

RABBIT TRICK

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Goddamnit! And she couldn’t even be polite enough to tell me why I’m here this time. That damned rabbit!” Ragna the Bloodedge was frustrated, but then again what else was new? In this case however, he felt like he had decent grounds to complain. She’d sent one of her little pets to fetch him, and he’d been teleported back to the Alucard’s castle. The ‘rabbit’ he spoke of wasn’t actually a rabbit at all, but a vampire girl named Rachel Alucard who he had labeled as such because of how those big ribbons of hers pointed upwards atop her head.

Once he’d found his feet firmly planted in her bedroom (*for he recognized the girl’s terrible sense for décor almost immediately what with how long they’d known one another*). Well, he’d been brought to her quarters plenty of times in the past. Just don’t get the wrong idea! It wasn’t because of anything weird, it was just the place she appeared to be most comfortable talking to him in private.

While she was usually there when he arrived though, she wasn’t present. Even Nagi, who had brought him here, had been absent the moment he’d stepped foot within the castle. **“The hell is she thinking!? Am I supposed to just stand here awkwardly until she shows up? Like hell!”** The word ‘patience’ was hardly in Ragna’s inventory, and before long he found himself snooping through her room lined with Victorian style furniture. His goal? Maybe he could find something embarrassing, something he could use against her!

...Not like Rachel would ever leave something so incriminating laying around. Everything that was out was there on purpose, and Rachel was far too keen to leave something Ragna wasn’t meant to see within her

room. However, she might just leave something *as a trap*. She knew full well just how mischievous he was, and the fact that Ragna might one day go snooping was not outside of her expectations, and so she had left one or two things laying around to teach him a lesson were he to try.

“The hell? Who keeps a single pair of panties in a drawer this huge?” After snooping through several drawers of a Victorian style dresser, each one packed tight with dresses and bow identical to the ones Rachel could always be found wearing, he came across one drawer with only a single pair of undergarments within. He’d reached and grabbed them without realizing what they were at first, but the second he did? Ragna blushed and dropped them, the cherry boy that he was.

Consider Rachel’s trap activated.

Truthfully? She was merely observing him from within the next room. There was no real reason for it short of her desire to be amused, and honestly? This little game of hers had some implied benefits were he to act as she’d assumed he would. And *he had*, so all she had to do now was sit back and enjoy herself as chaos ensued. It might take a moment or to before it would take effect, but by touching those undergarments (*panties she had never worn before, to be clear*) he had set the gears in motion.

Gears that had already begun to affect the young man in ways he had yet to realize. For example: *his right arm*. It was a fake, or at the very least it was supposed to be, but escaping Ragna’s notice, it had almost immediately been turned to biological flesh and bone, almost as if any imperfections were being ironed out of his body. That ended up being truer than first thought too, for any scars the man had across his flesh? They all waned, as did any calloused skin indicative of his rough and tumble lifestyle.

Even once this had all ironed out, the air of change did not entirely leave the man’s hands. Fingers shrunk in slight, not enough to make his gloves loose, but they certainly were *looser*. This was for the best, for it made one additional change less noticeable – that change being the growth of each fingernail, jutting out an inch on every single finger. Were he not wearing those gloves, they would have immediately been recognized as feminine.

But then again, that was a trend that was becoming awash throughout the *entirety* of his form. The features of Ragna’s body on the whole were softening, from providing a gentler slope to his facial features, to the ample mass of her muscles slowly smoothing out so that his sleeves and pant legs felt increasingly vacant.

“She seriously still keeping me waiting? I’m surprised those things didn’t electrocute me, knowing Rabbit.” On the other hand, Ragna had hardly noticed the changes his action had wrought. Something of a light headache had come on, and his voice had heightened in pitch so minutely that he’d yet to hear the difference, but each side effect as slight as it might have seen, was working in conjunction with the next to bring about a smooth transition into... *whatever* Rachel had planned.

It was clear enough that his visage was gaining a stronger resemblance to that of a woman than a man, androgyny seeping in more and more with each passing moment. The phenomenon that sought to slender his frame continued without any regard for the fit of his clothing, and other than sapping the strength from his muscles, it was something that saw fit to tackle the man’s gait as well.

For example? His shoulders, while once extremely broad, had begun to look less and less so. It was as if they were collapsing inward towards his neck, and at the same time even that neck appeared to be becoming more and more slender in terms of appeal. At first it was a questionable sight, at least in terms of whether or not anything had actually affected that neck of his, but before long? Where an Adam’s apple had once stood *proudly*, there was now nothing. Complete and utter smoothness, and his voice was evidently shifting along with its absence.

“Huh? Why are my clothes so damn loose?” As he spoke in the most disgruntled manner he could muster, he couldn’t help it as his voice cracked back and forth between his familiar, gruff tone and a higher pitch that bore an eerie resemblance to Rachel’s voice of all things. **“Wait, why do I—I SOUND EXACTLY LIKE RACHEL!?”** Ragna practically choked himself with one arm, and in doing so he likewise realized his hands were not only smaller, but his grip weaker.

SNAP!

A sound echoed throughout the room, like someone had just snapped their fingers, and once the sound had finished? Ragna found himself complete stripped... aside from a familiar pair of black panties that hugged his dick uncomfortably, so much that it threatened to simply *pop out*. **“Guh!? What on earth just happened!?”** For a brief moment, his use of the English language had just spewed a phrase that he could imagine Rachel saying, complete with the very same infliction of words he was used to hearing her utilize. **“...!?”**

His irises were practically swirling what with how confused this made him, and as they swirled, the red that was so prominent in his right eye

made its way into his left as well. Not only that, but the pair of them also glowed brightly within this dimly lit room, until the room itself appeared brighter than it ever had. *Night vision*. An inhuman trait, one just as inhuman as, say... one's canine teeth stretching into sharp fangs, as his did within his lips.

“Am I becoming a *damned* vampire— I mean... am I becoming an *esteemed* vampire...?” Shit, why had he corrected himself to sound all prim and proper!? All of the ill feelings he'd directed at Rachel over the course of his life were just melting away, so much that as he wracked his brain, instead he was coming up with more *compliments* instead. As he found himself thinking about how beautiful she was, his ears were drawn into a pair of short points.

Thoughts momentarily snatched away from what was happening to his body as his mind became a *Bloodege-Alucard* thought salad, it was the perfect time for the changes in said body to advance both more quickly and more dramatically.

With his body now so lean and muscle free, a sudden drop in height did not seem all that farfetched. He plummeted, limbs becoming stubbier and his torso collapsing in on itself as his figure barreled down towards one that was far more childlike when compared to the man in his twenties he'd been before. Ragna had been 6'1", but before he could even blink he was standing at a meager 4'9", not an ounce of excess muscle nor weight upon his body.

And it wasn't merely a matter of becoming smaller, for a youthfulness had snuck into his body as well. At best he appeared to be within the range of someone in their early teens, but at worst he resembled a proper child. This was clearer in his face, where chiseled features had softened to the point that they were both cute and fair. **“Now my height has plummeted? A little *paltry*, but acceptable all things considered.”** Not even he was sure what he meant by 'all things considered'.

Okay, that was a lie. He knew, deep down. He could feel her memories swirling with his own and influencing his state of being, after all. *He was becoming Rachel Alucard*, and he was powerless to resist that influence. As terrifying as it was, he almost *liked it*.

As if to drive that point home, the dick that had already shrunken down to a more meager size after regressing in height and age begun to slither even deeper backwards, so much that it eventually found itself tucked back up and inside *her* as the proper woman's equivalent. It saw the sway of her hips slide out just a little bit, the cheeks of her buttocks become all the rounder, and upon her chest? Tiny nubs, no larger than a

pair of mosquito bites, saw fit to flourish into the beginnings of a set of proper breasts. Ragna knew she was flat, but wasn't this a little tragically so? Why did the size of her own tits suddenly feel like such a *sore* topic?

Blonde swept through the length of the girl's excessively spiky hair, although those spikes did come to subside substantially as the length of her mane soon barreled backwards. The new, golden color fell beautifully down her back and over the front of her shoulders, concealing her pale, doll-like complexion – or, at least, her breasts and bum. It did nothing to conceal with hid beneath the tiny tuft of blonde hair above her crotch.

“I truly am becoming Rachel Alucard, hm?” Taking a handful of that beautiful hair, she felt how soft it was between her fingertips to distract herself from the discomfort that plagued her face. Her features, also soft thanks to how young she looked, actually sharpened in slight. Her chin became sharper, the point of her nose appeared a little more pronounced, and while her crimson eyes danced wider with elongated lashes it did not change that she, still, resembled a doll by design. A doll whose resting expression implied she was done with *any and all* shit, at any rate.

If someone were to put Ragna as she was now beside the original Rachel Alucard, they'd be loathed to spot any major differences. From height, to proportions, to *attitude*; she was almost *completely* spot on. Mentally, 'Rachel' had taken root with great success as well. She was no longer uncertain about her identity, and her time as Ragna? Well, she could still recall it, but thinking about it made her scowl to herself unpleasantly.

One would think she was displeased with who she'd been just moments ago, but there was another feeling there as well, one that gave her pause. Was she somehow endeared to the concept of 'Ragna the Bloodedge'? Were these authentic feelings that Rachel actually had for him, or were they, perhaps, a side effect of her transformation into her duplicate? Yes, surely that was it! Under no circumstances could she harbor any sort of feelings for that man. It was best to just toss those thoughts aside regardless, for he did not exist any longer. He was who she was now. **“I do not mind this.”**

A perfect Rachel Alucard clone.

The second Rachel was idling there, still garbed only in the pair of black panties, when the original walked in. **“Now isn't this amusing? I imagined you would go snooping the moment you believed it was safe to do so, but to see you in such a state, Ragna? It**

really tickled my fancy. To think! All of the chiding you've done towards me now applies to yourself as well!" Of course, she recognized that it wasn't merely the man's – *girl's* body that had changed, and her mind was undoubtedly operating on similar tastes to the original's.

'Ragna', as if to prove that point, hummed familiarly. "**Hmm? Was this supposed to be a punishment then? I feel more like you did me a favor. I didn't realize that being you could feel so good.**" She felt both strong and intelligent, and a stabilizing calm had settled across her demeanor. 'Ragna' was still in there somewhere, but she was far more content embracing the identity of a second Rachel than anything. "**I suppose I cannot just carrying on using your name, however.**"

Rachel's duplicate made a compelling point. Things would grow confusing if they were both referred to the same way, and she needed to make sure her servants did not treat her new copy with the same loyalty they did *her*. "**How about Raquel? It sounds similar, but likewise is different enough to distinguish between us. We... sisters, as we shall tell others we are for the time being.**" Little did Rachel know that name had been taken by another Alucard in a different timeline.

"**Raquel... Raquel...**" Rachel #2 repeated the name upon her tongue several times before coming to accept it as her own. "**That will do. I quite like the sound of it, in fact.**" Raquel had likewise begun to shuffle through the dresser once more, picking out a dress and the necessary ribbons as if she'd done this a million times. A side effect of Rachel's memories influencing her more and more.

Although, something did give her pause. She'd been looking for a garment but could not find one. So she withdrew her hands, and ultimately pressed them up against her flat, girlish chest. "**Do we not wear a bra? Of all our beauty, for our breasts to be so small-Ouch!?**" Rachel had struck Raquel in the back of her head before she could get the entire question out.

"Some things you just do not say, dearest sister."

There was killing intent behind those words.

"Y-Yes, I suppose that's true."