

# STARTING LIFE IN ANOTHER ISEKAI

## CH1 + 2: TWINS NO MORE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Subaru Natsuki was always in awe at just how big the Roswaal mansion was. He'd been working there as a butler for some time now, and even after months of cleaning it and dealing with its tenants every day, now and again he was still assigned to clean a room he'd never stumbled upon in the past.

This was one of those days. **“What? I don’t get Rem or Ram to help me?”** He knew upon first sight that this was a project that likely should have been reserved for multiple people, and not just one. Not that Ram would have been much of a help even if she *were* here. **“Ugh, this is going to suck!”**

It was a fairly open room – actually, at second glance, was it some sort of museum? Various objects were on display in stands, and Roswaal certainly struck him as the sort of weirdo that might collect random items of importance from around the world. But did that mean these things were pretty valuable? He'd have to be careful if so.

But that was when he saw *it*.

**“No way! I must be seeing things!”** He ran over to the pedestal that hosted this item, and promptly stole it from its mount despite the ‘*NO TOUCHING*’ sign that had clearly been written by Ram. But how could he not touch it? After all... It was a cellphone! An honest to goodness cellphone like those used in his own world! It even turned o— **“SHIT!”**

But Subaru's butterfingers got the better of him, and before he could press anything other than the power button the device fell from his hands and landed in the bucket of water he'd used for mopping. "**Crap, crap, crap!**" Before he could crouch down to fish it out and pray it still worked though, blue sparks suddenly jumped from the water. "...*Eh?*"

And that was the last thing he could remember before his vision turned white.

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**"What... happened?"** It wasn't Subaru that called out this question to no one in particular, but rather one of the mansion's twin maids, Rem. She felt like she'd been falling for an exceptionally long time but was in fact standing in an unfamiliar shop after the sun had set. "**How did I get here?**" The last she could recall she'd been making lunch when... Had she been swallowed? Not just here, but the entire mansion had warped.

Wait, so was she in danger then? What about the others? What had happened to them!? Ram!? Subaru!? But Rem was also calm enough to know she shouldn't just storm off into potential danger. She needed to figure out her situation first. And so, she walked behind the shop desk. There didn't seem to be a clerk around, and was it actually closed?

**"I can't read any of the writing? Which language is this?"** It certainly wasn't familiar. If Roswaal himself were here, maybe he might know?

The reason? Rem had unknowingly stepped foot into another world, one that was not keen on having invaders from outside of its system. This was a world where humans could be reincarnated through the will of the gods, but those that came without an invitation? Well, they needed to *assimilate* whether they wanted to or not.

Not that anyone ever wanted to.

Rem was already being subjected to the world's influence, she just had yet to realize it. In fact, it was a process so smooth that the targets themselves didn't typically comprehend what was happening, at least not with enough awareness for it to matter. Was there even a way to resist its sway? Perhaps with the right spell, but generally it was knowledge regarding one's original abilities that was stolen first.

Case in point? While the oni maid hadn't realized, the use of magic as she knew it and the proper manner of wielding a morning star were little tidbits of information that had been emptied from her mind. A void was

left in their place, at least for the time being, all in the interests of preventing complications once the assimilation kicked into high gear.

For now, it was simple things that were easy to excuse with just the slightest bit of cognition interference. That is to say: the girl's mind was being reprogrammed to not register changes as they happened. The very first test of this procedure went live the moment the color of her hair had begun to turn, Rem losing her typical pastel blue in favor of a coloring that was much more mundane.

Evidently, she was becoming a brunette. Brown strands popped up in the top, the back, and even the bangs in the front where she absolutely should have noticed were her mind not already altered in a meaningful way. **"I guess I should look for a way... I should go home?"** Rem didn't even quite sound sure of what her next step was, muddled as her ego had become.

Before long, the brown had made its way throughout the full length of her hairstyle, but not content with that alone her hair soon turned *fluffier*. It ultimately appeared much, much softer to the touch, but becoming more voluminous was just part of the phenomenon – it also grew much, much longer as well. Down the sides of her head, as far as just above her butt, and while she didn't lose the styling of having her bangs swept across her right eye, even they were lengthier than they'd once been.

Perhaps humorously, an ahoge rose from the top of her head and drooped towards the back.

**"Wah!?"** Intent on leaving, before she could even get around the front of the desk the girl had knocked a pile of paperwork over. **"No! It took me all day to organize those!"** She tried to catch as many as she could, not even thinking about the improbability of the line she'd just blurted out. Even as she did though, the blues of her eyes took on an eerie yellow glow that stole away the original hue of her irises, leaving them stained in gold.

Not until she bent over to start picking up the mess, did she question her own statement. **"...Huh? I organized these? But wasn't I at the manor? I couldn't have been..."** Considering she'd only appeared here about ten minutes ago, that timeline wasn't lining up. Yet, she wasn't even sure if she could trust her memory on that. Even the fingers that were reaching down to pile up papers at the time were changing to reflect a different reality. A reality where those fingers were long and slender, where they almost looked as if they belonged to an older woman.

But then again, that was the tale her face was beginning to tell. The color of the girl's eyes already stolen, those eyes seemed to flicker a little as if her energy were dwindling, their shapes obscured by lengthened lashes. **"I need to PUT these all away..."** A voice crack came about mid-sentence as she placed all she'd gathered back on the desk, and in its wake her voice had a deeper, more mature quality to it.

**"Hm? Something is off, isn't it...?"** Her lips felt heavier? They certainly appeared to be heavier, considering how they'd swollen to be more serviceable for a woman in adulthood. In fact, she was still youthful but couldn't be any younger than twenty based on how her face looked now. The construction of her face no longer resembled Rem at all, from the shape of her nose to how brown eyebrows had thinned.

And then?

**"Brr... It's so... W-Wait!? Where did my clothes go!?"** A prompt chill demanded her attention downward only to find that she'd been disrobed. Her maid uniform was gone! ...Wait, why would she wear a maid uniform? Wasn't that more of a fetish piece? *'N-No! My job isn't to be fetishized! ...Do I really think I'm a maid?'* Augh! She couldn't make sense of anything!

Which was honestly fine by the will of the world, for it made the next steps much easier. Its influence had corrupted Rem's mind beautifully, and she was on the edge of forgetting all about who she used to be. That made it much easier to enact much more obvious, notable alterations. Like those upon her spine, perhaps?

Rem sprung up like a weed, several inches of height resettling her figure over just a few moments as her spine and limbs were stretched to meet an expected height of around 5'6". It made the girl – *woman* – appear unusually lanky for just a moment, but it was simply a matter of the alternative growth settling in.

Fat sought to offset the height with added fleshy abundance, something that settled into her arms and legs, but more notably her chest, butt, and thighs. Regarding the former, it was tantamount to an extensive bust enhancement, seeing breasts jiggle and bounce without any touching on her own part. They just occasionally jumped a cup size, bouncing for a moment and jumping another one the moment they had appeared to settle. Yet even though it felt good? Rem did not react to them nor their added E-cup weight.

Further down, thighs passively rubbed together briefly once they'd thickened, flesh looking rather appealing with the pink glow that danced across her skin. It was a passing fancy though, because her hips began to

part, and these thighs were pulled apart so that there was only the most subtle of gaps between them. The cause of that parting was actually related.

Her ass had bubbled up to a point comparatively thicc to the heft of her breasts. Cheeks had inflated, rounding, and casting a dark shadow against the backs of her legs until this booty would be the envy of every Church of Aqua goddess in the tri-Axel area. Each step the woman took would see a cheek rise and fall, before the next did the same. A hypnotic sway that Rem – if she could even be called that anymore – wouldn't even realize people would stare at.

Rather than addressing her growing body, Rem had instead fixated on her bare form. She rubbed at her eyes for just a moment in disbelief. **“Why am I nak— Oh! Was I just seeing things?”** But when she opened them? She was dressed in a familiar, purple robe over a mauve dress, the cloak lined with gold and held together by an equally gold brooch. **“Muu... Maybe I'm overworking myself? Can undead be overworked?”** This struck her as a little odd. Undead? Was she really...? Well, the lich were counted among them. What else might she be?

An oni? How humorous!



**“Oh, I made such a mess of my paperwork! What was I thinking?”**

Dumbfounded as she was, the lich Wiz could only fret over the state of her shop's countertop as any uncertainty about her body and memories finally faded away. Having a mini panic attack at the mess, nothing else really mattered as fingers scooped up document after document, and her large breasts bounced around within her robes almost as if they had a mind of their own. **“The shop has so many deals going through with other vendors, I can't afford to lose any of these!”**

She really didn't want Vanir to scold her again for being so careless! He'd probably dress her up in something weird and make her walk around town! The very thought made the lich shiver. She'd staked her life on this Magic Item Shop in the town of Axel, and she needed to make sure it persevered! It was of the utmost importance!

But why did she feel like she was forgetting something more important?

**“Uu... Why am I so scatterbrained!?”**

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One of the things that Wiz had forgotten about was actual present in the very same town as herself, only a few blocks away. **“I don’t know what’s going on, but it’s very clearly Barasu’s fault.”** It was none other than Ram, Rem’s pink-haired twin sister. Her tongue was poisonous and typically aimed at Subaru, but in this case? Even though she was just blaming him without knowing anything, she was actually right that this *was* his fault.

She’d been in the kitchen with Rem when that strange phenomenon had struck, and then there was a bout of feeling like she was falling, only to find her standing on her feet in... what was this place? Creaky floorboards, lockers, mirrors – a changing room? That in itself wasn’t all that strange, but the smell of this small space was rather pungent. She knew it, too. **“It reeks of sex in here.”**

Don’t ask her how she knew that. Rem would have been heartbroken to hear it, surely.

**“Did Barasu have me sent to some sort of sex dungeon? I always knew he was a pervert.”** Still (correctly) blaming Subaru, the pink-haired maid made her way towards the only door in this room. She had to figure out where she was if anything, even if it meant coming across something unsightly. She wasn’t worried for herself though, she knew she could defend herself if necessary.

But Ram didn’t even make it to the door. Not before she began to feel all *tingly*.

The girl steadied herself. **“That isn’t good.”** Unable to recognize *what* it was exactly that wasn’t good, she’d chosen to stop of her own volition. In a way she was playing right into the world’s hand because it was much simpler to avoid causing chaos by assimilating someone in private. But as she lingered, some evident racial changed began to show themselves.

Now, Ram was an oni. She was an oni who had lost her horn, but she was still an oni like her sister. Without that horn she more or less looked like a regular human though, not particularly distinguishable from them despite their comparative powerlessness. They certainly weren’t a race that had, say, *pointed ears*?

And yet, Ram's visage had begun to test that theory. Poking up from behind her pink locks were her ears, once rounded, pulling out into sharper points that appeared almost elvish. But there were other races in this world that could have pointy ears, many of which were extremely *demonic* in nature.

**“I need to get out of here and find Rem. This place isn't... *Hm? Why would I leave? Isn't my shift...? My shift? I don't work in a filthy brothel...*”** It was as if her worst fears had been realized. Her memories weren't consistent. Since when? At what point had her mind become compromised? Did she have a means of resisting? The girl's body shuddered involuntarily – a reaction to a realization she could not externally express nor do anything about.

A part of her was even mopey about her own brothel comment. *‘There's nothing wrong with living your life this way!’* Or so she thought briefly without intent.

It wasn't until she felt a tickling feeling at the nape of her neck that she snapped out of that momentary stupor, fingers reaching back to find them grazing hair. Hair that was much longer than the short bob she usually wore. Hair that was growing longer with each passing moment. **“Eh? Why is my hair...?”** Why was it growing long? Didn't she normally wear it long? *Really* long? Whether she did or not, that didn't stop it from falling, and falling, and falling some more – curving out the sides and sweeping to the right as it fell to the base of her skirt. Above her face her bangs thinned out and became more consistent on either side, sparing either eye from being covered.

Yet suddenly? She could feel the hair grazing her buttocks, almost like- **“*My clothes!?*”** A step was taken back, long, and pink hair bouncing from the suddenness just as her small but perky breasts bounced without a brassiere to keep them in place. How could her clothes be removed without her knowing!? She was in danger! Which meant \_\_\_\_ was in danger!

*...Who?*

**“I need to get her as soon as possible. Her... She's... *What was her name!?* *Does she work for us? For us? Who do I work with? What...?*”** Ram went back and forth as her memory tried to grasp this treasured person. It was a girl, that much she could remember! But her name? Her face? Their relationship? *What was it!?*

Ram's pink eyes turned cyan in the meantime, her face showing signs of an advanced age – likely her mid-to-late twenties soon reflected upon the maturity of these features. The shapes of her eyes narrowed, and her

pink brows thinned, but what was miraculous was the degree at which a natural beauty bled in. It was like the perfect combination of angles and softness, paired with the plumpest of lips and the smallest of noses, all came together to give her a drop dead gorgeous face; one that looked absolutely nothing like Ram herself.

And if her face was setting the standard, then what was in store for the rest of her body?

A *lot*, apparently. She grew even more vigorously than her sister had, and that was true of height and curves alike. Stuck on who she was trying to remember, the girl hardly even realized that her naked form was building into the shape of an adult woman, much less one of peerless beauty. Rather, the discomfort of forgetting something aside, she was growing much more comfortable with this environment. She felt like she spent a lot of time here, and the scent of sex that was so pungent just a moment before? Ram felt right at home in it. Rather, it almost made her crave that same intimacy herself. *‘But I’m not on service duty tonight.’*

Truly a shame for any potential customers, for Ram’s short stature was soon supplemented by a great deal of growth. Springing up to 5’7”, the shifting of her bones went just about as unnoticed as the deepening of her groin. Her pussy became better adapted to rigorous sexual encounters, much more swollen and encapsulating in general while the pink pubes above reshaped into a welcoming, well-trimmed heart.

Of course this was all preparatory. Her figure soon filled out next, starting with breasts even more abundant than those of Wiz down in the Magic Item Shop. They slapped against a toning belly as they splurged forward, erect nipples widening into large golden coin sizing all their own, creamy flesh rounding and seemingly forcing her shoulders to broaden.

Evidently, her waistline wasn’t all that thin. Her belly was flat but wide at the sides, ample love handles to the tastes of many who liked a woman who was built without a single iota of fragility. But her tummy otherwise? It looked strong but soft as if a trick, and her navel was so deep that it would be a dream to drink shots from it.

**“Was I thinking about someone? If I don’t hurry up...?”** Cyan eyes blinked as she fully lost track of the girl she’d been trying to remember. They weren’t that important if she’d forgotten, right? Plus her shift was about to start and she wasn’t even ready! Memories of working at this place night after night had hit her like a proverbial carriage, and those memories had come with detailed sexual skills that replaced her knowledge of magic and the like.



Skills that were meant to be used by her incredibly sexy body, even though the *succubus* wasn't quite there yet. But she almost was! Hips cracked painlessly as they dislodged themselves while thickening at their peaks, smoothing back into their sockets only a moment later in a way that buckled her knees in towards one another.

This left a rather ridiculous gap between her thighs, but those thighs quickly found a meatiness of their own. They splurged out at a full 180 degrees, skin bulging and granting her legs an undeniable thickness that went with her widened gait. They couldn't hope to fully fill that gap between her thighs, but they certainly made an admirable effort.

Through those thighs from the front, you could even make out the fact that her ass was growing by how the cheeks peeked out from beneath her pussy. Her ass grew to be just as formidable as her breasts had become, each cheek thick and ripe for the slapping. In fact? '*I really enjoy having my ass slapped...*' The thought had struck Ram suddenly and she wasn't sure why, considering none of this growth had caught her eye. It was just the manner of thought that circled throughout the minds of one of the most sexually depraved demon races.

Without thinking, Ram reached towards a 'familiar' locker, only to find it empty. "**Where is my linger— OH! When did I put it on?**" The succubus was fairly certain that she'd just been completely naked (*not that she minded*), but had there been a lapse in memory? After all, the purple bikini with matching thigh highs, gloves, and headdress she wore during her shifts were already on. She must have gotten dressed without realizing!

**"Oh no! I'm going to be late clocking in!"** The scantily clad succubus was one that most men in Axel knew on sight. She was the *receptionist succubus* that worked at the Succubus Café – a shop that secretly serviced male adventurers for the right price. The blood of a demon ran through her veins, but she was actually of a peaceful sort. Occasionally she would visit clients in their dreams to get them the experience they longed for, and others she would pleasure them with her physical



body. But tonight? She was responsible for bookings and making sure the other succubi were deployed to the right people, as was her role most nights.

But she was running behind! Breasts flopped about as she ran through the door and into the café's main hall, grabbing a clipboard dangling from the nearby wall on her way. She had to uphold her establishment's glowing reputation, and any missteps could lead to the town's women growing wary of the café's existence.

As she approached her desk, she noticed the tens of succubi lined up in front, clearly awaiting their tasks. The receptionist placed the clipboard down on said desk, and quickly adjusted her thong so that it wasn't wedging into her thick ass so much. Time to start things off. **"Is everyone ready!? I'm sorry for being late!"**

**"YEAH!"**