

THE DEVILUKES

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- DEVILUKE SISTER TWINNING
- TG / AR
- LIGHT NSFW

"Well, Rito-san...? If you were looking for a way to better understand Nana's feelings perhaps I have a solution?" Hands folded gently over her lap, an answer to the prayers of Rito Yuuki was proposed ever so simply by a young girl with short, bright pink hair. Clad in her usual school uniform, devil's tail flicking back and forth suspiciously behind her, Momo Belia Deviluke offered a possible out to a young brunette man that appeared to be nursing a rather comically red slap mark across his cheek.

Dangerous situations like these weren't uncommon around the Yuuki house these days. Ever since he'd taken in the alien princess Lala, the elder sister of the girl in front of him, each day had been full of unusual adventures. Many of them were good, many of them were bad, but at the end of the day he always overcame them. A lot of the time they were simply misunderstandings born of his own inability to recognize the feelings of the girls that lived in his own home.

In this particular instance it had been Nana Astar Deviluke, the twin sister of Momo. It was a handful having all three sisters around, each quirky in their own way, but he didn't regret offering them a place to live. Still... why had Nana hit him so hard!? He'd only commented that she looked like she'd grown a bit! He just didn't get it, as always!

So for Momo to offer a method of understanding, then... **"No, wait. This is totally suspicious. What's behind your back, Momo?"**

"Ah~ Rito-san! You have such a good eye!" The way Momo spoke, her bright purple eyes gazing up expectantly, it almost seemed as if she were readying herself to sell him a product. It might as well have been, as she pulled out... a sheet of stickers? Each sticker was a little face, most resembling someone Rito knew personally. **"Onee-sama developed these special 'Feeling Stickers' just for occasions like these! Supposedly, if you put the one that matches the person**

you're interested in on your cheek, you'll immediately understand their current thoughts and feelings!"

Such a product sounded too good to be true. Rather... it probably was, wasn't it? If it really *was* one of Lala's inventions then she had an absolutely awful track record of getting the things she invented to do exactly what she wanted them to do, or someone would take them and use them for the wrong purpose. Thanks to these inventions he'd spent time as a girl, a dog, and even a pair of panties among other things. So to say he was wary was an understatement.

"Yeah... I think I'll avoid using Lala's inventions for this one. I think if I just talk to Nana I can-- HEY!" Resolved to solve this misunderstanding without extraterrestrial help, he yelped with shock as Momo slapped one of the stickers on his face without any warning. He reached up to peel it away before it was too late, but the Nana sticker faded directly into his body so that he couldn't grasp it.

"Oh... was it supposed to do that?", was all Momo had to say about herself before sticking out her tongue. *He'd been had!* **"Well, at the very least you'll be able to understand Nana, right? How is it?"**

"Nothing feels different." It was a shockingly plain response. **"Lala *did* test these first, right?"**

"Nope!"

"Sorry?" Of course she hadn't.

"I don't really know, actually! I plucked them from onee-sama's garbage bin!" So they didn't work then? Maybe he was in the clear? **"Ah, but Rito-san? Have you always had pink highlights in your hair?"** The question was a chilling one, if only because he'd grown so used to being transformed. If it was something as simple as altering the color of his hair then it would be inconvenient but not the end of the world. If it was something more than that...

"Momo! What did you do!?" He was mad, of course. He had to leave for class soon, he couldn't go in with bright pink hair! The color had started with the appearance of highlights, but before he was done questioning the Deviluke twin the color had already made its way through the entirety of its bulk; and he only knew that because a few strands of long, silky pink fell before his brown eyes. He swatted it away, but it only returned with even more hair. It was growing! Before it stopped doing so, it had framed his face cutely and fallen about halfway down his back (*stopping about halfway between the lengths of the short-haired Momo and the long-haired Nana*). He couldn't help but reach behind and pull it forward into his field of view, noting his hair's new volume and softness. **"Seriously, MoMO -- Ack!"** Rito coughed next as his voice seemed to jump several octaves mid sentence, going from the voice of a normal teenaged boy to one of a young girl in just a matter of moments.

"You make it sound like I planned this, Rito-san! Or should I call you Rito-chan? That's such a cute voice! It almost sounds like Nana's? Or maybe a little like mine?" She couldn't help but giggle. She was enjoying this. *Of course she was.* The boy couldn't help but glare down at the twin, but even as he did so his gaze softened as a purple hue substituted into the brown of his eyes and lashes grew longer. His eyebrows thinned, helping accentuate the new roundness of his eyes as the boy's cheekbones now gave his face the appearance of a young girl and not a boy so close

to adulthood. In fact... **“Your face looks just like Lala and mine’s now as well!”** At least someone was having a good time.

So that was it? The sticker was turning him into Nana? No, that wasn’t quite it either. He could see in the hallway mirror that Momo was right, that his face looked identical to theirs, but the hair was too short and the way it spiked slightly along the top... He looked a little different. His voice, too; she was right that it sounded like it had a pitch between the two twins.

New purple eyes glanced back down at the stickers in Momo’s hand. Aha! There was one with his own face on it! Maybe if he could put that on his face he could return to normal? For all intents and purposes he should have had the reach to snatch them out of Momo’s hands like *that* without any effort, but as he swung forward with all of his power he... fell short. *Because Rito himself had shrunk.* The reach of his arms had lessened, his torso having regressed in both age and size as he finally noticed the way his HOLLYWOOD shirt seemed to be hanging from his shoulder with the t-shirt sleeves dangling down to his elbows. His hands themselves had become far more delicate, fingers soft and youthful as his skin had a more childish sheen to it. **“Ah ah~ Not so fast, Rito-chan!”**

If it had come to this, he only had one choice but to become more aggressive. For if the changes were going the way he was now assuming they were, he had to protect it! His manhood! He took a step forward to close the now larger gap between the two of them and... he tripped out of his shoe and over pants and boxers that had fallen around his ankles. His perverse luck kicked in right at that moment as he stumbled forward, and his now girlish hands took hold of Momo’s skirt as he knocked her to the ground as well, yanking it straight from her hips as the two of them tumbled to reveal a pair of lacy panties. **“M-Momo, I’m sorry...!”** He could only apologize with a girlish chirp as he lay on his stomach between her legs with a full view of her underwear, immediately scrambling to get up and onto his knees so he could apologize properly. The motions left his ill-fitting pants and shoes on the ground behind him, fully exposing the continuing changes to the lower half of his body with his oversized shirt just barely covering his lap. Momo herself didn’t seem too embarrassed in retrospect, still smirking as she, too, adjusted her posture to sit on the ground across from the changing boy.

“Don’t worry about it Rito-san! Let’s just focus on you!”

Rito now sat on his knees with toes curled behind him, and while they’d lost a great deal of their size his feet still retained their usual, masculine shape at first. Crudely trimmed nails were reinvented with a proper cut as they grew in length, their sheen suggesting someone had bothered to coat each one with a clear nail polish. Each toe became smaller and smaller, curvature more rounded and effeminate as he wiggled them uncomfortably behind them. Heels became softer and cuter as the overall design of each foot became more compact, more petite, and eventually the white of his socks seemed to dance around loosely with each motion. The next he stood, they’d certainly fall off.

Another smirk played across Momo’s lips in the meantime, making Rito feel more uncomfortable than he already did as his body played appearance boogaloo. **“You know I don’t mind, Rito-chan, but I guess I can get revenge when you’re this size?”** It wasn’t an idle thought, exactly. She leaned forward and playfully pressed her hands against his lithe, muscle-free shoulders and began to push her entire body weight towards his own so that he’d lean backwards. Had his body been normal he undoubtedly would have been able to support the forced weight, but since most of his

muscles had thinned away as his overall body shape had become more childlike, it was impossible. Eventually he buckled, pulling legs out behind him before he fell on his back with Momo resting atop him. **“Wh-what are you doing!?”**

The Deviluke twin took a sniff of Rito’s hair for a moment, noting the fragrance was the same one both Nana and herself used. She sat up, mounting his temporarily tiny hips that she could feel swell in slight beneath the grip of her own. She pushed her hands against his flat stomach wordlessly to push her weight up and turn around before sitting back down around his pelvis, flashing him the crack of her behind above her panties as she’d yet to re-equip the skirt he’d pulled off prior.

It was thanks to the boy’s now-oversized shirt that most of the changes to his body proper had gone unnoticed, such as how the curves of his stomach had turned gently inward, or how his butt had taken on a little volume to create a defined arch from his soft back to the surface of his rump, but Momo sought to expose it. Rito was known for his perverse accidents, so why not give him a taste of his own medicine? Cool air against his junk brought the boy to beg the girl to lower the shirt once more, but she seemed uninterested. Rather, she was more interested in watching his boy wiggle and squirm into a new slit that took shape. She could only giggle as it happened, and Rito more than anyone became aware of this new absence in his groin.

“I guess you really are Rito-chan now, hm?” Momo mused as she lowered his shirt and turned herself around atop him once more. She peered down at the new girl’s blushing face with confidence. Rito now lacked the strength to be assertive with her, and surely Nana would get a kick out of this too. A triplet! Lala hadn’t even developed a way to reverse the effects yet either! **“Rito... Rito... Ri? Ru?”** Ignore Rito’s protests to get off of her, she decided to think of a new name. **“We can’t call you Rito now right? If you’re a Deviluke, then... Ruru? How about Ruru Sevia Deviluke?”**

“OF COURSE NOT!” Ruru shrieked.

“Ruru it is! Buuuut, isn’t there one last change left, Ruru? Hm...” Pressing her hands against Ruru’s chest, she figured such a size might have worked were she a clone of Nana, but that wasn’t the case was it? This form was meant to be the middle ground between Nana’s own and herself. As she felt nipples poke up against the material, she was content knowing the final change was kicking in. Breasts swelled upward, filling Momo’s hands as Ruru looked on with horror. They weren’t particularly large, but of course this body could barely be considered a teenager. They’d grow with age. Even so, they were definitely larger than Nana’s, but couldn’t rival Momo’s own.

Like a snake, a pointed appendage suddenly flicked out from beneath Ruru’s body as her canine teeth became so pointed that she almost couldn’t close her mouth without one sticking out like Nana. The tail met Momo’s own, which seemed to embrace it sensitively.

The peculiar sensation that had run through Ruru’s body faded soon after, the sticker’s job complete. The intention had been for Rito Yuuki to better understand the mind of one of the Deviluke twins, and had been cast into the role of an unwilling *triplet* instead.

“So you used my experimental ‘Feeling Stickers’ and Rito became this? She’s so cute, but I don’t know how long it’ll take to create an antidote. If I even can...”
Back in Lala’s lab, Ruru stood quietly with a Deviluke twin on either side of her. She

was still clad in the HOLLYWOOD shirt she'd worn as a boy, adjusting it now and then as it rolled off her shoulder and threatened to expose small breasts or more. The news she was getting wasn't good.

"So I might be stuck like this? Lala... onee-sama." Ruru spat out the last part against her will.

"Yup!"

"Isn't that great, Ruru? You can be in our class!" Momo chimed, holding up what appeared to be a student ID. She did not want to repeat first year again. But the ID had her new name, along with such a class designation. **"But first... clothes? Onee-sama?"**

"Oh right!" Lala skipped before her new sister and reached down for the hem of Ruru's shirt. To the girl previously known as Rito Yuuki these was nothing more shameful than this, having the girl you loved treat you like a little sister. Still, Lala ripped the shirt up and over, revealing her naked, feminine form to all of the Devilukes in the room. **"You're really completely a girl, Ruru-chan!"**

"I've noticed!"

"AH! SHE'S BIGGER THAN ME!" Thanks, Nana, for the useful observation.

And thus began a new daily life for Ruru Sevia Deviluke. She'd adjust eventually, she had no choice. Somewhere down the line Lala eventually gave up on a cure and she was forced to live out the rest of her life in that form. It was completely different, she had to act out the new role of a little sister she was given, and yet...

"KYA! RURU-CHAN!" Ruru's manicured fingers, sparkling nail polish present, caught the skirt of one of her classmates as she tripped down the stairs. The two landed with Ruru's face peculiarly caught up nose first against those now-exposed panties.

While one's form may change, things like bad luck never do.