

A REBIRTHDAY DRINK

COMMISSION STORY

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For Kay, his birthday was something of a mixed bag these days.

Most people surely felt this way by the time they got near to the end, or even moved *out* of their twenties. There wasn't much excitement to becoming a year older after the age of twenty one, and even then, that age could be lower depending on the country you lived in. There simply just weren't any more legal hurdles to reach! No more needing to be old enough to drive or drink, there wasn't really anything that he could *do* now that he was another year older.

He was just... *another year older*. Sure, it was nice to be celebrated for a day, and maybe even receive a present or two. **“But in the end, it’s just another day. I’m just another year older.”** Not to say that he was thinking particularly negatively about it, either. **“If anything, I’m getting to that age where people expect me to be a role model for the young, and well...”** He couldn't help but laugh at that sort of expectation. He didn't fancy himself to be much of a teacher, nor very good at guiding others in the first place.

“And that gives me an idea...” Or so a voice quietly remarked among a plane of existence from which the speaker could not be seen *nor* heard. Hisa the nekomata was not one to show her hand early if she saw the potential for an amusing transformation. One that could have an outcome that was *just* as amusing with its implications.

Kay's birthday morning had progressed more or less as he had expected in the end. He'd received birthday greetings and presents from his family after indulging himself and sleeping in a little later than usual,

and after having a good breakfast he'd gotten dressed with the plans of getting on his computer and, perhaps, drawing. But whatever plans he'd had for the rest of the day had been completely dashed. Someone, or *something* grabbed his collar in the end and gave him a sharp tug. And in the end? It had felt like he was falling backwards.

“AHHHH!?”

But he didn't land on the floor. In fact, he fell for *far* too long when the floor had been right beneath him. The world around him blurred into darkness for a brief moment before lights blurred into view again, and suddenly? He was *standing*, but not in his room. He was standing in what looked like a *studio*? Or perhaps a *club*? There was a stage and instruments set up in front of him. “**...Huh? Where am I?**” Wasn't there something familiar about this location?

And did he not hear the screams of two other men in rooms adjoined to the large one he was standing in? “**I... should probably get out of here, right?**” The situation he had found himself in was absurd, but only because the girl who had pulled him into this *world* in the first place had seen fit to erase all of Kay's memories of her. Before that, he'd known well enough of her antics. He'd been the victim of them plenty of times.

But Hisa didn't find it very fun when her victims *expected* things.

“**Aww, don't be such a stiff! This is your Rebirthday Party, after all!**” In the end, Kay was blindsided by that very nekomata. She appeared behind him in the form of an adult (and with a sizable bosom at that) and took his shoulder so that she could spin him around. Before he had even been able to set eyes upon her own, too taken off guard by what had just happened, she shoved something into his mouth. The spout of a brown bottle that she tilted up so that a cool and refreshing liquid ran down his throat.

But the man recoiled immediately and pushed her away *gently* after the surprise prompted him to swallow without thinking, and some of the liquid spilled both on the floor and his shirt. “**Wh-What the hell are you doing!?**” That was *definitely* alcohol he'd just swallowed. Was it sake? He didn't have a lot of experience with it, but that *felt* like the right answer. Or more like something subconsciously *knew* what the answer was even if he hadn't known before.

“**Just giving you a Rebirthday drink! But you didn't need to push me away, you know? Jeez.**” Hisa waved off the incident with a courteous smile, noticing how he was staring at her cat ears and the pair of swishing tails behind her. Good, he didn't recognize her. But she

didn't have much else to say to him, either. And so she set the bottle down on the counter of the bar she'd stumbled before. **"IIII'll just leave this here for the time being! I'm sure you'll drink the rest of it yourself within time! But don't forget how you should be acting in front of minors! You're at that age where you should be a role model, after all!"**

And then she just *disappeared* into nothingness, leaving Kay to gasp. **"Just what is happening here? This has to be some sort of weird dream, right?"** Too much was happening that didn't make a lick of sense to him at all. In the first place, that last line she had spoken had been his thoughts about getting older, right? There was no way she could have known that, so this was clearly just some kind of dream! **"And what's a Rebirthday? Like... *Rebirth*?"**

That *was* the long and short of it, yes.

Kay had been left with *plenty* to think about. But when it came to his surroundings, he was beginning to get a better sense of where he was potentially. **"I've definitely seen this place before, but..."** Not in three dimensions. He'd seen it drawn. **"Is this STARRY? From Bocchi?"** If he continued to assume that he was trapped in a dream then that made sense, right? Well it didn't really make *sense*, but you could easily explain away the reasoning. Even though the *real* reason was that the cat girl he'd just bumped into had brought him there.

He caught his attention wandering back to the sake table on the bar but snapped himself out of it. **"Now really isn't the time for that..."** And he wasn't really big on alcohol in the first place! But that taste lingered on his tongue when he had been forced to drink it and it had been surprisingly delicious. *Intoxicating* for all the wrong reasons. It was also making his stomach gurgle for *some* reason.

And yet, while that was how he had rationalized the gurgling, the cause of it was actually something more *concerning*. It wasn't indigestion, either, and that would have been the most reasonable assumption. But indigestion didn't typically lead to your body *shedding weight*, right? Not that Kay was obese or anything of the sort, but that extra weight that his body *did* carry eroded away until he was almost a little *too* thin. You could just barely make out his ribcage beneath his shirt.

It was only because his pants slipped a *little* but that Kay ended up noticing. **"I— Huh?"** And even then it had been a little hard to tell up until the moment he poked at his own flesh and bone with his fingers. **"Am I thinner than I was before? That'd be...?"** He'd gone to poke himself again, but stopped after noticing the fingers on his hands in the

corner of his eye. “**Wait... Who the hell put black paint on my nails!?**” Had that been on them this entire time?

No. Raising one of those hands to examine his fingers much more closely, he could tell that his fingers seemed a little thinner too. “**Uh—HIC!?**” The concern had *seemingly* provoked him to hiccup, bringing the taste of the sake back up for his tongue to savor in the process. But he couldn’t doubt his own eyes, could he? He was watching his fingers and palms get *smaller* and *smaller*. Yet those fingers hardened to develop callouses... like he was often using them for some sort of craft.

Almost like they had changed to *mirror* what had happened to his hands, the feet he was standing upon experienced a similar shift. Toes wiggled within socks that seemed to feel looser and looser as the feet they were attached to shrunk in slight. Those nails grew a touch, and the same black point spread across them as his heels rounded and smoothed. “**Woah!?**” It provoked an expected imbalance as his feet were no longer the correct size to support his taller body, or, at least, it had *initially* been that way.

But Kay himself was a little overwhelmed to see the bigger picture. “**HIC!?**” Another hiccup accompanied the sensation of falling, but of course his feet hadn’t left the ground beneath him. Adding to his problems was an increasingly pronounced sense of *dizziness*, but that was actually a separate issue from the falling sensation. His shorts slipped past scrawnier, now hairless legs along with his boxers, but there was no shame in it because his t-shirt now reached the peaks of his thighs. And yet... *why?*

“**...EH!? A-Am I small— HIC!?**” Another hiccup interrupted his verbal acknowledgement of what he’d just experienced. He’d been nearly six feet tall a moment ago, but his thinned body had vertically compressed so that he was now a *mere 5’2”*, basically putting him at eye level with the STARRY bar that still housed the sake bottle that eyes kept occasionally dancing too even though he *didn’t... want... it?*

Truthfully, it was beginning to become impossible to deny that he *did* want it.

“**Nngh... How can *this* be...? I’m *sho* small?**” Kay really *was*, both in terms of weight *and* observable height. But it was *odd*. This was alarming, yet his panic was easing. Words were beginning to get slurred, and he seemed a little unsteady in the first place. Almost like he was *intoxicated*; related to how the scent of sake on his breath was becoming stronger and stronger still. His smaller body was swaying side to side as an odd affliction spread across his face.

The *structure* of which was shifting. This was observable in two very different ways. The first? *Masculinity*, or the increasing *lack thereof*. Thinned cheeks structurally became rounder and possessed less defined cheekbones, whereas his nose compressed and his nose flared up a bit – both above a narrowed chin. But this made him look more like a short *woman* than a man. It briefly seemed like, beyond lengthened lashes, the shapes of his eyes were part of this, but...

It was *definitely* separate. They *were* reshaped in a way that highlighted an increase in femininity, but as lids closed in the corners and irises burned with an dark pink? Racially, traces of his white Latino heritage were being stolen away so that Asian, specifically *Japanese*, features could emerge in their place. He now had the face of a young Japanese woman, but one who was surely in her *twenties* regardless of how short she had become.

Kay stumbled again, this time towards the bar of the live house. “*何! ?*” His body just *wasn't* moving the way he wanted too, he was too dizzy. So dizzy that the subtle change in his thinking *and* speaking, so that he was communicating in *Japanese*, went right over his head. Even the much *higher* pitch of his voice, a voice matching that of a *seiyuu* he would have known if he'd been in his right mind, wasn't processed. All he knew was that he *wanted* that bottle of sake now. He *wanted* it so badly. “*Thirsty...*”

The next stumble *wasn't* courtesy of his increasing levels of intoxication but a shift in his body frame's design. The short man's hips had popped a little wider to give his narrower form a far womanlier shape and, ultimately... That was capitalized on the moment that *she* managed to correct herself with a discomfited groan. Kay could tell that something had happened between *her* legs, but... *had* something happened? She almost felt uncertain.

Regardless of how the Japanese woman identified that feeling's source, however, it did not change that she was now, well, *a woman*. Her sex had changed courtesy of a shrinking and sucking of her dick and balls into her pelvis where a new pussy was sensitively fashioned. The pubic hair that *hadn't* been bound to her balls above her crotch flourished in thickness to take a messy cut, but a purple not unlike her new eye color emerged over what had once been black.

She reached for the bottle now that there was no more major points of resistance aside from her own drunken clumsiness, mind so clouded by booze that she could *vaguely* recall drinking that she wasn't thinking very critically about how she, or her *memories*, had been changing. “*Finally!*” Kay cried out triumphantly once she grasped the neck of the

bottle, hardly noting that her figure had changed further over the past few steps.

That wasn't to say it had changed *dramatically*. Up until that point she'd completely maintained her boyish lack of 'womanly charm' aside from the width of her hips. That was rectified to an *extent* as her thighs thickened a couple of inches and her ass perked up and out behind her. But there was nothing too *excessive*, still giving her the look of a scrawny woman. Then again, as nipples plumped and her chest puffed out into small mounds her upper body didn't acquire much more than a pair of heavier *A-cups*, either.

“GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!”

In the end, the only sound that Kay was making was the sound of the sake getting chugged down the back of her throat as she hoisted the bottle *high* into the air with lips affixed to its spout. Each GLUG almost seemed to be rhythmically attached to a wave of *color* that splashed into her dark hair which, while short at first, extended with each colored splash of dark pinkish purple. Hair fell past her ears and to her shoulders, then past her shoulder blades and the center of her back. They cascaded down to her *ass* before the growth and dyed colors stopped, giving her a long mane colored in the same way as her pubes.

“Hah! That *rrrrreally* hit the *shpot!*” By the time she finished drinking, she smiled to reveal a row of triangle-shaped shark teeth that must have changed while drinking. Meanwhile? Her shirt tightened and darkened into a dark green dress with spaghetti straps, and wood sandals lifted her up with the stumbles that followed. Although those stumbles *did* soon turn into a silly, uncontrolled dance.

There really wasn't *any* point in the short woman who was now dancing around the live house with that brown sake bottle in her hand to mask what was *entirely* obvious. She was drunk beyond belief, and the scent of it was thick around her body. If anyone was unfortunate enough to get a whiff of *Kikuri Hiroi's* breath, well... They'd probably have a complaint or two.

“Happy Birshday to... HIC...”



meeeeeeee!” Perhaps the only thing that *hadn’t* changed from her past life was that it *was* still her birthday. Otherwise, she likely wouldn’t have been singing that song offkey and slurred like she was. That said, this meant that it was now *September 28th* as opposed to the end of May when Kay’s birthday had been. Kikuri was turning a daunting *twenty six*.

Was that why she had come to STARRY in the late afternoon just to start drinking? Day drinking wasn’t really a strange thing to see her doing, but as she *couldn’t* recall she had started much earlier than even normal. Another year older and what did she have to show for herself? Just *more* responsibility! Why did getting older come with those tedious things? She didn’t really want to be responsible for *anyone* but herself. It was better that way.

“Hey, Bocchi! If you’re going to wish her a Happy Birthday, then do it properly!” The sound of the familiar voice of one of her juniors prompted Kikuri to stop spinning around and turn to the door that Kay had heard other men screaming in when he had first appeared in STARRY. Was that related to the energetic, red-haired teen and the... box she was pushing out? No, that wasn’t a box. That was *Bocchi* hiding *in* the box.

In actuality, this Kita and Bocchi *had* been Joseph and Axel respectively. Kay’s friends. It had been part of Hisa’s ‘trick’ to turn them into the ‘younger generation’ that Kikuri was supposed to be a ‘role model’ for. **“Eh? What’re you too doing? HIC! Wanna drink?”** The bassist clumsily held out the bottle she could barely grip. In the end, Kikuri wasn’t the type to tidy up her behavior for others. Not *even* children or teenagers. The members of Kessoku Band were used to seeing her like this, right?

The blue haired teen just quietly shook her head, while below? Bocchi finally emerged from her box. As always, she had a terrible sense of timing.

“H-H-HAPPY BIRTHDAY!”

“...Yeah, Happy Birthday!”

“AWWW! YOU GUUUUYSH! YOUSH SHOULDN’T HAVE!”

And there was the bottle going back onto her lips!