

FAMILY FOR VIVIAN

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Vivian Banshee wasn't really *alone*.

She knew that well. She had her fellow Mockingbird and friend, Hugo, along with Lord Phaethon and her other peers. They all cared about her very much and wished the best for her, even *with* the 'curse' that she carried. The fact that she could see the future, and only tragedies, meant that people were often wary of her. For a while she had avoided forming relationships with others altogether because of it, and of course there had been those days when she had been a member of the Exaltists too.

But there was a part of her that would sometimes feel like *something* was missing. A proper family. A mother, a father, *siblings*; all things that she'd long ago lost, or it was more like she had never had them in the first place. What would it have been like, though? Hugo was very much like her big brother in a way, but it wasn't like she could ever hope to have parents at this point shy of being adopted.

"I wish I knew what it was like to have a sister again though." Strolling along the beach under a starry sky, Vivian made an innocent wish while thinking about Landon and Dina. Dina might have been the closest thing she'd ever *had* to a sister, but things had ended *very* poorly because of their shared history with the Exaltists. On some level, the Mockingbird had been thinking of being given a second chance somehow.

Little did she know that a wish-granting star had streaked across the night sky at the same time.



Belle, one half of the Proxy group famously known as *Phaethon*, had been within the comfort of her bedroom on the upper floor of Random Play at roughly the same time. After over a month at Yunkui Summit, she was happy to be home, spending a weekend at her own home and in her own bed. She'd yet to bother getting ready *for* bed and was still in her usual outfit while sitting on the small couch in her bedroom. The credits finally rolled after an evening curled up with a bowl of popcorn. **"I'll always argue that this movie is a classic, even if it isn't Wise's cup of tea!"**

You'd think it *would* be too, seeing as it was a movie about the bond between two siblings. She'd always been very close to her brother... *but* their tastes in movies tended to vary greatly with only some overlap. **"Maybe Vivian would appreciate it more? After all, she's a great *little sister!*"** No sooner than the words had left her mouth did the young woman raise an eyebrow. **"Wait. *What did I just say? I guess she's like Hugo's little sister, but I dunno...*"**

It felt like she was saying it in a very *personal* way? Like she'd briefly thought of Vivian as her *own* little sister?

It was a strange occurrence to be sure, but one that she could easily brush off. Becoming *sisterly* was something that could happen, but that wasn't really how Belle had viewed her either. And it definitely couldn't be literal! Not when the two had *nothing* in common when it came to their appearances! ...Was what she was still assuming, even though there was something *about her* that was beginning to suggest the opposite. Her *ears*. They had inched longer, taking points *very* similar to Vivian's own.

"*Sis is just sis, so... Uh...*" She had somehow done the *exact same thing* a second time? What she'd meant to say was 'Vivian is just a friend', but she had doubled down on the sister thing instead. It was confusing, distractingly so, and so that led to her blanking when it came to very subtle things she should have felt. Such as? Not long after her ears had lengthened, a vague tingling had plagued the skin of her face. It smoothed while, underneath, her jawline lengthened and her cheeks narrowed.

All so that her facial structure *resembled* Vivian's. It wasn't *identical* and seemed like more of a midway point between what her face had looked like before and what she knew Vivian *to* look like. But things

gradually deviated further on their own. The shapes of her eyes? They became more angular than Vivian's, with her irises soon shimmering with an icy blue. Her lashes were rendered longer, her nose a little longer, and her lips? Well, they *doubled* in mass, becoming as puffy as you might expect a stereotypical *porn star* to possess.

“**Viv is like...?**” Belle sounded a little older now, but then again? She *looked* it too. Those facial features bore a closer resemblance to a woman in her *early thirties* rather than her mid-twenties. Unlike before, the woman *didn't* catch that she had referred to Vivian in a way that differed from how she usually did, instead electing for a cute pet name, or perhaps a way an older sibling might shorten their younger sibling's name?

Ultimately, though? Her face and ears were the only places that developed much of a resemblance to the Banshee girl. Her hair lightened to *silver* but didn't grow at all on top of her head (although it did become quite messy, with one lone strand of her bangs growing past her chin). In fact, the *opposite* of 'growth' befell her pubes, and they were shaved away as memories of keeping things smooth down there replaced any desire to keep a neat, little bush.

Belle's fate also didn't appear to lean into remaining *vertically impaired* like both Vivian and herself were. Her shirt was untucked from her skirt, which ultimately appeared less and less suited to a build that wasn't as short as it had been. All it took was a moment for her eye level to *shoot up* to a full 5'9", a height that was *much* taller than what she was used to. Then again, saying 'used to' would depend on her subjective understanding of the situation, and... “**Mm... Why am I wearing something that doesn't fit? Not really my style either.**”

Subjectively, she didn't *remember* being shorter than she now was. She was more annoyed by her outfit, and while it not fitting *was* a problem? She didn't care because she was showing skin, it just wasn't comfortable. A truth that became *all* the truer when she stumbled forward with a “**WHOA!?**”. It was a *WHOA* that was much deserved. After all, she had stumbled because a weight had been placed upon her chest of such abundance and at such speed that she hadn't been afforded time to mentally or physically adjust to its heft.

Or, well... *their* heft. “**What the hell was that?**” Her shirt felt even *tighter* than it had been before which, by the time she managed to stand up straight again, was because of a *very* obvious change. When she pulled herself up? Her tits *bounced* much higher than they probably should of, forcing her nipples, now as big as her eyes, to slip out of the top and bounce freely upon a pair of tits that were *massive*. Each one was *twice as big as her head*, with a mole on the side of the left one.

“...See? I can’t even get this shirt over my tits. Ugh, shopping for clothes when I’m this *big* is still a pain in the ass. Good thing I don’t mind showing off a little.” Considering her career, the woman was used to it. Her... *career*? Working as a Proxy? No. The ‘career’ she was thinking of involved fewer *clothes*.

“*Ugh!?*” Her tits had escaped her shirt cleanly enough since she didn’t like to wear a bra at home, but her *ass* hadn’t had the same amount of luck. Her pale cheeks bloomed, stretching her black lace panties so wide that they eventually slipped in between the cheeks that expanded around them. This only went on for so long though, because once her ass was so big that it had pushed her skirt up high enough that it was bare, the stretched band of the panties *snapped* and it peeled down on the front to show off her now shaved pussy... nestled between a pair of thighs that, much like her ass, *significantly* swelled until they were actually thicker than her waist.

“**Was I waiting for someone? ...Family?**” Belle was free to contemplate her own actions the moment the discomfort from her previous outfit was adjusted. That was all *stolen*, but it was also *replaced* with... *very little*. A pair of blue flaps hung loosely across her tits, dangling over her nipples with nothing to secure them above a white half-leotard with a cutout large enough to show off her entire tummy below. This had a flap overtop a black band that covered her pussy and dug into her ass like a thong. It didn’t *look* comfortable, but for someone who *liked* to be exposed? She didn’t care about having her tits and ass out. Besides! She’d accessorized it with a black choker and matching strap around her left thigh.

Not that it matched the white thigh high that was worn on the opposite leg.

It wasn’t just the now thirty-year-old woman’s *body* that had changed. As the proverbial dust settled and her mind had adjusted, her surroundings changed to a fancy looking apartment in an expensive building elsewhere in New Eridu. She was still dressed in very little, but her personality had been adjusted to *prefer* it anyways. *Guinevere Banshee* didn’t have much shame, unlike her dear sister. “**Is Vivi still at the beach? She told me she was just going for a walk, and we were going to watch a movie together.**”



Guinevere loved her little sister very much. Enough to schedule time to watch movies together and catch up, even though they lived very different lives. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Guin worked at a strip club in New Eridu. The money was better than you'd expect, and she was actually quite proud of her talents. But she *wasn't* the one footing the bill for their shared housing. Vivian always seemed to have lots of money *somehow*, but she wouldn't pry. Her own profession wasn't even seen as 'savory', after all.

“Guin! I'm back!” Vivian's familiar voice came from the front hallway, prompting the older sister to perk up. It wasn't long before she joined her older sister in the living room, much to her delight. **“Oh! Did you pick the movie you were telling me about? The one with the two siblings?”** Vivian knew her sister well. Despite her profession, she was a real sweetie with a great love for movies. That was the one thing that had carried over from her past life from Belle. But more than that? Looking at her now?

It was unfortunate, but seeing Guin dressed like that always filled her with envy. Why couldn't *her* figure have filled out like that!?