

SNAKE SIZED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Are you sure you two are alright? You can rest if you’d like, they aren’t going anywhere.” The Rider whose true name was Medusa watched over the unlikely pair of Rin Tohsaka and Illyasviel von Einzbern as they did research in the Matou library. In the wake of an unusual incident where Shirou and Sakura had been transformed into Euryale and Stheno, Rider’s sisters, by means of a wayward dream.

It was a situation that was troubling for a number of reasons. It was conflicting for Medusa, who was comforted to have her siblings present but disturbed by the fact that they were *actually* her Master and her boyfriend given new life as the twins. Even now they were sleeping in Shirou and Sakura’s room as the others worked well into the night in search of a solution.

Rin smiled and gave Medusa a reassuring wave - although that reassurance was more for herself than the Servant. **“We’ll be fine! You should go get some rest. If those two decide they want to flee town before we figure out how to fix things, then we’ll be in an even stickier mess.”** Based on how the twins had been talking earlier, they might be a flight risk. They didn’t *want* to change back, which was understandable but irresponsible. It was clear they were slowly identifying more with their new identities than their old ones. **“Plus, I think by examining the composition of your Breaker Gorgon, we might come closer to understanding what happened.”** The magus gestured to the enchanted, purple blindfold on the table in the middle of all the books.

Despite Rin’s reassurance, Medusa then looked to Illyasviel. The small homunculus looked tired, and she had been the louder of the two when

they had found out about Shirou and Sakura's circumstances. She was worried Illya would work herself to death looking for a solution. **“Don't worry! I promise I'll rest if I need to! I think we're close to a breakthrough, so it might not be too long!”** Illya was accustomed to being doted on like she was a child even though she was older than even Rin.

Things over the next hour proceeded as expected from there. Rider took her leave, and the two magi continued their research on the Breaker Gorgon. It was somehow relevant to the transformation of their two friends and required the most scrutiny in the search for a reversal. If they were searching for hope in their quest to save Shirou and Sakura, they first had to understand how it had happened in the first place.

“Alright, Rin! I've copied Shirou's Trace magecraft the best I can, so I think we should be able to get proper readings.” Illya finally commented after burying her nose in a textbook for the better part of the hour. Trace was a fairly conventional type of magecraft and realistically one of the one spells Shirou could use, but because it was so conventional neither of the two women, whom had studied in combat based magic, were exceptionally proficient in it. But they both *considered* themselves geniuses, so naturally they both believed they could learn it in such a short period of time. **“TRACE... ON!”**

After holding her hands before the dark purple blindfold, Illyasviel's mana began to pour into the object. It was something akin to a handshake where Breaker Gorgon was the second hand. By 'shaking' it with her mana she could ascertain everything about it much like by shaking a hand you could tell how someone's hand felt, and how strong they were. **“Hmm... There don't seem to be any unexpected properties, maybe a little—”**

“ILLYA! GET DOWN!”

The little woman's eyes had been closed to focus on the readings from her Trace, but Rin had been observing both Illya and Breaker Gorgon to make sure nothing went awry. *It had.* The blindfold had begun to emanate a dark purple glow as mana crackled with instability all around it. These were the telltale signs of an approaching magic explosion, and unfortunately Rin had managed to warn the homunculus girl a little too late.

Rin's warning was only completed just milliseconds before the magical reaction occurred, and with the blindfold as the focal point dark purple mana erupted in every single direction. The blast was strong and sent both girls flying in opposite directions, their delicate human bodies like ragdolls as they crashed through opposing walls along with books and

fragments of shelving. It was a miracle they didn't take any real damage as they were flung into different rooms of the Matou estate.

Right, a "*miracle*".

When Rin found the energy to pull herself back onto her feet, she found herself in what was evidently a child's bedroom. Rustic toys decorated the shelves nearby, and a small bed could be seen nestled in the corner. Among those toys were porcelain dolls, many of which felt like they were staring into the woman's soul. "**Creepy...**", she murmured to no one in particular while examining herself for injury.

She examined herself for the injuries she expected to find not long after. Her body crashing through the fall had certainly been a painful experience and she had expected to find no shortage of broken ribs and bruising, but after checking her arms, her legs, and even lifting up her shirt, she couldn't find anything of note. "**What...? How is that possible?**" There wasn't really *any* valid explanation short of her body being made of tougher stuff than she was aware of. But she liked to believe she knew her own limitations rather well.

Well, it wasn't without any ill effects. The Tohsaka magus felt a little disoriented. Woozy? In terms of injury she felt fine, but something about how her head was communicating with her body was telling a different story. From how sloppy her movements were becoming it would *not* have been unreasonable to assume that maybe she was drunk, even if Rin were entirely in her sound mind.

Fingers pressed up against the nearest, stable wall for support. "**Maybe I hit my head after all? But... Illya. I need to check on Illya.**" From what she could recall the Einzbern girl had been thrown through the wall on the opposite side of the library, and considering she was so small she was certainly at more risk of injury.

'But I'm small too.'

...? Such a strange thought had come to mind at the very moment she'd considered Illya's status. It wasn't a memory or even a separate personality making an inaccurate observation. It was more like her body itself was protesting the implication that Rin was somehow the bigger of the two. Of course, that was impossible, it wasn't like one's body could just shrink. She couldn't fathom *ever* being smaller than Illya was again.

Rin couldn't fathom it, but that didn't mean it couldn't happen. All of a sudden, the hand the young woman had pressed against the wall had begun to slide downwards, for the reach of her arm was bending

upwards. No, that wasn't the case. Her arm *wasn't* bending, at least not through her own willingness for it to do so. It was bending because her arm no longer reached the height she'd been holding passively. **"Wh-What!?"**

More simply put? *She was shrinking.*

The woman's clothing grew baggy as her height gradually diminished, hand eventually removed from the wall she had been supporting herself with because it was becoming too difficult to maintain. Limbs shortened and her torso collapsed, but it was evident enough this wasn't a consistent loss of size. She wasn't becoming Rin, but smaller. No, it was a little more dramatic than that.

This could be seen at earliest in Rin's face. As her body fell in stature, her head shrunk a little as well. But that wasn't particularly substantial, and what her face lost in overall size it made up for in a weightiness not typical of a young woman. However, it was much more typical of a *younger girl.*

For the most part it could be seen in the woman's cheeks especially. They appeared fuller, more bloated, and yet the quality of Rin's already flawless skin seemed substantially softer. There was a youthful glow to her face now, one accentuated by smaller, younger facial features like wider eyes and less developed lips. Forget being on the cusp of turning eighteen, as she was, she didn't appear much older than twelve or thirteen.

"Wait!? Why am I so small!?" There was no mirror in the room, but she didn't really need it. Her top hung off her like a dress with her arms swallowed entirely by her sleeves, and her skirt had fallen to her ankles. Any maturing curvature she had received from puberty had diminished along with her height, and so both her ass and breasts had deflated to the point of early development without any real shapeliness to them. The only place any volume had really been maintained was her thighs, which remained plump in contrast to the rest of her body. **"Was it the magic blast? Oh no, it couldn't be...!"**

One terrifying thought had come to mind. She'd been struck by the magic of Breaker Gorgon and now she had shrunk. Her sizing, from what she could tell, was of similar height to Euryale and Stheno, so was it possible she had been inflicted with the same curse?

Yes *and* no.

Streaks of a rich purple had begun to weave their way through the mane atop her head while likewise tickling the girl's body hair as well. The

color sported a bright contrast where the light hit it but seemed darker than Rin's natural hair coloring otherwise. Before long, her hair had completely succumbed to this purple, but work on its design had yet to be truly completed. It grew. And grew. And grew. And grew. At the length the magus normally kept her hair styled at, it was already difficult to maintain? But now, resting as low as her tiny ankles? Presumably, it would be a *nightmare*. The growth was so quick and so significant that it ended up completely undoing her characteristic twin tails.

Rin plucked a handful of her own hair, scrutinizing it with her vision even as her eyes turned a similar purple and her pupils seemed to square somewhat. **“As I thought... So, I'm really becoming like them...? Even my voice is different now!”** She'd hardly realized that these words were being communicated by lips that were slightly fuller despite her now younger age, and that was part of a wider facial sweep that had robbed her of her Japanese heritage. Rounder eyes and a sharper nose highlighted this fact, her body better resembling a *younger Medusa* of all people.

But then again, that was *exactly* what had been happening to her.

Her mind wasn't really affected though. She didn't share any memories with Medusa, her personality hadn't changed (*short of the odd childish outburst as her mind had technically grown younger with her body*), and so Rin was still largely, if not entirely, herself. But her body felt light and strong at least when compared to a human's, which likely explained how she had been thrown through the wall without any real injury. And if it was like what had happened to Shirou and Sakura...

“I'm a Servant...? But I'm a child! I can't stay a child! My clothes don't even fit!” Her voice was all new, but her comical screeching certainly was more characteristic of Rin than anything. Although, as if responding to her complaint, her clothes suddenly burst into golden mana particles that clung to her naked body, reforming as a black leotard with the sides cut out, leggings, a purple collar, and a bandana in the same vein as Breaker Gorgon. As she wasn't in a combat situation, armor associated with this outfit didn't manifest.

**“THIS DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL
BETTER AT AAAAALL!”**

Meanwhile, Illyasviel had been thrown into the estate's bathing room. It certainly wasn't a conventional space, with marbled flooring and a sizing so gratuitous that the spa-like tub could be wielded by an audience of

fifty simultaneously. Even the ceiling was high, a glass skylight filtering in the moonlight into a bathing space that was already lit brightly. It all spoke to the money behind the Matou family, that a bath this big could be hidden in the middle of the mansion.

“Blah! What the heeeeck!?” Illya herself had been fortunate enough to land in the bath, but because her eyes hadn’t been open when the explosion had gone off, she didn’t really have the understanding of the events leading up to the explosion that Rin had. Fortune had smiled on her, but only in the sense that she had landed in the water’s shallower end considering her height. The air travel, crashing into a wall, and then landing in a bath had been disorienting enough – but it certainly didn’t help things that the water was so warm. Quickly, she waded over to the steps and pulled herself onto the tiled flooring.

Grabbing her skirt, she began to ring it out with her fingers alone. **“What kind of luck is this? Did the Breaker Gorgon do something? Did I screw up?”** Her questions were valid, of course. Something must have gone wrong during her Trace attempt – and the worst part was she hadn’t really gleaned any information of import. Although, there was something that stuck out into the back of her mind. Almost like an image seared onto her ego itself.

The image of a single, open eye with a slitted pupil.

But she didn’t address any concern and instead turned back to the bath. **“I’m lucky I didn’t land in the deeper end, I could have drowned at this height…”**

‘Drown? When I’m a giant?’

“Eh?” That was a strange thought to have. She certainly *wasn’t* a giant regardless of how she might have wished she had grown with age like any other person. It was just, the fact that she was half-homunculus had locked her into such a tiny form. But this was beginning to look a lot like the situation Rin was dealing with in the other room.

It wasn’t *quite* the same though. Rin’s size had adjusted before anything else, but in Illya’s case it was quite evident that the explosion’s subsequent effects were manifesting in a different order on the younger girl. For example: *her eyes*.

They sported the most immediate change, and their reds almost seemed more vibrant purple than crimson as color swirling among her irises. There was a faint glow to them that seemed largely supernatural, and that was only clarified as her pupils began to swell in size and square in shape. Those eyes ended up a better match for Medusa’s than her own,

and even then, they seemed far more eerie and intense when resting passively.

Illyasviel was only fifty percent Japanese to begin with, but the subtle framing of her face that made that apparent readily dwindled into the realm of obscurity as, much like with Rin, her facial features grew even more Western. In fact, it only took a matter of moments for her face to become almost indistinguishable from Rin's own (*as she was after her transformation*) other than the more monstrous look of her gaze.

Similarities became clearer elsewhere, too. Among her silver locks, the tips dyed themselves purple and began to seep towards the girl's scalp. Yet, herein lied another inconsistency between the two, and this time it wasn't an inconsistency of color as much as it was one of nature. After all, hair wasn't supposed to have a mind of its own. Rather, hair wasn't supposed to have any sort of mind in the first place!

But as clumps thickened at the tips, hair was bound, and each stretch became a sharp toothed maw. It all slithered around, eat mouth nipping curiously at the air as it grew longer and longer, inevitably reaching the ground at her ankles. **"YAH!? What the heck are these!?"** It didn't take long for Illya to notice. After all, there were roughly eight of them altogether and she could feel them moving. **"S-Snakes!?"**

Wait. Hair made of snakes? *Like the Medusa?* **"Crap!"** It was a realization made a little too late, that Breaker Gorgon had done something to her like it had Shirou and Sakura. But throwing her hands up in surprise? She had found they were looking rather inhuman themselves. Black scales were decorating her hands and the first halves of her fingers, while tips and wrists became clad in golden counterparts. They looked menacingly inhuman on their own, but the shock was paltry when compared to the sight of the golden claws that grew from her fingertips. Her hands themselves seemed a little too large, better resembling *weapons* than tools.

"Medusa? Am I becoming Medusa...? No... Medusa doesn't look like this. But her legend... Gorgon!?" It was the only thing that made sense, and she suddenly wondered if Rin was experiencing anything similar. Her intent to go find her friend, though? Completely dashed because she couldn't seem to move her legs. Looking down, it was fairly evident why *that* was.

Black ventral scales (*the scales on a snake's belly*) had bridged the gap between both of her legs. This fact could only be recognized because they pushed the gait of her hips wider, which in turn had completely torn the front of her skirt in half. They spread farther and farther down, fusing her legs together entirely while golden scales decorated their

backs. Once it reached her feet, thanks to her shoelessness inside the Matou estate it was clear enough watching her socks explode as feet drew together. At that moment, her body lurched forwards, lower ventral scales catching her weight and supporting her like a lamia. Behind her, what was once her feet stretched farther and farther across the tiled floor, a natural extension of the snake tail her lower half had been becoming.

“**No w- OW!?**” Her jaw temporarily unhinged itself while teeth grew razor sharp, adding to the beastly appeal of her form and properly containing a slightly lengthened tongue. On the whole? She looked just like Rin in the other room at the moment, but if Rin had become a more snake-like variation of herself. She was still Illya-sized, aside from the tail anyways.

But not for long.

Illyasviel’s arms wrapped around her torso suddenly. It felt like it was going to burst. What was? *Everything*. She felt as if she was being suffocated, like her clothing was incredibly tight. It wasn’t long before Illya busted *out* of it, her flesh too ample for the human garb that had been acting as a restrictive shell. Her body blew up in every direction and in every aspect – it wasn’t just one spot or another, she was wholly growing to seemingly giant proportions that showed off just how fortunate it was that she had been thrown into this giant room.

“**Ngh...! Agh...!**” It wasn’t a painful ordeal, but it wasn’t comfortable either, particularly not as she was quick to almost erupt through the skylight above. She had to lean forward, her bloated snake hair sniffing around and finally shattering it on its own so their ‘master’ could stretch herself upright.

While she grew everywhere though, there was one area where she grew exponentially. More plainly stated: her breasts exploded without any shame. Forget usurping Rin’s bust, forget usurping even Medusa’s, proportionally they flopped about in a size all their own. Each tit was firm and as big as her head, which at her present height was comparable to several couches stacked upon one another *each*.

This bosom spoke to a more advanced physical age than Illya should have possessed, and that age became more widespread across her form. Her ass, scaly as it was for example, blossomed fully as well, and her face? It was run through the years, matching Medusa’s for only a brief moment before an even greater maturity settled upon it. With golden scales cupping her cheeks running down the sides of her neck, there was no doubt that her appearance was naturally... *menacing*.

On the bright side? The girl inside was still very much Illyasviel von Einzbern, and with her head sticking out of the skylight she stared down at herself nervously.

“N-N-NO WAY!”

About an hour later, everyone had been gathered in the baths since there was no plausible way for Illya to leave without bringing down the building. **“So that’s what happened. It’s a little unsettling looking at your faces since they’re so much like mine.”** Rider let loose a sigh while she adjusted her towel, leaning back in the warm bathwater. To her sides were Euryale and Stheno, whom had shoved Medusa Lily!Rin in between them and were readily teasing her.

Rin’s personality hadn’t changed! Except, this one little thing... where she absolutely could not stand up to these two. Trying to go toe-to-toe with Shirou and Sakura as they were now was impossible. She felt too shy, too inferior, and considering Gorgon was laying on her side with her back turned to the sisters it was evident it was a shared feeling.

Of course, Medusa could relate.

But then again, saying that now? Who knows which Medusa I’m talking about.