

JIANGSHI OF YUNKUI

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“Wh-Why are we doing a test of courage now, anyways? It’s October!”

To hear Alice Thymefield vent about the antics that the online group, Spook Shack, that she was apart of, wasn’t actually *that* uncommon. While she *was* an enthusiastic member of the group, which true to its name was keen on investigating paranormal rumors that surfaced around the Yunkui Summit, she wasn’t much of an enthusiast *when* it came to actually pursuing them. She was actually *very* easily spooked.

Something that her best friend and fellow Spook Shack member, Yuzuha, was always very quick to take advantage of. That night in particular was a very good example of it. Halloween *was* quickly approaching of course, so Yuzuha had been planning a number of fun little events for everyone to participate in. Still, a ‘Halloween test of courage’ wasn’t *really* a thing. **“Did she enjoy our summer vacation *that* much?”**

The pathway that the young woman walked down – *alone* – was completely devoid of any light. That was to be expected considering she was *underground*, navigating an old, unused drainage system beneath Yunkui Summit that Yuzuha had found. Apparently there were legends of *zombie* sightings down below, making it the perfect place for a test of courage because, well, zombies *really* weren’t real.

Depending on your definition, perhaps Ethereals were similar though?

“And what was the point of assigning partners if mine was just going to run off...?” Yuzuha had made them draw lots, and the two



had ended up paired together. The test of courage's goal was simple: go through the entrance and come out the exit on the other side. It was only about a ten-minute walk, but Alice had been counting on Yuzuha's knowledge to help... and her presence to help keep her calm. But there she was, entirely on edge instead. Her poor bunny ears were pinned completely against the top of her head.

“She better not be trying to— UWAAAAAAH!?” Well, those ears had shot straight up now. The timing couldn't have been worse. She'd rounded the next corner, only to find a pair of golden eyes glaring at her from the shadows. She tried to remind herself that it *couldn't* be anything dangerous and was likely a prop that Yuzuha had set up

for this very purpose. But that didn't stop her from jumping back and colliding with the tunnel wall. **“Ow...”** It stunned her briefly, just long enough for something to fall from above and... stick to her forehead?

“Eh!?”

It was too dark for her to tell *exactly* what it was, but from what her hands could grab? It felt like a long slip of paper? It was stuck to her forehead but wouldn't rip or tear. She couldn't make out that it was yellow, or that Chinese text was scrawled against the front in *blood* either. **“Why won't this come off...!? Wait, what about the— Oh...”** Alice had remembered the glowing eyes that had startled her in the first place, but they were gone. They had undoubtedly been props that Yuzuha had set up to startle the test of courage takers.

“But this piece of paper still won't come off. Ugh...” The young woman groaned fairly regularly, but there was something about that one that almost sounded *eerie*. Like there was a creaking sound subtly bubbling up beneath her usual pitch. At the time? She simply wrote it off – utterly unaware that the talisman on her forehead was beginning to have some adverse, and honestly very *bizarre* effects on her body.

The bunny ears that were usually pinned close to her scalp were... opening? Unfolding until they were completely straight, at least until they began to inch ever-so-slightly down the sides of her head. Their cartilage narrowed as they slipped, but their fur was also shaved away so

that they were the same color as the rest of her skin. Before long? They sat where a *non-Thiren's* ears were, shaped more like the pointy ears that could be found on some of the other peoples of New Eridu. Even her bunny tail had just *disappeared*. **“Why does my head feel so... groggy? It's not a headache, but...?”** Wait. Why did her voice sound like *that*?

It was becoming hard for her to think straight, so Alice might not have even noticed if it hadn't transitioned *mid-sentence*. It became deep, and there was a *very* vague trace of a Chinese accent? Even if it had been bright down in the abandoned waterway, she would have been incapable of noticing that her face's shape had slowly been shifting. Her nostrils widened as her nose's bridge shortened, above a pair of lips that ended up *flatter*, yet thicker.

Little by little it became clear that she had begun to appear *slightly* older. Perhaps closer to the age of *thirty*, but that was more of a secondary adjustment. Because those changes were also suggestive of something else, that her *race* was changing too. Her eyelids pinched in and became monolid instead of their usual hooded states, making her look Asian. *Chinese*. Her heterochromia was even 'corrected', with the right red eye paling to the same shade of amber as the left one.

“Why... do I sound like this? I don't...?” She didn't *what*? She raised a hand to rub at her throat, but she did it very *slowly*. Her body didn't seem to be moving quite like how she wanted it to, just as her thoughts were sluggish and her words communicated with more and more pauses in between. By the time her hand even *touched* her neck? Her head of blonde hair had darkened to blue and curled outwards behind her, with some now framing the sides of her face.

CRACK!

“NGH!?”

The woman could do nothing more than groan from discomfort as her spine, all of a sudden, *cracked*. It pulled her posture almost *completely* straight, though she *was* leaning back a little too much. Additional cracks began to sound as she found herself *lifting her hands* straight in front of her. She tried to stop it, but she was incapable of doing so. **“Wh... at...?”** It wasn't long before they pointed directly out in front of her with her thumbs practically touching. She couldn't drop them again regardless of how hard she tried. Which wasn't *very* hard. Had *thinking* always been that hard?

Alice *failed* to notice that her eye level was steadily rising, much less that her surroundings were becoming clearer despite the darkness. It

was almost like she was being given *night vision* somehow? The reason for this *probably* would have alarmed her, because it came courtesy of her sclera darkening to an eerie *black*. Those eyes would have made more sense on a *monster*. “*Ngh...*” One that’s skin was *paling* and taking a *blue* tinge as her breathing – and heart rate – slowed dramatically. To the point where it was on the precipice of *stopping*.

The matter of her *size* was still relevant, though. Her body *had* been growing taller, untucking her shirt from her skirt and allowing her paling hands to push farther out from her sleeves. She eventually jumped up all the way to 5’8”, which briefly left her above average figure for a girl who had been 5’3” looking a little more *paltry* than it had. Not that Alice was the type to concern herself with things like ‘sex appeal’ in the first place.

Well, if she *had* been then she would have been *elated* to find that her body’s curvature would soon swell. The sides of her thigh highs ripped as the flesh of her legs burgeoned through, each thigh soon swelling wider than her waist while forcing her hips to extend a full *six* inches wider. The exposed, jiggling skin had the same bluish pigmentation as everywhere else did now, and her ass tore through her panties with the same color once her buttocks boomed into an immensely bouncing, bulbous form.

The process of her hips widening had forced her knees *and* ankles together. It didn’t occur to her that she could no longer move those legs separately, nor could she pull them apart. It simply felt natural, almost *instinctive*, to move them like a single appendage. That said, that meant that the only way she would be able to move would be by... *hopping*? An action that would certainly lead to those thighs and that ass bouncing around,

But they also would have been in good company with her *upper* body. Alice groaned again, this time because the front of her blouse had *torn* open with all of her buttons flying off. Pale blue cleavage came into view because her tits practically *ballooned*. Despite how stiff her posture appeared to be otherwise, it was almost comical how those new *G-cup* tits bounced around, jiggling even as she... *breathed*? Wait, no. She *wasn’t* breathing.

Her heart had *stopped*, but she was still moving. Thinking. She wasn’t thinking *well*, but there was still brain activity. Deep down she might have been wondering what had happened to her. Why did her mouth ache? Because her teeth had all sharpened into fangs. Why did she feel so *cold*? Because blood was no longer pumping through her body. Why were her clothes so *tight*? Well, that issue rectified itself.

Her disheveled, torn clothing glowed dully for a brief moment, only to disappear. She was rendered naked for a brief second but was soon redressed in a Chinese-style dress made of blue with gold accents and crimson tassels. It was *excessively* revealing, covering only her arms, the fronts of her breasts, and her pelvis and ass crack. *No* underwear was worn underneath, but she certainly wasn't in any state to care. She didn't even notice that her clothes had changed, not even with her gaze fixed ahead where the detached sleeves of the dress could be seen, matching the thigh high boots that connected to the dress properly through thin, red rope.

And above it all? She now wore a winter guanmao hat.

Somehow, the white bunny girl had transformed into a Chinese zombie – a *jiangshi*. Well, the *how* wasn't that big of a mystery. The talisman paper that had stuck to her forehead and was now stuck to her new hat. “**Who...? Where...?**” As it turned out? Alice appeared to still be capable of speech, but it was just as stiff and dull as her movements. She couldn't correct the fact that she was forced to hold her hands out straight, and she could only move forward by hopping... which led to her bigger tits, thighs, and ass bouncing. The jigglier parts of her body were the only things that really *could* move.



“**Hungry...**” She groaned as she *hopped* and *hopped* on. She could smell food. A human nearby. She was essentially a reanimated corpse after all, and one that fed on the lives of humans. It seemed that beyond basic functions, the woman was not capable of comprehensive thoughts. She couldn't remember that she *was* Alice. Nor would she recognize Yuzuha when she came across her. Well, that was more for other reasons. “**Mm?**” Because that scent had changed.

It was no longer the scent of a human, but of a *monster* like her.

What had even *happened*?