

STORYBOOK SPLIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Uh... Yeah. If it’s just for a few minutes...”

I honestly didn’t understand how I had ended up in this situation. That is, looking after someone else’s kid in a *library*, even though I had only stopped in for a moment to visit my friend that worked as a librarian assistant. Well, admittedly I did know *how* it had come about. It was *because* of that friend that I was presently sharing a *very* low table in the library’s children’s section with a girl I could only assume was five or six years old at most.

As it turned out, one of my friend’s responsibilities was running a children’s corner every Saturday morning. It *was* Saturday, but it was already after lunch. She’d *already* finished this little reading corner she did and most of the kids had been picked up by their parents. All of them except this girl who was still waiting, apparently. She needed to be supervised, and as it turned out? My friend *really* had to use the restroom, so she’d left the girl with me.

It was *awkward*. She didn’t know me, and I didn’t know her. Was a library assistant even *allowed* to leave a child with an unrelated adult? I really hoped I didn’t get into any trouble. **“Uh... So, what are you reading?”** The girl had clearly been making a point to ignore me though and had buried her face in a book. I didn’t really blame her, because I probably would have done the same thing at her age if I had been put in a similar situation.

“Hansel and Gretel.” She responded, much to my surprise. Funnily enough, hearing that title didn’t immediately remind me of the classic Brothers Grimm tale, but instead reminded me of an adaptation of sorts

from Goddess of Victory: Nikke. While not playable, there was a duo named Hansel and Gretel that appeared as part of the Old Tales event. Allies of Cinderella, Little Mermaid, and the Abe of old. They were two Nikkes that were of one mind, and well...

Considering the subject matter of that game, I would not be mentioning it to a five-year-old! **“Oh yeah? Do you like that story?”** All I had to do was try and make some small talk until my friend was gone. She said she’d just be a few minutes, and we were at what now? Two? She should have been back shortly if she didn’t dawdle, and *boy* did I hope that she didn’t dawdle. **“Or is it for homework? Do you have homework at your age?”**

To be fair, it had been a *long* time since I’d been that young now. I legitimately couldn’t remember! **“Uh huh. We’re supposed to pick a fairy tale character that we like. I like Hansel and Gretel a lot, so I wish I could meet them.”** That didn’t really *sound* much like homework if it was just picking a character or two. Then again, at her age it wasn’t likely they were expecting the kids to write *reports*. They could barely *read* in the first place.

“Haha... That so?” For some reason, the Hansel and Gretel from Nikke flashed in the back of my mind once more, but it was probably just because that was my most recent exposure to characters with those names. The girl just nodded, not even looking up at me. Thankfully, I could see Miss Librarian Assistant finally heading over from the bathroom. About time. I’d finally be free— **“Whoa...”**

“Thanks for— Hey, you okay?”

My friend had noticed it too, apparently. I’d come over very dizzy all of a sudden. I must have looked out of focus. **“Y-Yeah... I’m fine. Just let me use the bathroom, I’ll be okay.”** It wasn’t *just* a dizziness I felt, though. As I wobbled towards and into the bathroom, I could feel my body temperature steadily rising. It didn’t reach a pitch that could be considered feverish, but it was definitely much warmer than normal.

“...Did I come down with something?” The moment I stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind me; I was reminded of how *small* it was. A toilet, a sink with a mirror, and a window up high enough that no one could peek in even though it *could* be opened from the inside. There was only really enough room for *two* people to stand inside at most, likely with the intention of making sure a parent could enter with their child if needed.

I splashed my face with water, wiped it with my sleeve, and then sat down on the toilet with the seat down. I was having problems standing

up straight. **“I think it’s starting to pass. I don’t feel *as* dizzy...”** Of course, I could have just felt that way because I was sitting down. I waited a few more minutes. It *did* eventually pass, but when it did and I was able to calm down again?

THUMP THUMP! THUMP THUMP! THUMP THUMP!

I placed a hand on the left side of my chest where my heart was. My heart rate was... odd. It felt like it was beating twice for every beat it should have pounded a singular time. That probably *wasn’t* good for my health. Of course, I was assuming that I was still a human, which... Wasn’t *technically* true. The feeling that had incapacitated me moments before had made sure that, at least where it mattered, being traditional ‘flesh and blood’ was no longer a concern.

“That probably isn’t good...” The older you became, the more concerned you naturally became about things like the health of your heart. I was overweight and hardly active, so I had plenty of reason to be concerned about any irregularities surrounding its usually consistent beat. The fact that this double-beat had followed a moment of dizziness gave me all the more reason to be concerned, really. But in terms of concerning events, well... What transpired only moments later turned all of my paranoia on its head.

As I’d first noted upon entering the bathroom, it wasn’t a particularly large room. It had been made for two at most as previously stated, but because I was tall *and* heavy I ended up taking up a lot of that space all on my own. The ceiling also wasn’t... very... high? And therein was what had tipped me off that something far more bizarre than merely a doubled heartbeat was taking place. **“Whoa!? Wait a second...”** I wasn’t sure what had prompted me to look up, but I had been struck with the thought of *‘the ceiling wasn’t that high before, was it?’*.

This led to a number of related observations compiling rapidly. I dropped my gaze to look around. It wasn’t *just* the ceiling. The sink in front of me seemed to be taller than I remembered; no, it was *growing*? The *entire* room felt like it was getting larger and larger, but it wasn’t alone. So did my *clothes*? That was all I needed to finally draw the *correct* conclusion. The room wasn’t getting larger. **“I’m the one getting smaller!?”**

In the grand scheme of things it wasn’t like I was doomed to become *miniature* or anything like that. My height still sharply declined though, it just remained in a ballpark that was still relatively reasonable for an adult. Or, well, a *young* adult? I wasn’t exactly gazing into the mirror because I was too panicked to even consider that, but a youthfulness returned to my face as my height eventually encroached upon its now

destined height of 5'3" – a stark drop from the nearly six-foot stature I'd held before.

I looked closer to how I had when I was *twenty* or so, even though I hadn't been *that* short since before I even hit my teens. The loss of height led to my shirt and pants hanging loosely off of me, but that was helped a little because my weight had diminished in a sense. I wasn't *thin*, but my bulging gut had shrunken a little bit so that it didn't look *too* ridiculous at my newfound height. "**How is this possible!?**" And this was without the things I *hadn't* noticed, such as my skin losing all of its body hair aside from its pubes. That skin seemed so much softer, in fact.

"**I...?**" There was a complete thought that I'd *wanted* to express there, but I found it a little difficult to do so when the sound of my own voice took me off guard. It wasn't even *just* a matter of its pitch sounding higher, which it absolutely did, but... "**Why do I sound British? Like a British girl?**" It was a fairly thick accent, too. But as for why it sounded *feminine*, well... I finally remembered that there was a mirror just a couple of feet away from me and approached it.

Only to gawk at my own reflection. "**Whuh...?**" Needless to say, the fact that I appeared *younger* stood out to me. But it was just one of *several* things. Even though the rest of my body was still on the plumper side? My face seemed to be perfectly thin aside from a softer roundness that had settled into my cheeks. In fact, 'softer' was a descriptor that I could apply to *most* of my facial features. From how I watched my lips grow fuller, to the shapes of eyes that grew lengthier lashes while their irises shone blue, to a smaller nose. "**I look like a girl...**"

A *young woman*, more precisely. And when I also factored in the sound of my voice, there was something a little bit *familiar* about it all. Had my face been 2D, then I might have noticed immediately, but I was relegated to a three-dimensional realm. Still, I was being given *more* hints as the seconds ticked by. I placed my hands on the counter so that I could get a better look at my face. It looked *healthier*. My *teeth* felt healthier, as did my tongue. But it didn't occur to me to look at the hands that were resting on the counter, vaguely hoisting my smaller form up to see. My fingers were small, dainty, *manicured*; traits now shared with my feet.

I had more I wanted to say, especially as it became clear to me that the color of my hair was *lightening*. But those words didn't come out. Was I fearful of my new voice? No, it wasn't anything like *that*. I simply had no desire *to* speak anymore, even though there was a voice in the back of my head that seemed to be far keener on the idea. In a way, it was

almost like I had two sets of thoughts that were overlapping – though it was hardly noticeable. ...Just like my heart was beating in twos.

“**Mm...**” The only noise I could *really* muster was a small grunt as I noticed that my short hair, which had quickly been dyed a light blue along with my eyebrows, began to lengthen. It didn’t just grow a *little* either but rapidly poured over my shoulders like a *waterfall*. It thickened *and* softened as it grew, rapidly extending down past my ass. With my clothing oversized, I couldn’t even see that my pubes had undergone the same color change. And well... My tummy would have made them difficult to see either way.

That was actually something that I had begun to wonder about. I didn’t know *how*, but it seemed like I was becoming a *woman*? And yet my body’s fat was still largely intact. I still looked pretty *portly*, my face aside. But as it turned out? There was a solution to this. It was just very... *odd* and not especially *comfortable*. “**Urp...!?**” Even though I’d gone silent, I still couldn’t help but make a noise when it felt like something had decided to press down *on* my stomach. *What an uncomfortable feeling!*

Wait. *I* hadn’t thought that. Or had *I*?

Regardless, I certainly shared in the sentiment. Looking down, it seemed that my distended gut was being forced *inwards* finally? My stretch marks were even smoothing away underneath. But that was hardly the strangest part, because almost like that weight had been pushed down by a rolling pin? The fat was forced both *up* and *down* on my body. Some of it was rolled into my ass and thighs, which soon jiggled and forced my hips to widen with substantial gait. My thighs nearly tripled in size and jiggled from the motion, while a heart was the destined shape of my bubbled ass.

And yet? My lower half had only received a small portion of what my *upper* half did. The front of my (now even more, but soon to be less) oversized shirt *ballooned* as the bulk of my belly’s weight was forced into my *chest* instead. No, it seemed like there was even *more* weight than that, because what had once been flat quickly grew into a hefty set of stretched melons with nipples that were bigger than my eyes. They were probably *K-cups* if I was being generous.

Oh, there it goes!
Oh...

My mental conditions certainly weren’t improved by what could only be the feeling of the last remaining shred of my masculinity, and perhaps the *most* important part of it, being torn away. My cock and balls shrunk

and smoothed into naut before a fresh slit opened beneath a thin bush of blue pubes. I was undoubtedly a *woman* in every conceivable way. *A singular woman, though? Can't you see that there's something wrong with that?*

No? What could *possibly* have been wrong with that? I was a singular person, after all. I felt compelled to argue with this thought mentally but decided it wasn't worth the effort. I was younger, beautiful, and had a figure most women would *dream* of. Despite being a man before, I couldn't find it in myself to have any complaints about it. If anything, there was the small fact that the double beating of my heart felt all the stronger, and my clothes appeared to be being stretched at the sides? *"...!?"*

There was a moment. A very brief one where *I* couldn't make sense of what was happening. It *felt* like my body was being stretched, like I was being pulled apart by a piece of bread, and looking at the mirror? I *watched* as my own head was split into two identical heads. The moment this happened, it didn't feel like my thoughts were necessarily overlapping at all, just as my 'heartbeat' returned to a singular *thump* as my torso was pulled into two, and then my legs, eventually tearing everything I was wearing so that I was left staring at an identical copy of myself, the both of us naked. Yet, while I still had very little to say about it...

I was a little chattier. **"Well, this is a rather unexpected development, don't you think?"** It was odd to think I'd just broken off from *myself*? Which one of us was the *original*? Were we both the original? As we were now, we were *siblings*. Twins? For a brief moment I'd accepted the likelihood of this, but that was only until it occurred to me that my body was feeling *lighter*. "Oh... Such a *shame*." It was clear enough why I felt that way when I looked down. My K-cup breasts were shrinking. Not so that they became a more normal size, mind you. They simply shrunk from K-cups down to perkier *H-cups* – still far bigger than any normal woman's breasts.

Light soon shone across our bangs. Both of them were a similar green, but my quieter, bustier sister's light was slightly yellower in tone than my own. It was a system that kept us *connected*. She was also wondering about what was going on; I could hear her thoughts that suggested as much. **"Do you think we'll be given a change of clothes now? Oh! I suppose we didn't need to wait long, did we?"** All it took was a singular moment for the two of us to become robed once more.

My quiet sibling was dressed in white and vivid blues. There was no doubting the outfit's similarities to a maid outfit, but her gigantic bosom was barely covered aside from her nipples, and she wasn't *technically*

wearing *anything* beneath the flat of white that hung down against her crotch. I could tell she wasn't bothered by how breezy it was. But she also wore white, knee-height boots, a big blue bow around her neck, long, white gloves, and her hair was pulled into twin tails by white and silver ornaments.

Mind you, *my* hair was styled similarly, just by ornaments that were round and black, with a blue flower that's shape was persistent upon both of our outfits. The sensation of cloth suddenly hugging my curvy body made me gasp. Unlike my sibling's, my own outfit was black and skimpy in different ways. I wore black shorts with frilly white edges, the top button of those shorts opened entirely. My chest wore only a black bikini top, and it sat high enough that my underboob was bare. A miniature, white-lace apron hung from my neck beneath a blue flower and ribbon. My armpits were bare, but black sleeves with white-frilled cuffs clad my arms – matching the thigh high boots of black leather with floral cutouts when it came to my inner thighs.

Gretel was watching me quietly now that our clothes had changed. Quietly, I observed *Hansel* and her new outfit.



“You don’t need to give me *that* look, you know? This is just how things are meant to be, though I do wish I’d been built the same way as you.” It wasn’t like Gretel *had* to say anything to me for me to know what she was thinking. As twin sister units, our thoughts were perfectly in sync even if our wills deviated. Thick with a British accent, *I* continued to speak as I approached my larger breasted sibling. **“I bet you also feel strange,**



don’t you Gretel? We were just split from the same person!”

I didn’t even flinch when the approaching Hansel cupped my face with one hand and rested the other on my tit. Such closeness between us was to be expected, and she would have known if I didn’t appreciate it. To reply to her question verbally was more work than I wanted to commit to, but... **“I’m fine.”** That was all I wanted to say on the matter. Hansel

stared into my eyes and adjusted her standing posture so that our breasts were docking.

“Well! That’s good then! What do we do now, do you suppose?” *I* knew Gretel would not offer me words in response a second time, so I continued to fill the silence myself. **“We can remember who we *were*, but that doesn’t help us now. If two pretty young women like us, dressed as we are, leave a bathroom a single man had just entered... Well, it would be an amusing spectacle at least!”**

Hansel made a valid point; *I* had to admit. We could not simply claim to our friend that we had once been that man. There were too many of us on top of our appearances and sexes. Not to mention our attire might get us arrested for public indecency. I didn’t push my sister away, but I turned so that I could wrap my arm around her shoulder and pull her up into a bridal hold with the other. **“Gretel? Wait...”** She knew what I was going to do, and while she didn’t seem to *approve*, she also didn’t stop me. All it took was a single *jump*, with my sister in tow, for the two of us to crash *through* the wall and into the outside world.

We would find safety, and *then* we would figure out what to do.

Perhaps, for the time being, we could get a job as a pair of maids?

