

NFF NEW YEAR

BIWEEKLY STORY #103

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It felt like a pretty tired point to make at this point, but the holidays really *were* different as you got older. They were different from when you were a child once reaching your teens, and as you slid into adulthood that gap only widened further. It was to be expected though, because not only did you lose your childlike innocence as you grew, but the expectations towards you grew as well. By the time you were an adult you had to be responsible, you had to help run the festivities, and you were often just too *tired* to do things like party.

But for me, I didn't really involve myself with any of that depending on the holiday. New Year's was one of those holidays. It came right after the already busy Christmas, and I didn't really see it as anything all that special. For many it was an excuse to get drunk with friends but getting intoxicated and shooting the shit was something I had outgrown a while ago.

I was much more content spending my New Year's Eve inside playing games or chatting with friends on my computer. Not to mention a lot of the gacha games I played often ran some kind of promotion for the holiday like, in Fate / Grand Order's case, a guaranteed SSR character. Not that it had ever done me much good in the past. If you had been playing the game for long enough then the GSSR banners had generally terrible odds for getting new characters, and...

**HOLD IT! WE'RE NOT RECYCLING THIS
SCENARIO YET ANOTHER TIME!**

Wait, what? I'm not even doing setting up the narrative for this. Hisa, you're not supposed to get involved in the plot-related portion. You *are* a plot device! And now look how off topic I've gone? Ugh, this story is going to have absolutely *terrible* flow. So what if I've used a similar setup before? People are mostly here for the transformation segment, not necessarily the plot.

NOPE! YOU'RE WRONG! SO I'M TAKING OUT THE MIDDLE MAN! YOU AND THE READER AS WELL! LET'S JUST SKIP TO THE PART WHERE YOU BECOME SERVANTS, ALRIGHT!?

“Why you—!?” I pushed my computer chair out from under my desk and stood, feeling the magic of my child's own doing take root within my person. She was usually a little more discreet or narrow-minded when it came to this sort of thing, but at that moment? The only clue I had that she was changing myself, and my audience, into a Servant of some sort. I didn't know *who*, and I didn't know that what was applicable to me was just as applicable to them so long as they required similar changes.

I didn't keep a mirror in my office, and I had a feeling I wouldn't be able to get to one before my transformation had finished anyways. All I noticed immediately was that I had to force my eyes shut for a moment – not because they hurt, but because the world had suddenly become much sharper than normal. It had been sensual overwhelming. **“Ow!”** Reflexively, I acted like it had been painful even though it hadn't really hurt.

Though the fact that my vision had oh so suddenly become impossibly sharp had not been without any visual cause to my appearance. The colors of my irises had been drained, only to be replaced by a shimmering gold that was absolutely not a *normal* eye color for a living, breathing, non-fictional person. That, likewise, wasn't even the *only* thing off about them. Their eyelids became sharper in the corners, with a shallower lateral rim giving off the impression of a different race. Of a Japanese... *woman*. Because with longer lasher, they most certainly did appear to be more effeminate.

When it came to the rest of my face too, the adjectives 'Japanese' and 'feminine' quickly came to describe every facet of its design. My face stretched taller, but ultimately it became thinner on the whole with soft, yet notably thin cheeks. My nose became petite, while my lips below them? **“Tho who is the...?”** A sudden lisp *did* prompt a finger to poke at my lips, and I noted that they were much fuller and plusher than ever. It took me a moment to adjust.

“Not that I needed any proof she was turning me into a woman...” My long lashes batted at the sound of my voice. It was strikingly familiar, but considering I was hearing it from the perspective of my own mouth, it didn’t immediately click from *where*. My eyebrows became not only bushier above wide eyes, but their dark color turned to a bright, bubblegum pink. The very same that soon permeated throughout my short head of hair, and even my pubes.

To notice my *pubes* though, I would have needed to not only be naked, but much thinner too. I had something of a belly, being someone who wasn’t particularly healthy weight was. Or at least that was *supposed* to me the case, but the long-sleeved shirt I was wearing was not only flattening in the front, but around my arms as well. Health was returning to my frame as all of that excess weight was lost, leaving my tummy toned, my arms thin, and my thighs firmer.

“Sugoi! That’s a lot sexier! W-Wow...?” If I’d had any faith in the idea that covering my mouth would change anything in *that* moment, I would have done so. But the energetic and smarmy commentary, that had been led with a word that was *clearly* Japanese, had leaped from my lips without me even thinking of saying it once I had noticed I was thinner. Shorter too because my height had dropped to 5’5” and left clothing even looser. Had my body remained in *that* state for long I might have lost my pants.

But it didn’t. In fact, almost like my transformation was homing in on how strangely happy I felt at appearing sexy? Womanly sexual appeal was poured onto my appearance in spades, beginning with a dramatic narrowing of my waistline so that you could practically wrap two hands completely around it. At the same time, my hips expanded into childbearing shapes, catching my pants and boxers from falling altogether.

Unprompted, I practically purred once a warmth spread into my loins. It felt so nice. And after a strange yet sensual tug? It felt even better. **“Oh~! Well, goodbye then!”** The thick lips on my face had curled into a smile thanks to the emergence of thicker lips between my legs. My cock and balls were gone. I was wholly a woman now biologically, and yet? My mind did not reject it even a little. In fact, was I a little too excited? A little... *wet?*

Whatever twitching was happening between my legs, it wasn’t as visually apparent as what was growing *around* it. My thighs, for example, expanded stupendously so that they were thick and taut – jeans pulled around their thickness until it looked like they might burst. In the back the cheeks of my ass grew too, rising like buns freshly baked in an oven

and even peeking up over the hem of my waistband. I couldn't avoid temptation and reached a hand back to firmly squeeze one, my body shuddering and mouth cooing in response. "**Now that's an ass!**" I sounded way too happy with it. Because I *was*.

I removed my hand from my rear as the warmth moved to my chest, and once that hand left its position? My pants and underwear transformed. I was left in a white pencil skirt and black tights with hot pink heels. And curiously I wasn't wearing any underwear. *Just as I liked it.* Curiouser still, my pink hair was growing around the same time. Longer and thicker, it curled into floaty waves that cast themselves over my left shoulder, while twisting bangs were swept in the same direction. A white flight attendant's cap with hot pink trim and a fox decal in the center appeared atop my head.

And silver, square-rimmed glasses across the bridge of my nose.

"**Mmm! Only one thing left, then!**" My personality had been corrupted to the point that I now heartily welcomed the growth that begun beneath the palms of my hands, which I had pushed up and under my shirt so I could feel their swell directly. My nipples were already hard since I was so aroused, and they had dug into my palms first. But in tandem with my heartbeat I could feel a pulse rippling throughout the skin of my chest, each pulse prompting a burst of weight to give a pair of breasts their weight.

What started with weights that only barely filled my smoothed palms, wrapped around by slenderer fingers and longer fingernails, rapidly doubled, tripled, and quadrupled in size as each pause sent a ripple through my flesh that made them jiggle at first, and bounce once they had reached about C-cup sizes. My fingers were pressing into them at this point, their heft and sensitivity pleasant to the touch. And with one final surge and a moan from me? They bounced round, perky F-cups. "**Perfect~!**"

I tweaked my nipples once, and then withdrew them. Which allowed my shirt to transform into a long-sleeved, button-up white jacker with a neckline so low that the depths of my cleavage were entirely bare. The buttons were disheveled so my toned tummy was exposed, and gloves and a purple scarf brought my flight attendant look together. There were also framed earrings in newly pierced ears, these frames shaped like the same fox emblem that was on my hat.

My transformation was complete, and in that moment I had a strange instance of clarity.

“Oh you did *not* just turn me into Koyanskaya!”, I chirped, my voice as shrill *and* as Japanese as the character I had become. At the very least I now had a promising career as a Chiwa Saito stand-in? Stomping a heeled shoe that I was far too comfortable standing in, it became clear that the nekomata had no interest in appearing nor entertaining my agitation – which was only stoked by the cunning and expressive personality that had overwritten my original one. She had probably realized that I had initially been fine with it anyways, and that this outburst would subside as the shock faded again. **“Change me back right now, or else...”**



I *had* been avoiding looking down at myself in any meaningful way over my transformation’s course even though I’d been touching myself, as if my hands were more honest than my brain, but once I finally *did*? Something just seemed to click. My tits were huge, my body was thin, and the sway of my hips was captivating. Was this body really all *that* bad? It certainly made me feel confident and *powerful*. But of course, Koyanskaya’s personality was influencing my opinions as well.

“Then again, maybe this body isn’t so bad? I guess I would be a poor sport if I didn’t at least give it a test drive.” I was already backpedaling, getting lost in the sauce of my new persona. With my good looks and cunning, I could probably make it big really quick – even if I had to use some more nefarious means. I could start up a company? An *arms* company? With that thought in mind, knowledge of how to do so built up within my ego. **“I could call it the NFF...”**

It was already too late for me. But you already knew that.

After all, you had changed in the same way.