

# NEW USES

## JANUARY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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**“You know, when you told me you were having a birthday party this wasn’t really the kind of celebration I thought I’d be attended.”** Snarky as ever, El Melloi II didn’t budge with his sharp tongue even as he found his wrists bound in a dungeon below the El Melloi estate, his suit still fully in tact. Reines had finally reached the age required to formally become the next heir and it was a time many were celebrating, but as the man who’d been brought in to hold the title temporarily he’d expected to be disposed of when it happened. **“You could just send me to Mexico and have me live out the rest of my life there or something, you know.”**

The young girl, blonde with blue eyes, didn’t seem to be biting his sense of comedy. His form disheveled from the guards taking him in, the man’s glasses just barely hung on by the bridge of his nose and she expected he was craving a cigarette, but she would not oblige. **“They told me to kill you.”**

Waver sighed. **“Of course they did. I’m of no use to them anymore so now I can die huh?”** He’d still had debts to pay off, but it sounded like the elders didn’t really care about that anymore now that their heiress was of age. He’d considered this possibility; he knew too much about the El Melloi family at this point. **“So. Poison then? At least make it painless.”** He was almost depressingly calm about it. Of course he had his regrets, Gray being one of them, but he also knew Reines treasured that girl as well. She wouldn’t let anything befall that child.

“Even when you’re told you’re about to die, you’re intolerably indifferent huh? You’re so annoying. But Gray would be sad if you were dead, and...” Even Reines would, but it wouldn’t be something she’d admit. **“Anyways! El Melloi II needs to die, but it doesn’t mean you do, so bear with me a second this might hurt.”** Her gloved hand reached forward, Waver felt a vial plunged into his neck and something was injected into his bloodstream. He immediately felt a sense of grogginess quickly

claim him, and before he was completely consumed by the darkness he thought he'd heard Reines say just one more thing.

**"This still isn't the best ending, but it's still better than death..."**

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**"GYAH!"** As if he'd woken from a terrible nightmare, the man jolted awake in the same upright position he'd fallen unconscious in. Arms still bound, he could feel the sweat pouring off his body and staining his suit, body uncomfortably hot despite how cold the prison he'd been in earlier was. The light that filtered in through the window just above him was no longer the bright light of the sun, but the pale glow of the moon. How long had he been out? All day? It was possible he'd been asleep for days as well. But Reines was nowhere to be found, the only thing left in the room to remind him of her the pulsating sensation from where the needle had pierced him earlier.

He felt mildly nauseous, and for a moment he thought he was going to project the contents of his stomach right out of his mouth. However, what came was the peculiar taste of metal bubbling out the back of his throat, one that triggered a red flag for the magus. Had he been forced to ingest something dangerous? The taste grew stronger and the contents of his mouth warmer. It tickled the roof of his mouth as well as his teeth, and before long his tongue was paralyzed -- or was it rather that his tongue was gone? Moments before he'd lost the ability to utilize the muscle, he'd found a peculiar absence of teeth in his mouth.

It was almost like the contents of his maw was little more than malleable goo. He couldn't even call out anymore, because there was no gap to call from. Waver was forced to breathe from his nose, not noticing the silver gloss that spread across more pronounced lips or the fact that the same metallic sheen was beginning to spread through his cheeks as the contents of his mouth grew fuller. Panic beset the man once more as he found himself incapable of even breathing through his nose anymore, liquid metal filling his lungs much like it had his stomach, but perhaps more shockingly was the fact that he couldn't feel his consciousness begin to diminish in the absence of a method of breath. Almost like he didn't need to breathe at all.

Concern and confusion weren't given a break, ultimately. He knew his wrists to be bound tightly, but all of a sudden he found his view slipping closer and closer to the ground, knees pressing up against the damp floor despite the fact that he'd been held up fully straight just moments prior. It was difficult to case his gaze up considering the position he'd been dangled in, but it was at least enough to give the man the first actual *look* at what was happening to him. Wrists were still bound, but the arms beneath them poked dramatically out of the sleeves of his suit... because his arms had seemingly stretched downward, allowing his body to droop. Not only that... they were a shining silver.

It was a color he knew all too well. After all, he was typically in the presence of a golem made with this very same material.

Liquid mercury.

It was a malleable slime, essentially, that could change forms and be re-purposed for combat situations. The late El Melloi had used this Mystic Code during the Fourth Holy Grail War, and in the wake of it Waver had helped Reines turn it into a more convenient form: a combat maid named *Trimmau*. Had he been injected with a fragment of Trimmau's being? Was Trimmau the method Reines had decided to end him with? At the very least he was *half* right with that assumption.

The man was left powerless as he kept his gaze trained on the wrists bound in the shackles. The liquid mercury continued to spread up towards his fingertips, their shapes diminishing as his weight continued to stretch them. It was only a matter of time before his limbs became too thin to be properly contained by his bindings, and only moments later his entire body fell against the ground as long, mercury arms slapped the floor on either side of him like a pair of shiny tentacles. Well... that was inconvenient.

More than familiar with his own body, when El Melloi II's chest had collided with the cold ground he'd been alerted of several other concerns. He'd been wary that much more of his body than his arms might have been corrupted by the *Volumen Hydrargyrum*, or the Mystic Code Trimmau had been composed from, but the way the weight of his body sagged like a sack of gelatin, the more he was convinced that far less of his form was left untainted than he'd expected. He did his best to stand back up, but without a hand to firmly press against the ground it proved to be difficult.

That desire for a hand saw the shape of his stretched tentacle arms suddenly tighten, but the shape that they took was still not like hands he was familiar with. Well... he was familiar with them, he'd seen them plenty of times. Just not on *his* body. Fingers were silver, of course, but they were smaller and daintier than his own. It was like he was looking at a 1:1 replication of Trimmau's hands, but he also didn't have time to dwell on this nor the fact that the length of his arms was shorter than his own. He had to stand to better assess the damages.

Yet, standing, he became aware of just how unfortunate those damages were. El Melloi II's suit was custom made, tailor fit to perfectly rest upon his figure. The fact that it was now quite obviously loose suggested the worst. The coat dangled off his dishevelled form like a tarp, and his pants seemed to remain on only thanks to the efforts of his thighs and behind, two areas that actually felt *more pronounced* than he was accustomed to. There was only one way to fully come to terms with what was happening, and he furiously began to prod at the buttons that kept his clothing attached. Although he didn't notice, the motions of his hands had a certain refinement to them that they didn't normally possess.

Jacket unbuttoned, he couldn't help but notice something unsettling about his biology. He hadn't been breathing, and so he had no heartbeat. But even then his chest wasn't still, but rather both sides had been throbbing uncomfortably for a while now. The reason was immediately clear upon removing his top layer: two moderate bumps had risen beneath his dress shirt, a pair of lumps that resembled human breasts by design. Finally getting the last button off his dress shirt and casting it aside, his suspicions were immediately confirmed.

He had a pair of liquid mercury tits. They were wholly featureless, not a nipple to speak of, but by concentrating he found he could alter their size. Yet... as much as he wanted to remove them completely, he found he could not muster the will, like something subconsciously told him that his form must remain notably feminine. It wasn't just his breasts that had been corrupted of course, his entire upper torso had become sleek mercury that could be altered at a moment's notice. The curvature of his stomach was particularly upsetting, because it swelled out towards the hips still covered by his pants, and an absence of a navel on his tummy just reminded him that very little of his body could even be considered human anymore.

Shedding pants and boxers next, she became aware that there was basically nothing left at all. Considering how smooth and free of genitals her pelvis was, maybe it was likewise wrong to label her a woman, but the moment Waver caught sight of and ran a finger across this blank space between her wider hips, she couldn't help but perceive herself as a girl. Programming? Trimmau had been programmed to think and act a certain way, so if something like that was being forced upon *her*...

Thighs glistened as they reflected the pale moonlight that still filtered through the window above. **"What has *milady* done to me?"** Waver finally found an ability to speak just as her eyes were found forcibly shut, the remnants of her face completely consumed and leaving no flesh nor blood present in the body that would function as her own from now on. Hair spilled down behind her, but to call it actual hair? That was false. It was like a sloppy goo in the *shape* of hair that bubbled and oozed.

She'd been left temporarily blind after her eyes were forced shut, though the indentations of closed eyes remained. But darkness was quickly replaced by an all-encompassing ability to see that was not limited to just her eyes. It was like she could see through the entirety of her body. Exposed mercury functioned as her eyes, her ears. She was aware of the vibrations in the air, the ground, and as much as El Melloi was screaming internally that she should escape and find Reines, nothing about her body nor mannerisms obeyed.

In fact, hadn't she just referred to Reines as '*milady*' a moment ago?

**"You know, I wouldn't have thought that was even you if not for those clothes on the ground. How does it feel to be a maid golem?"** A sudden voice beyond the bars of the cell perked Waver up suddenly. It was Reines' voice, Reines' visage, and yet it stirred something in her that she'd never felt before. An undeniable desire to serve and be useful. To properly attend to her beautiful master.

There was an entity standing at Reines' side, a maid golem just like herself although clad in the appropriate attire. **"Stand still while Trimmer dresses you."** A clap of Reines' hands saw the golem at her side slip through the bars with a pile of clothes in hand. Waver could do naught but stand still and quietly as directed as Trimmer adorned her with undergarments, leggings, and a simplistic but effect maid's dress. Even as clothing muddled her vision in areas, she was still afforded plenty of room to see. **"Good."**

The blonde inserted a key into the cell door, her heels clacking against the stone tiles the only sound that rang through the air as she closed the gap between herself and the new golem. She reached out a hand and gently caressed Waver's face, something that tickled Waver's face... darker silver. Was milady about to get intimate with her? No! NO! She was just Reines! She couldn't allow herself to just conform to the programm--

**"Repeat after me: 'My name is Trimmer II, the loyal maid golem of Reines El Melloi Archisorte'."** Waver-- no, Trimmer II's intention to resist was completely obliterated the moment she'd been given an order. That old name fell out of a head that existed only to obey, and while her old self could tell that something was wrong, she could no longer put an explanation to that feeling.

She merely obeyed. **"My name is Trimmer II, the loyal maid golem of Reines El Melloi Archisorte."** This brought a smile to Reines' face. It wasn't the fate she'd wished for that man, but it was still a fate kinder than death in her opinion. At the very least she'd allow Trimmer II some time to acquaint herself with her new circumstances.

**"Good girl. Okay, Trimmer? I'll leave you alone with Trimmer II. Show her a good time, would you? And Trimmer II? Don't resist anything Trimmer does, okay?"** Both golems stood at alert, their orders given as their master headed back upstairs.

**"Yes milady."** They spoke in tandem. But Trimmer II could only wonder... what did her Master mean by being shown 'a good time'? Head craned to look at the original Trimmer, she was shocked to find the golem undressing and amplifying the womanly curvature of her body, which drew closer to her own. Part of Trimmer II thought she should run, having a suspicion she was about to be pleased in some manner, and yet...

*She'd been ordered to just take it, so she would.*