

The New Sister

He checked the mail again hoping that this time it would be different. There was nothing no matter how often he looked. Ugh. He lifted his phone and pushed his long bangs of black hair out of the way of his eyes. The internet was filled with *buzz*. This is the most his comfort character had ever been reported on and it was kind of overwhelming.

Everywhere you went was another article, another video, another stream. Adan scrunched his face and looked at the mailbox and the email confirming the delivery on his special edition game one more time. No luck. It wasn't here. It was the day *after* the game came out and it wasn't here.

Adan emerged back inside and kicked his purple shoes off and dropped his phone on the couch he and his roommates shared. He walked up the steps and slouch in to his room. The door shut and he slumped like a snake gone flaccid into his computer chair and started typing away. Browse the web to dull the pain.

Paper Mario And The Thousand Year Door was an essential game for him and the remake was the most excited he had been for a game in a very *very* long time! He was hoping that his game would have arrived yesterday or today but so far the mail didn't seem very sympathetic to his deeply emotional attachments. All the while he was forced to watch as everyone got excited online playing the game! A million articles spawned about his favorite character...

Vivian was vital to his, well, a lot of things about him. She was his favorite character and he remembered wishing he was as cute as her. He remembered looking her up all the time until one day he read an article that opened his mind. Apparently, in the Japanese version Vivian's gender was a biiiit more complicated than how the American version portrayed it. Adan kept reading and, well...

He's thought about transitioning a few times. He was on the cusp again; The thoughts were really eating at him but he wasn't sure how anyone would accept him. His roommates were kinda assholes sometimes and he just didn't think it was worth the risk. What if changing caused him hurt or hurt others?

To distract himself from those thoughts, and also from his lack of Remake, he decided to try booting up a version of the game he always intended to get around.

Thousand Year Door had an extremely active speedrunning and hacking community who had modified the game in a thousand ways and made so many strange little iterations all based around people playing the game how they wanted. Most of the time it was just to

make the game more difficult or to get rid of the Super Guard so the people who were numb to the game had something to steam about again.

But, what Adan wanted was this weird little hack he had grabbed from a smaller forum full of amateur hackers who did little graphic replacement hacks. Adan's computer screen lit up and illuminated his dark room with glowing purple and orange like an overcast of Halloween chilling the summer air.

Sister Vivian and The Thousand Year Door was what the title screen said. It was only Vivian, the purple shaded Siren Sister, posing on the title screen. Instead of all the companions it was just more poses of Vivian. It was so cute and indulgent, Adan couldn't help but smirk and lift his legs up off the floor and curl up tighter in his comfortable chair. He looked down at his baggy shirt and his lithe legs. He was practically a twig. He lifted his controller and clicked through the familiar title screen.

From there it was four files he could click on to start his game. He hit the first one and it asked for him to enter his name. Patiently, he held the control stick in each direction to spell out the four letter name.

A d a n.

Press enter and right away the game takes off, fading to white and then slowly into dark. Adan raised his phone and checked again for any sign that his package had arrived. When he looked up there was some strange dialogue on the screen. He read it aloud since he was already in the mindset to try some voice acting. "Hello, my name is Vivian! Thank you for playing my game!" He smirked. *That felt so good to say...* He shook his head hit the A button while he was looking away. "Adan is your name? Well... how about we swap names for the rest of our adventure together, huh? Vivian has done me a lot of good, I bet it will help you too!"

Huh... Adan of course was a bit tickled by this. There had been some weird romhacks he had played from this forum before. One person had written out dialogue for Mario through the whole game and it was all this weirdly over written over heroic stuff. Another person had added memes that just didn't work. Adan quit after he saw the memes added to the toilet sections... So, already, he was sorting this hack in to that part of his mind. Another weird self-indulgent weird story.

"Sure, Vivian. Lets swap. I wish I had named myself Dooopl—" As soon as he hit A his computer screen flashed. His computer made a few weird noises and the controller lights flashed on and off before turning back on, the LED indicators now showing as purple.

Adan pushed his finger against the A button but the game didn't react. He tried again but the dialogue screen wouldn't move forward.

A box appeared on screen. Adan went to read it outloud... but he could *hear it*.

"Aden!~ Such a cute name! My gosh, I bet it did you a lot of good just like mine did! I promise to take good care of it. But first... you need to get used to your new name, don't you, Vivian?"

A shudder rose up his spine. What... There was a difference in this. Whenever he read stuff in his head there was usually a somewhat clear voice but there were little ones competing to be the voice, there was a conscious decision about what the voice should sound like. But when he read this text it was clear and sharp like a flash light cutting through the dark. This was a whispery, adorable voice. It progressed on just a hair faster than his eyes could trace the letters. It spoke in his head as if there was a speaker inside there.

He looked down at his hands as he tried to do something with the controller. Something... something spread over his wrists. It was something blotchy and purple like spilled ink. The controller fell back on to the desk and he tried to wave it away but it wouldn't move. It just kept crawling up his skin like a patient cartoonist coloring their final draft. Further and further up his arms turned that same shade of dark purple.

A chill rushed through the room emanating from the screen like it was an open window to autumn. His lifted legs curled tight against his chest so his knees dug in against his chest. His arms crossed over his chest and knees and curled tight. The tips of his black hair began to turn another shade... brighter and brighter from purple to fuschia—and as it grew brighter it lifted and curled—to then red to PINK! Bright cotton candy pink threads of hair puffed up and curled into a cloudy curl of hair that covered the center corner of his eyes. He tried to sway the hair away but every time he touched the puff hairdo it just jiggled and remained in place. It had more in common with a balloon, and his hands looked more like gloves. He watched as his new glove hand slowly inflated to just the right size~

"W-what's happening to me...?! T-there's no **way!** **This can't** be real!" A blush swept across his face. What did his voice just do...?! How did he sound that cute? For months he'd been trying to train his pipes to sound that delicate and cute and in a few random seconds he had just sounded like such a cute... gorgeous...

His glove hands pushed against his chest. Sensitive. His knees had somewhat felt it but when his gloves pressed against them oh it was really obvious. He squeezed beneath his baggy shirt again and it just kept feeling better.

"Excited?" The voice in from the screen asked. **"C'mon, you can tell me! Just us girls here! Fufufu~! Your chest feels really soft doesn't it? I know the feeling! I was so excited when my chest started feeling that way. Like the softest pillows you ever felt but always on you. Not too big, but comforting big. Jeez, you really like it! And that voice too, right? It can be hard to feel like the girl you are if you don't sound like her! Take a breath and squeeze again and try to make the voice on your own!"**

It felt too good. He gasped and squeezed his chest as it became very apparent that Vivian, the game one, knew exactly what she was doing. "I'm... I'm... I'm a girl I'm..." It was so frustrating! But he didn't give up. He squeezed harder and kept staring at that screen. He saw his reflection in the glare of the PC. The cotton candy hair kept spreading... his face was starting to turn purple. He felt so happy he just... "I'm a girl I'm a girl I'm a girl I'm a girl girl giiiiir!!!!" That... that felt so good! His legs lowered and he began to take his shirt off, shocked to find that it was fitting him a bit tighter than before.

Thwoosh! He lunged it up over his head and tossed the shirt away... only for the fabric to suddenly warp and change into a big witch's hat that quickly attached itself to his head. It was revealed what had kept the shirt so much tighter on him. His hips had widened a lot since he had first booted the game, his chest had grown as well, and he had gotten pleasantly bigger in his stomach too. That belly was cute and purple and looked so sensitive and fun to rub.

But more curiously now was the purple as it spread over his legs. His thighs thickened but he was immediately struck with an intense pressure. They wanted to be together, squeezed tight like lovers! His legs... they need to be there for each other and the feeling of their imminent melding was not dissimilar to a cramp.

Hurriedly, Vivdan threw him (her?)-self on to her feet... only her feet never touched the ground. They phased through it, merged with the shadow, became a simplistic anchor point upon which he balanced with magical perfection. His legs felt like they were being tugged down further and harder. It felt... it felt sooo goooooood...

Then she saw what... what she thought the game might ignore. Over her purple surface at her crotch was a rapidly thickening bulge. It pulsed in a way that wasn't visible but she could feel. It was like something was rolling inside there like the fire in a jack o lantern. Her gloved hands slowly lowered to it and began to stroke it. She looked at the screen, half expecting to see this apparently sentient game mocking them. But that didn't happen.

"Oh Vivian! Are you still being bashful? Listen... I made that mistake before, waiting for other people to tell me how to be. I spent a lot of time that way, and as far as I'm concerned that was time wasted! Shucks, I could've been a lot happier if I just embraced myself and what I wanted sooner! I'm much happier

now, and that is what I want for you! I didn't give you my name for no reason. Go ahead... You're so cute like that."

Every touch made it harder to think. The room looked so much prettier now. Was it because her hair hadn't moved away from her eyes? She kept trying to move the curly pink puffs but she couldn't see any eyes below, just always more shade in the reflection. Both of her gloved hands wrapped around the steadily growing bulge.

Vivian must have used her shadow powers to hide in since she can make things phase through the floor... it made sense she could hide things inside herself if she wanted. Slowly she took her cock out, letting it grow bigger and bigger. Her gloved hands wrapped around it and GOSH that felt SOOOO GOOD!!! Something in the back of her head kept telling her to be ashamed of how indulgent this was but—HUSH! This was the LEAST weird she had ever felt!

That little part of her head that always told her she was Gross? Or that she was Wrong somehow? Dead silent! All that was left was Vivian. And Vivian was great. She stared at her reflection in the computer screen and rubbed happily to it.

She waved her form around to watch how she moved now in the screen reflection. Look at the way her bigger boobs swayed and bounced! They didn't have any nipples but somehow that kind of made it lewder? Neat! And her ghostly tail that had the clear girly outline of wide hips! And that perky chest. It was lighter at the front and darker at the bottom. It looked so firm to squeeze like those really dense pillows that made her so relaxed and happy! And her tummy... She squeezed it with both hands and just "Uuuu~! Oh my oh my! Yes yes yes! This is—oh my gosh—oh my gosh oh my gosh!" She squeezed her cock with one hand and her big purple balls with the other. Her balls even felt amazing! That was insane there were no pleasure nerves there right? What—WHAT was she saying!?

She was a Shadow Siren! She didn't have nerves she had shadows! She was ghostly and spooky! Of course it felt good, she was nothing but feelings! She could be whatever she wanted. She made a kissy face at the screen, admiring those bright yellow lips. She opened her mouth and admired her glowing orange tongue too. Those bright pink blushing circles on her cheeks too! And her long flowing pink hair!

Gosh gosh gosh! She kissed the screen! Again and again, she kept kissing the other her desperately! "Thank you! Oh thank you! I promise from now on, I'm living for myself! No matter what! No matter—I'm so close! Hehehehehehe~!!!"

She fell on to her rear, legs spread but conjoined to a ghostly point at her feet. Faster and firmer, fist squееееееeed tight around her cock. And she came—

Just as her roommates opened the door in a rush, both of the boys holding beers, a bag of chips, a pizza, and the copy of the game that she had ordered.

Vivian came all over herself a thick spray of bright purple.

Stylish!

T—that didn't just appear above her head, did it?!

"Hey...? Um... Are you Adan...?" *One asked.*

"Woah! Wait, is that cosplay? You... you look amaz—"

NO! Vivian vanished beneath the floor and squealed down below. "D—don't look at me! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to! I just... I um..." She slowly peaked her head through the floor. "You don't... mind right? This is... um... who I am now!"

"Y-yeah of course!" *One of them said.* "I had a feeling you wanted to transition, I just didn't know you could... transition into a game character?"

"Do you want us to call you Vivian from now on or...?" *The other asked.*

Vivian emerged out of the floor, practically crying, and hugged them both. "Thank you thank you!"

"Woah, haha, appreciated, but girl you should get a towel or something?" *The roommate looked down. He was dry. Vivian's cock had vanished back between her legs using her Siren powers.*

"And before you ask, nope~ No shirt, no pants. My hat and gloves are enough! Now come on, I've been waiting years to play this game and I'm not in it until Chapter 2 and 4! We're going to be up late tonight, boys!"