

NINBLINGS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph glared at something that very much *didn't* belong on his computer desk. Based on what he had seen in ninja-related anime and video games, it was one of those traditional scrolls that you often saw them using, right? You know, the kind that they learned jutsus and stuff from? But while he could more or less assume *what* it was, what was just as perplexing was *how* it had ended up there in the first place.

He kept his room locked, which meant the only way it could have ended up in there was if he had brought it in himself in the first place. He hadn't, else he wouldn't have been suffering this moment of confusion in the first place. Had it been transported in through his window? No, he kept that locked too. *So how?*

The truth of the matter was that he'd been paid a visit by a very bored nekomata.

“Okay... But worst case it's just a scroll, right? It should be fine if I open it?” Maybe the reason why it was there, or *how* it was there, was scrawled upon the parchment itself? It was the only real lead that he had, short of calling the police. And somehow he had a feeling that they wouldn't *quite* be of service under these bizarre circumstances. If anything they would probably just assume he'd pranked them if they even showed up at all.

With an anxious sigh, he approach his desk and picked up the scroll with a single hand. He didn't have any expectations for what he might find when he unraveled it, but after struggling to, and eventually succeeding in doing so, he found himself even more disappointed than ever. **“Is that a *dragon*? Well, this answers *zero* questions.”** A

dark blue emblem in the shape of a dragon, to be specific. Despite the three foot long length of the scroll, that was all that had been recorded upon it. And yet despite its mundane presence, that emblem began to *glow*. And so did his computer monitor nearby. “**Hu-?**”

Joseph wasn't even able to finish his *Huh* before his monitor's light consumed him, and he found himself standing in a dark, cold room with a glassless window. The light of day filtered in, but looking around at what was clearly an archaic, if not slightly feminine room design, he had far more questions now than before he'd opened the scroll. Such as: “**What the hell!?**” and “**How is this even possible!?**”. Both of which were *very* fair questions, all things considered.

Stunned as he was, it had *not* escaped his notice that he was still clutching onto the scroll – which he was assuming was the source of this strange situation in the first place. Not only had it appeared in his room mysteriously, but it had made *him* appear somewhere else mysteriously to boot!

The strangest aspect of it all was that somehow the room felt familiar in a nostalgic sense. Like he had been here before plenty of times. Like he had plenty of *memories* within? But that was impossible of course, for this was his first time ever being here seeing as this probably wasn't even his *world*, if not *year* based on the medieval look to the gray brick walls and floor. “**I don't get it. Just what happened? Am I dreaming?**”

If it was a dream, had he consumed any media as of late that would lead to such a sight? They always said dreams tended to have deeper meanings, so he could only imagine what *this* meant. Too bad it wasn't actually a dream.

Would eyes begin to glow red in a dream? Well, okay, *maybe*. But this wasn't a dream, and his eyes really *were* glowing crimson! It was something that predated a coming shift, one that passively ate away at any of the excess mass upon his body so that his frame became as trim as could be. He'd always had a little bit of extra mass to his body, so it wouldn't have been a change that he would complain about if he'd even noticed.

Joseph hadn't, though. He didn't even take note of the fact that he was growing physically *fitter* to boot, muscles taking on new tone against his lither frame. None of it was so dramatic that it affected the fit of his outfit though, at least not *yet*. Nay, instead the more subtle of what amounted to typically impossible changes continued to spread, slowly adjusting him in a way that would make things less chaotic later on.

The color of his hair was one such subtle change. Silvery shades erupted midst his darker colors, claiming every strand with ease. It contrasted the olive color of his skin and dyed everything from his pubes to his whispers. Though any facial findings didn't last very long, not before they were pruned to leave his skin softer than ever. When it came to the hair about his loins, it shortened some and looked generally better maintained as well.

One of these small changes was more peculiar than the rest, however. And that was saying a *lot* considering pretty much this *entire* situation was peculiar. But a look at Joseph's ears saw them getting tugged back ever so slightly, lobes forming pronounced points that certainly looked a little strange for the ears of a human. Perhaps they'd look normal on some kind of fantasy race, but the young man hailed from a world where humans were the only sentient civilization.

“Wow! Weird time for a dizzy spell! ...Can you have dizzy spells in your dreams, actually?” A good question, but Joseph wasn't really *dizzy*. He'd mistaken the feeling of being off-balance with being dizzy, and the cause of that imbalance was pretty darn plain to anyone paying attention. It was mostly thanks to his vertical balance, which had been imperiled by his vertical height.

More plainly speaking – he was *shrinking*.

A fact that Joseph was oblivious to not because he couldn't have noticed, but because he had more pressing things to deal with. Like not falling flat on his face, for example. Hands stretched out to the sides to keep him upright, and while they rested there it was simple to see how his sleeves were creeping past his wrists. Whether it was those arms or his legs, he was losing enough height so that he settled around the 5'5" mark – and considering he was usually around 6', that was pretty substantial.

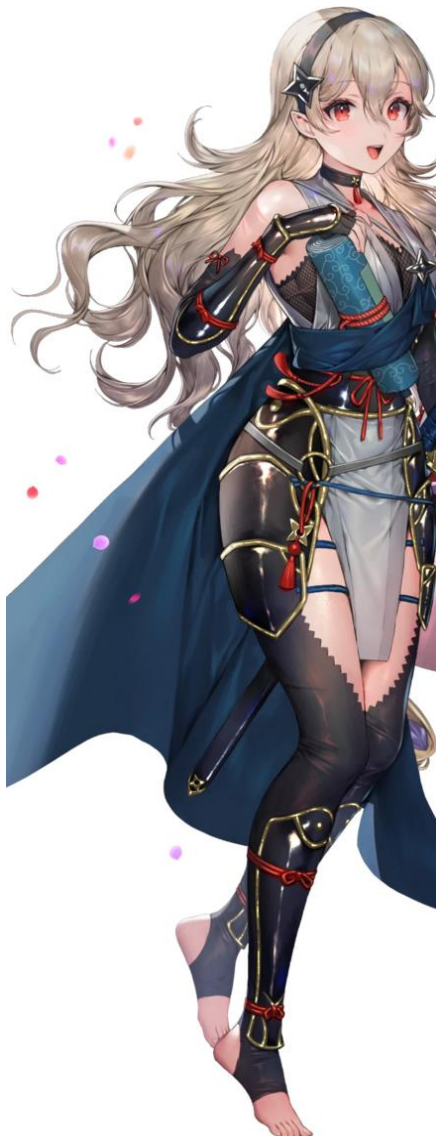
“...Eh?” His voice just a touch higher, the moment his balance was restored he just stared blankly at his surroundings. Not only did the room seem bigger, but his clothes... **“Ehhhhhh?”** With his arms drooped back down, his shirt almost slid clean off! He wasn't even sure how his pants remained pinned!

Well, there *was* an explanation for that. Joseph had lost plenty in terms of height, but all of that excess mass had to go *somewhere*, right? For the most part it been pushed into the gait bound by his legs. What this meant was that his hips had been pushed wider than his shoulders, and so his jeans were just barely lipped over their edges to remain upright, bunching around his ankles aside.

“Did I... *shrink*?” Honestly, he was still too confused by his height loss to worry too much about how he was thickening south of his waistline. But thighs that had become toned by muscle bloated several inches with soft fat, and once they were completed, the excess was pushed into the tender cheeks of his derriere. This left him with a bubbled ass that made good use of the extra space in his pants.

Moving north, his waist had pinked in ever so slightly to flow more naturally – and more girlishly – into those widened hips, while just above his tummy? Nipples temporarily itched before rising to rub up against the interior of his shirt, and then rising further as plump tissue beneath saw rise to his chest. Breasts, masked by his oversized clothing, cleanly sprouted into a pair of C-cups. Were he to think about their size at that point, he might unintentionally think something along the lines of *‘If only they were closer to my sister’s size’*.

That was because his psyche was bending now. **“Was I always this size...?”** His voice much airier and feminine, Joseph’s understanding of



of the situation was clearly changing. The room looked familiar, and his body didn’t feel as strange as it had before. It also number him to noticing the continuous shifts that stole away the last of his old identity, such as the lengthening of silver locks down his back or the fact that his olive skin tone gradually lightened into a soft cream. Not even his face remained the same, for features rearranged to give him thick lips that seem to constantly smile, to round eyes, to soft cheeks.

He looked every part the woman that he had, well, *become*. For short of a soft and short moan, *she* did not narrate any fanfare regarding how her sex was changed. No longer did a dick and balls exist, but a pussy better suited to the sex his appearance now represented.

“My head feels so...” Cloudy? That was intentional. It would gradually clear, but not before her whole clothing situation was taken care of. The cloudiness forced her eyes shut, and in that moment a flash of light from the scroll on the floor saw her loose-fitting,

modern ensemble replaced by an outfit befitting of a ninja. One that showed off her juicy thighs and bare feet. In fact she couldn't even *imagine* wearing shoes now.

How strange!

It took a moment for the grogginess in her head to wane, but before long Princess *Corrin* managed to regain her composure. Or, well, at least as much composure as she could muster all things considered. Two realities had collided: one where she was a young man from another world, and one where she was a princess with dragon's blood that was presently undergoing ninja training of all things with her younger sister.

Which reality was true? Could they both be? Perhaps, but it was only human nature to lean into the one that made the most sense. And so she had settled on the latter, filing away the former as some unusual dream. **"But where is Elise...? Oh no! Don't tell me...!"** Kagero had offered to train them, but from what she could recall there was one training exercise that her little sister struggled with. Hopefully she hadn't been left behind...

Going back to men having zero idea why they had ended up in a medieval landscape, there had been the arrival of Axel. In fact he had arrived some *hours* before Joseph, but had not been gifted the convenience of being placed into a bedroom with a working door and window. No, instead the young man had found himself nestled within a very, very deep hole. He could make out the walls of a castle or fort – or at least one of those walls – vaguely by looking up, but that didn't really give him clues as to *where* he was or *why*.

The pit he'd been deposited into in question was one much too deep for him to climb out of, and considering he was a bigger fellow he hadn't even *tried*. The best he had managed to do was call for help, and his voice was already pretty hoarse from doing *that*. Fortunately a rickety bench had been left down there to rest upon, but was help ever coming?

No sooner than he had wondered that did something fall into the dirt from below, forcing him to look up. There was a woman looking down at him with long hair, red eyes, and pointed ears. Was that... a Corrin cosplayer? It must have been, right? **"Use that! Then you'll be able to get out!"** It certainly *sounded* like Corrin too, but she skittered off before he could ask any questions. If that had been the genuine article, then it seemed perhaps a *certain nekomata* was at it again.

"Er..." Would it be safe to interact with what she had dropped, then? Axel would have pondered this longer, except he didn't *need* to. It was a

scroll, it had opened from the fall, and a flower print upon it had begun to glow. “**Great.**”

Because of the victim in this case, the scroll being used was one bearing much more potent magic. It was different when the target knew the logistics behind what was happening because they could think of ways to resist – and that was really *no fun*, now was it? And so it immediately targeted Axel’s mind and ego. “**Wow! That light is so pretty and pink! N-No! That isn’t what’s important here! But...**” The words he blurted out weren’t exactly things he’d wanted to say. Well, they *were*, but just not what he *should* have wanted to say. It almost sounded childish, and was his voice getting a *lot* higher?

The man wobbled to and fro while standing on the dirt, head clouding much sooner than Joseph had been forced to deal with. Perhaps it was for the best though, because it kept him quiet as the more dramatic of changes happened first and foremost. His body shrinking came before anything else, his almost six-foot height dropping down to a meager 4’10” over only a few moments. This meant his limbs were shorter and his torso stouter, but it also came with small hands and feet. “**Whoa...!**”

Perhaps a benefit was the weight loss that was provided along with his height drop. He had always considered himself to be a little too round in the belly, and all excess weight was trimmed from him until he was just as thin as he was short. A benefit, yet not one he could appreciate with his mind how it was. Axel was utterly at the mercy of the scroll’s curse and was unable to bat much of an eyelash at anything – even though his pants had fallen to the ground, and he was wearing his shirt like a gown.

In fact, he hadn’t simply become smaller, but younger as well. Dipping from his late twenties, well over a decade was shaved from his person. The boundless energy of youth came back to him, and his complexion looked much healthier. With cheeks rounder and eyes wider, he certainly seemed as if he had regressed back into his early teens.

But there was something keenly androgynous about him as he appeared now. It wasn’t an issue that would have even been less apparent if he wasn’t clothed – at least not initially. But the architecture of his thinned figure was subtly shifting. Whether it was his hips jutting out with just a little more pronunciation than would be typically applicable for a boy, or a slight curve to his waist that suggested what one day might grow – there was a building theme of femininity, that he would inevitably turn female.

That inevitability came so soon that it was hardly even worth waiting. *She* showed no visual nor made any audio cues about it, almost feeling high in how groggy she felt, but Axel’s nether regions were rearranged

so that they were *not* befitting of a boy, but of the opposite sex. And to better represent this, so too did the front of her oversized shirt grow vaguely, ultimately revealing that a very petite pair of A-cups had come to sprout where none had been before. In five or six years those would most certainly grow in, but for now they were merely tokens representing what would eventually come.

Axel's face, already rounded by her returned youth, crashed directly into a more feminine shape now that her sex was 'corrected'. Vaguely chubby cheeks appeared rounder and her lips a little more pronounced and glossier. It was her eyes that stole the show though, becoming bigger, rounder, and all and all? *Cuter*. She was looking more and more adorable with each passing moment!

Those eyes soon found themselves alight with a new color though. A bright purple that complimented some streaks that showed themselves midst her dark hair. Each streak was only *really* noticeable because the hair itself was growing, spilling in a mess of curls right down the girl's back that fell to her ankles. Its darker colors were given no choice but to ultimately lighten into a brilliant blonde, and after something compelled the little lady to close her eyes?

That mess of hair had been styled and bound into a pair of twin tail drills bound by red and black ribbons. In fact, she no longer was burdened by the inconvenience of her old outfit. It had been replaced by a sleeveless, black *Hoshidan* top with pink shorts underneath, while fingerless, armored gloves and matching sandals found her limbs. It was all topped off by a big, red scarf and a red obi that was tied around her waist, as well as kunai-shaped earrings within her lobes.

Elise was in awe of how bubbly and energetic she felt. She wasn't burdened with the same memory issues as Corrin had been, simply because she wasn't as mentally developed as her older sister. It was a step that had been taken to *prevent* her from remembering, because the culprit behind their transformations knew that Axel would have tried to



break free of it all had she retained *any* memories of her past. **“Was I actually stuck down here? But getting out should be so easy breezy!”**

Demonstrating this, she bounded up into the air, stepping onto the wall of the pit before leaping up at the opposite wall. Again and again she soared, before finally jumping out of the pit’s maw and landing in the arms of her dragon-blooded sibling. **“I did it, big sister!”** She gave Corrin a big old hug. She had been struggling with the pit test for so long, but she had finally overcome it!

In her sister’s warm embrace, she could feel Corrin patting her head. **“You did! Kagero will be so proud! So? Shall we go get some lunch? I bet you’re hungry!”**

Boy, was she ever!