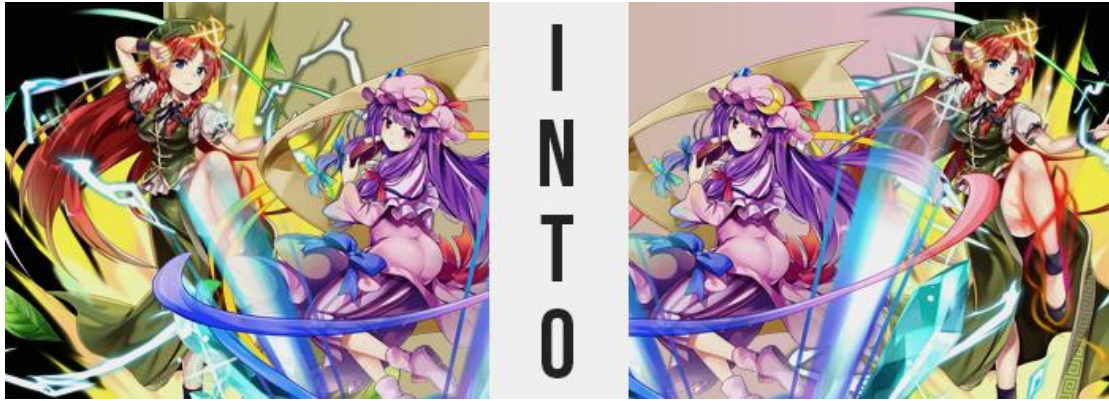


YOUKAI FLIP II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Seija Kijin was *not* a youkai that was easily satiated.

Even though she had already snuck into the Scarlet Devil Mansion, and even though she had already swapped the lives of its vampire mistress and youkai maid for a light chuckle, she was satisfied with that alone. She was somewhat immature and *very* easily amused – which were perhaps traits that were incredibly toxic for an amanojaku of all youkai to have. Her power was too versatile, even if the power to ‘turn over anything’ sounded very limited on its head. Well, she’d already demonstrated within the mansion’s walls just how versatile it could be.

“Who else was there to swap in this mansion? The librarian girl, right?” That was one potential target. She’d only peeked into the oversized library by chance when she had first snuck in and had seen that woman floating about. She seemed to be too distracted by what she was reading to have noticed Seija at the time. But if she wanted to swap her nature, she needed a second target. **“And then there was the youkai guarding the gate, right?”** The one that looked like she was from China!

All she had to do wait for the right moment. Could she bring them together somehow?

“That was a *weird* experience!” Hong Meiling admittedly wasn’t the sharpest tool in the shed, and that was by her *own* admission. As the youkai responsible for guarding the gate of the Scarlet Devil Mansion, all she really *had* to be was strong. She was a talented danmaku user, but an even *more* talented martial artist for those potential invaders

that didn't care much for the rules of Gensokyo. It was for problems like *that* that Remilia trusted her to handle more than anything. What she was complaining mumbling about as she exited the mansion back into the courtyard had nothing to do with her job, though.



There'd been a strange *voice* that had beckoned her to the library. Any normal youkai would have been a little more *cautious* about following mysterious voices than that, but again, Meiling wasn't always the brightest. She'd checked the library as instructed, only to get shooed away by Patchouli, the librarian, who claimed she "**Must be losing it**" because she hadn't seen or heard anything.

She'd only been in the library for a few minutes, but that was all Seija had really *needed*. The two had been close enough proximity for her to activate her powers on them, and it became a matter of triggering them once they were out of sight of anyone else. The courtyard was vacant because it was early morning, so even though there *were* risks of someone seeing? It would have to do. The chance of it happening was *probably* low enough!

"Oh well, not a big deal!" Regardless of how awkward her run-in with Patchouli had been, Meiling wasn't the type of woman to sweat the small stuff. She'd just shrug it off and get back to what she was doing in her typical 'head empty' manner. Patchouli was the brains and Meiling was the brawns! Maybe that why they didn't always see eye-to-eye? No, that was *definitely* the reason.

The issue was that something about this dynamic was being *challenged*; namely the part where Meiling was the 'brawn'. The green, Chinese-style dress that she wore covered up most of her body aside from her face and forearms, so it was usually pretty difficult to tell just how muscular she actually was unless she was kicking. But she *was* very muscular. It didn't show as much in her arms, but her abs and pecs were defined along with the bulk of her thighs, which showed through her dress's slit whenever she raised her leg to kick.

But as she walked across the courtyard towards the gate, the young-looking woman found her pace slowing. Her body wasn't quite moving as she expected it to. The movements almost felt more *labored*? And it reached the point where she slowed her pace and eventually *stopped*. By

that point, she was breathing somewhat heavily. Had she been *winded* from simply walking? “**What the? It’s like I haven’t walked anywhere in a while!**” *Some* youkai opted to fly everywhere like Patchouli, and as a result her body wasn’t in the best shape.

But that was effectively Meiling’s issue. As she’d been walking, all of her body’s muscular build had softened and melted away. Whether it was her limbs or her torso, there was no part of her body that was now muscular enough for those muscles to show. In fact, the *opposite* had happened in some places. Her tummy had softened *so* much that her tummy had developed a slight, pudgy bump that lipped over her pelvis, and there was a bit of flab to her arms. It also had the uncanny effect of making her butt and boobs appear *slightly* larger... but more on that later.

“**Eh? Wait. Why do I feel so... so... *weak?***” That *sounded* like the type of claim that the woman would energetically cry out about in a panic, but her reaction ended up sounding much more *reserved*. Furthermore, she began to doubt that what she had just said was even wrong. *Why would I not be weak? It’s not like I exercise... Not like I care.* That just *wasn’t* true. She had cared *immensely* about maintaining her strength. But now? That strength just wasn’t there.

The fit of the redhead’s dress had already been affected by her loss of muscle, but it appeared to ‘grow’ even larger on her frame as the seconds ticked by. She was idling in the same spot not that she found herself both catching her breath and unmotivated to continue forward on foot, and as she stood there? Her eye level began to dip down a number of inches. She probably lost about *three* of them on the whole; not enough to say it was a striking difference, but still enough to make the chubby parts of her body look all the chubbier

And it served to worsen her fatigue, as well. She definitely didn’t *look* like a martial artist when it came to her build. “**...Why would I practice martial arts? Or... Did I? I’m not a musclehead like *her.***” The more that Meiling bothered to speak, the more eloquent and well-read she sounded alongside exhibiting a level-headed calm. She didn’t really *sound* much like Meiling at all. The fact that she looked increasingly *less* like the gatekeeper only served to drive that point home.

You could see it in her face, too. Her cheeks puffed out until they were slightly rounder than before, whereas her lips thinned and her nose shrunk. Her eyes, on the other hand, darkened to purple in color while their eyelids rounded to become more consistent with most of the other denizens of the Scarlet Devil Mansion – that is to say that she looked more like a woman of *Caucasian* descent.

There was no longer a point in denying the fact that she looked like the mansion's librarian, and those similarities only spread into her *hair* from there. The neat red strands of Meiling's mane shifted in hue as if someone had dropped a splash of blue into them, ultimately turning them into a rich purple coloring instead. They grew slightly longer in length too, but it was their *volume* that stood out more. They became thick and fluffy, without any damage that could have been caused by the harsh sunlight as if she always stayed inside.

In fact, her complexion had paled to suggest something similar in the interim.

Before her clothing could be adjusted to fit her new form, weight accumulated within her breasts and ass to make certain that they became even *fuller*. Her breasts bloated to DD-cups, sagging very slightly from their own heft beneath the dress, while her ass swelled into a pair of *very* full cheeks that were rendered on full display just seconds later as her *clothes* were swapped out for the librarian's.

In an instant she was left wearing a long pink dress over a pair of striped, purple pants. It all looked more like a set of pajamas than anything, and the pink nightcap with a crescent moon ornament and red and blue ribbons didn't help. Those ribbons appeared elsewhere too, like in the hair tied at the sides of her head, or around the hips of her dress. That gown was tight enough that you could totally make out the crevice of her own ass through the fabric.

And just like that, any doubts she had about her own identity were dispelled.

“...Why am I out in the courtyard?” *To guard the gate? Like I'd lower myself to doing Meiling's work.* The words of *Patchouli Knowledge* were uttered sleepily. For someone as *smart* as she was, the gap in her memory was a little disturbing. Hadn't she just been *talking* to Meiling? And then she'd left the library, right? So, how was it that she was the one standing out in the courtyard so early in the morning? There were a few



minutes she couldn't recall. **"Were we swapped?"**

That *was* the correct answer, but not in the way *she* was thinking. She was assuming the two of them had been teleported to one another's positions, perhaps, whereas they had simply been transformed into each other. There was no way for the new librarian to piece this together on her own, though. She simply yawned and began to float. Her destination? That much was obvious.

"...Whatever, I'll ask Remi about it later. For now, I want to finish reading that book."



The *real* (or original) Patchouli Knowledge hadn't moved at all before her own transformation began. **"What a strange thing to happen..."** She'd certainly been a little put off by Meiling suddenly barging in like that. She *did* sometimes make rounds through the various rooms of the mansion to make sure everything was secure, but she also *never* did it first thing in the morning. She knew better than to interrupt the librarian while she was reading, too.

Admittedly, she had been a little snippy towards the martial artist as a result. It was a *good book!* Very informative! ...Even though she'd read it before, just like every other book in the grand library. In the end, whether or not Meiling was hearing voices wasn't really her concern so long as the library remained undisturbed. And now that she was gone— **"Ah?"** That line of thinking was disturbed by the book slipping from her fingers and falling to the ground well below her, since she'd been floating.

"Strange. I'm not normally this clumsy." Patchouli didn't typically *allow* herself to be. She certainly wasn't physically fit in any meaningful way, but she could at least *hold a book without dropping it*. It was certainly possible that she had become distracted and the book has slipped out of her fingertips as a result, but when was the last time *that* had happened? She hadn't even dropped her book when Meiling had smashed through the library door just five minutes prior.

She didn't immediately descend to pick the book up. She'd been floating about twenty feet in the air in the first place, and the book had *already* hit the floor. It didn't matter how quickly she descended; the damage was *already* done. That was what made *it* weird; a realization that had struck the librarian all of a sudden. "...**Why am I descending?**" Patchouli definitely hadn't directed her magic to do it, and so the only other thing that could really do so was a change in weight or balance? Neither of which had changed to her knowledge.

The '*to her knowledge*' part of that sentence was doing a lot of heavy lifting, however. It was a moot point if she didn't have any knowledge of it in the first place. If, say, maybe her body had *grown* slightly? That would have been enough for her to slowly sink, and that *was* what had happened. She had gained *three inches* of height, which incidentally was the same amount that Meiling was losing elsewhere at roughly the same time.

"**Hm... What could cause this phenomenon? I suppose if I applied the... *the... Eh?***" Something was wrong. She understood that on some level. Patchouli fancied herself to be well-read and very intelligent as a result. She *knew* that she should have known how to analyze a magical discrepancy like that, but she couldn't *remember*. It was like that knowledge was just *gone* all of a sudden. *What if I try throwing a kick at it!?* ...Why would *that* do anything? "**What am I, an idiot?!**"

Tragically, the answer to that question was becoming *debatable*. If she'd been in her right mind, her intellect intact, then why did she not notice that her *voice* had changed? It didn't occur to her that there was more volume and pep to her words? She was a low energy individual that didn't like to raise her voice at *all*, and yet she just had. It appeared to play hand-in-hand with the sigh of the blue being extracted from her purple hair, rendering the color of her mane a thinner yet familiar bright *red* instead. Eventually, the ribbons wrapped in it came undone with the thickness of the locks they wrapped around diminished.

Considering what had happened to Meiling, there was no point in beating around the bush. The librarian was beginning to look increasingly like the gatekeeper. The shapes of her eyes narrowed into more almond-like shapes while speckles of emerald green eventually overtook the purple of her irises. Those eyes plainly belonged to a woman of *Chinese* descent, and she was bestowed thicker lips and a slightly longer nose as part of this racial transition. Her face was simply a little longer and thinner on the whole.

But this thinness was beginning to permeate through the *whole* of her body. The little tummy pouch that Patchouli possessed tightened

against her stomach, as did the flab in her arms and thighs until you could make out the etching of her muscles rippling beneath. She became *stronger*, with a toned tummy, rippling thighs, and a denser buttocks. But while she was largely *thinner* as a result, she was actually *heavier* due to the condensed nature of this muscle. It didn't matter that the shapes of her breasts firmed and shrunk ever-so-slightly if less visual muscle actually weighed more than the fat that had been there before.

In the meantime? Her head spun. She felt like she was forgetting things. A *lot* of things. Important things. But she also couldn't conjure them to her mind regardless of how hard she concentrated. **"Everyone says I'm an idiot, so..."** Did everyone say that? It did feel wrong somehow, but she also couldn't remember anything to the contrary. There was no way anyone had ever called her *smart* at least. **"Oh well! If I can't remember, it probably wasn't important!"** It was easier just to shrug it off!

As a result, her hovering in the air was declining even faster. She couldn't have been any higher than ten feet in the air at this point, with her legs sticking out farther from her dress now that she was a little taller. Along with her shoulders being broader and her hips narrower, this meant that the pajamas she typically wore weren't exactly fitting her frame properly as she dipped below the five-foot mark in terms of flight.

But just before she would be forced to have her feet touch the ground? In a blink, her outfit was swapped with the woman she had become. A green, Chinese-style dress with short, puffy white sleeves clad her body, split into a skirt and a vest around the shirt that proved those sleeves. She likewise wore martial arts shoes and a Chinese-style cap that was the same green as her body.

"Eh? Eh? Ehhhhh?" It was quite a shock for *Hong Meiling* to suddenly find herself 'back' in the library with her feet planted firmly on the ground. Of course, that wasn't technically what had just happened to her, but it was how Seija's powers had forced her to grapple with what had actually been the library's transformation into the martial artist. For better or for worse (and that was subjective), she had become a lot more carefree and a lot less... *intelligent*.



Even if she hadn't completely forgotten about her transformation, there was no way that Meiling would have been able to piece the truth together. **"How'd I end up back in the library!? And where'd Miss Patchouli go!?"** From her own perspective, that was probably the strangest thing about it all. She almost *never* saw the librarian outside of her library. Then again, it was so big that there were plenty of places where she could have been hiding.

In the end? Meiling decided not to think too hard about it and shrugged it off. It wasn't like worrying about it would help her find any answers, and suddenly ending up in the library again hadn't really caused any *harm*. She could just head out through the door and return to the courtyard. If anything, she just hoped that Remilia hadn't noticed that she was missing! ...Or that any wayward youkai had slipped inside in the meantime.

...Shouldn't she have been a little more concerned about the idea that someone could have teleported her so they could slip in unnoticed?

Seija tragically hadn't been able to watch both transformations unfold at the same time, but she *had* watched Patchouli's within the library with interest. She ended up tailing the new gatekeeper once she left, only to find both of the youkai crossing paths in the hallways. Much to her own amusement, neither of them appeared to really address the situation and just continued on their way. Well, Meiling *almost* said something, but Patchouli had shot her a glare before she could.

"This is fun!" As it turned out, it *had* been just as amusing the second time! So amusing that she was contemplating doing it a third? **"But who else is left in this mansion? Did I see anyone else...?"** She hadn't *seen* anyone technically, but she *had* overheard a rumor that there was another vampire... held in the basement? And while not directly *in* the mansion, there were also plenty of fairies outside of it. Maybe she could make something like that work?

Or perhaps there *was* someone inside that she had somehow missed other than this supposed potential vampire?