

THE HAUNTED MIRROR

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“Senpai, did you hear *that*?”

“Mashu... relax.”

Ritsuka Fujimaru had imparted these great words of wisdom upon the Demi-Servant at her side, but it was a little difficult for her to believe them herself. A Halloween Singularity had popped up that was *separate* from Elizabeth’s usual antics (and Oniland, for that matter), and things were a little more *serious* this time around. There had been a mysterious manner that was said to be haunted, but for some reason only Ritsuka and Mashu had made the jump.

“**...Just remember the rules that were posted in the front lobby and we’ll be fine!**” The Master was attempting to remain optimistic about things. They didn’t know yet what lurked within this supposedly haunted mansion, but they *had* been given a tool to make traversal easier. A list of guidelines to follow if they didn’t want to find themselves at odds with any of the supposed spirits that lurked within the old, decrepit building.

It was all pretty basic, though. Don’t make loud noises, don’t pull blankets off of anything you find, knock before entering a room, don’t look into any mirrors... All if it was very doable so long as they kept those rules in mind while traversing the manor. They also had *each other*. But what if they *didn’t* follow the rules presented? Well, they had been hoping not to find out.

Unfortunately, it was difficult to properly remember something that you didn’t have a physical note of sometimes. Which was a realization that

was drilled in as Mashu pushed a door open ahead of the two of them only to *disappear*. “**M-Mashu!?**” On instinct, Ritsuka barreled through the open door and into a room that was pitch black as thunder rolled outside. She was nowhere to be found! Was it because she had opened the door without knocking first!?

But she had yet to realize just how much trouble she was now in herself.

BOOM!



Ritsuka had run into the unfamiliar room without checking what was inside, not that the lack of light had made it easy. But a flash of lightning from outside briefly illuminated the once pitch black space, and what the young woman hadn't realized until that very moment? Was that just ahead of where she had stopped running was a full length *mirror*. And she was staring directly at it. “***Oh no.***”

Everything went black and quiet, to the point where the woman believed she had been deprived of all of her senses for a time. Where was she? Was she dead? That didn't seem to be the case, but she had *definitely* been spirited away somewhere. How much time had passed before some light illuminated the space she was in? Well, it didn't really *illuminate* the space as much as project onto it.

“**...Huh? Kiara?**” This whole time she had felt like she was floating, but an image in the shape of the mirror she had seen opened up before her and her feet touched on solid ‘ground’, this mirror not revealing her own reflection but an image of Kiara Sesshouin, one of the Servants that had come to this Singularity with them before getting separated. “**Hey! Kiara! Can you hear me!?**”

She moved forward and banged on the image. It *felt* like a mirror to the touch, but it didn't seem like Kiara could hear her. Making matters even odder? The Master hadn't realized, but the background in the mirror had been projected behind *her*. Like it was being reflected, yet the only difference in the image was the woman herself. At least for now.

“**I guess she can't hear— *Ara, ara! I'm looking quite nice today, aren't I?***” Ritsuka had planned on speaking her conclusion aloud, but something *very unusual* happened in that moment. On the other side of the mirror, Kiara began to speak. Not only did it cut the

Master's words off, but Ritsuka's mouth movements were forced to *match* what Kiara was saying, and she spoke the words herself in *Kiara's* voice. Her freedom was returned to her when Kiara stopped speaking. "**What the heck was that!?**"

It would have been helpful if the mirror really *had* reflected the ginger haired woman's reflection, because she would have caught sight of the early warning signs; not that she had any ability to prevent them. It was just... the moment she had uttered the words of the Servant on the other side of the mirror? Her amber gaze had lightened to the very same gold that Kiara's own eyes possessed, with narrower slits and all. Rather, even the *shapes* of those eyes came to mirror those in the, well, *mirror*.

Oblivious to the fact that her Master was on the other side of the mirror, Kiara had noted this time alone as an *opportunity* to fool around. "**What is she doing?**" Ritsuka squinted at the sight of the 'nun' reaching her hands up towards her own chest, though that squinting turned into an expression of *panic* as she found herself incapable of preventing her own hands from doing the same. "**What am I doing!?**"

In the mirror, the sight of Kiara fondling herself was plain, but likely because her own breasts were *much* smaller, Ritsuka's own hands hovered inched away from her own chest, finger motions mirroring Kiara's but groping at air – which was a relief in of itself. "**Mmn! Oh yes!**" Unfortunately, it didn't stop her from vocalizing the moans of arousal that Kiara was making.

What is happening!? I'm just copying everything Kiara is doing! Like I'm some kind of reflection! It was getting more difficult to speak of her own volition, but at least her own mind remained in working order. She was powerless against whatever was happening, incapable of forcing her body to stop doing what Kiara was. But at this juncture? She was still unaware of just how *deeply* this 'mirroring' concept ran. Her eyes were part of it, but three pink dots appeared down the center of her forehead between bangs that *parted*, for her hair was *darkening to black* and *lengthening*.

Fingers that were groping at air until this point also stumbled upon an odd change. *EH!?* They were soon rubbing against the cloth of her jacket, and then grazing her nipples, until they were groping into her *own* flesh at the cost of her undershirt and jacket feeling *incredibly* tight. *My hands didn't move closer, it's almost like my breasts are...* No, they *were*. Ritsuka's face was locked pointed in the same place Kiara's was, but the mirror reflected *Kiara* and not herself, so she couldn't use it determine what had changed.

But she could definitely *feel* it. Her breasts had *grown*, and substantially too. Creamy flesh had burgeoned within her jacket, lifting her clothes and forcing the zipper down its center to yank downward in order to accommodate their heft. “**MMN!**” It was almost as if Kiara herself could feel the growth, because she forced Ritsuka to cry out in ecstasy as her own fingers, lengthening and slimming to resemble the nun’s, dug more and more into breasts that were now *H-cups* and featured nipples larger than her eyes.

Damnit Kiara, look down! The Master wanted nothing more to examine what had happened to confirm her worst fears, but Kiara could simply look at the mirror’s reflection to see what she was doing. She didn’t need to look down at her own body as she guided a hand to give her ass a firm squeeze, though Ritsuka *did* breathe an internal sigh of relief when those fingers didn’t grip onto anything initially. Her butt was still the same size!

But this was a fleeting moment of joy. Seconds later, groping fingertips tickled the outer exterior of her ass cheek, and much like with her top under the pressure of the H-cup tits, her skirt was lifting higher and higher thanks to the arch of her own rump. Cheeks *were* expanding until she was groping them with her own Kiara-fingers, much to her own dismay. But her expression mirrored the elation on Kiara’s anyways, so it was difficult to see just *how* she felt. *Uncomfortable*, mostly. The panties she was wearing were digging into a fattening pussy and showing black pubes that were growing beneath her undersized panties.

“**Perhaps I shouldn’t get ahead of myself...**” Much to Ritsuka’s relief, her own thickened lips communicated the best news that she had heard in the past few minutes. Kiara stopped groping herself and brought her hands up to cross her arms beneath her ginormous breasts, just as her thighs bloated to a sexy plumpness that was highlighted by widened hips. That said, those hips *definitely* looked wider in part because her waistline had pinched in, and her body was actually less *muscular* than it had been before. With her top lifted, you could see that her belly was no longer toned and was instead a little squishy instead.

Finally— Oh no... Kiara finally looked down at herself, allowing the Master to do the same. But her view was immediately obscured by the heft of a bosom that was on the cusp of *exploding* out of her clothes, decorated with wavy, black hairs that clearly extended from her own head. That darker hair twisted and curled behind her, fanning out all of the way down to the floor while her bangs remained parted to show the three pink dots running vertically down her forehead.

Kiara looked off to the side, pulling Ritsuka's attention away from herself and into the void. Not that her lack of a reflection would have helped her *realize* this, but even her own face was near identical to the corrupt Alter Ego's. Her lips had already filled out into great, cock-sucking sizes, whereas golden eyes had narrowed and lashes had lengthened. She looked much older, like a woman in her *mid-twenties* just as Kiara was, and the expressions she was making were just as lewd as the ones in the mirror.

The Master was at a loss. *What do I do?* Aside from the shock and fear of it all, she was dealing with how her incredibly small clothes moved as she copied Kiara. It was rubbing against erect nipples and grinding into her loins, arousing even this soon-to-be exact reflection like the source image was aroused. Her mind was so at odds with what her body both felt like and was doing by this point that she didn't even seem to address the growing weight on the sides of her head as two bright purple horns with black tips pushed their way out of her skull.

Nor did she bat an eyelash as the discomfort of her clothing was removed, leaving her clad in the same revealing, white and pink attire that Kiara wore. Just *reversed*, seeing as she was on the mirror's other side. At some point Kiara glanced down and the Master had a realization that her tits were out, but she couldn't exactly muster much energy to care at this point when she was so powerless.

Ritsuka(?) was now completely powerless to resist the mirror's pull. Kiara Sesshouin's movements through the lens were her own. If Kiara smirked, Ritsuka smirked. If Kiara touched her body, Ritsuka touched her body in the exact same place but mirrored. She couldn't open her mouth to speak unless Kiara did, and even then?



The words she uttered were always the same as the reflection. No, Kiara wasn't the reflection. Ritsuka Fujimaru now was. *The perfect reflection of Kiara Sesshouin.*

Not again! But while her will had been stolen from her, the Master's mind was still in tact beneath this reflection. She berated Kiara as her hands were drawn to her own tits once more, not only groping them on this occasion but also sliding beneath the cloth to twerk her nipples. Kiara's expression displayed a distorted depravity that Ritsuka's did in

tandem. As much as she wanted to fight against it, she couldn't deny that it felt *good*.

“It’s always a joy to see myself in the mirror!” Or so the women on either side of the mirror said. She dug her fingers deeper into her tits, pulling them out so her huge nipples bounced into view. *Kiara! Stop it! But I can’t deny... I’m getting pretty horny...* As was the genuine article, because while one hand remained at chest level to massage her tits, even pulling one up to suck her own nipple with thick lips and a wet tongue, the other hand? It traveled *down*. *Oh no.* **“Oh yes!”**

Kiara would eventually leave the mirror, taking her new reflection with her. Ritsuka would only catch glimpses of the real world whenever Kiara passed a reflective surface, and every time she did something lewd in front of one? She had no choice but to ‘enjoy’ it as well. And unfortunately for her? Kiara was the kind of woman who loved to get off in front of a mirror.

As her body sloppily falling onto the ground with her fingers pushed up her pussy in the haunted manor showed.

But what in the world happened to Mashu?

...TO BE CONTINUED?