

# BACKFIRING

## SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

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**"AHAHA! What a fool my dear sister is, getting trapped so easily!"** The Goddess of Darkness cackled aloud within her lair, a visual image of the Goddess of Light now trapped within the form of a Japanese teen, none the wiser of the fate that had befallen her nor the life she'd ultimately left behind as a result. After years of fighting, millennium of humiliation, she had finally gotten her revenge! Now it would be a simple matter to take over Skyworld and plunge it into the darkness, at least once she'd taken down that foolish angel of hers.

But celebration would be short lived thanks to her near-sightedness. The curse she'd inflicted upon Palutena had been one she'd found in an old spell book. The description had be complicated and detailed, and she'd been sure to read it all so that she'd understood, and yet... The problem was she hadn't considered one of the possible outcomes and had underestimated the curse's potency.

It would change reality for a target, yes, but that would also extend to those the target knew to preserve stability in the universe. Even as they spoke Pit was being changed into a Japanese boy that would be Palutena's neighbor. Which would have been beneficial for Medusa had she not also shared a personal history with Palutena.

After all, for a time before they became enemies they had essentially been *sisters* in all but blood. The curse would sense this bond. Feed off of it.

In response, the world suddenly warped around Medusa, leaving her perplexed as bright pink walls kept her enclosed. **"What!? What's happening here!?"** A child's bed took shape behind her, along with a low-rising desk and fluttering curtains. Bookshelves rose with book spines detailed in simplistic Japanese, and a tiny

television appeared in the room's corner. For all intents and purposes this might as well have been a human child's room. "横田ちゃん、学校の時間です!" A sharp knock on the door was followed by a familiar voice calling a language she didn't quite grasp... yet. It was the voice of Palutena. Or whom Palutena had become. The Japanese teen with the name Popura...! She awaited the footsteps to run away.

**"Curses! Was I drawn in!? If that's the case it's only a matter of time befo-- Hm?"**

The head of snakes that normally wriggled around freely suddenly collapsed around her head all at once. Each and every snake had been a living, breathing part of her body, but as soon as they went limp she could no longer communicate with them telepathically. "**Damnit.**" Reaching up to stroke the hide of one of the snakes, it was far softer than it should have been. In fact, her nail clipped into the skin and pulled a strand of green hair free. Green and not unlike Popura's own, each snake dispersing into wild hairs of the same color that spilled over her shoulders.

Under normal circumstance the Goddess of Darkness might have reveled in such a change. Palutena had long ago cursed her into the form of a monster, stealing away anything close to 'humanity' that she could have possibly possessed. Natural hair? That was one of the things she'd lost, had longed for over such a long time. But under these circumstances? It was chilling. She'd wrought what she'd sewn.

It wasn't merely the snakes turning to hair being undone in regards to the curse placed upon her by her 'sister'. Scaly, inhuman hands were overcome with an incessant itch that saw them reforming. Scales peeled off as if she were a snake shedding skin, the layer molting and fluttering onto the bedroom floor while sharp claws paled and clung against Medusa's fingertips as they would a proper pair of hands. Human hands were smaller than the beastly pair she'd possessed just moments before, and as a result the golden bracelet on the woman's left hand slid off and over the hand, thudding against pink carpet.

**"So this is it. All of my plans end like this."**, she remarked to herself as she sat upon the child's bed behind her. Despite never having rested against that soft cushion before, it felt strangely familiar -- no doubt because reality was being wired for her to accept this place as *normal*.

The snake-like mark across the left of her face faded into non-existence as the skin around it began to glow. Not supernaturally in any manner of the word, but with her skin normally as white as a statue the pinks that seemed to seep into her complexion certainly seemed to glow in comparison. Her cheeks became rosier and rosier, lips plump with color as blood flowed freely through them; through all of her body. Free of the curse of a monster, the curse she was now beheld to almost felt pleasantly warm in comparison, that warmth flowing through her beating heart and returning color to the entirety of her form.

**"In the end there were worse ways to go, but to become Palutena's 妹?"** *Little sister.* Her speech was slowly becoming littered with Japanese as thoughts were becoming corrupted by her new life. She could already see the destiny laid out for

her, knowing the voice she'd heard calling through the door as her elder sister, Popura. She didn't like it, not in the least, but as changes became more suggestive she would warm up to the idea against her old self's will. "正直に..." *Honestly...*, she sighed.

Fingers twirled locks of green hair that had significantly lightened over the course of the past few minutes. Without snakes to potentially bite her, Medusa found herself toying with her own head restlessly. It was a restlessness born of an energy that was beginning to flow through her body without a place to channel it. Before long, even her foot began to tap against the carpet as she awaited what was left to come. "Uh?" Before long those changes became apparent.

Inertia claimed the Goddess. At first she felt as if she were falling, but with her behind rooted firmly on the mattress beneath her that couldn't be the case in the least. No, it felt more like her point of view was falling instead, fingers digging into the mattress behind her just to prevent an *actual* fall.

But even her fingers were subject to the effect that was affecting her entire form now. The new human nails she'd just received had been perfectly manicured and cared for, but chips and bite marks formed across the cut, what remained hugging closer to fleshy fingertips than an adult woman might wear. It wasn't merely Medusa's nails however, length of those fingers and size of those hands was just as readily afflicted in tandem.

Bones cracked and crunched as the length of each digit pulled in towards her palms, the creases of her joints as visible on her skin rejuvenated as if she hadn't been using said hands for thousands of years. As palms slipped upon the duvet below her thanks to shrinking stature, grip was somewhat compromised by how her hands were not only dramatically smaller after a few minutes but also incredibly soft. Had she given her hands a sniff Medusa might have caught the scent of moisturizing cream -- cream she applied every morning to seem *more adult*.

"何? しかし、私は大人です!" *What? But I am an adult!* Voice seemed to suggest otherwise though, what with how her pitch was growing higher and higher even as she spouted fluent Japanese. "あ!" A squeak of surprise sounded from her lips as hands finally slipped out from beneath her, head crashing against the bed while legs flew up into the air. Had those legs shrunk much more they likely wouldn't have had the strength to carry the steel boots she was wearing upward, but as that wasn't the case thanks to the sudden burst of speed the boots sailed right off either foot, legs obscured by her purple robes.

Just because they were hidden didn't mean nothing was happening to her feet and legs however. They were shrinking just as her arms and hands were -- which had allowed those boots to fly off in the first place. Her feet had been spared from the initial curse cast upon her by Palutena all those years ago, yet the new curse had made quick work of them in the end. Much like the nails upon her fingers, those of her toes became short and broken. Toes wriggled, callouses on their bottoms

softening as the shape of her foot became less intense on the whole. Her heel became flatter, curvature smoother, and the gentle scent of bath soap was applied on them from a bath she could recall having before going to bed. There wasn't time to take a bath before class in the morning so their mother always made them take them before bed-- "それは真実ではない！" *No, that isn't true!* Even though it was inevitable, Medusa still fought against these invasive thoughts of a new life. Accepting something like Popuratena being her sister...! It was becoming harder to hate it. Maybe she just mildly disliked it now.

Since her sister was so weird! Even though she was like twice Megusa's age she was always parading around in costumes... *NO!*

Body grew smaller and smaller, any signs of adulthood sliding away alongside her height in the process. Her knees rounded the closer her feet grew to the top of the bed for example, the thighs nestled just above them both stubby and chubby, but not in the way one might want of an adult woman. Her behind as well, at first forcing her spine to bend back against the bed with how pronounced it was, soon was so lacking that it seemed like a mere extension of said back in terms of size.

The top of her gown was now pooling over her laying body like a blanket. Once the holder of proud breasts that she sought to show off on the left side of her toga, if any had seen the side as she grew smaller they'd surely be put off as that flesh subsided vigorously. The fat that sustained her tits all but evaporated, mature nipples shrinking into buttons without any appeal as chest was left flat as an infant.

*Meguma* wriggled under the weight of what was feeling less and less like her normal wear and more and more like a costume -- one of many that her elder sister had made over the years. Arms and legs had wholly withdrawn, accessories that had fit perfectly five minutes ago either on the bed or holding her tiny body down. Little fingers ran across her stomach and chest in a panic as what remained of the Goddess' personality seemed to grapple with her new reality, touch noting how her stomach was without curvature and now a little pudgy as well.

In one final act of defiance she let out a scream. It almost sounded like a child having a tantrum, but for this child such a cry would have been unlikely. *Megumi* was a good girl who acted older than she was. She loved to study and pretend to be an adult even though she was only *seven years old*.

The silver of her eyes, untouched despite their shapes having narrowed to be unmistakably Asian upon the face of a small child, flickered from side to side. She felt smothered by the toga! As much as she wriggled it was like she was trapped. There was only one way out, as much as she hated to admit it! "お姉ちゃん！" She called for her big sister, whom came crashing through the door almost immediately.

Had she been listening from the outside? Did Popura care about her little sister's privacy at all!?

“横田ちゃん！それは私の衣装の一つですか？” *Megumi-chan! Is that one of my costumes?*, was what the elder sister conveyed, confused by why the toga of the Kid Icarus Goddess Medusa was sitting on her sister. It was definitely designed for someone much older than Megumi, but in a way it filled Popura with pride. Was her little sister finally getting into cosplay!?

“お姉さん、助けて！学校の準備が必要です！” Big sister, help! I need to get ready for school! It seemed Medusa was wholly lost now, Megumi left in her place. Next door Pit was now sporting the name Pitto and had become a Japanese boy just a little younger than Popura. Skyworld had been lost thanks to Medusa’s schemes, and there was no undoing it at this point.

Megumi pouted while her older sister pulled her out of the oversized costume, child covering herself up with her school uniform almost immediately before Popura took a brush to the child’s long, green hair. Megumi was always in such a rush to grow up that it caused dissonance between her attitude and her appearance at times.

But moments like this? They reminded Popura that she could be a cute little sister as well.