

SHORT & BOSSY

BIG STORY #38

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rachel Alucard was *annoyed*, which honestly wasn't that rare of a mood to witness.

The all-powerful vampire essentially lived alone in the Alucard manor aside from her loyal servants, and she certainly wasn't the type to get involved with others unnecessarily. She was curt, haughty, and oftentimes *rude*. Why would she *not* be? There were few that had the power to stand up to her, even though there were certainly plenty that *tried*. So, what had upset her on this fair evening? Was it a simple mistake on the part of one of her servants, or perhaps a transgression from an outsider?

It was the *latter*. Ragna the Bloodedge and Noel Vermillion. The two of them had suffered an unfortunate encounter with Terumi, and out of the *kindness* of her heart, Rachel had allowed the two of them to take shelter in her mansion for the night. Rachel often squabbled with Ragna – it *amused* her in a way. But things had taken a stranger turn than normal. Ragna hadn't *appreciated* her hospitality and had lashed out.

“You’re always acting so high and mighty! Wish someone’d treat you the way you treat us someday!”

At the height of all of his bitching, those words had left his mouth. The words alone were enough to get under her skin. **“What ungrateful...!?”** But something *else* had happened at the time. Ragna's body had released a strange amount of seithr. So little that he probably hadn't noticed it himself, but Rachel's body had absorbed it unintentionally. Now? She had returned to her room, feeling rather unwell as a result.



“And *why* in the *world* is it making me so tired? A little bit of seithr absorption shouldn’t cause any ill effects... Assuming that its behind this fatigue.” She’d never heard of anything like that happening, so Rachel had dismissed any worries as unnecessary. Her fatigue must have simply been the result of Ragna getting her so riled up! What an ungrateful child! “I should have just left him to Terumi if he was going to act like that.”

If he brought it up again, she’d likely just say that she had only saved them for Noel’s sake at this point. The poor girl had been stuck in the middle of their argument, left to only watch on helplessly as the two with bigger voices had bickered back and forth. “Well, if I’m to rest then I suppose I should freshen up.” Rachel would dress down into her nightgown, but not before loosening her hair in the mirror.

Though, once she peered into the mirror... “Hm? What’s this?” Slender fingers reached up to tug at one of her bangs. The color was *off*. It was... *brown*? No, it must have been a trick of the light, right? She would have assumed as much if not for *another* strand darkening to the same shade before her very eyes. Her crimson eyes went wide. No, perhaps that wasn’t entirely correct? Not the part about her eyes going wide, though.

The part about her eyes being *crimson*.

“What in the *world*!?” If the vampire had been a cruder person, she absolutely would have uttered an expletive at the sights that had now cursed her vision – in some ways that curse was literal, too. Speckles of a murky pink had splotched themselves amidst her red and were seemingly *multiplying*, inevitably merging together until her eyes were completely of that shade. But it was a little *worse* than that. Little by little, her eyelids pinched inward in the corners, while the line of her double eyelids merged until they were monolids. She appeared... *Asian*!?

Is this a side effect of the seithr? No, why would that alter my race? But there was nothing else she could really think of that could transform a vampire in the first place. The dark brown strands she had caught in her

hair originally had replaced the *entirety* of the hair upon her head while her eyes had distracted her, but that wasn't *all*. Her twintails had unraveled and the tips had been cut into choppy layers that fanned out past her hips. In a way? They almost resembled *bandages*.

Why had she sent all of her servants away for the night? Gii and Nago had been left in Valkenhayn's care so that she could get a good night's rest; she hadn't expected something *this* dire to occur. "*I-I need to try and... M-My powers!? M-My voice? M-MY CONFIDENCE!?*" Numerous things dawned on the girl in quick succession. Her voice was much softer suddenly, and there was a stutter that accompanied its now quivering sound. She had thought to try and wield her power to undo what had already been done... but she couldn't muster anything!

She felt... *scared*? A feeling she hadn't felt in an incredibly long time, if *ever*. It was conveyed upon quivering lips that, as they quivered, thickened until they were supple. In fact, this was part of a broader change that continued to repurpose her appearance into that of a *Japanese* teenager. She certainly *looked* a little older. Her enlarged nose and narrowed cheeks made her look slightly more mature. But she also didn't even look like the same *person* from the shoulders up any longer.

"*Wh-Why is this happening!?*" Rachel Alucard was on the verge of tears, of all people. Her powers were gone. She felt hopeless. She was *becoming* hopeless. The vague points of her ears were rounding, and her vampiric fangs shortened into something much more human. She couldn't linger anymore! She needed to find someone who could stop this! But... "*UWAAAAAAH!*" The girl stumbled when she attempted to take a *single* step.

It wasn't the result of her own clumsiness, though her balance was at fault. After catching herself, it took the ex-vampire only a moment to identify the problem. "*I-I'm growing!?*" Whether it was her limbs or her torso, they were all *extending* so that her more childish body didn't look all *that* childish any longer. She usually stood at a meager 4'9", but as she outgrew her dress – and stumbled as she kicked off boots that were now too tiny for her enlarged feet, she grew up to 5'4". But because she'd also *broadened*? The sleeves had torn from her shoulders, and the top few clasps of her petticoat had been forced open as well.

Rachel still couldn't quite comprehend what was happening to her. She'd become a nervous, *human* mess because of that seith... seething...? *Wh-What was it called again?* She'd forgotten? No, she didn't *understand*. The vast knowledge she'd possessed had dried up, leaving only knowledge of, of all things, *nursing*? Not that this knowledge did her any good when it came to the increasing discomfort that her once form-fitted dress allowed.

The limited space afforded within the folds of her outfit became compromised as she now *swelled*. It was predominantly isolated in some key areas like her chest. Cursed to have an eternally small bosom, that curse was undone and their mass *exploded*, tearing the button up she wore beneath the petticoat so that a pair of bouncy *D-cup* tits could spill out. Similarly? Her ass fattened and her thighs thickened, prompting her hips to widen so that those thighs could *continue* to rub against each other sensually between her legs.

A disorienting flash finalized her fate. It had been accompanied by what felt like a strong wind – two bursts of it, in fact. The first stripped her down into her birthday suit, but the next? It instantaneously outfitted her with a pleated blue skirt and pink top underneath a white medical apron. She wore light pink socks and white shoes now, but her right leg and left arm were also wrapped tightly with bandages. “**A-Am I injured...?**” She could answer her own question.

She now had vivid memories of falling and hurting herself.

Over and over and over and over and over and over again.

“**I-I need to get help! I need to— WAH!?**” In a feat that no *normal* person could have ever *possibly* hoped to accomplish, *Mikan Tsumiki* tripped over her own two legs the *second* she went to run through the bedroom door for help, and instead landing flat on her face with her skirt flipped to show off her panties. It was humiliating! “**Ow...**” This was all wrong. She *knew* it was all wrong, because deep down she could *remember* being Rachel Alucard. But now, despite being taller, she was much weaker.



And *far* more pathetic. It took her a moment to even stand up again because her hands slipped, and she fell back down *twice* in the process. The bandages she was wearing *really* weren't helping but seeing as she'd become so prone to hurting herself, she could tell that they were necessary. “**H-How will I even convince anyone that I'm Mikan...?**” She mumbled to herself as she finally managed to leave the room.

Not even realizing that she had referred to herself with her *new* name.

SLAM!



“Who does that brat think she is!?” Ragna the Bloodedge threw the door of the room he’d been lent for the night closed with a loud slam, evidently not at all concerned about the level of noise it would cause – even though Noel had been assigned the room beside him. Well, it wasn’t like *she’d* make any complaints. Who would she even complain *to*? He doubted that she knew where Rachel’s room was.

Not that any of that really mattered. Rachel Alucard was very *efficient* when it came to

getting under his skin. He’d felt all the more irritable that night for some reason, though. Maybe it was because Terumi had almost kicked his ass, and he’d needed rescuing... *again*. Well, yeah, that was *exactly* why he was so agitate. **“Whatever. I’ll just catch some shut eye, and she’ll send us back tomorrow.”** All he could really do was sleep, so he set out for the bed. **“Woah!? What the hell!?”**

Or at least he *would* have if he wasn’t somehow *floating*.

Which would have been fine if he had the ability to control it. Very *weird*, but tolerable. He couldn’t though. **“Let me down! What the fuck!?”** Was it one of Rachel’s abilities affecting him? It would have been very *like* her to fuck with him in such a roundabout way if she was in a bad mood – which he could only assume she *definitely* was considering how their previous interaction had gone.

But what happened next challenged his assumption that it was all the work of his vampire friend-slash-nemesis. After all, he couldn’t fathom her ever possessing the power to *compress* him. Or that was how he saw it, anyways. **“The hell’s happening to me now!?”** Ragna’s position *hadn’t* lifted in the air, so his feet should have remained the singular inch off the ground. If there wasn’t something *else* happening.

But his feet were now two inches off the ground. No, three? *Four*? One of his boots slipped off and hit the ground beneath him, then the other. Alarming, but not worth panicking over. A dropping of his *pants*, on the other hand? **“HEY!?”** Fortunately, his coat was big enough to hide his cock so that it didn’t flash the world. But... should it have been big

enough to hide it? His feet had to be almost a *foot* off the ground by this point.

Catching sight of his bare feet and legs was enough to make the man understand what was happening to him though. “**I’m goddamn shrinking!?**” A sharp crack in his voice certainly hadn’t reassured him that things were going to get *better*. But he was right. His body’s stature and mass had been *substantially* reduced. Not only had he shrunk down to what must have been 4’9” – a height that rivaled Rachel’s – but all of that dense muscle that he’d developed while training had eroded entirely. His frame reminded him more of when he was a young boy.

And yet? There was an inconsistency if that was supposed to be the case. His face didn’t look any younger. That didn’t mean that it didn’t look any *different*, but it certainly wasn’t changing in a way that made him look like a teenager nor a child. Still, there was an encroaching softness to be found. “**Ugh! This is so annoying!**”, he squeaked. “**E-Eh? What’s up with my voice now? It sounds like it belongs to some bitch!**” Ragna wasn’t usually this *profane*, but he somehow felt even *angrier* than he normally did despite his voice sounding so *high* and *feminine*.

His comment hadn’t exactly been all that off the mark, though. *That* was what his facial structure had begun to resemble; that of a *woman*. Even as he bitched the way he did, his lips were swelling into a cute little pout, and his chiseled jawline was rounding. The man’s gaze narrowed, while his irises *expanded* in size, and both swirled with a green that began to resemble a vaguely apparent *aura* that emanated from his body. A wriggling of a shrunken nose signaled the end, leaving him the face of a woman that was soft, but might have actually been *older* than what he’d been before *despite* how small he’d become. Around *thirty*?

“**Wait. Am I actually supposed to sound like this? I’m not a woman!**” As had been the case with Rachel’s transformation, once Ragna’s was far enough along, he began to have issues keeping his thoughts and feelings straight. He was adjusting to his transformed body, and things that were clearly wrong began to feel *right*. He didn’t even spare a thought for his *hair*, for example. Not even as the spikes drooped and curled upward at the ends, giving him a messy looking bob that eventually lit up with the same emerald green as his effeminate – and now unmistakably Asian – eyes.

This had all been leading into one transformation in particular, and *she* caught it immediately. “**Shit!?**” Ragna hissed as she subconsciously but deliberately lowered her position in the air. Her cock and balls had just *retracted* back into her crotch, pushing her floating posture to buckle while the surrounding area *swelled*. Her knees both ended up pointing

inwards because her hips were pulled out several inches at the sides, and this gesture was seemingly akin to opening a *dam*. But, instead of water? *Fat* spilled down into her thighs and ass, seeing to it that the skin around them tightened so that it was taut and rosy around thighs that easily surpassed her narrow waist in girth. Despite her height, her ass cheeks had swollen into an ampler peach shape too.

Where the woman *didn't* gain much weight was her chest. “**Tch.**” Ragna seemingly understood what was happening now, but rather than be upset about her sex and identity change? She was far more annoyed by just how little her *chest* pushed out. The weight that pooled beneath her nipples grew into small mounds, and yet not much ampler than that.

The fact that they were so small was then *highlighted* by her clothes. Two gusts of winds accompanied a flash. One swept away her old attire, while the second dressed her in a simple, long-sleeved, black gown that hugged her lacking torso tightly while being split at the sides to show off her thicker thighs. She was also now wearing black heels, even though she had no intention of lowering herself with her *esper powers* to need to set them on the floor.

“**What the hell is going on here?**” While her short, feminine body was *much* different than the body she had possessed before? It didn't really seem like *Tatsumaki's* personality had really changed all that much. She was floating there with a familiarly grumpy expression on her face, while tiny hands pinched at her hips and cupped her breasts in disbelief. She had no memories of this Tatsumaki person's life, but she'd thoroughly inherited her powers and demeanor. “**Ugh.**”



“**Tatsumaki. Tatsumaki! TATSUMAKI! How the hell am I going to explain what happened?**” She'd had it in her to recite her name aloud, because she had a hunch it would cause problems. She was *right*. Not only was she uttering her *new* name, but it also felt like her old one was getting more and more distant in the back of her mind. That would pose a problem. But what could she do?

Groan and throw the door open with her telekinesis before storming out, apparently.



“That was certainly... a lot...” Of the three, Noel Vermillion was perhaps the only one who returned to the room she’d be sleeping in *without* being pissed off. It wasn’t really that surprising. Noel was difficult to anger in the first place, and she had been through a *lot* lately. She was more *tired* than anything. It wasn’t like she hadn’t seen Ragna and Rachel argue *before*.

But something also felt *weird*. Ever since she had learned that

she was Mu-12, she had become more acutely aware of things like seithr – but also wasn’t able to properly identify when she was sensing it. But ever since the three of them had parted ways? **“I still feel kind of odd...”** She’d absorbed some of the seithr that Ragna had emitted when he’d made his ‘wish’ too.

And so, she was also due for a *role change*.

“Brr...” Unlike the other two, Noel had been struck with a strange chill before anything else occurred. It strangely affected the color of her *skin*. Her pale complexion gradually developed a *hue* that shouldn’t have been possible on a living, breathing person. Because that hue was a *very* pale blue. It almost made her look *sickly*, though this wasn’t exactly the case. She was still as healthy as could be and was perhaps even healthier... *in a sense*. **“H-Huh!? *THE FUCK!?* I can’t see!”**

The young woman was never one to curse, much less yell no matter how upset she was. But her agitation had just bubbled up from the depths with such an intensity that she couldn’t keep it capped. To be fair, the phenomenon that had caused her to lash out in the first place was the sort you *would* probably lash out against if you could. She’d felt something akin to a static shock in her *eyeballs*, and then everything had suddenly gone *dark*.

Noel *naturally* couldn’t see what was happening to those eyes, and she wouldn’t have been able to unless she’d had a mirror nearby even *if* her vision had been functional. Her eyes looked strange just in *general*. Her irises? Their blues were diluted into a yellowish green, while her white scleras were dyed *pink* of all colors. The shapes of her eyelids became rounder, but what was more curious was the blue skin *around* them.

Lines were etched around the outer corners – suggesting she'd had some sort of *operation*.

“Fuck. There we go!” Her vision didn't finally return until that process was completed, and when it did? It was *weird*. It felt more like she was looking through a pair of cameras than a pair of biological eyes, and there was a glossier appearance to them that suggest the same. These *cyberoptics* were the products of another world, but so were the pink *light tattoos* that were etched both over her neck and collarbone, as well as around her right thigh in a band that read PK DICK.

With her vision restored, Noel finally began to *notice* things. The weird color of her skin, and her eyes were picking up... things? It was as if she had a computer HUB built into her own gaze. That was impossible! But, for some reason, she could place a name to these augments. She adjusted to them quickly, and ultimately hardly even batted an eyelash as the strands of her blonde hair lightened to a neon blue and shortened until it was just past her shoulders. **“Okay, so something fucked is goin' on here. There a badge in town? I bet I look like a real Bennie.”**

The mental assimilation had taken to Noel's mind extremely quickly. Not only was she finding it unnecessary to question things like how high her voice had become (it was more like she just didn't *care*), but the *way* she was speaking was becoming littered with the streetslang of another world entirely. She seemed to like hearing herself talk all of a sudden, and she continued to prattle on while her face rounded, her nose shrank, and her lips filled in with the slightest touch of collagen to make them more abundant.

“Should I try and stop it? So, what if I'm Chipped now? Gotta take a Chilled approach.” Did *she* even know what she was saying, though? Seemingly so. Expressing herself verbally had become far more important than addressing how her skirt felt a little looser. The swell of her cheeks had lessened slightly, but she hadn't solely suffered a deficit. It was almost like that mass from her ass had instead been pushed into her *thighs*. They puffed out slightly, but even then? The PK DICK light tattoo just adjusted its alignment without stretching.

From there? Everything went *down*. **“Shit. Of course I'd get fuckin' shorter!”** *This* was something that the woman didn't feel interested in ignoring, evidently. The idea of being *smaller* didn't appeal to her, but she was powerless to stop the inches from slipping off her frame. Her skirt nor her top slipped off since her hips remained wide and her small bust went unaltered. Still, the crop top's base ended up reaching down to cover her skirt once she slipped all the way down to 4'8". She was just

as small and feisty as the mansion's host. Or as small and feisty as the host *had* been.

She was disrobed and reclothed in the same fashion as the other two, though she wasn't really left wearing *much*. A navy blue set of tight lingerie beneath an oversized, dark blue cargo jacket with a raised collar. It was unzipped down to the woman's bellybutton to show off her tits, and everything below her thighs was bare except for a pair of matching boots. A dual clipped hairband then lifted her vibrantly colored hair into pigtails.

"I don't really get what happened, but I better check on my chooms and stat!" Contrary to Mikan and Tatsumaki, *Rebecca* didn't really seem to care all that much about what had happened to her. She became a short spitfire with cyber tech installed in her body? Big whoop! She'd never felt adrenaline like what she was feeling at that moment before in her life. It felt *good*, like she was on top of the world! **"Feels more like a gift than anythin'!"** Her old name? She didn't care a single iota if she forgot it!



What had happened in the end was fairly obvious. Ragna's wish had triggered changes in the three of them that gave them reversed perspectives. Rachel had become a sheepish, clumsy girl that was easy to bully – like how she perceived others – while Ragna and Noel had become a couple of short, bossy ladies, like Rachel had been. Was there a way to return to normal? Could they remember who they'd been before long enough to find a way?

As Rebecca stormed out into the hall, she couldn't have cared less! She bumped into Tatsumaki, who was floating over a crying Mikan while complaining about this and that. **"Sup chooms? This place got free eats or what? I'm starving!"** Honestly? At the end of the day? Rebecca clearly had other problems on her mind. She felt like she hadn't had a thing to eat in *forever*!

...An attitude that was *not* going to help things!