

THE BARMAID'S SISTER

OCTOBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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It had been several days since Shalltear's untimely disappearance, and Albedo had gone back and forth on whether she wanted to invest much time in finding her. It weren't as if this were the first time she'd gone missing, but at the same time despite their rivalry Shalltear was still *something* of a friend to the succubus. Disappearing while the other floor guardians were out on business, and yet no one should have been able to enter the Great Tomb of Nazarick all the easily. It had been a brain teaser.

Until their lord, Ainz, had stumbled onto a piece of relevant information. A lead. In a small human village on a nearby by distant continent, an energy level with high similarity to Shalltear's had popped up... and Albedo had been the one sent to investigate. As much as she had *really* wanted to avoid going...

...Here she was, standing in the room of a mortal with no real guidance regarding what to do next. **"The one that lives here must be on the poor side, I can't imagine living in such a dump."** It was midday, and Albedo was poking through the home that had been marked for Shalltear's energy signal location. *It just wasn't much of anything.*

A wooden shack with a bathroom, a tiny kitchen, and two bedrooms. The occupants seemed to be out, and she couldn't find a single clue that Shalltear had been staying in this train wreck of a building (*though she couldn't deny it would suit that masochistic vampire*). Yet checking out the second bedroom had yielded a bizarre experience.

“A barrier? What is this?” It was a force she’d felt upon entering, a low-level barrier technique typically used by members of the clergy to repel low-ranking demons. Of course there was *nothing* low ranking about a succubus. It certainly wouldn’t have been adept at containing Shalltear either, and so? Why was it exclusively in this singular room? As far as bedrooms went it was even tinier than the first, with old stuffed toys arranged by the windowsill.

Albedo had dismissed the barrier as trivial, but the moment she went to leave the room she’d been stopped. **“What?”** The displeasure in her voice was obvious enough. Was this a *trap*? Had humans honestly expected to catch a succubus in such a rudimentary barrier? All it would take was a simple expulsion of her own demonic energy to...

A SIMPLE EXPLUSION OF HER OWN DEMONIC ENERGY TO...!!!

But nothing came. Try as she might, the barrier seemed to be stunting her powers. **“What the hell!? This shouldn’t be possible! A guardian of the Great Tomb of Nazarick shouldn’t be so easily contained!”** What would her dearest Ainz-sama say!? Would he think less of her after this? No! She had to break out before any humans came back to kill her!

Humans weren’t going to come, though. On paper the only person that lived there was a woman named Sally, a barmaid that worked at the bar down the road. Said barmaid had mysteriously appeared in the village just days before, the very day Shalltear had gone missing in fact. Yet the house Sally stayed in had two rooms, and Sally herself believed she had a younger sister that lived with her even if they hadn’t crossed paths since her conception.

*Because this barrier was, in fact, a trap set to **create** that sister.*

“Oi! Let me out! I will not remained trapped in here, you hear me!?” Albedo’s demeanor had changed, and she was absolutely pissed now. Ever since the trap had been sprung the qualities of the barrier itself had been changed. Not only had she been lulled into a false sense of security to entrap her in the first place, she could begin to feel additional effects tingling across her flesh. She *feared* she had more to worry about than a mere, temporary loss of her power.

Those fears, in fact, had begun to turn to truth. Mixed in with the raven hair she so gingerly took care of so that Ainz would (*perhaps, maybe*) fawn over were strands not typical of her dark raven. She liked her hair to be as black as the night sky, immeasurably dark to speak of her evil nature as a succubus. But now? That head of hair was alight with flame, as if to burn that darkness away.

The fire wasn't a literal one but one of vibrancy. A bright, fiery red was plaguing portions of her hair; color very easily likened to the churning flames of a burning field. It was actually a shade akin to that of Sally's, yet while Sally's own hair had a browner tone mixed in Albedo's was certainly an authentic crimson. Every tuft of hair that changed in color also changed in size, length shortening to just past her shoulders as opposed to falling as far as her ankles. It allowed the motions of her head to be less burdened, not that this was her first thought in the moment she'd realized.

Albedo practically hissed the moment she took a handful of her own hair. She'd only taken notice in the first place because it had been tickling her neck, but now? **“My hair!? How could hair so dark and enchanting brighten so quickly!? Is this a prank set in motion by Shalltear!? I swear I'll *purify* her!”**

That line hung in the air for a moment, presented intent not striking her as overtly strange until she'd had a moment to process it. **“Wait, *purify*?”** That wasn't the word she'd *meant* to use. 'Kill' or 'maim', words like *those* should have been expected, but 'purify'? She wasn't a saintess in a human clergy that would toss about such a holy term. After all, she was a demonic succu--

THUMP... THUMP...

Two somethings had just fallen from atop her head and crashed through the floorboards below, and Albedo didn't need to reach up to confirm just what they were. After all, her head was substantially lighter now. It was her succubus horns... they'd fallen off. And then a second pair of *THUMPS* that originated from behind her confirmed that yes, her feathered wings had followed suit.

The scream Albedo made *should* have shattered the bedroom window, and the fact that it didn't is an event debated by scientific minds even to this day.

“What the hell! What the hell! What the hell! If this is a prank it's going way too far, Shalltear! When I get out of here I swear I'll make my dear... Ainz-sama... huh?” She was furious and yet still committed to her love for Ainz in that very moment, and yet... AND YET... The thought she'd had the very moment she spoke his name disgusted Albedo to her very core. **“*Why would I have feelings for an undead? They killed mommy and daddy, all undead should be purified!*”** She'd always seen Ainz as such a sexy and powerful undead, but now all she felt about him was *anger*.

“I... *who?* *What* was I saying? *Where am I?*” The once mighty succubi fell to her knees, clawed hands digging into the sides of her skull for but a moment before the points on her fingers waned. She was being humbled by the humanity she was being granted, golden eyes awash with a more mundane gray as pupils changed from slits to circles. She both didn't recognize her surroundings and felt like she knew them all too well as the barrier chipped away at her psyche.

And then the woman's frame began to diminish. All at once, an even absence of height and weight alike that preserved her posture while sacrificing the fit of her outfit. The white dress she traditionally wore for she had been created adorning it had begun to slide down her arms as their lengths retreated and the width of her shoulder diminished.

Before long Albedo's breasts were bare because the dress was sliding *too* far down, but very little needed to be masked. The fat in either pouch of her bosom bubbled as they sagged inside, instead finding themselves blessed with a youthful perkiness despite the fact their sizes had practically halved. The shapes of her tits were good, but they clearly weren't designed for an adult woman.

Nor was her rear. Sitting on her knees with her butt resting upon the back of her leg, her posture momentarily had no choice but to adjust thanks to the fact that there was far less cushion to allocate for her seat. Ass cheeks remained perky and that was true, but they were definitely perky when compared to a shortened frame much like her chest had. Thighs followed after of course, flesh taut and round yet it was merely budding in shape -- suggestive of reaching much greater heights when she'd one day grow.

But how old was she...? **“*Um...*”** Her voice was high and sweet like an angel's might be, expression soft with rosy cheeks and wide eyes. Memories were a mess, and the girl still couldn't properly grasp her circumstances but she was slowly making progress. **“*Was I kneeling for prayer? That must have been it!*”** Wait, was it? What was that internal disgust she'd felt in response to even *considering* prayer? If only Ainz--

There it was again. That name. She associated with an undead even though she was fairly certain she had never met him before. But if such a powerful undead existed then wasn't it her job as the saintess of the local church to purify, exorcise him?

As reality's change slid into its final phase it was the child of thirteen's clothing that began to alter. The white dress that had all but fallen off her small, supple frame was darkening as it laid across her lap while

Albedo put hands together in prayer. It slid up her body, tightening around her torso into a religious habit with a very short cut that was fairly lewd by contrast with more traditional wear. Her right thigh was left almost completely exposed by a slit in the side of the skirt, while the right leg was completely enveloped in skin tight cloth. It even showed off her cleavage (*growing as it was*)!

There was a reason for this. She was no ordinary saintess, but a combat saintess. After her parents were killed the church had taken both Sally and herself in, raising the two. Sally worked at the bar in order to pay for their food and rent, but pursuing her hatred for demons and undead, as well as being gifted with holy energy, Albedo *Amy* pursued this path of a combat saintess in order to obliterate those that lurked in the darkness. This included Ainz, whoever that was.

“Amy? Are you praying at this hour?” A voice in the doorway suddenly stirred the child’s attention. Dressed for work, her big titted sister Sally was looking down at her. **“You dropped your veil as well. Or do you need me to help tie up your hair so you can wear it again. Honestly! You’re such a kid sometimes!”** The elder sister giggled as she barged into the room, picking up the veil on the ground (*which had been Albedo’s horns and wings at one point*). She knelt behind Amy and began to do up her hair.

“S-Sister!? I’m fine! Did you just get back from work? I didn’t see you when I returned from training.” Amy fumbled with her words as her hair was touched. Truth be told, she was more reliant on her sister than she liked to pretend. But that was fine! To have such a big and beautiful sister... she could only hope she grew up to be as pretty as her someday!

What a strange dynamic swap for Shalltear and Albedo in the end.

Neither of them knew any better now, their knew lives slotted into place. Albedo, the little sister named Amy. Shalltear, the elder sister named Sally. They led a humble village life for the rest of their days, with Amy never amounting to the level of power capable of challenging Ainz.

In fact, by the time her hair had been done up that day she’d *completely* forgotten about him. She had more important things on her mind.

“Sister! I’d like apple porridge for dinner!”