

NEW YEAR'S SPLIT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... So if things stand to reason, then this year too...”

Koyanskaya of Darkness was onto something; she *knew* it. There had been a *number* of unexplained coincidences across Chaldea over the past few years. Servants going missing, some being suddenly turned into animals like piglets, and most strangely of all... Servants *appearing* in the place of those that had disappeared. How was this stranger than Servants being turned into animals? Well, those could be traced by Chaldea’s technology and in a lot of the cases those changes had been undone.

Servants appearing out of nowhere was something different entirely. No one could remember them being summoned, but at the same time everyone accepted their presence as if it was completely normal. There *were* logs of their summoning in Chaldea’s records and so they *must* have been summoned at some point, right? That was the justification that plenty used when the topic came up and they were quick to dismiss any concerns. Almost like everyone had been wired not to question it.

But Koyanskaya was *not* one to ignore such an intriguing mystery. Especially not when these suddenly appearing Servants all appeared to come from the same group of individuals – all themed around animals of the Chinese Zodiac. Being a lover of animals herself she found these girls absolutely *adorable* and might have had a bad habit of getting in on their personal space under more circumstances than not.

The Divine Generals that had been summoned weren’t exactly fans of *that* behavior of hers.



Another New Year had finally rolled around, which meant that Koyanskaya now had an opportunity to satiate her curiosity. She was suspicious that these Divine Generals knew something about where they came from and where those unaccounted for Servants had gone. Even if no one else appeared

to be in their right minds to inquire about these mysteries, the Foreigner Servant herself certainly would not let this chance slip by. After all, as a beast tamer how could she allow these cute, animal eared girls to exist in such a mysterious way?

She *had* to know the truth! Would another one appear this year in the same manner? Would another Servant mysteriously disappear? She yearned for the answers, and so she had sought out a meeting with one of these animal eared Generals. **“I’m surprised one of them agreed to meet with me, however...”** Curiosity overwhelmed suspicion, and so Koyanskaya of Darkness still found herself before the door to the room she’d been told to meet them at so early in the morning on New Year’s day.

Upon opening the door and stepping into the room, however, a question played in the back of the woman’s mind. **“Which one agreed to meet with me again? Hmm...”** There were a few of them in Chaldea now and it could have been any of them, right? There weren’t enough that it should have been a point of confusion for her, especially when they all had such distinctive physical appearances and personalities. Yet the answer to the question wasn’t as obvious to her as it definitely *should* have been. Almost like there was no correct answer.

Or like the answer didn’t *exist* just yet.

“And there isn’t even anyone to meet me here. Are they late?” The possibility that she might get stood up hadn’t even crossed the Servant’s mind until the moment she walked into the agreed upon room only to find no one else inside. The room was also surprisingly *vacant*. It was one of the bedrooms that all of the staff and Servants were given, but it didn’t appear to be lived in. Though strangely, of all the things to be out of place, there were two beds in the room? Most of them were outfitted with a *singular* bed.

Stranger still... **“Mm? Were *those* there before?”** When Koyanskaya had stepped into the room she had scanned the nearby table. Nothing had been placed on top of it. And yet upon looking back there appeared to be accessories strewn about its surface. Two sets of tiger paw gloves and boots each, all of which small enough to clearly be fitted to a child. There were certainly smaller girl among the Divine Generals she knew, but those gloves... Were any of the ones she had met *tiger* themed?

The woman hadn't at all realized it yet. That she was on the cusp of receiving a firsthand look at where the missing Servants had gone, or where the Divine Generals had even come from. But even then, the fate that had now been set out for her was still *different* from what had come before her. With two sets of gloves and boots you might have expected that someone else would be joining her as a victim, and yet...

“*Peaches?*” The ‘fox’ woman caught a scent in the air. The scent of fresh peaches. It was a pleasant smell but one she couldn't place regarding where it came from. After all, there were no peaches in the room that she occupied? One couldn't blame her for connecting the dots all things considered, but that scent? It was coming from *her own skin*. Along with a tingling sensation that began to spread across her body from head to toe.

There wasn't any immediate recognition that Koyanskaya had come under the effect of something, but there certainly *were* visual cues that were suggestive of it. The first of which were the woman's golden eyes – or rather the fact that their golds were dwindling. Speckles of a profound red had emerged in their backdrops, multiplying and spreading at an astonishing rate until those irises were an even red without a spot of gold to them.

While in a similar vein? There were some peculiarities about the woman's animal ears. Were they supposed to be the ears of a fox? A jackal? A rabbit? It was difficult to say for certain in their *original* forms, and yet the question would have to be tossed out the window for their shapes and colors alike both changed. **“I don't see any peaches. Must be a trick of my imagination.”**

Not that the woman herself appeared to be keen on noticing. Yet the long and pointed shapes of those ears shortened until they were only a few inches in height and *very* round at their tips. While black fur remained at the top, an orange fur appeared at the bottom of her right ear, while on her left? For some reason this color was *silver*. Like her ears had been split between two different colors entirely, unlike her eyes.

But this was only the beginning of a number of changes that signaled an *imbalance* of her physical form. Yet it wasn't *only* a physical problem, either. **“What’s... going on here? Why are my thoughts so...?”** Rather than address her changing body, it was a strange phenomenon midst her own mind that had ultimately grabbed the woman's attention. It was hard for her to describe, really. For now it almost seemed like her thoughts had an echo? Like they were still consistent, but they were doubling up. It was a jarring sensation to say the least, and it was one that would only grow more so as her body continued its reconfiguration.

And continue it did, with the same split theme that her ears had already established... although this time in her *tail*. The pitch black fur of the stiff, vulpine appendage largely lightened, though inconsistently shaped, black stripes appeared to remain midst a base that was, like her ears, orange on the right and a silvery blue on the left. Except in this case it was more obvious that it was split *right* down the middle. Down the middle of a tail that was becoming less and less fluffy, bone swishing back and forth while thinning into a feline appendage that had much more flexibility. Like the tail of a cat to match her ears.

Like the tail of a *tiger*.

No. The swishing of this tail had already been enough to prompt Koyanskaya to finally look behind her, but the feeling of that sensation *doubling* prompted her to do so with haste. **“What in— MY TAIL!?”** No, that was *wrong*. Why hadn't she spoken about *them* properly? It would have been correct to refer to them in the *plural*, for *two* tails now swished about behind her. The different colored sides had split into two fully colored appendages, both swishing about from the same tailbone. Why did she have tiger tails? Why were they different colors?

Mine is the orange one!

...And mine is silver...

“E-EH!?” There it was. Her thoughts were no longer doubling like they had been before and had instead *split off* entirely. Looking at those tails, different thoughts took ownership of different tails while simultaneously not seeing the issue with there being two. It naturally confused Koyanskaya and rendered her disoriented. Which of those two voices was *hers*? *Neither* of them sounded like her, even though she was able to eventually affirm her own will overtop of them in the end. Albeit temporarily.

She soon found herself incapable of focusing on maintaining this balance, and it certainly wasn't her fault that this was the case. After all, the fit of her clothing had become *very* distracting, and not for any *good*

reasons... At least not for someone who cherished how sexy her body was. Because she was becoming *less* sexy. Or her sexier traits were being rapidly *downplayed*. “**W-Wait a second! Our chest!**” The two voices in her brain ran parallel for a second again, the woman pawing at her own bosom in the meantime as she watched the folds of her costume push closer and closer to her chest.

Koyanskaya could hardly believe her eyes. Her huge, perky tits were deflating before her very eyes, skin tightening around less and less mass while nipples became smaller and smaller. “**S-Stop it!**” It was definitely *alarming*, but deep down *two* voices felt confused about why her breasts had been so big in the first place. They also wouldn’t refer to them as ‘tits’ or anything that indecent. Regardless of what was going on mentally though, before long they were little more than *A-cups* upon her otherwise weightless chest.

Yet the small boob on the left was somehow just *slightly* larger than the one on the right.

But we don’t have big chests, right?

...Mine’s a little bigger than yours, though.

While she grappled with the split personas going back in forth in her mind, her own voice becoming quieter and quieter – or, perhaps, assimilated into the both of them – the orange and silver from the fur of the woman’s ears was seeping into the rest of her hair. These strands pulled shorter until they were only at her shoulders, and this hair color was split *immediately* down the center between orange and silver.

“*I’m... I’m... Who are we...?*” One might have assumed the woman had stuttered if not for the fact that the ‘I’m’s had been spoken in completely different tones. Two personalities were vying for dominance and Koyanskaya’s original self *wasn’t* one of them. Neither sense of self batted an eyelash as, beneath the woman’s robes, her ass and thighs suffered the same fate as her breasts. They drained away until the only weight to her butt and thighs was an immature chub that you might expect to find on a young girl rather than a woman. But again, the weight was *slightly* more ample on the silver-haired left.

Her proportions were increasingly childlike, and in turn her face had begun to reflect that. Facial features were smaller and her lips were far less defined while still sporting a pout. Cheeks with chubby and round while red eyes were big and bright. But oddly? While both sides were *identical*, the expression of her left half felt *droopier* while the right side appeared perkier and more alert. It looked *odd* but was representative of two very different personalities being housed in a single being.

Not that it would remain this way for long.

Koyanskaya's body wobbled and she took a step back. "**Yikes!**" It took her a moment to catch her balance, but over the course of that moment it had *felt* like she was falling even though she wasn't actually. This was *clearly* because her height had dropped rapidly and all at once. She had fallen down all of the way to 4'8"! But it didn't seem like she'd really realized. Nor that her beast taming outfit had peeled away to reveal a red, white, and gold frilly gown beneath with detached sleeves. It fit her smaller body *much* better. But she felt like she needed her gloves and boots.

Had this been *any* other Divine General then the girl's transformation would have ended there. But the Divine General representing the Year of the Tiger was *unique*. The multiple personalities thinking simultaneously, the different proportions and colors that were split directly down the middle, the two tails, and the two sets of gloves and boots on the table... they were all related. And she, no... *they* immediately became subjected to just exactly why that was.

"**GUH!?**" From the girl's perspective it almost felt as if something had taken hold of her from both shoulders and was *pulling* her! It didn't *hurt*, but she really felt like she was being torn in two. It was uncomfortable and *unusual*. And the tenser it became, the more 'separate' her voice came to sound. Almost like two voices were speaking simultaneously from a single mouth somehow. Before long those voices were saying different things.

"Stop tugging!"

"...It isn't me."

Until all of a sudden, things began to get *really* weird. Starting from the tip of Koyanskaya's head her body began to *split*. Not in the sense that her innards were revealed; her brain wasn't going to *spill out*. Instead, from that split another half of her head emerged on *either side* until she had two heads stemming from a single neck. The silver and orangey blonde had been replicated on either side of these new heads so that things were consistent.

Two necks, four shoulders, four breasts – even the girl's clothes were perfectly separated and reformed in the center as *two girls* were pulled more and more out of a singular source. The silver haired girl had a slightly bigger figure than the blonde, but the blonde was clearly the more energetic of the two as she flailed about and tried to pull herself

free. Before long the two of them had four legs between them, and it was only their inside feet that were stuck. Until finally...

The both stumbled away from each other as completely different individuals. Well maybe that wasn't entirely true. They must have been sisters with how similar they looked. The similarities outside of fur and hair colors were astonishingly close, so a first assessment would likely determine them to be twins in the minds of most. **“That was... Huh, did something just happen?”**

“Nope...”

...Did they not realize they had been a single person?

“Why were we...?” The blonde haired *Huang* blinked her crimson eyes several times as her little gaze surveyed the room. After a bunch of tingling and tugging upon her own ego, clarity had returned to the child's mind and she was relatively confused about the room she now found herself in. Eventually her gaze met that of a girl who was nearly identical to her if not for her silver hair – the blank gaze of her twin sister, *Bai*. Together the two girls represented the Year of the Tiger midst the Divine Generals.



Together they were *Cidala*.

Bai had always been strangely unexpressive (especially for a twelve year old) but the confusion was visible even on *her* features. Clearly the exact same thoughts were passing through both of their young minds. But Bai seemed to be the one to ‘remember’. “...**Weren’t we checking the qi flow around our room, Huang?**” Bai hadn’t been *entirely* certain of this fact, but upon speaking it aloud *both* girls felt this fact click in the backs of their minds.

“Oh, right! We just got summoned here, and this is our room, right? We are Masters of Feng Shui after all!” Huang threw her hands onto her hips and puffed out her chest, knowing full well now that Kumbhira was outside of their door waiting for them. Seeing as the two girls had been summoned as a *Berserker* Class Servant there was no denying that they were going to be a couple of handfuls. But that was just how they *always* were.

The other Divine Generals that had been summoned knew this more than well, and so they were already taking measures to make sure the two children didn’t get into trouble. Huang was rambunctious and mischievous, and despite being so calm Bai had some *problematic* interests of the literary and romantic varieties. “...**But why did we take our gloves off? And our boots?**”

Swiping her own off the counter and putting them on, Bai actually made a pretty good point. “**Huh...?**” Huang couldn’t seem to remember either and mirrored her silver haired sister and readorning herself while her tiger-striped tail swished back and forth behind her. “**Well this is our room, right? Nothing weird about us taking off accessories here!**” It wasn’t exactly a *good* explanation, but it was enough for the two Erune kids to not think too hard about it.

“...Anyways. The qi flow here seems normal. Should we report this to Kumbhira? Maybe she’d like us to check her room too...?” Both of the twins assumed the Draph outside was getting impatient, and while Kumbhira was peppy no one *ever* wanted to see her mad. It was in their best interests to hurry up and head out so they could meet with the others. It didn’t matter where they were, the two twins would always be inseparable.

And no one would even question their arrival in Chaldea, as always.