

REVERSED BAMBREW

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Phew. Are you alright, Endministrator?”

The night had become late, and two women shared a campfire in the wilderness of Wuling after finally managing to catch their breath. There were a small, two-person unit consisting of the Viceroy of the Wuling Scientific Development District, Zhuang Fangyi, and her collaborative partner from Endfiend Industries, the Endministrator. They had made the trip to run some test on one of the many rivers that ran through the Wuling region after concerns about contamination of the water supply had arisen.

But by the time they had finished their work? It had already become evening, and making the trip back to the city in the dark had become inadvisable. And so, the natural step next step had been to set up a camp and stay for the night. Putting up defenses to stop monsters from attacking them while asleep *had* been a necessity, but just before the Endministrator could activate those defenses? A small pack of monsters had found them.

They were weak, and Zhuang Fangyi was more than enough to deal with them alone. Still, the two had both pitched in and made quick work of the potential threads, leaving the two to take a breather around the fire. **“Mhm.”** The human-looking Endministrator eventually replied to the Kylin woman. **“Defenses are active now too, so we should be fine.”** Which was a relief.

Zhuang Fangyi eventually stood from besides the campfire to fetch a kettle and took some time brewing some tea. **“This is a special blend using local bamboo. It may taste a little pungent, but it’s**

perfect for making you feel more comfortable. We in Wuling use it as a sleep aide sometimes.” The Endmin nodded along to her words. It made sense for the locals to have a custom like that.

Once brewed, the two of them shared a cup. As the Kylin had said, it *was* quite strong. She had thought bamboo had a milder flavor, but maybe it had something to do with the local bamboo growing in Wuling? Regardless, once she'd finished her glass she stood herself.



“Thank you, Zhuang Fangyi. I’m just going to do a quick check of the perimeter and then we can head to bed?”

Those defenses weren’t very far from the camp itself. She had simply set up some automatic turrets around the perimeter that would shoot at anything or anyone that was unwelcome. Still, the first one was far enough away to break line of sight, and line of *sound*, from the viceroy. **“This one looks fine...”** She fiddled with a holographic screen in front of it for a moment before turning to head in the direction of the next. But that was when she noticed it. A strange *warmth*?

It started in her belly, which was uncoincidentally where the tea she had drunk was now sitting, and it rapidly spread throughout her limbs and into her fingertips and the ends of her toes before fading. **“That was a weird feeling...”** It did make the young woman shudder briefly, but seeing as it had passed and hadn’t repeated? She had been liable to just shrug it off, but as it turned out? She didn’t exactly have the *luxury* of pretending to get on with her evening.

Because as she began to idly walk towards the next turret she had set up, she felt a big... *stretch*? One that not only affected her muscles, but also appeared to tug at her clothes? Endmin stopped. **“What’s going on here?”** She was perceptive enough to comprehend the problem when she considered all of the factors together, and that problem was that she was *growing*. There was no other way to justify the sensation of her tights being pulled from her hips, forcibly dislodging the skintight, black shorts that were worn on top of them, or how she was beginning to see her forearms despite her sleeves being designed to reach her wrists.

“Is this an enemy trap? But...” She couldn’t exactly fathom what the benefit of making her *taller* would be. It wasn’t like this was a cartoon

where changing someone's body could inconvenience them enough for a villain to finally defeat them. Nonetheless, it was becoming clear that she'd have to try and address her growing clothing malfunction as it happened. It fortunately wasn't a *staggering* distance, only hoisting her up to being just shy of 5'6" from her original 5'3" height, but it was still something that could be both seen *and* felt in her clothes.

It appeared that she had stopped growing *upwards*, but her body had not stopped growing as a whole. She could feel and observe this most in her hips and shoulders. Her sweater, which usually reached down to just above her hips with its length, had already been lifted by her growth spurt so that you could see a *sliver* of her bare tummy. This sliver only grew bigger as her hips *widened*, lifting the base of the shirt while the shorts that had already been tugged down by her prior height increase slipping a little more, though fortunately her underwear remained in place, albeit tighter.

The Endministrator's eyes traced her surroundings as she attempted to search for potential assailants. There weren't any, and even if they wanted to then they would have had to contest with the turrets. It was looking more and more likely that what was happening to her body hadn't actually been intended, that she was just the victim of an accident that saw the sleeves of her white sweater tear slightly thanks to broadening shoulders.

“What should I... Ah? Ah. Ah?” She heard it in an instant. The sound of her voice transitioning into a state that was still feminine, but it wasn't *her* voice. In fact, it sounded exceptionally familiar. Almost like... the voice of the woman she was camping with. **“Why would I sound like her though?”** Then again, her build was increasingly beginning to match Zhuang Fangyi's own, and she was utterly oblivious to just how much it had affected her *face* in the meantime because it had been transitioning much more slowly.

And yet, it *was* still transitioning. Her chin was pulled a little farther from her forehead, which in turn led to her nose lengthening and her cheeks thinning to keep pace with this change. Her lips *thickened*, but what was perhaps more surprising was the fate that befell her eyes. The problem was that her Originium mask concealed them and seemingly adjusted to the size of her changing face to make certain it wouldn't fall. This didn't refute that her eyelids narrowed, or that her eyes brightened with a peculiar mix of light green irises with red around their borders.

Giving her not only the eyes of a woman that was *Chinese* by real world standards, but also the eyes of *Kylin*. Her changing race was soon reflected in her ears, prompting short and rounded cartilage to extend towards points that were nearly *three* times their original length. But it

also manifested in a pair of pressure points on top of her head through which she could eventually feel something painfully push. Considering she'd already identified *what* was happening to her, Endmin didn't *need* to reach up to check on her new— **"Horns."** A pair of red horns that curled slightly backwards as they reached up, somewhat reminiscent of pieces of *coral*. But that was just how Kylin horns were.

At this point, it certainly was surprising to feel the length of her once short hair tickling her back. It spilled out in a mess of dark green behind her, and that color was soon reflected in her brows and a lengthened bush of pubes. It fanned out in a wild mass behind her that obscured yet *another* new addition to her body. The appearance of a long, thick, dark, green-scaled tail soon whipped out behind her, compromising the woman's balance because it grew to almost *six feet* in length itself and gained furred trim along its parts.

"Too late to run back. I guess this *must* be almost done, then?" All things considered, Endmin's words came across as very *nonchalant*? She'd been more carefree than she let on before, but it was showing a little more plainly now that she, somehow, was beginning to be able to piece together what has happening to her. It was accompanied by strong feelings towards 'herself', as in towards the *Endmin*, even though she was technically the Endmin under a body that wasn't her own.

She had already identified what was left to change, and she wasn't at all *bothered* by the weight even if it did feel slightly foreign at *first*. It was fat that took advantage of her new size and chose to expand her silhouette, forcing her sweater to distort around her chest as it grew *larger*, each breast almost comparable to her head in size by the time they'd swollen to *G-cups*, while her ass bloated with a similar girth behind her so that it developed a heart-shape. She'd sneaked a look at Zhuang Fangyi's butt in the past, but now it *was* her butt. And her *thighs*, which almost doubled in their plumpness.

"These circumstances pose... a number of problems, don't they?" The woman spoke breathlessly with the Viceroy's tone



and voice, all while *Zhuang Fangyi's* mannerisms bled in through everything from her body's motions to her facial expressions. And yet, this horned woman was not the genuine article. The clothing that she wore, and barely at that, revealed that she had been the Endministrator just moments before, and she was left feeling fairly unsure about it all.

She couldn't confirm the cause, but for some reason the tea she'd consumed was on the top of her mind. She didn't have the original *Zhuang Fangyi's memories*, but knowledge was a different matter altogether – and she could recount Wuling legends about a special bamboo that could bring about 'changes in perspective'. **“Perhaps that's the cause? But... Wait!”** Didn't this mean the problem wasn't likely isolated to herself alone?

After all, the original viceroy had also had some of that tea!



Meanwhile, when the Endministrator left to check on the security measures outside of their camp, *Zhuang Fangyi* had taken to cleaning up after making the tea. She dumped out the kettle and brought it back into the tent the two had set up. It was tall enough to stand in even for her, but it also wasn't very wide. They'd be up close and personal while sleeping, which admittedly wasn't a *problem* for a viceroy that had yearned for the Endministrator for a long time in secret.

“Hm... Endmin is taking a while. Should I go check on her?” She eventually peeked out through the tent's entrance after finishing her own tasks. It had been about five minutes, and she didn't think that checking the turrets

should have taken *that* much time for an expert such as herself. Of course, she had no means of knowing about the transformation that her friend was undergoing at that very moment. Though, she was *about* to understand.

It had just taken a little bit longer to get going because her body was larger, and so it had taken more time to work through her system to reach the point where it would affect her.

But now was finally that time, and she was hit with one doozy of a change right off the bat. She wasn't really eased into it like the Endmin had been at all, because she just sort of... *dropped*. "**Ah!?**" Zhuang Fangyi had thrown out an arm to try and catch herself because she was falling, but because she was in a small tent there was nothing *to* grab. It was only after a moment passed when she hadn't hit the floor that she realized she hadn't fallen, at least not in the traditional sense.

The only thing that had dropped was her *height*. From 5'6" to 5'3". The skirt-like ends of her pant now completely covered boots that were just slightly too big for her all of a sudden, and the top was bunched around her stomach without the same height for it to wrap around. Even her detached sleeves ended up swallowing gloved hands... at least until those gloves fell onto the tent floor courtesy of dainties fingers. "**Did I just... shrink?**" The woman wasn't sure why she was asking. It was obvious.

It was just so *unbelievable*. But her height wasn't the only thing that had been shrinking. Her impossibly long, dark-green hair had been unwinding at roughly the same time, with the green eventually sapped away as it turned to *black* instead. It wasn't long at all before she wore her hair in what was only a short, black bob. This shrinking came for her Kylin features as well. Her long and pointed ears regressed until the cartilage was short and round, but her horns ended up shrinking away.

As did something that was far more noticeable from Zhuang Fangyi's perspective. "**W-Wait a moment! My tail!?**" It was only once her balance was put off further by her tail's regressing length that she noticed the swathe of hair that should have hung from her shoulders was missing as well. Looking over her shoulder, she couldn't do anything but watch as the last remaining length of her tail disappeared into her back, and all she had to do was reach a hand back to find that spot now *completely* smooth. Like a *human*.

"**Why is this happening? It's almost like... like... Huh?**" The woman went uncharacteristically deadpan at the end there when she heard her own voice change. It sounded a little drier and a little less gentle. But it was the *familiarity* that got her. "**Doesn't my voice sound a little like... the Endadministrator's?**" It really wasn't just a matter of her *sounding* like the woman she had been so endeared to. Her height, her hair, it was all beginning to seem like—

“*Ah.*” Wasn’t there some sort of local Wuling legend where something like this happened? It had been on the tip of the woman’s tongue for a moment but slipped away. Had she forgotten? Just like that? It was more like the knowledge didn’t belong in her head anymore – a head that was becoming increasingly Endmin-shaped. Her face demonstrated this well enough, with her lips thinning, her nose shrinking, her cheeks rounding, and her eyes widening until her racial profile had been altered. Multicolored irises were even seized by a dark silver.

The true color of the Endministrator’s eyes that her mask typically obscured.

So much had *already* been lost, but her outfit’s grip suffered even more as her transformation finally entered the final stage and targeted elements that didn’t belong. This saw her shoulders and hips narrow a little first and foremost, which didn’t disturb her outfit all that much considering she didn’t wear sleeves that covered her shoulders, and her pants were already baggy enough. But when the front of her outfit *flattened* against her chest because her G-cups were deflating, soon no larger than *C-cups* with skin tightened and nipples shrunken against lessened fat. Her pants even loosened at her ass and thighs were thinned, although not without leaving a feminine weight more appropriate for her own build.

Contrary to the new Zhuang Fangyi’s clothing situation where she had become too large for what she had been wearing, the new *Endministrator* found herself in the polar opposite predicament. Everything she had been wearing before as the viceroy was either bunched up or slipping off of her, and she stood there blinking for a moment as if she were a deer in headlights. “*Wait... Is this the Endministrator’s body?*” Well, she was certainly speaking with the Endministrator’s *voice*.



It was strange, though. Her memories remained the same, but she could tell that her desires were *not*. They were more aligned with those of the young woman she had become, and so she wasn’t even *yearning* for the Endministrator any longer because she had become her. Where, then, had those feelings gone? She had a strong hunch, but she hadn’t necessarily been expecting to have her answer provided just moments later. “**Endmin! There you are!**”

Because *her old body* entered the tent, acting like she used to, albeit dressed in Endmin's clothing in a way that *really* showed just how much they didn't fit her. ...Not that she was faring much better. But if her theory was right, and that was the real Endmin, then why had she called *her* Endmin? Even the one wearing Zhuang Fangyi's face herself seemed to be confused... or at least what she could tell despite the mask still obscuring her face.

“Why did you call me that, Zhuang Fangyi?” It was only once she replied that she understood the issue. Try as she might, her brain associated the name 'Endmin' with herself. She couldn't refer to the woman in front of her that way because it felt 'wrong'. **“Oh... I see. That could be a problem.”** It certainly would be, but Zhuang Fangyi approached her, took her hand, and led her to the bed rather *eagerly*. Oh. Of course. All of her affection for the Endmin must have been in the new body, which meant...

“Perhaps we shouldn't worry about it too much, Endmin? According to local legends, it should wear off after a good night's sleep! And I know a few techniques to help beyond simply the tea.” And as the new Endmin soon learned, all of those 'techniques' involved quite a bit of *physical affection* in bed together. She'd had no reason to reject those advances, but they recognized several times throughout their courting that it *was* a little odd to be doing it with their own, old bodies. By the time morning came though, it seemed it had all been for naught.

“...We're still in each other's bodies.”

“O-Oh! Well, how convincing of a viceroy do you think I could be, then?”

Because could they even *tell* anyone like that? Well, the Endministrator's mask being stuck to the Kylin's face would probably help.