

TROUBLING TWINS

COMMISSION STORY

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“Huh? *Super Immersive Mode?*”

As a Granblue Fantasy player, Joseph had been pretty excited about what was presently going on in-game. They were on the cusp of the game’s eleventh anniversary celebration, and to those ends they had already put out the first part of the big anniversary event that they committed themselves to doing every year. It was usually an event that involved an ensemble cast of characters, often dealing with a popular faction and furthering their storylines in a big way.

The year prior had revived the lore around Lucifer and the primarchs while introducing Phoenix, and the year before that had dealt with the Six Dragons, for example. The anniversary event tended to be a ‘greatest hits’ experience, and 2025’s anniversary seemed to be continuing this trend by basing them around the Divine Generals, cute girls and pretty women that were themed around all of the animals in the Chinese Zodiac.

As popular as these characters were, there wasn’t a ton of intertwined lore regarding them. The odd event here and there outside of their debut events each year, but they were seldom *all* gathered together – especially when a new one had been added every year for the past decade. This was a big chance to do something *special*. And Joseph was more than ready for it!

It had been a surprise to see that they had remembered their ‘styles’ system, and that they were adding the fused ‘Super Cidala’ form to the twin tiger girls that made up ‘Cidala’ as a style. But what had taken him as an additional surprise was the inclusion of a *Super Immersive Mode*

for the Super Cidala style. **“What does this even me? I need to refer a fellow player, too?”** Was it some sort of experimental feature? Well, he *did* have someone in mind. All he had to do was enter their ID, and...

“Huh?”

“AH!?”

“AHHHH!?”

Joseph met with a very *confusing* fate the moment he'd entered the information that the game had requested. Everything had gone pitch black for a second, like he'd been teleported into a void and lifted onto his feet. And when light returned? He was standing in a small room with wooden walls and a wooden floor. But *that* wasn't why he had shouted. He was standing face to face with another man, and the two of them shouted with understandable surprise. **“Axel? Wait. Where *are* we?”**

That was *definitely* his friend, Axel. Incidentally the one whose ID he had entered into the game. But why were they both in a room that, upon examination, was reminiscent of the rooms characters in Granblue Fantasy were assigned aboard the Grandcypher? Unfortunately, he wasn't able to discuss this with his friend. The smell of *peaches* of all things had become very strong, and his friend... appeared to be *frozen*.

“Uh... Earth to Axel?” It wasn't *just* him. The clouds were no longer passing by the nearby window either. It was like time had *stopped*, and only *he* could move. Was this as alarming as suddenly being teleported to a location from a video game? Pretty comparable! Maybe a little *more* so, honestly. It wasn't exactly a very good opportunity to rate the absurdities of everything that was going on.

Especially as more and more of those absurdities began to pop up, some of which he didn't even initially notice – and might not notice at all ultimately, due to the multiple fronts that all of this *strangeness* was about to affect him from simultaneously. Some things would be much more outwardly noticeable than others, but in the end? Would it really matter that much if his *perspective* changed along with it?

The man's olive skin was a very good, very *early* test of this theory. He was more interested in his surroundings than his own body at the time anyways, so he wasn't actively examining himself. But he *did* catch a glimpse of his hand and arm as he pointed to the window out of curiosity, and it didn't even seem to register to him that something was *wrong* with that limb. His complexion wasn't only lighter, it was still

lightening, with any trace of a darker shade evaporating entirely until it was a light pink instead. In a similar fashion? Any blemishes that his skin possessed were erased as this skin became notably smoother *and* hairless.

That wasn't to say he was *balding*. He still had his eyebrows and the hair atop his head, but he didn't have *any* hair in his pelvic region anymore either. Even then, the hair that *did* remain wasn't free of any change whatsoever. It was, in fact, the polar opposite. Change came for the remaining hair in a twofold plan. The first step in this 'plan' saw his darker hair lighten, a golden sheen replacing duller locks as their quality became glossier in kind. While the second step? This saw his eyebrows thin and his locks lengthen until they were an inch past his shoulders.

It was a hairstyle that looked hilarious in a comedic way, almost like the man was wearing a cosplay wig with his bangs so fluffy and even an ahoge dangling over the front. But that ahoge was so long that it also fell between two eyes. Two eyes that lightened to a redder color themselves. **"Is that my hair? Wait..."** That was definitely too long *and* too colorful, wasn't it? But his eye twitched for a moment, partially because he was unsure...

And partially because his face was changing much more broadly. It was clearly taking a *feminine* slant very quickly, with those eyes rounding and his lashes growing longer. **"Is it wrong...?"** There was a high crack in Joseph's voice as he doubled back, now uncertain of whether or not what he was looking at was even wrong. He anxiously licked at lips that seemed a little puffier upon a thinner facial design, and there really wasn't much of a point in trying to deny that he looked like a *woman* from the neck up now. Even his Adam's apple faded away!

The rest of his body would fall in line before long. In fact, it was *already* taking steps to do just that. Any excess weight upon his body was cleaned up, leaving him without any unnecessary excess mass while *some* parts of his body became thinner than others. With what felt like a sharp, forced inhale, his waistline pulled in and his hips, oddly, flared a little *out*. This equally contrasted the narrowing of his shoulders, which all provided him with the silhouette of someone who wasn't likely male nor androgynous. But very likely *female*, at least if you didn't consider the unchanged aspects of Joseph's body.

Unfortunately for him, things were spiraling in that direction. **"I, um... I feel weird! Is something off with my feng shui?"** Feng shui? Since when had he known *anything* about Chinese geomancy? He didn't question it as hard as he *should* have, though only because he wasn't 'allowed' to. Just as he wasn't allowed to question how high and girlish

his voice sounded – surely higher than even a woman of his age’s voice would have been? “*Oof!*”

That ‘oof’ came courtesy of another shift in his body mass. This time he was *gaining* some, but only in key areas, and not even *that* much. His chest *swelling* was a part of this, and it *definitely* wasn’t swelling with *muscles*. Rather, the fat deposits ultimately formed a B-cup pair of breasts that were perky, sporting thick, pink nipples atop them like candles on a birthday cake. You couldn’t really see them with his shirt on, just like you couldn’t really see how his thighs and ass swelled with added weight that was supple and firm as well.

Ultimately? None of this weight really mattered. Because the *moment* *her* legs squirmed together as a direct result of her sex changing? All of this new weight was *sapped* from her body *along* with her *height*. “*Uwah!?*” The squeak that left her lips was a childish one as she was gradually swallowed by her shirt and her pants and boxers alike slipped off. Her hands and feet became thinner, daintier, and ended up with nails that seemed to be haphazardly cut by inexperienced fingers. Before long, a woman that had once stood at nearly six feet tall was now a mere 4’8”.

And her face displayed a youthfulness that could only belong to a *child* around the age of *twelve*.

Joseph really *had* been swallowed by her shirt, so much so that her head had slipped into the hole *as* she had shrunk. She finally managed to find that head hole again and stuck her head out with a gasp. “*Whew!*” And she didn’t find it odd that her ears were *twitching*? Within the void of her t-shirt, her fleshy human ears had grown in shape and distorted their position, with black and orange *fur* growing around what had eventually become a pair of little tiger ears. The *back* of her shirt was soon hoisted up by a matching *tail* that grew to be about four feet long. But she wasn’t a tiger, she was an *Erune*.

The child made an inquisitive look down at what she was wearing and appeared to be on the cusp of questioning it. But all of her questions just *melted away* as the shirt *shrunk* and otherwise transformed into a layered, crimson dress with a frilly underskirt and a white, apron-like front with gold cloud trim. Her sleeves detached, becoming long, shrine maiden-esque counterparts to the main ensemble, while her golden hair was pulled into twintails in the back. A girl’s white panties with a cartoon tiger face hugged her smaller bum, though the oddest feature of this new outfit was the tiger boots and gloves that hid her feet and hands, making it look like she had a real tiger’s paws.

“Woah! My feng shui feel like it’s *all out of whack!*” With all of the energy you would expect of a twelve year old girl, *Huang* practically bounced around the room on her tiger print socks, checking drawers with the matching gloves and rooting through them in pursuit of something that might fix this ‘feng shui’ issue she was having. **“*Aha!*”** Until she finally found what she was looking for! A pink, peach-scented candle that she slammed onto the nightside table beside the bed she shared with her twin sister and lit it.



How had she lit it? **“*That’s better! Whew! That was scary!*”** Being so full of energy, this first half of the Divine General known as *Cidala* didn’t even seem to notice that nothing else was moving, both in the room and out through the window (though she was a little too short to see out it anyways). Why had her feng shui even been ‘out of whack’ in the first place?

The other man frozen in her bedroom should have been wholly unfamiliar to her with her memories altered as they had been, but... **“*Hmm...*”** She looked at him, pondering for a moment. Huang didn’t think he was necessarily out of place. In fact, she hit his leg with one of her pawed gloves.

“Snap out of it, sis!”

If Joseph had possessed strikingly little context about what had been happening prior to his transformation, I had been even *more* in the dark. I hadn’t been playing Granblue Fantasy at the time or *anything* like that. I’d been out shopping, as far away from my computer as I possibly could have been at the time without full-on leaving the city that I lived in. So, when my surroundings flickered black and I found myself faced with Joseph in an unfamiliar cabin, I wasn’t Granblue-brained enough at the time to draw the correlation.

Even stranger? From my perspective, something *very* strange had happened. **“*Eh?*”** Joseph had *definitely* been standing in front of me, but seconds later he had just *disappeared*, like he’d been teleported away. This was because time had stopped for everyone *but* him, including me. My own time didn’t resume until something had rather firmly hit my knee, right when I realized Joseph was ‘gone’.

“Snap out of it, sis!”

It took me a second to realize that my friend may have been missing, but I wasn't *alone*. The hit to my leg made me realize this, and the sound of a young girl's voice drew my attention down to see a girl... dressed like a tiger? Wait, I knew who this was. She was Huang of Cidala, right? From Granblue Fantasy? I had a number of questions now, but the one that stood out to me more than anything was: **"Did you just call me your sister?"**

Huang didn't reply to me vocally and made a cute little turn of her head instead to suggest that she was confused by my question. Which made sense. She *must* have been confused if she was assuming I was her *twin*. We couldn't have been any different in *every* capacity. That was how I saw it at the *time*, but it hadn't occurred to me that the line between us was *already* becoming blurred.

Considering my body's *changing mass*, that is. I was a pretty hefty fellow and always had been. Except... *I wasn't*? At least not a few moments later. Any of those extra pounds that had burdened my adult lifestyle practically *evaporated* into thin air, my skin tightening and stretch marks blending away until there was no trace of them ever even existing in the first place. My figure was perfectly trim, just like it had been when I was a teenager... Maybe even *more* with how my waistline seemingly pinched in a few *additional* inches. Though, on that note...

"Eh?" I had to put the small tiger child (who was now watching me with renewed curiosity) aside for a moment. She looked like she wanted to say something, and her thin lips were pulled up into a mischievous smirk. But I didn't *need* Huang to explain what she found so amusing. I could *tell*. I could both feel *and* see it – that my eye level was gradually falling down farther and farther. **"I-I'm shrinking?"**

"Huh? We're twins? You've *always* been small!"

That probably made a lot of sense from *Huang's* perspective. If she actually thought that we were *twin sisters* for some reason, then there was no reason we'd have differing heights. But we *weren't* twins, and I was supposed to be almost six feet tall! I was also supposed to *weigh* a lot too though, so it wasn't like I could really die on that hill anymore. Especially not when I really *was* shrinking.

It had been a *substantial* loss, too. As my height diminished, other aspects of my body's build followed suit so that I didn't end up looking too uncanny. This meant things like my hands and feet becoming smaller and daintier, though their slant towards the *effeminate* couldn't be denied with how slender my digits became and once my nails inherited the same choppy cutting job that Huang's had.

“Wait, this isn’t possible!” It didn’t take long at all for me to practically be *smothered* by my black t-shirt, which was now essentially worn like a *really* big dress or blanket once I fell down to 4’8”. I was *eye level* with the orange haired tiger, and it dawned on me that this wasn’t *all*. **“My... voice?”** Hearing it in its higher pitch had the *reverse* effect of what you might expect. It should have panicked me more, right? But it somehow *calmed me down* while my Adam’s apple smoothed away.

“I...?” I had been concerned about something, right? Something *complicated*? But I was only *twelve years old*. How alarming could it really have been? That was another aspect of my shrinkage that hadn’t registered. As I’d become smaller, my body had become more youthful and less fatigued. My age *had* regressed until I was only twelve, but even then I looked much smaller – and much more like a *girl* than a boy.

My confused expression demonstrated this well enough. At least at *first* my face had still resembled a younger version of how I’d looked as an adult, but as I stood there stunned, my facial features shrunk and softened. My face was reshaped into a rounder design, with lips that were thinner yet poutier and glossier. My nose could be compared to a button, and my eyes widened as a reddish shade flickered into my irises to match those of the girl watching me. My *entire face* was nearly identical to hers!

What *wasn’t* identical, at least upon my head specifically, was my *hair*. My dark locks ultimately grew out to just an inch past my shoulders which *was* the same length as Huang’s, but my thinned brows *and* the hair on top of my head lightened to a pretty different color. It was a silvery blue that leaned more into the former than the latter, adding some notable contrast between my *twin sister* and myself. **“Why are you staring at me? I’m not even reading a ‘special’ book...”**

Now that I had mentioned it, I couldn’t stop thinking about those books. Books that depicted adults doing adult things... Even though I was still arguably a child, there was something about reading them that was *exciting*. As if to indicate that, a nub that had been pushing out of my tailbone began to push out further and lift up the back of my shirt, revealing that my bum seemed a little fuller and my hips a touch wider. This nub grew out into an *appendage*, a silver tiger tail with dark blue stripes.

With my ears reforming into a matching pair of tiger ears on top of my head.

They twitched in response to the sounds of Huang fidgeting in front of me. She seemed *excited*, but I couldn’t imagine why. She hadn’t even answered my question from before? It seemed kind of like she was

waiting for something. I shuddered around this time, my body's direct response to my genitalia undergoing the shift necessary to make me a *girl*. And from there? My thighs became a little chubbier, and tiny mounds arose upon my chest. It was my time to tilt my head to the side, though I did so with a blank expression on my face. Emoting felt like too much work.

I didn't even say anything as my outfit warped into a mirror copy of Huang's, just with silver tiger gloves and boots instead of orange.

I used a paw-gloved hand to guide a strand of silver hair calmly away from my reddish gaze after my changed hairstyle disturbed my bangs. It wasn't at all odd to see my *twin sister* practically bouncing off the walls. It *was* early in the morning, and we had just finished getting ready for the day. Huang probably wanted to go exploring today since the Grandcypher would be landing soon, but me? My eyes glanced over to our two hammers propped against a nearby bookshelf. It was the *books* I was interested in.



Because as anyone would tell you, *Bai* had 'special interests'. 'Bai' being *me*. "**Grr... I know that look, Bai! You want to stay inside and read, don't you!?**" My much more energetic sibling, funnily enough, read *me* like a book. She didn't like novels as much as me, but I was into some pretty *risqué* reading materials for girls of our age anyways. The captain would probably scold me if she learned more about it.

"Most of the islands look the same. I'd rather stay in and—Don't, Huang." My blonde sister's changing posture said enough. She was crouching down so that her hands were on the floor, and her Erune tail was shaking from side to side. I sidestepped towards the bookshelf in an attempt to dodge, but Huang's tracking was too good. "**Oh.**" My twin pounced at me, gripping my shoulders and sending me to the ground with a *THUD* with her directly on top.



But not before our bodies hit the

shelf, which knocked into our propped up hammers as well. The two *connected* from their hammer-less sides, forming one giant, two-sided hammer. Neither of us realized, and there was a flash of light as we, too, became joined. The Huang on top of me was pulled into me – well, it was more like we were pulled *together*. And ultimately? We laid on the floor of a single mind, pink hair in our eyes.

“Oh! *Whoops...*”

Super Immersive Mode, indeed.