

“Ladies and gentlemen we have just landed in Dublin’s international airport. We hope that you enjoy your stay in Ireland,” the Captain said.

A nervous excitement filled Grey as he grabbed his carry on and stepped off the plane. He had been looking forward to this trip for over a month now. He had graduated from the community college and gotten his AA degree with good marks a few months ago. His parents had said how proud they were of him and as a congratulations present for getting his degree they told him that if he wanted something, as long as it wasn’t too ridiculous or pricy they would allow it. He had told them that he wanted to visit Ireland, and they agreed so long as he stayed in contact with them.

He instantly agreed and ever since then he had been studying the language intensively for about a month so that he wouldn’t have to refer to his phone for everything, but he has had some mixed success. He knew some phrases like the back of his hand, but outside of those, when he spoke Irish it was slow and clunky, almost as if he was a child learning how to speak in kindergarten again.

When his bags finally came he grabbed them and left baggage claim. He quickly exchanged his American money for some Euro. He had permission to use his credit card, but if something happened then he would rather have some money on hand. After exchanging his money he stood outside and hailed a cab. An immaculate yellow cab stopped in front of him and the trunk opened. He threw his suitcase in the trunk and sat in the back of the car.

“Do you...speak English?” Grey questioned in Irish and grimaced at how he sounded. He hoped that he wouldn’t sound like an idiot or a little kid by the time that he got here, but clearly, that wasn’t the case.

The cabbie chuckled and said, “Don’t worry kid I speak normal English.”

Grey let out a breath of relief that he had been holding. “That’s great to hear. I was worried that I would have trouble getting to my hotel.”

“That would be a problem if you couldn’t find a way to get to your hotel. So where are you staying while in Ireland.”

“Ahh, right take me to the Scáth Inn,” Grey said as he double checked his phone.

“Let me pull that up on the navigator first and then we can be on our way,” The cabbie said. After he put it in the navigator they merged into traffic to leave the airport.

The traffic wasn’t as bad as Grey thought it would be. It was nowhere near as bad as when he and his family went to the airport for his flight out. There was still a bit of a hassle getting out of the airport, but it was nowhere near as bad as he thought it would, so much so that they didn’t have to fight with the crowd and risk a crash to get in a lane within three seconds.

As they drove to his hotel, Grey took the time to take in the landscape. The landscape of Ireland was different compared to the USA. There was more green, more trees, and hills, in all more life in general. It could have just been where he was from in the US and he had little doubt that there were places in the

States that were similar, but it seemed as if there was something magical about the land, a charm that the United States lacked.

When they arrived at where he was staying he paid the cab and took a moment to take in the inn. It looked just like it did in the picture. Compared to many of the hotels that he was looking at online it was small in comparison, only five floors. It almost looked like an old private school building or manor with ornate glass window and pillars by the door. When he looked at it online he had his doubts about it, but it had so many reviews that had nothing but praise for it that it seemed good. It only got better when they looked at the prices and saw that they weren't just paying for their rooms, but also for food as well between certain designated times. Any meals that they had outside of those times were on him.

He looked out into the distance could see a large town not too far out in the distance, probably a few miles, but nothing that he wasn't used to. He might not lift weights, but he did walk from time to time when he needed to relax or clear his head. It would be nice to get a walk in, and if the current cool breeze that was hitting him was any indication then it would be a great one.

He picked up his bags and went inside. His thought about it looking like an old manor increased as he saw old furniture and portraits, along with an old grandfather clock in the room. To the right, he could see an elevator and in the back of the room, he could see a desk and a flight of stairs. Behind the desk was a tall, well-built, handsome, man that was between his mid or late twenties with black hair and green eyes. He was wearing a white short sleeved button down shirt and a pair of dress pants. He was patiently and quietly talking with someone on the phone.

Grey went over to the counter and dropped his bags as he waited for the man to finish his conversation. When he was finished talking the man hanged up the phone and turned to him with a polite smile.

"Hello, there can I help you?" The proprietor asked in good English with a strong Irish accent.

"Yes I have a reservation," Grey said and prayed that there wasn't some mess up. He had some prints outs of his reservation in his bag just in case something was wrong for some reason,

"Alright, what's your name?" The proprietor asked.

"Greyden Conner," Grey said.

"Alright then give me a sec," the proprietor said as he moved over to a laptop and started typing. After a few moments, he said, "Alright found your reservation, Mr. Conner. Let me just get your room keys and then we can go head up to your room."

The proprietor grabbed a set of keycard from a cupboard and moved from behind the counter. "Do you need any help with your bags?"

"No it's okay I got them," Grey answered as he picked up his bags and followed the proprietor to the elevator. The elevator closed behind them as they went up, Grey wondered what he should say. He always hated starting a conversation due to the awkwardness between strangers.

“So what brings you here to Ireland? You here on business or for pleasure?” The manager asked curiously.

“I’m just here to see the country and have a good time. I got my degree not too long ago and my parents allowed me to choose something as a graduation present and so I thought why not got to Ireland.”

“Oh well, congratulations Mr. Conner. My name is Sean. Sean Ryan,” The manager said and held out his hand for Grey to shake. “And welcome to Ireland.”

“Nice to meet you, Sean,” Grey said and shook his hand. “And you can call me Grey. So far Ireland’s been treating me good and I hope she continues to treat me that way.”

“I’m sure she will, Grey, I’m sure,” Sean chuckled.

“So is there anything that I need to know?” Grey asked. He didn’t want to run the risk of messing something up for everyone or doing something that he could regret.

“Dinner will be ready in an hour so feel free to get comfortable until then and if you need anything at all just use the phone in the room and you can reach the front desk with the phone next to your bed. Oh and the Wi-Fi password is in a pamphlet next to the phone and the guide,” Sean said. He shut the door behind him.

Grey dropped his bag by the door. He looked around the room and examined it intently. The room was simple but homey. It had a large single bed in the center of the room and black wooden nightstands next to the bed. On the nightstand to the right of the bed was the phone that Sean had told him about. By the window was a large circular desk and two chairs. There was a nice flat screen TV with the remote and the channel listings next to it. He doubted that he would be using it since he had his laptop to keep him busy, but it was nice that he had the option. He saw the closet next to the door. He opened it and didn’t see any sign of something that didn’t belong. There was more than enough room to put his shirts in there. He checked out the bathroom and saw a mirror over a granite sink with a small cupboard for him to place stuff inside and the toilet was next to the shower.

When he was finished looking it over and happy that he didn’t see anything from a previous guest or any issues he started to unpack his bag. He placed his clothes in the drawers. When he was finished his stomach growled and he decided that it was time to get something to eat. He hadn’t had any real food since he was back in the states. He wondered what food they would have today and hoped that there was something that he would like there.

Grey locked his room and went downstairs. He followed the signs that pointed him to the dining area. When he arrived he whistled as he took in the room. In the center of the room a series of large round tables with white tablecloths over them. Attached to the wall were a series of booths covered in white leather upholstery with immaculate black tables. On the ceiling were several fancy chandeliers. Hanging on the walls were old paintings of mythic heroes in battle like Cu Chulainn fighting against Ferdiad, and Fionn Mac Cumhaill. In the back of the room by the bathroom, he could see a bar with bottles of wine and beer along a rack.

While his room would be considered homey and comfortable the dining area was more comparable to a fancy restaurant where one was expected to dress up in a suit or a button down dress shirt with a pair of slacks or dress pants, or they would have been laughed out of the restaurant and recommended a fast food joint down the road.

He saw a few people at some of the other tables and found it rather comforting that they were dressed just as casually as he was.

His face immediately flushed when he saw several beautiful girls walk out of what had to be the kitchen with trays of food. Normally he wouldn't have reacted in such a way to beautiful women, but in this case, every one of them looked like they belong on the front cover of Playboy with how they were dressed up. Each one of them was wearing a leotard with stockings and a matching set of bunny ears that completed the outfit and made it so that the figures of those busty beauties would forever be etched in his mind. He gulped as he wondered how he and his parents did not notice this. He certainly would have remembered reading or seeing something like this when he was looking at the place online.

He saw one of the girls, a beautiful woman with curly blonde hair dressed up in a sunny yellow bunny suit come over to him with a bright smile. He blushed as his eyes wandered a little lower and saw her bouncing breasts.

"Hello!" the girl cheerfully said. "I suppose you're here for dinner?"

"Yeah," Grey answered, surprised that he was actually able to keep a straight expression, though he wouldn't be surprised if he was blushing.

The girl giggled and he could feel the blood rush to his face.

"Follow me I know a good spot for you," she said as she picked up a menu.

Grey followed her and he couldn't help but take in her body, now that she was so close. The curve of her ass and the side of her bust was clearly visible. There was a perverted part of him that said to reach out and feel, but he immediately squashed it with the ferocity of a berserker about to enter Valhalla. He didn't want to get on the bad side of the staff, especially since they served his food.

She led him to a booth in the corner of the room away from everyone, something that he was relieved about. She placed the menu down and he slid into the booth. He looked up at her and his mouth went dry. He had forgotten to take the angle of his seating into account and right now his vision of her face was somewhat blocked by her huge breasts. He was so grateful for the table right now, hiding just how much he enjoyed the sight that would be forever engraved in his mind.

"I can get you water for now and come back when you had more time to look over the menu, would you like me to do that?" She asked.

“That would be great thanks,” Grey answered as he began to look through the menu for anything appetizing. Hopefully, it would get his mind off of what he had just seen and allow him to relax by the time she came back.

Grey picked up the menu and started reading what it had. As he was looking it over he was a little surprised by how much food that he saw wasn't Irish. There were some here and there, but they didn't take over the menu. He settled on some Chicken parmesan and noodles. He would have some actual Irish cuisine later. Tonight he just wanted to get comfortable. The best part was that the sky was the limit and he didn't have to worry about how much he ate.

When the waitress came back with his water he told her what he wanted. She wrote it down and took it to the kitchen. He took a drink of his water as he pulled out his phone and did some grinding in Fate/Grand Order. He did a few levels to get some EXP cards to raise his Servants level and keep his login streak going.

When she came back she placed his food right in front of him. It looked good and there was more there than he thought. The chicken parmesan was cooked to a crisp golden and pasta was steaming with a plate of garlic bread off to the side. He tentatively picked up his fork and spun the noodles around it and brought it into his mouth.

The moment Grey's mouth touched the food his eyes widened in shock. It was better than he thought it would be, so much so that it blew his mother's cooking right out of the water, and she was an amazing cook. He could taste every ingredient that was used and they bounced off of each other and blended so well together in perfect harmony that it raised the taste of the food to heights that he didn't know could exist.

The moment he swallowed his food he began to devour his food like a wild velociraptor. He needed to eat more. He wanted more. Even at the accelerated pace that he ate he could still savor the amazingly blissful taste of the food as if he was eating at a normal pace. As he was eating his food his brown hair began to change. Small slivers of red hair began to appear and slowly grow.

When he finished his plate he asked the waitress to bring him another portion. When she came back he immediately leaped at his food. Just like the first plate of food, the second portion was just as divine. The red in his hair grew more and more the more he ate. When he was finished eating his plate of food he ordered another, and when he finished that one he had another. Normally he didn't eat this much, heck he didn't even know that he could eat this much. After his third plate, his brown hair had changed completely and was now a dark red that looked almost purple. He asked for one more and the girl only shook her head. He should have been a little embarrassed but he just couldn't bring himself to care, especially since he made sure to maintain some semblance of his manners that his parents had instilled in him.

“Here you go,” a man said as he placed Grey's fourth plate of food down.

Grey blinked in surprise and looked at who had given him his food and saw that it was Sean.

“Oh hey, what are you doing here?” Grey asked.

“I’m the one who’s been making the food and wanted to see who it was that has a black hole for a stomach,” Sean joked. “Alright if I sit down?”

“Sure,” Grey chuckled. If his parents had seen him now they really would have wondered where he was putting it all. Sean sat down across from him. “So you’re the one who’s been cooking the food?”

“Yeah, I help out in the kitchen from time to time,” Sean shrugged.

“Must be pretty busy then since you man the front desk and the cooking,” Grey said sympathetically.

“Not really, cooking is a bit of a hobby of mine, so I find it pretty relaxing. I just get someone else to man the desk during the food periods. If I didn’t own the place I would probably wouldn’t be able to do that,” Sean chuckled.

“You own this place?” Grey said in surprise. He looked pretty young to actually own the place, and not to mention that he was also able to cook like a five-star chef.

“Yup been in the family for five generations now and if God is willing then it will be six.”

Grey nodded in amazement. He couldn’t imagine what it would be like to actually have a place like this so connected to your family’s history. It had to be considered a family heirloom or something at this point, a place where if worst comes to worst they could come here and try to make something for themselves.

“I better get back to work, can’t afford to leave the other patrons unsatisfied. Hope to talk to you later Grey,” Sean chuckled. He slid out of the booth and went back to the kitchen.

“What a nice guy,” Grey remarked aloud. “Really makes you feel welcomed.”

The smell of hot food assaulted Grey’s nose, reminding of what he had. He looked down at his food and licked his lips and went back to eating his food. As he ate the food his skin tone began to change. His tanned skin began to lighten, slowly changing in tone.

When he finished his plate his skin was now a pale fair tone that contrasted with his new hair and highlighted his features. His stomach finally felt full and painfully ached, but he didn’t regret it at all. If anything, he regretted not being able to eat more. He thanked the waitress and was mindful to keep his eyes above her generous breasts. He wanted to leave her a tip, but she vehemently denied his attempts to leave her something.

He went back to his room and didn’t even bother to throw off his clothes as he crawled into bed. He laid out on his bed and sighed contently. The food alone made his so happy that he was staying here. He could feel his eyes start to get heavy from the combination of food and the nice soft bed that he didn’t bother to fight the feeling of sleepiness that wanted to overtake him. He was eager to see what tomorrow would bring and what it would be like to actually explore Ireland.

Grey yawned as he woke up the next morning feeling like he had slept on a slice of heaven. The stomach aches that he had the night before were gone. He sent a quick message to his parents that he loved them and that he had a good night.

He stripped off his clothes and hopped into the shower, the hot water killing whatever drowsiness that still plagued him. As he was washing his hair he noticed that his hair was softer than it was yesterday. His hair wasn't rough before but he could think of a few things like a pillow that were more alluring to touch. After he was finished washing his hair, he grabbed the body wash and noticed that just like hair, his skin felt smoother as well. There were still traces of hair, but it didn't seem as much as he was used to.

He stepped out of the shower and noticed his paler skin, but played it off as a trick of the light. He put on a fresh set of clothes and a comfortable jacket. Ireland's weather was colder than the States and if it were to rain then he would at least have something to keep him dry.

When he was finished getting ready he went to the dining area. He saw a few people eating their food. One of the waitresses sat him down by the bar and after a quick look through it, he decided on a simple breakfast of bacon, scrambled eggs, and pancakes.

After she took his order she gave him a glass of orange juice as he eagerly waited for his food to arrive. He hoped that Sean was cooking. He didn't know how he was able to make food taste so good, but he would love to find out how. With how good he was it made him want to learn how to cook so he could have food that was even a fraction of Sean's.

When his food arrived he immediately picked up his silverware and began to eat his food. He moaned happily at the explosion of flavors that made his mouth water and crave it even more. Just like last night's dinner, the breakfast was just as amazing. As he was eating he was completely unaware as his hair began to grow longer. So enraptured he was by his delicious food that he never noticed his hair start to tickle the back of his neck.

He saw Sean leave the kitchen, no doubt to go back to man the front desk. While he was eating his breakfast he decided that he would look around town and see what it had to offer.

After breakfast, he saw that his guess was proven true when he saw Sean at the front desk and as he was passing by he said with a nice smile, "See you later Sean, I'm going to explore the town for a little while. I should be back in time for dinner."

"Have a good day, Grey," Sean replied genially as he waved goodbye.

Grey couldn't help but chuckle and return his wave. There was just something about Sean that made him feel so at ease around him, almost as if he was an old friend that he was seeing once again after a long time. That feeling made him want to spend more time with him and get to know him more. Maybe when he comes back later tonight he would spend some time getting to know him better.

He left the inn and started making his trek to the down. The cool breeze was just perfect enough to nip at his nose and remind him of how different the weather was here, but not bad enough that he needed to bundle up in several layers of clothing. He enjoyed the walk into town, his music loudly playing in ears, making the walk more enjoyable.

When he arrived at the town he looked around him to see what he could find. The houses were a mix of small cottages and square shaped buildings with multiple stories that were made of bricks and reminded him of buildings from some historical movies that were set in the 1940's and 50's, and he was willing to bet that they were just as old as they looked. He walked deeper into town and arrived at what appeared to be the market. He could see a great multitude of stores and most of them seemed to be small businesses.

Grey blinked at the multitude of conversations in Irish that he was hearing and quickly understood what was being said, almost as if they were speaking fluent English. He had been studying the language for a little while, and he believed that he wasn't anywhere near fluent in Irish. He had a few phrases memorized, mainly those related to food and where to find certain things, but that was about it. Now though, it was as if someone had reprogrammed his brain for Irish while he slept.

"Guess that studying for I did for the trip paid off more than I thought," Grey thought happily, a smile coming to his face. His fear that he wouldn't be able to understand what was being said gone.

As he walked through the town his glee at his great language skills grew as no matter what he heard the people say he immediately understood as if he was a native speaker. The thought of his great success made him wonder if he should see if he could take the Irish exam to get rid of that pesky language requirement for his college when he went for bachelor's and wonder what language he should learn next.

As he was passing by the restaurants and stores he looked at the signs and noticed that they were written in Irish. Just like how he could understand everything that was said in Irish he could read everything that was written.

The town was much bigger than he had expected. When he was looking at the town from the inn it didn't seem as big as he thought. He went inside a small convenience store and grabbed a drink. He explored the park and played for a while at an arcade. He felt like a little kid again with how he actually had to pay for tokens to play them and played a shooting game with a fake gun in hand.

After a few hours, he saw that the sun was starting to set and decided that it was about time that he started making his way back to the inn. He didn't want to run the risk of seeing the gruffer side of Ireland at night just yet. The trip back was peaceful and serene; his music playing in his ears. When he finally returned to the hotel he saw people entering the dining room and quickly went inside. He didn't have anything to eat since he had left and his empty stomach welcomed anything at this point.

He went into the dining room and was seated by the bar. He looked over the menu, wondering what he should eat this time. He knew that whatever he ordered would be good, but that made it much harder.

He decided that he would have the special tonight a large chicken dinner with potatoes and a corn casserole. When she was finished taking his order he tapped his finger on the table and played Fate on his phone as he waited for his food to arrive. When his food finally came he placed his phone down and began to happily dig into his food.

The food was just as scrumptious as before. He hadn't even been here for three whole days and he already knew that when he had to go back to the States he was going to miss the food the most.

As he ate the hair that he had on his stomach disappeared as if he was a created character in a game and someone had deleted it. His stomach quickly hardened and solidified as if he had spent many months working on his core, but his abs didn't harden as a sign of any muscle that he gained. Instead, his stomach quickly became a smooth and flat core. So much so that no matter what he wore there wouldn't be any sign of his stomach pushing out.

When he was finished eating his dinner he went back up to his room and browsed the web for a little bit and wondered what he should do tomorrow. Maybe he could talk to Sean tomorrow and figure what he could do then, maybe even just chill with him to pass the time and have an easy day. After talking to his parents for a little while he decided that he would go to bed early. He changed into his night clothes and hopped into bed and quickly fell asleep.

Grey woke up the next morning just as refreshed as yesterday. Normally when he woke up in the morning he didn't feel like doing anything at first, but he felt so good that he wanted to grab life by the horns and ride it out into the sunset. He chuckled as he hopped out of bed. With how he was feeling lately and how good the food was it seemed more like he was staying at a spa rather than a new country.

He leaped into the shower and jumped a little when the water ran over his soft skin. He looked at his skin with a glaze in his eyes and marveled when he saw that the hair that was all over his arm was gone; there wasn't even a trace of it. He ran one of his hands over his arm and fell in love with how smooth his skin felt. He didn't feel any sign of the hair that was once on there, in fact, he didn't feel anything aside from his soft velvety skin.

As he showered he smiled as he continued to rub his flesh and hair. There was just something so alluring about the way his skin felt when something ran over it that made him want to keep doing it. The thought of his soft smooth skin reminded him of his hair. He reached up to his hair and it was even softer than it was yesterday, almost like it a newborn puppy's.

After rubbing his hand for a while he looked at his hand he blinked and the dreamy look in his eyes disappeared. He saw his hands and his eyes bulged when he noticed that they looked smaller. His fingers were slimmer and his nails cleaner. The calluses that were once all over his hand were gone and looked just as clean and unmarred as his skin.

He stared at his smaller hands in awe and studied the rest of his arms. Now that he wasn't enraptured by the wonderful sensations that had clouded his mind he could see that all of the hair that was there a few days ago was gone that they were thinner as well.

He looked down his body and saw that just like his arms; his legs had lost whatever hair was on them as well. He studied his legs and noticed that they didn't just to lose whatever hair was on them, but they also seemed...thicker as well. It was as if his thighs had gained some extra weight to them.

He turned off the water and stepped out to see himself in the mirror. He stared at his reflection in the mirror. He looked smaller as if he had a lost a couple of inches. His limbs were smaller as well. His arms before weren't bulky or too muscular before but now they looked like they had lost whatever muscle had been on them. His thoughts about his thighs were true when he saw them and the rest of his legs looked like they belong on a runner.

His short hair was longer now and reached down to the bottom of his chin. The dark muddy color that he was so used to seeing the mirror was now a dark red that looked like it could have been purple in certain light. His skin was fairer as well. He had thought it a trick of the light when he first saw it yesterday, but now he was absolutely certain that his skin had actually changed. He could see that his eyes seemed to have gained a bit of redness in the hazel color of his eyes. It was impossible for someone's skin or eyes to change so rapidly in just a day, but it was actually happening.

"How?" Grey wondered aloud as he grabbed his softer hair and played with it.

He knew he should be horrified by his changing body, but he just couldn't for some inexplicable reason. There was just something so enchanting and mesmerizing about his changed form that he couldn't bring himself to hate them. There was just something so tantalizing about how his limbs and face looked now, especially compared to how they were before. On some level, he knew that this transformation wasn't done. The part of him that knew wanted the changes to progress faster.

There was something familiar about his appearance. The color of his skin and the new tints of color in his hair and eyes that reminded him of someone that he knew, but he couldn't quite place his mind on whom.

As he stared at his reflection in he noticed that his chest actually seemed a little more pronounced. There was a bit of puffiness to his chest that certainly wasn't there yesterday and his nipples looked larger as well. He looked down and saw that his chest really had developed two lumps. In truth, the lumps were in fact breasts, and that said breasts were a small B-cup.

It was certainly weird and freaky, but still, he couldn't deny that despite how worrisome it should be he absolutely loved the way that his new skin and hair felt. He knew without a shadow of a doubt that many women would be jealous of just how flawless his skin was.

His stomach growled, reminding him that he still hasn't eaten anything yet. He quickly threw on a fresh set of clothes that didn't look too ridiculous on him and made his way to the dining room. He was sat

down at an empty table, the waitress seemingly ignorant of his changes, and ordered his food. A plate of biscuits and gravy with hash browns on the side.

He heard someone was coming his way and placed his phone away. He looked up and instead of the waitress he was surprised to see that Sean had come out with his food.

“Had a good night’s sleep, Grey?” Sean asked as he placed his food down.

“Yeah I slept great,” Grey answered, smiling. “So is there something that you want to talk about?”

“I just thought I would ask and see if you want to go out and see the town?” Sean asked. “I know you saw it yesterday, but how about having a local show you around this time.”

“Sure,” Grey answered instantly. It would be nice to hang out and really get to know him. “But don’t you have to stay and man the front desk.”

“It’s cool, I can have someone else man it for now and the lunch hour can be handled by someone else. Let me just get my jacket and then we can go when you’re done eating.”

Sean left the table leaving Grey alone to dig into his meal. As he was eating his food his face went a little numb as the bones in his face shifted. His cheekbones started to rise higher. His nose shrunk in size and became a small cute sharp nose. His lips plumped a little in size becoming small kissable mounds. If one were to look at him now they wouldn’t immediately think that he was a boy at first glance. The more Grey ate the more his face changed. The ambiguity about his gender continued to steadily change from a man’s and lean further towards a woman’s.

Right when he was finished eating, Sean returned, wearing a corduroy jacket and they left the inn. As they walked to the town they talked about simple things like their family. Apparently, Sean was an only child and had inherited the inn a few years ago after his parents had died in an accident.

When they arrived at the town they made their way to the market district and he began telling him a little bit of their history. Apparently, most of the small businesses were actually family owned from generations ago. None of them were in their respective families as long as his inn was, but most of them were founded during his father’s, or grandfather’s time.

It was interesting to hear that there were so many family-owned businesses here. Back in the US most of them wouldn’t have survived this long to his knowledge. Only goes to show just how different things were here.

As they were passing by several residents greeted Sean and he returned them. Grey was a little amazed at just how many people seemed to know Sean, but then remembered that in towns like this everybody must have known everyone.

“You want a drink?” Sean asked.

“Sure,” Grey answered.

They walked a little down the road and stepped inside a nearby pub named the Shepherd's Den. Grey looked around. He saw an older woman behind the bar with racks of bottles of alcohol and large kegs of what had to be beer. There were plenty of wooden chairs lying about and a single TV over the bar. In the corner was a large jukebox playing a song in Irish. Just like the inn, it was simple but homey. The two sat down at the bar.

"You drink alcohol?" Sean asked.

"Never had any before," Grey admitted. Back in the states, he was too young to actually drink alcohol. He was only a year away and had forgotten that Ireland had a younger drinking age.

"Well then you up for a glass then?" Sean asked. "Give you something easy to drink and if you don't like it then you know that wine and most likely beer isn't your thing."

Grey looked at him curiously, wondering if he really should. His mom and dad had told him fiercely to never drink alcohol. It wasn't as if Sean was trying to get him drunk, and he was paying. One glass of alcohol couldn't hurt.

"Sure," Grey said.

Sean paid for a glass of wine and the bartender gave him a glass of wine. He handed it to Grey.

Grey stared at his drink for a moment and then took a cautious sip of his drink and was surprised by the slight burn, but good cherry flavor. It wasn't bad, but he didn't see himself drinking it again. They stayed at the inn for a few hours simply talking and passing the time. The connection that Grey felt for his new friend grew even more and he vowed to stay in contact with him when he had to go back home.

"So you ready to head back to the inn?" Sean asked.

"Sure," Grey answered.

They left the pub and went right back to the inn. By the time they got back to the hotel, they heard the sound of people eating in the dining section.

Grey looked at Sean, disappointed. He had forgotten that Sean wasn't just the owner, but also the one who had been cooking his meals here. Because he had been with him today that meant that he wouldn't be cooking for everyone today. He held back a sigh and hoped that whoever was cooking was even half as skilled as Sean was.

"You want me to cook?" Sean asked.

Grey blushed in embarrassment and looked at Sean. His friend had a soft serene, knowing smile on his face that conveyed that he knew everything that he was thinking.

"I-if it isn't too much trouble," Grey replied nervously as he played with his hands.

“No it wouldn’t,” Sean chuckled as he rolled up his sleeves. “I’ll make our food and we can sit down and talk some more when I’m one. You just find a place nice to sit for now and kill whatever boredom you have until then. You up for having some true Irish cuisine?”

“That would be great,” Grey answered with a happy smile, glad that he would be able to have more of Sean’s amazing cooking. Besides he had been meaning to have some true Irish dishes. If Sean made it then he knew that no matter what it was he would love it.

Grey sat down in an empty booth nearby and sighed. He had only been in Ireland for two days, but he was having an amazing time. The thing that surprised him the most was the friendship that had formed between him and Sean. He hadn’t even known the guy for three days and already he could say with absolute confidence that he was one of the people that he trusted the most in the entire world right now. The charisma that Sean had was immense. He made him and no doubt everyone else around him feel right at ease with just his presence alone.

One of the bunny girl’s came by and placed a glass of water and a plate of what looked like a loaf of wheat bread down.

“Uh I didn’t order this,” Grey quickly said before she could walk away.

“Oh that was sent by Sean, said that you might like it as an appetizer to hold you over until he’s done with the food,” she answered and went back to work.

Grey stared at the bread unsurely. He didn’t want to eat until Sean arrived, but he had made it for them. His stomach grumbled, reminding him that he hadn’t had any real food to eat earlier. He cut himself a piece and took a bite. He blinked in surprise when an unexpected flavor collided with his tongue. The taste was surprisingly sweet with a strange but nice mix of honey, sugar and dried fruits. As he nibbled on the piece of bread the redness that was in his eyes began to spread throughout the rest of the iris. When he was finished eating his piece of bread his hazel eyes had been completely replaced by two red piercing orbs.

He licked his lips. It wasn’t what he was expecting at all, but it was certainly delicious. The taste of the food gave him a little more confidence in it and he took another slice. The sugary flavor of the food was stronger in this one but wasn’t unwelcome. When he was finished having a second slice he had to restrain himself from getting a third. He didn’t want to load up on bread before his food had even arrived.

“Alright hope you saved some room because I have the main course right here!” Sean laughed as he placed a plate in front of Grey.

Grey looked down at his plate in eager glee, wondering what delicious meal Sean had made for him. To his surprise, he saw what looked like a mix between a hash brown and pancake with salmon on the side and a few strips of bacon. He looked at Sean’s platter and saw that he had the same thing.

“Thanks,” Grey said eagerly and began to quickly eat his food, while Sean steadily ate his own plate.

While Grey was eating the dish he was completely unaware that his ass was starting to gain some extra cushion as he continued to munch on his food. There was a low popping sound as his hips started to get wider. He started to rise a little higher in his seat, something that Sean noticed but didn't say anything. It wasn't just his butt that had gained some extra mass, but also the puffy lumps on his chest were growing at an accelerated rate. They quickly gained more mass as he ate his food, and when he was finished eating his breasts had grown into a hearty C-cup.

"Thanks for making this man," Grey answered. A burp escaped his lips and he blushed as he brought his hand to his mouth. "Sorry."

"Not a problem," Sean chuckled. "Just goes to show just how much you loved it."

They rambled on from one subject to the next, almost with no real rhyme or reason. They jumped from one tangent to the next with absolutely no care. Grey felt so relaxed in Sean's presence, so much so that he felt as if he was the best friend that he never knew till now. He felt as if he could tell him his darkest secrets and he wouldn't be judged for it. Now he couldn't imagine his life without him and wondered how he had made it this far without him.

Soon Grey felt a wave of tiredness come over him. He let out a loud yawn.

"Getting tired?" Sean asked.

"Yeah, guess all the stuff that we did is finally coming around to hit me."

"If you feel like going to bed I ain't going to force you to stay up," Sean said. "We can talk more tomorrow."

"Sounds great Sean," Grey answered. He stepped out of his seat and made his way back to his room, completely unaware that Sean was watching him.

"Damn he's turning out great," Sean muttered quietly. His eyes were locked on to Grey's immense rump.

He could only watch in desire as he watched the transforming boy's butt bounce up and down and move in tune with Grey's broad swaying hips. If that ass was anything to go by then when Grey was done changing then he would be an absolute knockout of a woman.

Grey already had a set of plump tits on his chest that blew some of the girls that worked here out of the water. He could only imagine what that boy's rack would be like when it was done changing.

Grey almost hummed happily as he went back to his room. He had his first true taste of Irish food, and it was just as delicious if not more so than he had thought. Tomorrow he decided that he would try out more Irish dishes.

As he was making his way back to his room, he noticed a growing weight on his chest. He looked down and saw that he now had two large mounds on his chest. He quickly walked back into his room and

threw off his shirt to see his naked chest. The growths were right where the puffy lumps that he had discovered this morning were. He stared at the lumps on his chest in wonder. The puffy lumps that he had found were now much larger now than it was earlier today. In fact, his chest has swelled dramatically since then and had to be at least twice, if not three times as big as it was.

He went into the bathroom and jumped in surprise at his reflection when he saw a beautiful woman's face staring at him. After he regained his wits he took in the rest of his body. His slimmer waist, flat stomach, hairless skin, and wide hips were amazing all parts of a body that would make a perfect hourglass figure. It all pointed him to one simple conclusion.

"Am I turning into a...girl?" Grey said. It was so out there, so unbelievable to him and yet it seemed to make the most sense to him. It would explain the longer hair, the way his face was suddenly changing, and his changed figure. The thought of his figure reminded him of the gobs of flesh that were on his chest.

"Are these breasts?" He muttered staring at the ample mounds. He reached up and hesitantly grabbed them. A wave of pleasure came over him that made him moan loudly and legs lock up.

"Yup...definitely....breasts," Grey moaned loudly as he continued to play with his large breasts. The thought of his new attachments made him realize something important. He moved his hands away and looked down between his legs and saw that his penis and balls were smaller, maybe around half of their original size. He stared in amazement at his shrunken balls and the smaller penis that was between his two thick meaty thighs. He should have been screaming to the heavens in fear, begging God to help him, but he didn't.

He felt nothing at the thought of losing his old equipment. In fact, he wanted it gone. His new body was turning into something great, something amazing. The feelings that it gave him, the way everything felt to his skin when he played with his new attachments were pure euphoria to him. It made him wonder what having sex would be like.

He shook his head and studied his appearance and the feeling that he knew who he was turning into grew, but still the answer evaded him. It was as if whenever he got close to the answer it would move just out of reach. He sighed in resignation. He would know soon enough who he looked like.

He had changed some more in his sleep and he had little reason to think that he wouldn't change even more tonight. In fact, he might even finish changing while he did. The thought of the transformation finishing made him stop whatever groping or feeling he had in mind. He quickly changed into a set of comfortable pajamas and crawled into bed and slumbered away with a content smile, hopeful that tomorrow his transformation would be complete.

When Grey woke up the next morning the first thing he did was reach down between his legs to see if the changes were done. He needed to know for sure. He kept expecting his hand to come into contact with a small pathetic penis and balls, but instead, he felt the folds of a new vagina, confirming that they were. Pleasure coursed through his body that told him the last vestige of his old gender was gone and a

fresh new vagina was in its place. She felt around the folds, her fingers lightly grazing the opening and tickling the edges of her new genitalia that were so close to actually entering that it caused sparks of arousal to form. It made her want to see what its like to actually slip one of her digits inside, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Grey went over to the mirror and studied her reflection. She was absolutely perfect. Her face was free of any sign of blemishes, moles, or even freckles as if her face had been carved by the finest materials. She laughed happily as she realized that her face was a perfect one for one of what Scathach from Fate would look like if she was a real person. She laughed at her own stupidity. How could she not realize that she was turning into the woman that he loved the most in Fate.

She looked down at her bust and grinned. Her boobs seemed to have doubled in size while she slept last night. She had never seen breasts this big and the way they pulled her body down felt so right to her. The large milky cleavage of her bust was so enticing and looked absolutely massive from her angle, especially since she couldn't see past them. There was a part of her mind that somehow knew that her new bust line was a massive E-cup.

Grey stared at her new bosom happily. She giggled as she reached up and started to play with her melons. She moaned and her legs quivered as she played with her pale mountains, adoring the way that they made her feel. They felt like large soft pillows or marshmallows. She reached a little over to her nipples and started to tease and pull on them and the pleasure that she felt skyrocketed.

If this is what it felt like to play with breasts then she could only imagine what it would have felt like to finger herself. The pleasure that she felt from that must have been something else. For a moment she considered actually doing so but decided against it. If she did, then she had little doubt that she would have stayed in here for the rest of the day.

She forced herself to stop playing and teasing her lovely tits and forced herself to get dressed. She looked for any clothes that would be able to fit the new her, or at least wouldn't look totally ridiculous on her. She found an old shirt that she had for a while now that didn't annoy her breasts and didn't look like it was close to falling off. After looking through her pants she found a pair of skinny jeans that she had brought, but even so, she needed to use a belt to keep them up on her long legs. She wouldn't know what she would have done if she didn't have its belt.

Grey took a moment to look herself in the mirror. She frowned in displeasure. She would have liked to wear something that showed off her body a little more, or at the very least fit her body, but this was all that she had. Then again it wasn't as if she had planned to turn into a girl while she was over here so beggars can't be choosers.

She put on her socks and shoes and immediately had doubts about them actually staying on. Her shoes had gotten looser as the transformation had progressed and yesterday they were barely staying on at all. She stood up and almost as soon as she took a step forward one of her shoes had fallen off. She took off her socks and then slipped on a pair of sandals that she had brought in case she went to a pool

or the beach. She took a few troublesome steps and was pleased that they stayed on. They might have felt like an oversized pair of clown shoes, but it was better than going barefoot.

As she walked to the elevator she immediately noticed the way her nipples would rub against her shirt.

“Guess this is another one of the reasons why girls wear a bra,” Grey muttered. She couldn’t help but look down at her breasts once again and blushed when she noticed that her nipples were standing proudly through her shirt. She really would need to get a bra or something down the line. The way her nipples were standing right now made her want to play with her tits some more. She forced the desire down and crossed her arms over large mammaries as the elevator opened and cautiously stepped outside.

She saw Sean behind the counter typing away at his computer. He looked up from his computer and smiled at the sight of her.

“Morning Grey,” Sean said casually as if he had always looked like a buxom girl.

“You caused this?” Grey said in surprise. She knew that on some level she should have been angry, furious even, but she just couldn’t bring herself to be angry. Instead, she was grateful, happy even. Her new body made her feel so good. She loved the way her boobs and butt bounced and the way her hips swayed.

“Yeah, why don’t we talk in the dining room and talk there. Beats standing here,” Sean answered as he moved from behind the counter.

“Alright,” Grey nodded. It was obvious that he knew what was going and that she would get the answers she wanted from him.

When the two entered the dining room the first thing that she noticed was that despite it being open and a point where it should have been filled with guests eating their food, but no one was here. They walked into the back of the room and Sean sat down in a booth right by the corner.

Grey sat down across from him, her big booty providing some extra comfort. She couldn’t help smile, all of the new, yet familiar sensations that her body gave her made her feel so wonderful. She wanted to stand up and grope her bubble butt to kingdom come just like her breasts earlier but restrained herself. She would do that later when she was alone.

“So this is your ideal woman,” Sean remarked as he looked the transformed Grey over. “Got to say the hair and eyes are a little weird, but that doesn’t change how beautiful you are.”

“That’s because she’s from a game. Her name’s Scathach,” Grey informed.

“Just like Cú Chulainn’s teacher from the legends. Sounds like a wonderful name for the new you don’t you agree?”

“Yes it sounds perfect, especially since I look just like her,” Grey, or rather Scathach giggled. “So how did you cause me to transform? Was it magic? Drugs or something else?”

“To tell you how I did it I’ll first need to give you a bit of a history lesson. You see generations ago this inn was close to shutting down. Nobody came to it and it was getting harder to make ends meet, especially due to thugs that came to the inn to collect their ‘protection money’. One day my multiple greats’ grandfather, the owner at the time found a woman on the side of the road wounded. He rushed her back here and took care of her. When she finally recovered she wanted to pay him for all that he had done for her, but he refused and said that she could stay here as long as she needed to recover. When she was she revealed that she was actually a fairy and that her pride demanded that she pay him back for saving her life, so she taught him the art of alchemy so that it would save the inn. She had told him to place it in the food of those thugs and one by one they had all transformed into his new employees. People came for the beautiful girls that worked here and the inn was saved. Ever since then, the lessons that she had taught him have been passed down from one generation to the next,” Sean explained.

Scathach stared at him in awe of the story. If she wasn’t a woman now then she wouldn’t have believed the story at all. It made her wonder what other legends and creatures were real. Following that logic, if fairies were real then what about the gods and goddesses of Ireland and the other mythologies?

“I know it’s a lot to take in when you first hear about it. I was the same way when I did as well,” Sean said somberly. “Thankfully I haven’t had a run in with anything from that side of the world. I would probably shit myself if I did.”

Scathach couldn’t help but nod in agreement. She wasn’t an expert on mythology, especially Irish mythology, but if any of the stories that he did know were true then she didn’t want to run into anything from that side of the world either.

She brushed those thoughts aside. It was no use worrying about the possibility of actually running about the possibility. She smirked inwardly and decided to have a little fun with him. She giggled and said, “So I take it then that you’re cooking abilities aren’t as great as I thought then?”

“Oi the spice that I added was tasteless! My cooking abilities are just as great as you thought!” Sean answered, actually looking offended.

“So you say, but can I really take your word for it?” Scathach teased. “Besides the right topping can make all the difference from what I’ve been told.”

“You’ll see. I’ll make your next meal and it will be just as good. I’ll even let you watch me make it so you can’t call me out for it,” Sean grumbled and crossed his arms.

Scathach smiled at how serious he took his cooking and chalked it up as another to admire about him and tease him about it. Any worries that she should have had since she was practically stranded in this new country in a new form that was unrecognizable to her old life wasn’t there. She knew that Sean

would help her out with her new life. After all, why would he change her into this beauty if he had no intention to?

“I would like to work here,” Scathach answered. She wondered what she would look like dressed in a variety of women's clothes, dresses, casual clothes, and swimsuits. Her mind drifted to the bunny suits that she had seen the waitresses wear and wondered what it would be like to have one of those hugging her curvaceous frame. “Any chance I could be a waitress?”

“You want to see what you look like as a bunny girl don't you?” Sean asked, humming in approval, causing Scathach to blush in embarrassment. “Sure you can be a waitress. We have several spare uniforms that you could wear in the back room past the kitchen. Just pick one that appeals to you and then we can put you to work.”

“Great,” Scathach said. She stepped in the backroom and saw on a hanger several bunny suits of varying colors with matching colored bags next to them. As she was looking through them a dark-blue bunny suit with seamless fishnet tights caught her eye. She grabbed it and the bag next to it. She opened the bundle and inside that had a set of bunny ears, cuffs, a bowtie, and a set of heels that matched the leotard.

She grabbed the tights and pulled them up over her perfect legs and loved the way they clung to her plush thighs. She slipped on the leotard and grinned as she felt it dig into her perfect butt. She slipped on the matching heels and at first, they were a little larger, but then shrunk until perfectly fit her feet. She shrugged and racked it up to magic and continued to get dressed. She clipped the cuffs over her wrists and the bowtie over her throat. She placed the bunny ears on her head. She grabbed the garter belt and started to bring it up over her thigh when she was about to bring it closer it slipped out of her hands, making the belt slap her thick thigh. She let out a surprise squeal and jumped in pleasure.

When she was finished dressing she looked at her reflection in the mirror and couldn't help admire her body in the outfit. She turned around and wiggled her hips, making her butt and the little white cottontail that rested above her derriere sway back and forth. She stepped outside and saw Sean smile at the sight of her.

“What do you think?” Scathach asked, as she thrust out her bust and cocked her hip. She placed her one hand on the back of her head and the other on her hip.



Sean stared at her curvaceous body, taking in every detail. He knew it would work wonders on the former boy, but her body went beyond any of his expectations. Large breasts, wide hips, and an ass that looked like it could have been used for a pillow. The red eyes and dark red hair that bordered on purple were surprising, but that only added to her looks and many others would say the same he bet. Especially with the outfit that she had picked out for herself that showed everything off and yet keep what most would want to see hidden.

He had little doubt that she would be one of, if not, the most popular employee soon.

“You look perfect, absolutely perfect,” Sean answered and smacked her large buttocks, adoring the feel of her plump ass against his hand. He sucked in his lips and had to restrain himself from giving in to his desire to molest her body. He wanted to know what her tits felt like and continue to smack and play with her ass as if she was his newest toy, but held himself back. He didn’t want to find out how much abuse the spell could take and make her quit.

“Oh thanks, Sean,” Scathach giggled. She knew that she was sexy. Her body worthy of that of a model’s, if not a goddess’s, but that didn’t mean that she didn’t want to hear just good it was and for someone to confirm it with a quick feel from time to time, especially if it was Sean getting a feel. “So what else do you like aside from my wonderful ass?”

Sean smiled. He would be getting a feel of that body from time to time. "Well aside from your ass, I also love your breasts. I have never seen a set as perfect as yours, and your hips are amazing."

Every compliment that he gave her made her so happy and more content with her new form. She didn't want to change back into her old body. The sensations that this one gave her were so intoxicating. Why would she want her old boring body when she could stay in this voluptuous beautiful form?

Sean cleared his throat and said, "Well we better get to work Scathach. We got plenty of customers that need to have their orders fulfilled, and I have no doubt that they would love them to be filled by a wonderful woman such as you."

"Don't I know it," Scathach said and picked up a tray and went into the dining room. She went over to the customers, a group of young men that were around her age. She grabbed the menus she would need and led them over to an empty table, feeling their eyes bore into her wonderful ass. When they arrived they stepped inside the booth and she said with a shining smile. "Hello, what can I get you to drink?"