

KAMA SUTRA

BIWEEKLY STORY 13

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The creak of my computer chair reminded me that I was right at home for another day of writing. Things weren't the greatest lately. But were they ever? Life was just kind of like that. Moments of acceptance and moments of rejection, there was no easy path through the thick of it all for those that weren't born into it. But maybe that's a little too personal? No one wants to hear about my life philosophies.

I rubbed at my eyes, the morning still new. I did all of my writing on my computer in the basement. It was private and quiet, the sound of my television buzzing in the background usually the only ambiance I could tolerate without pulling my attention from my work. The content? You know the drill. Transformation fiction. Already so many characters had been transformed under the control of my keyboard, but in the end it didn't really matter, did it? They weren't real people and there were no real consequences for my actions. Sometimes you did what you had to do so that you could pay the bills, and that was a big reason I even did it. I didn't think of any consequences ever being accrued.

Like what? One of the characters I transformed coming back to get me?

"DING DING! BB-CHAN HAS A GREAT REWARD FOR THE MAN PLAYING GOD WITH THE LIVES OF OTHER PEOPLE!" I couldn't stifle my surprise when a familiar voice played across my computer speakers. Maybe 'familiar' wasn't the right word? I was used to hearing it in Japanese, but she was speaking in fluent English plain as day. Man, dubbing companies had gotten good.

"Wait are you talking to me--"

"OF COURSE! WHO ELSE WOULD BB-CHAN BE REFERRING TO!?" My monitor flickered, its usual contents replaced with what looked like rudimentary webcam

footage... of an anime. Except I recognized the set, and the character before the camera. This was BB Channel? A bead of sweat rolled down my brow. Was this an elaborate prank? None of my Patrons could stage something like this, I'd think. It wasn't like they had my IP address. **"Anyways, now that I've got your attention? Some of us here in Chaldea think you've been getting a little too handsy with our bodies! You can't just turn us into whatever you want you know! You even turned the beautiful BB-chan into another one of those ugly Saberfaces! So I was thinking why not give you a taste of your own medicine."**

I... wasn't sure I followed. My subjects were never real people. Fiction wasn't reality. That was the understanding *most (I'd like to say all, but you know)* people had. To give me a taste of my own medicine considering the type of content I wrote was essentially--

"Yup! I'm going to turn you into someone else!"

Wait.

"Hmm... Who would be good? I guess you'd have to be pretty horny to write stuff like that..."

Waitwait. That wasn't even why I wrote it!

"Kiara-san? No, not even BB-chan is that cruel. But it's not like I can give you powers anyways so it wouldn't really matter if it was someone strong. OH! I know!"

Waitwaitwait. This wasn't possible, it just simply *wasn't*. For a fictional character like BB to be talking to me through the computer screen? Telling me she was going to transform me? Maybe I was dreaming. *Or maybe it was a delusion? I had been staying up late a lot recently.*

"1... 2... 3..." On the three, my screen suddenly flashed. No, it wasn't quite that simple. It was nuanced, but I felt something crawl through my heart and what I'd consider my soul at that very moment. It was no mere flash of light. But what a lazy TF trigger that would be. Okay, a lot of mine are that lazy. **"And there you go! From BB-chan to chaldeachange, *BYE BYE!*"**

"WAIT!", I called out to no avail, as the screen returned to its usual appearance. She came without warning and left just as promptly; which of course left me to stew about what had just occurred. I leaned back in my computer chair, letting free a soft exhale as one hand ran through my short, brown hair. **"Okay then."** A prank or a delusion. It had to be one or the other. It just *had* to be.

Yet as my fingers reached the back of my head, the unusual sensation of my nails digging into my scalp could be felt. This wasn't normal for one big reason: I kept my nails trimmed and, when I didn't, I had a bad habit of biting them thanks to my

anxiety. I whipped digits in front of me, between the light of the monitor and my blue eyes, so that I could confirm that it was the most likely scenario: that it was just a trick of my mind. It wasn't. It really wasn't. Already had my fingernails crept far past the peak of each digit, edges that were usually frayed from nibbling perfectly cut. But that wasn't all, and the general shape of each finger took me by surprise as well. Not only were they slimming before my very eyes, their usual stubby nature correcting into something more refined, but they grew just a tad longer as well.

Naturally I panicked. When it came to writing TF content I liked to start with the hands. It was kind of my go to? Thoughts in a tizzy from shock I immediately turned my attention to my keyboard, hoping to Google some sort of incident where this might have happened before... but I found it a little difficult. The reach of each finger was different so I kept hitting the wrong key, and the loud clacking of my nails against the plastic only served to remind me of what was happening.

I was shifting uncomfortably in place now, my innards beginning to feel as if they were aflame. It might have vaguely felt like indigestion but I was not-so-vaguely sure that wasn't the case considering my wrists had begun to narrow before my very eyes.

Grabbing glasses from my desk I ran to my bathroom, which wasn't too far of a hike from the living room my work station was in. I would have liked to say my reflection was as it normally was - a young man in his mid-20s, Caucasian, with short brown hair and blue eyes and a figure that was just a little pudgier than most even at his height of almost six feet - but whatever spell (*though I loathed to give credence to something like magic*) had been cast on me seemed to be reshaping that all at once.

"What is--" *Hold up.* My voice was different. Because *of course* it was. My tone was usually flat but firm, but pitch had heightened and it had cracked even as attention was drawn to my lips. Plump. *Plump...* Tongue danced out to taste them. They felt swollen and they *looked* swollen, but I was slowly coming to terms with the reality of my situation and I knew it wasn't merely an allergic reaction. My nose twitched next, and I let forth a sneeze that provoked additional facial change and knocked glasses to the floor. By the time my vision had cleared from the release and I was able to refocus on the man in the mirror, that very same nose had shrunk considerably. I could see my cheekbones soften and my complexion clear, but the most striking change was in the eyes.

As I'd said previous I was and always had been Caucasian. Born to two white, British parents there had never been *any* question of that. Until that moment at least. Wide eyes took on an almost shape, their baby blues sliding through purples and eventually arriving at a crimson that suggested I was wearing a pair of colored contact lenses. I wasn't, of course, and paired with my facial structure I was looking strikingly Japanese and increasingly feminine.

It hadn't even occurred to me that I'd lost my glasses during the earlier sneeze and yet was still seeing with 20/20 vision.

Even my hair wasn't spared from that curse, tips seemingly frosted a moment before they began to creep outward. It felt like bugs were crawling all over my head, and I couldn't help but grasp strands of a mixture of silver and violet as they ran past my ears. 「これは起こり得ない」 I went to voice my shock once more, but aside from the heightening pitch of my voice (*that was accompanied by the regression of my Adam's apple below*), the language that slid out was not English. It wasn't just what was spoken but my thoughts as well -- fluent Japanese. And hearing words spoken in that language with this voice I could place where I'd heard it. It sounded like the seiyuu that played Sakura Matou from Fate... *or some of her Sakurafaces*. Based on the coloring of hair that now tickled my narrower neck much to my agitation there were only two possibilities were that the case. The first was Dark Sakura from Fate / Stay Night, but the other was a Pseudo Servant from Grand Order which, considering BB's earlier implication that she wanted to turn me into someone horny, was likely the case. *Kama*.

The thought made me dejected -- or perhaps that was Kama's own personality beginning to seep into my mind. Things had become increasing groggy on that front to the point that even my panic had been subdued by an intent to properly process everything happening.

The length of my pale-purple hair had already fallen down my back, though most of it had pooled in the hood of the gray sweater I usually wore. Speaking of which, even with the zipper pulled all the way it had become apparent that my size had already changed. 「私は小さくなっている？」 Clearly I was shrinking. My shoulders had already collapsed inward, and while I couldn't see it the hair across my body had receded. There was only one way to see what was happening beneath my clothes however and that was to *remove* them. Perhaps with a little too much calm I unzipped the hoodie and took note of how my undershirt was hanging off of one shoulder beneath it. The other side was bare, soft and pale skin void of any of the freckles I'd had there since youth.

My heart rate increased as I lifted my shirt next, taking a moment to compose myself before I lifted white cloth atop my head and luscious locks buffeted my bare back behind me. I was immediately taken aback by my reflection, which was looking less like a chubby man and more like a lean, Japanese supermodel with each passing moment. Any flab I normally had around my waste had seceded to leave a trimmer line in its place, any hair I had across my tummy and chest long absent. I ran fingers down the side of my stomach, taking in their feminine arch even as goosebumps rose atop my skin in response to both the cold and the touch.

Nipples had risen too, and that concerned me more than anything. I knew it was from arousal but feared it was indicative of what was to come next considering my usual story style, and that fear turned out to be well founded. It almost felt like my chest was being massaged as the skin surrounding each nipple began to swell. An allergic reaction to a bug bite? If only it was something so treatable. Areola expanded to the size of a pair of coins almost immediately as my pectorals throbbed,

new mass being forcibly inserted as a pair of breasts began to form. It was arousing, I couldn't really deny that. I got hard in my jeans, and I carefully began to massage my own tits as they grew into an A-cup and then a B. It was really... weird. To write about it was one thing, and it wasn't like I'd never felt a pair of breasts before, but to have them be a physical part of your body? It was super bizarre. And knowing what I knew about this character there was still plenty of growing to do. It wasn't long before my hands couldn't even reach all the way around them, fingers and palms sinking into cups that far exceeded DDs and a weight that had been, at first, too much to keep upright.

I could only assume my muscles had readjusted. 「うわー、私の胸はとても大きい！」 I voiced my surprise at their size even as I fondled them. The tent that had formed in my jeans hadn't subsided, but seeing as it had gotten so tight down there I inevitably sent a hand down to unbutton and drop them, boxers and all.

In the mirror I looked so bizarre. My top half was that of a gorgeous, well endowed Japanese woman with wanting eyes and inviting lips, fondling herself to no end. The bottom? A man's legs and dick, but not for long.

I reached for my cock to see to its needs, now far too invested in the experience to leave it idle, but fingers slipped past its tip as a foreign rumbling stirred within. It focused beneath my stomach and almost felt like my innards were churning. Because my breasts were so huge looking down only netted me full view of creamy cleavage, and so red eyes dashed to the mirror once more to see cock and balls slipping inside of me, lips shaping as a moist chasm formed within. Presumably my sexual organs had shifted making me biologically female. That didn't stop me from slipping a finger in my moist pussy, but rather made it all the more enticing.

The sensitive of just a slight touch was enough to make my entire body quiver, so much that I fell to my knees on the bathroom floor almost immediately. 「ああ、ああ、ああ！」 Moans of ecstasy were inevitable as a pair of fingers slid in and out of my new pussy. It felt *amazing*. I arched my back so that my face, stained crimson from elation, was pointed to the ceiling, hair behind me beginning to mat against my skin as it grew filthier with sweat.

A sharp POP stirred me from my bliss for just a moment as posture atop my own knees had to be correct as the gait of my hips grew out substantially. My seat could only rise as soft ass flesh burrowed against my shins and feet behind me, quickly overwhelming all else while thighs ballooned outward. Every time I fingered myself my body shook, and a ripple would cascade through the fat of my thick thighs and ample breasts, toes wiggling into tinier forms at my rear.

But no matter how hard I tried I couldn't climax. Even as my smile contorted into something longer, no matter how far I reached it wasn't good enough. I needed more. I wanted more. A dick? A dildo? Anything would do. Drool spilled from my chin as I managed to rise after giving up on completion, fluids dripping from my

pussy as I held fingers in front of my once more. They were wet, sticky with my own fluids. I opened and closed them as if examining the consistency.

It seemed what BB had said was true. She couldn't impose anything supernatural on my person because I lived in a world where such feats weren't possible. Looking at my disheveled appearance in the mirror once more I noticed several differences between my appearance and that of the Servant I'd become. I laced filthy fingers together at my lap, the motion of my arms moving towards my body's center unintentionally pressing my breasts together. Unlike the real Kama my arms and legs weren't decorated with supernatural effects, nor was my hair. But otherwise I was her spitting image.

And how much of my original personality remained? I wanted to recall my old name so much, but despite being so conscious of the fact that I'd once been a man I couldn't for the life of me bring it to memory. Only two names surfaced. 'Sakura' and 'Kama'. In my heart of hearts those were my names now. I was feeling a little sadistic too. Once too shy to even really go outside, my mind kept drifting to how I could court a partner and have my way with them... as someone who enjoyed *giving* love. But I recognized something else was more important first.

I had commissions to finish!

Struggling, I slipped on boxers and track pants, then my shirt and hoodie. It all clung to my body so tightly. Navel was exposed, cleavage shone from both my ass and from a sweater zipper that wouldn't go up all the way. There was nothing beautiful about this manner of dress and that fundamentally bothered me. Maybe when it got a little later in the evening I could hit the local mall, I thought. *Maybe pick up more than clothes and scratch that itch.*

But first, writing.

...Hopefully it was fine if they were all written in Japanese.