

BANANA BRAINROT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Bananana, bananana~!”

“**Urk... I’m doing it again.**” The Trailblazer, whose went by Stelle these days, was having a fairly eventful day by this point. Maybe it wasn’t all *that* strange for her to be having an experience like that. After all, being a member of the Astral Express crew seemed to *attract* trouble. And sometimes that trouble wasn’t quite something she could even really *comprehend*.

Take her current circumstances, for example. The crew of the Astral Express had received a sudden invitation to involve themselves with Paperfold University. It was a school in the dream world of Penacony that was known far and wide across the galaxy. In part because of how renowned it was, but in equal parts because the galaxy’s diva, Robin, had attended it once upon a time.

Apparently they were having a school festival of sorts and had seen it fit to invite the crew to attend in varied capacities. Stelle, Dan Heng, and March 7th would all be given guest student status. Since Stelle had never *attended* a school before, she saw it as a good opportunity to get a sense of what that life might have been like. Being a sentient Stellaron with amnesia meant that there really *was* so much that she had to experience.

What had happened on the way *back* to Penacony from the Xianzhou Alliance had taken the prospective guest student off guard, however. She must have slipped into a dreamscape while sleeping in her dream pool in the hotel, because she’d been pulled into an unusual variation of the Penacony streets populated by monkeys singing a song. A very *catchy*

song about bananas that she hadn't been able to get out of her head ever since, try as she might.



Things had seemingly been dire at the time. Stelle had been suspicious of the intentions of the monkeys, though she didn't really know what their *angle* was. Did they want her to stay and play or something? She'd probably have an answer someday, but at the time she'd been saved by a rather bombastic ninja with pink hair. She didn't even know that ninjas were *real*! She'd just seen them in things like video games, anime, and manga.

“I should probably stop getting distracted and singing. I need to find the others for now.” She felt a little *weird*, but all this woman could really do was shrug it off now that she had arrived at Paperfold University within the dream world.

Ideally, she would have found herself with Dan Heng and March immediately after falling asleep in the pool. But things didn't always go as they were supposed to within the dreams, or so she had learned through her many experiences at this point.

Stelle was immediately struck with the realization that she didn't know *where* to go once she'd gotten through the school gates, though. **“I wish they'd met me out front...”** The campus was pretty. As expected of a location in Penacony, it was bright and colorful. But that also made it hard for her to figure out where she was going since there were so many landmarks to keep track of. **“I guess if I just follow the path then I'll reach the festival grounds eventually, but...”**

That logic only followed so long as there were no branches in the brick pathway. Which there was a few feet ahead. **“Oh, wait.”** Fortunately for her, there was a sign pointing to the left path that was labeled ‘this way to the festival’. Stelle really didn't have any reason to question it, even though it seemed to trail *away* from all of the bright lights and loud noises towards, as she eventually found herself, one of the school's dorms.

There was no one around and the path had come to an end. She was just surrounded by closed doors that presumably led into student housing.

“This... isn’t right. Did someone point the sign in the wrong direction? Did I get pranked?” Well, with a school full of students there was *bound* to be a few pranksters out there. Stelle just didn’t know better to avoid walking right into it. **“On the bright side, that rules out this path. So the other one *must* be the correct one.”** All she had to do was walk back to where the path had split.

It was odd though. Even though she wasn’t where the festival was being held, she hadn’t seen a single soul since she had set her way down that path. Had no one else fallen for it? Were no other students coming and going to these dorms in the first place? It didn’t look like a new or unfinished building, but she also couldn’t be certain without looking inside. **“This is the dreamscape. Do they even have unfinished buildings?”** Acheron *had* damaged that sign that had taken time to repair, so maybe things *could* just be unfinished.

Still, it was almost like someone had *wanted* her all alone. Stelle herself didn’t realize it, that in that dream she had come under the influence of a memetic virus. Which was why she had kept singing that song, and even now she was still humming it under her breath. Rappa had shaken her out of it at the time, but it hadn’t been removed. And someone wanted her in a place where it could much more easily take effect without any disturbances like passing onlookers. This section of the university’s campus had been vacated under the headmaster’s orders for that reason.

“Bananana, bananana~!” Rather than immediately doubling back like she *probably* should have; the melody of the monkeys’ song left her lips again. **“I guess I should probably get going...”** What was she doing letting herself get so distracted? She’d had the good sense to prevent this distraction from worsening... but something *else* immediately drew her attention away from what should have been her main goal: *leaving*. **“Wait, why are my clothes so— Eh!?”**

With no visual indication that nothing had changed, Stelle had been struck with both the sensation that her feet were bare on the cobblestone path, and that her outfit had suddenly become *extremely* tight. The reasons for this were strikingly apparent when she looked down... and a pair of prescription-free, round glasses almost slid off her nose. **“What am I wearing!?”**

Her usual outfit had seemingly disappeared, leaving her in a short sleeved, white dress shirt underneath a green vest along with a short, blue, pleated skirt. The issue was that *none* of it was sized for her build! She could feel undersized panties digging into her unmentionable areas, and while she wasn’t wearing a bra anymore? The shirt and vest were lifted up high enough that they only *just* covered her breasts. Her legs

and feet were bare, but there was also the glasses and the red ribbons now tying her hair into two bunches to contend with.

“I-I guess this is the dreamscape, so this *could* be possible...”

But why had it happened to *her*!? Nothing had affected her body in the past that she hadn’t consented to, but maybe because her clothes weren’t technically part of her body...? This logic was *already* flawed, namely because it wasn’t *just* her clothes that had changed thus far. Her golden eyes had *already* darkened to red behind the fake lenses of the glasses she hadn’t thought to take off.

While strands of *blonde* had likewise begun to appear amidst her head of hair. This new, brighter color slowly replaced the iconic silver of the Trailblazer’s mane, jumping from one strand to the next until not only the hair of her scalp, but also her brows and pubes were painted with the very same light blonde. Yet in all cases? The hair was likewise *restyled* too. When it came to the hair atop her head, the red ribbons maintained the two bunches on the sides as it shortened into a messy chin length with her bangs criss-crossing and some messy strands poking out from the center top of her head. Her brows became thinner, while her dyed pubes? Oddly enough, they shortened until they were no longer even *there*. Was she perfectly shaven, or was it something else?

It was the latter, though the reason for it wasn’t something that could be confirmed right at that exact moment. Still, there were an increasingly number of signs suggestive of the answer. **“I feel kind of *weird*...”** That sharp voice crack was one of them as Stelle moved on from her clothes to vaguely focus on her body. It had been a *very* high pitched squeak, like her voice had gone back to before puberty for a moment. Though this wasn’t even the *most* substantial indicator at the time.

The woman was staring downwards at her own chest, watching once unfamiliar clothes seemingly release their overtly tight grip over her pronounced, D-cup chest. **“Were my *boobs* always this *huge*!? ...Ah!?”** The Trailblazer appeared to at least realize that she’d just said something wrong on her own. Why was she marveling at how big her tits were like she expected them to be smaller? Why had she cried out about them in such an immature way? *Wait...* Why were they getting *smaller*?

It *finally* occurred to the woman that the loosening of her attire wasn’t actually due to the fit of the clothing itself shifting so much as it was the size... of her breasts themselves. It was as if her ‘mistake’ in expecting her breasts to be small was becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy. All of the weight was leaving her bosom beneath the tiny top and vest, allow those clothes to become less and less restrictive as their base reached down to the peak of her bellybutton instead of reaching all of the way up to her

chest instead. Before long? They had shrunk into what was *barely* a pair of *A-cups* that showed little more than a promise of what one day might be. Unfortunately, because the woman was still so tall, this didn't help the upper wear fit *entirely*.

“My *big butt* too!” Evidently, Stelle's attention span had been degrading rapidly. She didn't even comment on how small her tits had become (because she'd imagined them to be that small in the first place), and she was instead fixating on how the back of her skirt was slowly lowering behind her. She'd more or less caught on as to *why*: her cheeks were compressing closer to the arch of her back, ultimately giving her an ass that fit familiarly *flat*. Her panties were no longer digging into her, so that was good! But this was in equal parts because her hips had narrowed substantially, and her thighs had been drained so that there was hardly any weight to them at all.

The woman lost interest in her booty the moment it had fully compressed. **“Why was I looking at my butt, anyways?”** Not only could she no longer remember, but the voice cracks from before becoming her consistent pitch went equally unnoticed. The memetic virus had done enough damage to her mind that she couldn't really process her own transformation properly anymore, and that carried over to—

“Wha!?” She cried out with surprise as, of all things, her point of view suddenly slipped. Stelle was relatively tall for a woman of her perceived age, standing at around 5'8"... or at least she *had*. But the slippage came courtesy of her tall and now *overly* thin body *shrinking*. Not only did her limbs rapidly unwind, allowing the fit of the school uniform she had been 'blessed' with to gradually confirm to her silhouette in a way that was fitting and comfortable, but even her head, hands, and feet all became softer, much more petite, and pointedly *youthful*.

Her red eyes blinked a multitude of times in quick succession once the sensation stopped. **“Wh-What just happened?”** Well, she had shrunk all of the way down to 4'4" while also becoming imbued with the gift of *youth*. Maybe *too* much, because from thinned lips to brighter eyes, she looked *way* younger. She wasn't even a preteen, and at most could only be *eleven* years old or so. But with how round her face's shape had become, and how narrow her eyes were despite being brighter, could she even call herself *Stelle* anymore?

No, a different name came to mind.

The memetic virus' intended purpose was to turn everyone that was infected into simple minded monkeys. Yet Stelle had only regressed into a blonde haired child? That was the farthest thing from an actual

monkey, at least at first. But she didn't remain immune to *any* of a monkey's attributes. The girl herself paid no mind to it, but the edges of her ears were becoming a little *warm*. That warmth was courtesy of a brown fur that sprouted from them, seemingly pulling their shapes out into rounder circles with pink fuzz in the middle. Until she had a pair of cute monkey ears.

And Stelle *hadn't* noticed with how poorly her new uniform had fit at first, but there had been a hole cut in the skirt just beneath her waistband. The purpose of that hole was next revealed, for from her flat tailbone a small bulge began to push outwards. The same brown fur that lined her ears wrapped around it, and *continued* to wrap around it as the bone within elongated further and further, becoming flexible enough to even latch onto things by the time this five foot long *monkey's tail* had fully extended.

The memetic virus had completely taken hold, having transformed Stelle completely in body, mind, and even outfit into a monkey. Except... things hadn't quite panned out as they were supposed to for the one spreading the virus in the first place? It was supposed to fully transform its victims into actual monkeys that couldn't communicate with humans, their words transformed into mere 'banas'.



But *Andira* was still perfectly capable of holding a normal human conversation. Namely because she wasn't all that much of a monkey in the first place aside from her ears and tail! **"Oh no! If I stick around the dorms for too long, I'm gonna be late to meet up with the others!"** And as she now suddenly recalled, she had planned on meeting up with Dan Heng and March 7th from the Astral Express!

The eleven year old took off as quickly as her bare feet could carry her, utterly unaware of the fate that had befallen her. Because Stelle was a Stellaron in truth, that property of her existence had interfered with the memetic virus and drawn on a 'monkey' from another world. ...Though she'd believed she'd always lived in this one. She was a young student from Penacony that attended Paperfold University despite her young age!

Had she been admitted because she was a genius? Well, *no*. She wasn't particularly bright, but apparently the headmaster had something he liked about monkeys and so she'd gotten in on formal invitation. Andira was also an honorary Nameless too, but she'd been taking a break from the Express to work on her studies! Even her body in the dream bath had changed to reflect her new identity.

Unlike before, the child knew *exactly* where she was going as people dodged out of her path. She was quick on her feet, her monkey tail bouncing around behind her, and before long? She found herself on the event grounds, panting in front of Dan Heng, March 7th, and... a *ninja*.
“S-*Sorry!* I guess time got away from me! Hehe...”

After Dan Heng and March exchanged a look, March practically tackle glomped Andira. **“It’s no big deal! How could we even be mad at you, Andira? You’re such a cute patootie after all!”** She’d fallen to her knees and was rubbing her cheek against the monkey girl’s. Dan Heng just laughed awkwardly to himself and looked off to the side. But the strangely dressed *ninja*? She was glaring at the child with concern.

“What happened to you? Is this the work of Cosmic Ninjutsu!?”

“...*E-Eh?*”

It seemed like the memetic virus’ effects hadn’t been *perfect*.