

DOUBLE TROUBLE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had begun as a night like any other night. Shirou Emiya and Sakura Matou, now dating, had gone to bed together as always. It was just sleep, right? Nothing interesting ever happens during sleep. That would have been the assumption as it would have every night. The incident with Avenger had reached it's conclusion, and a semblance of normalcy had returned to Fuyuki once more, so there really shouldn't have been any cause for concern.

But sometimes problems originated from right under your nose. Say, for example, a Rider-class Servant also sleeping in the next room? It wasn't unusual for Masters to be drawn into the dreams of the Servants they were contracted to and yet... this would be a unique experience within itself. One that would ultimately alter the course of history for the two humans attached.

When Shirou 'awoke', he was laying on the cold, hard ground before an open cavern, the ocean behind him and Sakura laying at his side. It seemed she'd 'woken' at the same time as him, greeted with the exact same scenery. But Sakura seemed to know where they were and, at least, why they were there. **"This is Rider's dream."** Her explanation was calmly offered as her boyfriend offered her a hand to bring her to her feet. **"I've been here once before. This is the island where she lived."**

Rider's true identity was Medusa of Greek legend. **"So this is the Shapeless Isle?"** Naturally Shirou had come to do research on the Servants that were living under his roof. The mouth of the giant cave, the worn stones and pillars that decorated the route into it, there was no doubt that it was all of Greek design. **"It looks like it's seen better days."** There was something sad about the setting. Maybe it was the ruined skyline, the waves crashing behind them, or the overcast above. There also didn't seem to be any birds or animals calling in the distance.

It was terribly vacant, aside from the two magi.

“So how do we get out? Rider has brought you into one of her dreams before, Sakura?” Gathering information was a priority. If it was just a dream Shirou doubted it would be particularly dangerous, but it was better safe than sorry at the end of the day. There could be real threats here that their dream selves would have to deal with.

The woman with purple hair, however, seemed pensive a moment. **“I don’t know. The last time I was here Rider was beside me when I woke up, and she helped me escape. I believe there’s something of an exit inside the cave, but we’ll have to go in.”** Truthfully the Matou magus was concerned. Because she’d been in one of Medusa’s dreams before she had a reference point for how it *felt* to be here, and maybe Shirou hadn’t noticed it? Like they were under some sort of subtle pressure. It didn’t bring about any pain but not knowing the source made her... uncomfortable.

Without more information the only option was to press on. Shirou took point as they climbed the white stone steps into the mouth of the cave, and just before the boy stepped into the dark the girl thought she’d seen something peculiar: a strand of violet hair among the boy’s red. But once he’d stepped into the maw it became difficult to confirm what she’d seen and it was ultimately passed off as a trick of the light.

Yet it had been no trick, and she was likewise privy to the same phenomenon as her strands of dark purple began to alight with soft violet as well. It was a process that would continue even as she fumbled through the cave’s beginnings in the dark, boy helping girl over obstacles and past trickling water until they wandered under a hole in the ceiling that allowed cloudy light from above to trickle down and onto a spring of fresh water, flowers nestled all around it.

It was under this light that both of them came to the realization that something was wrong. **“Your hair...!”**, they’d both exclaimed at almost the exact same time, hearing the proclamation from the mouth of the other rapidly shifting their attention to their own heads instead. Shirou immediately tug on the bangs that hung across his forehead, just barely glimpsing the very same color he’d seen in Sakura’s own. That wasn’t all, the hair he’d brought down was definitely longer, just a little bit anyways.

But the length of Shirou’s hair was more evident to Sakura who could see it herself. The entire body of his hair had become violet, volume richer as length began to flutter around both his ears and neck. She was likewise perplexed by the color of her own mane. Her hair was already long and so length was barely noticeable, yet as she stroked the length that ran over her shoulder she could feel that it was incredibly soft, softer than had been in years.

“Sakura? Did this happen last time you were here by chance?” Shirou wasn’t really sure how this all worked, even as he could see the bangs he’d been tugging growing longer in his grasp. This was a dream, right? So it was possible that they were being changed to meet the expectations placed upon them by the dream. It wasn’t like what happened here would have any real effect on the outside world.

At least that was Shirou’s baseless assumption.

Once again Sakura looked vaguely concerned, gaze downcast at her own hair. **“No. I remained myself. My hair certainly didn’t change colors, and I definitely didn’t grow shorter like we are now.”**

“Huh? Shorter?” The boy hadn’t noticed it until the girl had pointed it out, but Sakura did look like her clothes were becoming a little ill-fitting. No... his own too? Despite the fact that the both of them had woken in the dream in their usual day wear, said clothing was beginning to hang off of him as if it were being hung from a rack. It was particularly noticeable around his shoulders where his white and blue shirt had begun to sag, shoulders becoming bare as the realization dawned that he wasn’t merely becoming shorter but smaller on the whole. Fingers that had been grasping his hair fell down to the young man’s side, nails somehow elongated and tips voice of the wear of working on machinery before their lengths were absorbed by long, navy blue sleeves.

Sakura was no better off, largely, except she’d paid enough attention to Shirou’s own changes to have a better idea of what was happening. The two had been getting shorter in tandem, the boy’s pacing quicker at first but slowing down to match her own once they’d become roughly the same height. She saw the boy’s hair continue to lengthen and his frame diminish, but the most telling thing he hadn’t noticed was the look of his own face. It had quickly regressed to the boy she’d met a year or two before, and had continued to become younger until he practically resembled a preteen in visage.

The same had been occurring to her though, and while she hadn’t observed herself as much as she had been her boyfriend that didn’t mean nothing was happening. The sleeves of her blouse followed the same trend as Shirou’s own sleeves, rapidly dangling from her body as age was shaved from her limbs. For a short while her breasts could be seen despite the high cut of the outfit, an effect courtesy of just how quickly she’d shrunk, but both wells of happiness saw signs of beginning to dry.

Nipples, thick and swollen from a life of being subject to the effects of the Crest Worms, hardened as the skin that composed her areola became softer, healthier, better resembling not only a child’s but likewise a child whom hadn’t spent what felt like an eternity within a den of creepy crawlies that had bitten away at her very sense of self.

Following along was the *size* of each breast. The Crest Worm within her otherwise killed by the transformation, there was no need for such an ample bosom to have

manifested and certainly not as Sakura's face began to suggest her age was closer to twelve or thirteen than her usual high school age. Both breasts throbbed as fat drained away cup by cup, the front of her blouse sagging against her torso until all that remained was an acceptable A-cup.

But this was also something she was sharing with Shirou. *Unfortunately for him.* The finely toned body he'd spent so much time working on over the years to pursue the dreams he'd shared with Kiritsugu? It quickly became absent as fat settled in where muscle had once been -- or perhaps that very muscle melted to become the fat that would replace it? Either way, arms and legs had become soft and lanky, just and stomach tight but free of muscular sway.

...And a tingling in his chest suggested not all was done there. **"Senpai! Your chest!"** Even Sakura had noticed, squeaking out in a voice that Shirou didn't recognize as his significant other's own. His shirt had fallen so low on one side that a hairless chest was largely exposed, erect nipple catching both of their attention as one of the boy's small hands slithered out from within his incredibly long sleeve to touch his chest.

His nipple was a little swollen. The flesh around it? Tender. But as manicured fingernails dug into the skin it became clear that they were digging deeper and deeper not because he was holding his chest tighter, but because there was more to hold. Skin crept higher and higher as mounds built on the graves of his muscles, rounding out at the center of his chest until a pair of breasts that matched Sakura's own filled out. They weren't substantial in the least, but they were enough to make the boy gasp in surprise. **"I'm becoming a girl!?"** His exclamation merely added credibility to his assumption, the voice that made the query alight with girlish pitch.

It was a shoe in for Sakura's own voice now, the two practically speaking with the same mouth. That explained why everything had been happening in tandem, at least to Sakura. She had a better handle of Medusa's legend since she was her Master. Medusa lived alone on the Shapeless Isle with her two sisters. They were triplets, but thanks to a curse Medusa had grown larger. The other two? Had remained perfectly matched.

Which was her current situation with Shirou now. **"Euryale and Stheno, Medusa's two sisters. I think we're beginning to look like them."** She made this observation as she kicked off the skirt she'd been wearing in the dream, Shirou doing the same with his pants so he could not so discreetly check to make sure he was still a boy where it counted. He was but... things weren't looking so good. **"It's just a dream though senpai, so try and deal with it for now. Rider must have a reason for it."**

Shirou sighed as his boy finally slid away, leaving a bare pelvis surrounded by short legs that had the makings of a good woman in the future with the fatty glow *her* bare thighs possessed, but thankfully that wasn't something she'd have to worry about. **"Yeah I know, it's just weird."**

The eyes of both 'children' began to glow a silvery purpose as vision sharpened to better acclimate to the darkness just beyond the light filtering down from the hole above, the shape of each eye losing its Japanese design and widening to something more typically Caucasian in design. Their faces were just generally softer, cheeks rounder, bodies young and enticing -- or at least might have been seen that way by the standards of Ancient Greece. Both remained with their tops draping off of them to leave themselves unexposed.

Looking exactly like your significant other was *extremely weird*.

"Sakura, Shirou, I'm sorry." A mature voice echoing from the corner of the cave drew the attention of both newly formed Gorgon Sisters, their supernatural eyes turning to meet the visage of Rider across the spring. Had she been there the whole time? With their eyes now strangely adjusted to the dark it felt like, just maybe, she had been. **"Sometimes I dream about my sisters. They meant a lot to me, and in the end I was the cause of their destruction. I suppose it's silly, considering how I usually act... but...!?"**

As Rider had begun her tale, both Sakura and Shirou had waded barefoot through the water, the cold liquid tickling their thighs as they emerged. Sakura was quick to embrace the gorgon before she could even finish. **"I know, Rider. I've been in your dreams before, right? You're just as human as the rest of us, even if you think yourself a monster."**

"S-Sakura..." Crimson claimed the Servant's cheeks, and without her visor on it was easy to see she was about to cry. It was a little jarring in a way -- it was Stheno's voice talking to her, Stheno's body holding her, and yet the personality was nothing like her. And the one inhabiting Euryale's form stood on her tiptoes to pat Medusa's shoulder comfortingly. Again, that was nothing like her own sister, and yet it was strangely comforting. **"Yes... You two are right. As long as you see me as human, it shouldn't matter that I have feelings like this, should I?"** She wasn't alone anymore. She had Sakura and Shirou. **"And don't worry, your forms should return to normal when you awaken. This is just a dream after all."**

And all faded to white...

Shirou and Sakura both awoke to the sound of the alarm in their shared room at the Emiya estate going off at 6am. Light filtered in through the window's curtains, a new day to greet them. Both felt good about the dream. About learning a little more about Medusa, about being able to help. But when eyes fluttered open, the two facing each other, any joy quickly turned to concern.

"Senpai?" Sakura asked.

"Sakura...?" Shirou replied with his own question. Both had asked their question in the same voice. The same purple eyes staring at one another as they withdrew from

the embrace that had consisted of two twins bound in their sleep. Long purple hair was laced between them and their covers, tiny fingers bound to one another symmetrically. Their pajamas? Loosely resting against shorter forms.

...They were still Euryale and Stheno!

“RIDER!?”

It seemed Breaker Gorgon had been activated overnight, and had created some strange effects in conjunction with the dream. Whoops.