

# MASKING SPOOKS

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Alice... You don’t need to help me with this, you know?”**

**“Do you *really* think I ignore such a big mess? Nothing is symmetrical about it at all!”**

Alice Thymefield had been visiting the Suibian Temple in Failume Heights to meet up with both Wise and Belle, the two siblings that composed Phaethon. It was a visit she’d made on a whim, because she was heading down to the market area to sell something that she had stashed in a bag beside her. She hadn’t even gotten to knock on Belle’s *door* at the temple yet, because the moment she had stepped into Wise’s? She had *immediately* become irate.

It was a *mess*. Compared to his extroverted sister, Wise always *had* struck the rabbit Thiren as the kind of guy who liked to hole himself up inside rather than go out and socialize unnecessarily, but did that mean it was okay for him to neglect the cleanliness of his own room? No! Well, it wasn’t like there was trash strewn about or anything like that. There were just boxes and the like scattered around the room. He’d been in Failume Heights for over a month and *still* hadn’t fully unpacked?

**“I don’t think the room will be symmetrical even if you help unpack the boxes, but thanks...”** He felt a little guilty that his laziness had led to a friend thinking she had to help *do things for him*, but he knew well enough that Alice was far too hardheaded to back down once she challenged herself. Which meant he had no choice but to help. It was fine. They had nothing planned for the day yet anyways, seeing as it was Sunday and all.

But the very first box Wise opened, he noticed something strange. **“Masks? When did these get here?”** Sitting on top were two masks: one that looked like an evil tanuki, and the other an evil rabbit. They were far too off-putting for them to be something that he had purchased and forgotten about. As it turned out, it was *Alice* that recognized them – grabbing the tanuki one before pacing back and forth. She seemed to be very *confused*.



**“How were these in the box? I put them down by the door when I came in? This is exactly why I’m trying to sell them!”** They *had* been in the bag that Alice had been carrying at the time. Masks that Yuzuha had declared to be ‘cursed’ when they’d found during a paranormal investigation several weeks back. But when they’d tried them on as a joke – Yuzuha in the tanuki mask, Alice in the bunny one – nothing had happened.

Or so she had thought. Alice had been left to hold onto them, and she had put them somewhere out of sight. Yet, they kept appearing elsewhere. In her bedroom, at her work, on the street... Their curse was being *annoying!* And now they had jumped into Wise’s belongings from the doorway? **“These masks are—?”** She’d been on the cusp of explaining this to Wise, only to see him putting the mask on. *Wait!* She wanted to cry out but didn’t.

Instead, she quietly put the tanuki mask on her own face and retreated quietly behind the partition in the room... all *against* her will.

Wise wasn’t exactly in a better position. He had been curious about the masks he’d found, and why Alice had snatched one away all of a sudden, but he hadn’t been curious enough to put one on without permission. A mysterious force had guided him to do so, just as it had guided Alice to do the same while moving out of earshot. **“What’s going on? Why did I put the mask on?”** The mask *did* have eye holes, but they were very narrow. He couldn’t even really *see* that Alice had been forced to leave.

It also brought about some difficulties with his *general* perception. **“And why won’t it come off?”** All things considered, he had naturally reached up to try and pull the mask off of his face. But it didn’t matter *which* angle he approached it from – it wouldn’t move away from his face at all, as if it was fixed in place without any sort of glue or mount. At

most he managed to slide it *slightly*, but that just misaligned his eye holes and made it even more difficult to tell that... he was *shrinking*.

It probably would have been easier for Wise to sense in the fit of his clothing than anything. It was, after all, becoming baggier and baggier while his frame's overall stature diminished. If his hands had been hanging down at his sides rather than lifted up to try and pry the mask off, his sleeves likely would have hung past his fingertips before the shrinkage was done, while the base of his shirt reached down to his pant legs and the pants themselves became extra baggy around his ankles. If he'd been roughly 5'7" before, then he couldn't have been any taller than 5'4" by the end.

A three-inch loss didn't *sound* like a lot on paper, but it was still quite a bit in practice. The loss hadn't even been *exclusively* vertical, either. Wise's body hadn't been significantly wide, but it still narrowed when it came to his shoulders and, more-so, his *waist*. By contrast, his hips actually appeared to be slightly wider. Was it just an optical illusion because everything above them had narrowed? No, they had legitimately *widened* an inch. Toss in his slimmer belly tightening into a vague stretch of abs and there was *clearly* something very wrong.

**“Why can't I— MMPH!? MMPH!?”** The man had continued to pull on the mask, unaware that his fingers were becoming slimmer and his nails slightly longer in the process, when his speech was muffled by the mask *tightening* against his face. It pressed against his lips to the point that he could not open them further, but that little issue had come about in part because of the lips themselves. **“MMPH!? MMPH!?”** They had *swollen*, growing fuller and rosier like the lips of a maiden.

And their growth was hardly the only thing changing within the mask as he struggled. Were his grunts *higher pitched*? They vaguely *sounded* that way, but Wise himself didn't seem to pay any attention to that. Not as the length of his face stretched until it was almost more *egg-shaped* beneath the mask, with higher cheekbones beneath softer cheeks. His nose had shrunk so that it wasn't digging so much into the tightened mask, while his eyes? Not only did they round in shape and gain lengthened lashes, but the right one turned red and the left one yellow.

There was only *one* person that possessed heterochromia like that, and they were *not* a man. Had the mask been absent, the face of a young *lady* around the age of *nineteen* would have been plain – meaning that he was technically *younger* as well. **“MMPH!! HAH!?** **What is wrong with this thing!?”** The moment his face had conformed to this new shape, it *finally* loosened so that he could speak again. His voice... sounded like a girl's? *Is something wrong with my voice?* The thought *had* struck him, and yet...

*No! How could that be the case? A young lady like myself should naturally sound this way!*

Young lady? Had that always been the case? *She* didn't even notice that her body had shuddered as, within her pants, her genitalia had been rearranged. All of the masculinity was sapped out of her, shrinking what had once been her dick and balls into nothing, and bestowing a slit between her legs upon her instead. Her pubes spread, growing farther down towards it, but were oddly trimmed so that both sides were even... even and a *sandy blonde* color.

Wise was still pulling on the bask. **“Come! Off! You! Stupid! Thing! You! Aren't! Even! Symmetrical!”** She cried out one word with each tug. It *finally* felt like it was close to coming off, but she also didn't realize that each tug appeared to... lengthen her hair? It grew out several inches from her scalp each time, but the color that grew out was *not* the original silver. It was the same sandy blonde as her pubes, and by the time this hair had reached behind her thighs, there wasn't a speck of silver remaining! This hair tickled her shoulders in a way that probably would have been distracting at first, but now? She was *used* to it.

Just as she was used to the changes in *weight* that plagued her figure. Evidently, her sex changing had stimulated the swell of the mass a woman's body would *typically* possess. The front of her shirt was pushed out with a notable *bounce* as a bare chest blossomed into a pair of *D-cup* tits that really stood out against her shorter body. The same was true of her ass and thighs, which burgeoned to fill out her pants and make good use of her widened hips. It was all very *perky* because she was so young, from her breasts to her butt.

**“Wait! I think it's finally coming off!”** She was able to slide it down and away from her eyes, allowing fluffier bangs to rest more naturally beneath something... odd. *She* certainly hadn't noticed it, but her ears had been creeping up to the top of her head, thinning and lengthening as pink fuzz grew within their interiors, and a familiar sandy blonde fur grew around the *exteriors* of what were clearly a pair of short *bunny ears*. What ultimately *completed* the look was the short, fluffy tail that peeked out from above her pants.

There was no point in denying it. The girl looked *identical* to the rabbit Thiren that had been forced to wear the tanuki mask before disappearing into the nearby room. And when she finally pried the mask *off*, it revealed an identical face, too. She gasped for air as the mask *dissipated* into thin air, but in doing so? Her attire was rearranged into the modified uniform that the Thiren always wore – from the button-up,

white top, to the green skirt, to the black tights, to even the hair decorations that tied her hair into twin tails.

Not none of this was an issue to *her*. Her mind was fixed on a *different* issue.

**“Why is this room so *asymmetrical!*?”** It felt like something that this *Alice Thymefield* should have known, considering up until a moment ago it had technically been *her* room. Unfortunately, any memories of that reality had been completely replaced by the memories of the young woman she had become instead. A serious, hard-working, and yet incredibly kind bunny Thiren that... wasn't really sure why she was in Wise's room at the Suibian Temple? **“And he isn't even unpacked...”**



She was behaving the *exact* same way that the Alice behind the nearby partition had been acting when she had first arrived in the room, with the same disrespect for the young man's privacy as she began to move around and sort through the nearest box. Even so, her memories weren't *quite* where they should have been just yet. After all, she couldn't remember what had brought her to Suibian Temple in the first place... much less where Wise had gone.

And hadn't she come with someone? She felt as if someone should have been talking her ear off!

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Rewinding time a few minutes, the tanuki mask-wearing Alice had gone behind the partition in Wise's room against her will. The bedrooms at the temple that the siblings used were split into three 'rooms' by their partitions with doorways separating them, and they were surprisingly soundproof even *with* those doorways wide open. At least soundproof enough that the person in the opposite room couldn't hear Alice murmuring under her breath. **“What is going on!?! I didn't want to put this mask on, and I didn't want to go in here!”**

She was sharp enough to surmise that Wise hadn't *intended* on putting on the bunny mask and was probably in the same position that she was now. But *why*? Aside from them randomly popping up, Yuzuha had decided that the masks probably weren't dangerous since nothing had happened when they'd worn them. But as it turned out? When they'd put them on back then, it had extracted a tiny piece of their soul. To



activate their curses, the masks then had to be worn again by *different* people.

...Which was now the case for both masks.

**“Would! You!?! Get!?! Off!?!”** Unsurprisingly, she’d taken to a very similar pulling and shouting tactic while trying to remove the mask, and was equally unaware of what effects doing so seemed to have on her body. Her *own* rabbit ears seemed to move down to the sides of her head while balding in the process. Their cartilage folded into the curved shapes of a pair of regular, human ears that were plain to see on her head’s sides, while above her perky ass? Her tail gradually disappeared, fur and all, until there was no bone sticking out from the base of

her spine at all.

Alice’s twin tails didn’t come undone or anything like that, but they *did* begin to inch longer as bright red highlights weaved amidst their sandy blondes. Well, that ruled out the possibility that she was becoming Wise in order to preserve some type of ‘balance’. Then again, it made sense. *Yuzuha* was the one that had worn the tanuki mask before Alice, and that girl had *long red hair* like she was developing. Her twin tails eventually become messier with uneven tips, while her bangs and the hair on the sides of her head grew longer in the redness to conceal her now human ears.

All of this went unnoticed by the ex-Thiren, who had encountered a similar issue with the mask to Wise where the eye holes had become unaligned with her eyes themselves. As it turned out? Both Alice *and* Yuzuha had already been the same height, so nothing had to be done to the girl’s stature to make her 5’4”. Nor did her perceived age require any adjustment because both girls were the same age: nineteen. But that was more or less where the similarities ended, even though the remaining adjustments were somewhat minor.

**“Ow!?! *Haha!*”** Because she couldn’t see, Alice accidentally bumped into Wise’s nearby desk but, unusually, laughed it up right after. She *did* feel surprisingly jolly. **“*I wish this mask would come off, but I bet it looks really stupid!*”** She cried out with a shriller voice, unaware that her lips had flattened ever-so-slightly. The mask evidently wasn’t tightening against her face to change it, but maybe that was because she was acting surprisingly *chill* about it? *Isn’t that something Yuzuha would say? But wait! Aren’t I Yuzuha? Duh!*

Either way, the corners of her eyes pinched in until she looked more *Japanese* – a trend that became clear throughout all of her facial features, such as with her flatter yet wider lips. Her nose shrunk at the cost of her nostrils widening, and that face's shape *shortened* and *rounded* overall. All racial traits you'd expect to find in a young, pretty Japanese woman. Even the heterochromia in her eyes became a consistent light green, providing a symmetry to them that the *old* her would have appreciated. But the *new* her? She was starting to find the fun and beauty in a little bit of *chaos*.

Now Yuzuha's spitting image beneath the mask, she snickered to herself and practically danced around the room. She'd given up on trying to *remove* the mask, because if it was an occult item then wasn't it kind of cool? It would fall off when it was ready, right? Which it *almost* was. The only adjustments that *really* remained had to be done to her figure, and hardly anything at all had to be tweaked. Her breasts became *slightly* more compact as they lost half a cup size and a mole disappeared from under her left tit, while her ass became slightly *less* full in kind. If anything, maybe her thighs had grown a little fuller? Just enough to bulge slightly within her tights.

...Not that it was an issue for long. "**Oh!?**" As she'd somehow expected, the mask finally slipped from her face but did *not* hit the ground, for it disappeared before any impact was made. Yet the moment it slipped off? It replaced her uniform with Alice's, from the light pink sweater to the black and red frilled skirt, to the mismatched striped leggings and black boots. Even her twin tails were now done up with Yuzuha's ornaments. But nothing felt different to *her*.

**"Huuuh. Weird! I can't even remember coming into Suibian Temple, much less Wise's room... I wonder if this is the work of an urban legend!?"** *Ukinami Yuzuha* was actually more on the right track than she even realized. The mask that had caused her transformation had disappeared along with the bunny one, both returning to the pedestal upon which they had been found several weeks ago. But this Yuzuha had no recollection of that, nor did the Alice in the next room. **"Wise and I aren't even close like that!"**



At least not for her to go rooting around in his room without supervision. She was only a few feet away from his computer! If she wanted to, nothing could stop her from turning it on and checking out what he had saved on— **“Yuzuha!?! You’d better be cleaning in there!”** Alice’s voice pierced the silence, probably because she’d heard her mumbling to herself.

The redhead just snickered and sauntered into the adjoining room, where she hugged Alice from behind. **“Hey! Why are we even cleaning Wise’s stinky room when we were supposed to be going on a date!?”** That *was* what they had been doing, right? They’d planning on going shopping together when they’d stopped in to visit the siblings. Up until Alice had seen how much of a *mess* Wise’s room was and just *had* to intervene. **“He’s gonna get in trouble if he finds us doing this, you know~?”** She made sure to press her boobs into Alice’s back so that she could feel them.

A trick that *easily* flustered her.

**“I-I-I guess you have a point! Fine... Let’s go on our date, then. Wanna go to the beach when we’re done shopping? You still have your swimsuit, right?”** Her face was as red as a tomato, so mission accomplished! But... didn’t this mean there were now two Yuzuhas and no Wises out there? Surely, the masks would have a plan to address that. Or not! Only time would tell.