

K/PROMPT

MARCH 2020 REQUEST STORY

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A direct continuation of [K/NOCT](#).

“DUDES! I can’t believe I got *THE* Akali’s autograph!”

Prompto’s enthusiasm had ultimately gone unanswered by both Ignis and Gladio, whom had left him alone at the trailer they were staying in as they went looking for their missing Prince Noctis. The logic was that there was a chance Noct was just out and would come back to the trailer at some point, and Prompto himself had no problem hanging around considering the famous Akali of K/DA was staying in another trailer nearby.

It was strange though, he hadn’t heard about a tour out this far. With the city having fallen there really wasn’t much point in a relief concert. In fact it was probably far too dangerous for a group of girls like them, right? As much as he wanted to go seek them out and see if they were okay though, Noctis came first.

But that didn’t mean he couldn’t listen to some tunes in the meantime, right? Akali had given him a demo disc when she’d signed his camera, both sitting proudly on the windowsill of the room he was using in the live-in trailer. There was a CD player in the room and so he’d have no problem listening so long as he kept it low enough volume that if the prince came home, he’d at least hear.

So that’s what Prompto decided on. Popping open the player’s top and sticking the disk inside, he laid upon his bad with the evening sunlight filtering in past the window as the music began to stir up. The beat was pop. The sound was pop. The language was... actually, K/DA had never

gone on record to say which language they were speaking. Fans assumed it was just a made up vocabulary meant to move sales but if that were the case they were absolutely right.

He was on the verge of falling asleep as the disc played a second time and a third. There was no sign of Noctis coming home, so maybe he should just nap? He was so close to just falling asleep. So close. But things became unusually uncomfortable even upon the soft bed. It was a weird pressure just above his ass? Like something was beginning to dig into the comforter and mattress below him. Something extending from his own body.

It was uncomfortable enough to force him to spin over onto his chest, the sensation of the protrusion grinding against the cloth all the more apparent before it was freed into the air where he could peer over his shoulder to see. **“Uh... that’s a tail.”** Vocalized observation was barely audible over the sound of the music track continuing, but it definitely wasn’t an improper characterization of what he was looking at either.

The thing was just poking out from above his belt line at first, though as much as he recognized it as a tail it didn’t really look furry or anything. Quite the opposite. It looked crystalline, like it was just an ornament made of a dark purple gemstone. Except it was wriggling like it was alive, and growing in size with every passing moment. It whipped back and forth as if it was working outside of Prompto’s will, but was it really a tail biologically? Even though it looked like it was inanimate it still felt it was kind of warm, and...

“Got it!” Maybe he was a little too enthusiastic about it, but Prompto felt a sense of accomplishment as he got the hardened appendage to sit still. He could wiggle it a little just by thinking about it -- was it really a part of his body? **“Wait! What the hell, this is weird!”** Even weirder: a second lump soon began to form beside the base of his first tail. It wasn’t long before a second protruded fully and threatened to grow to the length of the first, another lump soon shaping up as well. **“Just how many tails am I going to have!? People don’t have tails!”**

Well there was one person. Ahri from K/DA. No one really knew where she came from or why she had all of those crystal tails, but-- **“Crap! Is that what’s happening!?”** Prompto had a terrible realization. It might have explained where Noctis had gone as well. It couldn’t just be a coincidence that he was gaining Ahri-like tails while listening to this music could it? And he’d found Akali listening to the same track. Was it possible... Akali had been Noctis? Then if that were true then was he...

Becoming Ahri?

The second he'd made the connection he'd pushed himself off the bed, careful not to roll over the two -- three now -- tails that danced behind him. They were a lot weightier than he'd expected and slowed his first couple of steps, but before long he'd managed to reach the CD player and... **BAM!** He threw it against the ground, the disc inside and the player itself splitting into a million pieces. He'd heard enough haunted CD stories to not take any chances. The photographer's line of thinking was that if he made it so he couldn't hear the song anymore then the changes would stop. He was right.

He'd just gone about solving the problem incorrectly. Despite everything that could have plausibly played the song being destroyed he could still hear it. It was ringing in his head, attempt to lull and seduce him into accepting its embrace. "**No!**" Diligent as he was he immediately reached his hands up to cover his ears. Didn't help though, because palms didn't clap over any ears. The sides of his head were... *vacant?* Instead there was a twitching up above. Up higher, on top of his head. Almost like... "**Gyah! Fox Ears!?**" Fingers that had reached up were pinching against a squishy surface that wriggled in their grasp. Just like Ahri... but the problem was the music! He tried to cover *those* ears next, but the music was still as clear as it had been when he'd been listening to it on the CD player.

It was embedded in his brain.

A fourth tail sprouted just above his ass and began to swish side to side with its brethren, and with this emergency came with a chilling numbness that ran across the entirety of the man's body. A numbness to contradict the pain that would have typically come with what was about to ensue. Like putty pieces of his body began to become misshapen with only one plausible reason: to finalize Prompto's shift into the pop idol he'd once adored for whatever reason it appeared to be happening.

He wasn't bulky by any means but Prompto wasn't weak looking either. His arms and legs were both strong and rippling with muscle mass, his torso equally built despite being obscured by his shirt and vest. But vibrations reverberating through his flesh saw muscles lax and soften, skin loosening and reforming around fatty limbs that almost suggested he hadn't been one to work out. They still had muscle, but it was muscle built for an artisan's craft like dancing as opposed to an overwhelming strength meant for fighting.

Purpose boiled up from within him, pushing past panic. If Noctis had changed and he was next, then he had to warn Gladio and Ignis about what was happening before it was too late. They'd gone to explore the rest of Hammerhead in search of Noctis right? So he had to leave. "**I need to find the others...**"

His body fumbled as he fell out of the bedroom and into the trailer's tiny hallway, a fifth tail throwing him off balance once more and forcing him to catch his weight on the wall with a hand. Head shook to retrain his focus after noticing that they didn't look quite right, that they were thinner, longer, and were decorated with long nails that were almost as sharp as claws, each detailed with a sparkling purple paint.

There was no point in getting distracted by the changes. A sixth tail posed no problem as dainty hands wrapped around the trailer door and pushed it open, but the weird weight distribution of his body saw him skipping down the stairs and into the dark. Had the sun already set? Clearly. The trailer was in the shadows, but Hammerhead station was still alight with both visibility and activity. Vulpine ears flickered rapidly around in response to all of the voices it was picking up, yet those voices did not drown out the music he couldn't help but hum occasionally in a sultry, feminine tone. Once he caught it Prompto would stop it, but it was getting harder and harder.

Each step towards the lit canvas that was Hammerhead's fueling and shop area was one riddled with discomfort. Prompto's body was still riddled with a faint numbness that made his movements difficult, but more than that his clothing had begun to constrict against him. It was initially more prevalent around his groin, pants tightening around his waist as a cool breeze began to tickle his thighs, but he didn't look. He couldn't get distracted. *He just couldn't.*

Though whether or not he got distracted didn't influence the rate of change. His thighs were cool because they were bare, the material of his pants having severed while the skin beneath had grown plumper and taken on an evident sheen that reflected the light he was approaching. The top portion of Prompto's pants were tightening around his waist, material thinning and very clearly becoming a pair of booty shorts that seemed somewhat unfulfilled in the primary stage, only to become compact in the latter as ass thickened and grew into them while hips popped outward, having him almost crumple to the floor since it happened mid-step. "**Ah~!**" He couldn't help but fall to one knee, though it was thankfully covered by the lower half of his pants which had tightened into form fitting thigh highs. When he eventually stood again it was upon a pair of golden heels.

The shock of the tumble masked the added shock of reshaped genitalia, a thong hugging pussy lips and pinching her firm cheeks behind her as the seventh tail erupted above her firm rump. Despite never walking in heels before Prompto had no difficulty doing so, and the sway of her ass when she walked with knees buckled in had a seductive allure to it.

She was almost at the gas station now so she should call for Gladio or Ignis now, right? Would they even recognize her? The downside to not looking at her transformation left her wondering how much she'd changed, but at the same time things that felt foreign at first very quickly transitioned into the familiar. Like how plump her lips felt for example; it had stood out as strange when she'd fallen, but as she smacked her lips now she couldn't even fathom why it'd seemed so strange.

“Akali! Hey! Where are you Akali!?” Her own voice was stunningly beautiful, but it was her words that left her mouth agape. She'd meant to call Gladio or Ignis, so why did she call Akali? Or was it Noctis? No... What kind of name was Noctis? Wasn't he a prince or something?

Hems of Prompto's vest, undershirt, and booty shorts all connected which made them a single garment, the two upper layers flattening into one another and becoming robbed of detail as it became a single, black latex piece. Her neckline lower and arms were left bare, but with her chest flat it wasn't like any attention could be drawn to the empty space. Though another lurch forward forced the changing woman to gulp.

Weight had sprung up upon her bosom in tandem with an eight tail wriggling behind her. It was fairly substantial when she'd never felt anything like it before, and she couldn't help but stare down at tits that quite evidently popped forward from her chest. With the low neckline she could peer into her own cleavage, but oddly enough it made her feel somewhat... confident? Prompto felt like they were a tool for her disposal, an appeal point that could be used in both performances and in enticing partners.

It finally erupted. The *ninth* and *final* tail. It's appearance was said to bring good fortune, but in Prompto's case it merely muddled the waters of his mind. Face had narrowed to put his thick lips in perspective, nose thin and sleek while his now-almond shaped eyes shone gold as eyeshadow drew attention to it. Her jumbled memories solidified as certainty cemented her own reality, and as it did whisker-like markings darkened across her cheeks.

And she stepped into the light a new woman.

A woman named Ahri.

“Why'd we even stop off in this backwater station? We have a big concert coming up, and I swear if Akali is off fucking someone...” Clearly Ahri wasn't amused by her circumstances. K/DA was a little too high class for a dump like this, but she had to keep smiling even as she wandered past the civvies and towards the big K/DA

trailer on the opposite side. Her nine tails sparkled behind her as they always did, and the moment she opened the door to the trailer her smile dissipated. **“I’m exhausted! I just want to have a little fun too! Actually... there were some pretty cute guys wandering around, and I suppose that woman working in the garage was pretty attractive...”**

Ahri only took two steps into the trailer before grabbing her white top and her jewelry. Akali wasn’t back, so maybe she had some time to *go on a little hunt?*