

ANTONELLA'S BLADE

By SOPHIE93

Antonella was mid-sentence when the doorbell rang, startling her.

The cursor blinked on the screen, patiently waiting after the word underwear, while her fingers hovered over the keyboard, frozen in thought.

She blinked with both of her heads a few times, trying to remember what came next—but the idea she'd been chasing vanished the moment the sharp ring echoed through her apartment again.

"Ugh..." she groaned, shaking her heads and closing her notebook. "...my ideas are gone."

She wasn't expecting anyone and her phone hadn't lit up with any messages either. It was supposed to be a quiet afternoon—just her and the unfinished draft of her next story. She checked the clock: 3:42 pm. Too early for her food delivery, and her neighbors never rang the bell.

The bell rang again. This time longer.

Antonella sighed, pushed back her chair, and crossed the apartment wearing only a blouse with six long sleeves that barely covered her six breasts—and a pair of panties.

She opened the door slowly, peeking out with both heads—and froze when she saw Sophie and Lucy standing there, their shared body carrying rolled-up fabric, a portable sewing kit, and a sports bag practically bursting at the seams.

Antonella stood still for a moment, confused.

“Oh, hey girls!” she managed to say before the twins walked inside without hesitation.

“We brought a project,” Lucy said with a knowing wink.

“And snacks,” Sophie added, triumphantly holding up a bag of spicy chips.

“A project?” Antonella closed the door and, with her free hands, tried to cover herself a little more with her flimsy outfit.

“Yep!” Lucy said cheerfully as they dropped their bags onto the table. “We saw on your online profile that you just finished StellarBlade.”

“And we thought—what if we made you a cosplay? One you could pose in. By the way, yo look sexy like that,” Sophie added, winking and gesturing toward Antonella.

Antonella blushed. “A cosplay of Eve? The tight explorer outfit? That thing would be a nightmare to get over my tail and all these arms.”

“Nope!” Lucy said, wagging a finger while Sophie started unpacking the sewing kit with their other arms. “We’re going with Crimson Wings.”

Antonella turned completely red. “That outfit... shows way too much skin.”

“Exactly,” Sophie said, pulling a fake but real size sword out of the bag—an exact replica of the one Eve uses in the game.

Antonella stepped closer, intrigued, and held the sword with her six hands. “I honestly don’t know how you manage to get this level of detail.”

“Experience,” Sophie said.

“And practice,” Lucy added.

The twins rummaged through the bag and pulled out the long red dress, holding it up.

“Look—we already tailored it a bit so you can get all your arms through the sides comfortably,” Lucy explained.

Antonella held the soft silk fabric with two hands, brushing her fingers across the embroidered details. “Wow... this is really impressive.”

“So? What are you waiting for?” Lucy grinned.

Antonella nodded. “Okay. I’m not going to waste your hard work. I’ll go try it on.”

“Wait...” Sophie stopped her, pulling out a lacy red thong. “This is part of the look.”

Antonella’s cheeks flared again as she nodded with both heads and took the thong, disappearing into her room to change.

She walked over to the bed and removed her blouse, leaving her six breasts bare. Then she used her lower arms to slowly slide off her panties—just as the door creaked open behind her.

“AHHH!” she yelped, looking behind with her tail head to see Sophie and Lucy entering, her six arms scrambling to cover herself.

The twins didn’t seem fazed, both holding various accessories in their four hands.

“We forgot to give you the hairpiece,” Sophie said casually.

“And this goes on a few of your hands. Oh, and a necklace for your tail,” Lucy added.

“You two never respect my privacy,” Antonella pouted with both mouths “You always do this!”

Lucy’s eyes wandered playfully across her body. “There’s nothing

here we haven’t seen before,” she said, biting her lower lip. Sophie just laughed.

“Don’t say it like that! You make it sound like we’ve had wild sex nights,” Antonella protested, grabbing the accessories—accidentally uncovering more of herself in the process.

“Do you want to have wild sex nights?” Lucy teased.

Antonella froze. “W-W-What?!”

The twins burst out laughing.

“Leave her alone, sis,” Sophie said.

“She’s just so adorable when she blushes like that,” Lucy added. “Come on, try it on...”

Antonella quickly pulled on the red thong and then slipped the dress over her head. Threading all three pairs of arms through the openings took some effort, and the fit wasn’t perfect—her last pair of arms felt restricted, and the collar pinched a little while the shoulders sagged.

“Wait, we can fix that,” Sophie said, stopping her gently.

“Let us take proper measurements first,” Lucy added, already holding a tape measure.

Antonella exhaled slowly, feeling the warmth in her cheeks again as she pulled the dress back up.

“Can you at least give me something to wear while you measure me?” she muttered.

“Nope!” Lucy said with a grin, looping the tape around Antonella’s neck. “It’d mess with the fit. Don’t worry—we’re professionals.”

“Professionals at finding excuses to see me naked,” Antonella grumbled, pulling off the thong and standing fully nude again.

“I get the feeling part of you doesn’t mind,” Sophie chuckled.
“Besides, you have an incredible body, we can’t risk getting wrong measurements, right?”

Antonella didn’t answer, just blushed deeper and turned her heads away as she extended her six arms outward to let them work.

“Perfect, just hold still,” Lucy said, measuring from her neck down past her torso, letting the tape slide between Antonella’s six breasts and toward her crotch with practiced ease.

“Careful!” Antonella squeaked, squeezing her thighs together.

“Oops. Sorry,” Lucy said, grinning as they measured her waist and hips. Soon, both twins were kneeling, measuring the curve of Antonella’s lower back and the base of her tail.

“We’ll need to adjust the panties to make space for the tail,” Sophie noted. Lucy nodded in agreement.

Antonella started to relax and smiled. Maybe this wasn’t so bad.

“You’re not actually enjoying being naked in front of us, are you?”

Lucy noticed Antonella’s faces as she teased as she took the last few measurements.

“Are you saying you enjoy being naked in front of us?” Lucy said, laughing and taking the final measurements.

“Oh, sure,” Antonella rolled her eyes. “Being exposed while two conjoined seamstresses fondle me with their four hands is every mutant girl’s dream.”

“When you put it like that...” Lucy smirked. “It doesn’t sound so bad.”

Antonella laughed despite herself, still trying to shield parts of her body as best she could.

Antonella couldn't help but laugh, even though she was still trying to cover herself as best she could.

“How much longer?”

“Just a sec,” Sophie said, standing to measure her back and tail length. “Got it. We’re all set.”

“Can I get dressed now?” Antonella asked, pulling her arms in again.

“Are you cold?” Sophie asked sweetly.

“N-No... but—” she turned redder.

“Then stay just like that while we finish the edits,” Sophie grinned.



“Call it payment for your free cosplay,” Lucy added.

Antonella groaned but waited while they stitched the adjustments. Soon they returned, holding the updated dress.

“Want help putting it on?” Sophie asked with a smirk.

“NO!” Antonella replied, taking the suit and thong from their hands and starting to put it on.

Minutes later, Antonella was posing fully dressed with the sword in one of her many hands and wearing the accessories. Her expression and pose were both innocent and striking—perfect for the character.

Sophie and Lucy were speechless.

“Well?” Antonella twirled slowly. “How do I look?”

“You’re... stunning,” Sophie said, visibly proud.

“It fits you perfectly,” Lucy added.

“So, what now?” Antonella asked.

The twins rushed to grab their phones, taking several pictures of her.

“There! Now you can post it online,” Lucy said, already sending her the best one.

“We’re keeping the rest for ourselves,” Sophie said.

Antonella raised an eyebrow. “I’m a little concerned about what you’re planning to do with those...”

“Nothing weird, promise,” Lucy winked.

“Let’s make something to eat,” Sophie suggested.

“But keep the cosplay on,” Lucy said, laughing.

Antonella sighed, but smiled at them with both heads. “Fine—but you’ll have to cook.”

The twins protested in unison “Oh, come on!”

“We made the cosplay, and now you want us to cook too?” Sophie pouted.

“Call it payment for modeling while we eat,” Antonella said, casually flipping her hair with one hand.

Sophie and Lucy sighed in sync. “Fine... fine.”

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