

Like Rabbits (Anthro Rabbits TFTG Preg)

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A Commission for AI

In search of a new planet for their dying race, a human expedition team find themselves on a planet populated by highly advanced anthro-rabbits. Knowing humanity is doomed and that they can't let the team leave, the bunnies decide to change the crew into bunny people themselves . . . and to help solve their own declining birthrate problems.

Like Rabbits

Earth was dying. It was a fact, and not one that could be forestalled any longer. The oceans stormed, the hurricanes raged, the bushfires swept the surface clean of life before them. Man was finally reaping what he had long sowed, and it would leave behind a world bereft of greenery and sustenance. The last bastions of humanity remained in their bunkers, praying to once long-forgotten Gods that their last hope would save them.

That hope was the *Saviour*, the first interstellar ship ever created. Even as the world died around them, the remnants of humanity put together their minds, hands, and hearts to craft this vessel, knowing that it was their last, desperate chance. The *Saviour* was immense, a colony vessel designed to traverse the stars in search of a new, unspoiled home. It carried archives of humanity's failures, that they may never repeated their wasteful mistakes, as well as bio-gardens, cloning equipment, frozen eggs and incubation centres, as well as thousands upon thousands of cryo-pods, the number of which was still not enough to house the remainder of humanity.

But it was it hope. If they found another planet soon enough, however unrealistic that might be, then perhaps the ship could be sent back to retrieve what was left of humanity.

Perhaps.

In the meantime, the *Saviour* began its journey, its small crew complement alone but for each other, and the many sleeping and unborn kin they held aboard the vessel. They didn't know it yet, but they would succeed only partly in their mission. They and their peers, and all that remained on Earth *would* survive.

But humanity wouldn't.

"It's a class-M planet," Captain Archer said. "This could be it."

The large, commanding man scratched his blonde beard and pointed at the screen. The crew were all clustered together in the cockpit of the Saviour, barely believing what they were looking at. The image in the view screen was tiny and barely able to be made out, but it was the technical details scrolling in the adjacent screen that was all the more important.

“You’re right,” Navigator Wells said, placing a hopeful hand on Archer’s shoulder. She was a contrast to the captain: while he had fair skin and short blonde hair, she had a dark ebony pigmentation and long curly black hair tied back in a loose ponytail. It was hell with the lack of gravity, but she liked it too much. “Holy shit, you’re right Captain. That’s an actual fucking M-class planet. Grav would be a little heavier than Earth, but holy shit!”

Cryo-Specialist Li was already running through the information. “I’m picking up oxygenated atmosphere, presence of O₃ in the upper atmosphere, temperate climate, large landmasses, expected weather conditions. Even has a tropical belt!”

The woman was giddy, running her hands through her short black hair and dancing on the spot. Wells often joked that her best friend had far more energy than her lithe little body possibly could have contained, and thus was evidence of either the supernatural or some breach in the law of physics. Just to make that point clear, Li jumped into the air and pushed back off the low ceiling in order to not just float away.

“Woah, watch out!” Urad exclaimed, grabbing her belt anyway. Li may have been a brilliant mind when it came to cryo-preservation, but she still managed to get caught out by the lack of gravity even after three years on the ship and half a quadrant of traversal. The more self-serious Urad gently placed her back, then checked the readings himself.

“I advise caution.”

“Of course you do,” Wells said, rolling her eyes.

“We have been disappointed before.”

“Those readings were botched. These are perfect.”

“Still,” he said, folding his well-muscled, olive-toned arms. “I advise caution.”

“Urad will only believe we’ve found a possible home for humanity when he’s on his death bed surrounded by the city of New Eden,” Li said jokingly.

“No, he’s right,” Archer replied, looking at the screen. His excitement was still there in his belly, but he didn’t want to jump the gun. A captain needed to ensure all procedures were followed properly. “Let’s divert our course to get closer and make a proper assessment, as per our priority one guidelines. Wells-”

“Yes, sir.”

“Make the course change. Bring us into orbit.”

She nodded and got into her set, readying the course and preparing what variables needed consideration for the ship computer.

“Li? Stop jumping Li.”

“But I’m so excited!”

“Good, but can you get excited around our sleeping citizens and make sure everything is in tip-top shape?”

“Yes, sir!”

She practically *launched* off, floating down the corridor towards her charges, a beaming smile on her face.

“Urad?”

“The drones?”

“Yes, but give the engines a check over first, especially our stabilisers and minor thrusters. No point colonising an M-class planet if colonisation involves a crash from orbit in this case.”

Urad nodded grimly. This was always his greatest fear, and he took it with no joke.

“I shall make sure it is all working, sir,” the bald man said. “But again, I advise caution. Even if it is truly an M-class planet, we must consider that life might already exist there . . . even sapient life.”

Archer considered the technician’s words. Urad was a deeply intelligent man always exploring out of his field, and Archer’s own degree in environmental systems and impact studies were telling him the same thing. Even if they did everything right and made the smallest footprint they could, it was still a footprint. And who knew what other footprints already existed upon this world?

“I’ll keep that in mind, Urad,” he said. “Thank you.”

Urad nodded and left, leaving the captain to behold the planet on the screen.

“Please,” he said. “Let this be the one.”

Something was weird about the planet, the one their computer had designated P2A-264. The drones they had sent down had returned with captivating images of the planet’s surface, images that revealed bountiful forests, grassy meadows, and immense deserts and oceans and rivers and valleys and so on and so forth, all looking as if they belonged to Earth before it had fallen. Looking *too* close, in fact. Numerous trees looked borderline identical to those from Earth, or once from Earth. There were oak trees, eucalyptus trees, sycamores, spruce and birch trees, pines and more. There were also numerous creatures that could only be Earth species as well: fish and small rodent life primarily, but also an enormous amount of bird life. Li even spotted a cockatoo from the footage and nearly fainted with excitement.

“What the hell does this even mean?” Archer said, bewildered and stroking his blonde beard as he often did.

“It means that life didn’t originate on Earth!” Li said excitedly. “Or parallel evolution, but the latter is extraordinarily unlikely! Or perhaps that aliens visited us at some point and seeded another world! There’s so many choices!”

Wells chuckled. “Oh Li, never change. Has anyone noticed that predator species are pretty absent? I’m seeing mainly herbivores here. Anything with sharp teeth is omnivorous at best, and even then only small critters. No large predator species. Even the water drones couldn’t find sharks, but *did* find fish species that live on krill and weed. I’m sure there’s some predatorial behaviour, but no apexes as far as I can tell.”

Urad frowned. “I don’t like this. This is too strange.”

The rest of them nodded a little. Even Li seemed, despite her excitement, a little daunted.

“We need to go down,” Archer said. “Make a proper expedition.”

“Agreed,” Wells said.

“Li, can you prep our replacement team? Record an explanatory message and set their pods to open if we’re not back within forty eight hours. We can extend that time limit once we’re down and think it necessary.”

“Yes, sir!” she exclaimed, once more launching back down to the cryo-pods, specifically the ones with the back-up crew members in case of a situation just like this.

“The rest of you, prep the suits and one for Li. We’re heading down in the shuttle. I need to see this planet with my own eyes.”

They each felt ridiculous walking around in their suits. Here before them was a paradise; beautiful and incredible. The grass was richly green and vibrant, swaying in the Spring air. The forest trees were tall and alive, no evidence of wildfires or toxic pollution at their roots. The sky was blue and without a trace of smog, and life was teeming everywhere, unafraid of humanity.

“I’m taking off my helmet,” Li said.

“Don’t be an idiot,” Urad replied.

“All the atmospheric conditions are met! It’s identical to Earth, borderline identical, Urad! Someone has to do it!”

“Li, put that helmet back on if you feel strange at any point,” Archer said.

The woman pouted, but did what she was told. She took the helmet off, breathed.

And immediately put it back on, gasping. Wells ran to her side, holding her friend.

“Hey, Li! Li? Talk to me. Are you okay?”

Li spluttered. “Y-yeah! Wow. Oh my God. I’m more than okay.”

“What’s wrong with the air?”

Li stood straight and faced them all. “Nothing. Nothing’s wrong.”

“Explain,” the Captain said.

Li *cackled* in a tone that was almost maniacal. “It’s perfect! My lungs just aren’t used to it. No pollution. No microplastics. No smog. No artificial recyclers. This is the real deal, pollen and pine and wind and air! Breathe it, sir! I’m going back in!”

She tore her helmet off, and this time she bawled tears down her face, weeping with excitement as she fell to the grass and made fake snow angels in the tall reeds of it.

“Everyone, take your helmets off!”

Reluctantly, they did,, Urad being the last one to do so, and even then only with extreme hesitation. Each had a similar reaction to Li: shock, gasping, and then tears. This was breathing as they had never known it, not ever. And it was nothing short of beautiful.

“I think we might have found our planet,” Archer said. “We’ll do some routine sampling and exploring. Make sure there’s not any nasty viruses that our scanners somehow failed to pick up. But if all goes well we can -”

“Captain.”

Archer paused. Wells was his second, and he knew that tone of voice when it came to his navigator.

“Yes, Wells. What’s up?”

“Over there, sir,” she said in a slightly warbly voice. “At the edge of the forest. Does that . . . does that look like a rabbit to you?”

Archer looked to where she was pointing. Everyone did.

“Holy shit,” Li said. “What the fuck is that?”

It did indeed look like a rabbit. A rather large one, in fact. As is, *person-sized*, if not slightly bigger. But this creature looked as if it had evolved to take on a more humanoid shape and stance. It stood on powerful legs and had longer arms, and when Archer got the binoculars out, he could see that its paws had longer digits for carrying things and manipulating them, complete with opposable thumbs. Its face was broad but somewhat human-like as well, with an expression of curiosity upon it. It looked to be female, with softer lines around its face and noticeable cheekbones. And while it was most certainly not human, there was a softness to its features as well.

“Wait, are those breasts? Like, human breasts?” Li asked, using her own binoculars.

“Holy cow,” Wells said. “I thought it just had a weird colouring. It’s wearing clothing. It’s wearing *clothing*.”

They gaped as the creature bounded forward a little, and it was obvious now that it was wearing what appeared to be an intricately carved robe or dress of sorts. It pulled tight against the creature’s narrow waist and emphasised its hips, the red-brown of the material

clashing against the grey fur of the female anthro-rabbit. Its breasts bounced slightly, though it must have good built-in support in its dress, or perhaps just more pert and hard breasts than human women possessed, because its bounding was not small. It was approaching them, and getting closer at a fairly rapid pace.

“This was what I was afraid of,” Urad said in his dismal monotone. “We are going to disrupt a native society.”

“It looks primitive,” Wells said. “I doubt it’ll make a big footprint. We should ready to go, just in case.”

“Indeed,” Archer said. “And I know what happened to Captain Cook too when he met some natives. Ready your weapons, just in case.”

They did so, hinging on the likelihood that the creature would have no idea what they were or what to do with them, or that they were even a threat. They backed away slowly, readying the trek back to the shuttle, but knowing they would have to contend with this creature and find out the extent of its society. Archer prepared the Little Black Box in his suit as the rabbit woman approached, less than a hundred metres away now and still bounding forward, curiosity on her strangely beautiful features, her tall ears flopping about just slightly. The Little Black Box was the ultimate contingency in case of this very scenario: it was a largely-visual hologram that would explain who the explorers were, what happened to their home planet, and what they were seeking. It revealed their intelligence, understanding of mathematics, included the languages of the colonising crew to be downloaded if desired, and even schematics for crude and complex equipment to show the development of Earth. Most important of all, it emphasised that humanity was no threat to any locals. No threat at all. No matter how untrue that may well be.

“Stand still and be non-threatening, everyone,” he reminded them. “And Li, don’t bounce on your foot. It might be offensive or something.”

“Sorry, sir,” she said, trying to keep still. “It’s just . . . this is incredible!”

“Just stay still, and follow my lead.”

He took a deep breath as the alien bunny-like creature reached them. She was six feet in height, and quite striking. Her figure up close was very womanly, with broad child (bunny) making hips. Her chest was full, her rear interesting curvaceous, her dress tight against her in a way that flattened her rather comfortable-looking fur. She looked down at them, and then opened her mouth.

All of them gaped as what seemed to be a complex, almost *musical* language emerged from her throat.

“Um,” Archer said. “We are human. Humans. We are from Earth. *Earth*. We come in peace. We have this to show you-”

He held out the Little Black Box and activated it. It showed a hologram of their planet from long ago, charting its development. The creature startled, stepping back a little in shock.

“We’re scaring it,” Wells said. “It’s not used to complex technology.”

The rabbit woman reached into a pocket of her dress and pulled out a piece of complex technology. It was shiny, with numerous buttons, and it whirred as she held it out, almost like a weapon.

Urad’s eyes widened. Even he was shocked. “I don’t think she’ll be having that problem, We-”

He never got to finish that sentence. Archer raised his own weapon, ready to exchange fire if it came to it, not knowing what the rabbit woman was doing. Instead, all four of them were instantaneously hit with a strange beam of pink light. They went down, falling into almost immediate unconsciousness. The last thing they saw was the rabbit woman standing over them . . .

. . . and several more phase into existence next to her, wearing complex suits brimming with alien technology.

Archer woke up feeling groggy. He was in a white room on what appeared to be a hospital bed, though the machine were unrecognisable and clearly highly advanced. His other companions were also waking with him and clutching their heads. They were all out of their suits, having been put in white robes of a sort. He had a headache, but the memory of the rabbit woman zapping him came back straight away. He sat bolt upright in bed, trying to ignore the weird tension that was in his body. He scratched his shoulder blade, then at the end of his tailbone where a raised bump was making itself known.

“What happened?” Wells said.

“We made first contact,” Urad said. “And *they* were more advanced than *us*.”

“That’s crazy.”

“It’s magnificent,” Li said, though she groaned as she stretched, touching her muscles and likewise scratching above her rear as the rest of them were doing. “We have discovered a higher race! They might be able to help us. But how is it even possible?”

“It is possible because we share the same homeworld.”

They all paused upon hearing the voice. It was accented, but spoken in English. Before they had a chance to respond, several holographic screens in the room turned on, playing their own Little Black Box’s imagery back at them. It had been altered though, with new footage of the alien rabbit people’s origins spiced in for the humans’ understanding.

“We are from Earth, much like you. Thousands and thousand of years ago, our kind, along with many other forms of life that you have seen already, were plucked from our world by an alien race known as the Sitia. The Sitia were great genetic tinkerers, but they were also, paradoxically, preservers. They feared that the climate of Earth, with its ice ages, as well as the habit of its sun for dangerous solar flares, could render the planet extinct by chance. The Sitia adored life in all its variations, so they took their Noah’s Ark - yes, we have quickly studied your religious philosophy while you were in stasis - and ventured it to here, the planet of Cethea. With the planet terraformed and then seeded with Earth life, the Sitia chose to leave, not wanting to affect its development too greatly. But they had not taken humans with them, believing them to be too destructive. Thus, they genetically altered a creature that would breed rapidly but avoid zealous conflict, one that could spread across the surface and adapt well, but not drive other creatures to extinction in doing so. They chose the humble rabbit, and thus our species was made. We call ourselves the Rabban, and we have been tasked by our ancient progenitors with seeking new knowledge, technology, and understanding, but also in preserving this world and not letting it fall to pollution and destruction and despair. As you did.”

The door slid open, and into the room stepped three *Rabban*, or perhaps *Rabbans*? Captain Archer wasn’t certain of the right plural, but he had a sense of dread as he saw them. They were clad in light blue outfits that were likely for doctors on their world, and indeed they had a thoughtful and intelligent way about them. That was, except for their leader, who wore a dark red. He was evidently male to judge from his broad shoulders and impressive musculature, and like the woman they had encountered previously, his gender was clearly identifiable by his semi-humanlike face.

“I am Hotar,” he said, voice impressively deep. “I am the leader of our world’s unitary government, and I speak for all Rabban.”

As he said this, the other rabban, mostly female, checked over the humans, placing strange cords on them and getting readings. Their equipment looked more advanced than human technology, but their whispered words among themselves were in their own language. Which made Archer realise something . . .

“I am Captain Archer of the spaceship *Saviour*. These are my comrades, Navigator Wells, Cryo-Specialist Li, and Technician Urad. Please, we mean you no harm. We had no idea that this world was not only colonised but, well, *civilised*. Please tell me, how are we speaking right now?”

The rabbit-man smirked, placing his hands on his hips.

“I am told by my scientists that they were able to decipher your language from your black box and from information obtained from scanning your cerebral cortex. By reverse-engineering your language we could then learn it, process it through our artificial

intelligence machines, and do the same with our language to you. We both currently have implants at the base of our skull that is allowing for shared language understanding of the other; you will hear my Nektek - that's our language - as if it were in your human standard."

Li squeaked. In the presence of such technology, she couldn't help but get overly excited. She brushed her hair with her hands as she often did when keen to learn new things, but something about her ears felt a little off, as if they were longer, or higher up. She continued to scratch them, as the rest of her peers began to feel that something was off about their bodies.

"That is incredible technology," Captain Archer said. "Tell me, how long have we been unconscious?"

"A single week of our rotation, which is equivalent to that of your Earth. It was necessary."

Wells coughed. "Then our crew - the secondary crew. Please, we mean what we say. We are no threat and intend none. But in orbit there is a secondary crew who would have awakened who-"

Hotar put up a paw-hand that silenced her. The fact that he was easily 6'4 only made that easier. "They have been dealt with. We have orbital and exploratory capabilities, and a number of colonial holdings across the stars already."

The crew were silenced by this revelation. It was Urad who spoke next.

"When you say dealt with . . ."

"They have been returned to cryo-sleep, and your vessel remains in orbit under our care. We are upgrading your cryo-specifications and awakening protocols in order to prepare their acclimation to our world. Your process will be a bit more difficult, but that is why I am here, to explain as leader of the Rabban how you will join them, first as refugees, then as members of our race in total equality."

It was Wells who spoke, though she tripped over her words for a good second. "Do - do you mean to - I mean, are you saying that - are you letting us live on this world?"

"We are indeed," Hotar said, spreading his powerful arms wide. "We are a peaceful race, and we cannot ignore suffering, particularly of sapient life, and especially life that shares our ancestry. You and your species will find a safe home on this world, and you will be integrated into our culture and laws and ways."

Urad frowned. He tensed, his hand against a strange bump along his lower back. He couldn't see it beneath the strange, high-tech weave of the hospital gown he was wearing, but the strange bump felt like part of him, somehow. There were other strange tells he couldn't ignore either: the strange pulsing sensation in his nipples, the slight numbness in his member, the way his body hair continued to stand on end, feeling thicker than it should have

been. Something was wrong, and it was fitting that the most pessimistic member of the crew noticed it first.

“Hotar, what is the catch?” he asked, his voice a monotone.

The rabbit man was silent for a moment, as were their doctor attendants.

“The . . . catch? Ah, this is a human expression. You are asking what you are having to give up for this transition?”

“That is what I’m asking,” he said. Wells hissed at him, but he ignored the navigator, keeping his gaze level with the planetary leader. “What are you doing to us?”

“Acclimating you,” Hotar said, keeping his gaze level.

“What does that mean?”

Hotar nodded, and a hologram flickered into existence again. This time, it played scenes of war, environmental chaos, a burning Earth scouring itself of life, disintegrating the remnants of humanity away as if utterly disgusted by their sins.

“It means that while we give you safe haven, we cannot possibly allow such a dangerous species who would despoil and ruin their own homeworld to exist as they are.”

The screen changed, and now upon it was . . . *them!* Archer, Wells, Li, and Urad were all displayed completely naked, a simulation of their bodies being a subject of immediate embarrassment for the four. They quickly forgot that shame, however, when suddenly technical information in the Nektek language began to display itself, and smaller images of needles, injectors, genetic resequencing and DNA modification began to appear. Right before their eyes, the four crewmen and crew women began to change. Their bodies developed fur coats. Their ears migrated to the tops of their heads. Their faces changed, their legs too. As their figures rotated it was even obvious that they had developed small bunny tails also.

“You - you’re going to turn us into *that?*” Archer said, getting straight off of his bed and standing upright. His muscles ached, as did his toes. He didn’t like what either of those might foreshadow.

“*That* is our kind, Captain,” Hotar said. “We are a peaceful people who build our cities as part of the land, instead of bulldozing over it. We do not destroy one another, and we hold science and philosophy in the highest regard.”

“This is genetic mutilation,” Wells said, just as furious as our captain. “Let us go then instead of changing us. We’ll find another world and-”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, Wells,” the leader said in his booming voice. “We cannot risk a society like yours flourishing its destruction across the cosmos. Here, you will flourish in peace instead, living as our kind.”

“You would doom us to extinction,” Archer said, hands outstretched in anger.

“No, I would have you survive, but not doom us in turn. Your kind has already made too much else extinct. And besides, there is a further purpose . . .”

Li wasn't sure how she figured it out. Perhaps it was that she was the first to be able to decipher the Nektek writing on the hologram, using her implant consciously rather than subconsciously. She had noticed that several tags emphasised the impressive breedability and fertility of their future selves, and that this seemed a huge emphasis.

“You're facing a - a fertility crisis,” she said.

Hotar halted, then nodded his head, his ears going slightly floppy. “You are most clever, Cryo-Specialist Li. Indeed, we have an issue for this generation that has affected our fertility. We require new members of our race who are unaffected. We developed our vaccine too late to avoid economic collapse unless we have thousands of future parents willing to breed.”

“You want us to breed with each other!?” Wells exclaimed.

“Not right now, but when you have changed. The instincts will aid you, I am told. If you'll excuse me, I must meet with the High Council right now to further organise this matter. This entire facility is yours to roam so long as you remain peaceful and cordial. There is fresh air above, beautiful gardens, and your own spaces to enjoy as you change.”

“Ch-change?” Li asked. “Um, when?”

“It has already begun,” he said. “I wish you joy, honestly I do. You have as our saviours, just as we shall be yours. From you will spring a generation of Rabban. Farewell for now, valiant heroes.”

And with that he exited, leaving the others shoes, horrified, and immediately pulling the curtains closed so they could inspect the changes that had already come over their bodies. They were subtle, for now. A tail bump here, a migratory ear there, some teeth a bit too long here, calve muscles more overdeveloped than they should be there.

But the changes were just getting started, of course.

The area the four crewmembers of the *Saviour* had been given was most certainly expansive. The facility had underground and above ground areas, and only a few were sealed off, guarded at all times by what looked like *very* muscular rabbit people. Archer and Urad tried working together to get past them at once point - first by stealth and then, after that failed, by force - but they were easily defeated, the weapons stunning them so that they had to be dragged back to their cells.

But what cells they were. Hotar wasn't lying about the beauty of this place. Rabban homes were not dissimilar in theme to that of rabbit dens: they were underground, built into

the sides of hills or dug directly into the ground. Only now there was also the sophistication of incredible technology and comfort, warm bedding and delicious meals that could be ordered and delivered as they desired them. There was no meat, of course, but all four of the crewmembers, even the usually quite carnivorous Wells, had suddenly felt quite empty of appetite, even when they were given their impressive quarters all next to one another.

Of course, it was the changes, even more than their captivity, that concerned them greatly. The Rabban had genetically tinkered with them, and the scientist Rabban explained quite clearly that they were now all undergoing a gradual but certain biological change into one of their own species. Into Rabban. Into rabbit-people.

"This can't be real," Archer whispered to himself as he inspected his body again. It had only been two days since they had first been told of their enforced captivity and genetic transformation, but already more changes were coming over them. The usually stalwart captain stood naked before a large mirror, uncaring if he was being monitored. A kindly Rabban calling herself Shelene had just delivered a plate of salads, and he couldn't help but gobble them up. The food was further fuel for the changes, he knew, but it was hard to resist. But the effects were obvious upon his naked body, and it terrified the usually unflappable man.

"A fucking tail. You have got to be kidding me."

But it was there, and it was growing. Like all rabbit tails, it wasn't particularly big, though it was obviously pronounced. It also had a fluffy quality to it, having grown hair pretty quickly, right down to a soft, down white set of tips to it. Otherwise, the fur - he hated to think of it as fur - was a similar blonde to his hair. That too was spreading, becoming softer and heading down his neck. The backs of his shoulder blades in particular were getting somewhat furry, and in the mirror he could see that his chest hair was not only thickening, but going blonde as well. His ears were steadily migrating north, extending and thinning as they did so, and his legs were gaining muscle, particularly in the thighs, as if itching to hop already. In fact, the man was in his late forties and certainly feeling a need to express a new surge of energy. His appearance was that of a younger man in his mid-thirties, and he wasn't sure where that might be heading, except that perhaps they wanted a young stud to breed the bunny women?

"As if I'll ever be doing that," he muttered to himself. It was an act of self-convincing though. Urad had let slip the previous day that he'd had a sex dream about one of the Rabban, and he had done so matter-of-factly. He wasn't happy about it, but Urad was a practical man, one who wanted solutions when problems were brought up. It spurred Wells and even a squeaking, embarrassed Li to admit the same. Only Archer could claim not to have had a sex dream at the time. That was no longer true after that morning, when he'd woken from a dream in which he'd been nestled against the comforting fur of a Rabban with

an unusually deep voice. It had almost seemed male, and even worse, that had seemed okay.

It made no sense, but then neither did some of the odd changes to his form. Far from getting broader and bulkier like the male Rabban he had seen, Archer's waist was thinning and his hips sore due to widening an inch or so. He chalked this up to the sheer amount of energy his body was consuming in its quest to make him one of the anthro-rabbits, and it seemed this was the case for the others as well, at least as he had seen them yesterday.

"Damn ridiculous rabbit-people," he said, his voice cracking oddly. "There's no universe in which I become one of them. I will not become some rabbit-man helping get rabbit-ladies pregnant like some . . . like some bunny breeder!"

He punched the mirror, though it was made of stern stuff and didn't crack. He kicked it, more powerfully than he'd ever been capable of, but that did nothing still either except make him howl in pain at the damage to his foot.

"Fuck this. I need to find my crew. We need to get out of here."

The other three looked just as changed when he found them. They were sitting under the shade of a tree in the new, rather tight clothing that the Rabban minders had given them. They were eating from a basket of vegetables they had been given, Li more enthusiastically than the others, but all of them were still eating.

"Captain," Wells said, saluting with a hand that looked a bit more blunt and simultaneously clawed than usual. "You'll have to excuse my terrible salute. My hand isn't really feeling like my hand these days."

"Bastards," Archer said.

Urad grunted, but otherwise said nothing. His tail was more obvious than anyone else's, peeking out over the top of the tailored pants he'd been given. His heavy, muscled figure looked quite deflated already though, despite his own appetite. His ears were also further exaggerated, and his own brown fur seemed to have spread faster and quicker than anyone's. Li, on the other hand, was furthest behind, though she had developed rabbit whiskers first, and they were quite pronounced, clearly irritating. Her nose had likewise altered, flattening and taking on that triangular shape common to rabbits. She kept trying to hide it out of embarrassed, but some genetic instinct was also compelling her to sniff her carrots and other vegetables before she ate them, revealing her more developing front teeth and the flattening of her canines.

"S-sorry!" she squeaked. "This is just really, really weird! And frustrating! And scary! I'm worried about our cryo-tanks, even if the Rabban say they're improving them."

Wells chuckled darkly, as was her way. She indicated to her feet, which were developing paws, as well as pads on their underside. "You're worried about the humans still in cryo!? Try worrying about us, Li! We're turning into a rabbit monsters and-"

"Rabbit people," Urad corrected nonchalantly, grabbing another carrot and consuming it.

Archer frowned at this statement. He took his seat next to his technician and gave him a worried glance. "I should think you would regard them as monsters more than anyone, Urad, given your own concerns for this mission."

Urad sighed, and he suddenly had the attention of the whole room. It was impossible to read his mind, he was so stoic, but what he said next managed to shock them all.

"I think we are the monsters, not them. And I think perhaps it is a good thing we are changing, however much we may not like to admit it."

"You've got to be fucking joking," Wells said, "you're really telling me that these fucking Rabban turning us into-"

The captain silenced her with a quick hand gesture, then looked back to Urad. "Technician, explain yourself. I wish to understand just what the hell you mean by this."

"Agreed," said Li, who was scratching her teeth. "I want to know how this could possibly be a good thing. Genetic tinkering is literally in breach of our own morality, Urad!"

It may have been Archer's imagination, but her muscles looked bigger than their usual lighthness. Her frame overall was a little bigger, but her shoulders had grown larger in comparison. She seemed to be trying to hide them, just as Wells was leaning forward to disguise the fact that her chest had obviously grown. Archer knew that part with certainty: he and Wells had occasionally had some benefits together on the side, acceptable as part of any long voyage. He briefly imagined what it would be *like* to have a pair of breasts like that, but he quickly pushed the strange thought away, Urad thankfully distracting him with his response.

"Because Hotar - the Rabban in general - are right. We *are* monsters."

"Bullshit," Wells spat. "We have been nothing but eco-conservative in our actions, and you know it. We don't deserve this!" She gestured with her paw-like hand, then towards her elongated ears, which were both starting to grow black fur upon them. "And if I'm a monster, how can you call Li a monster? She'd never hurt a fly."

"Aww, thanks, bestie."

Urad shook his head, looking up into the perfect blue sky, the shade of their lovely tree, and the rolling hills in the distance (it was protected by a near-invisible energy barrier; they'd tried to escape that way twice already).

"You misunderstand me. *We* in the specific sense are not monsters. But *we* as in humanity most certainly, *undeniably* are. They have seen evidence of this, and we know the

evidence better. Our kind, no matter how civilised we tried to be, and how we tried to enforce good and proper law, still killed our own planet. Now we flee to another. Why would they not fear us? Humanity is responsible for a greater extinction than the meteor that wiped out the dinosaurs. Than the Great Ice Age. We killed our world, and the only *reason* we are so eco-conservative now is because we *have* to be. The Rabban know this. They scanned our minds, and looked into our history. They *know* us, and know our failures. From their perspective, we had our chance and all we did was trim evolutionary beauty and natural wonder from the universe . . . forever. But they are too merciful to kill us, so they give us this chance to learn from a better society, and become part of it, right down to the genetic level. That's what I mean, captain. Perhaps this is a good thing. A kind end to humanity, and the ushering in of a better age of sapient civilisation."

To say the group immediately erupted into argument and proclamation would have been a dreadful understatement. Archer was angry, Wells was *furios*, and Li was simply confused and anxious, as was her more timid way. It was only after another half hour of this back and forth that the arguments finally petered out, with neither side - Urad's or the rest - having felt like they convinced the other side. Worse, it was at that point that they all realised that they had consumed the *entire* basket of vegetables that they had been given. At one point, a female Rabban minder dropped another one along, and they were almost finished with that too, munching almost madly between arguments.

"Everyone, stop!" Li cried, the only one astute to notice the switch had happened, or that the rush of feeling they were all experiencing may also be a result of increasing hormone levels. "Look! Just look! We've eaten everything! That's not normal - I think - ohhhh! I think it's d-doing something to m-me!"

Li groaned, writhing backwards as a series of changes came over her. Archer moved quickly, acting as any captain should to take care of his troubled crew woman. But he was halted by a horrendous gurgling in his own stomach, one that caused him to buckle over and gasp for breath. Wells noticed this and tried to come to the aid of both at the same time, but her legs froze, the muscles tensing as new growth and change began. Only Urad remained exactly where he was, viewing this almost dispassionately and with clear interest. He too grunted under his breath though as his form began to alter, his shoulders buckling in, his legs slimming, his chest becoming sore and bloating forth.

"The f-food," Archer managed, feeling his front teeth extend and become bucked, while his canines flattened, "l-laced?"

"M-maybe," Wells said, running her hands over her breasts without even meaning to. They were getting heavier and fuller, stretching the boundaries of her tight outfit. "Or f-fuel f-for changes, most like! NNGH! Oh God!"

A heat entered her. Her hips stretched wider, becoming almost a parody of womanhood, much like the other Rabban females they had seen. Some were watching from a distance approvingly.

“F-Fuck you!” she yelled. It didn’t stop the fur from spreading to her face, however, or down her arms so that it reached her palms, black and surprisingly soft to the touch.

“S-someone h-help meeee!” Li whined. She had been the most giddy for discovery, but she had also always been the baby of the group, easily overwhelmed when placed outside her comfort zone. Wells managed to shift over to embrace her best friend, holding her even as Li’s body changed yet further. Her ears began to crown atop her head, a process that was utterly alien to the poor woman. They became more rigid, more pointed, and slowly began to extend outwards. It felt like they were being stretched like taffy.

“Oh no! I’m getting r-rabbit ears! I never w-wanted this k-kind of exploration, Wells!”

“I know, Li! I know! Just try and - NGHH!!”

Another spout of breast growth from Wells. She had never wanted larger breasts, preferring her smaller size, but they had now certainly doubled themselves in mass by this point. She looked over to Archer, afraid he was seeing this, only to get the shock of her life. *He* was growing breasts as well.

“Ahhh! Mhmm! AAGH!!” he groaned and yelled, clutching his body and trying to fight the changes at every turn. Something was happening in his midsection, deep among his organs. They were being shifted around, something new growing into position. His own genitals shrank, a fact he only realised when he lowered a hand to pat them after feeling a strange numbness develop.

“No! Agh! You can’t - you can’t do this t-too usssss!!”

He thrust out his chest in response to a spasm, and it was then that his nipples, expanded and stiffened and feeling strangely . . . responsive, pushed against the fabric most noticeably, catching Wells’ attention and even Li’s as well.

“Captain! You’re growing-”

“I know what I’m g-growing, damn it!” he yelled. He cupped his chest as it pushed forward, fat and tissue flowing into the space behind his nipples, giving them a definable weight and jiggle. They were only little A-cups at first, but then they expanded further, becoming B’s and then full, wobbling C-cups. They stretched the confines of his tight outfit, as did his expanding hips which creaked wider. “Urad, what the f-fuck is wrong with you!?”

Urad had closed his eyes, his face twitching, his mouth grunting as the changes came over him. There must have been a mental component to the genetic transformation, because his acceptance of them seemed to drive them forward quicker, and with less strain on his body. He actually *smiled* as his chest came in, as his hips broadened, as years of hard-earned muscle slipped away. Part of him was nervous, inside, where the others could

not see it, but the truth was a revelation. He had wanted more than anything to safely bring humanity to a prosperous future, and this was the best way, he knew. The others would see it in time, but for now he had to lead the way. Even if that meant this last little surprise which had slowly begun to realise; the one that involved the growth in his chest and the increasing shapeliness of his body.

All of them whimpered as their fur came in across their bodies. It spread along the backs of their legs, up their thighs, and over their rears, all of which had grown plumper except for Li's. Their tails expanded, becoming fully grown in relation to their bodies, and each now developed whiskers if they had not already done so, and said whiskers grew to full length also. By this point, not a one of them had a human nose remaining, instead possessing the little inverted triangular equivalent that rabbits possessed. Urad's even extended out a little, forming a very small snout much like the rest of the Rabban possessed. Gradually, the changes slowed and finally ended, leaving them looking half-human and half-rabban. Their eyes were unchanged, and their legs were still mostly human, and their faces were still recognisable for the most part. Their arms, apart from some fur and little paws, did not have the thickness and softness of the Rabban. But so much else had changed: they now had coats of fur across half of their bodies, they had anthro-like paws for hands and feet, and their ears were almost fully on their way to rabbit-dom.

And, somehow just as bad, their sexual features were either exaggerated - Wells now sported what seemed to be double-D cup breasts and hips that looked prime for baby making - or were actively *switching* to the other gender. Urad's chest had blossomed a pair of obvious breasts, and his waist had contracted. His shoulders were still large but certainly slimmer than they used to be, and there was no denying the expansion of his hips. The same was true of Archer, though he at least lagged a little behind Urad, except in the shoulder department. He was horrified to realise that his breasts were not going away, and were not just a result of momentary inflammation from the change. He had actual *tits* on his chest, ones that were surprisingly sensitive as he cupped them.

"Goddamn it," he gasped, coughing through a slight change in his voice that left it a bit more feminine. "They can't be making us female, can they? They want us to breed Rabban as *women*?"

Wells' eyes opened in shock. It seemed the first full realisation by the woman that, were she to change fully and take on her new assigned role, she would be getting knocked up with anthro-rabbit people. And to judge from her hips and expanding chest, perhaps a *lot* of them. She could only hope that the female Rabban didn't have extra sets of teats below their humanoid breasts. She hadn't seen a pregnant one yet, and it gave her extra cause for worry.

"I'm not going to be fucking breeding with any bunny men," she said.

“We may not have a choice,” Urad said, voice also cracking a little higher. “This is to be our future. I think we must accept it. We cannot reverse the changes, and it is our only chance to live in paradise.”

Archer threw a remaining piece of carrot at him. “Look at you, man! You’re becoming a rabbit woman! You’ve got bunny tits!”

Urad gave a rare smirk. “As do you, Captain. As does Navigator Wells, I notice, and to a much bigger extreme.”

“Hey! Don’t talk about my boobs!” Wells spat, but the pronounced jiggle in her chest only made it more obvious. “You can grow your own all you like, Urad, but I’m not losing my humanity yet.”

“We won’t. We can preserve the best parts of humanity while leaving the bad, destructive parts behind. These people clearly live as one with nature rather than-”

“They’re still turning us into bunny breeders!” Wells cried. “Are *you* looking forward to pushing out babies when you grow a fucking vagina?”

Even Urad had his limits. He blushed darkly at that, not quite knowing how to respond. This was a clear point of unexpected discomfort for him.

“Thought so,” Archer added, supporting Wells. “The truth was, Urad, it was easy for you to-”

“G-g-g-guys? I think I’m s-still - UGGHGHGH!!!”

No one had noticed that Li had not been talking until this point. All eyes shifted towards her as she pawed at her body, still grunting and groaning as further changes swept over her. She squirmed, pulling away from Wells how tried to comfort her.

“D-d-don’t t-touch me, please! I’m not sure - ahhh! My muscles! It f-feels like - mhmm - so much g-growth!”

Her words were given evidence as her body expanded again, right before their eyes. Whereas Urad’s shoulders had shrunk, hers expanded violently with a loud sound like a crunch; first the left shoulder, then the right. She gasped as her spine and limbs extended, leaving her taller, her height increasing more rapidly than the rest put together. She had been a short, lithe woman, but now she was easily heading for nearly six feet in height. Her biceps bulged, and her meagre breasts shrank back into her chest. The tight clothing she had been given began to shred away, pulling apart at the seams and exposing a powerful upper chest that was half-covered in fur. It looked very masculine.

Very.

The others looked on, wanting to help but not knowing what they could even do. More than that, Li’s changes were strangely hypnotic. Something about her expanding muscles was grabbing their attention, even that of Urad and Archer. Their own bodies had

slimmed down and feminised, but Li's was gaining masculinity rapidly, almost as if she had absorbed theirs. She grabbed the remaining food in the second basket and wolfed it down, furthering her own changes. A bulge was pushing from between her thighs, small now but obvious in what it would become. Archer found his mouth starting to water. Urad bit his lip. Wells began breathing more rapidly. It was as if an estrus was in the air itself around them, as the woman and would-be women felt their nipples stiffen in clear arousal. Li was ignorant of this, simply groaning in a low voice as her changes finally stabilised. Even her voice was lower, bordering on male.

"Shit, oh Lord, oh hell. I'm - ahhh - something's happened to me. I feel bigger. I - oh no, I look like a - a - a -"

"A man," Wells answered for her. "A male. A male rabbit person."

She had to swallow and regain her senses. Li even had a surprisingly appealing musk, one that was quite alluring. A manly musk.

"Why am I turning male?" Li asked, staring round at her gobsmacked peers. "Why me!?"

Apparently, the answer was random chance. The genetic treatments they were providing required that at least three of the crewmembers become female bunnies. The Rabban were suffering a fertility crisis, after all, and so they needed as many females as possible to become gravid with litters. It was a numbers game, and their crisis was rooted in female infertility, with male sterility being a lesser problem. But the Rabban, at least according to their female scientist and minder Uri, did not want to be cruel in this process. She explained this the following day, over which their bodies had changed even further. Archer was dismayed that his C-cup breasts were sore, and worse, that he was developing little nubs below them that were likely to be teats. Wells was already further along in that department: it seemed that Rabban females had large upper breasts and smaller lower ones that were easier to conceal, at least when not pregnant. According to Uri, they would bloat up further with milk when 'making litters', a thought that should have disgusted her but was making her stupid rabbit mind strangely intrigued. For now, her 'upper' original breasts were now sore, full E-cups, ones that she definitely couldn't conceal, and Li was finding herself staring at more and more.

"How is it not cruel?" Archer asked, trying to ignore how softer his voice had become. They were seated in the scientist's office, which was more like a garden to view all the greenery and vines. It was indeed somewhat of a rabbit hole, dug into the side of a rolling

meadow hill and accessible via floating craft that did not damage to the ground and required no roads to be built.

Uri, who was a white anthro-rabbit with a lithe figure, gestured to their forms.

“Because you are all good friends. Very good friends; we know this from the scans of your mind. We did not wish to introduce regular male Rabban until later, when you were more willing to take on litters from other males in order to diversify the bloodlines. But as the changes require large genetic alterations, we used a smart virus.”

“A smart virus?” Li asked, leaning forward, interested. Her mind was suddenly captivated. “Do you mean to tell me that your genetic treatments can make artificial decisions, as if intelligent?”

Uri smiled. Perhaps there was something more in the glance, Li couldn't tell. It was making her nascent penis get a little hard though, not that she wanted to acknowledge it just yet. It made her deeply embarrassed.

“Exactly that. The virus was programmed to choose the most compatible of the four of you to become a virile male, as that virility is harder to achieve from the male form, despite our own issue for our species being female fertility.”

Archer rubbed his forehead. It was furry now, and only getting furrier the more rabbit-like he became. “Can this smart virus change us back?”

Uri shook her head, and Wells sighed in response.

“No. It is a one-way change. Any further would effectively breakdown your DNA.”

Li nodded. “It places a stress, doesn't it?”

“Indeed. I can show you the science if you wish. But please, it's time you all ate.”

Archer stood. “Oh no! I'm not having any more food! Not when it causes our changes.”

“It mainly stabilises them, actually, and allows them to speed up. And you need to eat.”

Two attendants brought a couple of baskets of fresh vegetables. Each of the four would-be rabbits couldn't help themselves: they sniffed the air and found the scent delicious.

“I have no objections,” Urad said. “Though I will say, I wish I had known I would become female prior to the change beginning.”

“Serves you right,” the ever snarky Wells said.

“I know it must be a big change, but know it will be a blessing,” Uri said. She looked down, her pink eyes staring at the ground for a moment. “I myself have always wanted children. It is hoped that a properly virile male could overcome my own fertility issues. If so, that would be a magnificent blessing.”

She looked to Li again, and Li realised that, somehow, she was actually *attracted* to this rabbit. It was a revelation. Something in her new testosterone-laced system had a desire to caress this white rabbit's fur, to play with her ears, even to -

"I - I've gotta eat. No more talking," she said. "No more thinking!"

She joined Urad in the meal. Wells, a bit confused, hesitantly reached out for what looked like cabbage rolls with other vegetables nestled inside. Archer held out the longest, but it was very difficult. He knew that there were instinctual changes coming as a result of the transformation, ones that were making his mind more susceptible. A small part of him *wanted* to change further and faster, and it was growing. He held out for several minutes longer than the rest, but in the end it was too much. His muscles, his breasts, his groin all ached for further alteration, and his own hunger could not be denied. His stomach gurgled loudly; he had never imagined someone could be so suddenly hungry.

"Goddamn you rabbit freaks," he exclaimed. Uri said nothing, simply watching with understanding and sympathy as he reached forward with his paw hands - ones that were still a bit awkward to him - and began to shovel the lovely-looking salads straight onto his plates.

They each ate, and as it had been the previous day, the changes advanced. This time, at least, it was expected. Still, it was no less embarrassing, particularly as they were up close to Uri and the other scientist attendants now, whose observations were much more clear. Several floating orbs that must have been cameras recorded their changes, and the scientists scribbled notes with electronic pens upon their tablets.

"Ahhhh, damn you!" Archer repeated, clutching his breasts as they expanded. Fur began to sprout all over them, but it was lighter fur, and it did not conceal how bountiful they were becoming now that they were easily DD-cups. Wells was having an even bigger issue, quite literally: her breasts were now F-cups, larger even than a ripe cantaloupe. They were heavy and full and yet yearning to be touched, and the embarrassed woman began to rub her nipples, moaning furiously. Even Urad was overcome, partially regretting his acceptance of this scenario but also awash in the reluctant pleasure of it. His manhood was retreating yet further. Once, it had been a source of pride to him. Now, it was almost vanished, pulling back into his body even as something began to part between his legs. Archer groaned, rubbing the area between his crotch with borderline ferocity.

"Ahhh, why am I - d-doing this!?"

"The s-same reason we all are, s-sir!" Wells stuttered, touching herself as well. Her legs grew, her calves changing shape to support the more powerful stance of an anthro-rabbit Rabban. Hair spread across the insides of her thighs and up her back completely, but she managed to ignore this and get her words out. "The ch-changes are m-making us enter some k-kind of sexual excitement, I think!"

“Great, just great! At least Urad is j-just as embarrassed! Uri, stop this madness, you must - ohhhhhhh!!”

His cock retreated further, and then, without warning, it disappeared entirely. Archer quaked, his body shaking as his manhood collapsed into his own body, inverting and fusing with his new interior passage, becoming simply the inner walls of his new anthro-rabbit vagina. His new lips pushed out a little, puffy and aroused, already seeping juices of sexual desire. It was maddening, and it left him chattering his herbivore teeth together and pulling his ears.

“N-nooooo!” Wells moaned, feeling more nipples emerge, another two rows formed, leaving her with eight in total if one was to count her large breasts. She rubbed her paw hands over them, tugging at the clothing she’d been issued that morning, desiring direct access to the wonderful sensation her stimulation was providing. Even Urad couldn’t fight this: he groaned in a low, yet utterly female contralto tone, touching his C-cup breasts and rubbing his hips. All of them had wide hips.

All of them, that was, except for Li. She groaned even louder, her voice lowering until it had a powerful brass boom to it. Her shoulders expanded yet again, and there was an almost satisfactory audible *CRACK* each time they did so, gaining mass and muscle with incredible speed. The same was true of her arms, and her legs, and her magnificent chest. Fur pushed out across her body, brown flecked with darker patches and small traces of ginger. Her ears were tall and proud, as was her now-square jaw and manly face. But something else was becoming quite proud too: her manhood finally descended in true, no longer a small nascent nub but surging forth as a huge member that would outstrip even the most impressive of human men. The woman - now a man - grunted, roaring with shock and literally *ripping* her pants open to free her colossal cock.

“It’s - ahhhh - too big! It’s t-too biiiiig! AAGGHH!! MHHMMM!!”

It hardened immediately, a large furry sheath containing her new testicles, which were already unbelievably full of produce. He couldn’t help himself; he staggered back on his powerful legs, his cock now fully visible. The three anthro-rabbit women - and even the scientists who had always been Rabban - gasped in shock at the sheer size of Li’s penis, and how hard it was.

“By the stars,” Uri whispered.

“Mhmm,” Wells managed, trying to bite her lip to stop herself from smiling. “That’s q-quite a cock there, Li.”

“Don’t look at it! Captain, Technician, what are you doing?”

Archer looked away, then continued to peek anyway. Urad was entranced, his own female form beginning to show obvious signs of arousal, his thick furry thighs rubbing against one another.

"I think," he said in his usual monotone voice. "I think the genetic change has made me very attracted to Li's new maleness, doctor."

Uri dropped her pen. Another scientist did too, also female. She had to lower herself, still staring at Li's impressive maleness, just to grab it.

"Um, yes. Yes, that's part of the smart virus. You should all . . . you should all be very attractive to Li now, in order to *facili - facili - to breed* effectively with him and bear strong, healthy litters with this . . . incredible male specimen."

Li was overcome by all the male attention. He was now the only male in the room, and the mental changes were now making the formerly small and anxious - if often excitable as well - scientists very turned on. This manifested in the alien sensation of a very rigid, very large cock. He swallowed as he looked at the wide hips of the rabbit folk around him, their full breasts, their very . . . fertile-looking bodies. The new male's mind adjusted, and as if turning a page to a new chapter it was almost impossible for him to think of himself as female anymore.

"Think scientific thoughts," he said, "think scientific thoughts!"

And he did. Unfortunately, reproduction was a form of scientific study. The act of arousal. Or mating. Or breeding. Of creating new life in the form of anthro-rabbits who could be carried, birthed, and fed from the fertile bodies of future mates. These were the thoughts that came over Li's mind, dominating it.

"I - I need to be alone," he said.

The others all remained where they were, finding it difficult to look away. Even Archer was having a hard time not to be totally aroused in the presence of Li. His mind was likewise filled with curiosity over what that member would feel like inside his slick tunnel, and how it would be for his new womb to be filled with litters of bunny babies.

"PLEASE!" Li shouted. At that, they snapped to their senses and bounded out - literally. Their legs had now changed, and their minds adjusted with it, that the former humans literally hopped out of the room and into the open meadow outside the hill. The two attendants followed them, cameras floating with them, and the three new bunny women experienced the thrill and shock of now being able to hop from spot to spot on their powerful legs.

But Li remained in the room, as did Uri. The female scientist was scribbling notes, but they were unintelligible even to her.

"Please, I need to be alone," Li said, holding his face. "This is too much. I'm a woman - a man now, I suppose - of science, not feeling."

"Science *is* feeling," Uri explained. "You should know this, Li. Emotion is a series of hormonal reactions, and all for a greater purpose." She moved - perhaps *sauntered* would be a better way to put it - towards the new anthro-rabbit male, gingerly touching his

gorgeous fur, feeling his taut muscle. His cock was still hard, and it took all of her willpower, and Li's too, not to touch it. "Fear helps us survive," she said, sniffing his fine musk. "Anger helps us protect. And love and arousal help us to . . . continue. To procreate."

She pressed herself against Li, slowly extending a paw towards the new male's enormous, throbbing member. It was too much for the new male. As a human woman, she had been in fits of arousal before, but she'd never known how dominating the need to fulfil one's urges was for a male, especially a male Rabban.

"Oh God, I need this!" he declared, and with that he gripped Uri against him, caressing her fur and feeling her wondrously female body. She smelled fine, her body clearly in estrus just by being near him, her fertility activated by his virile presence. She had mentioned before that there was a possibility that he could be the one to finally get her pregnant, and now he *wanted* that. He *wanted* to see her knocked up with *his* bunnies, full and jostling within her ripe womb.

They kissed passionately, though for the Rabban this was more of a series of nips and playful bits that only made the male more ravenous. Li had always been submissive as a bedroom partner, so this was a new feeling for her, but the rush of being an alpha male made the transition so much easier. He fondled her breasts, literally ripping apart her clothing to get to them, and he was rewarded not just with the sensations of her femaleness, but also by the other nipples she possessed. He licked them, gripping her tightly as she shook against him.

"T-take m-me!" Uri cried. "I've wanted to be a m-mother for so long. I would be honoured to bear the first litter of the first new male from your race!"

Her excitement was unbearable in all the best ways. Following his new instincts, Uri turned her around and pressed her against the table they'd just been eating from. She submitted to him, raising her little tail and leaning against the table so that her entrance was right there, waiting for him. The new male stood on the threshold, but not for long. His curiosity - base *and* scientific - needed sating. And because, deep down, he was still Li, he stamped his feet on the floor a couple of times out of excitement. It was a very rabbit-like gesture.

"Perhaps I was meant to be like this all along," he said.

He pressed his cock into her passage, and slid inside of her. Uri bucked against him, moaning as he stretched the walls of her vaginal tunnel. It was agony and ecstasy, and soon they were bucking madly like, well, *rabbits*. He gripped her hips, fucking her with wild abandon. He wanted her pregnant more than anything, and this was enough to make him almost glad to be a male Rabban. The feeling of release was already so close, but he held off as long as possible to build up as much seed as possible. He had to prove himself. He had to delve deep into this new science of mating. He was still a discoverer, exploring a new

experience, the first time any human had experienced sex with an alien, or as one. He thrust again and again, relishing the power that came with his enormous manhood. He was close, so damn close.

“I’m about to - about to -”

“Do it! Give your litter! Please!?”

He exploded inside of her, his balls emptying torrent after torrent of seed deep into her womb, the promise of pregnancy there just on the horizon. He had done something no other human had done, and he rode out the wave of pleasure that followed.

“I’m a p-pioneer,” he grunted, collapsing against her.

It felt wonderful.

But he wasn’t done yet. As he stroked her fur, he couldn’t help but think of his crewmates. Wells, Archer, Urad. Such fine females. He would never take advantage of them, but perhaps he could help them see how good this new fate was? Perhaps he could make them pioneers too . . .

Awkwardness reigned in the following days. Their transformation was largely complete following that fateful lunch with Uri, but any remaining changes left to go were sorted out not long after that. Each morning the female section of the group woke up in their quarters with further changes. Their fur now dominated all over their bodies: Wells’ fur was black, Archer’s yellow-cream, and Urad’s brown with little white stripes. They had rabbit-like legs, and arms that were now fully altered to Rabban dimensions as well; long and powerful, but maintaining paws with opposable digits. Their ears and faces were fully developed, leaving them looking very beautiful, even perhaps by human standards. There was no doubting they were female just to look at their facial configurations, their soft jaws, the smooth brows that had slightly coloured fur to imitate eyebrows. They all had prodigious breasts: Wells had the largest with massive G-cups, but Archer had large EE-cups and Urad DD’s, so none of them could claim not to be busty. The fact that they had eight nipples - ten in Archer’s case - also emphasised their femaleness. Of course, nothing emphasised it more than their possession of functioning womanhoods and fully developed wombs - still shocking and weird to the former men. Even Urad had some mumbling embarrassment over it, though he maintained the changes were appropriate in order to ‘make up for the sins of humanity.’ Archer suspected Urad was getting a little outwardly fanatic because he was having second thoughts or at least shame over his possible future as a bunny baby-making machine, but who could tell with Urad? The only thing they could each be certain of was that this was their fate now, forever, and that

soon the rest of the crew and frozen colonists aboard the *Saviour* would also be turned, provided they four were successful in their breeding 'mission.'

"I won't go through with it," Archer said, her voice somewhat singsong in its beautiful chord as of that morning. "I won't let Li get us pregnant. I'm the captain. I'll *order* her not to knock us up with that big . . ."

"Captain," Wells reminded her.

"Sorry, Navigator. I was . . . distracted."

"We all are. That thing is huge, and my instincts towards it, and him, are . . . hmm."

"We will give in eventually," Urad said. "We can't hide from Li forever."

Hiding was exactly what they were doing, inside a rather whimsical rabbit hole that was quite natural in appearance, dirt and comfortable grass and all. They were always being watched by the scientist Rabban, but they seemed content to let the breeding play out on its own and not force it. Evidently, it was important that any lovemaking be purely consensual. Somehow, that made it worse for Archer and Wells. The notion that little, excitable Li was now a massive monster of a bunny, one who would be somehow getting *them* pregnant with entire litters of rabbits, was bad enough. The proposal that they would give themselves over willingly . . . well, it made them very aware that they were already dreaming of that exact scenario, and waking up with stiff nipples and feminine mounds in need of addressing.

Archer had already masturbated as a Rabban. He strongly suspected Wells had - she need feel no shame like he did over that, having always been a woman. Again, who could tell with Urad? He had, as it turned out, but wasn't telling anyone. He had to clamp his own mouth from making a lot of noise too; a new development from the usually stoic individual. But as much as the female bunny orgasm had proven to be damn powerful - borderline addictive to each of them now that they were constantly in estrus and horny as fucking *hell* - it still simply wasn't enough.

"What if we just . . . stay in here forever?" Wells asked. "That's a stupid idea, I know. I can't stop thinking about him. About Li."

"He's avoiding us too. I don't blame him," Urad said. "This is all a lot to take in. I . . . admit that perhaps I was a little hasty."

"Oh, you admit, do you?" Archer said. "Thought you were going to be the harem master, instead of a member of the harem, right?"

Urad sagged. "It wasn't my thought process, but certainly, I didn't expect pregnancy on the horizon, at least for me. Now though, mmhm, it is all I can think about."

"M-me too," Wells said.

"Damn, me too. Fuck," Archer said. "We need to find Li. Need to find a way to set this right with him and avoid this stupid stalemate. We can figure out a way to avoid -"

Li entered the cave area. He had to duck in order to get in, and his impressive male stature and breadth was caught by the light which rendered him a powerful silhouette, the perfect male archetype . . . at least a *Rabban* archetype.

“M-may I come in?” he asked. He was wearing the equivalent of an open jacket that displayed his bare, furry chest. His trousers were loose, and while his penis was thankfully not erect, each female rabbit could imagine what lay within, ready to become erect once more.

“H-how did you find us?” Wells asked.

“Um, I smelled you. You all have, uh, really loud smells. Really loud.”

There was a moment of discomfort as they all realised what the man was talking about. Archer rubbed her thighs together. She was getting quite wet there. Quite wet indeed. Li’s male scent filled the area they were in, and Archer realised their mistake immediately. The space was too . . . intimate. And with the grassy floor and comfortable surroundings of nature, it was also far too *primal*.

“You s-smell too,” the captain said. “Li, you should probably . . .”

She wanted to say ‘go,’ but she simply couldn’t bring herself to say it. The smell was too good. His muscles too proud. And there, between his legs, something was stiffening, capturing Archer’s attention.

Wells squeaked, and Urad gave a low moan.

“Li,” he said. “You should . . . you should join us. We are all fully transformed now.”

“Y-yeah,” the former woman said. “I can see that. You’re a bunch of cute bunny girls now, ha! Sorry, I make dumb jokes when I get nervous. I never expected to become a male rabbit alien, or to be . . . so horny around my crewmates.”

He lowered a hand, tugging at his trousers to ‘readjust’ himself. The motion was not subtle, and it only made the rest of them lean closer.

“Li,” Wells said. “Are you going to . . . ?”

“I don’t know,” Li said, gulping. “I would never do it unless you wanted it. But, well, I don’t know how else to say it. I *do* want it. I want all of you. Right now. I know intellectually that it’s instincts and hormones and genetic engineering and enhancement. I even understand half of it on that basis. But I also still really want to, well, *fuck* all of you. I want to fuck you so fucking hard, guys. I want to fuck you until you’re each pregnant with my bunnies, full with my litters. I want to put my litters into you so damn bad!”

He stamped his foot several times for emphasis. With his new body, it felt more like an act of dominance. For Urad, it was the final signal she needed to give in. He’d advocated for change thus far, and now the bunny woman, the new female Rabban, gave in to her instinctive needs.

“Take me first,” she said.

“No!” Wells cried. “I’m your best friend, Li! Please, do me!”

Archer bit her lip with her cute buck teeth. She managed to hold off from begging to be fucked, but only barely. There was no running. Not literally - she could run or hope away easily - but there was no outrunning the intensity of her estrus, that instinctive need to be bred like a good bunny. Still, she held off for now.

Urad bowed gracefully, allowing Wells to go first. She had always been a woman, after all, so it made sense she would find this a little easier. The friendship she had with Li also made it easier. It was just an upgrade to the relationship, as far as Wells convinced herself, and Li was thinking the same.

“Are you sure?” Li asked, stepped forward towards the rabbit woman and touching her dark fur. “I can hold it off. I can. I would never take advantage of me.”

Wells literally hopped upwards, gripping onto Li’s fur and wrapping her arms around his neck. She kissed him, nibbling his neck and pressing her fine bunny form against his.

“But I *need* you to take advantage of me. Please, Li, it’s what a good friend would do. I’m *burning* here. I need you to play with my t-tits already! They’re so f-fucking big. I want you to play with them and fuck me while you do it! Breed me already!”

By that point Li’s erection was threatening to split his trousers open. He unbuckled them with ease, releasing his monster of a cock, which pressed against Wells marvellously. She moaned. He moaned. The attendant audience of Archer and Urad moaned.

And then the passionate lovemaking began. Neither cared that their captain and technician were watching. All that mattered was that Li mounted Wells, pressing her against the warm dirt of the tunnel wall and pushing his massive girth into her. Wells cried out in passion, her ears going as erect as his cock. Li licked and groped and squeezed her tits, running his paws down her other nipples and escalating pleasure throughout her entire body.

“Mhmmm, oh God, Li! It’s I-like you were b-born a man! Oh f-fuck! You’re so big! You’re g-going to knocked me up with s-so many little bunnies, I just kn-know it! These big boobs will f-fill with s-so much goddamn m-milk! Ohhhhh!”

“Ahhhh, Wells! I can - I can imagine it! It sounds s-so hot!”

Urad was already feeling herself, and Archer realised she had unbuttoned her top without thinking. The two rabbit women looked on with awe as Wells was having her brains fucked out, her wails of bliss like sweet music to their ears. Both wanted to be in her position, both wanted to be flooded with Li’s seed. The instinct was simply too strong *not* to want it, and her moans of arousal were taking them the rest of the way.

“Hurry up!” Urad said, raising his voice for possibly the first time in years. “We want our turn!”

“Just - wait - until - cuuuuuuum!!!” Li boomed, and then he seized against Wells, who went completely silent and rigid as what felt like an entire tidal wave of seed surged into

her. Li had never felt such a powerfully dominating feeling as the male orgasm, or in spending his seed inside a woman, and Wells had never had better sex as a woman. She collapsed against her furry mate, practically catatonic. Part of her suspected she was already becoming pregnant, her best friend's sperm burrowing into her ovum - a number of ovum - at that very moment. It gave her the warm and fuzzies, and Li had to gently lower her down onto the grass, whereupon the busty rabbit woman hugged herself, cooing gently.

It was at that point that Urad stood. She ran her paws down her flanks, stepping towards Li with a directness that was lacking in feminine lustre, but still had a nice sway to her hips regardless.

"Is there . . . still some for me?" she managed. "I have accepted my fate. You know that. Please help me get to the other side, Li."

"J-just give me a minute," the powerful male Rabban said, only for his cock to twitch and harden once more. "Or . . . or maybe not. Holy hell, I have *got* to take some biological seminars on this new species, because wow! Damn, I am ready to go, already!"

"Good," Urad said, beginning to act a little more feminine. The brown bunny girl imitated vids and holos she had seen as a young human male, running her hands over her breasts and cooing slightly, working to seduce Li while Wells gurgled in the corner. "I have always respected your intelligence, Li. Now, I would be blessed to carry that intelligence within me, to bear a litter that holds your genetic line. Will you make me pregnant like Wells will be? I beg you. Will you help us save our race and the Rabban?"

It was a typically Urad speech, but even her monotone now had a kind of sexy rasp to it, a contralto that made her sexy in a severe, almost clinical way. It was doing things to Li, as was the woman's estrus.

"Of course, Urad," he replied. "Of course I'll help."

Urad smiled. It was a rare sight, and it made Li *beam*. Archer couldn't believe what she was seeing, and even more when Urad lay on her back, spread and held her furry legs, and let Li crawl on top of her. He nibbled at her breasts, but Urad pulled Li further up.

"I am too impatient, believe it or not. Let's get this done. Cum inside me as soon as you can and care about no pleasure but your own."

Somehow, it was the sexiest thing Li had ever heard during sex, and he'd just had some *very* passionate sex with Wells. But Urad, normally so headstrong, was submitting to him entirely. The new anthro-woman reached out and gripped Li's cock, guiding into her entrance. She gasped briefly as she was entered, and then again when Li entered her fully. Then she began to rock her hips gently in time to Li's thrusts.

"Ohhhhhhh, mhhmm," she moaned, struggling to breathe a little at times. It was a totally alien feeling, to have a new entrance, one that was being penetrated deeply and lovingly. She writhed beneath him, letting Li only then grasp her breasts and rub her many

nipples. Already, she had in her mind a perfect future for the human race: populating Rabban while experiencing ecstasy like she was, all gathering under the Rabban banner of peace and eco-unity. It was glorious, and made all the better for the lust in her loins to bear those first litters. Not one litter; no, even the reluctance that had grown within her since realising she was turning female had dissipated now. She only wanted to make as many bunny babies as possible to do her part.

“Yessss,” she moaned.

“You like it?” Li huffed, humping ever harder and faster, gripping her lover tightly. “Even though you used to be a-”

“Yes! Yes, I do! Ahhhhhh, don’t s-stop! Cum as soon as you c-can. I want to be a woman in full, I want your babies inside m-me. And you’ll w-want it t-too, sir.”

She said that last part to Archer, who was masturbating slowly, moaning in arousal at the sight, now fully naked as if hypnotised to this point. Every part of her waning male mental power was rallying against that thought, but Urad’s words shattered through it.

“I - I do?” she asked as she cupped her full breasts.

“You will! It’s ecstasy, Captain. I’m n-not embarrassed, not even n-now! Hmmm! Ahh! I’m s-so close! This is our d-destiny, Archer, it’s perfectionnnnnghhh!!!”

Despite Urad’s desires, Li was still a deeply compassionate figure, even as a dominant male Rabban. He held off as long as he could to bring Urad to her full, and so the brown-furred bunny with her gorgeous white spots and stripes trembled from her first female orgasm, then her second, then her third, and - somehow - even her fourth. She moaned low but long, containing her utter deliriousness but clearly in fits of pleasure nonetheless. Li pressed against her, spurting torrent after torrent into her. Both of them knew that Urad was likely to be pregnant within minutes, if not seconds. It felt damn right.

And for Captain Archer, who had resisted so long, it felt like she was being left out. She steadied her legs, waiting for the right moment. The next three minutes were in agony as Li stroked Urad’s fur. When the male finally pulled out, exhaling as his huge cock left his mate, Archer *jumped* - literally.

Li was caught by surprise, and despite his bulk and muscle, he was knocked onto his back into the gentle grass, surrounded by cave flowers. A floating camera nearby was watching them, but Archer didn’t care anymore. She was literally *licking* Li’s wonderfully big dick, arousing it back to hardness. The taste of it was magnificent, but even better was how much Li was groaning in response.

“C-Captain, you don’t have to - ahhh, nevermind! Don’t - ahhh - stop!”

Archer didn’t until Li was fully hard. She licked her lips, traced her tongue over her bucked teeth, relishing the taste of her mate’s manhood. She should have been ashamed of herself, but she wasn’t. She was *proud*. She had aroused mate quickly, and now she could

get knocked up with his bunnies. She crawled atop him, nibbled at his neck, and then took his hard cock and placed it between her thighs, sliding down on it as *she* mounted *him*.

“Let me be the one to f-fuck you,” she said, about to descend. “At least then I can have s-some captain’s dignityyyyyyyyyYYYYY!!!”

Her voice became a cry as she lowered herself completely, the male Rabban member sliding deep into her. It was like being punctured by a robust spear, only instead of wounding, this spear gave *pleasure*. She instantly began bouncing on top of it, even configuring her powerful legs to give a bit of an extra ‘jump’ to do so. Li reached up and fondled her breasts, running his paws over her nipples, causing them to stiffen with immense arousal. It only made her bounce on him faster, savouring the way his huge cock entered her so deeply only to nearly slide right out again, only to slide right back in, only to slide right back out, and on and on until the pleasure was too much.

“C-Captain, I can s-stop!” Li managed, though the way he held her hips implied it would be a damn difficult feat.

“Don’t you d-dare! That’s an order! I surrender to this, I n-need your bunnies in m-me!” OHhhhhhh!!!”

She bounced more aggressively, her large boobs bouncing, her fair fluffing up as she reached her crescendo. It was true, she had surrendered, and in doing so her needy female side had taken over. She celebrated it in that moment, wanting this to last forever. But it couldn’t, and she celebrated *that* fact too mere seconds later, as suddenly she was hit by the first of several powerful female orgasms.

“Yesssss, yesss, yessss, YES! YES! YESSSS!!!”

She wailed just like a woman, her singsong voice utterly erotic in its cries. Li groaned in his own masculine bliss as he fired his load deep inside her, the last of several streams. His balls emptied into her, and as with Wells and Urad, he was certain that he was making his captain pregnant. That too brought a hazy smile to his features, especially when Archer collapsed against him, her soft furry female body against his hard, furry muscles.

Archer simply moaned softly, accepting not only her fate, but the fate of all humanity.

Archer had never been happier. That morning, Li had been kind enough to mount her from behind, but she had wanted more, and it was Hotar himself - the planetary leader - who had done the deed a second time. He had taken a liking to the former male, and she imagined she would be carrying a few litters for the powerful Rabban one day. For now though, the enormous heft in her belly belonged entirely to Li. She couldn’t believe some days that she was pregnant, let alone with *eight* little bunnies. They stirred and kicked and shifted about in

her womb, making themselves known constantly. It was an alien feeling, but not an altogether bad one. In fact, with the female instincts she had embraced, there was a continual excitement to knowing she was bearing young and doing her part.

It was a complete turnaround for the captain, but one that she shared with her fellow former humans. Urad was just as far along and excited, though in her usual stoic away. She had, surprisingly, fallen in love with a local male named Ysper, and though her 'duties' would mean bearing litters from a number of males in years to come, no one had any doubt that the two would be together. The funniest part was that Ysper was a total chatterbox, all excitement and gesticulation. He was a technician too though, so while opposites do attract, perhaps common ground was fertile there. Very fertile in the future too, one could imagine.

Wells remained with Li. They had been best friends, and now they were constant lovers. They were in love, really, though perhaps a bit embarrassed to admit it yet. They slept together constantly, far more than Li did with Urad and Archer and any of the other humans who had become female Rabban, or even local Rabban women themselves. And, appropriately enough, Wells was bearing the largest litter; *ten* bunnies in her enormously distended dome of a belly. Li brought her food and took care of her. It almost made Archer jealous, especially since Wells' breasts were even bigger now, and her other breasts beginning to show. Other Rabban women - natives - were occasionally being impregnated by Li and other new human converts too. Uri was the first, and she was greatly celebrated, attaining the status of a celebrity. She thanked Li by message almost daily, and looked forward to carrying at least one or two more litters.

Still, what was done couldn't be undone. They were all anthro-rabbit people now on a new earth. Humanity was being converted from the *Saviour*, and nearly all were adjusting well. Others would take longer, but Archer knew from her own experience that once the breeding started, there was no going back, and joyfully so, especially since one's libido only got bigger during pregnancy, as she also knew well. Rabban pilots were already heading to Earth itself with the option to be saved. They could become Rabban, or they could take their chances on Earth. Archer had attached a message, as had Li and the others, all giving their own recommendations on the matter. She hoped that their human peers would choose the correct option. The Rabban needed as many bunnies as possible to end their fertility crisis, and so the wondrous breeding would go for many, many years, if not decades. Archer couldn't wait for that, and there was no guilt in it. In her anthro-rabbit womb she was making litters which would help conserve the legacy of Earth. That, more than humanity, was what was important.

Besides, there was also the fun of breeding. That, she could not deny.

The End