

STUCK AS SISTERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



There had been a growing dissatisfaction on the part of my creation as of late, that much was obvious. I call her my creation, but at this point she might as well have been my rambunctious daughter – rambunctious to a fault *and* beyond. To be fair, when I created her I had never intended on giving her so much power that she had turned herself from a fictional entity to a real one, much less one with the power to bend bodies and worlds alike. But here we were, and she was a *handful*.

The entity in question was a nekomata named Hisa. Sometimes she appeared as a child, others as an adult, and sometimes as something in between. She had made it her life's work to entertain herself through transformation, otherwise citing her boredom as an all powerful being with pretty much nothing else to do with her life.

Her prankster nature was often directed at *me*, but evidently she had grown bored with it. It had been a while since she had targeted me specifically, but maybe it wasn't all that long from her point of view. When you could live forever, a few months was a trifling amount of time. Or at least I assumed it was. No way in hell *I* was ever going to live that long.

And yet, as I went about my business on that hot summer's day, I was ignorant to the fact that she'd placed me in her sights once again. “**God, it's so hot. I'm not made for these temperatures.**” To be fair, I was the sort of white guy that couldn't tan because I was just far *too* white. If the sun did anything to me, it would be an unwanted burning. So being outside mowing the lawn was pretty much the worst thing ever. I thought I was going to die.

Unbeknownst to me, however? That mischievous cat girl had been hard at work with her next plan. Well, I suppose calling it 'hard at work' was giving her too much credit. It was much too easy for her to do what she wanted. She just went above and beyond to set traps to make these things happen each and every time. It could have been something incredibly simple. An object meant to trigger a transformation. Or something far too complex. Like an entire system of circumstances. In this case, it was the former.

“Woah, that was close.” While examining my lawn, I had stopped my mower thanks to the sight of something crimson sticking out of the grass. It was a thick, crimson string that seemed to be quite long. It almost looked like it was sticking out of the ground? But in my mind I just assumed that it was some trash some kids had left out. God, I was getting old.

So, naturally, I reached down to pick it up. I didn't want it getting caught in my mower's blade, after all. Only to find, no sooner than I'd grabbed it, a force pulling from the other side. And the next thing I knew? I was standing on the side of a beach. Not one alongside a civilization, but a beach that clearly belonged solely to nature. I immediately knew who the culprit was, if anything. **“Hisa.”**

The fact that I had come to a conclusion regarding the culprit meant next to nothing, really. She had already swept me up in trap, which likely meant that I had already begun to reap the negatives – *or positives, depending on your opinion* – of her mischief. In fact, an involuntary gargling in my tummy more or less confirmed this fact. Because it wasn't the sort of rumbling you'd expect from hunger. But it was a rumbling *I* was familiar with thanks to her past antics.

Peering down, I watched the portion of my shirt that was covering my tummy slowly deflate, because the excess weight that typically pushed it outward in the first place was deteriorating. That is to say that my physique was quickly becoming trimmer, and it wasn't at all isolated to my tummy either. The weight that gave my chest a puffier look for a man also waned, leaving that chest just as flat as my gut in the end. Not to mention my arms, legs, and ass – all of which thinned to become more standard for a man of my age in proper health.

“Ugh.” The end result was me giving up on holding up my shorts and just allowing them to fall to the ground, revealing that the hair not only on my legs, but the excess all across my body, had been shaved clean off. My huge shirt was now resting on a smaller frame, so the base of it fell past my junk and covered the bare essentials anyways. Besides, I knew full well that it wouldn't matter for long. **“Just get it over with...”**

If I sounded dejected, it was because I *absolutely* was.

I still hadn't the foggiest idea *whom* Hisa had set aside for me to become, though. Not even as I felt the uncomfortable wriggling of my dick pulling up into my loins with my balls, leaving a woman's pussy in its wake, there weren't any real clues. I was at a beach? A beach from *my homeland*. No, I didn't recognize this place... did I?

My body was continuing to change, but truthfully I was doing my best to not acknowledge it. A reaction was all that the nekomata wanted from me, and I was hardly keen on giving it. Even though I felt my nipples itch and swell beneath my shirt, with the roundness of my chest burgeon forth not long after. This emergence of breasts only saw them rise to C-cups, but they almost looked larger as the curvature of my torso crunched in and narrowed, ultimately seeing the breadth of my hips appear wider as well.

“Oh my, is the world getting larger? ...Oh no.” Without even thinking, I had reacted. Or maybe that was incorrect to say? It was more like the me I was *becoming* had reacted, and to the fact that my steps had grown unsteady and the world appeared larger at that. My height, just over 5'10" under normal circumstances, had begun to quickly plummet all the way down to 5'1". Naturally this meant that my shirt would appear even bigger on me, and the bottom hem fell almost as far as my ankles.

I blinked curiously, the lashes upon my eyes fluttering longer than they ever had before as those eyes themselves began to appear *different*. Narrower shapes certainly plagued what were once round and wide, but there was a growing effeminate charm to them as well. All the while? The colors within twisted, brightening to an emerald green as far as my irises were concerned, but stranger still? My pupils inverted to a bright pink that gave me a supernatural look. **“Is something... different? Hmmm...”**

How was I not sure? I most certainly *should* have been sure, and yet with my higher, airier voice, I communicated a growing confusion with my situation. Those words were communicated through lips that were both fairer and fuller than they had been a moment ago, and this was part of a greater change that had swept across my face *aside* from just my eyes and my lips. My nose had narrowed, my cheeks had inflated oh so slightly, and my head as a whole appeared much smaller than it ever had.

I cupped one of my cheeks with my right hand in a gesture that was not something I would have normally committed to myself, but found myself incapable of resisting thanks to the persona that was quickly

overwhelming my previous sense of self. In doing so it revealed just how small my hands had become, complete with manicured fingernails that matched the nails on my tinier toes.

But the fact that my hair appeared to be cascading down past those fingers went unnoticed. Not only was it lengthening, with locks twirling together in the back and curling notably around the sides of my face, but a strange color began to weave through it as well. Green, and two tones of it as well. There was a paler green that wrapped around a more forest-tone as the length of it all fell just before my butt.

A butt that was, in fact, quite perky despite not being abundantly large.

Feelings of longing had taken hold, but I was confused as to what or who exactly I was longing *for*. I almost felt like I was only one half of something bigger, but the answer to what that was wasn't immediately apparent to me. Nonetheless, by the time I recalled, the transformation would have been complete. There were just a few finishing touches remaining.

One of which was my skin tone, which miraculously darkened from the palest of whites to a more subdued tan tone over a matter of moment. Almost like someone had changed the skin tone slider for my whole body, it all darkened – even my nipples and the lips of my pussy, which were darker than my new natural skin tone. What's more, a tattoo done in crimson appeared on the back of my left hand.

The final change came as my clothing suddenly exploded into a series of golden particles. Rather than be surprised by suddenly being rendered naked, though, I was ultimately enamored by the sight. **“Wow, so beautiful!”** But they only lingered briefly before reforming around my body to present me with a new outfit. My hair now pulled into a ponytail, a big and white ichimegesa hat rested atop my head with pinkish red highlights, while my top was white and had a sleeve and glove only across my right arm. It was cropped so that not only my toned tummy was exposed, but also my right hip for the dark blue skirt that covered my lower half tilted to the side. Otherwise, a red sash was tied around my waist.



“My, what am I doing at the beach

all by myself?” Now as *Trung Trac*, one of the Trung sisters of Vietnamese history, I placed a gloved hand over my cheek and tilted my head to the side. I was a little confused about what I was doing there on the beach, but it was very much a beach of my homeland. But I was not a living person so much as I was a Servant, a spiritual summoning of a historical figure from a time long past. And a member of the Saber class, as well.

But there was meant to be another. I was only one piece of a two-person Servant. My younger sister, Nhi. A sister that was always at my side, and whose lack of a presence was felt as I stared out at the wide ocean. **“Where is Nhi? It’s lonely being by myself..”** Little did I realize that the red string that had transformed me was still present, albeit it just invisible. And it was still attached to the one whose powers had transformed me in the first place.

Close, yet in an entirely different realm from her transformed ‘dad’, the nekomata named Hisa was giggling at her handiwork once again. She thought she was a right *genius* for using a red string, playing upon the red string of fate trope for no reason other than the fact that she had been binging a lot of romance anime as of late that involved it as a plot device. **“Heeheehee! It’s always funny when it’s a character who doesn’t have the spotlight anymore!”** She was, of course, speaking of the fact that the Trung Sisters were a Servant that had come out in the winter, and it was now practically summer. No one was talking about them anymore, so it was easier to take her Fate-fanatic creator off guard.

What she didn’t realize was that the red string she had used throughout the whole endeavor? Well, as the one who had pulled him directly into the pocket space that included that Vietnamese beach, the red string had been in her direct contact. And had, invisibly, attached itself to her own right wrist in the process. She was all for celebrating her victory. At least until she began to feel a tingling in her wrist. **“...Huh?”**

No sooner than it had, she immediately noticed the skin around where this tingly had begun begin to darken, almost as if... **“Wait, wait, wait! No! Not me too! You were only supposed to affect *my sister*! I MEAN MY CREATOR!”** What seemed like a slip of the tongue most certainly *wasn’t*, and the cat girl (in her child form) began to flail about as the darker color began to spread throughout the *rest* of her body as well.

It was a rich tan that was almost twice as dark as Trac’s, and it quickly spread entirely throughout the nekomata’s body. Try as she might to invoke her own shapeshifting abilities to reverse it, however? **“I can’t**

use my powers? Fuck!” Maybe it was strange to hear a what looked like twelve year old cat girl shout FUCK, but you know. Her darkened skin tone also erased the plethora of cute markings upon her face, and on the back of the right hand where it had begun? A blue tattoo appeared, sporting a marking of a similar vein to the red one on the back of Trac’s.

“...Is there any way to stop this? ...Huh? Why am I so calm all of a sudden?” Not only had she become unnaturally calm, but her voice sounded older and a *lot* drier as well. She knew deep down what this meant, but she had never had to face the consequences of her own actions in the past. And she wasn’t really keen on doing so now, either. Based on how she kept perceiving Trac as *her sister*, there was only one person she could become. Or, well, only one *Servant*. Half of one.

A shudder ran up the girl’s spine as said spine also began to trend upward. All of her body did, in fact, for her limbs and torso were all lengthening just the same. Upwards her body grew, climbing up to 5’2” while the kimono she adorned unraveled, incapable of properly housing a body that was both taller and slightly wider to accommodate that new height. **“...I grew.”** That matter-of-fact comment was the most she could assert in terms of a reaction.

Little by little, she cared less and less about her transformation. And as much as she hated it? Her mind kept wandering back to Trac. That was supposed to be her creator! Her father! Yet she couldn’t stop pining over her as a sister that cared a little too much about her bigger sis. Even if Hisa was now the slightly taller one of the two.

The similarities between herself and her perceived sister grew, this time in the overall shape of her face. Her eyes took on similar designs, albeit it narrowing ever so slightly more so that her passive gaze was more piercing. Her lips were also slightly less pronounced as well, but the shape of her nose and cheeks remained a constant. Contrasting though, her eyes took on a golden yellow as opposed to the mix of green with pink that Trac’s had.

With her kimono unfurled and hanging loosely off her shoulders, you could see how her figure was changing with the naked eye. Breasts that had once been seemingly nonexistent had found flourish, growing up to B-cups that were a size smaller than her sister’s. Not all was a lesser version of Trac’s design, though. Her hips pulled just a little wider, and her butt swelled to a slightly greater size. While she was short, both her and her sibling were still clearly young women and not children, and the tightness of her figure sent that message clearly.

“**There they go...**” The loss of her two cat tails and the matching ears upon her head should have been heartbreaking, but Hisa hardly felt anything as the former parts pulled into her tailbone, and the latter ones slid down to the sides of her head where they became a pair of tanned, human ears. At least in the latter case, it was for the best because her short, red hair dramatically darkened and lengthened, spilling down her back in a dark grey tone with yellow and blue striped that almost appeared eerily unnaturally.

Was she upset about this? About being herself? The young Vietnamese woman quietly deliberated why she had felt so emotional a moment before, just as her clothing scattered into golden particles and reformed in an outfit that matched Trac’s. The only difference was that it was flipped in design, and blue highlights had replaced the red.

Already too far gone thanks to the transformation she had endured, *Trung Nhi* did not even bat an eyelash once the red string made itself visible and she felt herself being pulled into a portal. She knew full well that it was bringing her to her sister’s side, and as a young woman that idolized her sister and was her sister’s closest companion, how could she complain about that? Well, the truth was she had completely forgotten about her past life anyways. Just as Trac had.



Rather than resisting, she leaned wholly into it. And ended up stepping out of the portal’s other end of her own volition. She ultimately arrived just behind Trac, sandals pressing into the white sand of the beach. “**Sister. Sorry it took me so long.**” She couldn’t even explain why she was late, having forgotten about the realm she had come from no sooner than she had appeared.

Hearing Nhi’s voice, Trac spun around with a wide and gentle smile playing upon her soft lips. “**It’s alright, Nhi! I was just getting a little lonely without you. But you’re here now, and that’s okay.**”

Stuck being the little sister of her creator. For Hisa, if she’d had any awareness of it, it would’ve been a fate worse than death. But she didn’t have any awareness, so... *Oh well!*