

PANDA EXPRESS

FEBRUARY 2022 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“To be honest, I’ve never even heard of this holiday before. It must be a local event.”

A young Miqo’te woman with brown hair and fur was speaking to no one in particular as she walked along an ornate bridge in Hingashi, taking her from one half of a festival over to the next. The celebration was known by the locals as the ‘Lunar New Year’ celebration, and the Miqo’te – S’aiya – wondered if it was a celebration of a liking similar to Heavensturn, which was used to usher in the new year.

Having traveled to Hingashi with her friend and quote-unquote ‘business associate’, Silvia Kuroi, the pair had chosen to attend the festival after being invited by some of the locals. The pair had been investigating some ruins that had been unearthed nearby, and while they had hardly uncovered anything of note within its depths, they could at least enjoy the local festivities, couldn’t they?

Despite arriving together though, the two had split up temporarily. S’aiya had been hungry, and Silvia had caught word of a stall selling ‘priceless artifacts’ elsewhere on the streets. Having grown up on the streets, S’aiya was assuming it was *likely* a scam – but Silvia would never rest until she knew for *sure* that there was nothing of value to be purchased.

Either way, this arrangement was only expected to last thirty minutes or so before they agreed to meet up again. S’aiya had already vored some dango and was making her way over to the other side where Silvia had run off. She knew roughly where the booth was, so it would be easier if

she just met her there. That was what the intention had been, at any rate, but something had veered the cat thief off course.



The sound of *something* jumping around in a nearby alleyway drew her attention, and her footsteps, towards it. It sounded like an animal of some fashion? But there was always the chance that a monster had slipped into the festival, and while it would be a pain in the ass to deal with if that had been the case, S'aiya didn't want the guilt of having ignored it and learning later that it had killed someone.

Fortunately, that didn't really seem to be the case. “A **panda bear?**” The Miqu'te could hardly believe what she was looking at. At the scale of a Minion, this tiny bear had a red scarf and was standing on its hind legs. It looked like it was looking for someone, wandering around like that. Was it too scared to venture out into the crowd? At that size, she wouldn't be surprised if that was the case. Considering the scarf, it must've had an owner, right?

...But why were its little, beady eyes locked on her? And *glowing?*

Something akin to a chill ran down S'aiya's spine from the eye contact. She just couldn't look away, yet the more she stared she also felt something forming. Something emotional? A bond. A *connection*. She knew who this panda was, and this panda knew her. And the more she felt convinced of that? The brighter her eyes began to glow a red that contradicted their usual blue. “**You are... No, you're not... I've never seen you before!**”

The cat *believed* she had torn herself away from the panda's gaze before it was too late, but the initial eye contact had been enough. Already, its effects had gripped her mind and were continuing to squirm their way deeper – both into her soul *and* her body.

This was exemplified nowhere more plainly as it was S'aiya's curvaceous figure. She was much more well-endowed than most Miqu'te women, and certainly not by choice. That was why it looked strange to find that inconvenient, F-cup rack shrinking smaller and smaller, the white tee she wore over it flattening and ultimately hanging low enough to cover her bellybutton.

This clothing malfunction was just as true of her pants, for her jeans began to hang more loosely off of her hips quite simply because there were *less* hips to hang off of in the first place. Her ass had deflated plenty to match, but oddly enough? It was S'aiya's thighs that did not suffer any meaningful loss. They had never been excessively abundant to begin with, but with a butt and chest that now practically stood flat, they ended out looking like her breakout feature by contrast.

“Stop... staring at me... *Baobao!*” The panda was still staring at her with its eyes glowing, and to try and get it to stop she had unknowingly called out its name – despite the fact that it should have been impossible for her *to* know it. Internally, however, her memories had begun to rearrange so that the bond that she had felt get created would increasingly become a reality. And in turn, she would become the companion that Baobao best recognized. It left S'aiya in a tizzy, and because of that when she almost fell over she had believed it to be a side effect of that.

Even though it hadn't been. The *direct* cause of her physical fumble had come about due to a dramatic drop in the woman's height. Her center of gravity was naturally knocked off-kilter, with an imbalance inspired by the feeling of falling the height drop brought about. Before long, pants had fallen from her hips and her jacket had fallen from her shoulders.

And instead, a girl that couldn't have been any taller than 4'10" was left standing there in an oversized, white t-shirt with her undergarments caught upon thighs that looked impossible thick, everything else considered. Those thighs had remained the same size throughout, but now that her legs were shorter the fat that had resided within made them look even plumper. It wasn't all fatty tissue, though. There was a great deal of *muscle* behind them too.

“*Baobao! I said stop staring! Big sister would tell you off, too!*” *Big sister?* Who was that? And when did her voice become so high? There were questions worth asking, but evidently her mind was being paved over with complacency just as quickly as her body was changed. She didn't think anything of her sharp decline in height, nor the fact that she sounded like a girl in her early teens.

In fact, she most certainly had the *face* of one, too. The whisker markings that were darker than the rest of the skin of S'aiya's face had waned, and overall her slightly tanned complexion had lightened several shades. The youthful glow she ultimately gave off was a direct result of cheeks that had become much rounder, and a head that was shorter – all in all giving her face a more horizontally oval look. Her (now) red eyes seemed bigger horizontally as well, but vertically? They had

pinched in, giving them an almond shape that was much more reminiscent of the Hingashi locals beyond the alley's entrance.

Wobbling to and fro, the girl seemed confused. **“What was I doing? Why are we in the back alley? Something doesn't really feel right, does it?”** Baobao didn't seem interested in replying, and was still staring at the girl with its eyes alight. It watched as the Miko'te orangey-brown hair darkened and straightened into a chestnut do that fell to her bum, and then again as, well...

The features that even made her a Miko'te in the first place dwindled. The fur upon her pointed ears regressed so that her cartilage was left bald, all while both ears slid down the sides of her head and grew rounded. Before long, they were a pair of Hyur-like ears that rested on her head's sides. While S'aiya's proud, fluffy tail? *It fell right off*, turning cold and hardening into a cheap looking bo-staff that was a prop being sold in one of the festival stalls.

“And what am I...? Oh! Nevermind. Maybe I'm sleepy?” She'd been about to comment on her state of dress, too, but it was resolved so quickly that she couldn't even remember the oversized outfit she'd been stuck in before. Instead, she was now clad in a red China dress with a brown chest, trimmed with gold and decorated with an ornate, gold symbol near the base. Other than that, she was only wearing a black thong for underwear, and her chest wasn't nearly big enough to require a bra.

Ornate, black thigh highs hugged the base of her thick thighs so tightly that their flesh poured out and over the hem, and black heels cozied around her tiny tooties. Otherwise, she wore a jacket with a black, fur collar, and her hair was done up with a white headband and pulled into twintails by some golden clasps.

Teeming with a boundless energy, the young *Ping Hai* was left hopping in place, thighs that were ample for a girl who had just barely become a teenager bouncing along with her. **“Eh? Where is big sister? Weren't we going to go to the festival with big sister?”** Her head was full of memories that did not speak to a past as a Miko'te thief, but as a young Monk girl who treasured her older sister more than anything. Well, that and their shared panda companion, who had clearly been looking for her!



But now the child and panda had been reunited, and so they had to find their third, missing member. The Lunar New Year was something they celebrated back in their home land, and every year the two sisters spent it together. Both of them would sure be upset if they were denied spending yet another in each other's company. And so off Ping Hai ran!



“Big sister!” Not long after, the ruby-furred scholar, Silvia Kuroi, found herself perplexed by a stranger's gesture. A young girl dressed in clothing she might expect to find one who practiced a Monk's style of combat had appeared before her while leaving the antique booth (*with disappointment, I might add*), and had pulled her into a nearby alleyway while pointing that title at her.

Big sister? The obvious fact that Silvia did not have any siblings aside, this girl was clearly a Hyur – and one of a different sub-race than the Hyurs of her homeland at that. There was no plausible way that the two of them could be related. **“Ahaha... I think you're mistaken! There's no way that we could be related!”** What she was saying made sense, but the child didn't appear to *want* to believe it.

“What are you saying, big sister? That's silly. It's Lunar New Years! I want to go see the fireworks with you like we do every year!” She seemed so *dead set* on this, but Silvia wasn't really looking *at* the girl. She was looking at a pair of eyes on the ground behind her. A small panda standing beside another in a red scarf, it's eyes glowing purple. The way they drew her in... It felt... *comforting*?

Familiar.

“Da Bao? What... Wait, why do I know your name?” Silvia had been much quicker to catch on than S'aiya had been, but that didn't mean she was incapable of escaping a fate that was now, unfortunately, inevitable. How inevitable? Well, not only had her eyes begun to glow with the same red as the young girl who had dragged her into the alleyway in the first place, but her hair had also begun to darken. And if the implication of Ping Hai's words translated into reality, Silvia was undoubtedly becoming her 'big sister'.

If that *was* true, then, then the two weren't exactly identical. After all, the color that settled into Silvia's mane and stole away her typical, ruby locks was not the same shade of chestnut brown that was laced within the hairs of the girl who was observing what was happening perhaps a little *too* quietly. Instead, the color was darker – almost an orchid color with perhaps a touch too much contrast involved. The color was accompanied by a straight design that smoothed out all of her mane's natural waves, while not influencing its length all too much. Perhaps her bangs *had* become a little thinner, and there was an ahoge that erupted out of her head's peak – something that Ping Hai had in the exact same spot.

And to those ends, her facial design also became reminiscent of the young girl's. The oval shape returned, as did her whisker markings fade. With eyes growing big and expressive, they too pinched in at their corners to give them an Asian look much more typical of the peoples of Hydaelyn's east. Her cheeks swelled with a similar roundness to Ping Hai's too, but they were a little leaner – for they also reflected an age that was likely a plurality of years older than the younger sister was.

That did *not* mean that there would ultimately be a significant gap in height between the two, though. “*Wah!?*” And Silvia was immediately made privy to that, for her figure and height alike all collapsed in on itself, sending her stature in for a tumble that didn't amount to a height that was much more substantial than the small girl's. If anything she was only an inch taller, perhaps *two* if we were speaking generously.

“*Did I just get smaller? Or... was I always this height?*” Her voice chirpier than before, Silvia expressed her confusion while shooting Da Bao another look. The panda was still staring at her with such an intensity, and why was her *little-sister* the girl not saying anything? It was a little unusual since *Ping Hai loved to talk* something strange was *definitely* happening here. No sooner than she had commented on her height did thoughts of that change fall out of her head, however.

Even though she had shrunk so much, Silv's figure? It hadn't actually regressed all *that* much, and it certainly wasn't on a level as lacking as S'aiya's had become throughout her own transformation. One similarity they shared was how their thighs remained exceptionally plump and juicy, and shrunken as she was, the peaks of her thigh high tights had been pushed down past her knees with just how big they were. Not that you could see it all that easily, since her tunic was like a blanket drowning a body that was, surprisingly, rather well toned.

As for the Miqu'te's bust, it *did* shrink ever so slightly, but it didn't make that much of a difference in retrospect. Because her body was smaller already, with her breasts collapsing a little they were still *quite*

pronounced, and were likely D-cups. Compared to *her sister's* paltry A-cups, that was a *very* noticeable difference between the two of them. “**Mm... I can't really make any sense of this. What do you think, sis?**” If anything felt wrong to her at this point, it was her outfit. Effortlessly, she kicked off the huge boots, but she couldn't figure out how the tunic was supposed to come off. Much less whether or not she should take it off, since they were supposedly in public.

The sis didn't reply. She was basically in a trance. Not to mention Silvia hadn't really noticed that she was now undeniably seeing the smaller girl through such a lens. This all felt very familiar, from the girl to the pandas, to her own shapely but fit body type. Soon enough, so would her clothes!

Her entire outfit, the one she had worn as a Miquote scholar, disappeared. Only to be replaced by an outfit that complimented that of Ping Hai. It was purple in color and had a noticeable cleavage window as well as a white jacket, but overall the gist was *essentially* the same. Her hair had also been styled into a pair of hoops as well, but that was a personal preference on the elder sibling's fault.

Of course, there were still two areas that didn't quite make sense here – not that it took very long for these final inconsistencies to be worked out of her body. Her feline ears folded into her hairline as a pair of rounded, Hyur ears found themselves emerging from the sides of her head. As for her tail? It, too, was severed and hardened into a bo-staff. Later on, both girls would return to find these staffs to use in their training.

A few years older than her little sister, *Ning Hai* had a more pronounced bosom and more purply hair. Aside from these differences and the subtle difference in height between them, the two might have easily been mistaken as *twins*. Just as the pandas that were following them around appeared to be related. Even though they weren't twins, their family resemblance was overwhelmingly obvious.

Both siblings stared at each other a moment. Was something different? Something *felt* different, but neither of them could recall the transformations that had ensued. They had been fitted perfectly into their new lives, with no memories to the contrary. “**Ping Hai...? Oh no! We're going to be late for the fireworks! Let's grab some**



steamed buns for the show and head up the hill! And no eating mine!” She loved her little sister dearly, but she was always stealing her steamed buns!

Ning Hai grabbed Ping Hai’s hand and led the younger girl out of the alley and towards their favorite steamed bun vendor, the two giggling all the way. Their pandas, of course, followed. After the fireworks, they were going to put on a martial arts demonstration in the center of the festival, and they were both excited about that.

“I love you, big sister!”

“I love you too, Ping Hai!”