

URBAN LEGENDS

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Was writing hard? Difficult? Much like art each everyone's talents were their own. There exists no such thing as a person that cannot improve just as you can never truly fail. Well, maybe that's a bunch of poetic malarkey, but sometimes you need something fancy to set the stage, right?

Urban was an aspiring writer of the transformation fiction genre, where Axel at *least* knew his way *somewhat* around the craft. In a Discord discussion the former had approached the latter for tips, something Axel was hesitant to do not because he wanted to withhold information but because he didn't fancy himself a particularly good teacher. It was one part a patience issue and the other a self-inflicted belief that he lacked the qualifications.

At the very least, until he'd received a very encouraging direct message from Urban. "Don't worry, you'll be fine! When it comes to TF fiction you're a modern Murasaki Shikibu!" Of course what Urban hadn't realized in that moment, and what Axel certainly hadn't realized in that moment, was that this comment had set something in motion that could have been perceived as a blessing *or* a curse.

Especially when Axel jokingly replied with "Yeah, and I'm sure I'll make you the next Sei Shounagon." sarcastically.

"I think that's more than a little *too* generous of a comparison, but I need a snack first." Axel was planning on delivering an actual argument but had to eat first before giving his rebuttal. So he removed his hand from the mouse as he stood, yet a static shock was delivered as he did so. **"The hell!?"**

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the world Urban had received the very same electric shock. **“Huh? That’s weird.”** Although his reaction was far more subdued. He had been planning on typing his reply to Axel when the jolt had shot to his fingertips, leaving him mildly inconvenienced (*curses!*).

As he’d begun to type, however, there had been a very peculiar sound clickity clackiting as he typed. It wasn’t simply just the keys themselves for he was accustomed to hearing that particular noise, but instead it was something he could feel as well. Looking down, his fingernails were *definitely* longer. **“Uh…”** What noise was one expected to make when their bodies seemed different than they remembered, exactly?

He was quick to lift his hands up and in doing received a bird’s eye view of brightly colored nail polish making itself cozy against lengthened, extraordinarily well-manicured nails. The colors weren’t consistent though. One would be **bright blue**, the next **bright red**, and then the next **black** - before rotating in that order across both hands.

“Wait a minute... this *can’t* be happening!” Even though his voice had cracked on the ‘can’t’, it didn’t deter the initial rejection of reality. He’d wanted to write transformation fiction, not become a subject in it! Yet it was difficult to deny as he watched age itself peel off his fingers as they shrunk, skin rejuvenated with a subtle paling to their color. His many callouses waned, and as fingers wriggle while his palm collapsed he could only imagine his hands weren’t only better fit for a woman, but a *girl* younger than he actually was.

Youthfulness seemed to be a recurring theme throughout, for while the man had been marveling at his hands it had obscured his ability to understand what was happening elsewhere on his body. For example: his hair. No adult true to their age, man *or* woman, would permit the sheer clusterfuck of color that was bleeding into his typical dark do.

The **bright blue** and **bright red** that had found its way across his finger’s nails returned, and was seeping into a mane that showed a substantial amount of lengthening. Flowing hair knocked his signature baseball cap loose, but before it could be discarded to the ground behind him something of a mystical force took hold of it and re-wove the fibers that composted it into a pair of rope hair ties that bunched the flowing, curling hair into a pair of surprisingly parallel pigtails. It was surprising because the color of Urban’s hair was now a mix of the blue, red, and a more traditional black.

Lashes flickered as the young man blinked in rapid succession, his level of energy going from tired (*as the evening had been wearing on*) to instead jumping into hyperdrive. Urban was feeling a lot more *fidgety*, incredibly *giddy*, and irreparably *bouncy*. **“Gah! I’m feelin’ totes amped about this! I mean... what the hell am I saying? It almost sounds like...”** Considering the colors in his nails and the bubbly voice he’d spoken with at first (*in Japanese, mind you, before pushing himself back to English*) his mind could only wander to a very particular character.

Sei Shounagon. The historic writer Axel had jokingly compared him to, but also a Servant in Fate/Grand Order. Based on the fact he seemed to be talking like a JK girl or a Vtuber or something of the sort, it definitely seemed to be the latter variant of the woman. He should have been off-put by this realization, but maybe it was the fact that the TF had already rooted itself in his mind, or maybe it was a secret longing of his own to become a cute girl, but he just couldn’t seem to see this as a negative.

Even as his eyes took on a yellowish hue beneath long, girlish lashes, he couldn’t stifle an amused giggle that bubbled up from beneath young, plump lips. **“Nihahaha! If I’m getting even cuter to the max that isn’t a prob, right!?”** There was very little detail in his face now that suggested he was a man. Wide eyes that had earned a Japanese slant and a tiny nose had joined the discoloration of his irises and the plumpness of his lips, compared with a narrow jaw line and chubbier cheeks to really sell the idea that he was turning into a high school girl.

Panic was all but gone, and waif-ish fingers merely clacked against the keyboard as he began to spam Axel with a plethora of cutesy comments and emotes as he awaited his tutor’s return. Having given in so thoroughly, it allowed the remaining physical changes the privacy they needed to settle in. Such as a decline in height that could readily be observed by Urban himself, but at this point he was just embracing the change.

The change could certain be *felt* in the fit of his attire, for as his height plummeted his clothing designed for a young man of superior size would not properly sit. The dark red tee that he constantly wore quickly became tent-like against the frame of Urban’s torso, narrowed shoulders seeing the neck of the shirt fall to the right and expose much of his chest on the side.

While the fact that he was still sitting comfortably at his desk chair kept his blue jeans locked into place even as outstretched legs were forced to bend inward thanks to substantially less length to dangle over the seat’s edge. The inward crunching of his spine saw his gut narrow in height

too, but strangely enough any displaced fat from his previous height was shaved away to leave a tummy that looked fit enough, with a bellybutton far deeper than its *usual* decline.

Perhaps it was opportune that his shirt was hanging so low, because as long nails continued to click against the keyboard it became evident that the flesh beneath his nipples was earning something of a jiggle. Areola expanded as the nipple exposed to the chill of his room hardened, taking on the size of a small coin on either side as even more of a jiggle found its way into the flesh beneath. It was clear the growing bounciness was the result of, well, *growth*. Fat was flowing to his chest like the runoff from a gentle creek, slowly padding the flesh as a pair of half-orbs took shake in their place until there wasn't much more than a B-cup pair of breasts bouncing freely beneath the oversized shirt.

But the creek did not stop there, and the overflow came to pad his lower half as well. The butt that was rooted so firmly into the shape he'd embedded over months of sitting in the seat began to expand, cheeks rejuvenated in the same way the rest of his flesh had been while weight found itself growing their shapes rounder. At no point did they enjoy an excessive girth, but buns were perky and round as one should expect of a teenaged girl.

And while thighs pinched against his crotch with volume at just enough of an intensity to cause discomfort? *She* ended up earning the plumbing of a teenaged girl as well. *Completely* shaven up top of course, though perceiving as much was difficult since the man's pants and boxers she was wearing hadn't fallen due to slightly widened hips and her almost boyish sitting posture.

“Man~ what's takin' Kaoruko-chan so long to reply? I'm totes gettin' bored waitin'!” The girl threw her head back in the chair, pigtailed bouncing as she began to spin the swivel restlessly. She'd hardly noticed that the room she was in had changed, becoming a small Japanese apartment while her display name on Discord had changed to say '*Nagiko-chan!*' in Japanese with a bunch of emoticons after it. As she spun herself once more even her costume changed, fashion resembling a modern high school uniform fused with an elaborate kimono.

Sei Shounagan grumbled. What good was living in modern society if she couldn't have some fun!? She sprang from her chair and bolted to her front door, ready to just give up this Discord lesson. *Because why not just go bug Kaoruko in person?* **“Oh! Yanno~ Maybe I should bring some ice cream if I'm gonna like, barge in all BWAM! HIYA KAORUKO-CHAN!?”**

Axel hadn't dwelt too long on the issue of the received static shock as he'd gotten up to grab a soda and a bag of chips. Where he was it was already past midnight, and he wasn't planning on making the effort to cook a whole meal that late. But as he'd begun to return to his computer room, he suddenly tripped over what was seemingly *nothing*. "**Wah!?** **Oof!**" He was usually pretty clumsy, but not so clumsy as to trip without a reason for it. His unopened can of soda and bag of chips had gone flying, too. What a waste...

He'd landed on the carpet on his stomach, and pushing himself up he immediately checked his feet for any injury. Since it was late, Axel was in a pair of track pants and an oversized, gray shirt (*his usual comfort wear*) which meant his feet were bare. Not typically one to examine his feet in great detail, as he sat on the ground cross-legged with one foot in his hand, he couldn't help but wonder if this seemed... off.

The curve of his heel seemed too sharp? And his toes too small. Not to mention the toenails, which were far too long considering he could definitely recall trimming them just a few days prior. And yet as he held the foot in his hand, a very strange phenomenon began to affect them too.

Coloration of his fingers paled until they were almost a ghostly pale -- which was certainly saying something since his complexion was pale *enough* to begin with. But his fingers were always twitching and cracking, at times like they were suffering a spasm as their lengths began to stretch to a length that almost didn't make sense. They were left slender and bony, with soft palms and, turning his hands over he could see nails not only lengthening but darkening to **purple**.

"My, just what is happening here-- Er, what the hell's going on!?" His first vocal acknowledgement of the strange phenomenon came as he allowed his smaller foot to rest on the ground so that he might get a better look at his hands, and in doing so his verbiage had slipped into something more polite and proper. What's more, his Adam's apple had collapsed in the process to give him a gentler, feminine hum of a voice until he cleared his throat to try and *strain* something more masculine out. No notice was even paid to the fact that he was both thinking *and* talking in Japanese.

He sprung up to his feet and in doing so realized something felt... off. The weight distribution he was used to hadn't rippled in the manner he'd expected, prompting him to completely tear off his shirt since he lived alone. Fixated on the immediate, supposed weight problem, it had gone completely beyond his notice that when he pulled his shirt over his

head an entire waterfall of dark purple hair had spilled down his shoulders and back.

“E-EEP!?” A maiden’s shriek jumping from his lips wasn’t a great sign, but it was the immediate reaction to the sight he’d been granted as he looked down. Axel’s gut was typically fairly *abundant*, yet not only was his tummy completely bare of *any* excess fat, his waistline had considerably shrunk to the point that it almost looked like a Barbie doll’s by comparison. **“H-How did I not notice that? And why can I not stop speaking like this!?”** Perhaps it was the nature of the anxious personality being shoved upon him, but Axel wasn’t so easygoing as to just accept what was happening as is. He was clearly *transforming*, just like in his stories, but how was such a thing even possible!?

The waistline of his dark blue track pants did not wait for an answer however, and it was suddenly stretched to an uncomfortable limit while hips jumped *very* wide. Again, even for a woman his proportions weren’t making sense. Almost like his body had been designed... by an ero artist? **“O-Oh no.”** Urban had jokingly referred to him as Murasaki Shikibu, a Servant designed by the infamous RAITA in Fate/Grand Order. RAITA’s designs always had over-embellished sexual traits, and that would certainly fit his current circumstances.

Lengthened finger reached back past the long, winding hair to rub his bum, for he could feel it fattening against the back of his pants as well. There was nothing at all remotely subtle about that growth either, for while the track pants had been designed for a larger man, with his hips as wide as they were and with as much weight pouring into his buns as they were, even their larger design wasn’t enough to accommodate thick white cheeks, ass poking up and over the hem of the pants regardless.

“This cannot be happening... This cannot be happening... I’m not becoming Murasaki Shikibu...! I-I mean... Fujiwawa no Kaoruko! Wait... isn’t that my name? No... it isn’t!” *She* was having a hard time with it, for jumbled up in her own confusion more and more of her old self was shaved from both her mind and physical shape, like the cock and balls she hadn’t even noticed collapsing into her new pussy with dark, curly pubes above it.

She almost looked to be on the verge of tears, anxiety from it all far too much. Speaking of her eyes however, while they had once been blue they were now swirling with purple, thin brows above and dark, tired bags below giving off the impression of a woman that wasn’t lucky enough to often get much sleep. *‘Well if my upstairs neighbor would stop banging around late at night!’* were her only thoughts on *that* matter. Evidently there was no longer anything *Caucasian male* about her facial features

any longer, from more pronounced slants to her eyes to big, kissable lips and almost overly pronounced cheek bones -- she looked to be the epitome of Japanese beauty.

If said epitome involved bombastic physical proportions.

And speaking of, it was about time for the epic finale. With her mind leaning towards that of Murasaki Shikibu and her body leaning towards that of Murasaki Shikibu, there was a singular change left to seal the deal entirely. Thankfully Axel had removed her shirt earlier to make said change all the more visible.

It was the breasts, clearly, and RAITA had certainly made sure Murasaki Shikibu had a big pair that would *breast boobily* as she moved. And yet their emergence didn't really come as a huge surprise to Axel. "**A-Ah!?**" But they did, however, feel good as they grew. It wouldn't have been wrong to compare them to inflating balloons in this case as her flat chest immediately took flight, fat bubbling into mounds that served as humble beginnings before the growth went into absolute overdrive.

There was a profound *bounce* to her chest, as if they were made of elastic, as they were pumped full to sizes that transcended the shape of her own skull. Each pump found her body lurching forward, and she had no choice but to grope herself with her hands to keep them stable as her posture was irreversibly tilted forward with thanks to how heavy each tit was. By the time it had finished, her naked upper half was glistening with sweat born from that unwanted workout, erect nipples poking out from between her fingers.

Which made it the absolute *worst* time for Sei to burst through the front door of her small, Japanese apartment first thing in the morning (*much like with Sei, all of her surroundings had changed to fit the new reality she'd been dealt*). "**Oi! It's ya bestie Sei Shouna-- oh!?** **Ehehehe... Seems Kaoruko-chan was takin' so long to reply 'cause she was gettin' herself all hot 'n' bothered!**" But if that wasn't bad enough, Sei raised her smartphone and...

CLICK!

"C-CLICK!? **Y-You just took a photo, didn't you!?** **Nagikooooo! Delete it!**" Any recollections of *Murasaki*'s old identity of Axel seemed to be completely gone based with the ease she'd just turned herself into the brunt of Sei's joke.

But the Archer didn't heed this request and instead giggled to herself with delight. **“Why would I? Maybe I've totes got a MILF fetish, y'know!?”**

“I'M NOT A MIIIIILF!”

“Nihahaha! I know, I know! But have a 'lil more faith when I'm loling with ya, hm? You're real pretty, Kaoruko-chan! But anyways, you were gonna like show me somethin' on your tablet, weren'tcha?”

Murasaki merely sighed and sniffed pathetically. **“Fine, you wanted to see the new word processor, right?”**