

THREE FLAN FLAVORS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Flandre Scarlet was unsupervised somewhere that she *shouldn't* have been.

For a long while now, the young vampire had been given more freedom regarding where she could go in her family's estate. Her older sister, Remilia, had kept her locked up for so long – and she couldn't even blame her. Flandre was a young, volatile vampire with a truly cataclysmic power. But did that mean the only way to avoid a worst case scenario was to keep her locked up? Much to her dismay, it was the efforts of Reimu Hakurei and Marisa Kirisame that had taught Remilia that this *wasn't* the answer.

And so, the rules of the Scarlet Devil Mansion revolving around Flandre had been altered since the Scarlet Devil Incident. The blonde girl had *much* more freedom. She was allowed to go wherever she wanted as long as it was on the mansion's grounds. At first? Constant supervision had been required. But as Flandre became more familiar, the rules were scaled back to only needing supervision in certain areas. One of these areas was the *library*, within which the girl was presently flying around.

It was on the recommendation of Patchouli Knowledge, the youkai that oversaw the library, that this was the case. Some of the books inside contained magic spells, and she couldn't have Flandre just reading them off haphazardly. Even *Marisa* knew not to do it. And so, of course... **“Oooh! I wonder what these words mean—”** Unsupervised, Flandre had done *just* that.

Sending a wave of crimson mana rippling through the mansion.



“What... was that?” Patchouli Knowledge was the magician youkai who oversaw the library, and as such she could almost *exclusively* be found within its labyrinth of towering shelves and abundant tomes. She had been the closest manor resident relative to Flandre when that blast went off. She had been sitting within a pile of books that towered well over her eye level, flipping through them, and even when she stood up the book walls that surrounded her will still higher. It didn’t really matter when you could easily levitate.

There had been some sort of disturbance in the library. **“That was a very potent release of magical energy.”** You couldn’t normally *see* it, so the fact that she had watched it pass through her body spoke to how thick it must have been. But therein existed a different issue. It had *passed through* her body. Depending on what spell had released this energy, it could have affected her in a minor way... but it seemed more likely it would be more dramatic than that.

Patchouli was a scholar and a genius. There was little that she *didn’t* know. How many times had she read nearly *every* book in the library? Enough times to know that *whatever* that was, it wasn’t a spell read from a book that *should* have been left in the Scarlet Devil Mansion. **“...Did Marisa mix her own books in with mine again!?”** She borrowed books without asking, so who was to say she hadn’t made some ‘donations’ when she brought things back?

The very idea irked the magician to no end, but she also became acutely aware of the fact that she had more important things to worry about courtesy of the spell that had blown through her body. **“Ngh...”** Her teeth... ached? Her canines specifically. She moved her tongue up to touch one but immediately winced. It had been too sharp – too *long*. **“Fangs?”** The young woman attempted to retain her cool, but only monsters and *vampires* had fangs like those. Or pointed ears, as her own now vaguely became.

Mind you, what was happening to her was much broader of an issue than she had even realized just yet. The *fangs* were obvious to her because of the sensation that had been associated with their growth, but she couldn’t rely on that for everything else. Case in point? Her lips had thinned, her nose had shrunk, and her cheeks had rounded with an almost *childish* chub. Patchouli continued to survey her own body with a

pair of eyes that were gradually overcome with a *crimson* glow but simultaneously grew wider and *cuter* in design.

Facially? If she'd had a mirror on hand, the magician would have recognized her face. But not as her *own*. It was the face of someone much *younger* than she was supposed to be. "**But if I have fangs... Eh? What's up with my voice now!?**" It wasn't difficult to tell. She spoke with a *significantly* higher pitch, like a *child*. And it was *certainly* familiar. "**Don't tell me that I'm starting to transform into Flandre! But what kind of formu... formby... SPELL THINGY would...?**"

She'd been right on the nose about her fate. Even as it occurred to her, her purple hair was lightening to a golden blonde and the style regressed into a fluffy, shoulder-length bob that led to her hair ribbons falling out. The magician had other problems, though. She couldn't remember the things that *made* her a magician, and the more she struggled to recall? She lashed out in a more uncharacteristically childish way. "**Ugh! I give uuuuuup! N-No, I shouldn't give up! I gotta stop, uh... the thingy!**"

Patchouli didn't even sound certain about *what* she had to prevent anymore.

All the while? Her appearance *continued* to change to mirror the vampire girl's. She was supposed to have one of the most abundant figures of *all* of the members of the mansion, yet all of that weight was *drying up*. The weight of her breasts drained away, skin tightening as her matured nipples shrunk in kind. It wasn't long at all before she had almost *nothing* there at all. Nothing but the promise of what might one day grow... well, if she hadn't been an immortal vampire at least. A similar phenomenon drained the peach shape of her ass and the thickness of her thighs.

Her figure, in the end, was utterly and entirely *scrawny*. "**Eep!?**" And it became scrawnier *still*. Patchouli let loose a girlish squeak because her brain told her she was falling. That wasn't *quite* the case. Her dress grew larger and larger around her and her sleeping cap slipped off. She was *shrinking* and ultimately stopped doing so when she was about 4'6". "**I'm so small! But I'm still an inch taller than sister!**" Sister? Did she *have* a sister? It was a question she didn't even *ask*.

She fumbled about in a dress that no longer fit her, trying to get it *off*! But she squeaked again as her clothes suddenly *disappeared*! "**Whoa!**" Left dressed in only a pair of white bloomers and a white lace top at first, a red dress with two parts and puffy, white sleeves appeared alongside white socks and brown shoes. She was even given a new, white

cap as some of her blonde hair was tied into a short side ponytail. The dress, oddly, had two tiny holes beneath her shoulder blades.

The perfect size for what looked like thin, black wires to push out from. They weren't wires, though. They grew and bent from her back, and a number of colored crystals grew out from this new *wingspan*. They were by no means traditional wings, but she could somehow still fly with them. The girl blinked, suddenly realizing the (wrong) predicament she was in.

“H-Huh!? Why am I in book jail!? Lemme out!”

Based on the girl's behavior, one could say that she was acting *much* more akin to the vampire that she resembled, she seemed to be acting even *more* childish than the original *Flandre Scarlet* would. So, for the sake of convenience she would henceforth be known as merely 'Childish Flandre'. She panicked as she looked at the walls of books that surrounded her, overwhelmed with anxious emotions. **“How do I get oooooout!?”** She could only pout.



Her childishness was conveyed both in how ridiculous her actions with, and with how little logic she utilized. If she'd just *looked directly up*, she would have realized she could just fly out with her crystal ornament-designed wings or at *least* simple knock one of the walls down with her strength. But instead? She became overwhelmed and collapsed onto her butt with defeat. She probably wasn't going to be moving for a little while.

“Someone let me out! WAAAAAH!”



It wasn't really *that* uncommon to find Kaokuma in the Scarlet Devil Mansion's kitchen. Despite being a devil, more than that she was Patchouli's little helper that was always tasked with helping the magician youkai out with this and that. Sometimes she put books away, others she tidied up. But perhaps her most *important* job was making sure that Patchouli *ate*. She traveled to the kitchen three times per day to fetch her master a meal.

Though, on this occasion? **“Huh?”** There had been a ripple. A blast of crimson energy that had passed through the floor and walls of the mansion – as well as the devil's body. She was fortunate that she hadn't picked up the plate of food meant for Patchouli yet,

else the surprise might have provoked her to drop it! As it soon occurred to her, however, she had *different* things to be worried about.

The demon might not have been the smartest young woman in the world, that was why she worked as an *assistant*. But if there was one thing that she was more familiar with than anyone else in all of Gensokyo, then it was her *own* body. “**Eh?**” That was why she could tell almost immediately that something was off. She felt *lighter*? Actually, she could pinpoint specifically *where* she felt lighter.

Her hands were brought up against her chest for a second. She squeezed once, twice, and then a third time to make sure that she wasn’t just feeling things. “**EHHHHHHH!?**” She wasn’t! Kaokuma had never had *large* breasts. They had been B-cups at best. But they were *gone*! Her chest was complete *gone* aside from a slight puffiness to her nipples and a very slight, nearly unsubstantial amount of weight. Her lower body was just as light too, not that she’d had much girth to her ass or thighs to lose in the first place.

Incidentally, this wasn’t the same order that Patchouli’s transformation had unfolded in. Her figure had changed near the end, while the demon’s figure was changing *first*. “**What’s happ— WAH!?**” And it affected her height in kind, too. A height of 4’6” was on the menu, where Kaokuma usually stood at roughly the five foot mark. It was enough of a drop for her hands to get pulled into her sleeves, and for her skirt to almost reach her ankles. With her hands absorbed, you couldn’t really make out that they were smaller in kind, but also had nails that were now painted *red*.

Her figure was now perfectly sized for them, so in a flash her own clothes disappeared, only to be replaced by a perfect replica of Flandre’s attire. “**Wait a sec, these clothes belong to me! Eh—No!? S-Something’s wrong, I need to tell Miss Patchouli!**” As she spoke, the pitch of her voice rose, and her face rounded out. Chubbier cheeks, thinner lips, a smaller nose, and brighter eyes that reddened more than normal. Her face and voice, it all was *identical* to Flandre Scarlet’s.

Even the *fangs* that ached briefly as they poked out from between her lips, or the vague points that her ears developed.

There was *another* problem, though. Kaokuma’s intellect had taken a nosedive. Her thoughts were becoming more childish as they conformed to her new, child-like age. And when she’d considered telling Patchouli? Her cheeks had tinged red. *Miss Patchouli is really pretty, isn’t she? And her lips are so soft and pink!* ...Not thoughts your standard young vampire would have towards Patchouli. Something was slightly *off*, just as it had been for the Childish Flandre.

It didn't take long for the demon's crimson mane to conform to the short, fluffy blonde style that was typical of the vampire she was becoming. The process *had* disheveled her hat for a moment, but red-painted fingernails helped adjust it without sparing a second thought. **"Huh? What'd I wanna tell Miss Patchouli about? Was it important?"** She'd been told not to go into the library with someone with her, so even if she wanted to, she couldn't! All the while, black 'wires' crept out of her back, developing into a pair of familiar rainbow wings.

Just like her master, Kaokuma had been utterly transformed into a twin of *Flandre Scarlet* right down to her clothes. She fidgeted in place for a moment as the last of her memories conformed to her new shell, removing any doubts that she was who she was *supposed* to be. But like the Childish Flandre, there was one aspect of her personality that had been amplified. **"I wonder what Miss Meiling is doing right now? She's really pretty..."**

Her cheeks were flushed red, and she couldn't stop thinking about how *pretty* everyone in the mansion was. As a result, she would be known as the 'Yearning Flandre' to help separate her from the other two. A rumbling in her tummy made her aware that she was actually yearning for *something* else though. **"Oh! I'm hungry!"** It was a good thing that a rare steak was sitting on a plate on the table. **"Don't mind if I do!"**



Well, Patchouli wasn't going to need her lunch now anyways.



Truth be told, Marisa Kirisame wasn't supposed to be on the Scarlet Devil Mansion's grounds in the first place. She had snuck into Patchouli's library – an adventure that she had been getting away with on a regular basis so long as she paid off the fairies her fellow magician was using to keep guard. It was fine so long as she returned the books she borrowed, right?

Ultimately though, these plans of hers had just put the witch in the wrong place at a *very* wrong time. She'd only been a few shelves away from where Flandre had been reading books that she shouldn't have been and received more or less the full brunt of the initial magic explosion. **"WHA!? What in**

the world was *that*!?” It felt like a red smoke bomb had just gone off in her face, making her drop the book she’d been holding.

As she’d been levitating, it took a while for that book to hit the ground. That short period of time was enough for the witch to sense that something was *off*. “**Ow!? What the— That *hurts*!**” Unlike the other two, who had been adjusted enough mentally by that point to not notice, Marisa was experiencing it first. A pressure at the base of her shoulder blades that built, and built, and built some more. She reached her hands behind her in a panic and yet she couldn’t quite reach the spots. But it felt like something was pushing up against the underside of her outfit?

Or *had* been.

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

“*HEY!*?” The back of her dress ripped, but it wasn’t as significant of a tear as she’d expected from the sound. She was able to look over her shoulder to see long, wire-like growths protruding out from newly torn holes. “**What the heck...?**” She couldn’t really make sense of what she was seeing as the growths fanned out to either side. Not until, at least, a number of colored ornaments began to grow and hang from them. “**W-Wait a— OW!?”**

She recognized those wings! How could she not? Only Flandre Scarlet had wings with an inconvenient design like that? Unfortunately for her, Marisa’s ability to declare as much vocally had been disturbed by a pain in the gums of her teeth. A quick probing of her tongue discovered that her canine teeth had sharpened into *fangs*, and that was to say nothing about how her ears had become pointed, or how crimson now swirled amidst the colors of her irises.

“A-Am I turning into a vampire like Flandre?” That was more or less the correct assertion, but it wasn’t taken far enough. She was becoming a vampire *identical* to Flandre, after all. Even at that moment, her blonde hair was shortening until it reached her shoulders, paling slightly in shade and fluffing up in volume. And it didn’t take very long at all for her facial features to become all the more youthful. Thinned lips made it easier for her fangs to peek out, while larger eyes highlighted their new color above a smaller nose.

Were there any benefits to becoming a vampire? “**Well, I guess vampires are kind of cool... Not that I care about that, or whatever!**” What was *that*? Marisa was either evasive or honest with her own opinions, seldom ever one to mince words otherwise. But she’d almost sounded *tsundere* there, and with a voice that had significantly

risen in pitch. Evidently, the magician didn't draw the line to *who* it sounded like.

Largely because her memories and personality were now in the process of being assimilated into her new existence.

Truthfully? There wasn't very much weight for the young woman *to* lose in the first place. The diminishing of her figure ultimately transpired in a way that harkened back to Kaokuma's losses. Her average cheeks compressed until there was almost no weight to her butt at all, and her B-cup breasts were reduced until they were barely *A-cups*. It was a build that she would possess for the rest of eternity provided she was never returned to normal.

“Whoa!?” Until finally? All that remained was her collapse down to 4'6". Her 5'2" stature quickly dropped, leaving her witch's dress excessively large against a smaller body with shrunken hands and feet that were adorned by red-painted nails. In a flash, her entire outfit was reconstructed though. From the red skirt to the orange tie, it was 100% the same dress that *all* of the Flandres were wearing.

“Huh? Why is there no one else here? N-Not that I care or anything!” As a *Flandre Scarlet* who wasn't honest with her own feelings, this 'Tsunidere Flandre' was subtly perturbed by the fact that she was seemingly alone in the library. Or, at least, she had *thought* she was alone. She'd heard a familiar voice crying from nearby and flew over without questioning her present form, memories, or personality even a little bit. And the closer she drew to *whoever* was crying?



The more certain that she *knew* who that voice belonged to. Eventually? She was floating over a fort of books with a girl crying at the bottom. A girl that was *her* spitting image. **“Wh-Who the heck are you!?”** The Tsundere Flandre cried out from above. This couldn't be possible! Why was her doppelganger crying down there!? She was the only Flandre Scarlet that should have exist—

“Wh-Who are you!?” Funnily enough, she'd heard her own voice cry out from somewhere else. A *third* Flandre was approaching through the air, clearly having overheard the Childish Flandre's crying as well. It was the True Flandre, the only other Flandre that had been within the library at the time. **“Why do you look like me!?”** Dumb as she was, she didn't even consider that this was the direct result of reading from the back. *All* of their fates were.

About an hour later, all four Flandre Scarlets had been gathered in the room that had been reserved for when she didn't sleep in the basement. They were all standing in a circle, glaring at each other (except for the Childish Flandre, who appeared to be saddened by all of this). **"I'm the real Flandre! I don't even know where you three came from!"** The True Flandre asserted. She was correct.

"No, I'm the real Flandre, idiot!", exclaimed the Tsundere Flandre with her arms crossed. She'd been the most confrontational of the four.

"I'm the real Flandre! But could I say that we're all super pretty... Wouldn't it be nice if we all just kissed and made up?" So spoke the Yearning Flandre, which was received with raised eyebrows from the other three. She was *definitely* the weirdest one! Why did she keep bringing up how pretty everyone was and wanting to kiss them or hold their hands?

Ultimately, the only one who hadn't spoken up broke down. **"WAAAH! Why are we fighting!? Why can't we just all be sisters instead!?"** The Childish Flandre raised a possibility between tears that the others clearly hadn't considered. They all went quiet for a moment but eventually agreed to her proposition. The Childish Flandre stopped crying and beamed. **"Okay! But we gotta decide what to call each other!"**



With perhaps the worst timing imaginable though, the door to the bedroom opened and a familiar, blue haired vampire girl walked in. Remilia Scarlet, their— “**HEY SIS!**” The four exclaimed in unison.

“**H-Hm!?**” Just what had she walked in on!? Why were there *four* Flandres!?