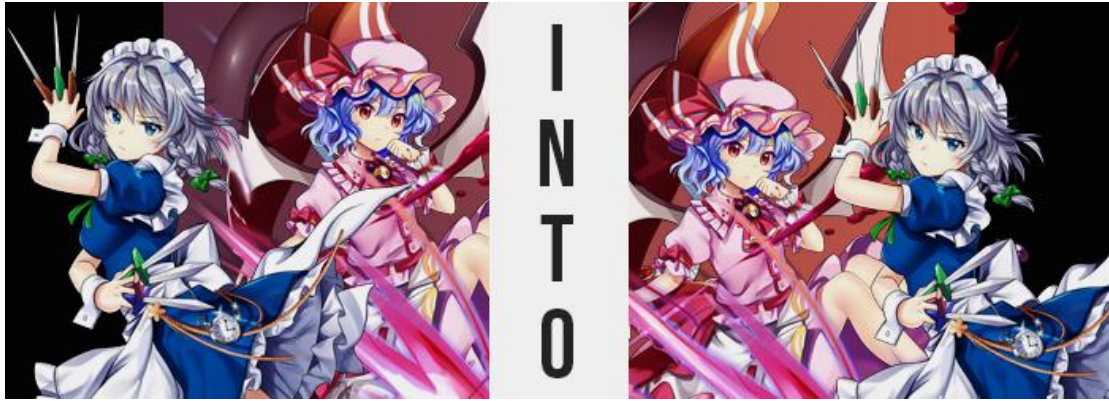


# YOUKAI FLIP

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Seija Kijin was not a regular visitor of the Scarlet Devil Mansion.

In fact, even in this case, where she was on their property, she wasn't *actually* supposed to be visiting. That is to say that she hadn't been let in with the manor master's permission. No, the amanojaku youkai had slipped in undetected by taking advantage of an oversight on the part of the youkai gatekeeper that was charged with watching the only entrance. ...That oversight being the fact that she could just fly over. Was everyone in Gensokyo *stupid*?

No, she just didn't realize that she had gotten *lucky*. It was such an obvious oversight that there was no way that the vampire that oversaw the mansion wouldn't have known it. The detection magic that was supposed to alert them of any intruders was simply being disrupted by the phase of the moon that was high above in the sky, seeing that it was well after midnight and all.

As Seija lurked through the mansion's hallways, was she there with any particular intention in mind? Not exactly. You see, Seija's nature was *contradictory*. She was always thinking and doing things the *opposite* way compared to those around her. Everyone was happy? She would act sad. She was expected to do something? Then she'd refuse. And if she was told that she *shouldn't* go somewhere?

Well, then she would *definitely* go there.

**“Oh, and what's in this room?”** Now in a place where she had been told that she absolutely *shouldn't* go uninvited under any circumstance, she peered into a door that was open only a crack. Within which she saw

a small vampire girl and an adult maid speaking to one another. **“A master and a servant, huh? What a classic dynamic! Hehe... I could have some fun with this!”** And as this was said, her eyes began to glow.

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It had only been a minute since that conversation that Seija has overheard, and Remilia Scarlet was now alone in her bedroom without any idea that the amanojaku had even been there in the first place. Sakuya had simply been checking up on her to see what she wanted for lunch – or what passed as ‘lunch’ for a vampire that was up all night while sleeping during the day – and once that order had been taken, she had shuffled off.

**“What a beautiful night. But the moon... We always have issues with the detection spell on nights like this one.”** The vampire mumbled to herself as she stole a glance at the moon through her window. It was hardly ever *that* much of a problem. Marisa Kirisame seemingly picked those nights on purpose to slip into Patchouli’s library, but that was of little concern to Remi.

What *was* of concern to her, however, was the strange chill that ran down her spine. **“What was that? Magic? Something else?”** As a powerful vampire, she would have been *foolish* not to notice it. But, then again, she *hadn’t* noticed the caster that had been standing about ten feet away in the first place. She simply had a *bad feeling* now. In retrospect, the fact that she’d downgraded her awareness to a ‘bad feeling’ was a bad sign. It meant her mind was being played with.

There were, in fact, very *immediate* signs that her ignorance was very, very bad. Everything that visually made her a vampire was lost within only a few moments. Take her pointed ears, for example. Her wavy bob of blue hair did well to disguise the process, but those points regressed and rounded, looking much more like the ears of a regular human – or in many cases a human-spawned youkai. This was understandably something that the girl could have plausibly not noticed.

The removal of her *wings*, which turned to black and crumbled into dust behind her, was a little more difficult to justify.

**“Oh well. Now I just need to wait for my food...”** The crimson within Remilia’s gaze while she muttered to herself swirled and, in time, was *erased* in favor of a bright blue that had replaced it. **“...My food? Was it not food for my master...? M-Master?”** Remilia had *never* answered to another person in her life. She was a powerful vampire that would never serve another... but recalling this confused her. It felt almost like she was describing *someone else*. A persona that was *separate* from herself.

Changing colors continued, now spreading into the girl’s *hair*. The vivid hue of the blue waned, instead replaced by a steely silver that also saw her bob straighten. Her bangs crept towards the left rather than the right above her now blue eyes, and upon closer examination of her *face*? It was becoming more and more apparent just what was happening to her. The shapes of her facial features indicated a change of *race*.

Remilia’s Caucasian eye shapes narrowed, pinching in the corners so that they bore a more almond shape beneath eyelids that smoothed into more monolid forms. Her resting gaze was more intense and less childish as a result, and that was a trend that spread throughout the *rest* of her facial features as an unusual maturity emerged against her otherwise childish form. Fuller, upturned lips graced her mouth around dulling fans, her cheeks narrowed, and her nose grew long. She appeared *older* in the face alone, like a woman in her twenties, but likewise *Japanese*.

...Just like her maid, Sakuya.

**“O-Of course. I need to prepare lunch for master?”** With a deeper voice that sounded *very* uncanny when you compared it to the rest of her body, the girl still didn’t sound convinced by *what* she was saying. There was still a feeling akin to an itch fighting back as if to tell her that this was *wrong*. But her ability to fight back was lessening... all while the mass of her body was *increasing*. This wasn’t to say that she was getting *fat* or anything, but she was gaining weight in a *sense*.

In fact, you almost had to wonder if Remilia was off her rocker. There was no plausible explanation for why she might not notice her 4’8” body *growing* – a process that both lifted her eye level while tightening the child-sized dress around her. This rising height soon stirred her shoulders and hips to broaden, although the latter grew somewhat wider than the form. None of these changes were good for her favorite, pink gown. But then again? She no longer believed pink to be her favorite color.

*Isn’t blue better?*

Just when it seemed like her body might *tear* straight through her gown, though? Something began to change that *wasn't* isolated to the ex-vampire's body. It was her dress. It adapted to the changing curvature of her body, and that curvature was certainly *still* changing as the dress stretched, robbed of its pink in favor of the blue that the *woman* had been envisioning. By the time she had reached a height of 5'3", it had been repurposed into a familiar, blue maid uniform with white frills and a matching white apron. Her cap had even turned into a classical maid headband beneath hair that now sported side braids tied by green ribbons.

The victim herself was practically frozen in place. Her mental state was a mess courtesy of two different identities clashing. It served as an *ample* distraction from how her figure continued to transform even *past* her changed height. She was so evidently becoming Sakuya, and Sakuya's body was *not* a child's body. There were features that Remilia was still lacking that went beyond her height. Fortunately, her maid uniform continued to change to accommodate...

Well, her *bust* for one thing. A perfect flat chest burgeoned forth with a near instantaneous jiggle the moment her height had finished increasing. A pair of *C-cup* tits were fashioned from nothing filled a lace bra that had appeared within the uniform, held tight despite how firm and perky they were otherwise. 'Firm' was a term that described much of her body now – she'd become quite toned and muscular, but technically compared to the vampire she had been, she was much weaker now.

The final touches that were applied before her mind cleared fattened the woman's *lower* half. Her ass erupted into a peach shape that pushed transformed undergarments to stretch snugly above a pair of thighs that rounded in kind. Her figure now was much more mature without seeming too excessive, and her enhanced musculature added the appeal of fitness in tandem.

**“What was I... Hm?”**  
*Sakuya Izayoi* have a perplexed tilt of her head as her blue gaze traced a familiar bedroom. It was *familiar* because it was the room of her master, Remilia Scarlet – and the fact that she thought of it that way meant that the mental reconditioning aspect of Seija's ability had



done its job. Remilia's role had been reversed, and she was now the mansion's maid in both heart and soul... even though the original Sakuya should have been heading to the kitchen at that moment.

*This* Sakuya still felt a little confused. After all, she remembered coming up to take Remilia's order, but... "**Strange.**" Why were her memories of that moment vaguely from Remilia's perspective? She shrugged it off. It was odd, but odder things had happened in the Scarlet Devil Mansion. "**Oh well. I should go make Remilia's lunch... and save the leftovers for Meiling.**" But where *had* her master gone?

Maybe she was out stretching her wings?



From Remilia's quarters on the second floor, the *real* Sakuya Izayoi had to travel down a hallway and *then* down a flight of stairs to reach the kitchen. It was a patch she walked countless times every day; so many times, that she knew every nook and cranny. And yet? She had somehow missed the nook that Seija had ducked into moments after using her power. "**I wonder why she was in**

**the mood for pizza today?"** None the wiser while traveling down those steps, she pondered her master's sudden taste for Italian.

Well, they *had* traveled the world before setting in Gensokyo. Blood aside, Remilia's palette was broad.

Sakuya stopped moving downward for a moment as she traversed a small platform that connected to another flight of stairs. But it was there that she sensed something *strange*. "**Magic?**" If not magic itself, then something adjacent to it. Youkai had all sorts of powers, but not all of them were magical. Still, a youkai shouldn't have managed to sneak in on Meiling's watch. "**Come to think of it, isn't the phase of the moon tonight...?**" Well, *that* would explain it.

Still, she wasn't *worried*. A worrying trait that she shared with her master, and one that only existed because of how Seija's power worked. Sakuya would suffer from a persistent ignorance, even as her blue eyes were dyed a powerful crimson and the canine teeth within her mouth

sharpened into flesh-piercing fangs. There was a dull ache because of it, but all the maid did was groan without beginning to move again. She felt like standing still was somehow the best course of action for the time being. Why? That, she was not sure of.

In many ways, her transformation *had* begun in a fashion that was similar to her master's own – just in reverse. Her silver hair became more vibrant, lighting up with a familiar blue while left-swinging bangs swung right instead, and her chin length hair became a little wavier by natural design. But it wasn't *all* consistent, nor did it feel like the other's transformation was happening in reverse. After all, before anything else happened to her face?

Her height was altered. “**Mm? Was I always this...?**” Before the maid could finish her question, which would have ended with ‘this short’, Seija's power course-corrected her and she became oblivious before she could choke the question out. She wasn't *wrong* though, and unlike Remilia's transformation? Sakuya's own clothing didn't adjust as her height changed. Her height also wasn't creeping *upwards*. Instead, she simply *dropped*. It couldn't have been anymore evident to an observer just what was happening, at least with the knowledge of what had happened to her master.

5'3” of height unraveled rapidly, shrinking not only her limbs and torso, but even her hands and feet as she slid all the way down to 4'8”. This was incidentally *and* intentionally the same height that her small master possessed or at least *had* possessed. The end result was a *very* short woman that didn't necessarily *appear* younger, because her face and curves were still the same. It was more like she had just become very *compact*, and it wasn't like there weren't fully grown women at that height regardless.

The issue then, perhaps, was that she didn't *stay* ‘fully grown’. “**Wait. Was I going to the kitchen? Why would I cook? Or why would I not...?**” Sakuya evidently had *other* things on her mind that distracted her from her height, though. She wasn't paying attention to the sensation of the cups of her brassiere emptying as her bosom drained away into practically nothing, nor was it particularly obvious that her ass and thighs were fading into nothingness because the maid uniform that she was wearing was so big on her now. The skirt was barely an inch off the floor, and her underwear had slipped down to her ankles!

But it was more than that, too. Her hips and shoulder had been forced to narrow. Below the neck, she was left with a much more childish body that starkly mismatched everything *above* that neck. But that *finally* began to change beyond merely a sharpening of her fangs. The lips that surrounded them thinned, for example, as her nose shrunk and eyes

rounded. A youthfulness was bestowed upon her that left her appearing around *twelve* or so, whereas hooded lids around more circular eyes gave that face a much more *Caucasian* appearance.

Just like Remilia. She was her spitting image now, all the way down to the sound of her voice.

**“Cooking... Cooking... Of course! Sakuya should be cooking!”**

While those words that she'd uttered in a significantly higher pitch were *certainly* true, it was indicative of a reality where she no longer identified *as* Sakuya. She was hungry. *She* was the one who should have been getting cooked for! As that realization finally dawned on her, the maid uniform she was wearing tightened and shortened into a familiar, pink dress with red highlights in its frills and bows. Bloomers were hidden beneath her skirt above small, red boots, and even her maid headdress wrapped around to become a familiar pink cap – just above ears that had pulled into very slight points.

The one *unusual* aspect of this dress was how it had two slits in the back, just between her shoulders. Considering it was clear that she was becoming a *vampire* now, it wasn't at all surprising to see a pair of bat wings slip right through those slits and flap out behind her. Naturally, it was the sort of thing that someone unfamiliar with *having* wings would probably at least *look* at. As she was now, though? The girl felt like she had *always* had them. Like they had always been a natural part of her body.

And so, they moved with that familiarity in mind.

*Remilia Scarlet* stretched her wings with a groan. There was no point in labeling her 'real' or 'fake', because the original one had become Sakuya up in her bedroom. They were essentially *both* authentic according to Seija's powers – if there was only one of each, then how could either of them be fake? **“Did I go for a walk? Was I going to check on Flandre at this hour? Hm...”** Like her counterpart, the master was confused. She had a vague memory of walking to the stairs, but... was she taller in those memories than she was supposed to be?



Perhaps she needed to lay off the mid-night naps if that was the case!

**“No. At this hour, Flandre is likely playing in the courtyard.”** Which meant that if she wanted to check on her, leaving through the window in her bedroom would have been faster than heading to the door. She turned to head back up the stairs, where along the way... **“Oh, Sakuya? Were you turning over the bedding in the guest room?”**

She bumped into her maid, who she remembered leaving before her. Logically, shouldn't have Sakuya been in the kitchen already then? **“Oh, no. I'm... not sure, actually. But I'll get to preparing your lunch right away.”** Despite having a similar feeling, Remilia didn't speak up and just waved her away to get back to her own business. She'd do a quick fly around outside, speak to her sister, and then return for her pizza. Nothing else mattered... so long as she didn't cross paths with Marisa trying to sneak in!

But otherwise? Things at the Scarlet Devil Mansion would continue on as if nothing had changed at all. If the two victims didn't realize, then how could anyone else possibly figure it out?

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**“Hm... That was kind of underwhelming!”** Or so Seija mused to herself from afar. Her power was potent, but at times it was difficult to create a result that was identical to what she had in mind. In this case? She had simply wished to turn the vampire into a maid, and the maid into a master. But her power had inverted their natures too far, and they had become each other instead? **“Well, too late to do anything about that now!”** She just shrugged, even though she *definitely* could have fixed it if she had wanted to. She had something else in mind.

**“I just need to find two more people to play with instead!  
There was another vampire outside, right?”**

Not to mention that librarian, and the guard, and there were some fairies hanging around outside.