

BECOMING MINK

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes developments in the media that you liked didn't always go the way that you would have expected. Or maybe it was better to say that wish fulfillment in ongoing series could sometimes lead to sour opinions? It may look like that the plot developments are going in one direction only for your expectations to never be met and you would be left scratching your head at minimum, or become outright mad about it at most.

One Piece was the sort of fandom where this kind of thing was more commonplace than you might expect. Every arc introduced new side characters which inevitably led to discussions surrounding whether or not any of them would ultimately join Luffy's crew. Such a development would elevate them to main character status and there was always a ton of discussion about who was worthy and who wasn't midst the community.

Well, and a *lot* of community discourse. There were fewer hot button topics in the fandom than this one.

After Jinbe officially became a Straw Hat and the Wano arc had begun, that discourse had swirled around Yamato and Carrot for a while. Yamato because of his open desire to join the Straw Hats themselves, and Carrot? Well, she had been traveling with them for a long while now. She was often involved in the Straw Hats' exploits and up until the end of Wano had traveled with them. It almost felt a disservice to not have her join, and yet she was sent off into a position back home that she hadn't even wanted!

Or at the very least that was how *I* had felt about it. It wasn't like I was mad, I wouldn't get *that* into the discourse, but I was at least disappointed by the development. How could I *not* be? Carrot was one of my favorite characters and the Mink tribe member had been effectively written out of the story for the time being. While reading the most recent chapter I was reminded of her.

I could see the rabbit girl's face everywhere!

...Okay, I was being a little dramatic about her omission. **"Still, I think it would have been way better if she had become a Straw Hat."** The crew had *definitely* needed more girls. Nami and Robin were great, but why was the majority of the crew *men*? Oda had never thought to balance that out? Maybe he didn't think the women would be as popular? But times had definitely changes on that front, people loved a well written woman character these days.

It wasn't like any of my moaning would change anything though. Oda did what he wanted and no amount of fan feedback would change that. Which was honestly for the best in any series; it would terrible if writers caved to the whims of the readers for every plot development! But I couldn't shake it in the end. **"I really wish they'd had her join the cre— WHAT!?"**

If my cry had sounded out of place that was because it *was*. I'd been reading the new One Piece chapter at my computer when suddenly the world had closed in around me and I had been forced onto my back with my legs in the air. I was in a tight space I didn't recognize. **"Am I in a crate!?"** Not only was light filtering in through cracks between wooden boards, but the scent of seawater was noted too. I was near the ocean!?

"What the hell!? Let me out of here!" Panic immediately set in and understandably so. I was trapped in a box I was much too tall to fit in normally with *no* idea how I had ended up there. Had I been drugged or something? But the transition between locations had been *much* too smooth for that, hadn't it? It wasn't like I had blacked out and woken up again – I had seen the world change around me, felt the crate wrap itself over me.

And the scent of the ocean? Well I lived *nowhere* near the ocean. It would have been an hours long trip by car at *minimum*. Could I have been dreaming? Maybe, but the thought hadn't crossed my mind at all. The reality of it all was that it felt very, well, *real*. Despite how bizarre and unfathomable of a situation it was, a large part of me didn't doubt that it had happened. **"Could someone let me out!?"** Kicking and pushing the box didn't seem to do much.

I could hear wood creaking outside of the crate. There had to be people nearby, right? Surely someone would let me out of the box if they heard me? Or at least give me some context about *what* was happening? But aside from the sound of waves crashing against *something*. The shore? But I could feel the world around me shaking ever so slightly with each crash.

“Am I on a ship?” A big enough one would lessen the feeling of the waves, right? But if I was out in the middle of the ocean then wasn't this even *worse*? Wasn't the middle of the ocean out of the reach of laws or something? **“This can't get any worse...”** I was right, technically. It really *could* only get better. But it wholly depended on your definition of the word '*better*' in the end.

If we were going to talk about legitimate issues then the fact that I was trapped in such a *small* crate was probably the largest of them at first. My body was too tall and too heavy so it was extremely cramped. With my legs stuck up towards the top I might as well have been a fish stuck in a sardine can. Not to mention it was hot and I wasn't clothed for this climate at all. Without any way to get water, if I didn't die from my neck snapping from this weird posture I'd probably die of dehydration in some capacity.

Both outcomes sounded horrible.

But then relief came in a way I wasn't expecting. At least it came to address *one* of these issues. **“Huh?”** I'd slipped back in the box all of a sudden, sliding an inch or two down. I also didn't feel as if my own weight was baring down on me quite as intensely as it had been prior, though it took me a second to piece together why these things correlated. I was wearing clothes that were already a little baggy, so if something was happening to me *under* those clothes? Such as?

A quick and dramatic loss of weight? It wasn't shocking at all that I wouldn't have immediately noticed *that*. It sounded impossible! But then again *everything* about these circumstances were impossible. So much so that I was beginning to doubt my assumption that this wasn't a dream. I was speechless. I'd naturally acknowledged what I was seeing with my own two eyes, but I didn't have the words to say anything about it. Not only was my stomach thinner, *flat* even, but my arms and legs seemed to be the same. I could only assume my cheeks were thinner too.

This all meant that while the box was still cramped, it was at least a little *less* so and a touch more comfortable as a result. Well, considering I was still *upside down* anyways. **“WAH!?”** A little *more* relief came with another sudden slide. This time I was able to slip my back up against the

back of the box so I was *upright*. It took me a second to comprehend why I'd suddenly been able to correct my posture like this, and only because it was *still* happening.

“Am I *shrinking*?” At least this time I managed to find the words to ask the question that was on my mind. But I could see *and* feel it. My arms and legs weren't as long as they had been and my thinned torso was having an easier time conforming to the box's confines. I'd dipped down to 5'3" from a taller height which meant my t-shirt was more like a dress and my shorts only stayed on because my pants were kicked slightly up.

This oversized clothing hid something I hadn't realized. Or, well, I *had* realized, but not quite to the extent that was the reality. As I'd become thinner and smaller my waistline had pulled in *substantially*. Maybe *unrealistically* might have been a better word? From one side of my waist to the other it might have been about six or seven inches wide! **“Okay, but why am I...? What's up with my voice!?”**

I had managed to reach up a hand to cover my mouth as if to demonstrate just *how* shocked I was. My voice sounded cute and girlish, but unbeknownst to me it actually better suited my *face* as things were. I hadn't *just* gotten smaller although I would have needed a mirror to see this. Because my face was much more youthful now, like someone in their mid-teens. **“Eep!?”** A *girl* in *her* mid-teens?

On cue there had been a strong *push* against my groin and that provoked my free hand down to my crotch. I didn't push it more than a gentle pat, but there was no bulge there. **“A-Am I a *girl*!?”** There was something inherently cartoonish and immature about how I had begun to express myself by this point, though it *did* go unnoticed. What *didn't* go unnoticed was a thought in the back of my mind that ran contradictory to what I had just said.

Huh? Haven't I always been a girl?

My shock all but disappeared after that thought had crossed my mind. I felt so sure that I'd always been female now, so what had I been so surprised about again? It buried any substantial reactions on my part as the rest of my body was altered to better suit this new sex of mine, including an elongation of my hips horizontally that made my already extremely narrow waist seem more cartoonishly so, almost like it was a stylistic choice despite being my *actual* body.

“Come to think of it, why am I trapped in here!?! I didn't close the lid *that*... Wait, did I climb in here myself? That isn't right... is it?” Memories that contradicted the ones I knew amplified

my feelings of disorientation while my curled posture was altered once more by changes to my body. This time? It was a matter of my thighs and butt thickening. My thighs were plush and round before long while my bubbled rear had lifted my torso up several additional inches. If anything it was a little more comfortable at least?

Ultimately my torso felt heavier just seconds later, though not because the weight I'd had in my stomach had returned. This weight was centered a little higher up, fat pooling beneath the nipples upon my chest that pushed my loose shirt up ever so slightly... at first. They pushed more and more, the nipples that led the charge expanding in size all their own until eventually? C-cup breasts heaved upon my bosom, the final telltale sign of my changed sex.

At least it isn't so cramped in here anymore... But why was it cramped in the first place? The thought had crossed my mind briefly along with the thought of: *Is it just me or is it getting hotter in here!?* And *that* was actually because a new change had begun to *sprout* up. Literally. Part of that was actually my *hair*, which was not only lengthening to my shoulders but found its color changing to a yellowish blonde. But that wouldn't really have contributed to my whole body feeling warmer, would it?

Of course not. But the hair atop my head wasn't the only hair growing. All across my skin I was becoming *fuzzier* which, as you might know, isn't a descriptor often used to describe human skin. Yet white fur was growing everywhere, from my hands to my feet to my face, each strand only a couple of inches long but enough to give my body a softer look and feel.

But it was difficult to deny that this fur, which hid even my nipples, made me look like some sort of *beast*. "**Ow!**" A sudden tug on my jaw prompted me to cry out and my rounded eyes looked in towards my nose while they browned in color. I *should* have been, but I wasn't surprised at all to find my nose had merged with the rest of my face – which had been pulled out into a slight muzzle. Said nose was small, wet, and pink, and connected to my thinned lips. Almost like the face of a *rabbit*.

Or *exactly* like one.

My lengthier blonde hair had concealed my ears, but they *did* eventually resurface. Just not in the same place they *should* have been in. They poked out from atop my head and climbed in size, white fur wrapping around their sides and back with pink in the inner front. Stretching about a foot high, there was no denying that they were the ears of a rabbit whatsoever.

“Wah!” I slid within the box one final time but in this case it was prompted by my clothing changing. My huge shorts and shirt tightened against my body and merged into a single, tight dress with stitched sides so you could see my fur through a bound slit, and a green cloak tied with a lighter green bow was suck to my shoulder. Brown boots now pressed against the top of the crate as they should have. *Because this is my favorite traveling outfit!*

“Huh!? Was the top always this loose!? It would’ve been bad if someone had just checked!” For some reason I could remember the lid of the crate I was hiding in being on tighter there. But I really needed to get *out!* It was way too hot in my hiding crate with my body covered with my soft, white, Mink fur! And to be clear that was just the name of my people! I was clearly a rabbit! A rabbit named *Carrot!*



I didn’t doubt my identity at all! Should I have? Why? I had been Carrot my whole life, hadn’t I? So what was there even to doubt? I was much too preoccupied with my current plan anyways. After things had wound down in Wano and my people had tried to make me their *leader* of all things, I had once against stowed away on the Thousand Sunny! This time I was going to ask Luffy properly! I wanted him to make me a member of the Straw Hats!

And don’t you say it was just because I was trying to avoid responsibility! I’d been traveling with them for so long that of course I wanted to join. I eventually reached my fuzzy hands up to push the lid off the crate I was hiding in, brown eyes squinting from the sunlight that filtered in while my ears finally sprung up with the freedom to move. **“Carrot? Why were you hiding in there?”**

“WHA!?” To think Nami had been standing right beside the crate! I hadn’t even noticed someone walk by! **“N-Nami! ...Wait, aren’t you surprised to see me?”** She didn’t look shocked at all! After I’d been so sneaky! Well, it wasn’t like I was expecting anyone to give me trouble. I

was just a fifteen year old girl after all! I hadn't been prepared at all for what the navigator would ultimately tell me either.

“What do you mean? Don't you remember Luffy saying you could join our crew? You're *supposed* to be here, right?”

“HUUUUUUUUH!?”

I couldn't remember that happening at all! But if it was true? At the very least I was *glad*! Seeing Nami laugh at my reaction filled my heart with ease! If that was true then I was exactly where I was supposed to be, wasn't I? A home... There was nothing better than feeling like you had a home!