

MISS BELSERION'S GIRLS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been several hours now, and Carla still didn't quite understand what was happening.

The Exceed, a small, white, bipedal, talking cat, had returned to the dorm room that she shared with her best friend, Wendy Marvell after going shopping that day. What she had walked in on had been horrifying. Her friend was nowhere to be seen, but the room hadn't been unoccupied. Standing within had been one of Fairy Tail's old enemies, a Dragon Witch that was actually the mother of the guild's very own Erza Scarlet.

Dread had overwhelmed her at that moment. Where was Wendy? Had Irene done something to her? Before she could question any of that, the witch had cast a spell on her that had prevented her from opening her mouth. And when she had tried to escape? A paralysis spell had been cast as well. She had been rendered immobile, a prisoner of Irene's as the woman uttered what amounted to a bunch of nonsense.

From the things she was saying, it not only sounded like Wendy was still alive, but that she was implying she *was* Wendy. Carla was aware of what had happened during the war a couple of years back where the two had switched bodies, but this Irene... She didn't look like Wendy nor did she act like her, so from her perspective that didn't make any sense. Eventually tossed into a barred cell in the corner of the dorm room that Irene fashioned with magic, the cat hadn't been able to ask about it either.

What was perhaps even *more* disturbing had been the chatter about doing something to Carla herself. Heine and Juliet. Those names kept

coming up as the witch talked to herself. The Exceed knew that those were the names of Irene's underlings during the war, and she had been talking about turning Carla into one or *both* of them? That didn't make a lick of sense either!

Carla could only hope that another Fairy Tail member would come to check on Wendy before it was too late. But it didn't seem like that would be the case.

“Now... If I were to do this from your cat form it would likely be too inconvenient. But you have a human form, don't you?” Eventually it reached the point where Irene appeared to have finished with whatever preparations had filled up the previous couple of hours, and she had come to the bars of the cell to talk to Carla – not that the Exceed could reply. She raised her hand, and the cat could feel tendrils of magic toying not with her body, but with her soul. **“I don't imagine you'd take that form if I asked, but hm... *There it is.*”**

Like a string had been plucked inside of her, something reverberated throughout Carla's body and magic was cast from within that she hadn't *willing* cast. In a matter of moments the cat's body was completely different, and what now sat on her knees in the middle of the dorm room cell was a human girl with cat ears and a cat tail, one arm drawn across her small chest to hide the fact that she had been transformed without clothing.



Irene's face showed a satisfied expression as Carla glared at her with her human eyes. **“Come now, don't give me that look! If you're so concerned about your figure, then you'll actually *like* what's to come. But *stand*, else it might be a little too uncomfortable for you.”** The humanoid Exceed *did* stand, but not through her own free will. It was like it had just automatically responded to a command from Irene. Was she really that powerless to prevent what was about to happen?

“Unfortunately I need to gather some materials for the next stage of my plan so I won't be able to enjoy the view, but it should be finished when I return.” Irene snapped her fingers, and the girl immediately recognized that she could both move and talk again. **“Feel free to make as much noise as you'd like throughout, I've used a spell to soundproof this room. No one will hear what you have to say.”**

“IRENE, YOU—!?” Carla hadn’t cared if anyone else could hear her, she had just wanted to give Irene a piece of her mind and find out where Wendy *actually* was. But before she could even shout out more than two words, the woman had teleported with magic, leaving her along in the room and in the cell. She hadn’t been left without a parting gift, however. Carla could feel it. A warmth from inside that felt out of place. Irene had cast something on her when she had tampered with her soul, hadn’t she?

The cat-featured human almost *immediately* began to feel the effects of this just moments after Irene had left. It wasn’t uncomfortable nor painful, the warmth instead almost coming across as a *pleasant* feeling. And yet? That didn’t mean it didn’t feel *strange*. **“What did she do to me...?”** Carla couldn’t understand the significance of this at first, but it almost felt like she had been cleaved in two. Like what one side of her body was feeling wasn’t *exactly* what the other side was feeling.

What changed first wasn’t actually related to this at *all* though. The swishing of the white, furred, feline tail that extended from the correct bone above her bare butt gradually lost its length. Inch by inch its length regressed, and the shorter it became? The *stiffer* it became. It’s prehensility was diminishing, and that was enough to prompt the Exceed to finally look over her shoulder. **“M-My tail!?”** By the time she had noticed it was already less than half of its full length, and given a few moments longer it ceased to exist whatsoever.

This prompted Carla to immediately draw her attention to the top of her head. If her *cat tail* had disappeared, then... **“No!”** Her hunch had been right on the money. Because this form also had two sets of ears – one feline and one human – she hadn’t immediately realized that one set of them was going the same way that her tail had. Even with her fingers grasping at the fuzzier set of hearing holes, they had *already* almost managed to flatten away entirely. It wasn’t long before they were absorbed completely into her head, leaving her with only the human pair.

“I’m completely human!?” She was shocked, naturally, but there *was* a part of her that was relieved it hadn’t been something too drastic. She had found the magic to turn into a human exactly because she wanted to be more human, and so if she was stuck like that? Then at the very least this was an existence that she could deal with. But the girl was mistaken in thinking that this was *all* that Irene had intended for her. After all, the strange imbalance she felt between the left and the right sides of her body hadn’t waned.

In fact, the feeling felt a little more intense.

Responding to this, she began to look over her body. Her hands, her feet, even her bare chest and other regions. But what she didn't really consider to look at was her *hair*, which provided early insight into exactly what was transpiring if she pieced it together with the things Irene had said to her leading up to this phenomenon.

The hair on either side of Carla's head began to change – both in color and in style. But with the dead center of her head almost like a barrier, either side adapted a *completely different* color and style. On the right? Her white hair adopted a golden brown that bordered blond. This hair became thick and fluffy, but it also shortened several inches in the back while bangs took something akin to a hime cut. Yet on the *left*, her white hair thinned and darkened to a navy blue. It was cut a bit shorter than the right, just barely touching her shoulders peaks. But the bangs on this side were swept to the left too.

“I don't understand! She said something about turning me into *Heine* or *Juliet*, but that can't be possible, right?” Evidently it hadn't struck Carla's ears the same way it might have sounded to someone else, but when she had said those two names it almost sounded like she had spoken with two voices overlaying each other.

The awry-feeling warmth intensified a moment, and it amounted to a change that Carla *could* take note of. Because all at once? Carla's point of view shot up. **“*Huh!?*”** Bare feet pattered back and forth on the floorboards of Wendy's dorm room as she tried to maintain her balance. She had grown about four inches very suddenly, but based on the enhanced jiggling sensations she could feel across her chest and rear? It didn't seem like that was all there was.

Her breasts were a size larger, but still tiny overall. And her butt was fuller too. Looking at Carla's facial features laid out the truth of what had happened fairly plainly, but she realized herself. **“*Did I get older?*”** Without a mirror it *was* hard to say for sure, but she was correct. Based on her face she looked like her human body was around the age of twenty or so now, rather than resembling a girl around Wendy's age in the early teens.

“*That's so cool! ...Is it?*” Despite the panic she had initially expressed, two very different responses were spoken in quick succession before she recomposed herself. **“*That was... odd...*”** And it certainly hadn't eased her anxiety about the whole thing. Yet just like her mouth had produced two very different responses, the line that split her hair color and style? It began to affect the face through which she expressed all of this in the first place.

Initially it affected the young woman's eyes more prominently than anywhere else. Beneath her golden brown hair on the right her brown eye did not change color, but the lashes that framed it grew effeminately long and its shape became rounder to better show off a range of expressions. On the left though? Her eye narrowed significantly until it bore a closer resemblance to Kagura's eyes of Mermaid Heel. Her iris darkened and lashes thinned, with the brow above it turning dark blue just as the right one adopted the golden brown of the hair above it.

The overall *shape* of Carla's face on either side became dramatically different too. It was rounder on the right, slimmer on the left – traits that were shared with her nose and similarly with her lips. They were much fuller on the right side, thinner on the left. Even her *complexion* differed depending on what side you looked at. Beneath the darker hair was much paler than the other side, though the pinker half did sport what seemed to be a perpetual blush upon her cheek.

Even her limbs seemed to have adopted different postures. Carla's left half was a lot stiffer than her right. "*I'm so confused...*" Two very different voices escaped a single, mismatched mouth. The woman *looked* disoriented, and she had begun to sway to and fro in response to something that could not quite be observed. A phenomenon that felt like it was pulling on her ego, and in doing so her perception and attitude was bouncing back and forth between two very different extremes. Something very *bubbly*, and something very *cold*.

This took her right out of a state of mind where she could observe the changes happening to her body, but that didn't mean that these changes had ceased. Rather, the line continued to split her into two very different hands – including spreading the same complexion that had already inconsistently colored her face and the colors of her hair when it came to the young woman's pubes.

But otherwise? It seemed as if these changes were fixated on taking her newly matured figure and making it so that both sides looked like they belonged to two very different women. When examining her breasts? They were both swelling with a new fullness, but her right sided tit certainly usurped the left in terms of fullness. A DD-cup teat is what arose there, full and perky – whereas the leftmost one was only a C-cup, though still perky in nature.

The distribution was *more* consistent further down, but still not quite. Both cheeks of Carla's ass filled out. The paler one was actually roughly the same size as the pinker one after the skin had stretched fully around their new heft, and yet the paler side was *tighter*. The pink cheek seemed bigger in a fatter sense, like it belonged to a woman who wasn't quite as fit as the person who the cheek on the other side was relevant

to. A similar trend was noted in her hips and thighs, gait stretched similarly regardless of which side it was on.

It became clear that the right side was much more effeminate than the right by design. Fingers were manicured, toes were well taken care of – whereas the left sported short nails and calloused fingers, not to mention a series of erratically placed scars across her flesh. And from head to toe, this left the girl's body looking like she was somehow two women that had been fused into a singular individual.

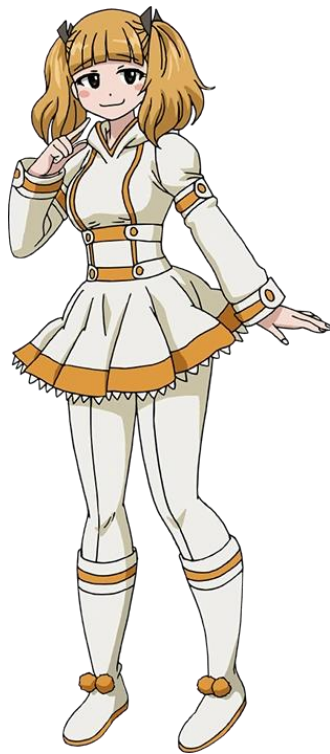
Which wasn't quite true, but it wasn't really a permanent concern regardless. ***"It hurts... Stop pulling!"*** There was no one else present that the two voices could be speaking to, and yet Carla was convinced that someone was pulling... pulling... pulling... Her head throbbed and the two differing attitudes finally began to unravel from each other. Yet there were clearly physical ramifications associated with this now.

Her head was *literally* being pulled in two different direction, the two halves eventually forcibly parted from each other. Yet once split? A second half formed that matched the first. The line that had divided ~~her~~ their bodies became the line upon which the two women were sundered, and before long there was not a singular shared feature between them aside from their height. From their breasts, to their asses, to their limbs – they were now completely separate, fully formed, and complete.

But their minds were still on the same wavelength despite having been pulled apart. Little by little they pulled their unique identities away from each other, which gave the magic affecting them an opportunity to finally deal with their pesky nudity issue.

The woman with golden brown hair soon found said hair done up into two fluffy tails bound by gray hair ties. A white coat with golden trim and a matching skirt clad her torso, and matching white pants and similarly trimmed boots shrouded her legs and feet. On the other hand, the dark-haired woman was soon dressed in a black, skintight bodysuit with net cuts as well as a navy blue cloak. A moon-shaped ornament pulled her blue hair up, and all in all? The bodysuit exemplified her curves in full force. Not that the bubblier-looking woman's outfit didn't hug her snugly.

"Oh! Look at you two. It seems everything went well?" While both Heine and Juliet still had a lingering thread of shared consciousness since they had originated from a singular person, both young women still turned to face Irene when she reappeared without a second thought, presenting their differing personalities perfectly. Juliet clapped her hands together enthusiastically as Irene opened the cell door, and Heine gave a quiet nod.



It was the former that spoke up. **“It did indeed, Lady Belserion! It’s like we’ve been reborn! But I guess we’re actually someone different deep down, aren’t we? Hehehe!”** While according to her figure she was *clearly* a woman around the age of twenty, *Juliet’s* energetic and bubbly way of speaking and giggling made her feel a little younger overall.

“Does it matter? So long as we can serve Lady Belserion, it doesn’t matter what form we take.” Heine gave Juliet a tired glance with her arms hugged beneath her chest. On the other hand *she* seemed more mature than her age actually suggested. She was similarly aged to her partner, but everything about her demeanor made her *feel* older.

But in truth neither Heine nor Juliet had been human in the first place. They had been swords that had been enchanted into humans – and Irene had used a similar method to recreate them out of Carla’s soul. **“That’s good then. And I just so happened to find all of the materials I needed to make Fairy Tail fall at my hands. Or perhaps I should say ‘make them into my followers?’”** Personality enchantment magic was impressive, so with a little tweaking to their physical forms she could make even more followers like Heine and Juliet. She just needed to take them off guard. **“But for tonight we’ll need to rest. Why don’t I leave you two alone? I’m sure you’d feeling a touch *needy*.”**

So did Irene herself, but she could find someone in Magnolia to satisfy her urges. It wasn’t the same for those two. They were *partners* in more ways than one, and when it came to physical satisfaction? There was no better person for one than the other. After all, they knew all of each other’s sensitive points and preferences. And so Irene disappeared, leaving the pair of them all alone.



“Huh? Oh! Lady Belserion is telling us we can fuck! That’s good, I’ve been feeling *reaaaally* frisky since I became like this!” It had no doubt been a side effect of having her body transformed and her soul cleaved. Heine wordlessly nodded to acknowledge that she felt the same. And what followed? Well, there wasn’t a whole lot of talking for the next few hours. On the other hand?

There *was* a lot of moaning! But at least they no longer remembered they originated from the same person!