Bart's Bunny

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Bart sighed and pulled at the starched collar of his shirt, wishing once again that it was not so stiff. Where did Aunt Mary buy these things? As if it was not bad enough that she had bought him the Easter outfit of an oversized six year old: khaki shorts, a sky blue short sleeve dress shirt and a yellow bow tie, she also seemed to believe that he really was six and had bought him the underwear to go with. Maybe if mom had let him pack his own clothes, but no! Aunt Mary provides everything, he thought sarcastically. That was why he had pulled a pair of Spider-Man underoos. Honest to God Spider-Man underoos! Tighty whities would have been better, although only barely.

“Bart, come over here. We’ll be starting the egg hunt soon.” He groaned and turned to walk as far away from the egg hunt as possible, leaving the backyard and going to the shady side of the house, the sounds of the little kids playing fading. He smiled to himself. He was practically a teenager, practically a man. He was too old for egg hunts and all this dumb little kid stuff.

Bart kicked a pebble and watched it bounce along, coming to rest by the paw of a little stuffed rabbit. One of the little kids must have left it there, he thought, shrugging and going over to retrieve the pebble, his one source of entertainment. As he neared the bunny though, his thoughts moved away from the pebble. The bunny looked, in a word, soft. Almost impossibly

so. He could not say why, but he wanted to touch it as badly as he wanted to take off his uncomfortable outfit. What was the harm? It was just a stuffed toy and there was not even anyone around to see. He kneeled down, muttering to himself as his shorts rode up. He reached out and stroked the bunny.

“Soft” he whispered almost reverently. Having touched it, Bart figured he could stand up, but the desire to touch it had been replaced by a new desire; he wanted to hold it, more than anything in the world. He could not see any harm in that, so he picked up the rabbit and hugged it to his chest as he returned to standing. A wave of the purest euphoria washed over him. “What’s wrong with me?” He mumbled, his head clearing. He shrugged and turned back toward the egg hunt. They would be wondering where he was.

As he began to trod back toward the sunlit backyard, he noticed that his shirt had come untucked from his crouching. Shifting the bunny to one hand, he tried to tuck it back in. Finally, he succeeded. In the dim shade, it almost looked like his shirt and shorts were melting together somehow. Had his shorts always been so yellow? Bart gasped as he saw the yellow spread to his shirt, even pouring down from the bow tie he had forgotten he had on until that very moment.

“What the?” He whispered as the legs of his shorts began to meld. He reached down and felt the fabric grow softer, although not nearly as soft as the bunny he held in his hands. He looked down at it, almost transfixed by its warm smile as his clothes kept changing. His white socks sprouted lace, his shoes changing from a plain brown dress shoe into shiny

black patent leather Mary Janes. He gasped as the buttons on his shirt suddenly became a tidy row of white bows down the bodice of a dress, even as his melded shorts erupted into a skirt filled with frothy petticoats.

Bart squirmed involuntarily as he felt something crawl across his bottom. He roughly yanked up the back of the skirt and looked in time to see his hated Spider-Man underoos morph into a pair of yellow panties, the crawling sensation coming from row upon row of tightly packed white lace snaking its way across his backside.

“Can we get everyone over by the picnic table for the egg hunt?” He heard his aunt call. He could not go out there like this! What would he tell them? He squinted as he emerged into the sunlight, only then realizing that he had begun to merrily skip as soon as he had heard Mary’s voice. He tried to stop himself, but he had already reached the group. To his surprise, no one seemed to notice anything amiss about him. A few of the boys scoffed as they saw him come skipping up, but that was about it. He would have thought that they would have burst out laughing or something to see one of their own dressed in a frilly frock. Something tickled his neck and he brushed it away, only to realize he suddenly had a braid on each shoulder, capped by a big yellow bow on each. He became suddenly painfully aware that he was standing there in a girl’s Easter dress, the breeze dancing across his now pantied bottom. He had to get away! His legs refused to move, however, and he stood there as the adults distributed out baskets for the egg hunt, even bobbing a curtsey as his

aunt handed him a yellow and white basket.

“Matches your dress.” She commented before moving on. Bart wanted to blush, but he was too busy arranging his new stuffed bunny in the basket. He abruptly wished he had a yellow ribbon to tie around the bunny’s neck and found himself doing just that. Where had the ribbon come from?

“That’s so pretty!” One of the girls commented. Bart smiled and thanked her without knowing why he was doing it. He wanted nothing more than to run and hide, but all his body would do was stand there, swaying back and forth gently as he waited patiently for the start of the egg hunt.

“Who wants to go first?” Mary asked, her eyes settling on Bart. “Bart, how about you go first, princess?” Bart felt his stomach drop. Hunting for eggs in front of everyone, dressed as he was?

“Yes please!” He heard himself say as he bobbed a shallow curtsey. What was wrong with him? He heard a few of the boys scoff, but the girls all whispered supportive things to him as he skipped up to the starting line.

“Now, remember, you have thirty seconds to find as many eggs as you can!” Mary explained. “The boy and the girl who find the most eggs will win a special prize, so try your very best.” Bart nodded, grimacing as he felt his new braids bounce against his shoulders. He would find just enough eggs to avoid arousing suspicion. He would just have to ignore his competitive streak and settle for not winning. There was no way he would try, dressed as he was. “Three, two, one, go!”

Bart immediately began to skip around, scooping up every egg that he possibly could. Every time he came across an egg, he bent over and grabbed it, seemingly unaware that he flashed everyone his lacey panties with each and every egg. The constant crawling sensation along his backside made him suspect his panties grew more and more frilly with each passing second.

“This must be the longest thirty seconds ever.” He muttered as he skipped past an egg, seeming to target only the lowest eggs that would give him an opportunity to bend over and reveal his frilly undergarments. What was wrong with him?

“Time’s up, Bart!” Mary called. He merrily skipped back over to her.

“What’s wrong with girls?” He heard one of the boys mutter to his friend. Bart glared at him. He used to be dressed a lot like him. How come that boy’s outfit did not change like his had? The bunny. It did not make sense, but it was the only explanation. It had all begun with the bunny, hadn’t it?

“Fourteen eggs! That’s great, Bart!” He groaned inwardly as he dropped into a curtsey. Even a few of the girls rolled their eyes at his feminine display. “How about you go sit over there and play with your bunny while the other kids go?” Bart did not need to be told twice, skipping over to the picnic table and began to make the bunny hop up and down on his knees.

He stared down at his lacey socks and shiny shoes, horrified by how feminine he must look with the rabbit bouncing up and down on his lap. He needed to escape, but how?

“I love pretty dresses!” He heard himself exclaim to no one. The bunny smiled up at him, bouncing up and down. He focused on stopping, but it kept bouncing up and down. “Change me back.” He mumbled, but the bunny did not respond. It just kept smiling innocently up at him. Bart could not say why, but he was struck with a sudden impression that he would never change back. This was his life now.

“And the winner is” Bart jumped to his feet and skipped over, hugging the bunny to his chest. “Stephanie and Chris!” Bart pouted a bit. He had not realized it until just now, but he had wanted to win. At least, he thought as he kissed the top of the bunny in his arms’s forehead, I got a chance to wear my prettiest dress.

Inspiration suddenly struck. Sure, his Easter outfit had become this sissy, pretty dress that he loved wearing and wished he never had to take off… he shook his head to clear those thoughts. The clothes he had arrived in that morning, however, those had to still be upstairs, right? He would just sneak upstairs and put them back on. All the Easter stuff was done anyway, right? The only issue was, how was he supposed to get his body to comply?

Bart stood, a girlish giggle escaping his lips as he felt his skirt brush his thighs. What was wrong with him? The boy trapped inside recoiled in horror as he once again began skipping, little more than a passenger in his own body as he moved farther and farther away from the house. Turn around, he urged himself, but his body refused to obey. If anything, his body wanted to do nothing other than skip around the

backyard, feeling the breeze on his pantied bottom as his skirt flew up and down. He made no effort to hold down his skirt, not that Bart had any choice. All he wanted to do was get some small amount of control over his body again.

After what seemed like a short eternity, Bart suddenly stopped skipping and he realized he had control again. He touched his skirt, his bodice, even the bunny, just to test. Yes, he had control! He ran for the back door, not even caring what anyone said or saw. He had to get upstairs, now!

Bart dashed up the stairs, taking them two at a time, braids bouncing on his shoulders. He closed the guest room door and locked it. This dress, this whole sissy ensemble was coming off! He grinned like an idiot as he saw his clothes still in a disheveled pile on the unmade bed.

He had not been sure what to expect, but once he figured out the buttons going down his back, the dress came off fairly easily. He made a face as he saw that, in addition to his very frilly panties, he had on an equally sissy undershirt. He quickly yanked them off, delighting in throwing them on the floor.

Bart paused for a moment to look at his body in the mirror. Naked, he was undeniably male, but his face looked female somehow. How was he supposed to get rid of the braids? He tugged at them, but could not even get the bows off.

“I’ll tuck them in my shirt or something.” He shrugged as he went over to the bed and grabbed his boxers. He smirked triumphantly at the stuffed bunny he had left by the door.

Perhaps that was his fatal error. He turned back to his boxers and watched as they finished transforming into a pair of pink panties, every bit as frilly as the pair he had left on the floor. “No, no, no!” He said. “Fuck!” He watched as his shirt and jeans on the bed became a pink dress, fit for any little girl to wear for Easter. “Why?” was the last word that he said before he giggled and eagerly dressed himself. Everyone else only got one Easter dress and now he got to wear his second one of the day! He was the luckiest girl? Boy? Either seemed right to his mind. He was the luckiest girl ever! No, he scolded himself, he was definitely a boy! What sort of boy, another part of his mind said, would wear two different dresses like this? Smiling at his reflection, the horrified boy watched as the bows on his braids became pink and he began to skip out of the room, ever so eager to show everyone his newest outfit.