

SIBLINGS TO RIVALS

COMMISSION STORY

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There was a brief moment of darkness, and Lucina of Ylisse had been left alone with her thoughts.

They were largely relegated to thinking back to the past year. She lived in a future where the Fell Dragon, Grima, had killed her parents and claimed victory over the realm. The humans that remained lived in constant fear of the shadows, knowing that a violent end would come for them eventually, and that it was just a matter of *when*. Dissatisfied with this, a number of children born from heroes of the fallen era had banded together with a plan. One that the princess was in the middle of committing.

Thanks to Tiki, a descendant of the great Divine Dragon and goddess Naga, they had been given a means to make things right. While it would involve abandoning their own timeline, they would be able to return to the past before Grima had killed anyone and prevent the tragedy from occurring in the first place. If they couldn't salvage what they had, then the least they could do was bring hope to an alternative timeline.

It was in service of this goal that Lucina had passed through this darkness. Tiki had provided them with that means to return to the past through a portal. It had been colorful inside at first, but she was soon surrounded by that pitch black as she continued to walk through what she considered to be the barrier of space and time. And that darkness only waned when she stepped out into... a forest?

"I'm here? But...?" Ylisse's future princess was understandably confused by what she bore witness to. Ylisse wasn't without forests of course, but the trees illuminated by moonlight around her didn't look

like any trees *she* had ever seen before. The climate was also a little cooler, like she was near the ocean? Her assumption had been that the portal simply linked with the same portal in the past, but turning to look behind her... **“Oh no.”** There was no entranceway for anyone else to step out through.



That meant she would likely be separated from the others, which in general was *bad*. But the one who was supposed to follow after her was her own younger sister, Cynthia, who Lucina couldn't help but be *extra* worried about. She wasn't incapable of defending herself, and perhaps she was a little *too* into the idea of fighting as heroes did. But if they weren't together, and they didn't know where they were, there were a number of unforeseen problems to address.

“...Is it possible we didn't even end up in the same *time*?” She hadn't even wanted to *float* that scenario because of how bad it would have been. But she also decided it would be for the best not to give up before she'd even confirmed that. **“Maybe I should take a look around first? Cynthia could still show up nearby.”** And yet, when she went to move? Something struck the girl as *strange*. Friction with the ground on her left side, like something was dragging against it?

Come to think of it, she did feel slightly off-balance, and looking down at her hip she found... **“H-Huh!? Where did this blade come from!?”** Her sword, Falchion, wasn't there. Well, it *was*. The hilt of the blade was still there, but it was attached to a *very* long and *very* thin katana that was much too big to be strapped to her hip like that. Before long, even the hilt conformed to the shape of a katana's guard. And the girl fumbled to set it free.

Unused to its size, she ended up dropped it on the ground and stumbling back. **“That's... *odd*. Is it a side effect of passing through the gate? Perhaps because I went back in time, the state of the Falchion...?”** But that didn't make sense. The Falchion hadn't been a different type of blade in the past as far as she knew. Maybe if it had come from a different land, but... Well, Lucina hadn't still fully grasped that it wasn't a matter of countries or continents.

And that she was in an entirely different *world*.

The princess stared down at the dropped blade, utterly unaware that the eyes through which she stared at it were beginning to demonstrate that it wasn't *simply* that sword that was being altered by the forces that willed it. The corners of her eyelids narrowed, pinching in as it felt like the overall width of her gaze was elongated in the process. This started a trend that led to her face gradually shifting in terms of racial profile, departing from traits that made her look like an Askr native and instead painting those features to appear more akin to the features of someone native to Chon'sin.

And even then, that wasn't a 1:1. The idea was similar, but the execution differed as her face grew longer. The eyes of a Chon'sin nature would have been thicker, more vertical, and had smoother eyelids, but Lucina's pivoted into the opposite direction while her lashes fluttered longer and her irises darkened with a drop of crimson, altering their shades until they were a bottomless purple instead. "**I should probably...?**" Not worry about the sword and search for her sister? That *had* been her thought, but...

It was difficult to ignore how deep her voice sounded, at least briefly. And it wasn't even that her voice had only deepened briefly; it was more that she'd only briefly seen it as 'odd', even as it was spoken through thickened lips beneath a lengthened nose. Not even her brilliant blue hair had remained unchallenged, for it darkened to a shade of violet even darker than her gaze as the strands lengthened down to her ankles, the bangs beneath her tiara parting in the center now rather than at the sides.

There was no denying that, at least from the neck up, the girl appeared *significantly* older. She had been in the latter half of her teens, but that was clearly the face of a rather seductively built woman that was probably pushing *forty*. What was perhaps all the more remarkable was the fact that Lucina was none the wiser to it happening, instead trying to focus on Cynthia's whereabouts. After all, her sister was *her most bitter rival*.

"**Eh!? Is that...? Do I hate her?**" Fortunately, it seemed that the princess was still in enough of her right mind to realize that this had been a very strange thing to think. She'd always gotten along with her sister, quirky as she was, so what was this feeling welling up from within? A hatred that was almost... *violent*. For the time being, she was willing to suppress it, but that was only *if* she could focus. And that was a task that was becoming increasingly difficult to do. "**What now!?**"

The moment that Lucina felt even mildly inconvenienced, she lashed out with a tone that had probably never once escaped her lips in the past. Though, to be fair, with her lips so freshly thick and glossy, few things *had* escaped passed those lips before. It had been a reaction to the fitting of her attire, which felt like it was slipping in some places, while it began to feel increasingly *tight* in others. The cause of it was obvious, but seemingly not for the one who was looking at it directly because the woman didn't appear to register that her body was... *growing*.

At first it was largely only *upwards*. She had been a girl of average height for her age, but she rapidly ascended beyond what was even an average height for a forty-year-old woman. The blue gloves beneath her sleeves pushed out in length until you could see the skin behind them, and the fingers sticking through fingerless gloves crept longer *and* bonier with time. The skintight pants worn around her legs were slipped off her waist, and that waist *widened* beneath a tunic that was gradually lifted.

“I... *Hm*.” For what it was worth, there was a part of Lucina's consciousness that was trying to see the truth for what it was. That not only had her height risen to 5'9", but her hips had widened such a staggering amount that her undergarments had torn and slipped, and the sleeves underneath her shoulder armor had met a similar fate because of their width. But try as she might? She was beginning to shift her focus more-so *around* her, as if she was wary of a potential threat. Of the woman she *despised*. Of her... *sister*?

No, that couldn't have been the person she was showing such blatant animosity towards... *right*?

Resting a hand on her widened hip, her eyes didn't so much as twitch as the surrounding flesh burgeoned while oddly *paling* in color. Her hips actually pushed out even farther, given no choice by the weight amassing itself in her thighs and ass. Pants that had already been pulled down were pushed towards her knees by thighs that swelled thicker than her hips, and her ass *ballooned* until her tunic was lifted high enough that you could see her loins... and the thick bush of dark purple pubes that now rested upon them.

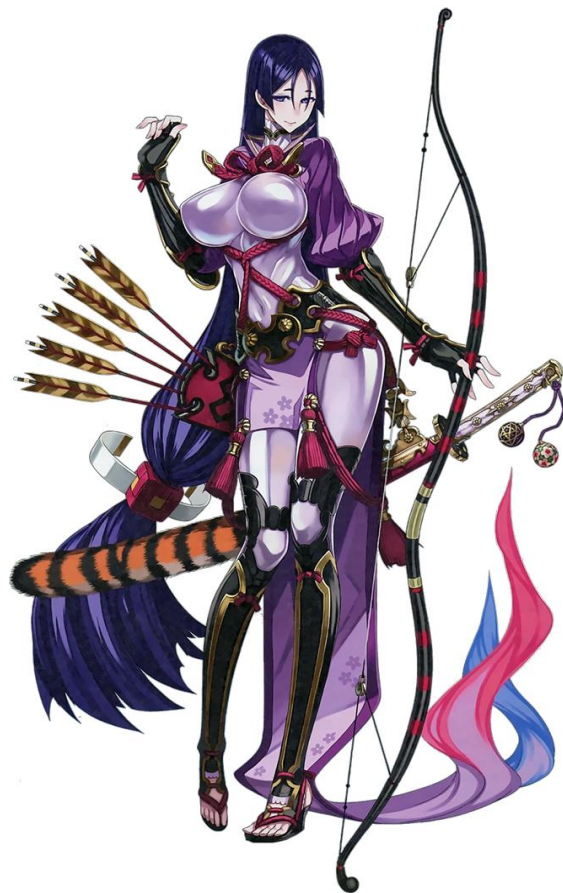
In the meantime, the woman simply clicked her tongue. She had been thinking more and more about Cynthia, or at least the woman she had become in the back of her mind, and that had only made her *more* irate. The things she was thinking weren't decent. There were even *more* violent than they had been before, but they also masked any attention that she might have spared towards her tunic, or at least what was hidden *underneath* it.

Well, maybe ‘hidden’ wasn’t a very good term. It was difficult to ‘hide’ something that was growing even more pronounced, or a *pair* of somethings were, at least. Lucina’s bosom had been small but perky, and while that perkiness *miraculously* remained, the fact that they were small *certainly* did not. The tunic that was hoisted up to her hips already was lifted even higher, showing off a pale, toned belly by tits that *bounced* from their sudden growth into a pair of soft melons that were larger than even her head, with nipples that easily dwarfed her eyes.

There was a sudden flash of gold, and in that flash the woman was stripped naked. Her massive tits breathed the cool forest air for only a moment. What she *had* been wearing hadn’t actually disappeared but was now floating around her in a snow of golden particles. But they soon converged against her body once more, forming a skintight, purple bodysuit that snugly hugged the shape of her curves, worn beneath two puffy, darker purple sleeves that were tied across her collarbone by thick, red rope that crossed around her torso and helped hold a flap of violet across her crotch as well. Her gloves remained fingerless, but they were black, matching armor worn on her legs above the sandals at her feet. Her long hair was even pulled into a long ponytail by a large, crimson block.

“Hm... Now why would I drop *this?*” The simplest motion of bending down to pick up *her* katana demonstrated the elasticity of the skintight body suit that the Japanese woman was wearing, because her massive tits swung about like pendulums as she moved down, and bounced back into their perky, ballooned forms when she stood upright again. While sheathing her blade, the woman began to look around. **“No traps? Curious...”**

Minamoto no Raikou was on the hunt. She was a Servant that had been summoned to a Singularity in Japan, one where she was fighting in a corrupted Waning Moon Ritual without a Master. It seemed that someone had orchestrated a reunion of sorts for



her. But this was all a far cry from what her perception of reality had been as Lucina. If a single memory from that life came to mind, she would have filtered it out at noise

All she cared about was finding *someone*. *Something*. And while she didn't realize it, it was actually the very same person she had been looking for *before* her transformation. It was just that *now*, that person was more of a rival or sworn enemy. “**Since you were summoned into this ritual as well, I'll put you down the same way I did last time. Huhuhu...**” ...Definitely more in the *sworn enemy* category, it seemed.

“WH-WHOA!?”



When Cynthia emerged from the portal, she had been expecting to see sights that were a little more, well, *visible*? But she had stepped into a space that was barely more illuminated than the portal she had traveled through. It appeared that she was in a cave based on the damp, rounded and rocky walls, with the only source of light being a campfire lit about twenty feet away. “**Lucina must have lit it!**” That was what she had assumed as she approached, her blue pigtails bobbing with each step.

But on the edge of the darkness, about eight feet from the fire, she had tripped over something rounded on the floor and stumbled *into* the light. It was only then that she had to reckon with the idea that maybe Lucina *hadn't* lit that fire. After all, there was blood and bones, albeit thankfully not human ones, scattered near the nearby front of the cave. “**Uh...?**” She slowly turned to look at what she had tripped over as well. A *huge*, blue spiked gourd that appeared to be full of some sort of drink.

“**Where am I? Is this... not Ylisse? Where is my sister!?**”

Cynthia had a *number* of questions, but she wasn't quite afforded the opportunity to *ask* them before she found herself gritting her teeth. “**What the—!?**” As it turned out, Lucina's transformation had possessed much *humbler* beginnings that had been difficult to notice, at least compared to what was about to befall her sister. The girl immediately felt *disturbed*, and her blood practically ran *cold*.

This was something that represented itself visually. The pink pigmentation of her flesh ended up draining away, leaving a complexion that was deathly pale and even with a tinge of *violet* to it? It felt eerily *inhuman*, but that was the nature of *all* of her earliest changes. The teeth that she clenched... her canine teeth sharpened into piercing fangs, and a pressure above either eye made her wince as it culminated into a pair of nubs that grew and grew, not splitting her skin but seeing it stretch around these would-be *horns* as the skin near the tips darkened to crimson red.

“D-Do I have horns!?” At the very least, Cynthia was quick to catch onto *that* reality. Her hands reached up to grab them, and they were smooth yet *sharp* – a reality she grappled with when she touched one of the tips with her index finger and it ended up drawing blood. **“Ouch!?”** As she often would when experiencing an injury on her hands, the girl brought the finger down to suck on it. She wasn’t fond of the taste of blood, but...

“Mm... delicious.” A dark purple color possessed her eyes as they blinked in surprise at the words she had just uttered. Had she really *meant* that? Since when had human blood appealed to her at all? Either way, the flavor was quickly masked by a— **“HIC!?”** –a *hiccup*. It carried the taste of a strong alcohol on it, leaving the girl even more disoriented and confused as a fuzzy warmth, the warmth of *intoxication*, began to hug her consciousness. **“This isn’t... hah... right. I need to find her...”** Her sister. *Her murderer.*

The buzz of alcohol in her head masked the inconsistency between how she viewed Lucina internally. Her eyes were narrowing to shapes similar to Raikou’s, and there were traits of a similar make across a paled face that became smaller and rounder. Poutier lips, a smaller nose, puffier cheeks – all in the service of making her appearance more like a young *Japanese* woman that was nowhere as aged as Raikou was. Even so, she *did* look like she was pushing *thirty* as red paint curved around the perimeter of her eyes.

Dark purple painted her hair, with her childish twin tails coming undone as the style shortened into a straight, chin-length bob with bangs that framed her eyes between her new horns. Downstairs? Her pubes were shaved clean away, leaving only pale skin about her loins. **“I need to find... a drink.”** Was that what she had been looking for? It felt like a more fruitful thing to think about than to dwell on a person that made her *upset*, even though that woman was still her sister... vaguely.

Contrary to that sister though, Cynthia was not blessed with much in the way of *growth*. The silver armor around her chest hid as much, but her

C-cup bosom was actually *shrinking*. White tits saw their skin tighten as their fat drained away and their nipples lost some of their puffiness, her breasts eventually shrinking until they were *A-cups* at best. But at least they were *very* perky. It wasn't really enough for her *to* notice, but as the next wave of changes occurred? "*Hm?*" Well, she didn't *ignore* them, but she didn't quite seem to grasp, or even care about grasping, what was actually happening to her.

Her eye level just *dropped*. Much like her sister, Cynthia had been of fairly average height for her age. Considering that her face looked *older* too, you might have assumed her height would have gone in the *opposite* direction. But it didn't. She plummeted instead, rapidly dropping down to 4'9" as her thigh high boots pressed in between her legs and crotch, and the tunic fell down past her knees. "*Hah?*" She sighed in a voice that had been deeper for a while, but now it was soft and free of any emotion. Very zen. But it also *reeked* of booze as the woman stumbled around like she was drunk... which she very much *was*.

"**Must be my imagination...**" That was how flippant she was about her sudden height loss, but then again she was trying not to think too hard about that *person who upset her*. It was funny though, because her breasts had clearly shrunk to better suit her smaller body. The humor came from the fact that her *ass and thighs* hadn't gotten the memo. That wasn't to say that they had grown instead, but rather? They had retained their original weight even though she had shrunk so much, meaning that weight appeared denser and thicker where it lingered. She may have been short, but she now had thighs thicker than her waist, and a heart-shaped ass that was *extra* cushiony.

Cynthia merely blinked as a flash of gold saw her surrounded by gold. Memories of her life as a princess had all but evaporate and replaced by memories that were much... more savage. Not only was booze a big craving of hers, but she couldn't stop thinking about the taste of her own blood. No, it hadn't been *her own* blood she craved. That wound had already healed beneath fingernails that had grown into claws. No, the taste she craved was *human* blood. But she recognized the trouble pursuing that craving would cause as well.

She merely sighed again as her petite, yet mature body was clothed once more by reconverging gold, though there wasn't very much left to the imagination. There was a dark, metallic material that covered her crotch and small breasts beneath everything else, with thin lines of this material creeping up the sides of her body to connect the two, while ultimately flowing into a collar around her neck. A short, purple kimono was open, reaching only to the top of her hips with huge, puffy sleeves tied with green ribbon and with dark pink patterns at the end of them.

The outfit was heavily accessorized despite its lackluster base. Bands of the same material that covered her loins wrapped around her feet, while shiny red ribbons were tied into bows around her ankles. Flexible black guards covered her knees and the surrounding leg, with Japanese mask decorations over her knees between stretches of red. A matching obi hugged her waist loosely, a green gem hung above her eyes, and a series of smaller gourds now hung under her right armpit.

“Hah...?” While she had become drunker and drunker as her body changed despite not even savoring a sip of alcohol, the oni could no longer resist the call of the gourd, which was nearly *half* the size of the woman’s short yet mature body. It must have weighed a ton considering its size and volume, but the monster picked it up with her small hands as if it was a mere trinket. Of course, *Shuten-Douji* treasured it far more than that.



She wasted no time as her gaze settled on her fire and the scraps from her dinner, downing the sweet nectar of the sake in her gourd before removing it with a satisfied **“Aaaah!”**. Based on her behavior, it was a little hard to believe that she was one of the Servants that had been summoned during the Waxing Moon Ritual, representing the Assassin class. But she was just simply *that* carefree. But that didn’t mean there wasn’t *something* on her mind.

That woman that she couldn’t help but think about. That monster of a woman that had *killed* her in the past. Minamoto no Raikou. To think that she had been her *sister* before – not that she even recalled that now. **“I wonder how long before *she* finds me? I’m more than prepared for that moment. Ufufu...”** The Assassin returned to the fireside and plopped down, crossing one plump thigh over the other before suckling her gourd again. She was patient.

In the end, regardless of the form, it seemed that the siblings would be reunited. But perhaps never as sisters again. That didn’t mean these two Japanese Servants couldn’t reconcile their differences... but what sort of relationship would blossom if they could even accomplish that? It seemed that no matter what, there would have to be a bloody altercation first.