

# GOURDBOUND

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Ugh. What time even is it?”**

The sight of Reimu Hakurei *finally* crawling out of her futon *well* after lunchtime had come and gone wasn't exactly a rare sight in the least. The Hakurei shrine maiden was an individual that practiced *many* sins on a daily basis, and *sloth* was certainly one of those sins. It was usually a side effect of indulging too much in the sin of *gluttony*, however. She slept the latest after a night of drinking too much booze and eating too much food.

And the night before? She'd hosted a pretty *rad* party. Youkai from all over Gensokyo had stopped by; those that she was on good terms with, even though they sometimes caused incidents that she was forced to deal with. None of that really mattered when a bottle of sake was shared between the group of them. Though when it came to holding her alcohol? Reimu, as a human, was pretty lacking compared to the demons she drank with.

**“This is one hell of a hangover too... Water, water...”** The twenty-some-odd year old woman stumbled out of her shrine and down the steps onto the courtyard, where she dragged her hungover butt over to the well. It took her a moment of fumbling to draw water, take a *big* sip, and then drag herself back towards the shrine where she was planning on maybe, perhaps, going back to sleep again. Plans changed when she reached the first step and noticed something on it, however.

A *gourd*. She recognized it. It was the same one that Suika Ibuki, an oni that was once considered one of the *Big Four of the Mountain* as a testament to her strength. Reputations aside, she was a silly girl who

looked more like a child than a creature with such a powerful reputation. She drank and drank but never seemed to be more than just a little tipsy. Or maybe that was just a skewed impression because there was no such thing as a *sober* Suika Ibuki? **“Ugh. It isn’t like her to leave this lying around. She’ll probably be back for it.”**

It was a pain, but she picked it up before glancing back at the rest of the courtyard. Garbage was littered everywhere. Reimu groaned again. **“Would it *kill* them to pick up after themselves when they visit?”** She said like *she* hadn’t contributed to a great deal of that garbage. The woman cursed under her breath while gripping the gourd tightly. Without even realizing? She took a swig from it. **“Guess I’m going to have to clean up...”**

She couldn’t risk anyone coming to the temple to donate, just to see it in that state.

...Not that the odds of that happening were very high.



An hour had passed, and in that time Reimu had managed to basically clean up the entire courtyard all in one go. Garbage had been tossed where it should have been, while she had brought anything inside that looked important enough to be claimed later. And yet, despite everything she had brought in? She was still holding onto Ibuki’s gourd, even having taken several additional sips in the meantime. They had been so quick that it hadn’t occurred to her at the time, but...

She raised the spout to her lips an additional time now that the cleanup was complete, and on this occasion? She drank for long enough that it finally clicked. Her eyes went wide and she pulled it away. **“Huh? Why am I drinking this? Come to think of it, this isn’t the first time...”** Was she just so hungover that she’d been acting on instinct? Well, the shrine maiden was hardly ever one to say no to free alcohol. Still, this was *technically* stealing... and taking in Ibuki’s germs on the side.

The woman resolved to not drink any more of the gourd’s contents, instead finally putting it in with the other lost and found items in the

shrine. And yet? It only took ten minutes for her to find herself back there, intoxicated by the sake's sweet taste. "***E-Eh!?***" Again, she noticed too late. And again. And again. Until she finally had to abandon the idea of leaving the gourd in that room and continued to carry it again. **"Whatever. I'll just pay her for the sake later or something. She'll probably be so drunk when she picks it up that she won't even notice."**

And so? She continued her day as normal. It was almost dinnertime, and yet despite the fact that she had been continuously drinking from the gourd? It didn't feel like it had gotten any emptier. Was it bottomless? Come to think of it, she'd never seen the oni fill it up before, so that was probably the case. Some kind of youkai magic, perhaps? But it was the existence of that magic that had coaxed her into continuing to sip from it.

Nobody else had ever sipped from Ibuki's gourd before, so not even the oni was aware of it. But that magic's presence was about to bring about some very *unusual* side effects now that a great deal of it was finally in her body's system. And it began with a dull throbbing on the top of her head on the outer sides. She also felt a little *warm*. **"Maybe I should have slept off the hangover off a bit more... Am I getting a fever?"** That had happened in the past. It was often followed by a throbbing in her head and, yeah, there it was.

Or at least that was the impression Reimu had gotten. If she didn't rest properly when hungover, it would sometimes lead to a *migraine* developing. She could usually lay down and maybe sleep it off, but she wasn't going to get away with that *this* time; namely because what she was experiencing wasn't *actually* a migraine at all. The confusion was *understandable*, though.

There *was* a throbbing sensation pulsing through her skull, but it actually radiated in a way that was atypical for a migraine. To begin with? There were two points of origin on the far, back sides of her scalp. It was at these two points that a pressure slowly built, and the only thing the woman could think to do to ease her comfort was to take another swig from the gourd. This *magically* solved the issue.

But not by dulling the source of the discomfort.

**"...Eh?"** The shrine maiden definitely *felt* it. The skin around these two spots finally tore, and while no blood was shed, what appeared to be *brown bone* erupted from her skull. Her hands immediately flew up to check and grabbed onto what were undeniably a pair of *horns*. Horns that were growing longer even as she ran her fingers across their smooth

surfaces. They looked vaguely like sharp tree branches that stuck about seven inches out of her head. “**H-Horns!?**”

Despite how she'd reached up in a panic to touch her horns? Reimu still hadn't dropped the gourd and had left it to dangle from her pinkie finger while the rest of her fingers touched her body's new extensions. Once she'd figured out what was happening, she lowered her hands to take *another* swig – clearly ignorant to what was becoming a pattern. That sipping from the gourd only hastened what was happening to her body.

That sip served as a good example of it. Maybe she'd had too much to drink already because she *was* a little tipsy. But even so, she wasn't so tipsy that it made sense that she'd completely *drop* the subject of her horns almost immediately. In fact, she'd already forgotten thanks to the gourd's spell seeping into her mind. The fact that horns growing had been so *surreal* was perhaps the only reason she had even noticed in the first place, and that definitely seemed to be the case based on how much she noticed going forward.

That is to say: *not much*.

Her most recent sip had dulled her awareness, but the next one? It dulled her *sex appeal*. “**What was I doing... again?**” The woman struggled with her memories in the meantime. But did Reimu really *have* sex appeal in the first place? Not exactly. The most ‘appealing’ thing about her physique was the view of her tummy that her crop top allowed. She was just *average* in terms of figure. But that could only mean one thing, really.

That the little that she *did* have was drying up. The base of her crop top slowly inched closer to her bellybutton because there was nothing *underneath* it propping it up. Her C-cups breasts, while still perky if not *perkier*, had compressed against her ribcage until they were only *A-cups*. And yet, it wasn't a process without *any* benefits. You could see it more in her abs than her pecs, but her body had become a little more *muscular*. At least more muscular than a shrine maiden who laid around all day had any business being.

This newfound strength was faintly visible in her arms and legs, too. A little more-so in the latter region thanks to her thighs *thinning* though, which was an extension of what had happened to her breasts. Her butt and thighs inevitably deflated in a similar manner, leaving her with a figure that was more suitable for a preteen than the adult she was supposed to be. “**Maybe another drink will help me clear my head...**”

That clearly *wouldn't* be the case. But did Reimu sound a little *off*? Not in her voice – that was *about* to happen – but the way she was speaking. There was a different cadence to how she spoke that made her sound a little like a *granny*, which certainly wasn't what the rest of her changes were communicating was her fate. Even in that particular moment, her average height unwound. Her limbs and spine were all shortening, while her hands and feet became much more petite.

It only took about ten seconds for her height to dip down to a meager 4'5", a height that definitely *felt* more appropriate for how lacking her figure had become. Her *face* communicated this as well. As she found herself subconsciously tugging at a top and skirt that felt close to sliding right off now that she was so much smaller, the expression she was making demonstrated a childishness that her speech still contradicted.

**“How drunk was I? Why did I put on the Hakurei shrine maiden's clothes?”** *That* was how the woman seemed to see it. Even her voice was squeakier now, matching a face that was so much younger that she looked like she was likely around the age of *twelve* physically. Yet, if she didn't see *herself* as 'Reimu' like her words seemed to imply? Then there was no longer any point in her having any *resemblance* to 'Reimu', was there?

Once she took another swig of sake, the magic took it upon itself to make that so. The girl's eyes rounded and adopted a shade of crimson that wouldn't be attainable by a human like Reimu was *supposed* to be, her nostrils flared, and her lips thinned even further. On the other hand, her skull became more circular overall, with fuller cheeks that made her seem all the *more* cuter. She just didn't look a *thing* like Reimu Hakurei anymore. Nor did she *sound* the part. **“I... should get changed!”**

Well, she still *was* 'getting changed' in the much more literal sense of the word. Her medium-length, brown hair was all that really remained from her past life, and so it felt inevitable that it would finally transform too. Its color certainly became much more vibrant, strands illuminated with an orangey blonde as it cascaded down her back, while on the sides it bunched up. There was no denying the fact that she looked *identical* to the youkai whose gourd she *once again* sipped from as she pondered what to do about her outfit.

Though, much to her relief? It seemed that she didn't have to do anything at *all*. Now that her body's transformation had been completed, the magic held in the sake could now spill out through her skin and change what she was wearing. It didn't take very long at all for what she'd been wearing to change into a sleeveless, white button up shirt with a big red bow, tucked into a brown belt over a violet skirt with

a white underskirt. Tinier shoes fit her feet, and a big red bow tied her hair in the back.

And the girl forgot that she'd found anything strange with her attire in the first place.

**“Why did I even come to the Hakurei shrine...? Was it to collect my gourd? I suppose I *would* be lost without it!”**

Despite how youthful her appearance was, *Suika Ibuki* sounded more like an old lady when she spoke at this level of intoxication. The drunker she became, the more she'd end up slurring her words and the sillier she'd become. But if she was only a *little* bit tipsy, she sounded more or less 'normal' because that was basically the standard level of alcohol she had in her system at all times.



The oni seemingly perceived the past twelve hours a little differently than what had happened in reality. The magic within the sake had effectively transformed her into Ibuki's perfect copy, right down to her memories. She could recall going to party at Reimu's the night before, and she'd forgotten her gourd, so she'd come back! She couldn't part with such a glorious, bottomless creation!

**“But now that I'm here... Where is she? Maybe I'll just sit here and drink until she comes back.”**

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It was almost 10pm by the time Suika Ibuki arrived at the Hakurei Shrine. Not the one that Reimu had been transformed into, but the *genuine* article. **“I must have left it in the yard, but... Eh?”** It was hard for her to miss what she saw plainly on the front steps to the shrine. A girl that looked like she was her *identical twin*, drinking from *her* gourd. The gourd was more important than a potential doppelganger however, and so?

They fought.

It was a quick but dangerous battle, one that was waged until the pair realized they were evenly matched. Unfortunately? The fallout of their

battle led to the Hakurei Shrine becoming *completely* leveled. It would likely take a lot of time and effort to restore it to its former glory. “**Why don’t we just call it here and share until we can have another one made?**” The two said, creepily, in perfect unison before laughing. The gourd was passed back and forth between them while they sat on what *remained* of the shrine steps.

**“The shrine maiden here is going to be *very* upset.”**

**“If she even shows up! I’ve been here all day and haven’t seen her once!”**

Yes, how very strange that this was the case.