

# BIG DEMOTION

## COMMISSION STORY

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Toshiro Hitsugaya never knew what to do on his days off.

For a Shinigami, what was a ‘day off’, anyways? Their positions weren’t so unimportant that they could really relax at any given time, and it wasn’t as if he had any *hobbies* of note. At best he would just spend that precious relaxation time honing his technique with his Zanpakutou. Which really didn’t fit under the ‘relaxation’ label, really, as much as some of the Shinigami who worked underneath him would have preferred that he *actually* took some time to relax with how much of a tight ass he always was.

Still, regardless of what the rest of his division believed, Toshiro had no real plans of using his latest day off any differently. Soul Society was constantly at risk of danger, and even if nothing happened on a day where he was on leave, that didn’t mean that he shouldn’t be at the ready in his own mind. Even though his division was in the capable hands of his lieutenant, Rangiku Matsumoto for the day.

While he knew she would be fine, he didn’t like how she had been the most vocal proponent towards him taking the day off in the first place. Almost like she had some sort of plan in mind, and he didn’t really *like* that idea. If Rangiku wanted to, she could probably do some long lasting damage to his division – like making them go explore the human world, for one. The last thing he needed was the Shinigami under him to come back with manicures or clothing they couldn’t wear on duty.

Then again, how would she get clearance for such an adventure?



**“I’m worrying about it too much.”** There was no doubt that this was the case, but the young man almost sounded like he wasn’t sure of this assessment once he pulled off his haori and hung it on a sliding door near the entrance to his training area. It wasn’t anything elaborate, just a number of training dummies arranged in what could best be described as ‘a swordplay obstacle course’, but he was planning on spending much, if not all, of his day there.

If he was going to train at his peak, Hitsugaya knew he needed to keep his mind clear. That meant that he shouldn’t worry over what the 10<sup>th</sup>

Division was doing while he wasn’t there. If there was an emergency, Rangiku would send out correspondence to him. Unless that happened, he should just focus on the things that would keep him occupied throughout the day.

Or at least that *had* been the plan, but alas? **“Why is *this* here? She needs to keep her things at her own place.”** It was hard for him to ignore the bright pink sash that was bunched up behind one of the seats he had set up beside his training area. It was the same one that his lieutenant always draped around her shoulders, no doubt a holdover from one of the many nights she visited him while drunk. That woman had some *terrible* habits as much as he trusted and was endeared to her.

Toshiro would return it to her without a single complaint, surely. So that was why he reached down to grab it without muttering another word. He’d just bring it in and give it back to her the next day. Yet for as much as that was his intention, he found himself crying out with confusion the second his fingers grazed the pink cloth. **“Hey!?”**

No sooner than he had made contact with it did the sash begin to squirm as if it had a mind of its own, quickly wrapping around his attached arm like a snake and sliding over his shoulders where it would ultimately dangle evenly across either side. It fell down to his knees, seeing as how he was shorter than Rangiku and all, but he was *absolutely* wearing it in the same manner that she did.

**“What? Are all of her sashes like this? No wonder it never flies off when she’s fighting...”** If it was just an enchantment of some sort, then he should have been able to easily yank it off now that it appeared to be settled across his body. This issue with that assumption? Well, it was that it wasn’t true. As much as he pulled on the pink fabric, it wouldn’t budge an inch. Almost like it was attached to the black cloth of his Shinigami robes. **“Get... the hell... off!”**

It was no use, it seemed. No amount of force shed the sash, and he found he couldn’t even pull off the robe underneath. Something was very *off* about this situation. Was it a trap that Rangiku had set for him? As much as that felt likely, he couldn’t imagine what there was to gain from giving his outfit a pink accent on his day off. So was it someone else’s doing? Was it an accident? Regardless of the cause, he had yet to notice that he would soon have a little more to worry about than merely the adornment of a pink accessory.

For on the right side of his face, underneath his lips, something had taken shape. Something that didn’t belong there at all, but was something he ended up seeing most days in some form or another even though the captain didn’t think much of its existence. That is to say that a dark beauty mark had emerged, one that looked almost identical to that of his vice captain’s.

Still desperately trying to tug the sash off himself, he didn’t notice this though. Nor the fact that his face continued to tingle and change so that his new beauty mark didn’t look out of place. Just north of that beauty mark, for example, his thin and boyish lips had begun to appear increasingly less so. They swelled so that they became fuller, glossier, and undeniably more effeminate. **“Why won’t th thith thing...?”** Plump enough that he had problem talking with them at first.

The phenomenon spread throughout the rest of his facial features, granting him what could be perceived as a newfound maturity. It just wasn’t the maturity that would typically be afforded of a young man, but rather a young *woman*. His lips were certainly suggestive of that, but it became more apparent as facial features lengthened and softened both in tandem with each other. His nose adopted a button shape after becoming slightly longer, for example.

But there was a fairly pronounced change when it came to Toshiro’s eyes. They didn’t lose their aesthetic of those of Japanese descent, but they grew almost excessively bigger while his lashes fluttered long. For a young man who almost *always* had a serious expression on his face, these more expressive, feminine eyes more or less compromised that whole shtick of his.

**“Maybe the sash isn’t so bad? It’s certainly cute!”** Hitsugaya couldn’t believe the words that came out of his own mouth – and for two different reasons at that. The first was that the words stood to contradict the panic and distaste he’d held towards the sash when it had first stuck to him. Yet hearing himself say this almost had him believing those words to be his true feelings. But on the other hand? His voice sounded sultry and womanly. Much like that of his *vice-captain*. **“No, no... That can’t be what’s happening!”**

He had begun to get an idea as to what was transpiring, but he certainly didn’t want to believe it. Even though he had Rangiku’s face and voice, and more of her traits were beginning to snowball in terms of their accumulation. Just looking at his hair, you could see how the spikes of white were not only flattening, but they had begun to lengthen with no shortage of gravitas. As they became shaggier still, they eventually spilled down against his neck, past his shoulders, and all of the way down his back. But their snowy whites were ultimately compromised as well, leaving his fingers to tug upon long, orange hair.

**“It can’t be! But this hair is so soft and smooth...”** Panic and a growing acceptance ran side by side in his mind. For as much as he was shocked to find his hair an exact match for Rangiku’s in terms of length, feel, and color? Something else welled up alongside it. Was it pride? Was he proud of this beautiful hair, as if it was his own? It certainly felt like it, and just in general his mind was adjusting to take more of an interest in his own appearance. Or, more specifically, his own *beauty*.

Fingers still combed through his new hair, and yet as they did so they found themselves covering more and more area with each stroke. These digits were gently growing longer and bonier, but so too were his fingernails stretching so that they were lengthier and sported what could only be a very meticulously done manicure. As much as he would have loathed to admit it, he could now even recall how to properly manicure his own nails.

Of course, this wasn’t limited to his hands alone. His feet underwent similar change, with heels smoothing like that were often soaked and massaged, and toes growing just slightly bigger with nails that were, once again, manicured. It was becoming clear that his hands and feet were a little too big for his boyish body now, but that was promptly addressed. It had to be.

**“Hey now!?”** He practically cooed with surprise once a stretching sensation saw Hitsugaya’s sense of balance wane. It didn’t take him long to realize what was causing it – that his limbs and torso were all stretching so that he sprung up in height. While you’d think this might cause some fitting issues with his robes, though, his black Shinigami

uniform appeared to stretch in kind, properly accommodating his new height of an imposing 5'8". The only real issue was that he ended up appearing quite *lanky* as a result. **"It's naturally better to be taller~ Men just love taller women!"**

*'WHAT AM I EVEN SAYING?'*

The new personality that enforced itself upon his ego was shameless, just as he knew his vice-captain to be. And while his memories weren't changing much aside from the knowledge necessary to adapt to this new personality, he found himself incapable of resisting the more carefree persona that was settling into place. The end result was a lack of fear, and an advent of anticipation once the more dramatic of his changes began to settle into place.

Such as, for example, a changing of *her* sex. **"Ohhh! That felt kind of nice! But I'm a woman now, aren't I? Maybe that's not so bad..."** Toshiro's dick and balls were gone, folded into a new pussy that ultimately saw her organs rearranged into a woman's counterparts. What's more, the few pubes that had been above her old dick had erupted into a glorious bush of orange. And with her sex changed, things went into overdrive.

No sooner than the woman's sex had changed did her hips then swing wide, bulging out to the sides without compromising the fit of her hakama pants. They stretched wider than her shoulders, and while that might have seemed a little excessive, the growth of the adjoined areas proved that this wasn't completely the case. Her thighs were among these areas, each upper leg thickening to perfection until even with her embiggened thigh gap, they still rubbed together easily in the center.

If her new thighs were impressive, then her ass would defy any and all expectations. Well, unless you had already seen Rangiku in the flesh before. She had a lot of cushion for the pushing, and that very same cushion took shape without pause as they back of her hakama pants pushed out and were forced to coddle the shape of her plump tush and the depths of the ample crack that were nestled within. While it couldn't be seen, a second beauty mark appeared on the bottom of her right ass cheek.

Unable to control herself, Toshiro licked at her own lips and arched her back backwards. **"Mm... Come to mama!"** The formation of her pussy and the growth of her lower half had left her feeling things she had never felt before. Or perhaps it was better to say it was something she had never *let* herself feel before. But now, more carefree, she had no issue embracing the overwhelming arousal that rippled through her.

She had arched herself backwards slightly because she could feel a tingling in her chest now. Her nipples had swollen larger, and areola continued to engorge until they were just as big as her now silver eyes. With their shapes as full as could be, eventually fat began to pool beneath them and push them forward more and more. They had clearly become a pair of small breasts, but given time they had grown to the point where you couldn't exact *ignore* them, particularly once they forced the folds of her robes to come undone and reveal the ample cleavage within. They were full, heavy, and sensitive. Absolutely astonishing, as all of her new figure was. And she felt no shortage of pride in these features.

**“Now what am I supposed to do about *this*? Is anyone even going to believe me?”** Her voice purring with an unintended lustfulness, *Rangiku Matsumoto* hugged an arm beneath her ample, spilling chest like it was the most natural thing in the world, even though something completely *unnatural* had just taken place. She spoke, acted, and even carried herself with the mannerisms of the flirty, alcohol-loving lieutenant of Soul Society's 10<sup>th</sup> Division, and yet?

*She was Toshiro Hitsugaya deep down.*



Those memories persisted, and while she had become Rangiku in every other notable facet, her recollection of identity remained untouched. That wasn't to say that she was mentally still her old self, but that she could acknowledge things weren't supposed to be this way. Case in point? **“...I really need a drink right now.”** That certainly wasn't the sort of thing Hitsugaya would have ever said nor desire, but Rangiku couldn't get the thought of having a nice, relaxing drink out of her pretty little head.

There were a lot of implications here that she didn't want to think about. Or perhaps it was better to say that she was just too carefree now to worry about? Like whom would lead her division now that she had become its lieutenant? Or, on that subject, what had become of the original Rangiku? Were there now two of them running around? That wasn't so bad, was it? **“I'm sure she could teach me a thing or two!”** A smile played upon the woman's plump lips, evidently becoming more and more receptive to the new role she had been forced to play.

**“Ah, screw it! No point in worrying about it today! It’s my day off, after all, and so a girl’s gotta indulge~!”** Rangiku’s carefree nature, in all of its infectiousness, eventually took hold completely and the woman waved her concerns away entirely. She practically scoffed at the training course that was set up. Like she was going to waste a day of rest and relaxation *training!* Though, on that note? She hadn’t realized that her Zanpakutou had become a perfect copy of Haineko either.

**“I’m getting a drink, and then maybe I’ll fool around with someone. Who knows!?”**

The many, many problems that this would cause could be dealt with on the following day. There was no point in worrying about them when all she wanted to do was chill out. Well... Chill out and *adjust* to her beautiful new big bang body. Was that a little bit of friskiness she had begun to feel? *All the better.*