshadowing my own fate with *those* words.

Tap, tap, tap, tap.

"***Burnice, Burnice, Burnice...!* ACK!?**" Not only did the tapping of my foot resume the very moment I stopped concentrating, but I found myself *whispering the lyrics* too. I caught myself, but the *ACK* wasn't actually a verbal response to what I was saying. It was a cry of discomfort in response to a physical phenomenon that took me by surprise. It felt like I had been punched in the gut... *sort of*. I could feel the force, but none of the pain I would expect. I staggered back several steps from the 'impact' before I realized I hadn't actually been hit.

But the sensation of my jeans and belt slipping off my waist was equally confusing. "**What... just happened?**" I looked down, a little dazed from the phenomenon I had just experienced. It took me a moment to piece it together – that something I was so used to being on my body was now gone. Namely? My *weight*. My bulging stomach and man chest had all *evaporated*, leaving a 3XL shirt to hang off of me like a robe. The

weight loss was in my face and lower body too, which was why my pants had fallen off.

My face immediately turned red. “**What if someone suddenly walked in and saw me with my pants down!? Well... That’d just be a normal Friday night after work, right~?**” That would *what!*? Why could I vividly picture stripping *for* someone? A man? A woman? No, there were different but similar memories with different people. “**Am I sick? Did I come down with something?**” Was this just a new, *very* potent strain of COVID that made you drop a *ton* of weight and... *height!*?

“**WHA!?**” A shrill cry escaped my lips as I was then possessed by what I could best liken to the sensation of falling. It took me a second to realize: *Hey, my feetsies are still planted on the ground!* So, the cause of this feeling had to be something else. My body was compressing downwards. I was *shrinking*, all the while beginning to appear much more youthful as I did so. While I was normally almost six feet tall, my shirt ended up reaching past my knees by the time the losses came to their conclusion. Rendering me roughly 5’3”, while I looked like I was once again in my *early twenties*.

But that didn’t line up! My height peaked in the middle of my teens! I hadn’t been that short in that age range, had I? *Well, I’m a pretty average height for a woman, aren’t I? Never really thought about it too much...* While trying to draw on memories of my early twenties, *those* thoughts ended up coming to mind instead. *Come to think of it, how could I even be older than I am now? Weird!* Considering those thoughts, though, didn’t one thing stand out more than the rest?

“**Am I a woman?**” No, I definitely wasn’t! But why did I *sound* like one, then? *My voice was so high and bubbly! It was kinda cute!* If I’d thought to check, I probably could have considered my own reflection at the time too. Already more youthful in appearance, it gradually gained a mixture of femininity, sexiness, and cuteness. My thin lips pursed with a glossy plumpness, my nose shrank, my cheeks rounded, and my eyes grew rounder between lengthened lashes. I was *very* pretty, and the crimson that possessed my irises only added to that.

I clicked a smaller tongue between renewed, healthier teeth. There was an oddly bitter taste in the back of my mouth all of a sudden. One that reminded me of energy drinks. *Well yeah! I just downed a whole can of my fav!* I could vaguely remember doing that, yeah! I suddenly blew air up from my lips to my bangs. My hair was bothering me a little, probably because my short, dark locks were changing now. They paled in color to a sandy blonde as it all became longer and fuller. It was messy by the time it reached past my shoulders, *but I loved it messy!*

“EEP!? Is now *really* the time for this!?” A familiar tingling between my legs surprised me enough to make me squeak and rub my thighs together, though my brain *kind of* misinterpreted what had just happened. I thought I was getting a little, y’know? *Frisky*? But I’d actually just undergone a sex change! My little man and the balls beneath it had just kind of gone *POOF*, leaving a needy slit beneath a bush of sandy blonde pubes that I kept *nice and trim*! If there was anything wrong with that, then well! *I* didn’t really see it that way!

The act of rubbing my thighs together in the first place was becoming a little... *smoother*? Even though it was also a little more laborious at the same time. The culprits were *my thighs themselves*! Now stripped of any body hair, they were swelling with fat now that my sex had been changed. The shorts of my boxers clenched around skin that burgeoned well beyond capacity, prompting one of my smaller, thinner hands to reach down there and rub for a moment. **“Ouch!”** Though I withdrew when a lengthened, red fingernail dug a little too far into that taut, thick flesh.

For some reason? Despite the growing malfunction of what I was wearing, I felt the need to crouch down as the song playing in the background reached the ‘dance’ section of its melody. Without thinking, I began to shake my ass towards the table behind me, and in the process? That ass swelled larger and larger too. Those cheeks jiggle as sweat rolled down them and my thighs, and in a flash of light? My oversized shirt ended up tucked into new clothing for my lower body. Tight, red shorts beneath a frilled, black and red skirt of leather. Bound by a gold spiked belt and above matching leather thigh highs and boots.

This all occurred over a short few seconds of ass-shaking before I hopped back up again and wordlessly, yet *excitedly* performed a different move! I bonked my hands together in fists several times and then threw my arms out to the sides. I wiggled my hips and knees sillily like it was the most natural thing in the world upon feet that were smaller and cuter now! ***And it was!***

Something just as weird as gaining huge, jiggling butt cheeks and thighs happened as I pulled off *this* move though! Above a cute, thinned, and *toned* waistline, my flat chest was – whoopsie! – not so flat anymore! My shirt being tucked in just made it more obvious that my own chest was *ballooning* into a round and perky bosom, with my erect nipples pushing against the underside of my shirt as those *F-cups* bounced around with my dance moves.

There was another flash of light, this time over my head and torso as the song entered a brief lull before the lyrics kicked in again. And when it

faded? My hair was set up in *super cute* twin tails thanks to thick, golden clips that read FIRE. I didn't have an oversize shirt tucked into my belt and skirt anymore. I wore a black crop that that only really covered the front of my tits, and their bounciness confirmed that I was *not* wearing a bra! The bounciness was part of the fun! Just like my open, studded, black leather jacket with red flames was! It was all part of my sexy biker girl aesthetic!

And I was *wild* about it!

“Burn it, Burnice! Burn it, Burnice! Gonna watch it burn~!” Heehee! I couldn't really help myself anymore? How *could* I? They were *totally* blasting my song, so even if I was alone in the room, I might as well sing – and dance – along, right? I'd been dancing so much that my darned thighs had gotten all sweaty. I could feel the droplets sliding across my skin and seeping into my tights, but that was kind of normal for me! There were few shifts that *didn't* end up in singing and dancing. Life's way more fun when it's a party! That was the *Burnice White* way!



Shift, though? **“Oh! Why aren't I at the counter? Why am I cooped up in the event room anyhow!?”** It suddenly occurred to me! I was totally on the clock! My friend, Suzie, had gotten me a gig here as a bartender a while ago. I was *awesome* at mixing drinks, and I really needed the funds to help take care of my bike. It was probably Suzie who had set that computer up in the first place, though. **“Geez! Is she trying to get me in trouble?”**

I couldn't even *imagine* ever being afraid of crowds! I didn't even bat an eyelash as I slipped out the door and into the crowded bar. **“Hey Burnice!”** One dude called out to me. **“How's it going, Burnice?”** Another woman asked as we bumped hips, and my big tits jiggled from the impact. I had no problems rubbing up against others while making my way over to the bar. My workstation! The light of my life! And where I found a can of my fav energy drink, Nitro-fuel! I guzzled that up in a heartbeat!

Or maybe it was more like, after guzzling it, my heartbeat started running at a mile a minute?

Eh, oh well! It was *probs* fine!

“**Alright! Who’s ready to party!**” I exclaimed with an upwards thrust of my fist, met with the raucous applause of the big crowd in the bar. Whew! I was gonna have to pour a *lot* of drinks tonight! But once we were caught up? You could *bet* I was gonna hit the dancefloor again! I didn’t care *how* sticky and sweaty I got. It was the Burnice special!

I loved being the life of the party, and no one was gonna stop me!