

YOUKAI FLIP III.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Who knew that there was a basement all the way down here~?”

After swapping Patchouli and Meiling, Seija Kijin had taken to the hunt for a new pair of youkai to change amidst those living at the Scarlet Devil Mansion. She'd been prepared to swap some of the ones she'd *already* swapped if she had to, but then she had come across a curious rumor. That there was a secret basement in the mansion that housed another vampire girl, and following those rumors, it hadn't taken her long to snuff it out.

True to the reputation she had briefly learned of though, the staircase was *deep*. She felt like she had been traversing it for several minutes now, and it didn't feel like she was *anywhere* near the bottom. And she was interrupted before she could actually *reach* the bottom by a—**“HEY, YOU!”** Seija spun around to find herself staring up at another youkai.

This red-headed youkai with little bat wings sticking up and out of her head was Kaokuma, Patchouli's personal assistant, even if Seija didn't know of her relationship. **“I saw what you did to Patchouli-sama! Change her back!”** Oh, so *that* was what had happened, was it? She'd thought that she'd been swapping them without witnesses, but she hadn't noticed the gaze of *this* one. Probably because she was such a *weak* youkai, which meant she was also incapable of stopping her even if she wanted to. ...Even though Seija was plenty weak herself.

“Oh, sure! Let me do that for you!” Kaokuma had expected the strange youkai to resist, but she'd so easily *agreed*? It was a trick. Seija's

nature was to act in opposites, and she had only agreed to get Kaokuma to lower her guard. Because she could *tell*. She might not have reached the bottom of the basement yet, but her powers could sense the fact that there was someone else at the bottom. She was within range to *activate her powers*, and her eyes began to glow. “**Just kidding~!**” Seija *zipped* down the stairs before Kaokuma could even react.



“**H-Hey!?**” Kaokuma reached out her hand to try and grab her, but it was *already* too late. She had zipped off well before the weak youkai could manage to even dream of entering her flight stance. And she wasn’t able to crouch *into* that stance either. “**Wait! Her eyes glowed just like when she transformed Patchouli-sama! Does that mean...?**” What had she *done*? She didn’t know how that girl’s powers worked, but when she’d seen it happen at the library, both women had been in close proximity of one another. She’d *waited* for them to get that close.

But she didn’t know for sure how great that range was.

In fact, there were already signs that Seija’s powers had begun to take effect. The little, bat wing-like appendages that stuck out from the top of the lesser youkai’s head had begun to shrink. Slowly at first, that shrinkage hastened until those little wings no longer existed... in exchange for her already pointy ears stretching even longer at the sides of her head. “**This is probably bad!?! E-Eh?**” A hand reached up to cover her lips after hearing her voice *crack*, which was the first element *she* had personally noticed.

Seija’s other victims hadn’t been aware that they were changing at all, so in Kaokuma’s case she was rather *unique*. She’d seen how Patchouli had turned into Meiling, and how she had seemingly forgotten who she used to be before its end, and she wanted to avoid that outcome for herself. That was why she ended up focusing more on her own *mind*, searching for any potential inconsistencies. She could deal with her body changing. She wouldn’t be able to fix it if she *forgot* who she had been.

“**I need to concentrate...**” Evidently, that voice crack hadn’t been a one-off. But if you were scaling the severity of those cracks versus what was happening to her body, you’d quickly see that they were a minor problem compared to, well, *everything else*. The young woman wore a loose dress with a button-up vest overtop. It wasn’t particularly snug,

especially around her bosom where her C-cups breasts had always rested, ever since she had been created.

Even if she *was* paying attention, she probably wouldn't have noticed that their average-sized, perky shapes had begun to *deflate*. She was a youkai living in Gensokyo, and they didn't really have access to modern fashion sensibilities like bras. So, there wasn't really much *to* indicate that her tits were *shrinking* beneath the folds of cloth, their weight drained away by an invisible force until they were A-cups... No, could they even be called as much? If anything, it was more like there was a promise towards what one day might grow.

Kaokuma's left eye twitched, the woman herself unaware that the deep reds of her eyes had brightened a shade. Her memories were... correct, right? Nothing had stuck out to her as odd. She worked in the library, which was always dimly lit, and then there were flashes of a deeper darkness, like she was trapped in a— **“Hold on!? What the heck are those memories!?”** What had once been a voice crack had become her true voice, and she used it to express herself rather... immaturely.

When it came to immaturity though, it wasn't expressed just through her words and, uh... *absence* of bosom. The weight that had accumulated within the cheeks of her ass deflated much like her breasts had, removing any of its curvature while preserving the slightest touch of weight both in her cheeks and her thighs. Without any abundance to speak of, her hips ended up narrowing until they were roughly equal to her shoulders.

“I... Um...?” As hard as Kaokuma had been *trying* to preserve 'herself', she was clearly slipping. She couldn't make sense of what was new and what was old anymore, and honestly she was started to get bored with *trying*. It hadn't struck her at all that the dress she was wearing was becoming immensely oversized. Everything else upon her body had diminished, so then why not her *height* as well? It happened *quickly*, and her inches peeled off within a matter of seconds, dropping her down from 5'1" to roughly 4'5" in that time.

It was the height of a *child*, or at least someone more child-like. But considering everything else that had happened to the youkai, the former seemed to be more applicable. Her face suggested as much too, because her facial features had de-aged significantly. She might have passed as a young adult *before*, but her face had become small, soft, smooth, and a little chubby. She was certainly not even a teenager, at least not anymore.

But she also didn't look much *like* Kaokuma anymore? Her face was *too* round, and her eyes too big. A temporary aching in her mouth signaled

the growth of her canines into proper fangs, but they felt *normal* to her. Just as normal as the sight of the strands of blond that danced between her eyes, for her mane of purplish red lightened *and* thinned, shortening to her back's center. **"I was, uh... Definitely doing something!"** What that was, she could not remember.

The only aspect of her body, the long bat wings on her back, were the last to change. The long, black membrane that lined them thinned and tore, leaving only 'bone' that hardened into a brown, almost wood-like texture. If that wasn't strange enough, a rainbow of small dots began to form on the underside of these 'wooden wings', eventually sagging like melting glass as they formed a number of dangling 'ornaments' from those wings in all the colors of the rainbow. They were peculiar 'wings' that made you wonder how they could even be used for flight.

Kaokuma, or the vampire she had become, stumbled under their weight until her balance adjusted. That was all the time needed for her dress to reform as well, becoming a dress of a more classical western make, with a white gown worn underneath a red vest and skirt. There were short, puffy sleeves on the shirt, matching frills around her collar and a white mob cap atop her head with red ribbon. A yellow neckerchief was adorned around her neck, and red shoes were worn over short, white socks. Even her hairstyle had changed, pulled into a thin, blonde ponytail.

**"Huh!? I'm on the stairs!?
How'd I get out early!?"**

Flandre Scarlet's head whipped from side to side, with the colored ornaments that dangled from her branch-like wings jingling from the motion. The *very* young vampire was kept in that basement for a pretty serious reason. She may have been young, but she was also *impossibly* powerful with a power that allowed her to destroy whatever she desired. Because of her eternal youth, her lack of maturity meant that she was difficult to control.



In a way, she was like a walking atomic bomb that could blow up anything it wanted on a whim, without the understanding as to *why* she shouldn't blow up certain things.

There were set times that Flandre was allowed to leave the basement with Remilia's permission; her older sister wasn't so cruel that she would keep her locked up forever. This was *not* one of those times. That said, the blonde child was *not* about to look a gift horse in the mouth. "**Oh well!**" And she wasn't really sharp enough to care about it anyways! Seija? She couldn't remember bumping into her, and she didn't care! So long as she was outside of the sealed door below?

"I'm gonna go play to my heart's content!"



"Whoa!?" Shortly after making her escape from Kaokuma, Seija realized that she'd almost flown straight into a door! It was sealed shut, and she didn't have the means to *unseal* it! Which meant if that youkai above decided to pursue her then she was *screwed!* Even more so that she could hear a child's voice mumbling on the door's other side. *That* must have been the other half – the one she had linked her power to.

But Flandre Scarlet was none the wiser to the fact that Seija was outside her door, much less the fact that any sort of *power* had been activated on her. "**Boooooored...**" It was a word that the vampire had uttered to herself numerous times over hundreds of years. She *hated* being locked up in the basement, but she also respected Remilia enough to not kick up a fuss... *often*.

These circumstances were all about to change, at least.

The young vampire did not have the benefit that Kaokuma had to realize she was under the influence of another youkai's powers, and the fact that she was a naïve and foolish young girl didn't do her any favors in that regard. She had felt antsy because she wanted to go out flying, and so she had been pacing around near the basement door. But each step the girl took? Her body traveled slightly farther than it had during the previous step.

As for *why*, the reason would have been obvious to anyone who *wasn't* Flandre herself. Each step covered more ground because it had more *reach*. Her legs, already bare, were growing *longer*, but they weren't the only aspect of her body that was undergoing such a process. Her arms

gradually pushed out from her sleeves, and her fingers grew longer. As did her *feet* become bigger, eventually reaching the point that they seemed like they might break through the fronts of her small shoes.

“**Um!?**” Of course, with her body growing so significantly, it would have been *impossible* for the vampire *not* to notice in some capacity. The issue was that Seija’s power was dulling what that reaction might be by feeding memories that weren’t hers... or, at least, hadn’t been hers until that moment. Her western gown felt *tight* though. After all, she had sprung up from 4’5” to 5’1” so quickly that her skirt had lifted well off her hips and her sleeves had torn from widened shoulders.

Flandre’s bright red eyes blinked, though she couldn’t have possibly fathomed that those red eyes would darken in the seconds that had followed. “**Why are my clothes so... H-Huh? Is this how my voice should sound?**” But she also had *other* issues to concern herself with. Her voice had lost its childish edge and had deepened a tad, but it hardly posed any consistency problems with her appearance. She *had* grown significantly taller after all, but it was more than that.

One look at her face made it clear that *as* she’d grown taller, her age had been adjusted to better match that height. Her lips had swollen, and her face had become more angular... but on the other hand, her face’s aesthetics had departed from the girl she had once been. Her cheeks ended up narrower, and there was a tiredness to her gaze that would only worsen. Not even her nose, which had lengthened, was spared. She looked like a woman in her *early twenties* at most, at least if you were to compare how she *looked* to how humans determined age.

“**I... Why can’t I remember putting this outfit on? Doesn’t it belong to...?**” Was that *actually* the problem with her appearance when she looked down? The fact that the clothes looked familiar, but not as something she had put on herself, was just as confusing to Flandre as anything else, especially when it was so... torn? And things weren’t getting any better in that regard as her figure began to fill out to better suit her increased age... and the appearance of the woman she was becoming.

The woman’s greater height meant that her skirt was already resting more-so on her waist than the hips it *should* have been resting upon, which meant that there wasn’t much to disrupt as those hips swung *wider*. They did so out of necessity, predating a *swell* that saw a once flat ass burgeon with soft and supple weight. Her cheeks ballooned into it was bubbled and perky, and scrawny thighs were stretched into healthier, meatier forms that had to be *triple* their initial girth.

Streaks of purplish red had begun to form in Flandre's blonde hair in the meantime. Few at first, the dyed strands grew and grew until they *reached* her enlarged bottom. This length eventually evened out as the red spread, eventually painting *all* of her body's hairs, brows and freshly grown pubes alike. Some of this hair had spilled over her shoulders to rest upon her chest, but just as they looked like they had finally settled?

"Hm!?" Flandre's mind was in something of a haze, if that hadn't already been evident. Her memories were torn between an old life and a new one, one where she spent most of her time in a library and was *subservient* to another youkai. And those new memories were *winning*, almost having entirely drowned out the vampire's identity.

That was why, aside from a squeak, she hardly reacted to the sensation of her vest and shirt, or what was left of them, tightening around her bosom. She'd been so flat that she hadn't had a bosom at all before, but they so quickly swelled into a pair of perky *C-cups* that were hugged by her garments until her breathing had become shallower. **"I need to get these clothes... Huh!?"** But those breathing difficulties were just suddenly... alleviated?

From the woman's perspective though, she couldn't see the cause. Had she just been talking about her clothes? But she was wearing the same black dress overtop the same white, long-sleeved shirt that she always wore? Even the red tie, black tights, and matching heels were the same? Unsure of what had been bugging her, the woman shook her head of red hair from side to side, unaware of the small bat wings that had sprouted from it.

Nor was she aware of the black membrane that spread underneath her wings, consuming the rainbow ornaments that dangled from them and transforming them into a pair of *proper* bat wings.

That was when the 'truth' struck her.

"E-Eh!? Wait, did I let Flandre out!? Oh no!" *Kaokuma* wasn't even certain if that had been the case, but looking at her current circumstances, there was no other explanation that made any sense. After all, *she* was the one stuck inside the basement, and Flandre didn't appear to be inside *with* her. That might have been for the best, else Flandre would have played games with her... probably to death. **"But why can't I remember how...?"**



The past few minutes weren't just groggy; they were basically a complete blank. Had Flandre maybe used some sort of vampiric trick to make her open the door and lock herself in? **“Oh, what am I going to do!? If Patchouli-sama finds out, I'm going to be in so much trouble! If Remilia-sama finds out, I'm going to be in extra trouble!”** She wasn't looking at anything *painful*, but she'd definitely have a million extra chores to do over the course of the next few months! Even then, there was a bigger problem! **“Can someone let me out of here!?”**

Because the seal didn't open from within!

Seija heard Kaokuma's cry for help on the other side of the door, but things worked out better for her if she just left things alone. She'd swapped the two youkai, and that had provided her the *perfect* opportunity to escape. One was trapped within the basement at the bottom, and the other? The girl she had become had clearly flown the coop if she hadn't pursued Seija to the bottom, where she could have made quick work of her.

“Well, my work here is done!” Seija mused to herself, lacing her fingers behind her back before climbing the stairs slowly. The Kaokuma on the other side of the door had *heard* Seija speak, and continued asking for help, but Seija just ignored her until she could no longer hear that youkai crying out. **“All I need to do now is blow this popsicle stand!”**

Which, as it turned out, had been made much easier by her most recent antics. Everyone in the mansion was chasing the escaped child, trying to reign her in so that they could shove her back in the basement. But this had provided the perfect cover for Seija, since they weren't looking for *her*. It had been easy as pie for her to slip out unnoticed, especially with Meiling being one of the youkai chasing Flandre.

“Well, that was fun!” She laughed as she flew into the forest. It had certainly been *entertaining*, but now she wanted *more*! Could she get a similar thrill elsewhere in Gensokyo? It was certainly possible, but... **“I need a break for now! I'm pooped!”** Even for a youkai, overusing their powers could be incredibly draining.

So, she was off to find a good place to nap in!