

REMIFICATIONS

SEPTEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“And that’s what Ram said to you, I suppose?”

“Yeah.” Subaru Natsuki found himself in the Forbidden Library of the Roswaal Mansion for the second time that week, having yet another conversation with the Artificial Spirit that called it her home. Her name was Beatrice, she looked like a blonde, little girl, and she was a *pain in the ass*. Despite that though Subaru was quite taken with her even if she didn’t seem to see him the same way.

But the circumstances for this meeting weren’t exactly cordial. Subaru had been working as a servant at the Roswaal Mansion for months now, but no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t even entertain the small possibility of keeping up with the two twin maid sisters that also worked there, Ram and Rem. In fact, he was here now on instruction from Ram, the elder of the two twins.

“Barasu!” It was clear he was putting on his best Ram impression, mirroring her poor flair for the dramatics as he chanted the stupid name she’d given him. **“Speak to Beatrice and tell her you need the ‘secret package’. Maybe then you’ll be a little more than worthless!”**

The Spirit merely nodded her head. So Ram had asked for that? Well, it was a little extreme but it was also *very* effective. In a way she figured she’d hate seeing Subaru go that route, but at the same time if his efforts had been so poor then perhaps it was necessary at least as a *temporary* measure. **“I can do as she says, in fact. But don’t bother me until tomorrow. If I give it to you now, it should be done by then, I suppose.”**

Honestly? Subaru had a bad feeling about this. Both Ram and Beatrice were skirting around whatever it was this ‘secret package’ was, and before he could even ask Beako he’d been ejected from the library in her typical manner: he was flung right out the door with magic, although this time he smacked his head upon impact with the hallway wall. Naturally he was rendered *unconscious*.

“Ugh. Man! She really needs to be a little more careful. What time is it even?” The Japanese boy awoke much later in the day. Once he’d opened his eyes a familiar ceiling had greeted him: the ceiling of the room he’d been living in for the past few months. Which meant he was laying on his bed. His head hurt like a bitch as he pulled himself up into a sitting position, wondering who it was that had been granted the misfortune of carrying him back.

Hopefully it hadn’t been Ram, because then he would *never* hear the end of it.

He’d lifted a knee up to get his balance, but upon doing do something caught his eye. Something white, and black, and lacy. Leg wear that certainly weren’t pants. **“A SKIRT!?”** Not just any skirt. It was the exact same skirt the maids of Roswaal wore. This lead to further exploration. Detached sleeves, a low but frilly neckline, a head piece, black loafers -- he was dressed head to toe as a maid. **“Ram!”** This had more or less convinced him that it was Ram that had taken him back to his room. Only she would enact a prank so *heinous*.

Oh yeah, and he could also tell he was wearing *frilly panties*.

But he was wrong. What Subaru was wearing was actually the ‘secret package’ Ram and Beatrice had been talking about. It wasn’t your conventional maid uniform and, in fact, it was terribly enchanted to better the housekeeping performance of whomever was forced to wear it. It was just... *there were side effects*.

Subaru practically jumped out of the bed, the detached sleeves and skirt fluttering in a very distracting way. Impulse had told him he had to find Ram to scold her for this, but he definitely wasn’t giving her the satisfaction of approaching her *in* the maid outfit. Naturally a change of clothes was in order, but before he could even do that...

The fact that the comforter on his bad had grown so disheveled from him sleeping on it weighed far too heavily. **“Damn it, I guess I should fix that first.”** It was very unlike Subaru to care about things like whether or not he was taking care of his own room, but now something

was burning inside of him. A passion for neatness? Where had it even *come* from?

But there was no use in fighting it. Fingers reached down to smooth out the sheets with a gentle touch not very befitting of Subaru's typical brute force philosophies. Yet, as they ran across the soft, comfortable surface, it was almost like these traits were bleeding into the fingers themselves. Nails lengthened slightly but that wasn't the main draw - it was the flesh.

Fingers became whiter, almost like porcelain, and the pads of each finger softened as the breadth of each digit collapsed inward along with his palms. Hands ended up looking quite dainty, and even though Subaru was looking right at them it hadn't quite registered. None of this would. That was what made the 'secret package' so potent.

In fact, the sudden view of bangs draping in front of his right eye immediately provoked Subaru into brushing them away. They were certainly longer - as was his entire cut of hair, now in little more than a chin length bob. This was a truer test regarding the boy's inability to identify what was happening, because the bangs he'd swiped away? They weren't the typical dark brown he'd been born with. They were a **pale purple** that looked like a mixture of Rem and Ram's blue and red hair respectively. This *wasn't* a coincidence.

The enchantment drew from the target's subconscious to make them a better caretaker than they could ever be on their own, but to do that it drew from their perception of what made a '*good servant*'. Subaru's idealized servants were Rem and Ram, the pair a perfect team of maids. And so their traits were being transferred into him, smooched together to form a '*perfect*' maid from his point of view.

Even his daintier hands resembled those of both sisters, with a beauty mark from their opposing hands appearing on the back of his right and left.

“Since when has my hair been so long? I... need to properly style it so I'm presentable for Roswaal-sama.” Subaru's voice chirped, a desire to show off to his 'master' suddenly planted in his head. It was one of Ram's traits. She was *absolutely* fixated on Roswaal, and while not as intense that affection was now present in Subaru's head. But the tone of his voice? It was much steadier, much softer. Much more like *Rem*.

Rem and Ram were twins and so their physical frames on the most basic level were similar. They were both also seven full inches shorter than Subaru was, and that was the next trait of his mental image that came to

bleed in. The fit of the maid uniform had definitely been too short. The leggings hadn't fit properly and had left much of his upper leg uncovered and the skirt was raised higher than it should have been, but this was all *corrected*.

The leggings crawled up his legs not because they were lengthening but because the legs themselves were becoming shorter. It was as if a supernatural force yanked the white nylon up, and as it did his skirt also fell to rest around the center of those thighs. Arms became both leaner and shorter of reach, the dainty fingers no longer capable of reaching as far out as they could and allowing the detached sleeves to sit more comfortably. Inches poured off of him, and before long he ended up standing at a significantly shorter 5'1", down from 5'8".

“Huh? Why am I in Subaru-kun's room?” He was stunned. Why had he just repeated his own name like it was someone else? Why had he said it like *Rem* said it? Why did that name make him feel... warm? About as warm as when he thought about Roswaal come to think of it. The decrease in height had been accompanied by a rising of pitch as vocal chords had collapsed, and the voice he was speaking with sounded like an even mix of both of the maid twins. He shook his head to dispel doubt, and his purple bangs danced around with the movement.

As he shook though? His facial features saw rearrangement. Cheeks became rounder and puffier while the size of his nose shrunk. Eyes widened with lengthened lashes, irises dyed the same purple as his hair. He licked his lips, not even noticing they were better defined than they had been either, with a small chin and fair forehead. Subaru's face was eerily familiar. After all: it was *Rem's* face, and it was also *Ram's* face.

“I should... No, I'm not Subaru-kun aren't I? This isn't my room!” He just couldn't sort out his thoughts! He was Subaru, but he *wasn't*. He was a butler, but he was a *maid*!? His name was Subaru, but it was *R--*

The boy's waistline thinned, allowing some slack in the sides of the dress while his posture was pushed to the point where knees had a natural inward buckle. Torso had an effeminate curvature to it now, better suited for the weight that was finding itself applied to his legs. Thighs grew plump but not excessively so, with overflow finding the cheeks of his ass both fuller and firmer. Like *Rem*, like *Ram*. And before he had time to react, not that he would, *she* ceased to even be a man. The folds of a new pussy found decoration in *her* pubes, straight and decorated the very same *purple* as her head.

“Ah! I can't let Roswaal-sama and Subaru-kun see me slacking off, though I guess I could have once-sama tell off Barasu if he

said anything.” It was like her mind was torn between Rem and Ram’s just as her body was. She held affections for both Roswaal and Subaru, was meek like Rem but also had bursts of assertiveness that were more representative of Ram. Either way, both of the twins were now perceived as her precious older sisters, her *onee-samas*.

And with no going back for her mind, the final physical change filled out the front of her dress. Breasts. Not as large as Rem’s, but not as small as Ram’s. The perfect midway point for a triplet sister of the two maids. It didn’t feel odd to support that weight, and the girl herself hadn’t even realized. This was her body, how it had always been!

“Raem? How long are you going to spend cleaning Barasu’s room? Are you as infatuated with him as Rem is?” At some point the door had opened and Ram was just standing there with her arms crossed, a look of mischief upon her face. So it seemed as if things had worked a little *too* well. Reality had changed and she only realized because she was the one that had requested Beatrice’s involvement in the first place. She knew this was her ‘sister’ and that her name was ‘*Raem*’, but she could also distinguish that she had once been Subaru.

“Raem…” The purple haired, oni maid repeated this name. Right! That was her name! How had she forgotten something so important? Thinking her own name was Subaru? What kind of weird roleplay was that? **“O-Oh, um! No, of course not onee-sama. My heart belongs only to Roswaal-sama.”** *A lie.* It was shared between Roswaal and Subaru. She just didn’t want to make her sister mad.

“But are you sure we should be cleaning this room? Emilia-sama said Subaru-kun would be away for a while, didn’t she? If the room is unused…” Ram’s glare answered her question. **“I mean, of course we should clean it! As maids it is our utmost duty.”**

Ram sighed. **“Right. I know you’re just as talented and hardworking as Rem and I, but you don’t need to ask questions that go against our job description, got it? Else you’d be no better than that slacker.”** This stirred something in Raem. Ram was right. Subaru was a slacker! She liked everything about him, but not that trait. When he slacked, he was...

“Haha! You’re right. When Subaru-kun is like that, he really is a loser!”