

SCARLET FEVER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“I’m so booooooored.” A certain, red-clad shrine maiden bellowed out with her body drooped against the table in the middle of her room, a blonde-haired witch fiddling with her broomstick while sitting opposite. **“I totally thought that with those damn vampires gone the other youkai would act up, but I guess Yukari struck a deal with the oni to keep them in line. Which means no work.”**

Marisa Kirisame, the witch, merely raised an eyebrow at her companion’s comments. This had been like the fourth in the past hour. **“Yeah? Were you gonna do somethin’ about it if they were actin’ up? Kinda goes against your usual work ethic, doesn’t it?”** She was joking around but she wasn’t *wrong*. Reimu Hakurei, the shrine maiden and protector of Gensokyo, was typically the type to put off doing any kind of work when necessary. Did she just need something to whine about?

“Oh? Were you two looking for a job? That deal is going to come to an end soon you know.” A third voice suddenly disturbed the silence as Yukari Yakumo stepped through one of her gaps. Marisa immediately excused herself. *That* youkai was for Reimu to deal with, she didn’t like getting mixed up with her.

Balance in Gensokyo had recently been disturbed as those that occupied the Scarlet Manor, most notably the vampire sisters Remilia Scarlet and Flandre Scarlet, had decided to go on a trip. For all anyone else knew they would be back soon, but the pair of them were so strong that their absence left something of a power vacuum in their small and mysterious land. It wouldn’t be long before the youkai began competing with one another to fill that void, to say *they* were the strongest.

Reimu raised her chin from the table so she could look at Yukari. She'd been excited to have those damned vampires gone, and while it was true she reveled in boredom typically she didn't like feeling like she had no purpose. She just didn't like to work towards the purpose she actually had. Those were two, *very* different things! ...Maybe. **"Whatcha got? We'll take it no matter what it is."**

She'd take the job and then put off doing it. The perfect plan to scratch the itch of slacking off! **"Oh, you'll take it? Then never mind, I'll just describe it as we go then. I'll be bringing your magician friend with us however, we need her too."** Yukari was quick to seize on that acceptance. Perhaps a little too quick. And before Reimu had a chance to question whether she'd just made a mistake? She'd been slurped up by one of Yukari's portals.

When Reimu fell from the portal she landed on a bed she recognized but had never sat in before, the light of the full moon filtering in from a nearby window. **"Huh? Isn't this Remilia's room? Where did Yukari and Marisa go then?"** Neither of them were nearby. It was weird... aside from Patchouli who was still manning the library, no one was supposed to be living here. But all of the torches were lit?

Of course they are! I live here!

"Huh? No I don't. What's up with *that* thought?" For a single moment she'd regarded this bedroom as *hers*, this mansion as *hers*, all of Gensokyo as *hers*. Maybe she needed to stop staying up so late drinking sake? Nah, that probably wasn't it. She was likely just disoriented from being teleported so suddenly. Thanks Yukari!

Well, first thing was first. She had to get out of this bedroom and rendezvous with Marisa. After all, *the dead of night was the light of day for a vampire!* Er... Did the weird *thought thing* just happen again? The shrine maiden shook her head violently in hopes of shaking off whatever was playing at her head. At this rate she was going to end up sounding like Remilia of all people, and Reimu had no intention of acting like that spoiled brat.

Not that Reimu was the role model for good attitudes either.

With a groan she moved towards the door, and yet with each step the door almost seemed farther and farther away. Sure, this room was a large one - far larger than any other bedroom she'd ever seen in Gensokyo thanks to its Western design and the resources available to

the Scarlet family - but it wasn't likely the door could get up and walk away.

Nor could it grow, so how exactly was it looking *taller*? “**Uh... Did I drink too much this afternoon?**” Reimu squinted with exasperation, thinking back on the quantity of sake she'd had during the day up until now. She wasn't dizzy or anything like that, and it wasn't like she ever saw illusions while drunk. But that big, oaken door? It definitely seemed a little bigger than it had. She'd also realized it seemed farther away because it was taking more steps to reach it than she'd expected to. But that wasn't possible unless...

“**Uhhh... What?**” Rolling her arms as she looked down, the gesture allowed loosening, detached sleeves to fall to the ground on either side of her. But the dress of her shrine maiden's uniform was no better, cloth hanging ill-fit against a frame that was somehow now too small to support it. “**I'm shrinking!?**” How the hell was that happening? Well no, it wasn't like she was exceptionally tall to begin with, but she was definitely *under* the five foot mark now! Like she was some sort of *child*!

I am no child!

Her thoughts rung, out of character, *again*. They were far more assertive than Reimu ever was on her own, but the girl couldn't deny that they were things she was actually thinking. Her demeanor was actually begin to reflect these thoughts too, for a self-important arrogance was beginning to rattle through her ego and body language. Each step was a little more certain, her chest was puffed out a little more proudly... even though there was nothing of note to be proud of *in* that chest.

That went for Reimu's bosom before, and while the fact that her clothes were now oversized hid it, it was even truer now. In actuality *all* of her curves had dwindled away as a physical childhood had set back in despite the protest of her thoughts. From a flat chest to a pair of hips so narrow that her underwear had fallen to the ground, there was nothing exceptional about her new body shape...

Except for the fact that it was looking oddly *cute* by comparison. “**That Yukari... she did something to me!**” She pouted with tiny lips, cheeks rounder than normal as she mirrored the infant she declined she was. There was a self-serving arrogance to her outburst, one that better suited someone *overly proud of themselves*. Reimu should have been mad that Yukari had done anything in the first place, but her agitation was more *self-centered*. She felt aghast at the fact that Yukari would dare trifle with *her of all people*.

But pouting did naught to serve her anger, nor did it halt the inevitable. “**Ow!?**” Canine teeth accidentally bit into her lower lip, fortunately not drawing blood but certainly worrying her. Her teeth hadn’t been quite that sharp before, had they? *Of course they had! Who in their right mind could imagine a vampire without fangs!?* “**But I’m not a vampire!?**” That rejection would prove to be more potent than Reimu could possibly have known it would be. Just not in the way it should have. Instead of reaffirming her belief that she was human...

It finally stole her humanity away.

Her eyes twitched, body shivering in response to a rapidly dropping body temperature. A gleam of light sparkled from those eyes. A gleam of red that persisted and grew, until it consumed those eyes in their entirety and left her irises crimson with slanted pupils. Her bones rattled and her muscles burned as an inhuman strength that she could sense came to fruition, and from beneath her shoulder blades a pair of black, bat like wings erupted without pain (*yet were, for some reason, wet with some sort of fluid*) and shredded the back of her costume. Her ears grew into points and the color of her hair lightened to a **steely blue**; all of this happening just over the course of twenty seconds or so.

The girl stumbled, sent off-kilter by the weight of her wings but immediately finding balance like it was second nature. “**No way... I’m... Remilia?**” Holding out tiny hands, examining crimson claws, there was no denying it. From her voice to those unmistakably European face, her body had become that of the Scarlet mistress. She was distraught-- No, she should have been distraught. But in its place? There was only a *smugness*.

She could get used to a power like this. She felt so strong, and it was so intoxicating. Feeble minded as Reimu was it didn’t take long for her to end up drunk on it. Her old identity? It wasn’t forgotten.

But why mourn it when she could take all of Gensokyo under her wings?

“**Oi, what the hell happened? She really needs to give some warnin’ if she’s gonna scoop me up like that.**” Elsewhere in the Scarlet Devil Mansion, Marisa was even less informed than Reimu had been since she lacked context about Yukari’s job offer. She’d had literally no expectation to be suddenly sucked up by a gap portal, much less be deposited... here. “**Ain’t this the basement they’d been keepin’ Flandre in before that incident?**”

It was a dimly lit space of stone, the bare minimum requirements for maintaining a life scattered around the darkness like a canopy bed and a dresser. After Remilia's plans had been thwarted all those years ago, the poor younger sister had finally been given some semblance of freedom, but Marisa couldn't imagine living alone down here for gods knew how long. Whether or not Flandre Scarlet had been OP, that kind of life wasn't good for *anyone*.

I don't wanna be down here... There's nothing to dooooo!

“Eh? I can't be gettin' as impatient as Reimu is.” She couldn't help but think that was a weird thing to think. It wasn't like she'd spent an extensive time down here in the past to formulate a negative opinion about it in the first place, but she really was getting the heebie jeebies just hanging out there. *To the exit!*

As she wandered in the direction of said exit, each footstep echoing throughout the dark, vacant space, the magician witch couldn't help but feel a little... bubbly? She started humming to herself out of nowhere (*an act she normally frowned upon because she found it annoying when others hummed*) and her steps took on an energetic skip. **“Hmm... Wonder where Miss Reimu is!? Maybe she'll play with me!?”** Wait, *play*? And what the heck was up with her voice? Since when did she address her best bud Reimu so formally!?

“Why do I wanna play so bad? That's a little... But playing is really fun!” No, no, *no!* This didn't make any sense! But at the same time she couldn't get her own amusement out of her head! As if responding to this childish whimsy, a difference of form began to seep into her body.

It began with her *eyes*. While the basement was almost pitch black and it was hard to make out much of anything with Marisa's lacking field of vision, it was suddenly, completely illuminated much to her surprise. **“Woah! Why can I see so well now!?”** Externally it was pretty easy to see why. Her eyes were glowing the red of a vampire, a perfect pair of optics for seeing through the darkness; a necessity for those that hunted during the night.

The blood of a vampire mixing with her own, it was only a matter of time before she took on even more substantial tells of their kind. Fangs poked out from between her lips for one, and slowly but surely the magician's ears were drawn into points. But the most astounding of the changes? It began with an intense, building pressure beneath her shoulder blades. **“Gyaaah! What's this!? It hurts! Sister!? I need help, sister!”** It did *hurt*, and when she'd called out for a sister she'd actually meant to call out for *Reimu*.

The pressure finally culminated in a bursting sensation, the sound of the back of her dress having holes torn in it audible as Marisa fell to her knees. Brown growths extended from these two spots, fanning out in either direction almost like an unconventional pair of wings that spanned roughly three feet each. They weren't heavy (*because she'd become insanely strong without realizing*) but the way they stuck out of her flesh just felt weird. She could hardly look over her shoulder to catch a glimpse of them.

But they were *instantly* recognizable.

How could she *not* recognize these? Especially as a rainbow of diamond shaped gemstones grew from the brown 'branches' like fresh fruit. These were undeniably the very unique wings of one *Flandre Scarlet*. **"Wait! Does that mean I'm becoming Flandre!?"** No sooner than she'd cried this out did Marisa's flesh and bone begin to retract as she still rested upon a single knee. Childhood was returned to her while her Japanese heritage was stripped away, more European features were splattered across a much rounder face. As she shrunk and her dress grew large, even her hairstyle straightened and shortened to her shoulders.

"It's getting hard to think... I know about potions, right!? Using them like... Dammit! I can't remember!" She even physically recoiled after 'swearing', because she felt like she wasn't allowed to. She didn't want to get scolded by ~~Reimu~~ her older sister. Things that she knew just a second ago? She didn't know them anymore. Even basic things like big words, or how to use her danmaku spell cards... yet new ones took their place in her memory. **"Don't forget! I'm not Flandre! I'm Flandre! N-No, I'm not! I mean, I'm not Flandre! Ack!"** She couldn't call herself Marisa anymore!

"Are you struggling there, Flandre? Just embrace it! I know I did!" The blonde-haired vampire's attention was drawn above, where she saw both Remilia Scarlet and Yukari Yakumo floating there. Remilia!? No... that had to be Reimu, right? But every time she thought of her that way, something in her mind just corrected her. *Nope! That's my sister!*

"Sister... I mean... I'm not! I... I..." What was it that was most important to her right now? She hadn't forgotten she was Marisa and despite her earlier concerns it wasn't actually a part of her transformation to forget. Either way, there was something that was a much larger priority in her now simplified mind. The thing she treasured more than anything. **"I wanna play!"**

100 years later...

It seemed Reimu and Marisa had been conned. After they'd been transformed into the Scarlet sisters, Yukari had explained her plan. With the power vacuum left in Gensokyo from Remilia's absence, she'd transformed the two into copies of the siblings to fill that vacuum. That's why they had their bodies and personalities, but not their memories. They just had to be convincing enough until the real family returned to Gensokyo. Yukari had reassured the pair that this would be soon but...

100 years had passed, and *nothing*. But tragically that fact wasn't a problem anymore. It hadn't even taken 50 years for Reimu and Marisa to be swallowed up by their new identities. 100 years was a lot of time, so it was to be expected that they would forget things as time passed. Such as their old names, and their old identities. And so they now lived legitimately as Remilia and Flandre, continuously holding down the fort as a pair of the most powerful existences in Gensokyo.

Had the real sisters truly ever been expected to return? No, actually. Yukari had known all along that this would be a permanent situation. But Reimu had so quickly become drunk on Remilia's power that telling her had proved to be difficult, and by the time the moment had been opportune...

“Hm? What do you mean? Reimu Hakurei? Are you messing with me, Yakumo? After all, I am and always have been the great Remilia Scarlet!”