

# ISEKAI CROSS III

BIWEEKLY STORY #34

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**“I think I understand how these game works. Guess I can’t hold back.”** Diablo had come here from another world. Torn without intent, his partners nowhere to be seen, he’d been otherwise lost up until he’d met these two. A pair of Japanese siblings that seemed to govern this world which was known as *‘Disboard’*. It was an unconventional land, one that was governed by games instead of conflict. Diablo wasn’t against it being a Japanese citizen that had been taken to another world himself, and that shared bond with these two named Sora and Shiro had allowed him to be his true self around them instead of projecting the false arrogance he did in *Cross Reverie*.

But he had to get back. There was a game piece that would allow him to do so, one gifted to him by a boy named ‘Tet’. Maybe Tet knew that the siblings would also want it and it was a tool to get the two sides to participate in a game. But then again, maybe not. Either way, it had led to him challenging them on their own rules. The winner? They’d receive the wish-granting pawn presented by Tet himself.

**“ASCENTE!”**

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**“WE LOST!?! THAT WAS OUR TICKET HOME!”** Out of the sibling pair it was the red-haired Sora that had taken it the hardest, but then again Shiro seemed like a hard girl to read. From what Diablo had heard the two of them had earned something of a reputation in this world for their game-winning skills, which was why he’d challenged them to something easy: rock, paper, scissors. Sora had been far too confident and had tossed out his hand early enough that Diablo was able to react in the last second and steal a victory. They wanted to go home too, huh?

Well, Diablo wasn't going home home. He just couldn't leave Shera and Rem alone after everything.

**“So how does this thing work? Do I just ask it to go home?”** He turned the pawn over in his hands, confused. Tet had taken off as soon as he'd thrown the item into the mix and hadn't given him any instructions. Had they been duped? **“Or do I have to say something like ‘I want to be back with Shera and Rem’?”**

**“Um...”** The blue haired sister, Shiro, piped up immediately and pointed at Diablo's hand. She'd thought to console Sora but some things big brothers had to get over on their own. **“It's glowing...”** But Shiro's observations didn't stop there. **“And Sora's glowing.”** Next she looked down at her hands. **“And I'm glowing.”** Only Diablo wasn't, the rest were basked in lights of various colors. Sora was glowing a dark purple while Shiro was glowing green. **“...Huh?”**

But her glow, and the glow of the piece, persisted where the third did not. Sora's purple glow suddenly flickered off -- leading him to believe that whatever danger there was had passed even if he'd momentarily panicked. **“That was weird. Did Tet even explain how to use iT?”** He mentally recoiled though when his voice jumped in pitch near the end of the sentence. **“What? Wait... The hell is wrong with my voice!? It's all girly!”** It was high and squeaky, almost rivaling Stephanie's own. Sora didn't recognize it, but Diablo? Diablo seemed to.

**“Why are you talking like that? Mimicking Rem's voice perfectly...”** That was some sort of weirdly timed joke, right? Maybe a little prank by Tet? Like 'haha I'll make you hear her voice and then it just turns out to be stupid Sora', that kind of punk prank?

With Sora's fingers clamped around his own throat, it was the still glowing Shiro that thought to ask the question. **“Who is Rem? You mentioned her when the piece started glowing...”** She thought maybe that would provide some answers at least.

The demon lord crossed his arms to contemplate. A lot was now happening at once, and he kept that glowing chess piece within his closed palm. **“Rem is a Pantherian girl and one of my closest partners.”**

**“Pantherian?”** The natural followup from Sora, who was beginning to sweat buckets as his body heated up.

**“Yes, a race from the world I come from. They tend to have traits like--”**

**“A kitty?”** Shiro finished his sentence. Not on purpose, not because she’d seen where it was going. She was actually making a remark towards her brother’s appearance, where a pair of black, furred ears had emerged from the top of his head with white fuzz sprouting from the bottom. Diablo had been about to commend the child for her correct guess, but once he’d seen what she was seeing he realized it wasn’t necessary. Those were definitely Pantherian ears alright. So with that voice and those ears, was Sora...?

Sora wasn’t quite content with the fact that the only actions the other two were taking was watching. **“Hey! Help me out here! I can’t be a cat! I mean I’ve always wondered what it would like to be a furry, and cat girls are kind of a kink, but... HE--EEE HEE!?! SHIRO!?”** Unfortunately it was a kink his young sister shared, and she’d reached up to not only fondle the ears but run her second hand along the base of a fuzzy black tail that had sprouted over the hem of his pants. The pleasure from just touching his ears alone was intense enough, and the girlish squeak that accommodate the pink of his cheeks didn’t quite match the masculine visage he was trying to maintain.

But *wait...* How was Shiro reaching the top of his head? He was usually twice the size of her and they were both standing. Diablo was still standing there looking like a dumbass and so he definitely wasn’t holding her up. Wasn’t he looking a lot taller than Sora remembered? Big and strong and...

*GEH!?* Putting those latter thoughts way the hell aside for a moment... **“I’M SHRINKING!?”** There was no other explanation. It also gave context to why his clothing was beginning to feel less comfortable. How much height had he already lost? He wasn’t close to Shiro’s eye level, but he was definitely small enough for her to touch the top of his head, and touch that head she *was*. She couldn’t stop from playing with his cat ears, ears that had replaced the pair that *should* have been on the sides of his head. They were damn well sensitive too, enough that it almost felt orgasmic. That in itself was posing a problem because his boxers and pants had fallen down, and he didn’t want to prevent a dick in front of his sister. **“HYAH!?”** Going to cover up with his hands though, he had one very haunting realization when he pressed bare fingers against flesh to cup it.

**“Nothing... Nothing is there!”**

Diablo had figured out what was happening and had taken the right step to look away, but Shiro was curious. **“Brother... Is a cute sister now? A cute catgirl sister... Squishie squishie squishie...”** She seemed quite content continuing to play with Sora ears though, fingers also running through hair that had turned from crimson to black and was

growing steadily longer. One hand eventually moved to poke Sora's cheeks, which looked pudgy and soft. Shiro had realized. Her brother wasn't just becoming a girl, she was becoming younger too. Maybe thirteen or fourteen?

**“Hey! Shiro! Cut it out!”** Sora squeaked as she struggled to cover her bare crotch with one hand and keep her shirt from falling off with the other. The plump, childlike traits were filling out the rest of her body in certain places, but girlish gait was likewise applied. Despite her body being much smaller now for example, her hips had grown a little wider and her butt was certainly better defined and perkier, Pantherian tail swishing wildly above as she wrestled with how helpless having her ears touched made her feel. Sora loved animal girls as the shut-in she'd been to perverse extents, yeah. But she'd never wanted to *BE* the animal girl!

Her head was swirling in part because all of her senses felt like they were on steroids. Scents and sounds became more apparent, and vision grew incredibly sharp as emerald stole their color and thin lashes grew long. Not that Sora knew yet since it was daytime, but those eyes would also allow her sight in the dark.

She was beginning to pout as Shiro continued to touch her all over, her mind wandering farther and farther away from concern about the fact that she was transforming in the first place. Her torso arched where it was important, but despite her biology very clearly being female there wasn't much in the way of breast growth. Her nipples were a little puffy, sure, and the skin underneath it showed signs that mammarys had formed, but she was essentially flat.

...Which made Sora depressed somehow.

The Pantherian finally reached her tolerance point for being touched, and tiny hands pushed the younger Shiro away with a strength Sora wasn't used to. Shiro stumbled back but caught herself before she fell, the green glow of her body flickering off soon after. **“Sorry onee-chan, but I really wanted to touch a soft furry...”**

*Onee-chan...?* Who was? That didn't sound right! Her eyes wandered to Diablo, who seemed to still be looking away. What was up with him? That wasn't like him at all. **“I'm not your sister Shera! Stop teasing me! You're just trying to hog Diablo all for your... wait...”** Her memories were very clearly in jeopardy. This little girl wasn't Shera right? And she didn't have feelings like this for men, particularly not Diablo!

But why did her heart beat so much thinking about him? Her posture receded as she shrunk like a girl in love. Why wasn't he looking at her...?

She could only fidget in the oversized shirt she was wearing as a dress, tail wriggling nervously behind her.

Shiro, on the other hand, seemed to be struggling. Rem -- no, her brother... sister? -- had suddenly pushed her away but that wasn't really the cause for concern since she'd prevented a fall. Her body just felt really hot, like how she felt touching the Pantherian's ears but... more intense. Her tiny form was beginning to shiver and sweat, eyes constantly dashing between the young cat girl and the big and huge Diablo.

What was this feeling? She was so young she didn't really get it. She was so... young? But was she? Why did that sound wrong? Why did everything feel all weird? It made her head ache, and the fingers that had been so tirelessly exploring Rem's ears and hair were quickly clamped around her own silver locks, their transition into a golden blonde a reformation that hadn't quite occurred to her. **"Dizzy... so dizzy..."** Plus her heart was beating so fast. Was she so dizzy that she was crouching? Why was the ground so close to her?

It was due to her memories being awash with a foreign set, a group that out-quantified her original set because she was becoming a girl that was older than the age of eleven she was now. The ground looked too close because her head was remembering being taller, she was dizzy because nothing in her body worked in the way her brain remembered it to work. Yet it was only a fleeting phenomenon as the body would grow to match the mind. *Literally.*

**"So the both of you are...? Did Tet know this would happen?"** Diablo finally spoke up again to muse about the current set of happenings. Where Sora had been standing was now Rem in what was left of his clothing, and Shiro? Were the full head of blonde hair to suggest anything, or the fact that he could see her ears drawing into a point, that child was becoming the elf Shera that he had taken as his second wife. Yes, both Rem and Shera were his wives. Tet had called himself the god of this world, something of this feat must have been within his control were it true. But why?

The eleven year old's dress was beginning to feel uncomfortable. It was painstakingly crafted to fit her tiny form and would probably have to be discarded in a year or two when she got older... *typically.* But time was working faster than she could have ever fathomed and she began to sprout up like a weed.

She subconsciously kicked off her loafers almost immediately after she felt her little toes beginning to swell. Thankfully she didn't hit anyone with them, but she came pretty close to smacking Rem dead in the skull.

But even with her footwear removed, it was already too late for the equally blue, child-sized thigh highs she always wore. They were the girl's favorite pair, but as the level on her knees became higher and higher they were stretched more and more, eventually destined to slip down skin that was becoming not only smooth but supple.

The meat on her legs became much more abundant than it ever had been while still sporting an enticingly lean physique. The leggings around her calves were stretched to the limit, and bulging toes threatened to tear through the front once the top hem which was meant to rest on said thighs now sat just below her knees. Thighs themselves? They parted with great haste all in part to the hips above painlessly (*thankfully*) pulling away from one another as they might naturally as Shiro had gotten older. They quickly thickened and grew tender, as if pressing fingers into them might leave a spongy indent that would slowly fill back out.

Following her legs, the child's(?) arms became longer and longer as well at a pace that matched a stretching of her torso. Arm hairs grew and then were claimed by the breeze as if they were shaved clean, fingers growing long and slender, with a rough but appealing manicure decorating her fingertips. But all of this left her blue dress a complete and total disaster fundamentally. Her sleeves, so cheaply stitched together, had torso at the sleeves thanks to broadened shoulders. The skirt, thanks to her boost in height, now rested on her tummy and left striped panties fully exposed.

Diablo had to look away again because of those. Shiro was looking more like Shera's age now, but the way those panties were resting wasn't really appropriate, and they were becoming less and less so as the girl's growth spurt continued in less conventional places.

The demon lord had to look away from the underwear because they were beginning to cameltoe against the girl's pussy. It had been subtle with the jump in height, but something was really forcing it to dig into her lips now. From the front it couldn't really be seen, but from behind? Behind. It was literally her behind causing the problem. Her ass was blossoming in real time, cheeks growing from mundane and infantile to full and sexy at but a moment's notice.

But the victim of their growth was the stability of Shiro's underwear, which wedged in between swollen cheeks and were so small that they allowed ass cleavage to poke out over the top behind her. Thankfully the endless growth of her long hair had finally reached her bottom though, and it kept things more or less obscure there.

The girl's personality was typically a quiet one. Shiro was an observational type that didn't like to waste energy on long conversations where she could help it. Things were beginning to change there though as her memories reshuffled and provoked change in her mannerisms. Everything about her from the way she talked to the way she moved just felt more *open*, more *confident*. **“Rem? Why are you acting so strangely? You too, Diabolo! Or... Uh... Those are your names, right?”** Blonde hairs bobbed from side to side as she tilted her head, downward-tilted elven ears bouncing as well. Why wasn't she certain about who they were?

Speaking of bouncing though, while Shiro was feeling more confident overall, there was something subconsciously eating at her. An insecurity. The size of her boobs. But that insecurity wasn't quite like Rem's who was just worried about how small they were. Shiro's problem would rapidly become *quite* the opposite.

The blouse of her dress already fit far too snugly across a torso that was much broader as her age had peaked around sixteen and puberty had hit it like a truck, but it was essentially a fleet of puberty's trucks that struck her chest region. Like a pair of basketballs fat almost instantaneously gave ridiculous volume to a bosom that Shiro wouldn't see for years normally. No, tits of this size probably weren't obtainable for her even if she *had* gotten older naturally. The fabric of the dress was thin, so thankfully the explosive summoning of her bosom tore it right down the center and to the skirt, where the tear stopped to avoid living her completely nude.

Still, the tear revealed plenty when paired with the ill-fitting panties beneath a skirt that was now only covering the tops of her widened hips. Creamy flesh poured out and over the rip, nipples needy and erect as they were clearly evident through the scraps of cloth that remained. Every movement the girl made saw them jiggle and bounce. Diabolo was seemingly staring at them, but she could also feel Rem's glare burrowing into their boingy selves from the side. **“Wait, where are we? Why are we dressed like this? Isn't that a boy's shirt Rem? And my clothes are all... why am I wearing children's clothes?”**

The important questions she was asking suggested the worst. Shiro had forgotten her past life just as Sora had. Despite her distasteful attire she was inching over to the Pantherian, unaware as her facial features shifted to more western designs to finish selling her Elvin appearance. Red eyes sparkled wide as she reached one hand for Rem's ears and another for the low hanging neckline on Rem's shirt... before shoving both hands in for the kill. She playfully groped Rem's lacking, chest and fondled the girl's ears, making her cry out with a mix of embarrassment and ecstasy. **“SHERA STOOOOOP!”**

Diabolo could only look off to the side now as his two wives squeaked and moaned at one another. This was... a mess. They weren't Shera and Rem, but they were? What was he supposed to do with a situation like this? Should he try and find Tet? Was there even a way home? Even if he got home would these two come with him? Just how much like the real girls were they?

But as Rem squealed again and his gaze wandered back over, he sighed. **"Come on you two, let's find an inn in the village. We can sort out what's happening once we get you two some new clothes."**

And that had been the intention. He'd gotten them their own rooms despite their whining about wanting to sleep together, and he'd fallen asleep thinking about how to fix this. But when he'd woken up both women were under his covers with him, cuddling up to his body like the real Rem and Shera would.

But... *huh?* Weren't they the real Rem and Shera?

Where... was he again?