

DOUBLE D'S

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“Su-le-tta! Did you pick the same character as me!?”

“I-I can pick something else!”

“It’s *way* too late for that. Get changed!” It wasn’t really all that rare to see an exchange like this unfold between Suletta Mercury, the Holder of Asticassia, and Miorine, the prize that the Holder protected and was destined to wed. The two teenaged girls had made great strides in getting closer together ever since the duel with Elan and the opening of GUND ARM Inc, but they still had moments where Miorine was harsh with Suletta. They were just less frequent than they used to be.

The subject of this ‘spat’ was a unique one, though. It was October 31st and Earth House was celebrating a holiday called ‘Halloween’ that was special to the hearts of the Earthians that they called their friends, even though the two were Spacians themselves. Suletta had been *more* than a little excited to participate in the party they had planned, where they got to attend in costumes. **“Okaaaaay...”**

Suletta hadn’t really known *what* to dress up as, so at the time she’d been grateful to receive some guidance from Miorine. The issue was that her bride-to-be had been *obsessed* with an old Earthian mobile game that she had found online. *Goddess of Victory: Nikke*. The pilot herself didn’t know much about it, just that Miorine never let her watch her play it for some reason. She seemed really embarrassed... but even then, she’d felt inspired to dress up as characters from Halloween.

The groom-to-be hadn’t really thought much of it at the time, but Miorine had shown her a curated list of characters to dress up as. All of

them were dressed relatively reserved, and Suletta just thought that was *normal* because she hadn't seen any of the characters that Miorine was hiding... aka *most* of them, since Nikke was a very fanservice-heavy game and she didn't want her partner to know that she was playing something like that.



Suletta had just picked one from that list that seemed easy to dress up as and didn't even know her *name*. Grey pants, a black shirt with black gloves and a tactical vest with a cloaked hood and boots. It had been a surprisingly easy ensemble for her to get together with Asticassia's emphasis on military companies, and an even easier one to get on once she'd retreated to the bathroom to put it on. "**I look kind of cool...**"

Was it a *good* recreation? Not really. The shorts were wrong and the vest was cheap, but it was good *enough*. From what she'd been told by the other girls in Earth House that were actually *from* Earth, the costumes were hardly even convincing. Some people dressed like monsters, and you could only look so much like something that didn't exist. "Okay, let's go meet Miss Mio— "**Huh, wait!**" Suletta hadn't put on a wig nor applied any hair dye, so why was it that one of the strands in her bangs was pitch black...?

"**Is that...? Maybe it's just a trick of the light?**" It could have been some fancy Asticassia invention that lets you see what your hair looks like dyed? That was the vague hope that the naïve girl held onto as the color jumped from one strand, to the next, and to the next: gradually painting her entire head of red hair, eyebrows and all, in the same pitch-black shade. Suletta *could* have continued to force her own ignorance on the matter if the color was the *only* thing that had changed, but ultimately?

It *wasn't*. Suletta pulled down the hood she was wearing to reveal a pretty, silky black that was *growing* and straightening before her very eyes. "**H-HYEE!?**" Her natural reaction was to jump *back* from the mirror, allowing this hair to bounce before settling just past her shoulders. Her bangs ended up perfectly framing her forehead, while the lick that stuck out from the top smoothed down to become one with the rest of the style. "**Wait... I-I-Isn't this the same hair that the character has!?**" The one whose costume she was *wearing*? But that was impossible!

As much as she wanted to deny it, it was becoming *much* harder to do so. After all, Suletta's hair wasn't the only thing changing in terms of color. The lighting in the bathroom was poor enough that it wasn't clear to her that her complexion, which had always been the light brown she had supposedly inherited from her father, was paling to a white not all that unlike her fiancée's skin. She was much more tuned into what was happening with her *eyes*, though. A crimson red was swirling amidst their usual ocean blue and, eventually, that color replaced the blue entirely.

The *colors* of her eyes weren't the only aspect of them that ended up changing, though. Her eyelashes lengthened and her blackened eyebrows thinned, losing their round and fluffy shapes in favor of more traditional lines of hair. The girl's eyes had always been so *round*, but they narrowed significantly in a way that made her seem *older*. Of course, they had some help from her face's overall shape. Her lips swelling was a big part of it, as was her nose lengthening. In fact, her face grew thinner and longer overall. "**A-Am I *white*?**"

She definitely looked like a *white woman*, and one closer to her *mid-twenties* rather than being in her teens.

"***But how is this possible?***" With so much going on, she hardly noticed that her voice was deeper, and that her ability to express her surprise was gradually becoming subdued. Suletta's attentiveness was becoming keener as well now that her expression had become more serious, but even then? A one inch drop in her height from 5'7" to 5'6" was still too meager to properly register. "**I appear older too? ...And why do I sound like this? So calm... Is this what that character sounds like?**" She'd never played the game to be certain, after all.

Ultimately, that one inch loss of height wasn't the *only* change to the woman's physique. And the subsequent ones were much easier for her to notice. After all? Suletta was a girl who had been tall for her (previous) age, but her figure had been pretty average. The costume she was wearing had been fit *to* that build as well, so if something was to *thicken*? Like, say, her *ass* and *thighs*? She would *definitely* feel it.

And she did. "**Why... is my underwear riding up my *ass*?**" If her mind hadn't *clearly* been tampered with to adjust her personality, she *definitely* wouldn't have used the word 'ass'. But regardless? She wasn't *wrong*. The gray booty shorts that sat high on her hips felt *much* tighter, and her plain old panties were digging into her butt crack. Considering the cape on her costume, she had to reach her hands back to grab her ass and try to pick the wedgie – something she would have typically been *incredibly* embarrassed by but didn't even blink now.

“...It’s bigger.” In the end, she spoke the conclusion that she had come to in a cold manner. Her butt’s curvature was definitely more pronounced than she was used to, and it seemed to be getting even *bigger*! It felt like the seams of her skirt might tear, but it didn’t. In fact, with her thighs burgeoning into meatier forms beneath them, it was almost like her lower body’s clothes had adjusted to fit her new build, widening hips and all, perfectly. It was more than that, though. The shorts were no longer just cheap knockoffs that she had found for the costume, but a *genuine* article that was so tight you could see the lines of her new *black thong* beneath it.

Suletta was undecided. Was this good or bad? Her legs weren’t just sexier because her thighs were plumper, but she was more muscular down there as well. Her abs, pecs, back, and arms all became stronger in kind, at least when it came to her back? That strength ended up becoming *necessary* to support the swell of her bosom. The tactical vest that she was wearing over top of her black top clearly pushed farther away from her neck. **“...My tits too, I see.”** They must have swollen to *F-cups*, but much like her shorts? Her top, the vest, and her hooded cape all adjusted in quality and size to properly fit her new curvature.

Until she was a perfect match for the character she was cosplaying, right down to the tattoos across her left arm and bosom that she couldn’t see dressed the way she was..

“I... Hm. I’m older and prettier, but I don’t get what just happened.” D’s voice sounded much colder than Suletta’s, and her face in the mirror hadn’t shown much expression for a while now. Despite how bubbly she’d been before, she couldn’t bring it in herself to display much of it. Like doing so would go against some sort of code she was subconsciously following. It wasn’t like her memories weren’t still all her *own* anyways. She didn’t even know that her name *was* D. **“Is that even possible?”**



I’m going to kill whoever did this to me. One of her red eyes twitched, a vague demonstration of the surprise she felt at yet *another* violent thought crossing her mind. She

really didn't *like* what she had become, that she didn't seem to care much about the weight of another's life any longer. Aside from herself, there was only one person she cared about, and she would protect her.

“I guess I need to go find her. Hopefully she didn't suffer a similar fate.”

Because it would have been an *extremely* similar fate considering they'd decided to dress up as the same character.



“That idiot...” While Suletta had gone to the bathroom to get changed, Miorine had stormed off to the bedroom that she shared with her in the Earth House building. The room was a mess and in need of Suletta's tidying hands... and it was entirely Miorine's fault that it was messy in the first place. **“I can't believe she picked D too, but...”** It was technically *her* fault for putting her on the list she'd given to Suletta before choosing who she was going to dress up as herself.

In all fairness, they weren't going in the *exact* same outfit. Miorine had picked a future version of D that was titled *D: Killer Wife*. True to this label, she dressed the part of a businesswoman and played the part of a wife. She played it a little *too* well though, like she *enjoyed* it. This variant dressed in a simple, dark grey dress with spaghetti straps, white flip flops, and a hairclip with most of her hair tied up behind her. She'd chosen it because it was simple, but she didn't really look much like the genuine article. **“Well, it's not like Suletta will look any better. Neither of us have wigs or contact lenses.”**

She wasn't wearing contact lenses? So, then why was one of her eyes...

Red? If the teenager had been standing in front of a mirror, she *definitely* would have noticed it immediately and freaked out. But she wasn't, and her ignorance remained even *after* her second eye adopted the same color. **“Ugh... We can just play it off as a couple's thing, right? Look, I match my beautiful, beloved honey~! Or something like... Eh?”** Why had she gotten so into character there? She almost sounded like the character she was cosplaying!

Now, Miorine didn't exactly fill out the dress she was wearing. It was a convincing enough mockup of D's grey, Killer Wife business dress. But the girl clearly didn't have the figure to fill it out – and she made sure

that the neckline was high enough to not show *any* of her cleavage. This was all important context for what came next... for when Miorine *finally* realized that something was going very, *very* wrong After all—
“**HAAAAAH!?**”

She'd found her posture leaning forward. Her upper body felt *heavier*, and looking down she could see her *cleavage*? How could she see what she didn't have? Her breasts were supposed to be A-cups! “**What the hell!?**” But those had had to be B-cups. No, maybe Cs? And they *continued* to grow, stretching her neckline deeper and deeper while the girl did her best to stop herself from falling forward. It wasn't long before they were F-cups, just like Suletta's had become.

No, not *just* like Suletta's. They were identical right down to their shapes and weight.

Miorine couldn't help but think that she'd *definitely* be able to pull off a more convincing D cosplay now! ...But she still didn't even know the half of it. It was odd that the dress did not adjust herself like Suletta's clothes had, but there *was* a reason for it. It simply wasn't ready *yet*, because it was still waiting on *other* things that it covered to grow. “**I've always wanted bigger tits, but seriously... how the hell is this possible? I bet Suletta would love how big they are though!**”

It happened again, and considering how big her breasts were now, the girl was beginning to develop a theory. “**Am I becoming D? But that Killer Wife thing is just an act, it isn't like... Nope! I need to keep doing it for my honey's sake! N-No I don't!**” Every time she blurted something out about a *honey* or a *darling*, the biggest smile spread across her lips. Lips that she didn't know had swollen thicker as her face gradually adjusted so that it was the spitting image of D's. Naturally, her voice changed alongside it.

Although she didn't notice the voice change until the next moment that she made a noise... which wasn't all that far off. “**Oh, what now?**” A playful pitch accompanied a maturer sound to her voice. It was a forced tone, because deep down Miorine's personality was *actually* becoming colder than ever, just like the real D. There were other issues that demanded her attention, though.

It was her ass... and her thighs... and her hips. As had been the case with her tits, fat was being applied to her lower body and that was affecting the fit of the dress, which she'd picked because it had fit her dainty figure perfectly. And yet? Her hips were now stretching it until the fabric was close to tearing, lifting the base of her skirt up so that you *almost* see her underwear. Her thighs and ass fattening certainly didn't help, with that rump pushing out almost *four* inches farther behind her.

“This dress is going to— Huh?” She had been so certain that it was going to burst, especially when it became evident to her that her 5’0” height was rapidly jumping up to 5’6”. But her skirt never lifted to show her ass despite that, and it fit strangely... well? **“Wait, is my dress getting bigger? How convenient!”** The woman playfully clapped her hands, which were slightly bigger with longer nails, together. She was right. The dress not only fit her properly, but it looked *expensive*. It hugged her so tightly that you could make out every curve of her body though, *including* the indentation of her bellybutton.

Things that had bothered her before didn’t *really* bother her as much now. Her cleavage was showing? So what? She was hot, and she felt like she could make her partner *much* happier with a body like that – even if deep down her truer, colder demeanor did not like acting the way she was. Miorine’s short, silver hair darkened to black in the meantime, completing her physical transformation as it grew properly into the Killer Wife’s done-up hairstyle. And black tattoos even etched themselves across her left arm and bosom... despite Miorine *loathing* tattoos.

“Oh dear. If this happened to me, then it couldn’t have happened to my honey?” The second *D* wondered why she was forcing herself to act the part of the perfect wife. Was it because she had dressed up in that specific outfit? Even those clothes had changed to become much more authentic. She couldn’t deny that she felt *hot* and *strong*, but she couldn’t wipe the warm expression of a doting wife from her face. It was much warmer than Miorine’s usual expression, even if it *was* fake.

Could the fact that she was more worried about *Suletta* than herself been part of this act? No, Killer Wife *D*’s attitude towards the Commander in *Nikke* was still one based on actual affection. If she was speaking that way about *Suletta*, then that meant her feelings had been preserved. In fact, maybe they were even *more* intense. She hurried out of the room and into the hall, conscious of the possibility that she would be coming face to face with the mirror image of herself.

Did that change how she’d feel? No. And it didn’t. **“Oh, there you are honey! I guess it *did* happen to you too.”** In the hall between the bathroom and the bedroom was... double *Ds*. Two *Ds* dressed differently, with the exact



same bodies and personalities – even if one was acting more like a doting wife. “**I know we’re technically the same person, but my feelings for you are stronger than ever!**” Why did she feel compelled to say that? Well, a good wife would say something like that, right?

The wife quickly closed the gap between herself and her quiet ‘honey’ slightly envious that the D that Suletta had become could act the way she wanted to. She embraced her copy warmly, but that warmth turned into heat once they locked lips *and* tongue, and the wife began to rub her hands up and down the other D’s body. The colder D couldn’t resist the heat at all, likely because she was still a little aroused from transforming in the first place.

“...Let’s go into the bedroom. We can figure the rest out later.” Or so she managed to say the moment her wife gave her room to breathe. There was a lot *wrong* there, but it was hard to focus on it when she felt so *good*. Was an adult’s pleasure *really* this intoxicating? She had to find out more now that she *was* one. Incidentally, while neither of their memories had been altered, their *skills* had.

“Okay, honey! Let’s go!”