

# I'M YOR SISTER

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“A day for celebrating mama...”**

It had been a long and eventful day for Anya Forger at school. It was *largely* the same as it had always been in the grand scheme of things. She went to her classes as she always did. Did the small girl *learn* anything from those classes? Well, that much was debatable. But it certainly helped that she could always use her power to *read minds* to help her out whenever things like tests popped up. Even though she *technically* knew it was wrong, anyways.

On the bus back from the academy she had been repeating the same line to herself over and over while staring out the small window of the vehicle. Becky had told her something that *probably* felt like a nothing burger to her fellow child at the time, but for Anya? Such a little revelation could lead to a strong fixation. Apparently, a day for celebrating your mother, aptly called ‘Mother’s Day’ was going to be on the following Sunday.

Was it a *problem*? Not in the traditional sense, at least. Anya loved her adoptive mother, Yor. She loved her a whole lot! ...Even though she was secretly an assassin. But didn’t that make her *way* cooler, too? If it wasn’t a secret that she had to keep at *any* cost, she *absolutely* would have told everyone she knew about it! It probably would have just *scared* people, though. That, or they would have assumed she was joking around.

But her father was secretly a *spy* too. It was kind of a mess.

**“Present... Present...”** The aspect of the holiday that had *actually* been bothering the girl was the apparent necessity of purchasing your mother a present. She didn’t really have much money because, obviously, she was only around the age of *five*. She was just given a small allowance here and there by Loid, although she *did* have some of it on her at that moment. **“STORE!?”**

The stop she got off at was just around the corner from her house, but there was also a small store on the way that carried various knickknacks. It was a little risky to duck in unattended, but if she could make it quick, well... She could always just say that her bus had been running a little late! And so, Anya did just that. **“Anya’s going to find mother the best gift eveeeeer!”**

---



Had she accomplished that goal? About twenty minutes later, she quickly moved from the front door of her family’s apartment and into her own bedroom – careful to avoid the possibility of being seen by Yor while carrying the small bag that contained her purchase. Fortunately, she managed to slip by without being caught! Maybe one day she could be a successful spy or assassin like her adoptive parents after all!

**“Tadaa~!”** The *only* audience was herself, but Anya removed the gift from the bag as if she was revealing a precious item to a large group of people. Which felt a little silly considering it was just a *red stone*? And one that looked pretty *fake* at that. Was it made of plastic? Considering she had purchased it with a child’s allowance, the chances of that being the case were *extremely* high. **“It’s the same color as mama’s pretty eyes!”**

She raised it high in her palm like how the characters in her favorite cartoons tended to show cool things the hundreds and thousands of kids that watched them, overflowing with pride at what she considered to be a *great* find! Of course, that pride was a product of just how much she loved Yor. **“Mama is tall, and pretty, and cool, and amazing! Anya hopes that when she gets older, she’ll be just like mama!”** There were *plenty* of children out there that felt this way about their parents, of course.

But not many of them expressed this admiration while holding a *wishing stone*.

It wasn’t even the traditional sort that required the one holding it to utter ‘I wish’ at any point. It expressly sensed the desires of the one that

grasped it – and somehow such a powerful item had ended up in the hands of a five year old after being mistaken for a toy by a shop clerk. “...Eh? Oh, wow!” Anya expressed both confusion and then *excitement* as a glow caught her eye. The gemstone she was holding had not only begun to emit that light, glowing red, but also felt a little warm. Was it supposed to do that? Had she actually found something so amazingly cool!?

...Of course, there was a *reason* that it was glowing. Her desires had activated it and, once the proverbial genie was out of the bottle? It was impossible to put it back in. The girl found herself giggling as her skin began to tingle. It *tickled* a little bit, but *why* did it tickle? “**Hahahaha! Is this a tickling rock!?**” That very much felt like the kind of conclusion that a child would come to. Which made sense for obvious reasons.

But it also wasn't the sort of childish thought that she would have for much longer.

“**UWAH!?**” What had begun as a tickling sensation eventually *ramped up*, and the stone's vibrations became much more intense in their nature. It didn't really feel like the stone was just 'warm' anymore either and instead felt extremely *hot*. To avoid burning herself, Anya ended up dropping the gem onto the floor as she jumped back. “**Ow!?**” It hadn't *actually* hurt her, and as quick as she was to inspect her hands for any notable burn marks (thankfully there were none) there weren't any *actual* damages. “**Whew...**”

The girl *glared* down at the gemstone with all of the rage of a child who had just been put into an uncomfortable situation against her will. “**Bad present! That was very indecent!**” Would a girl of Anya's age *know* what 'indecent' meant? It felt unlikely, but the girl wasn't really the sharpest tool in the shed in the first place. Suffice to say, she didn't really question *where* that word had even come from. It just felt *right*.

But there was something that *didn't* feel right. It came on very suddenly and progressed very gradually, but Anya was struck with the discomfort of her clothes feel too... *tight*? “**Mm?**” The girl looked down at her dress with confusion. Had she been struck by some kind of 'shrinking clothes' beam or something? It sounded like something out of a kids' cartoon show, which was more or less the only type of media she consumed anyways. It was a perfectly sensible thing for a child to conclude. Now, if she'd been older...

Regardless, 'clothing shrinking' only felt like a reasonable explanation to her because the other possibility felt too strange even *for* the imagination of a child. Because if her clothes weren't getting smaller,

didn't that mean that *she* was getting... *bigger*? “**W-Wait!? I'm definitely getting b-b-bigger!? HOW!?**” She'd had little reason to acknowledge this possibility... until she could no longer ignore what was happening before her very eyes.

The floor was *definitely* farther away than she remembered it being moments ago and, no, she could *see* how it was gradually moving away from her. From the girl's perspective it almost felt like she was being lifted higher and higher into the air, with the uncanny sensation of her feet still being planted on the ground at the same time. Her limbs lengthened along with her torso, and her height *rapidly* shot up from 3'3" and past the four foot mark.

But it was *odd*. Her clothing *had* felt tight at first – it was the entire reason she had noticed her growth initially – but it didn't seem to be bothering her any longer. “**Wha!?**” It was easy to see why now. The *style* of her dress had yet to change, but the black material of the gown and the white of her tights was stretching and amending to continue to accommodate her body's changing proportions. This remained consistent even as she neared five feet, but...

Wouldn't a small child that was *that* tall look a little too uncanny? That was a correct assessment to a point, but she was being helped along in differing ways as she continued to grow taller too. First of all: her growth wasn't *just* vertical, even if that was the only real growth that seemed to register with her at the time. Whether it was her shoulders becoming a little broader or her hips flaring out to an impressive width, it all worked together to prevent her silhouette appearing more like a string bean than a person.

“**This is so strange...**” By the time her inches began to push *past* the five foot mark, it was already pretty plain that she was no longer a *young girl*. Anya's voice sounded deep, soft, and had she heard it not through her own ears she might have realized just how *uncannily similar* it was to the voice of her adoptive mother. But more than that? You could see it in her face. By the time her height ultimately ticked up to 5'7", the *exact* same height as Yor, she had the facial shape and complexion of a woman in her mid to late twenties. *Twenty seven*, to be specific.

*Yor's age.*

It certainly *was* strange, wasn't it? It was! So where were these *doubts* coming from? Had she been a child? *Of course! Everyone is a child at some point in their lives! But I was one a really long time ago, not recently!* Her doubts were building, and altering memories were reinforcing those doubts until she no longer doubted her current age.

**“Was something actually off, or...?”** The similarities that Anya’s body had with her mother’s were multiplying. Her pink hair never darkened to match Yor’s shade, but the length and style certainly elongated and straightened at the sides to match. Even her bangs were perfectly replicated, although the lack of a headband made it seem like there was still something to be desired there. **“This is all so confusing!”**

It probably would have been *more* confusing if she had possessed any awareness about whatever was happening with her *figure*. Such as? Well, while she had aged quite a bit, she hadn’t really gained any of the *curves* that an adult woman typically held. This was being rectified now that the gemstone’s wish-granting powers were about to reach their climax.

The white of the woman’s tights stretched and temporarily frayed around her butt and thighs. They were given no other choice thanks to the weight of the flesh they encapsulated, for skin was being stretched tightly around the new bounty that turned a once formless ass into a swollen, bouncing heart. But where this fraying occurred? It was quickly mended thanks to her attire continuing to shift to fit her. In the case of her panties? They actually shifted in *style* finally, turning into a black lace pair rather than remaining white with a childish pattern.

She blinked, the brighter colors of her eyes darkening to a dark red in a *literal* blink of the eye. **“I feel tired and sore all of a sudden, or...?”** Had it come on all of a sudden, or had she been working all day? Her memories weren’t very clear, and she pursed a lip that was bloating at that very moment in response. Little by little her face took on structural similarities with Yor’s, from those lips to her big eyes, to the longer shape of her jaw.

Aside from the pink of her hair, which *wasn’t* going to change regardless, there was only a singular aspect of her body that didn’t match Yor’s now. She wasn’t even perceiving that woman as a parental figure anymore so much as she had more personal, familiar feelings of a different sort. Of a *sibling*, perhaps? A *twin* sibling. They just didn’t really come up as she struggled to piece her thoughts together.

**“Woah!?”** The fog of memories in her mind was largely dismissed as a side effect of her feeling so *exhausted*, and in the end her thoughts were torn away from figuring out where it had come from anyways. Her posture had slowly been leaning forward for some ‘unknown’ reason, and she had corrected it with a *bounce* by pulling her back backwards. But a *bounce*? A bounce of her *tits*, which had grown significantly from nothing in just a few seconds. Not only did they swell to DD-cups that

were big, round, and perky, but before accommodating them could get out of hand?

A black lace bra appeared under her dress to help support them.

**“Another difficult day at work! I don’t know how Yor does it all the time!”** After stretching up a storm, the young woman allowed herself to collapse onto the bed in the small room. This bed had once been child sized, but now? Much like her body it had *matured*. The toys and tiny furniture had all been removed, replaced instead by an adult bed and mahogany furniture. Even the walls had been painted white. But the woman who laid there with her back on the soft, cushiony comforter? She didn’t realize anything had changed at all.

Nor did she notice the red gemstone lying on the floor.

*Yara Briar* did a cute little groan as she stretched one more time while *on* the bed. **“But at least she and her hubby gave me a place to stay for now!”** Anya’s desires *had* been granted. She was *just* like her mother now. Near identical, in fact, as her *twin sister*; with the only outliers being her pink hair and how she was now dressed in an adult sized variation of Anya’s usual outfit. There was no way for her to recall her past life as her now-sister’s child, and reality had altered in kind so that *no one* recalled as much.



As things were now, Yara’s history with Yor was much different. The two had grown up alongside their brother, and Yor had still become an assassin to support the two. Briar had done the same, even though she was hardly as active in the field these days. Maybe *that* wishy-washy retirement was why her nature was far more innocent and bubblier – which was saying something when Yor still had those traits herself, too.

**“I gueeeess I should help with dinner!”** After living away from her siblings for the past five years, she had moved into the same town as her sister and, at Yor’s recommendation, had gotten a desk job at the town hall alongside her. It was hard work, but the money was good! She also couldn’t realistically complain when Yor and her husband, Loid, were allowing her to stay in their apartment so long as she paid a little rent and helped with the cooking and cleaning. She wasn’t really sure *how* the two had met, come to think of it. But she knew they had been talking about adopting a child soon.

Probably to replace the one that no one even realized they had lost.

Yara rolled out of bed and perked up onto her feet, accidentally kicking the wishing stone under the bed as she sped off towards the kitchen. At the very least no one would really be getting into much trouble with that stone again. At least not until it would get stuck in Yor's vacuum a few months later...