

# BUNNY IS A PART-TIMER

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Nicole is in *how much* debt?”**

Anby Demara could vividly remember how slack-jawed she had been when Nekomata had casually mentioned to her just how much debt she'd overheard that the leader of the Cunning Hares, Nicole, had accumulated and was trying to pay off. Their faction was *always* desperate for new work, and the young woman had always assumed there must have been a fairly substantial amount of debt as a reason for it, but *that* much? How many zeroes had there been again?

It was a wonder that Nicole could afford to help buy everyone in their faction food, much less make room to donate money to the orphanage that raised her. It had always been a noble cause, and far be it from Anby to judge her for spending the money that way after Nicole had essentially given her a place to belong? **“I wonder if there's something I can do to take that weight off of her shoulders?”**

For that reason, she had been scrolling job listings on the Interknot. She couldn't take anything full-time, not with her other responsibilities. But if it was a part time gig with a flexible schedule? Then she could possibly make it work. Do some shifts, put that money aside, and then give the profits to Nicole when she had enough saved. Could she keep it a secret? It would be nice to surprise her. But she had to *find* a job first.

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Of all the places to score a part-time job, Anby *hadn't* expected to score a gig at the *Godfinger Arcade* of all places. It was probably Billy's favorite place in all of New Eridu. The Cunning Hares frequented it as a result though, which meant that she'd have to dodge Nicole if she ever

came in. Fortunately, she only really *entered* the arcade when she came with Billy, so she warned him to let her know if she'd ever stop by while she was working.



Asha, the bunny Thiren owner of the arcade, had been *very* receptive to Anby's application. Maybe it was because she was a frequent customer, or perhaps it was because Asha knew that she was friends with Wise and Belle from Random Play across the street, but it had only taken a single interview before she was given a tour and asked to watch the store for a couple of hours as a 'test shift' – *paid*, of course.

Anby had no plans for the rest of the evening, and so she took her new boss up on that offer. It had begun with a quick tour of the rooms *behind* the actual guest area, because Anby knew all the machines well, culminating with a quick explanation regarding how to give out prizes for those with tickets, or how to use the register if customers wanted to purchase drinks and snacks. It was all pretty self-explanatory for the most part.

**“Oh. What about a uniform? Am I okay dressing like this?”** She didn't change up her style much, so the new part-timer also didn't really own many clothes. If there was something specific, she had to wear while working at Godfinger then she'd buy it, even if she was hoping that wouldn't be the case. She actually assumed that it *wouldn't* be the case. After all, there was nothing inherently 'uniform-like' about what Asha was wearing beyond her nametag.

And as Asha led her into the staff office, that was essentially the answer she'd been given. **“Nope! All you have to do is wear a nametag and act professionally. People usually assume you work here if you act a certain way anyways.”** It probably *was* pretty easy to tell who was there to work and who was there to play. **“But I have to head out now, so just grab a nametag from the box on the desk! You'll be fine Anby, it's *really* easy!”** Anby waved goodbye to her new boss as she ran out.

She did as she was told and approached the box that Asha had pointed to. There were a bunch of nametags inside of it, and enough of them seemed to be blank from a glance for her to not even bother double checking *which* tag she was grabbing. There was a label maker beside

the box for printing off her own name anyways. So, she grabbed one and— ***Tst!?*** She hadn't been expecting to receive a static shock! But it made sense. Parts of the arcade were carpeted, so a little static electricity was to be expected.

It hadn't been enough to stop her from pulling the tag out and looking at it, but... ***Asha?*** It hadn't been a blank nametag like she had expected. Asha's name was on it? That *felt* strange because the Thiren had left work still wearing her own. Anby was *extremely* observant, but she didn't even need to be *that* observant to have caught that much. ***I guess it isn't that strange. She doesn't have many staff, and these seem pretty easy to lose.*** Having one or two backups made sense. Well, that and this tag's design was worn. It might have been an old one she'd simply *replaced*.

She obviously couldn't *wear* a nametag that didn't have her name on it, so she put it back in the bin. But unfortunately? The damage had already *unknowingly* been done.

The young woman then reached her hand back in to try and grab one of the *blank* nametags, or at least she *would have* if something hadn't caught her attention while reaching out. It was the fingers on the hands she *was* reaching out with, because her gaze had followed them as they'd done so. It was subtle, and her attention had been drawn to them because of an *itchy* feeling spreading across *both* of her hands, but the fact that the gloves she was wearing were fingerless made it plain to see. ***Huh? Is that hair?***

Anby pulled her hand back so that it was just inches away from her face. Was hair even the right term? The growths were of a pale blonde color that gradually covered not just her fingers, but it felt like her palms *and* the back of her hands evenly. It was more like the *fur* of an animal, especially once she noticed her fingernails thinning *and* sharpening until they resembled small *claws*. Otherwise, though? Her fingers still appeared to be human in *shape*, if not perhaps very slightly *longer*.

***Fur? Why are my hands covered in fur?*** There was only a single assumption that made sense in that specific case. They looked like the hands of a *Thiren*? But how was that possible? What could have even triggered it? Some sort of high tech device that she hadn't noticed? Were any of the customers suffering the same fate? The woman wasn't sure if it would have been appropriate to run out and check, especially when she wasn't even sure of what was happening to her *own* body.

The itchy feeling that had accompanied the growth of the fur upon her hands was becoming more widespread beneath her clothes. It was difficult to see, but Anby also didn't have to *assume* that more pale

blonde fur was sprouting. All she had to do was lean a little forward to check the exposed midriff that her outfit allowed. Sure enough, that short fur appeared to be ground there while vaguely obscuring the shape of her bellybutton. It also felt like more *of* her belly was showing than it should have been?

**“This doesn’t seem good.”** If Anby had been anyone other *than* Anby then she *probably* would have given a more panicked reaction than the one she was displaying. But Anby had been trained from ‘birth’ to keep her cool under any circumstance, and this one was no different. She’d silently noted that the greater showing of midriff was a side effect of the same cause that led to her hands pushing farther out of her sleeves, or her thigh highs sliding down below her knees. She was getting *taller*.

A body that had once been a meager 5’1” stretched roughly *half a foot* until she was around 5’7” instead. As she put together the context clues, she was beginning to arrive at a conclusion. Her body was continuing to become more and more like a Thiren’s, after all. Her feet felt warm, but like her hands had only really differentiated themselves from regular human feet by the way of the short claws that her nails became upon furred tooties.

It was difficult to deny the similarities she was developing between how she was beginning to look and the *rabbit Thiren* that had been in the office with her just moments before. **“I’m beginning to look like Asha, aren’t I?”** Speaking her theory aloud only led to her becoming more certain. The sound of her voice had deepened? Was it related to how the vaguely itchy feeling could be felt running across her neck and face now? ...She couldn’t quite remember where the vocal cords were located on someone’s body, come to think of it.

Anby was more or less correct that they were related, though. Just like she’d been right on the money about the similarities she was beginning to share with Asha. As the fur crept around her face, its *shape* began to subtly shift. Her jaw lengthened in a way that saw her cheeks thin in tandem, while the lips of her mouth thickened *and* grew pinker than ever. It was worth noting that her lips were more like a normal person’s than a Thiren’s, but her nose...

Well, her face *did* pull *very* slightly into the beginnings of a snout, upon which her nose flattened *and* darkened into a cold, black triangle that felt more reminiscent of an animal’s. **“My... eyes?”** Her perfect vision *rapidly* deteriorated. The sights of the office became so blurry that she had to squint to see beyond a couple of feet. **“Asha wears glasses...”** She’d entertained the possibility that she was simply looking *similar* to Asha, but if even her physical detriments were manifesting in her own body... was she becoming her *exactly*?

The splash of orange in her otherwise green eyes faded while the *shapes* of her eyes narrowed between lengthened lashes. Despite the fur, a beauty mark still surfaced beneath her left eye – right where Asha had one. Those eyes went wide because, well... Anby had begun to suspect as much, but her body *hadn't* finished growing. It certainly had in the traditional sense, and that was to say that she wasn't going to grow any taller. That said?

She didn't need her 20/20 vision to perceive *what* grew next. If anything, Anby counted her blessings that she wasn't wearing the green armor that she normally did across her outfit (she had feared it would be too intimidating to wear to a normal job). That foresight worked in her favor, namely because her *breasts* were ballooning. She'd always thought that what she had was *already* plenty big. She had never wanted them to be any larger. **“My breasts... Why?”**

The woman was quick to note that having larger, furrier breasts was just as burdensome as she had always assumed. She kept having to mentally adjust her natural balance as the grew, and since they were lifting her crop top as they expanded? She was getting a little concerned that she was going to have a *nip slip*. That didn't happen, thankfully, and the growth stopped when they were *F-cups*; just big enough that the bottom of the shirt *barely* covered her nipples.

It was until *after* they had finished growing that she realized her growth had been more *balanced* than she had first assumed. The woman's hips had inched slightly wider *while* her tits had ballooned, and that set the stage for her thighs to fatten and her ass to bloat with a heft jiggle beneath her skirt. As a result, her panties dug in between the fluffy cheeks of her ass – creating a wedgie that she *wanted* to pick, but she was worried about the privacy the office provided. It *did* have a window overlooking the arcade, even if no one was presently around to peek in.

**“I really don't understand. Why am I turning into a copy of Asha?”** Anby had finally realized she could use that window to her advantage, though. It was reflective enough that she could see her face, even if she had to lean in closer with her eyesight so poor. She really *was* Asha's spitting image, right down to the sandy blonde color that had begun to spread from her roots right to the *tips* of her hair. Once that was accomplished?

That chin-length mane grew and grew some more, reaching the center of her back behind her, while the hair at the sides of her head thickened into curled drills that rested upon her bosom. Purple streaks emerged, but only in the right side of her mane where her long and fluffy bangs were now swept. It was a 1:1 with Asha's hairstyle, and Anby mentally

groaned about how cumbersome all that hair was. There was a reason she kept it short! But there was nothing stopping her from cutting it again, right? There was *one* thing that didn't line up with her memories of Asha though, and that was that she didn't sprout the same green ahoge.

Perhaps it was the curse's way of distinguishing her from the *real* Asha?

The woman was momentarily distracted by the sensation of something pushing out of her body from *just* above her skirt's waist. She had to arch her back to check while mumbling to herself about how annoying her big boobs were, only for her eyes to set upon something she had expected. A short but fluffy rabbit tail had emerged, one that she could *barely* wiggle if she concentrated. **“Well, that explains the added weight on top of my head...”**

Anby realized that soon, cutting her hair wouldn't really help with the annoyance of having something *long* dangling from her head. Her *ears* had flopped against her shoulders at first, because they had grown longer and flatter while sprouting from her head's sides. They had the same fur around them, but their undersides had a smoother, pinker texture like you *would* expect from the ears of a bunny. But those ears became much, *much* bigger with each one ending up as roughly *four feet* long by the time their bases had been repositioned slightly higher and slightly further back atop her head.

Asha always did a good job of hiding those ears among her hair. And she couldn't *chop her ears off* to avoid them dangling down like that!

**“Um...”** Still picking at an outfit that no longer fit her with furred fingers, the woman that looked *identical* to *Asha* struggled to grasp what had just happened to her. It didn't take a genius to realize that she'd become Asha's spitting image – everything from her race to her face was identical from what she'd seen in her reflection – but *how* was that even possible? She wasn't aware of any technology that could do something like that. Her personality and identity were intact too, leaving her to wonder what to do next. **“I need to get changed.”**

If anyone saw her as is, they'd just assume she was Asha. But she'd definitely outgrown the clothes belonging to 'Anby Demara'. Whether it was the body she knew or not, people seeing her essentially naked would have still been a problem. That was when her blurry gaze fell upon a locker in the back of the office. She'd had a hunch that



turned out to be correct. Asha kept a set of spare clothes there, and before long she was dressed up in the same pair of dark blue, ripped jeans and green shirt as the owner wore.

There had even been a spare pair of glasses! ...Something she had *sorely* needed.

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Several hours passed and there hadn't been any problems at Godfinger whatsoever. Regardless of what had happened to her, the new Asha knew she couldn't just abandon the store or else she wouldn't get paid. She *thought* she was blending in quite well – not that it was that hard to do when she looked *completely* identical to the store's owner and even had her voice. But every often she'd hear a customer whispering.

**“Is it just me, or does Asha seem *way cooler* today?”**

The 'con' only went on until the real Asha returned though. The situation certainly became... *complicated*. But with a bit of convincing? Anby managed to convince her of her true identity. Whether or not they could convince *others* was a different story, but Asha didn't have any major issues with it in the meantime. She would just feed and clothe her new 'twin' until they could find some way to change her back into Anby. ...If there was a way *to* do that.

Besides, having a body double would *definitely* have its benefits!