

THREE KOISHI FLAVORS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What a pain...”

Sakuya Izayoi sighed as she continued to sort through one of the shelves in the library of the Scarlet Devil Mansion. The maid was looking for a certain book. One that had brought the mansion’s master a great deal of anguish over the past week or so. There had been an *incident* where Remilia’s younger sister, Flandre, had found a book that contained a spell that had turned *three* of the mansion’s residents into copies of herself. So, now they had *four* Flandres locked up in the basement as they attempted to find a way to undo it.

Patchouli would have been better suited to handle this task, but unfortunately she was one of the ones that had been turned into a Flandre clone in the first place! Then again, the book *shouldn’t* have ended up back in the library. She wasn’t even sure if it *had*. All she knew was that, despite Remilia’s insistence that the book be kept under lock and key in her bedroom? Someone had moved it, and now *everyone* on the property had been tasked with finding it.

The natural concern was that someone with bad intentions had learned of the book’s power and had stolen it with the desire to cause harm, and yet that wasn’t *quite* what had happened. Because, after all...

“**This must be a pretty fancy book if they had it all locked up!**”

It was in the hands of *Koishi Komeiji*, a satori that had sealed her third eye and, as a result, she only acted based on what her unconscious desired, and she couldn’t really be perceived unless she wanted someone to perceive her. That was why it had been *super* easy for her to slip into

the mansion, and why she'd managed to find the book *completely* by accident while wandering around. Because she wasn't acting with conscious thought, she ended up opening the book...

And reading a familiar line aloud.



Back to Sakuya, she'd been rooting through the library still when she'd felt it. Something had rippled through the air that was slightly *off*, and it was alarming because she had felt a similar energy pass through the perimeter back when the others had been transformed. Similar, but not the same. **“That... Was that the same power from before?”** She could vaguely trace its

location. The outer wall of the manor? It would have been imperative that she set out at that very moment.

The maid, however, was acting on an inaccurate assumption spread by Remilia. That because they all hadn't been affected the first time, that they must have had some form of natural immunity to the effects of the spell. It made sense to her when there was nothing signaling why Patchouli, Kaokuma, and Marisa had all been affected and no one else.

But Sakuya was about to realize just how wrong of an assertion it had been.

It probably would have been better if she had *immediately* noticed, but unfortunately the earliest stages had been a little bit difficult to notice, at least from her own perspective. **“I should probably report this to Lady Remilia...”** The maid had begun to float alongside the bookshelf with the intention of descending down to the ground once she was close to the door, but in the meantime? There were *things* happening upon her *head*.

The first and initially most obvious of these things concerned her *hair*. Her locks, typically straight and silver as they reached just past her shoulders, became messier as they extended a few inches longer. The

quality of this hair was growing *fluffier*, but it was likewise shifting in color, inheriting a green tinge that eventually became *more* green than silver, affecting even her eyebrows. But it was more than just her hair, too.

A *youthfulness* affected the woman's nearby facial features, seeing them soften and even shrink depending on the element. Take her *nose*, for example. Not only did it shorten, but her nostrils narrowed so that she had a nose that was much more button shaped. Sakuya's lips retained their feminine pout, but they did thin while her cheeks grew rounder around them. Even her eyes became fuller, albeit at the cost of her irises inheriting the same green as her hair. Needless to say, this wasn't the face nor hair of Sakuya Izayoi.

But it *was* the face and hair of the girl that had read the spell aloud.

"Hm?" The woman didn't quite catch the lighter sound to her voice as she finally noticed something that *did* give her pause. She stopped floating to look down, arching an eyebrow at the front of her maid uniform. Was the chest of her outfit *sagging* a tad? She brought a hand up to press against it, and her hand even *sunk* farther than she expected before finally meeting her breasts which felt... smaller. **"...Huh?"**

Sakuya *definitely* heard it that time, that girlish chirp to her voice. **"Wait!? Was Lady Remilia incorrect!?"** Was she *not* immune? The more she heard her new voice, the more she was certain of it, but the increased bagginess of her dress was contributing to her level of certainty. It hadn't *just* been the chest of it, as it turned out. The bloomers that she wore under her skirt felt roomier too, and there was only one possible explanation for that. Her ass and thighs had thinned in a manner similar to her breasts.

And as her chest had diminished until they were merely *A-cups*? There was very little left to her butt and legs as well.

It was only once her figure had become so lacking that her dress began to *swallow* her. **"H-Hold on a moment! Stop!"** Her arms, legs, and spine were all shortening rapidly, which left the woman a little torn. She had assumed that if she *was* transforming, she might have been becoming yet another Flandre. But her voice didn't sound like Flandre, and her face didn't look like Flandre. She *was*, however, shrinking to a size not dissimilar to how small Flandre was.

Her bloomers ended up slipping off and fluttering towards the floor of the library as she hovered there in a dress that swallowed her arms in the sleeves and gradually hide her legs beneath the skirt while shoes and

socks slipped off of shrunken feet. Underneath her sleeves, her hands were smaller and daintier as well. **“I don’t wanna be small!”**

And yet, as she sounded increasingly childish? She didn’t really have a choice. She might have *sounded* more like a child, but... No, she *looked* like one too. Sakuya’s face had already appeared more youthful, but by the time she had shrunk down to a mere 4’6”, her round and adorable face was clearly the face of a girl that couldn’t be much older than *twelve*. Like a young girl wearing an adult’s maid uniform for fun. Or, at least, she *had* been wearing a maid uniform. **“Oh!?”**

The costume had disappeared in an instance, replaced by a long-sleeves, white shirt underneath a classic beige vest and a green, patterned skirt overtop a pair of bloomers that actually fit her. It *all* fit her, in fact, including her new brown boots and the big-brimmed hat atop her head. She could feel the large, red bow tied beneath her chin whenever she moved her head. **“Why am I dressed like this!?”** But her worries, as it turned out, were fleeting. **“Urk!?”**

Pain? No. But she *felt* something floating in front of her as if it was part of her own body. Looking down? She saw a red orb with four ‘lines’ pushing out from it. They connected to her body after weaving through her clothes, and the orb soon turned to *look* at her with an open *eyeball*. **“A satori!?”** It was in that moment that she realized the type of youkai she had become, but it didn’t matter. Because that eyeball *closed*, and as it did?

Her memories, her will, her thoughts in their entirety... they all faded into nothingness.

“Book... Book... Book... Why am I looking for a book!?” With the third eye wrapped around her body now closed, the *Koishi Komeiji* dressed in an old-fashioned dress with a big hat now looked around with confusion. There was a small part of her that seemed to recall that she had been searching for a book of some sort, but she couldn’t remember which book she was looking for, or even *why* for that matter. But it soon became a footnote in her day. Because she wasn’t acting with conscious thought, she ultimately didn’t really care if she had forgotten or not.



In fact, she soon forgot that she had even forgotten.

It hadn’t taken much. The glimmer of an object on a table on the floor had distracted her, so she’d flown down to examine it while leaving the thought of reading any books behind. **“Aww... It’s**

just a coin!” Money didn’t have much use for a youkai that could just conceal herself and take whatever she wanted. And she even ended up pocketing the coin *despite* her complaints... because she wasn’t really *thinking* at all.

So, of course... She didn’t spare a thought towards what had just happened to her, nor towards the possibility that it could have happened to someone else.



Like Sakuya, Hong Meiling was also searching for the book around the same time. Remilia had taken the upstairs floor, Sakuya had the library, while Meiling actually had the outdoor perimeter to tackle. Funnily enough, this was *actually* where the original Koishi had been hiding out. And yet, because she was taking her time looking around? She ended up just missing her before she ended up reading that spell aloud.

“If it disappeared, that means that someone took it, right? No way they’re still on the property...” The martial artist was slowly circling the property, looking around but not really giving it her all. She was technically right. If someone had willingly stolen it, like Marisa often did with Patchouli’s books, they would have been more than long gone. They would have flown out of the manor before anyone could catch them.

But she hadn’t considered the possibility that the one who had taken it just *couldn’t* make smart plays like that. Namely because she did not think consciously.

“Huh?” Being a youkai that dealt more with muscle than magic, Meiling wasn’t as concerned by the ‘strange feeling’ that the book’s activation had caused, even though she *had* felt a similar sensation a week prior when the Flandres had risen to ‘power’. She shook it off, wondering if it was instead some sort of experiment being conducted by Remilia to try and undo what had already happened to the others or something, even though that didn’t make any sense either. Well... she wasn’t the sharpest tool in the shed.

And so, she wasn't prepared at all when her body had begun to change. **"Wow. I feel pretty tired all of a sudden...!"** This was a fairly early side-effect of the transformation, in fact, and the reason was actually somewhat visibly apparent. Because she was a martial artist, the red-headed woman naturally kept her body in tiptop shape. Her largely bare arms and somewhat exposed legs were plainly buffer than the limbs of most people, and her attire concealed hardened abs and pecs.

This issue was that these were all things she *should* have had... but they were deteriorating at that moment. Hardened muscle was softening, not necessarily replaced with fat, but leaving her body to appear far less fit. It was only natural that after a lifetime of being muscular, having that muscle mass sapped away would leave her feeling more fatigued until she adjusted to the differences. It led to Meiling even stopping in the middle of the lawn to momentarily catch her breath.

She shook her head from side to side to try and shake that weird feeling. **"I'm not sick, am I?"** Just because she was a youkai, it didn't mean she couldn't fall ill, it was just a rare occurrence. **"...Wait."** But she *clearly* wasn't sick, and all it took was the woman staring down at her own chest after getting the impression that her clothes weren't sitting right to confirm as much. **"Are my breasts...?"** *Smaller?* She couldn't think of why else the fabric would appear so loose, like it was just... hanging there.

And it was hanging there more and more. **"W-Wait!?"** There was *another* 'wait', this time accompanied by a voice crack and a sudden understanding from the woman about what was happening. Was she being affected by the spell that had transformed Patchouli and the others!? But like Sakuya, she immediately got it in her head that she was becoming Flandre. A smaller chest, a leaner body... Even the weight that had remained in her thighs and ass eventually drained away until they were just as scrawny as what eventually amounted to an *A-cup* bosom.

It was at that moment that her height finally collapsed. **"Ah!?"** Her stature diminished rapidly, and her Chinese-style dress ended up dragged against the grass as she eventually regressed in size *and* age until she was equal to Koishi in both regards. Standing at only *4'6"*, she still looked like a younger Meiling rather than a completely different girl altogether. But that was only brief.

"I'm so small..." The cuffs slipped right off her tiny hands as she lifted them up to look at how small and weak they were, the girl herself utterly unaware of how much her face was changing in this moment. Her Asian features remained, but the shapes of her eyes changed vaguely so that any remaining Chinese traits were swapped to make her appear more

Japanese instead. A smaller yet slightly leaner nose, thin but pouty lips... all in the service of making her look more like the satori girl as her eyes soon glowed the same green.

A green that crept into her red hair from the roots and swept through to the tips, all while pulling it until it was just past her shoulders. It gained volume in a way that made it appear fluffier, but this forced the small braid on the left side of her face to come undone. Not that it really mattered at *this* point. Because her clothing changed in a flash. “**New clothes!?**”

The color scheme was almost identical to the outfit the Koishified Sakuya had been dressed in, but it was a more traditional Japanese kimono with a lean, green skirt and beige kosode top with brown geta sandals. There was even a cute little bow tying her now green hair into a little ponytail behind her! “**Huh?**” Just as the girl was about to comment on it more, she felt the same ‘presence’ in front of her that Sakuya had and saw the same red orb that turned to reveal an eyeball with a trio of connectors wrapping around her body and *connecting*. In that moment the eyeball slammed shut and...

Nothing. No Meiling remained.

“**Oh! The weather’s nice!**” That was all the third (and kimono-clad) *Koishi Komeiji* said after her third eye finally closed and she had become trapped within her own thoughtlessness, just like the others. She didn’t know *why* she was outside, what she had been doing, or where she even was in the first place. All that she knew was that— “**Wow! It’s a really big mansion!**” It felt more like she was seeing it all for the first time! It made her want to go exploring!



And exploring she went! She was *looking* for a door, but at the sight of an open window she just flew right in! “**Weird. Why’s no one around?**” Things *did* seem pretty quiet as she wandered the halls. At least until she heard the sound of *four* identical forces giggling down a long flight of stairs. She was curious, and so she found a door that was locked from the outside! Would it be wrong to open that lock?

Probably, but the third Koishiling wasn’t thinking about any of that!



“Are there any clues...?”

After doing a thorough sweep of the mansion’s upper floor, Remilia Scarlet had returned to her room to investigate the scene of the crime once more. She’d locked the book in a box covered with Japanese wards, but someone had managed to bypass them. The reason for this *was* simple, it just wasn’t a possibility she had accounted for. Because it was meant to drive off anyone who had the *will* to steal the box’s contents. But Koishi hadn’t

possessed the will to *do* anything with her unique condition.

And so, it had been easy for her to get around the seals... and to utter the spell that had started this entire mess in the first place to similar effect. Much like Sakuya, Remilia had *immediately* recognized that the spell had been cast, along with where it had been cast from. **“What now?”** But she also believed she had some sort of resistance to the spell, seeing as she was the one who had planted the idea in her maid’s head.

She was wrong, of course.

Now, there was a big difference between the transformation that Remilia had to undergo and what the other two were undergoing at the same time. And that was that Remilia was *already* childish in her design. In terms of size and build, she wasn’t really all that different from Koishi Komeiji in the first place, so it wasn’t like she’d have to undergo an abundance of adjustments to match.

Maybe that was why the changes that had come last for the other two came *first* in the vampire’s case, because— **“What in the world am I wearing!?”** In a flash, her favorite dress had been replaced by something... odd. It was a modern school uniform with a plaid, green skirt and a big, beige blazer and red bow. She wore a little beret on her head, and loose socks over brown shoes on her feet. But how had her wings not— *THUMP!*

A chill ran down the girl’s spine as she turned to face the sound behind her, her back feeling *concerningly* light as she did so. Just in time to catch the sight of her wings, severed and on the ground, slowly fading into nothingness. Assuming she was *also* becoming Flandre, her sister

had wings of her own. Their designs were just *different*. So, she should have grown new ones, right?

But they didn't grow. In fact, a slight ache in her mouth led to Remilia poking her own teeth, where she found that her fangs were gone! And her ears had rounded, but that wasn't one she had bothered to check. **“W-Wait! Am I not becoming Flandre!?”** If that was the case, then *who* in the world was she transforming into!? The next stage didn't make things any clearer to her, either.

Not as a red orb appeared in front of her. She could *feel* its presence, like it was somehow part of her body. **“What in the world is—!?”** But before she could even finish her sentence, a horizontal slit opened in it to reveal an *eyeball*, one that she could see herself through since it was looking at her. In that moment, though? Three crimson tendrils shot out and connected to her body behind her.

Which lead to her eyes going wide and her mouth still.

Because Remilia was far more powerful than the other two, it made sense to break her mind early, so the third eye ultimately closed. Her consciousness had been shut off, but her unconscious hadn't yet taken control, and so she stood there, still, like she was in some sort of *trance*. This allowed the spell to rework the rest of her body without interruption though.

Her eyes made this the most obvious, if only because they were temporarily *glowing* with a bright green as the shapes around them narrowed into more Japanese shapes despite the vampire *clearing* being European. Her face ultimately conformed to the same shape as the other's had, but this largely amounted to her cheeks becoming a little chubbier and her lips *slightly* wider to account for her changed race more than anything.

It wasn't long before the green found her hair as well, and it grew out to be long and fluffy while somehow avoiding disheveling the beret on top of her head. It curled over her shoulders, and the bangs ended up covering her left eye as they fell down towards her mouth. Which, honestly, was a little funny when you considered she had three eyes and two had been covered in one way or another.

And then? Her unconscious finally took control.

“There's lots of shiny things in this room!”



Whose room was it? The fourth *Koishi Komeiji* couldn't remember that it had once been her *own*. Like the others, her head was just... empty. She was taking everything as it came and dressed in a school uniform similar to those worn by students outside of Gensokyo's barrier, she wandered around the bedroom aimlessly as she was drawing to this and that. Just when she'd been about to *leave* the room, though? **"Whoa!?"**

The door flew open, and one of the Flandres flew in with a big smile on her face, practically tackling the Koishi. **"I knew I heard one in here!"** The Koishi that Meiling had been transformed into had clearly succeeded in releasing the Flandrelings, and they'd all ended up hunting down one of the Koishis with the intention of— **"Wanna play!? Let's be partners!"** Well, they did appear to be roughly around the same age...

"Sure!" And this Koishi happily agreed! After all, what reason would she have had to say no?

Much to the dismay of those in the mansion that remained unchanged, confused about why all of these girls were flying around everywhere...

