

GENTRIVACATION

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Let's go to the Golden Jewel Resort, they said. It will be fun, they said.

Both the captain and co-captain of the Grandcypher were fostering regrets about listening to the tempting words of their crew's more adult members and embarking on this short, weekend getaway. On a scale of one to ten, their combined luck had been roughly a negative two hundred? Things just *hadn't* gone well in the least.

Whether it was at the slots or one of the tables, all of the funds they had poured in had ended with staggering losses. Of the two offenders Gran was absolutely the worst, the type of person that couldn't accept a loss and, when faced with the idea that he'd lost all that money, threw even more coin at the games to try and make it all back. On the other hand, his sister Djeeta's losses had been fairly minor.

But she'd still been caught up in the collection process, with both captains stolen off and into a small room on the casino's outskirts, where a familiar face greeted them a little less than kindly. **"I know you two are regulars, and I'm technically a part of your crew, but you're aware of the stipulations of our contract, correct? You don't get a pass in the casino because of our relationship."** It was Christina, the one who treated the casino like her playground – for it, realistically, *was*.

"R-Right... But we don't—AGH!? Ow! DJEETA!"

"My brother doesn't have the money to pay it back. I can pay back my share, so..." The sister evidently didn't like being lopped in with her brother in this case and had jabbed him in the gut before he

could even *deign* to sign her up for some kind of work program over her much lower debts than his. Though, Christina did not seem pleased with the fact that Djeeta was so willing to sell her brother's soul to her. Siblings were supposed to stick together, were they not?

“I’m afraid it isn’t quite that simple.” Even sitting at her desks, the heft of Christina’s breasts was a blatant focal point for both of the captains. It wasn’t as if they were trying to stare, but they *were* just kind of out there. Undoubtedly, she used them as tools to reel in guests and maintain thirsty regulars. **“Even if Gran were to work all day, every day, it would take him six years. As per our contract, in the case a due amount exceeds a five-year repayment plan, the co-captain is responsible for signing on to help.”**

Crap, she’d forgotten all about that! To be fair, she’d never seen that clause as something that would see use. Since when had Gran become such a diehard gambler!?! **“Three years. You can pay off that debt in three years together, but... not like that. Servers, entertainers, we’re in short supply of both. You’ll need to look the part, so...”** The casino’s empress clapped her hands and the door to the dreary office opened while a familiar bunny girl walked in. Red hair and eyes, a fair but pretty, if not a little plain, face. She was one of the casino’s more commonly seen employees. **“See to them, would you?”**

Christina abruptly stood from her chair and walked towards the door, but not before producing her whip. She lashed at both captains, the strikes painless but shocking, before stepping through the door. It had all been so painless, and yet? Both parties found themselves losing consciousness until they had completely faded to black.

“WHAT THE HELL AM I WEARING!?”

Djeeta certainly hadn’t been awoken by the most peaceful of means, for her brother’s screeching was the first thing she had heard as her eyes flickered open and her vision stirred to life. Between the golds and the reds, she immediately recognized her surroundings: this was one of the casino’s private lounge rooms, often reserved for VIPs or for customers who weren’t feeling well. She could feel the soft, velvety couch beneath her, but Gran was up and about, and—

“Pfft!?” His broad form was dressed in the typical attire of a Golden Jewel Resort bunny girl. Detached, puffy sleeves, the tight leather corset top, the skintight leggings, the white collar with red bow, the golden earrings, even the bunny ears and fluffy, bunny tail! But of course it all

looked ridiculous on a man of his age. It didn't fit him in the least, with the imprint of his junk more than evident in the tightly strung front of his crotch. Djeeta's eyes didn't linger there for more than a second, however.

“Don't laugh! You're dressed the same way, you know!?”

She'd thought her clothing to be a little airy, but now up and about all it took was a slight glance downward to reveal that his words were true. The only difference? It at least fit her for the most part. It was a little tight around her breasts and pelvis, but otherwise it still looked far better on her than on him. **“Is this what Christina meant by work? I mean... funny as it is, and it's *really* funny, we can't just come here to work every day. We should try and negotiate something else.”**

The power dynamic for that entire discussion had been completely skewed, why hadn't they been granted an opportunity to defend themselves!? Given a second chance, Djeeta was sure she could convince Christina to be more reasonable. After all, her *mistress* was— **“Huh? Why am I thinking about *mistress* as *mistress*?”**

“Hah!” Finally it was time for Gran to get a laugh or two in. **“Did you just refer to *mistress* as *mistress*!? That isn't *mistress*' name, you idi—What!?”** Neither of them could seemingly think of, much less refer to, Christina as anything other than 'mistress'. The word just came out in the place of her name, and it carried a feeling of intimate respect that neither of them could fathom to properly resist. **“Hey... That whip hadn't hurt, right? Do you think *mistress* did something to us?”**

A moment then proceeded where the pair of them just lingered there quietly, absolutely flabbergasted by not only the words that were coming out of their mouths, but how their mental states had been corroded to prevent them from thinking of Christina in any other way whatsoever. As they remained stunned, though? The seeds of change had begun to sprout up in their physical forms. Speckles of red, like the cinders from a flame, had begun to sprout up in their hair – dyeing Gran from brown and Djeeta from blonde towards this familiar, shared color.

It didn't take awfully long for these cinders to comparatively turn to flames, setting their hair alight with a crimson that engulfed it all from roots all of the way to their tips. The caveat? Those tips were becoming farther and farther away, length barreling at varying speeds depending on how long their hair was initially, only to ultimately stop in the same place for both parties. Hanging loose like it did for Gran, this hair dangled to just above his butt; but Djeeta? Her hair had already been

arranged into pigtails by the time she'd woken up, so they'd grown long and full.

It was enough to make Gran question '*when had the casino girl come in?*', because Djeeta was sporting the exact same hair style and color as the girl that Christina had told to '*see to them*'. "**Where did my sister g— Wait, Djeeta?**" Maybe it was a little sad that it had taken him so long to notice. Her face was still the same, for crying out loud!

"Who else would I— PFFT!?! AHAHAHAHA! Y-YOUR HAIR! YOUR HAIR LOOKS SO STUPID! Mistress has a funny sense of humor!" The sister was hardly afforded much of an opportunity to think about the brother's own confusion, for he looked absolutely ridiculous with that long, crimson hair.

Gran immediately reached back, pulling forward handfuls of red that made his stomach churn almost immediately. "**Y-Your hair is like this too! What the hell did she do to— I-I mean...**" His aggression immediately subsided, for as angry as he was at Christina, that anger felt like disobedience. He could never disobey Christina, the empress of this casino land. Whether it was coincidence or a side effect of the mental changes taking an even stronger hold, the brown was ultimately washed from his eyes in favor of a red to match his hair. A color that plagued Djeeta's eyes as well.

Now, there was a big gap between Gran and Djeeta that separated the intensity of their transformations. If not immediately obvious – they were destined to become bunny girls that would work in the casino until their debts were paid off. For Djeeta, who was already a girl? Things wouldn't be overly complicated. But for Gran, the biological boy? Well, he was in for a whirlwind over the next few minutes.

Extraordinarily little of it would be comfortable.

"Urk... What the hell!?" Almost out of nowhere, it felt to the boy as if his heart were going to burst out of his chest. Fingers dug in against his skin above his heart, most of it exposed thanks to the ill fit of the bunny girl costume he had been forced into – but this merely accentuated the *rise* of what came next. The flesh around his chest, where he was gripping at his heart, was becoming all the more tender as the heart thumped beneath. This trend wasn't isolated to only a single side of his chest, either. "**Tits!?"**

Well, what else could be growing upon his chest if not a bosom? Had they been *firm* he might have been elated to think he was bulging with new muscle, but it was quite clearly the opposite, with even his nipples appearing swollen, and growing even more so. Off to the side, Djeeta

could only snicker. It served him right for getting them into this mess in the first place, so she was more amused than alarmed.

The fat that composed these tits as they began to grow didn't come from nowhere, however. It wasn't simply conjured from thin air. As Gran's chest swelled, the muscles in his chest and arms appeared to regress in size. Before long, arms appeared stick thin and the fingers at the tips of them were both daintier and decorated with long, bright red nails. There was no way he had the stamina to carry a heavy weapon, much less *fight* like this. In the meantime, his shoulders caved in, which only made his growing breasts seem all the larger.

But were they really *that* large? With his waistline pinching in, everything that rested between it and his shoulders *did* appear larger by contrast, tits included. But on the whole? At most they were a small C-cup set, and at worst they were a wholesome set of Bs. Size aside, that didn't stop him from grabbing them while sliding fingers into the corset of the bunny girl costume, which was fitting with much greater ease now that his frame had collapsed somewhat. **"They feel good!"** Adam's apple receded, his voice even sounded consistently female now.

Djeeta was just groaning, watching her brother fondle his tits. *They had the same tits after a— Huh?*

"Wait, that means!? Nononono!" She'd been waiting for her brother to realize, and it seemed he finally had. If he'd grown breasts, it was only a matter of time before his plumbing pursued a similar path. And that dick that been fairly visible through the front of the skintight leotard? It was becoming less and less prevalent. By the time he'd realized, hands ended up grazing a completely flat front, with the indentations of a girl's crotch evident instead, much like *her* sister. **"NO!"**

"Serves you right. This is your fault, you know." A short time had passed since Djeeta had last spoken, and in that time her voice had softened to the point that it was basically indistinguishable from Gran's own. But she wasn't really thinking about it, she was more fixated on her brother – sister's lower half. After all, Gran's hips popped and swung wide, while the skintight tights she was wearing became increasingly translucent as they were stretched across swelling thighs. The cheeks of her rear bulged out in the back as well, ass tight and pronounced only because of the tighter grip of her costume.

Well, needless to say, Gran definitely fit into her bunny girl costume now. She'd even shrunk to match! Even Djeeta had noticed *that* much, because she was now eye level with him; but that in itself had prevented the co-captain from realizing there had been a shift in her own height to make her shorter as well. They had both evened out after dropping to

the same build, and Djeeta's body had suffered diminishing returns where Gran had only received gains.

Her breasts? They had basically been popping out the front of the bunny girl costume when she had first stirred, but now they fit neatly just as Gran's did in hers – *though mentally that made sense, since they were two twins from a pair of triplets*. Er... triplets? Who was the third? She had the same ass as her sisters too, right? Not too big, but plenty perky...

Gran wasn't having the same memory issues because Christina was still planning on making her the most miserable. Most of the debt did belong to her, so she had spared Djeeta by changing her memories to make the changes more bearable. Gran, though? She'd remember *everything*, and no one would ever believe her over their three-year tenure.

The door to the private lounge room suddenly opened, and in walked a girl that wore the same red hair and eyes as the two sky captains. Once she did so, coincidentally the faces of Gran and Djeeta likewise softened. The girl's face was plain as could be, with no real outstanding features to speak of. She was certainly cute, but there wasn't much more to say about her face other than that.

Gran's lips became plump while Djeeta's lost some of their luster. Both sets of cheeks? They became round, but it was clear from their worn complexions that fatigue had set into their bodies. They felt a little exhausted, like they'd been on their feet all day. With tired eyes done up in cheap mascara, they ultimately looked identical to her (*Gran's hair being down aside*).

“Elizabeth! Oh, is it time for training already?” Djeeta blurted out, much to Gran's surprise. She was absolutely bamboozled. When had she learned this girl's name? Why was she speaking like they were so familiar? **“I know it's Alice's first day, but I know you'll make her right at home. We're all sisters after all!”** Sisters? Who was 'Alice'? Gran hadn't really looked back at Djeeta before now, but now that she was... she had the exact same face as the girl who walked in?

“D-Djeeta? What are you talking about? Alice? Who's that? Do you... k-know her?” Angry as she was before, Gran had become a stuttering mess all of a sudden. She was confused even though her memories hadn't changed, but she couldn't muster the will to point out that they had changed either. She could only express it by questioning the things her sister was saying.

But even then, Djeeta looked confused. She'd paused a moment, and when she finally spoke? The words she'd stated sent a chill down Gran's spine. **“Djeeta? Who is that...? I'm your sister, Evelyn?”**

Remember? And that's our other sister, Elizabeth? Did you hit your head? Today is your first day in mistress' casino. It's training day. I thought you said you wanted to help with our family debt?"

"Wh-What...?" Of course this didn't make a lick of sense to *Evelyn* (for she could no longer even recall her old name, but that was the only substantial memory to be lost), but she also couldn't find the words to ultimately question it. She just felt disoriented, anxious, and nervous – was she nervous about her first shift? Was this all a part of Christina's plan? How long would it last?

"Anyways..." Elizabeth went on, casting her gaze away from Evelyn momentarily. She actually knew what Christina had done but was tasked with acting like everything was normal. She'd been offered a pretty steep raise to help maintain this charade, but she would have done it free. No one with half a brain would cross Christina when she could do things like this. **"As the senior bunny girl and attendant, I'll be your supervisor. It might be a little overwhelming, but I'm sure we can get you trained and up to our standard in a week or so. As for the length of your tenure, mistress wanted me to remind you that it will last three years."**

"Th-Three years!?"

Three years came to pass, and so much was lost on Evelyn's part during that time. She had learned plenty but had also forgot much. No longer did she possess the know how to lead as a captain, and sheepish as she was? She couldn't work up the will to ask to change back even if she'd wanted to. But... did she want to? It was a question she had asked herself time and time again.

She, Alice, and Elizabeth had formed a close sibling unit. It was nice, it was warm, it was *comfortable*. Plus she absolutely didn't want to upset Christina by suggesting she leave after the trio had earned such a reputation. They'd practically become one of the casino's best attractions!

Honestly, in secret? Now comfortable as a woman, Evelyn had even begun to date on the side. Men, women, it was all okay. She knew Elizabeth was dating one of the girls that worked as a casino bartender, too. Could she really steal away that happiness by asking for them to be turned back?

And as time went on? She couldn't even really remember her past life, anyways. What was the point of asking for something she could hardly recall? Not when her whole life was this casino. Working happily, serving happily. Really?

It was better if she just didn't say anything.