

LEWD HORIZON II.

DECEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been almost a week since Shiroe had sent Minori and Akatsuki on their dungeon scouting mission, and he was beginning to grow worried. After all, the two of them were supposed to check in from the dungeon at specific times every single day, and they had missed their calls during the past three. He had sent other after the two in hopes of establishing some sort of connection, but even those individuals had gone silent in the end.

“I think it’s safe to say that someone is targeting members of Log Horizon, but who? And why?” Left alone in his study, the man was reclined as far as he could in the chair before his desk, light only provided by an oil lamp nearby as it was already the dead of night. Ever since they had set foot in this world, it had been rife with danger – whether it was the monsters, the denizens that already lived here, or even their fellow players that had been transported into Elder Tale after the Catastrophe.

His guild, Log Horizon, had earned so much attention since their arrival that they had no shortage of allies. On the other hand, the opposite was true, and they had plenty of enemies as well. Something could have happened to Akatsuki and Minori, and then that very same *something* could have done in the scouts he had sent to check on them. He just didn’t have the foggiest idea as to what organization might be behind it. **“Maybe I need to ascertain the situation with my own eyes...”**

Speaking of said eyes, they were closed now. He was on the cusp of falling asleep while leaning back in his chair, but the promptly shot up thanks to a sudden weight upon his lap. The weight – and warmth – of another body. **“HUH!?”**

Eyes shot open and his body lurched forward, his infamous glasses almost spilling right off his face. But the face in question? It flew into something soft and warm. Well, more like in between *two* somethings that were soft and warm, for as he soon realized... they were a pair of exposed breasts, nipples and all. **“Wakey wakey, Shiroe. It’s time**



for you to join us!”, a gentle voice cooed, gradually bringing his haze up to meet the eyes of the one straddling his left with her thighs – and was that a wet spot developing beneath her pelvis?

Their eyes met, and staring at him was a woman with beautiful, purple eyes and long, dark hair of a similar color. She was not dressed in a single thing, and before he could squeak a word out she had taken one of his hands and guided it to her breast. **“Or we could fool around a little first? Even if you aren’t in**

the mood now, you will be after!” How had this woman gotten into his quarters without making a sound? Was she responsible for all of his woes? **“Don’t give me that look! Don’t you want to join Akatsuki and I?”**

Evidently, she had read into the serious expression upon his face that showed he was *not* in the mood and, rather than back off of him, appeared to disappear entirely into a puff of smoke – leaving him alone with only his memory of her presence and a moist stain upon his leg. **“WAIT!”**

Shiroe shot up into the standing position, but he could not feel the woman’s presence any longer. In the final moments he had caught sight of her fox-like ears, but that was hardly as important as her words. She had mentioned Akatsuki, but what of Minori? Unless... No, no. That wasn’t possible. That couldn’t have *been* Minori with a presence and personality like that. He couldn’t sense her, but giving pursuit was imperative.

Before that, though, the man stripped down until he was naked. He could not run around with her fluids stained into his clothes for sanitary reasons, but the wet of it had already touched his skin. Which meant

that his fate had already been made inevitable, though the man himself was utterly unaware of what this.

All he sensed at first was that he felt quite *warm*. Was it the result of some sort of status effect? Illness didn't exactly work in a conventional way in Elder Tale, even if the world *had* been becoming increasingly real as of late. **“Did she do something to me? But I didn't feel anything take effect...”**

And yet what he had felt and what seemed to be happening offered contrasting pictures of the situation, at least as far as the man's color scheme appeared to be involved. Shiroe's skin tone was already light, but it was lightening even further in a change that was so subtle that only a keen eye would notice – and even then, not in a dimly lit room.

Much more prevalent was a brightening of locks, seeing deep blues paved over for a radiant blonde that didn't at all suit the young man as he was. Even his blue eyes shone with new hues, for deep blues were substituted with bright reds. That color soon spread into the outskirts of said eyes, for painted markings framed the corners quite predominantly.

“I still feel so warm...” The academic found himself getting distracted easier and easier for reasons he could not place. His head felt a little floatier, so could it be related to that? And yet at the same time it almost felt *heavier*. Hung up on the floatiness and thinking it a mental issue, that assumption provided ample opportunity for him to not realize that there was a tangible cause to the weight.

Shiroe's hair was the cause. Color already dyed blonde, it had lengthened to his shoulders and continued to lengthen even further, spilling all of the way down to his hips in a style that was silky smooth. There was no denying that it appeared well taken care of, almost intoxicating in both appearance and scent.

Its length only appeared *longer* moments later, yet the cause was simply a trick of the eye brought about by another change in the man's body that made it seem more ample by contrast. **“Whoa!? Heehee...”** The man had almost fallen forward suddenly, but hands went out to his sides to restabilize him, and an airy giggle escaped his lips in the aftermath. **“Wait, why did I...?”** Why had he laughed like *that*?

As seemed to be the trend, there was always something worth contemplating to steal his attention away from more pressing concerns – such as *why* he had almost fallen in the first place. His center of gravity had altered because his height had dipped several inches. More than that, there had been a swing to his hips in tandem with that height

loss that created quite the substantial gap between his legs, leaving his cock and balls to swing around with a little more freedom than usual.

“Mmm... Why would I want to leave when I feel like *this*?” It was official. The heat that had manifested in the beginning had culminated in full-on arousal, and that arousal was mingling freely with changes that had set his personality askew. Fingers twitched with a desire to fondle, and yet their twitching saw their sizes regress and the nails upon them grow longer – until their shapes were downright dainty and feminine, as was now the case with Shiroe’s bare feet as well.

The arousal had brought his dick to stiffen, but ever so gradually that rod slimmed and shortened until, inevitably, it disappeared between *her* legs, the folds of a plump pussy disguising the crevice that dug into her loins and reconstructed sexual organs. **“Wait, did I just... Did I just become a woman!?”** The airy tone of her voice was a constant now, and fingers reached down below fluffed, blonde pubes to probe at her new lips; hesitant to take the first plunge.

This was impossible! But... Was it really a problem? Shiroe felt *good*, she felt *strong*, and a part of her wanted to *stay* this way. Whether she desired to remain in such a form or not though, it wasn’t a subject that concerned the transformation itself, evidently. The gap left between widened hips was promptly becoming filled in by jiggling fat that saw her thighs bloat and even meet in the middle. Bolstered by this, the once stony cheeks of her rear bounced alike as well, thick and evidently big enough to rise and fall with delight as she took step after step.

“I suppose... It wouldn’t be so bad. After all...” Fingers traced the edges of her lower lips. **“I bet having something *inside me* would be amazing!”** Something, she decided, that would not be her fingers. Her first time in this form would *not* be wasted through masturbation. Internally there was a small part of the woman that couldn’t believe what she was saying, much less thinking, but she was drowned out by the instincts and need of a monster brought up on, and fed by, sexual desires.

With the sides of her waist pinching in to give her silhouette a more attractive arch, it almost seemed like the mass that had been stolen from them had been allocated up into her chests. With nipples swelling pleasantly erect and blossoming toward newfound thickness, the weight of the chest beneath them began to push forward intensely. The softness of swelling tits could not be ignored by Shiroe, who began to tweak, fondle, and knead the fleshy balloons on their way to their E-cupped peaks.

An almost permanent smile spread across a face that was typically *incredibly* serious, accentuated by a femininity that bled into every fiber of her expression. Whether it was thickened lips that seemed keen on sucking or licking, cheeks that were gently rotund, or narrowed eyes – she was exceptionally beautiful, almost irresistibly so. Despite it all, her glasses remained firmly in place.

“Oh! Hmm~ I suppose that makes sense, all things considered. I think I quite like it.” The cause of her sudden surprise was the eruption of a big, fluffy, golden tail from her tailbone. It was clearly that of a fox, with matching ears almost cartoonishly springing up atop her head to replace those that had just as instantaneously disappeared from the sides of her head.



Shiroe was overcome with a desire to feel good, and as such she strongly resembled the vulpine woman that had mounted her in the first place. Her loins burned and dripped just as the stranger’s had, but from her golden fur to her well-endowed figure, it was clear that she had become a slightly different kind of monster. Indeed, she had been transformed into a typically passive *Inari*.

Passive until they were turned on, anyways.

Pushing aside her surprising new animalistic features, she continued to touch her sensitive breasts, her thick ass collapsing onto her bed with legs spread in the process. **“Eep!?”** The sensation of something probing her pussy brought out to cry out with elation, and looking down? The fox woman from before was there, eating her out with no shortage of enthusiasm. She could make out a smirk on the fox’s part, but something else now made sense. She knew the woman’s name.

“Minori! At least announce your presence first. Geez~!”