

## Sibling Rivalry

By: Aether Productions (Sonic232)

For: Yukivaneler

Tecurai St. Clara sighed as he walked down the street. Things had been so strange for the grey furred fox lately. Months ago his sister vanished without a trace, and the more he dug into her disappearance, the less evidence he could find that she even existed in the first place. Photos that he could have sworn held her picture ended up not having her. Albums had gone missing, files corrupted. He'd been looking everywhere for her... And then yesterday, suddenly he'd gotten an invitation from her to meet up at a party. He couldn't say no, but at the same time, he had an odd feeling...

The fox walked down the street towards the club in his blue running shorts and matching t-shirt with the black accent. He hadn't bothered to dress for the occasion, he wasn't there to have fun, he was there to find his sister. The sun was setting, the street washed over in twilight as street lights began to turn on. He shivered somewhat... It was dusk, the outline of the sun covered by the skyline of the city in the distance, diffused by the reflective surfaces of the city in the distance. The sun to his back, he walked up to the front door of the building, swallowed dryly, and stepped inside.

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"Oh come on, bro! I did what you asked me to!"

A black hedgehog with some red tipped quills and others dyed purple all the way down, hair done up in with a purple bow groaned to her sibling, a similarly colored black fox with red and purple markings and white accent fur on his chest and muzzle. She wore a gothic styled red dress with black accents, a short skirt and some frills and a matching corset while her brother wore a purple jacket and white undershirt, hair styled in a spiked mohawk with the spikes being dual toned, one side is red and the other is purple going down his head.

"I sent that guy the message! Why'd you have me pretend to be his sister, though?"

"Don't you worry, Midnight, it'll all make sense soon, I promise. I think I saw somebody walking up the street not too long ago, that's probably him. Do you still have the costume of that one girl, the first one mom gave you?"

"Yeah, duh, you know I do, Dusk." She rolled her eyes, purple light shining as she reached into empty air behind her back, pulling the tan and brown fur colored foxcoon fur out from nowhere. "You're up to something, bro. You're not planning on wearing me again, are you?" She giggled playfully as Dusk just laughed, shaking his head.

"Nah, not unless you ask me to. I will need to use those gloves I made of your hands though. I didn't get mom's gift for replacing identities, just opening them up. You got that fun part."

Midnight giggled. "Awww, I'm flattered, bro. So what do you got planned for this guy?"

"I wanna see how much of mom's power you inherited. And that means we're making a new sibling together."

"Oh! Oh, Dusk, that sounds great!" She grinned and hugged him as Dusk blushed lightly, nervously patting her on the back.

"Y-Yeah, th-that's great." He chuckled nervously as he slid on a pair of gloves that looked identical to his sibling's hands that he had created last time he decided to spend time as his sister.

“Bro, you don’t need to act so nervous every time somebody shows they care about ya. We’re family, of course we care, right?” She grinned as he sighed, nodding gently. “Yeah yeah, I suppose. Alright, sis, go ahead and put that costume on. Trust me, this is gonna be great.” Dusk smirked, winking as he reached behind himself, pulling out a form for himself...

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Tecurai frowned as he looked around the club, music thumping rhythmically as people danced on the dance floor. The bar was half full, some places taken up by drinks and jackets holding their places. He looked around for his sister, but the busy lights and dance music made it difficult to focus his eyes. He groaned as he decided to sit at that bar. The bartender there was a tall bear woman who looked at him with that customer service smile. “What can I get for you, sir?”

“Ah, just a cola... I’m waiting on somebody, she asked me to meet her here. Her name’s Yuki St. Clara, she’s a foxcoon, my sister. Have you seen her?” He took out a picture to show her of the two of them smiling together.

“Sir?” She frowned, rubbing her chin. “Which one, the one in the background?” He shook his head, looking frustrated.

“N-No, her, right-” He was about to point to her image, but he looked at the picture himself... His sister had vanished from it again. “W-What? I...” He hung his head, dejected. What was going on? It was like his sister was cursed. Was he just imagining that she had ever existed in the first place? The bartender frowned.

“I’ll just get you that drink, maybe you grabbed the wrong photograph. In anycase, I haven’t seen a foxcoon here today, nor has anybody told me they’re waiting on somebody. Maybe they just haven’t arrived yet?” She tried to give him a reassuring smile, turning to grab a glass to get him his drink. As the bartender did this, he felt a poke on his shoulder. He gasped and turned around

“Yuki?! I-Oh.” It wasn’t his sister, it was a sheep, dressed in a loose sweater and a headband that looked like it was made out of two formal ties that kept her head fur in a large poof. She clacked her heels and flashed a small smile to him. “Sorry, I thought you were somebody else.” Tecurai sighed sadly, shaking his head.

“I know, I couldn’t help but overhear, hun.” She sighed as she looked at the seat next to him. “Seat taken?” He shook his head, motioning for her to go ahead. She did so gladly, hopping up next to him. The bartender delivered his soda, and she ordered a nice fruity beverage to sip on.

“So sister, huh? Why would your sister wanna meet in a place like this?” She asked as Tecurai shrugged.

“I’ve got no clue, I just know that’s what the note said. It’s been months since anybody’s seen her, and even our own family seems to insist she doesn’t even exist anymore. All I have is this photo, and it’s like sometimes it gets blurry... And now she’s disappeared in it again. I only just found it maybe a couple days before I got her note.”

“That’s really odd, hun. Can I take a look?” She smiled to the bartender as she delivered the drink. She waved in thanks as Tecurai showed her the photo.

“Well, lookie here. She’s back, see?” She smiled as she showed him the photo. She was indeed back, smiling to the camera again. “I think you’ve got one of them trick photos, only shows up at a certain angle or in a certain light.”

Tecurai blinked. That made sense, except... That it didn’t. He couldn’t think of any-

“Hey, look hun” The girl interrupted him. “You look like you’ve been stressed. Take a load off. Me and a friend have got a private room in the back we rented out. Be honored to have ya join us~”

Tecurai frowned. "I-I dunno, miss, what if my sister comes looking for me?"

"Then she'll probably ask the bartender where you are, and she can point towards the back room. Right miss?" The sheep slid enough money to pay for the drink, a tip... And a bit more than a tip onto the bar. The bear's eyes went wide a bit as she nodded.

"Yes, of course, miss, I'll direct her to the back room if that happens."

"Great, it's settled then!" She smiled, grabbing Tecurai's hand as he nervously followed. She went to the back area with her drink as he sighed. Why not? He's been so stressed out lately, he deserved to have a little fun, right? It wasn't long before they were heading down a flight of stairs and the sheep pulled out a key, sliding it into the keyhole and turning it, opening the door. The place was lit with a purple light and looked to have a private bar tucked in the corner. There was a television screen with a pair of karaoke microphones, and seemed to be able to play movies on it. Tecurai entered and smiled.

"O-Oh, alright. This looks like-" And out of the corner of his eye, tucked in the corner behind where the door opens from, he saw her leap out of her chair.

"Tec! It's so good to see you again!" Yuki St. Clara leapt out of her seat and hugged her brother, Tecurai's eyes widening as she nuzzled against him. The sheep smiled.

"Told you that you'd have a good time~" She gave a knowing wink.

Tecurai looked confused. She knew? "W-Wait, why didn't you say anything, I-"

"Because, dummy, I didn't wanna draw attention up there and make a scene. Down here-" She closed and locked the door. "We've got all the time in the world to catch up. Innit that right, Yuki?" She winked to the foxcoon who giggled and nodded.

Tecurai frowned. "W-Wait, why are you locking the door?"

The sheep chuckled as she downed the rest of her drink. "Well, to be perfectly honest, Tec, I'm not who I seem to be" She put the glass down on a nearby table, sliding her fingers underneath her fur as she place herself between Tec and the door, Yuki's grip tightening on Tec, looking completely fine with whatever was going on. The sheep tugged, and her neck distorted, fingers pushed beneath her skin... No, a mask. She pulled up as her face distorted, trying to cling to the features beneath it, stretching and pushing. She slid her other hand beneath to assist as a black fox revealed himself, panting and chuckling.

"You were right, sis, she is a fun one~ I'll have to make sure to treat her nice when I put her back."

"Told ya so, bro~" Yuki giggled as Tecurai began to struggle to get loose from Yuki's grip.

"You're not my sister! What the hell are you?!" He cried out as the black fox 'tch'ed.

"How rude~ That is absolutely your sister. Just she's my sister now, too." The fox wandered over, still wearing the sheep's feminine body, making it look more like she was wearing a fox mask than the fox wearing a sheep suit. It was as though the body was a real body, like it wasn't a prosthetic. Tecurai whimpered at the thought of that.

"What are you talking about?!" He cried out as Yuki kissed his cheek.

"I don't understand it much myself, Dusk, mind explaining it to him?"

“Sure sure. So that mask you’re wearin’ used to be you. Mom stripped your old identity from you layer by layer, revealing you underneath. You are Yuki, Midnight. But in a way that it doesn’t really matter, you were formed from her, you’re not bound to her old life. Heck, the way Mom’s power works, she can make it so Yuki never really existed. So you’re only as much ‘Yuki’ as you want to be. And Tec here... Well, might as well bring him into the fold, I say~” Dusk winked as ‘Yuki’ smiled.

“You SKINNED my sister?! A-And that sheep, too!” Dusk groaned, putting the sheep’s hand to his head.

“No no no, you’ve got it all wrong, we do magic, not TAXIDERMY. Get it right. Sis, mind showing him?”

The foxcoon smiled, pulling at her own face, distorting almost comically like in a cartoon, before it gave way with a distinct ‘pop’, showing the hedgehog underneath.

“See, Teccie? It’s like fabric when it’s not being worn~” She showed how the mask flopped and wobbled, shoving the neckhole in his face to show him how it almost looked and felt like foam rubber with a velvet interior. He reeled his head back, still disgusted by the whole affair.

“G-Get away from m-me! Y-You’re not m-my-!” He gasped as Midnight grabbed his face, beginning to pull. At first, he cried out in pain, but then an energy began to tingle up and down his body, feeling something give way... And then his face began to stretch like theirs had before. And before he knew it, there was another pop. His whole mindset reeled, memories flooding in that didn’t belong to him. He recalled running a cargo plane company called Higher for Hire, he recalled working with a big oaf of a bear that was far too laid back, a daughter... He gripped his head, crying out as he pushed away from the two and looked in the mirror backing of the mini-bar.

He was a female bear. Right away, he knew her name was Becky. Becky Cunningham. Somehow her long hair had remained nice and styled inside of that tight mask. No, no, not a mask! His face!

“W-What did you do to me?!” Tecurai cried out in Becky’s voice as Midnight giggled, spinning Tecurai’s face on a single finger.

“Isn’t it obvious, Becky?” She giggled and smiled as the Dusk-headed sheep crept up behind the bear, and with a deft hand stripped Tecurai’s body off of her, something glowing underneath the sheep’s hands. Tecurai gasped, as Becky’s body had been tucked away beneath Tecurai’s skin, fully clothed in her normal outfit. That was what was peculiar about Midnight’s power. It seemed like she was able to pull identities from fiction without issue, and they came out looking as perfect as what was on screen. It was uncanny! The new Becky Cunningham shivered as she looked at herself in the mirror.

“N-No, put me back! Give me back my body!” She growled, turning on Midnight as she pushed to try to grab for his face. She gasped and giggled, tossing it to Dusk. Tec leapt up, trying to grab it, but it just missed her fingers as Dusk smirked.

“Nuh-uh, Becky, no take backsies~” He chuckled as he tossed it back towards Midnight as she made another leap. While the bear was distracted trying to grab her old face, looking up, Dusk jams his hand under her chin, yanking up and to the side, revealing a red furred fox wearing a pith helmet with long brown hair and square rimmed glasses. More memories began to fill Tecurai’s mind. Not replacing Becky’s, but adding to them, recalling a new name, Dr. Myra, and her expeditions to the pyramids and-

NO! Tecurai grabbed his new head, struggling to maintain his own identity. These memories weren’t his, they were somebody else’s! How was this possible?! He struggled to maintain himself, but he found that he no longer had the same fire that he used to. “C-Come on, now!” He shouted in his new voice, different from even Becky’s. His own thoughts were becoming difficult to contain, like he had 3 minds all vying for whose memories were his ‘true’ memories, each feeling as real as the last. “I... I’m here b-because of my sister!” She cried out,

less at her tormentors than to maintain something firm she could recall... Wait... She? No, she was a boy! Tecurai! Her name was Tecurai-er HIS name was Tecurai! Not Myra! Not Becky!

“What are you doing to me!” She whimpered as she collapsed to the floor as Midnight bent over onto the floor next to here.

“There there, Myra~ Look, think of it like this~! You’ll get to see through the eyes of so many different people! It’s not so bad! Here, let me help you~” She slowly began to unzip the back of the former Becky skin, now turned Becky suit, revealing an explorer’s outfit beneath the business dress, with a foxy tail and fur to match. She shrank a good half a foot in the process, Myra being much shorter than Becky. Tecurai shivered and nodded as Midnight’s words seemed to have a calming effect on her. She tossed the Becky skin onto the pile, on top of Tecurai, along with the Becky mask.

“B-But what about m-my sister?” She whimpered, feeling so lost. “I-Is she gone?”

Dusk answered this time, chuckling. “You don’t get it, do you? Midnight is your sister, she was born from Yuki St. Clara the same way that you were born from Tecurai. And somebody new will be born from you, too, and you’ll be re-united.”

“I’ll be... With my sister?” The fox looked up, looking starry eyed at Dusk as he gave a reassuring smile and a nod.

“Yup. All you gotta do is let this continue.”

She sniffled and nodded as Midnight grinned, grabbing Myra’s chin to make her look at her directly. “Thank you~ I promise, you’ll make a great sibling~!” She kissed her cheek, hugging her gently as Myra relaxed into Midnight’s hands. Those same hands dug into Myra’s back and began to pull her open. Face, clothing, torso and arms all sloughed off, the hands clinging last as her arms fell out of the suit, the force of the rest of the fabric being the last thing to yank them off. With a new face beneath being similar to Dr. Myra’s, this one was also a fox, but more voluptuous, with somewhat wavy red hair instead of Myra’s straight brown. It was hard to believe such a full form could be hidden beneath such a petite fox.

Katie Dodd rose out of Myra’s form, holding her head as she stepped out of Myra’s feet and legs, kicking them off as she let off a little huff. “And so now I’m Katie... But...” She looks to the pile of skins that was beginning to accumulate. She recognized all of them, knew all of their lives. Tecurai here from his business trip, Becky looking for her sister, Myra seeking... Something? No, that wasn’t right... Was it Myra looking for her sister? No, that wasn’t right either...

“Alright, you two... Explain. Why is this happening? I know that I was Dr. Myra last, but... I can’t keep Becky and Tecurai straight anymore.” Dusk let out a chuckle. “The more layers of identity you go through, the harder it will be to recall who you were originally. Eventually, ‘Becky’ and ‘Myra’ and ‘Tecurai’ will all just be passing memories. Things so scrambled in your mind that it won’t matter who came first, you just wear their skin and you’ll be them again.”

Midnight nodded and blushed. “I went through the same thing. I... Think I remember Yuki. Barely. She’s more like a dream I have trouble recalling than my old self. Don’t worry, eventually you’ll get these skins back and you can be any of them you want to be~!”

Katie looked concerned, but at the same time, it made sense. All these selves that she remembered being, the more they peeled them away, the more none of them would feel real. It was quite clever, really. If you didn’t recall being anybody fully, then you could make that person into whomever you wanted them to be, even reinforce those behaviors by-

Before she could think any further on the subject, Dusk took advantage of her distraction, grabbing her tail as the hands below the sheep's own began to glow gently. He pulled the tail up, and there was a distinct 'ziiiiiip' as Katie opened up, her own tail being the zipper pull. She seized up and shuddered as yet more mental changes flowed over her, Midnight walking over to pull Katie's head down to reveal a light-tan colored fur cat with flowing blond hair, eyes already in perfect blue eyeshadow, and a light-blue, almost white dress.

Kitten cooed and began to stretch as she emerged from Katie's deflated form, stepping out of it daintily. She wasn't sure why she was so fussed about these past selves. They didn't matter that much, though she was sure they wouldn't agree. What they thought didn't matter much anyway now that she was in charge!

Dusk clapped at the inadvertent show they were getting from her stretching somewhat provocatively as Midnight giggled at her brother's display. "Oh come on, bro, you've done that in the mirror tons of times~!"

"Yeah, and I've seen a sunset tons of times, too, doesn't mean I appreciate them any less!" He shot back. Kitten looked to her two... Captors she supposed, but they were also the ones responsible for allowing her to be freed of those other minds within her. Perhaps she could start a new stage show~!

"And what can I do for you to thank you for this gift~?" She asked them with a wink. Dusk blinked and then laughed.

"What, you think you're DONE?! Oh man, that's rich!" He fell back the sheep's chest heaving from his boisterous outburst as Midnight giggled.

"We aren't even halfway through with you, ma'am~"

Kitten gasped in shock. "B-But that means-"

"That you're going to be the next mind in the next person's memories and the next suit in the stack, yup~" Dusk cooed as he motioned to the ever growing pile, with some clothing bits scattered about the room. It'd be a pain to clean up later, sure, but to the siblings, it was worth it~

Kitten backed away from them, running towards the door as Midnight groans. Kitten gasps, her back fully against the door as she shakes her head, Midnight's hands glowing as she nods and smiles.

"Sorry, Kitten, you're not the star of the show." Midnight smirked as Dusk continued.

"You're just a lowly understudy..."

Kitten whimpers, shaking her head. "P-Please! I'll give you anything! Fame, fortune, your name in lights! Just let me be the one!"

Dusk just laughs more. "Holy crap, are you DELUSIONAL lady?! We can have all of those things already! Do you honestly think you have the upper hand here? You're a toy, a stop-gap, a milestone."

Kitten looks as though she's about to respond, eyes darting back and forth as she tries to formulate a response, a tear falling down her face. "I... Suppose so..."

Midnight nodded to her, brushing her cheek gently. "I'm sure our new sibling will play with you."

"D-Do you promise? P-Perhaps I can make it to Broadway!"

"Maybe..." Midnight sighs as she jams them into the dress, pulling to the side as the diva cries out as a seam began to form up and down her chest, extending all the way down, splitting the front of her dress and

extending up her chin. Kitten had barely known her new life before a new one arose from underneath this one. Dusk rolled his eyes as he saw the silk scarf and dress coming out of the gap.

“You know, sis, we don’t have to negotiate with every single one of these new minds we create. They’re going to be part of our new sibling’s mindset anyway, and you’re pulling them out of thin air!”

“I know that, Dusk, I just think that maybe we should treat them with at least a little kindness... Even if it is a little white lie.”

Dusk rolled his eyes, groaning. “You’re as bad as Dawn sometimes, you know that?”

“Maybe...” Midnight shrugged, not concerned at all as Kitten fell away to reveal a well dressed fox, with jewelry cut from gemstones, a headdress with a blue opal set in the center, mounted on the supporting headband. The headdress hid a head of black hair, the bangs of which were visible below the headband. She came out with an almost regal air, looking somewhat confused as she emerged from Kitten’s body.

“O-Oh dear. W-Who was that now?”

“A cat that didn’t know her place...” Dusk mumbled as Midnight shot a glare in his direction. She sighed and smiled to the regal fox.

“Forgive my brother, miss, he doesn’t have many manners~ My name is Midnight, and you came out of a diva named Kitten~” The fox gasped at this, looking legitimately surprised.

“Oh my! I hope I didn’t hurt her!”

Midnight shook her head, smiling gently. “Not at all~! I wouldn’t worry about her. If she was hurt, you’d be hurt. Get it?”

The fox frowned, trying to think hard. She tried to remember past the last few seconds. A past as a princess came back to her, but that didn’t make sense, how did she get HERE of all places... There was a noise of different thoughts and faces coming to her, but they were all jumbled. There was a bear? One that felt familiar somehow, but she couldn’t place her finger on it.

“N-Not at all, I’m afraid.” She frowned, hanging her head as Midnight smiled gently. “Awwww, poor thing~”

Dusk rolled his eyes. “Midnight, come on... Don’t draw this out longer than you have to. She-” Midnight glared at him as Dusk rolled his eyes, shrugging the sheep’s shoulders. “Fine fine, whatever. You’re the boss, sis. Far be it from me to take away whatever fun you’re getting from this.”

“Bro, I’d have thought you’d have gotten it by now!” Midnight groaned. “We might be changing them from one person to the next over and over, but what’s the point of doing that if they get to exist for only a few seconds! If we let them breathe a little, maybe they’ll develop better~!”

Dusk frowned, looking like he was about to contradict her, before shrugging as though he thought better of it. “I guess? I dunno, you and mom are the ones that get to play with this more often, I just wear people.”

“So I’d know better, wouldn’t I?” Midnight teased and giggled as Lotta Lamour looked between the two, just looking more and more confused by this conversation.

“Pardon me, but does this mean I am to become yet another person?” She frowned gently as Midnight nodded to her. “Yes it does, Princess. But if there’s something you’d like to ask before we turn you, I’d be more than happy to fulfill a request~!”

The princess beamed at this, clapping her hands together as she grinned softly. "Then... Then I would like to dance just once before I become the next person~! And maybe be a happy memory for them!"

Dusk silently gagged as Midnight looked overjoyed by this request, sticking out her tongue at her brother. Dusk rolled his eyes and sighed, grabbing a remote as he turned on some high paced folk dance music, the fox giggling as she smiled. "May I have this dance, Midnight?"

"Of course, Princess~!" She took her hand happily as the two began to swing and dance to the beat, swaying their hips and spinning each other around with glee while Dusk almost reluctantly tapped his feet to the music. As soon as he noticed, he grabbed his foot and blushed.

"I-Its the sheep suit, I swear." He mumbled, making an excuse for himself, though the other two hardly seemed to notice. After a few minutes of this, the music began to reach its ultimate climax. As the brass reached their peak note to finish the song, the princess gasped as her face stretched upwards, features clinging only somewhat as a tan furred canine emerged with a regal turban, the fine sheets of fabric held together with a ruby at their apex atop her head, covering auburn hair that went down to the small of her back.

"DUSK!" Midnight shouted at him, looking stern as Dusk smiled.

"Hey, I figured I'd do it while she was happiest, rip it off like a bandaid while she's still feeling the groove, you know? I thought it'd be nice!"

"Well you could have asked me first!"

"And you'd have said no!" He stuck out his tongue, holding the fox's head in his hand, stretching it lightly as the canine woman stumbled a bit.

"Woah, what a head trip!" She finally said, shaking her head, looking down at her still vulpine body, blushing. "O-Oh wow! The body of a princess, huh?" She began to examine the jewelry on her wrists, admiring it and examining them as keenly as a jeweler might. "So I take it you two are who I have to thank for bringing me into the life of a princess?" She asked absently as Dusk nodded.

"Yup! Pretty sweet, right?" He grinned proudly as she nodded, putting a finger between her neck and the fox's as she slowly began to peel off her former shell... Dusk cocked his head, smirking, somewhat impressed.

"You know, you're the first one that's done that on their own."

"Maybe I'm just made of different stuff~" She winked as she pulled forward, the princess's body coming off hers with a flourish, like she was a set of trick clothes a professional dancer might wear. "So all this trickery, turning a bunch of other people into the princess, and then into me, that's all part of your plan to make me like you?"

Midnight blushed and nodded. "Y-Yes, actually! I-Is that something you'd like?" Her previous attitude towards Dusk seemed to have melted away at this as he seemed to have produced exactly the kind of person they needed for this to work properly. This layering of identity served a purpose, but to Midnight, it was all about how these layers of selves would interact and reinforce each other. Kitten and Lotta helped to wipe Tecurai's slate clean, and now with this girl, they had somebody that would want to play these games with them!

The girl wandered over to the suit pile, whistling and looking impressed. "Holy moly, all these came from me?"

Dusk chuckled in response. "Yup~ You'll be able to make your own, too, once we're done with you."

"Once you're done with me? Well, how long's that gonna take?"

Midnight looked as though she was going to answer as Dusk piped up. "Oh, it'll be the next mask pull~"

Midnight glared at her brother at this. He just subtly shook his head to his sister. He wanted to let her think the next pull was the last one to get her more excited, and Midnight had more she wanted to do. She decided against having an argument in front of their soon-to-be sister as the girl beamed even more at that.

“R-Really?! T-Then what are you waiting for, let’s do this~!” She took a deep breath and lifted her chin to let Midnight pull. Rather than pulling the mask off, she pushed the turbin down, spreading the folds of its fabric aside as black hair emerged, with ears of orange fur. A tigress shuddered and gasped as the last woman’s body fell off of her own. She held her head and stumbled as the canine’s body fell off and piled up around her ankles, revealing an expensive purple power skirt business suit. She looked at her hands, wriggling her fingers. She pinched and pulled at them, gasping in unexpected pain. She then glared at Dusk, looking absolutely betrayed.

“I am not what you said I would be!” She said in a much sterner voice than the last body’s. “You said I would get powers like yours! But I’m still just Harmond! Still... Still me!” She huffed and stamped her foot as Dusk smirked.

“Hey, that was your last self’s fault for believing me~!” Dusk teased and chuckled as Harmond glared at them.

“Well I’m not nearly as trusting as she! You had better do as I say!”

Dusk laughed. “Or what? What could you possibly think you have over us for blackmail material?”

“I’ll tell the media! I’ll reveal you to the world!” Even Midnight began to giggle a little bit at this, which only frustrated the tigress more. “And what is so funny?!”

“You.” Dusk smirked. “You pompous rich assholes are all the same. Fictional or real. You all think you can just push us Penumbra into doing what you want just because you’ve got connections. Hate to break it to ya, honey, but you ain’t got SHIT. All those connections you think you’ve got? They’re all fake.” Harmond winced at this, eyes darting back and forth. “No social pull, no money, no connections. You are nothing but a FIGMENT that we breathed life into. Hate to break it to ya, but even if they were real, what the hell do you think you could do that we couldn’t take?”

Midnight squirmed a bit. “Dusk, you don’t need to be like that to her.”

“Nah nah, it feels good to say it, and I think it’ll do her some good.” Dusk responded to Midnight, breaking eye contact only briefly before refocusing on the tigress, now beginning to slowly close ground between himself and her. “Any connection a rich asshole like you has is just a weapon we can turn against you. We can impersonate you. Your friends. Your family. Anybody that you think is your friend? Nah, they’re just a suit for us to wear to get you to let down your guard.”

The tigress began to sweat at this, looking uncomfortable, hiding her fear.

“Y-You need me... Don’t you?” She spoke up, trying to hide how timid she was right now, puffing her chest lightly. Dusk just laughed in her face.

“You don’t get it, do you? We don’t need YOU, we need your body and soul. We are molding those into whatever we want it to be. Every single ‘you’ that you’ve ever been is a pawn. Get that through your head.”

Midnight frowned. “Dusk, she’s also supposed to be our sister...”

“Yeah, well she ain’t our sister right now.” He scoffed, grabbing her mouth as she cried out. Dusk chuckled “I think I need to take you down a peg...” He began to spread her mouth wide. It wasn’t like he was unhinging her jaw, it was more like a rubbery stretch. As he did, she began to try to struggle. As a new face began to emerge from her, Harmond brought up her foot and jammed it into Dusk’s. He was still wearing the sheep, including her

high heels as he cried out, focus breaking and falling over as a gigantic sunhat emerged from Harmond's mouth, yet another fox began to be born from the ever growing stack of suits.

Dusk winced and nursed the foot, kicking off the heels and groaning as the haughty fox pulled the Tigress's body down her figure, revealing a pearl necklace around her neck with a blue dress and long blond hair. She brushed herself off and stuck her nose in the air, looking down at Dusk.

"Serves you right, ruffian." She 'hrmph'ed as Midnight giggled guiltily.

"Sorry, bro, I think you had that coming to ya." She teased as he nursed the foot, still on the ground as he looked up at her, groaning. "Great. And now she's even more stuck up than the last one!"

"I refuse to accept that a couple vagabonds like yourselves could ever think yourselves above my station!" She said as though proving Dusk's point for him as the very words made Dusk groan in mental pain.

"Oh, come on!" Dusk limped back up onto the sheep's feet, the lack of heels making him lose a couple inches of height now as he tenderly tried to stand on two feet. He winced gently before sighing as the pain settled to a manageable level. "What did I just get done say-" Before Dusk could even finish his sentence, the fox backhanded him, nearly knocking him over as he barely kept himself up by propping himself against the bar. Midnight glared at her.

"Hey! That second one was uncalled for!" She shouted as the fox laughed.

"That's Mrs. Vanderschmere to you! I refuse to be talked to like this! You and your brother are charlatans! I doubt you ever intended on granting me those powers, you intend on just making me your play thing! Well no more!"

Dusk glared, rubbing his face where she backhanded him. "Why you haughty little-"

"Dusk, don't." Midnight interrupted. "I've got this." She looked over to the fox, sighing. "Miss, you have a lot of nerve threatening my brother like that. There's a lot I'll put up with, but I won't put up with you knocking my brother around while he's already down. He learned his lesson already!"

"That has yet to be seen! Now move along, before I put you in your place as well! As far as I am concerned, you are both equally as guilty as the other! You intend to toy with me until I lose what little sense I still have!"

"No! I just want a good sister! One that can relate to the new me so that one of your old selves doesn't have to miss a version of me that doesn't exist anymore!"

"And what if I don't want that! I demand you let me go at once! You are both selfish little brats!" Midnight's eyes glowed red as she growled, hands glowing. She leapt up, over the fox's head. The fox tried to grab her out of midair, but missed, hand barely gripping a piece of fabric that slid out from between her fingers. The hedgehog wrapped her legs around Vanderschemere's neck as she landed on her shoulders.

"You leave my brother alone! I don't want you being part of my new sister!" She cried out, grabbing her ears and pulling, taking the sunhat, blond hair, and all as the pearl necklace was pulled up as well, skitting over the floor as it fell off of the fox's empty face, a grey furred cat in a cowboy hat and dirty-blond hair looking dazed and confused as Midnight let go of her, hopping down to the floor as Dusk stood by in awe at his sister's display. His jaw was ajar as Midnight giggled. "Gonna freeze like that if you keep staring, bro~" She walked over to Dusk and pushed his chin back into place playfully as she kissed his cheek, leaving the new person to figure themselves out.

“What in the heck... Oh geez, I’m awful sorry ‘bout that, you two.” She sighed, looking down at the fox’s body and dress. “Well, ah guess at least she had some decent taste in clothes. Though I don’t think these suit me.” She began to peel away Mrs. Vanderschemere’s body as Dusk and Midnight both sighed in relief.

Dusk chuckled to Midnight. “And this is why mom usually goes for the rapid fire technique, they don’t get a chance to sucker punch you like that.” Midnight giggled.

“Maybe, but I still think this is more fun~” She winked to her brother as he shrugged, the cat looking like she was having a hard time getting the slender fox’s body off of her own.

“I get y’all are havin’ a moment, but would either of ya mind givin’ me a hand strippin’ this girl off me?” She asked as Midnight smiled.

“Of course~! Oh, I didn’t catch your name, ma’am!” She smiled as she helped to peel the rest of the vixen’s skin off of her, revealing a light vest, a bandana, and a simple fabric skirt with some heeled boots.

“Name’s Clementine, missy.” She chuckled, tipping her hat to Midnight. “T’be honest, ah think I see where your brother was comin’ from now, even if he was bein’ a bit nasty with puttin’ it across.”

“I do keep warning him about that~” Midnight looked back to Dusk and winked.

“So y’all do plan on makin’ me a full-fledged family member, right? It’s not just gonna be a buncha this back and forth the whole time, right?”

Dusk laughed. “Nah, we only rented out this room for a few hours, they’d kick us out eventually!”

Clementine blinked and then laughed. “So y’all are some ultimate disguise spirits or somethin’, but ya still rent out a room all normal like?”

Dusk shrugged. “No point in wearing the manager to give us the rooms, that’s way more effort than it’s worth. We’ve got a few identities set aside for paying for things like that.”

Midnight nodded and giggled. “Did you really think we were going to keep you in this room forever?”

“T’be honest, I’m pretty sure Muffy, er, that’s ‘Mrs. Vanderschmere’ to y’all, was figurin’ that, but that’s mostly ‘cause she wouldn’t have planned on followin’ through on things like that herself. People tend ta see the worst of themselves in other people, ya know what I mean?”

Midnight nodded in understanding, Dusk just chuckled and shrugged as Clementine walked over to him. Dusk blinked a bit at that. “You’re... Not gonna hit me again, are ya?”

“What? Naw, nothin’ like that. Figured you could use a hand.” She smiled as she reached a hand out to help him walk over to a chair. He blinked, blushing slightly as he accepted it, limping over to take a seat with her help. As he sat down, he sighed, before flashing a devious grin and yanking on her arm. It came loose like the rest of the now suits scattered about the room as Clementine gasped.

“Thanks, hun, I appreciate it.” Dusk chuckled as Clementine’s back began to split open, the fox-in-sheep’s-clothing chuckling as he continued to pull.

Soon, a bear began to emerge from Clementine’s back, this one in a light purple jacket with a matching dress and hat, adorned with a pink feather. She lets out a gentle gasp as she suddenly wrenched from Clementine’s mind, her head filling with even more foreign memories as she plucked her feet out of the cat’s, frowning.

“O-Oscar? H-Have either of you seen my son? Wait, no, that...” She frowned as she held her head. Midnight groaned as she looked over at Dusk.

“Did you really need to strip another layer? Clementine would have been a great base for our sister!”

“Maybe, but I wanted more space between our sister and ‘Muffy’.” He deepened his voice in disdain at the mention of the name of that fox. Midnight groaned, but Dusk smiled reassuringly. “Trust me, I think you’ll like this one.”

“P-Pardon me, but what are you two talking about. My name is-”

“Mrs. Vandersnoot, I know.” Dusk winked to her as she blinked, looking shocked.

“Oh! My reputation precedes me, I see.”

“Of course, Mrs. Vandersnoot. I’m sorry, but your son isn’t around.” He explained calmly to her as Midnight just sat back and watched, slightly amused at her brother taking the reins like this.

“Oh. I see... Oh, yes, of course.” She looked back to Clementine. Things appeared to have begun to click for her. “I... I must say, I do not approve of how Mrs. Vanderschemere was acting towards you two. Most unbecoming of a lady, I must say.”

Dusk nodded firmly in agreement. “Indubitably.” Midnight rolled her eyes at him poking fun at the bear’s attitude, but he at least wasn’t berating her, so that was a start.

“I must say, are you two ah... Still looking to find a new sibling?” That small desire that had been implanted so many layers ago still lingered... Just as the two planned as they grinned to each other.

“Very much so, yes.” Midnight said as she stepped towards the two. Vandersnoot nodded at this. “Well... I’m as ready now as I’ll ever be, I suppose~” She giggled gently. “You’re not going to pull the rug out from under me again, as it were?”

Dusk tapped his chin as though he hadn’t decided yet as Midnight giggled. “Dusk! Oh, come on, don’t tease, she’s been through enough~”

“Yeah yeah, I guess you’re right.” He stuck out his tongue. “Bumps and bruises aside, I’d say you’ve turned out pretty well, Mrs. Vandersnoot~”

She blinks, a bit surprised at these words. “Whatever do you mean?”

“Eh, you’ll see. Midnight, mind doing the honors?” Dusk smiled over to his sibling. She giggled, nodding as she stepped forward.

“I think so, bro! But I think we’re both going to need to put some ‘oomph’ into this one, I’ve never made a whole person out of nothing before~”

“Yeah, neither have I!” Dusk laughed as Vandersnoot chuckled nervously.

“Y-You mean you two have never done this particular step before?”

“NOPE!” Dusk cackled as Midnight grinned, both grabbing Vandersnoot’s head from both sides, energy crackling between their hands as the lights began to flicker in the room. A wind began to pick up, tossing some of the lighter articles of clothing around the room as the two Penumbra siblings began to pull up on Vandersnoot’s face. The face beneath was formless, a purple void of energy as Dusk closed his eyes to focus,

his sister following his lead as they began to focus on the form they had settled on together when they had formed this plan.

The purple light began to take form, flaking away to reveal the head of a red wolf with brown hair done up in pigtails with purple bows in them. She arched gently as they peeled Ms. Vandersnoot from this new person, their energies combining with the raw material that used to be Tecurai. She was somewhat curvy, wearing a black and red dress with a split by one leg. She gasped to life, blinking, eyes as red as Dusk's markings, and her red fur flecked with black highlights on her tail. She looked between the two, taller than them by a good half a foot as she giggled.

"Awww, how're my favorite siblings~" She giggled and pulled them both in for a hug as Dusk gasped in surprise, Midnight almost 'squee'ing in delight as she rocked back and forth with them under her arms. She released Midnight, giving Dusk a noogie and mussing up his spiked hair.

"H-Hey, not the do! Come on!" He cried out in protest as Midnight giggled. Dusk pulled away from his new sister as she put a hand to her hip, smirking. "Shit, do I have another 'big' sister?"

"Seems that way, bro~" Midnight smirked, nudging him as the wolf smirked.

"You're darn right you do. And look at this mess you two made while making me~" She motioned at all of the suits laying around them, no longer in the orderly pile that Dusk had been making at first. He chuckled and shrugged at that.

"Eh, it was worth it, I think~ So, sis, you got a name?"

She blinked at that, tapping her chin. "Hrmmm... Well, we've got Dusk, Dawn and Midnight... Why not 'Twilight'?" She smirked and posed gently, purple Penumbral energy crackling distinctly from her fingertips as she seemed to use the light to pose gently.

Dusk nodded in approval at that. "I like it. So 'Twilight', whaddya wanna do with these selves you've shed~" He chuckled as she looked them over, going over them one by one as she picked them up. She cocked her head, tracing a finger against the wall as a clothing rack popped out from a void. She began to slowly clean them up, gathering their effects and one by one hang them on it. Some of them were tricky, but the ones that wouldn't easily be hanged, she ended up closing up fully and then poking a simple hole in the back of the neck that would allow a hangar to slip in. Within only about 5 minutes, all of the suits they had scattered about the room were cleanly hanging up.

Dusk held the mask of the sheep girl in his hands gently, looking at the Tecurai suit as it hung prominently near the end of the rack. He wasn't sure if it ended up there due to its position in the pile or due to some subconscious draw she still had to it. He tapped the chin of the empty mask in his hand before snapping his free fingers. "Midnight, I suddenly had the best idea~" He chuckled to himself. "Why don't you give Twilight here your Yuki costume, and you wear the Tecurai costume~!"

Twilight's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "Oh, Dusk! See, you're not such a bad influence after all~" She nudged him, teasing him as he blushed, rubbing his arm.

"Aw... Geez, don't rub it in..." He huffed.

Midnight giggled in delight at the suggestion. "Bro, you're a genius~!" He sniffed and rubbed his nose. "Yeah, I suppose so~" He chuckled as he spun the sheep mask on his finger while he watched his two sisters hand each other the skins of their former selves. Dusk smirked at the poetry of it. Yuki and Tecurai had entered the room. And they'd leave the room together, too. Just not with the same sense of self that they had coming in.

Midnight slipped her leg into the grey fox with a gentle giggle. She didn't have any personal memories of Tecurai, but from her time wearing the Yuki costume, she knew the two had a good relationship. She had no reason not to trust Dusk when he said that she used to be Yuki. She hadn't had any real memories of that, not unless she focused. She supposed when she was born, she went through an ordeal similar to what they had put Tecurai through. She did have vague memories of shifting between forms. It felt... Right somehow. Well, Yuki was her old life. She was Midnight now. And now, she would be Tecurai~ She pulled up his legs like a pair of pants, wriggling his toes as his tail twitched gently.

At the same time as Midnight pulling on Tecurai, Twilight had begun pulling on the suit depicting Yuki St. Clara. Having only freshly formed, and not pulling on Tecurai yet to remind herself of her former self's memories, there was only a distant pang of recognition of the empty foxcoon in front of her. But Dusk and Midnight both seemed to think that this would make for a fun game, and who was she to deny them this fun~? As she began to slide Yuki on, she began hopping on one foot for a bit as the size difference between the two meant that until her second leg was inside of her, she was lopsided. She never once almost lost her balance as she gracefully slid her other leg into Yuki, shrinking in height the more of her she put on.

Now the pair of them had their suits on from the waist down, adjusting and tightening as they wiggle their toes to make sure everything was lined up properly. Twilight pulls Yuki up, deciding to put her face on before the rest of the body so that the mask line didn't need to be tucked in later. As she did, she began to get flashes of memories of Tecurai and her together. She blinked and blushed as she saw these thoughts. No wonder Dusk thought this would be fun~! They were brother and sister! New realization dawned on 'Yuki's face as she giggled, now her limp arms getting filled out with Twilight's slender fingers, slowly reaching down the hollow spaces to fill out her fingers as she gave them a wriggle.

Midnight had, on the other hand, decided that it might be easier to pull on Tecurai's chest before pulling on his face as it stood beside him, already having both arms inside his as he interlaced his fingers as though adjusting gloves one was wearing to make sure there were no gaps in the spaces between your fingers, carefully reaching behind him and pulling a finger along the gap. There was no physical zipper, one of energy however seemed to form as she slid her finger above the space where one would be, closing up the gap and sealing off cleanly. No tear in his skin or clothing, just as though he had never been touched. Slowly, she began to now lower Tecurai's head over her own, pushing it down and tucking in the mask. As she did so, it sealed up so that there was no evidence of there ever even being a mask being worn. There was just Tecurai.

Yuki and Tecurai blinked and stared at each other, now fully dressed, the Penumbras formed from them wearing the opposite's former self. Memories of their opposite began to fill their minds, and the two suddenly grinned at the same time, dashing towards each other and embracing in a hug, tears running down their eyes. Tecurai smiled. "Sis, I've missed you so much! You were missing for so long!"

"I know, Tec, I know. Don't worry, we're together again, though~!" Both gave knowing chuckles as while they were embracing, Dusk was slipping the sheep's face back on as she gave a shudder.

"D'awww, I love happy endings~ C'mere, you two~" She joined in their hug, and despite the sheep being basically nobody two Yuki or Tecurai themselves, they both still pulled her into the hug with the same knowing wink.

Tecurai smirked lightly at how much easier Dusk seemed to find it to show affection while wearing somebody else's face, nudging her in the ribs with a smirk. "Why can't you be like this all the time~"

She squirmed and giggled, nudging him back. "Don't know what you mean, kiddo~ We only just met today, remember~"

Yuki snickered gently as she nodded. "Come on, 'brother', let's get going before we overstay our welcome~"

The three left the back room of the club, the bartender looking shocked to see Yuki emerging from the back room. "H-How did... Did I miss her? I..." She frowned, deciding it wasn't worth the headache. The brother and sister were reunited, that's all that mattered, really.

The sheep smirked as she stood between the two, holding them with her arms. "Kiddos, I think this is gonna be be beginnin' of somethin' wonderful." She winked to Yuki. "Just wait until you meet the rest of the family~ You're gonna love 'em~"

END