

CANDIED SIS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“La... la... la...!”

Sigrika sung to herself as she skipped across the Startorch Academy campus, past the hustle and bustle of the students that were finally getting out of class. Things on campus appeared to be very... *normal*. Which was surprising considering how *abnormal* things had been recently. But, perhaps, it was now the first time in a long time that the nation of Lahai-Roi had truly entered an era of peace.

It was a peace that was owed to a number of individuals. To Aemeath, who had originally sacrificed her life to delay the advance of the Threnodian, Aleph-1. To Rover, who had been instrumental in driving Aleph-1 back when all hope was lost. To the people of Lahai-Roi that had paved the path for these feats to be accomplished. And to *Denia*, the girl that had broken Aleph-1's link with Solaris-3 once and for all.

The last one, Denia, was the reason Sigrika had not been in class with her fears that afternoon. She had been close friends with Denia, but as it turned out? Denia had been a member of the Fractsidus and had been responsible for the suffering of some of her peers. But while that was a betrayal, she could have gotten over it. What hurt her was that Denia was now *gone* after redeeming herself in the end, and she had never been able to say goodbye.

Denia wasn't even the only one. Learning their mutual friend Nivora had long ago passed away, only to be replaced by the leader of the Fractsidus, who was using her friend's corpse as a means of infiltrating the academy. It was a lot of heavy news to learn of at once, and it came

with the truth that her two best friends would likely never be part of her life again. It was understandable that Sigrika would be *depressed* then.

As she continued to skip across the campus however, Sigrika didn't exactly *look* all that depressed. She was wearing a smile and singing to herself, but of course this was all an act. She was trying to present herself as 'okay' so that no one would worry about her, even though she was skipping back from Doctor Luuk's office... after a very long therapy session. Hide it as she might, the teachers had seen right through it.

“Eep!?” The girl sharply turned a corner as she pranced but flew face first into something soft and fell backwards. She likely would have hit the stone patch beneath her if her wrist hadn't been grabbed by the one she had bumped into, as a woman with a comforting gaze of gold slowly pulled her back onto her feet. **“Oh, senior! S-Sorry about that! Guess I should have looked first!”**

Sigrika was trying too hard. As one of the people that knew her and of the things she had recently learned, Rover could tell that she wasn't doing very well. **“It's okay. Were you just coming back from seeing Luuk? If I recall, today...”** She stopped herself from talking about the specifics, not wanting to make her feel even worse. Sigrika was the type of girl that would worry about worrying others, and Rover knew how it felt to be in that headspace herself.



She had held a similar mindset back when Aemeath was trapped in the Voidspace.

“O-Oh! Yes! It was very helpful, I'd say. Don't worry too much about it, senior! I'm sure you have your own things to do!” Being told not to worry in this case just made Rover worry even *more*, though. **“Oh, on that note!”** Sigrika slipped her fingers into the pocket of her shorts and produced a rainbow-colored candy wrapped in clear plastic that she placed in Rover's hand. **“Dr. Herssen said this was from an experimental batch, but I'm not quite in the mood for sweets. I'd like you to have it!”**

The girl smiled playfully and skipped by, leaving Rover to only wave her off with the hand the candy *wasn't* being held by. **“Well... That could have**

gone better...” She’d hoped to try and cheer her up a little, but it didn’t seem like it had helped at all. She looked down at the rainbow candy she’d been handed before unwrapping it. At the very least she wouldn’t allow the girl’s gift to go to waste. And she popped it right in her mouth as she walked back to the dorm she was borrowing.

It wasn’t a long walk, but it was long enough to suck on the candy until it had been completely consumed. The woman didn’t think very much of it because she’d had a number of Luuk’s candies in the past. It didn’t taste any different, but then again? She didn’t understand that Luuk had given Sigrika that specific candy in the first place. It had been designed to help stabilize her emotions, and so he had worked some of the girl’s Frequency into it. But now?

Rover had consumed it. That wasn’t supposed to happen, and it ultimately took a little while for it to work through the woman’s system. But once it did? It was hard for her to deny that something felt *off*. She just didn’t have the knowledge to connect that strange feeling with what she had consumed. **“Is something wrong with my Frequency? ...Abby?”** Abby was an Echo that lived in Rover’s Frequency and helped regulate it.

But he didn’t respond to her.

It wasn’t just his silence that alarmed her. She couldn’t feel his presence, either. Someone that had been with her through thick and thin just up and *gone* without any warning or say in the matter. Mind you, Rover should have had more concerns than just that in the moment, but she wasn’t yet looking for the right ‘signs’. If she’d been aware that her *body any mind* were both at risk, she might have started exploring herself sooner and realized that, of all things... Her ears had slowly been growing longer on the sides of her head.

That said, even if she *had* noticed that little oddity, she still didn’t have enough information to piece together *exactly* what had happened. She might have been able to trace it back to the candy, and in fact she eventually *would*, but the how and the why were both questions without obvious answers. How could a mere candy make someone’s ears grow longer unprompted? Then again, how could it make far direr changes too? What had happened to her ears wasn’t something that was happening in a vacuum.

“...Abby?” But the woman was still more concerned about her Echo companion than she was her own body. But it was inevitable that she would be pulled away from that concern to address what was happening with her physical form once it became more noticeable, which it soon would for better or for worse. But it was difficult to say for sure initially

when she was worried and, unlike her ears, a lot of what she was doing was *losing* size.

And *weight*, if you wanted to be technical about it. Rover was a very fit woman who didn't have an iota of unnecessary fat on her body, but that *wasn't* the sort of weight that she was losing. It was targeting the fat that a mature woman's body was *expected* to possess, and it certainly wasn't shy about doing so. It just wasn't immediately apparent to the woman suffering those changes – at least not until it had become severe of a change enough.

Nonetheless, the earliest stages trooped on without any recognition at all. She hadn't been wearing her Startorch uniform that day, so her C-cup breasts were only concealed by the black fabric of a top that came across them enough to hide the necessities while teasing her cleavage and a *little* bit of her sideboob if you looked at her from the right angle. But all of the appeal of this view was being lost, namely because the average yet perky breasts that made it possible were becoming increasingly *less* so.

Well, not in terms of perkiness. Her breasts might have been becoming even *perkier*. But this was only because they were *shrinking*, and with less weight to them, the less they were ultimately affected by gravity. Inches peeled off of this bust, leaving the loose cloth that covered them to sag against a chest that wasn't wearing anything remotely like a bra underneath. The view of her sideboob simply flattened away because, in the end? They were little more than *A-cups*.

But this shrinkage was also the turning point when it came to Rover's awareness. All it took was her moving slightly to feel the cloth move against shrunken nipples, and— "**Huh!?**" She'd felt the cloth dislocate and had reached up to fix it, only to get struck by the realization that the weight she had expected was gone. She looked down to the sigh of her cleavage, or at least what was left of it. "**Did my chest... *shrink!*?**" And her voice *cracked*.

The issue, as she soon realized, was that it wasn't *just* a matter of her *chest* shrinking. She pawed at her chest for a moment but soon realized that her *shorts* were slipping as well, so one hand reached down to grab them and prevent them from doing so. "**It isn't *just* my chest!**" She was absolutely correct about that, but that didn't exactly make the woman feel any *calmer* about it. Not when she could tell that her ass was flattening behind her, and her thighs lacked some of their plushness. Considering how definitively her shorts had slipped without getting snagged on her hips, it seemed that those hips had narrowed somewhat too.

Internally, the woman did eventually draw the correlation between what was happening and the candy she'd consumed. **"But why would a candy... Oh!? My voice!? I sound like... Ah!?"** She sounded like *Sigrika*, right down to the accent. Even her temperament felt shakier. *Meeker*, perhaps? Much more like that girl's own. But before she could explore this realization any further, Rover felt unstable and her eye level began to drop. Not because she was falling, obviously, because her feet were still planted firmly on the ground.

Well... *kind of*? Her boots *did* feel roomier. The issue was that the woman was *shrinking*. She dropped about *four* inches overall, and this was clearly affecting more than just her vertical size if the fit of her footwear had been anything to go off of. The straps of her dress likewise became lopsided and her waist narrowed, adding even more malfunction to an already ill-fit outfit. There would be no ironing out those new creases... at least not so long as her body was so *small*.

"O-Okay... So, I think I'm becoming Sigrika...?" Sigrika was a sharp girl, although Rover didn't need to channel any of that sharpness herself to understand what was obvious. She looked towards a mirror in the corner of her room, which allowed her to see her pointy ears and confirm what she'd been suspecting. After all, before her very eyes? Well, those *eyes* in question shifted in both shape *and* color, shapes rounding as an icy blue possessed what had once been gold between thinned eyebrows.

She saw her nose wriggle in her reflection as it became a little smaller and its tip a little rounder, while her lips thinned in exchange for a more pronounced resting pout between vaguely chubbier cheeks. There was no doubt that her face was a shoo-in for Sigrika's, right down to the thin lines of *sunset orange* that thinner brows took on. That color didn't waste any time bleeding into the hair of her scalp, but this was one of the two places where her appearance actually differed slightly from the girl she was beginning to resemble.

After all, while her hair *did* turn orange, as long as grow out until it was so long and thick that it reached past her thighs behind her, the orange wasn't *all*-encompassing. The bulk of it *was* indeed orange but littered amongst the color of the setting sun were strands that remained black even if they had grown. There were even some in her bangs, which had lifted and parted to show off the center of her forehead.

Where else did her appearance differ, then? She didn't develop any of the run markings on her skin. She wasn't gifted the same abilities that Sigrika possessed.

“Um...!?” It was a strange position to find herself in. Now that she had shrunk, the girl with Sigrika's appearance and demeanor was struggling to hold what she had been wearing before up to make sure that everything was covered properly. She could definitely remember who she was, and she didn't have any of Sigrika's memories or anything. She just couldn't stop herself from acting or speaking like her, even speaking with the very same accent. **“This feels... very strange!”**



But there *was* a problem. Her *name*. She knew she was Rover, but when she thought about introducing herself in her present form? The name *Annarika* came to mind. She wasn't exactly the perfect clone of Sigrika, after all. If anything, she looked more like a *sibling*. The few strands of black in her hair were likely enough to help tell the two apart if they were ever standing in the same room, but who knew when that would—

“S-Senior! Don't eat that candy that I gave you! Dr. Herssen just called to tell me that it might... have.. adverse... effects?” The door to Rover's dorm room flew open and Sigrika ran in, beginning with a shout and slowly quieting her voice as her eyes settled upon a girl that looked almost *exactly* like her. But that black in her hair, it reminded her of... **“Senior!?! I-Is that you, senior? Oh no. This is my fault!”**

Annarika was quick to try and comfort her, but she was too afraid to move lest her clothes fall off. **“N-No, it isn't your fault, sister!”** *Sister?* Wait, she was being forced to *act* like her sister as well!? Obviously Sigrika hadn't been wired to play along, because she looked even *more* confused. **“I mean... um... I can't help it!”** At least she could still communicate her panic and explain things!

“I’ve never had a sister before...” Sigrika’s spirits seemed a little lighter than they had been before. Did she find it amusing? Annarika had to admit that it might have been a little funny. And if it was helping cheer Sigrika up, then maybe it wasn’t so bad. **“B-But it’s okay! I’m sure this is only temporary and you’ll change back tomorrow or something! So... Would you like to be my sister for a day?”**

“I don’t think I actually have a say in this, sister. But sure! I need to figure out where Abby went, though...”

He was probably fine somewhere... right?