

INPROPORTIONATE GROWTH

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY

BY: CHALDEACHANGE



WAVER VELVET -> MEDUSA TWINNING

“The way I was ‘supposed to grow’? That’s ridiculous. Who grows *down!*?” A young man balked and grumbled at a pair of violet haired twins, whom seemed bemused by the nature of the ongoing conversation.

The boy? Waver Velvet. Or as his name had been before ascending: *El Melloi II*. He’d been a professor at the Clock Tower before being used as a host for the power of Zhuge Liang, effectively making him a Servant despite hosting his original power. Which was all fine and dandy, but he didn’t usually possess the form of a young boy. Rather, that had been his form a very long time ago, when he’d participated in a Holy Grail War. He’d ascended into his next form, and yet that had turned him back into the child he was now.

Seeking answers he’d confronted a pair of Goddesses from Greek Mythology. The Gorgon Sisters: Eurayle and Stheno. The two twins that he was no exchanging words with after Master, Mashu, and Dr. Romani had gone off to do their own business. They were a difficult pair that were making a point to prey on his rediscovered teenaged emotions, but if there was a solution to be seen that would return him to his rightful glory, he was willing to engage in this extended conversation.

“You do, clearly.” The first twin spoke, twirling a girlish twin tail in around her index finger as she gazed upon the boy with a mix of agitation and interest. Not once had their elder sister, Medusa, been able to beat this boy despite the class advantage. Well, that had all just been for fun in the end. And speaking of something fun... **“Sister, sister!”** Suddenly having a good idea she turned to face her twin, whom did the same to the point that it was like staring at a girl glancing into a mirror.

“Yes, sister?”

“I have an idea!”

“Oh? Do tell?” The other leaned in and whispered into her ear, the latter twin’s eyes sparkling upon hearing it. **“Oh, yes! That might be fitting. Let’s do that.”** Waver didn’t have a good feeling about all of the whispering, and that feeling got worse as they turned their eyes to him and spoke in tandem.

“If you want to grow up again THAT badly, we can help you.” Their eyes began to glow an unusual crimson, and the atmosphere began to change. A Bounded Field? Was this a Noble Phantasm? If it

was, wasn't he in danger? **"Since you made our elder sister sad, we need someone else to play with today after all!"** Naturally, he'd think they were just going to turn him into a toy of some sort, but the reality was that the phrasing had been meant a little more literally.

"H-Hold up! What are you going to do!? At least tell me first or I won't agree!"

"Agree? No, we're already past that, tiny professor. You've walked into our domain."

"Disrespected it."

"Disrespected us."

"So now we're going to have a little fun with you, okay?"

"IT'S DEFINITELY NOT OKAAAAAY!" Like he'd been struck with magecraft that produced lightning, his body began to shake violently. He could feel his Saint Graph being tampered with as the room around him began to take on the same crimson color their eyes were glowing. Was it something akin to Blood Fort Andromeda? No, this oppressive, invasive feeling was something different.

"Kneel." Eurayle spoke, pointing to the ground before her. On cue, the boy obliged. He went to yell again, but she cut him off. **"Silence."** Waver, instead of speaking, could only stifle a cough. **"As long as you're in this Bounded Field you're at our mercy, professor. Your actions, your body..."** She knelt down and lifted his chin with her right index finger, before planting a kiss on his cheek. *Gods, they were going to fuck him.*

"We're not.", the second twin spoke up, smirk playing at her lips. Could they read his thoughts? **"Correct! Everything about you is ours here! For example: your hands! Wouldn't it be cute if they were more feminine? Nail polish... how about purple?"** His hands were resting on the ground in front of him as he remained prone, and the moment she mentioned his hands he could feel energy focus around them. As Stheno described what she wished them to be, they immediately changed along with her words. Stubby fingers grew longer and slender, their boyish skin softening as his palms took on a more callous texture. They weren't described that way, but as long as Stheno had something in mind she didn't have to verbally describe it. In fact, she was modeling his changes after a particular person. Waver winced as he felt the growth of his fingernail accelerate, poking out and digging into the floor as a light purple polish applied itself as if out of nowhere.

He was clearly looking down at a pair of woman's hands now, a set of effeminate fingers that grew up into manicured and painted nails that grossly mismatched the rest of his body. Eurayle, whom was still crouched in front of him, hummed a little tune with interest. Of course he still couldn't protest, but glared up with her with anger. **"Don't look at me like that. And, hm... lay on your stomach, would you? Stay still after."** Anger faded from his eyes immediately, scowl turning neutral as he was left with a look of indifference despite how he felt internally. And, as instructed, he went prone on the ground with the feeling of unfamiliar fingertips sliding against the tiled floor.

Still crouching, Eurayle waddled behind while still crouched, to the point where he could no longer see her or what she was doing. But Waver suddenly felt his shirt and blaze get tugged up, the cold air tickling his skin before an equally cold hand rested against it. **"Hm... Stheno? This won't do, will it?"**

"Ah, sister? You mean how he's so weak looking? That masculine looking tummy, too. There's nothing attractive about it at all!" Whatever they were doing he could only wonder if they could do it without being so berating? Of course he had a boyish body! He was a boy after all!

"Right, so..." A sharp pinch in the boy's side would have elicited a yelp of shock and pain had he been allowed to open his mouth. It felt as if the sides had around his stomach had suddenly collapsed inward, though he didn't know that this was an accurate assessment just yet. Accompanying this pinch was an influx of muscle mass around his belly button as he went from a boy who never exercised to a boy that possessed a stomach that might imply he went a little too crazy on the

crunches. It still had a soft, feminine look to it, but it was hard to deny the abs that poked out from beneath. The length of his torso, too, had changed, and it was now long enough that had his shirt been down it likely would have rested just above his bellybutton.

It wasn't simply his tummy that accumulated more muscles however. From his arms, to his back, to his legs, he'd grown more noticeably buff; that might have been a blessing in itself. Until a suddenly groping of his ass through his pants caused him to jump silently in surprise. **"Noticeably more toned. Good. Good! But wouldn't it be nicer if it was softer right around here? Bigger... Yes."** All at once he could feel his butt begin to change with Eurayle's fingers still holding one cheek firmly. It almost felt like they were being pumped up with air like a balloon as each cheek began to press against the back of pants that were clearly becoming more ill-fitting. Eurayle took notice of this and loosened them, tugging them and his underwear back over expanding meat until they rested just below his now bare ass. Her finger traced over its surface, sending a shiver down the spine of the already sensitive Waver even as his ass grew more massive. Perhaps as a joke he could feel the Gorgon Sister's hand press against it, the sensation an indication of just how big it had gotten with the hem of his boxers now even straining to rest atop its base without digging in. She gave it a smack, and he could feel it jiggle from side to side.

Gods.

Stheno still watched with a bemused expression upon her face from afar, content with allowing Eurayle to do the bulk of the work. The latter twin, in the meantime, wasted no time and began to tugging his pants the rest of the way down his legs. She was aroused, in actuality, dominating a man in such a cruel manner, and she was having less fun teasing him as it progressed. It showed as she began to get more to 'business'. Pants at his ankles, she reached up and ran a finger from the top of his right ass cheek down the full length of his leg, stopping just as his ankles. **"These won't do either. She's more voluptuous, isn't she? Not thin and lanky like this? And the length is all wrong too."**

Waver wanted to contemplate just whom this 'she' was, but as with her other words the changes began immediately. Watching with interest, Eurayle took note of how the length of his legs began to change. To the boy himself it felt as if someone had grabbed his ankles and glued his torso to the ground so that he wouldn't be pulled along. It was a pulling sensation he could quite put a descriptive word to, both painful and sensual as he felt like his bones might break; yet it was his bones themselves that were lengthening. By the time they were completed, between the length of his legs and the length of his torso he might as well have gained fifteen centimeters of height.

The same expansive feeling he'd felt in his ass began anew, this time around the length of his thighs. They'd grown muscular in the earlier changes, but he could soon feel the flesh of each thigh pressing uncomfortably up against his dick, the member incapable of resisting the erotic feelings that were accompanying his own transformation. Sharp pops sounded as his hips dislocated painfully with expanding girth, popping once more as they locked into a place that gave his lower body a fitting feminine posture.

The twins could only admire their handiwork so far. Waver himself had been terrified, but something had been stabbing itself repeatedly into his mind, into his memories. As much as he resisted it, as the way his body reshaped distracted him he'd become less and less capable of rejecting it.

'I would do anything for my sisters'. It was a simple thought, and yet he had no biological siblings. No... he was thinking about the twins in such a manner. He wanted to be obedient. He had to be obedient? Damn it!

"Roll over." Eurayle spoke once more and signaled for Stheno to finally become involved. The boy had no choice but to roll until his erect dick was pointed in the air, the strange sensation of his softer ass against the cold floor only making him more 'excited'. **"As I thought... That face is creepy. Stheno?"**

"Understood, sister." She knelt down behind Waver's head and lifted it up to rest it on her lap, looking at how feminine he'd already become. Her sister had a point: that boyish face of his might

have been uglier than the rod sticking out between those shapely thighs. It was a mismatch. She'd eliminate it. The boy's eyes blinked up at her, still not allowed to scowl or glare. Stheno arched downward and planted a kiss upon his lips, withdrawing with a smirk soon after. In response Waver suddenly felt obligated to probe his own lips with his tongue as he felt a tingling sensation take place. Childish lips gained volume and began to turn upwards seductively into a natural pout that any woman would be jealous of. He could even feel the shape of his teeth and tongue alter, the taste of his own saliva unfamiliar for a single moment before familiarity set back in.

She kissed his forehead next, and something burned. A red marking, somewhat resembling a snake, took form around a head that had begun to drastically reshape. Adam's apple slipped away as his cheekbone structure shifted to a softer one. Eyebrows became longer and shifted in color to a bright purple, and his chin itself narrowed. But as he felt his hair begin to grow longer and pool in Stheno's lap, something odd began to happen to his vision.

Rather, his vision was fading. The world around him began to darken as ash-colored eyes took on a beautiful purple. They grew wider and more effeminate, lashes dancing longer as his rounded pupil painfully shifted into a squared shape. By that point he was entirely blinded, but panic didn't set in. As if to compensate, with a popping of his ears he could suddenly hear everything around him more clearly, smell everything more vividly, and he became far more aware of his sense of touch. Even something simple like the growth of his hair... he could feel just how long it had grown, he could tell that it was Stheno playing with it through scent alone.

On the other end of his body Eurayle had tugged off his shoes and fully removed his pants, just in time to see the ugly feet of a boy elongate dramatically. Each toe became shorter and cuter, uncut toenails taking on the perfect manicure and paint job of his fingernails. They were soft, and Eurayle massaged them with interest for a moment before crawling back up to the one thing remaining that left him a man.

But Waver was having a harder and harder time thinking of his old life. Everything about his new senses felt natural. Being here with the Gorgon Sisters? It felt natural, like he belonged. *Like they were his own sisters*. So when he felt a tiny hand grasp his dick, he could only wonder what was being grasped in the first place. "**Fufu... let's get rid of this, shall we?**" Eurayle murmured as it's size began to diminish in her grasp. Eventually it was too small to even hold, and so her index finger rested on its tip as it sunk into the depths of Waver's thighs. It sunk further, though even Eurayle dared not send her finger along with it, into a sensitive void after a vulva took shape. Any pubic hair he'd had had become trim and purple, framing *her* pussy quite nicely. "**Now, Stheno? The final piece?**"

'*My breasts*'. It was a thought that suddenly came far too naturally to the victim. It was the only piece of her that remained that wasn't that of a woman, and the more she was left with her thoughts the more she found herself wanting them. No, of course, because they were a part of her? A part of the youngest Gorgon Sister, the only one that had been cursed to grow... *Medusa*.

Both twins got to work at the same time. Stheno leaned over a head that resembled her youngest sister's own and began to knead the flesh around one nipple while Eurayle had moved back to the side and began to do the other. Soft gasps escaped from '*Medusa*'s lips as they worked, and as if they'd struck oil fat began to flow freely into each nipple's base. Quickly they inflated, the stimulation provided by each sister merely hastening their growth as the kneading sent a jiggle through their mass once they were big enough to do so. Each sister grasped a breast sensually in tandem, enamored as their growing size was enough to push their hands back and force them to accommodate their grasp. In one final push of growth, the two breasts rocked forward as erect nipples rested with sweat rolling down the side of each peak. *Medusa* herself? She let out a satisfied sigh, now spent.

"**Oh? To think sister was so lewd.**" Eurayle remarked.

"**As if you're better, sister? Shall we do the same to you and see what happens?**"

“Absolutely not.”

“Sisters? Where am I...?” A third voice spoke up groggily. Her eyes had closed briefly, but purple hues now blinked up at Stheno and Eurayle as Medusa rose to rest on her ass. From behind, Stheno gave her naked sister a hug. From the front, Eurayle did the same.

“Don’t worry about that, Medusa~ You promised you’d play with us today, right?”

“Right, Medusa~?”

The Rider could recall something to that effect, but it didn’t explain why she felt so tired, or... **“Sisters? Where are my clothes?”**

And so the Gorgon Sisters, a set of three, would become four. The real Medusa would of course return later, but even she was easily convinced by the power of their Bounded Field. They’d only had to make her a little younger...