

# FEELING (VERY) BLUE

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Maybe I’ve taken too long of a break...?”**

It was only natural, in the end. Hobbies and interests sometimes came and went, and there wasn’t really much that could be done about it. Humans only had limited time and resources, after all. You could have all of the interests in the world, but it didn’t really matter if you didn’t have the time to put into them. As you got older, that became a cold, hard fact that couldn’t be ignored. You would likely have a full time job, or you might be growing a family. Sometimes you might just be so *tired* that you never want to do certain things.

Well, perhaps my problem wasn’t quite *that* deep. I did have some free time to put into my hobbies. The issue was that I didn’t have enough time for the sheer *number* of them. Interests of a certain type, specifically. **“I have too many gacha games to play! How am I supposed to login daily and keep up with all the events when there’s so many of them!?”** If my hair hadn’t been so short, then I might have considered pulling it out!

But yes. My issue was very much one made of my own two hands. Every time a new gacha game came out I felt compelled to try it, and if I had good rolls? Then I always tried to stick with it the best that I could. Even though I knew that this was *exactly* how they got you under normal circumstances. Either you had poor luck and were tempted to spend money early, or you had good luck and were tempted into continuing to play in the long term.

Which wasn’t *too* bad if you were only interested in a few of them. But me? Five? Eight? How many had I put time in recently? There could

have possibly been more than that. Which had made it a little hard to focus on the game that had actually *started* my gacha game downwards spiral: *Fate / Grand Order*. I had been the owner of a Japanese account for about five years, and for most of that time had been able to stay on top of that content.

That hadn't really been the case in the past year or so, however. The pool of games I was playing was becoming increasingly bigger, and I wasn't able to give *Fate / Grand Order* the attention that it deserved. It had more or less been that way ever since entering the Ordeal Call arc. I had managed to finish the first one a few months after it had been released, but I hadn't gotten anywhere close to finishing the second one.

**“Ordeal Call I, huh? That was a pretty interesting story. I really *should* catch up.”** Being an English speaking Japanese server player, I naturally had to rely on fan translations for the time being. Even so, that was more than enough for me, even if I sometimes had to wait to get the full story. **“I just wish I had more time to experience the story! Maybe if I had like, ten arms and ten phones?”**

It was a joke, clearly. Could you even pay attention to that many phones at once? Well, I suppose it didn't really matter in the end, since it wasn't really possible in the long run. It wasn't like a guy could just *grow extra arms!* But it did remind me of a certain character come to think of it. One related to the first Ordeal Call of all thing.

### *KALI, RIGHT?*

**“YAH!?”** The sound of a disembodied voice made me jump. In fact, it made me jump a little *too* hard. I ended up throwing my phone into the air. **“Hisa, could you *not* read my mind!? Or give me some kind of warning before speaking up?”** The nekomata that plagued my life had a bad habit of chiming in without warning, often without physically revealing herself first. Add in the ability to read my thoughts, transform others, and just otherwise bend reality? She could definitely be a handful.

Before the disembodied voice could even reply, however? I had an epiphany about something that really should have clicked sooner. I had tossed my phone into the air in shock, but... I didn't catch it after? It also didn't seem to be on the floor of my bedroom. **“What the— OW!?”** I had looked up at the ceiling, not expecting to see it there but checking, nonetheless. Only for it to land on my face and bounce off.

Once. Twice. Thrice... No, it had hit my face *ten times!*?

That couldn't have been the case, right? "**Huh?**" I managed to look at the floor once the onslaught to my face had finally come to an end, and that didn't really alleviate me of any confusion. There were *ten identical phones* scattered on my bedroom floor. All copies of *my* phone. "**You know, I was joking about the ten phones thing, right? You didn't need to do this.**" Hisa beamed her giggling directly into my head for a moment, but in the end? She didn't really say much else. This was likely part of a greater plan on her part, and knowing her? She wouldn't make herself known until whatever was happening *had* happened.

Whether or not she *needed* to do anything, of course I already knew that she was going to do it anyways. I could already *feel* it taking root within me. Her 'magic'? That was certainly one was of putting it, but she always argued that it was something much more powerful than that. Nonetheless, in that moment I was already playing the victim to its effects. "**Oh, great. Making me thinner first, right?**" There weren't a lot of patterns to what Hisa did, but there *was* one. A single one.

She often started with my weight. Probably because there were very few forms that ended with me retaining my obesity in any way, shape, or form. This didn't really seem to be different in any capacity, as I could *immediately* feel the effects of all of the excess weight 'dripping off' of my form. It wasn't actually 'dripping' away, of course, but that was the best way I could describe it. *Drip, drip, drip*. With each proverbial drop, half an inch was shed from my waistline. It slipped off my chest, or my chubby arms and thighs.

I didn't even make much of an effort to catch my pants and boxers as they slid from my hips. It might as well have been going through the motions at this point. But it was more like I trusted the 'process'. With all of that weight lost, my shirt now hung down far enough that it functioned as a proper dress to cover my genitalia. "**Yup...**" It was probably worse than I even realized, too. I wasn't *incorrect* to think that, even if I didn't explore it. But my waistline *had* pinched in a couple of inches to give my silhouette a much more effeminate shape.

"**Hisa! You aren't actually turning me into *Kali*, right? That'd be pretty *damn* inconvenient!**" It hadn't been my intention at *all* to sound aggressive, but things had ended up that way, nonetheless. So, it was already affecting *mine* personality? She was doing things in a more roundabout manner than normal, this time. "**Woah!?**" A realization that hit me *doubly* as I lost my balance all of a sudden. In an instinctive move I had thrown out a hand to catch my desk, the cause of things easy enough to notice.

I was a man who stood at nearly *six feet* tall, but it was fairly typical for *that annoying feline* to take that away from me. It was as if I had prophesized it, because a shirt that reached just past my crotch after my weight loss ended up dipping down past my knees. My height had taken a sharp, *ten inch* loss until I was only around *5'1"* or so. Was Kali that short? Well, considering the woman she was based upon, perhaps that didn't seem all that farfetched.

Right. *Woman*. Kali was a woman, and my body had no choice but to reckon with that reality. "*Tch!?*" The sensation wasn't necessarily an *unpleasant* one, but I tch-ed like it was the most annoying thing in the world as a natural response to it. The feeling of the bulge between my now hairless thighs flattening, pushing against my pelvis, and shrinking *into* me before a new slit developed vertically between my legs. I shuddered with another sound of annoyance. The process of developing a *womb* was always an uncomfortable one. Perhaps the most uncomfortable part of these transformations.

All of *mine* body's skin softened now that I had become the *superior sex*. But it certainly became far more supple in some areas than others. My thighs and ass were certainly both stellar demonstrations of this. It wasn't the same type of weight that I had previously lost. This weight was much more *complimentary*. It was much *firmer*. *Mine* skin was pulled tautly around thighs that engorged, the flesh that surrounded them turning pink, and then purple...

And then *blue*.

This bizarre change of skin color began around the parts of my body that swelled, and my thighs *tripled* in size before they were entirely blue. But this color soon bled into the rest of my skin. Down my legs, for example, eventually washing over my feet and seeing blue toes shrink a little further until they were daintier. This all transpired while my ass *exploded* with mass, giving an enticing bounce by the time the last of its weight gave both cheeks a full, blueberry shape. "**All as I would expect, it seems.**" I spoke now in a womanly pitch, one that communicated an aggression that hadn't been so plain before.

I was getting more and more caught up in things. I was becoming *accustomed* to them, and as was often the case, I was beginning to *welcome* them. But something *was* different from normal. By the time the blue had traveled down my arms and seen my fingers shrink, the blue several shades darker by the time it reached my hands, it occurred to me that nothing had changed in my memories. "**Does that welp mean to allow me to retain myself?**"

My tongue was clicked with further attention, my gaze cast downward at my chest. I could feel it beginning to swell beneath *mine* shirt, but with blue washing over my facial features I could feel them *tingling* and shifting too. My ears somehow felt *narrower*. I was becoming an Indian deity, but my eyes took an Asian shape. *Japanese*, in fact, because Kali was yet another Servant that used the body of Sakura Matou as a host. Aside from the blue, most of these features came to resemble hers exactly. Full lips, a small nose, a leaner facial shape. I was a Japanese beauty painted in the colors of an Indian deity.

The pupils of my eyes ended up slit, almost like a snake, and the irises around them lightened to a much brighter blue than my skin. **“Mine bosom is coming along splendidly, at least.”** I just couldn’t help myself. Small, slender fingers traced the shapes of my nipples. Nipples that were not only *larger* beneath, but that were still growing. Mind you, their size was *hardly* as impressive as the tits I essentially grabbed at aggressively. They were *already* D-cups by this point, but through my kneading and shaking? As my breaths quivered, they swelled to big, blue *F-cups*.

I shook *mine* head. *Mine* short hair tussled about. I supposed that it made sense that it would change next, all things considered, for it was the only part of *mine* body to remain the same at that point. Locks poured out in waves, rolling over my shoulders and down to the center of *mine* back. Even the color of these dark strands paled, lightening to a silver that *wasn’t* replicated above my pussy. I was actually perfectly shaved to avoid anything *peeking out* over the sort of clothing I knew *mineself* to now wear.

**“The full extent of things hath yet to be seen.”** Or so I confidently *hissed*. Kali’s body was anything but *conventional*, and one of the aspects of this unconventionality forced a momentary migraine in the front of mine forehead. Both of mine eyes winced as a slit was etched vertically *in* that forehead. By the time I managed to open those eyes again? **“Tch. Three eyes, as expected.”** The goddess had an excess of eyes. Although she also had an excess of *other things* too.

In a process that must have appeared *bewildering*, the back of mine shirt suddenly pushed out behind me. In terms of *sensation*, it felt as if eight protrusions had pushed their way out of the sides of my back at once. Four tracing the sides of mine back on each side. But the impressions of many, many *fingers* pushing at the underside of mine shirt behind me could be seen. It surely resembled something out of a horror movie.

Even more so as eight additional arms eventually tore *through* the cloth and discarded its tatters, mine arms and hands counting at ten each.

Traditional, Indian weapons born of black and crimson shaped themselves, one per hand. And a menacing orb of pitch black hovered above my head.

But no new clothes formed. I was stark naked. And I felt *no* shame about it.

**“So... Thou have turned me into *Kali*, have thee?”** Honestly? I probably should have seen it coming *before* I was turned into the goddess of slaughter, *Kali*. That mischievous feline always *had* enjoyed taking advantage of what was on mine mind at the time, and the *ten arms* that carried weapons behind suited mine incorrigible desires. With a little bit of power, I found mineself able to dismiss those weapons and crouch down, carefully maneuvering mine many, many hand to raise them up. **“I suppose thou left me with mine identity, so I shall not complain too strongly.”**



Once I stood again, many fingers began their work, opening the phones while mine third eye flickered quickly between whatever screens it could see. I was left with mine old, inconsequential identity, but mine demeanor was just as different as my body had become. Mine manner of speech, archaic in nature, was suggestive of having come from an era long past. An era I *longed* for. To being reunited with mine— *Tch*. All *three* of mine eyes focused forward when the small nekomata

materialized in front of me with a grating grin, though. I quietly dropped one of mine phones behind me to free up a hand.

**“Well, you wanted to be able to play all of those games at once, right? So now you can – URK!?”** She was close enough to grab, so I grabbed her with that empty hand. Mine blue fingers wrapped around her throat and mine eyes began to glow as my power coursed through them and into the nuisance. **“Unhand me! What are you – SSSSS – doing!?”** The cat’s tongue flickered out like a forked snake’s tongue as she cried out.

But that wasn’t the only thing snake-like about her. Her eyes were dyed red around slit pupils, and white scales began to cover her body. Limbs shrunk until they were number, before withdrawing into a body that was long, slim, and reptilian. **“Thou forgot something of importance. Kali always has a snake. And who better?”** I smirked as the last of her unneeded humanity faded from her face and tiny horns jutted out from the top of her head. She was a long serpent now, perhaps about as long as I was tall.

With her humanity sapped away, the snake slithered out of mine grasp and across my arm to hang off of me. **“Now that certainly felt satisfying.”** I picked up the phone I had dropped again and began to tap away, just as my other hands were doing with different games on different phones. Content with this, I collapsed onto my bed with the snake in tow. Mine heaving, naked bosom certainly gave a hearty bounce from the sudden drop. At least I had plenty of hands to pleasure myself later.

**“Well, mine afternoon shall at least be a productive one.”**

With games, that was.

*This hobby is a nuisance.*