

DREAMLIKE CHARISMA

AUGUST 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Merlin had a hobby that certainly no one at Chaldea would approve of.

He'd been doing it for some time now. Peering into world that were not his own out of both curiosity and amusement. Spending time alone in the tower he was bound to was not something he'd consider particularly entertaining, and desperate times often called for desperate measures. Although admittedly? This was hardly a desperate time. How long had the incubus magician been held up in this tower? Not so long that he was losing his mind. If anything that was just a convenient excuse to justify his outlandish behavior.

Chaldea wouldn't have approved of this hobby for one very important reason: it was quite obviously an abuse of his position as Grand Caster. He was doing so through the use of his Clairvoyance skill after all. It might have been understandable were his peering for the purpose of finding answers for the issues plaguing their world at present, or in search of a legend (*which would be his excuse if caught*), but nope!

In all honestly, he just wanted to see what the women were like in other worlds. The Caster had a tendency to act prim and proper, but in truth he was something of a delinquent; perverse of mind, largely owed to his core incubus nature.

“Now let's see what's on the menu today...” No time was wasted after waking from a nap, and Merlin turned his attention to a small pool of water in the tower's center that was hoisted up to his chest upon what looked to be the rod of a magic staff. It was less strenuous to channel his clairvoyance into a medium like this -- water provided the clearest picture.

He channeled the skill into the medium, expecting a faraway world to appear in the reflection. But it didn't. Instead the water turned black, and red letters found themselves etched into the surface.

**IF YOU WISH TO SPY ON OTHER REALMS
YOU'D BEST BE PREPARED TO MAN THE HELM
AID TO THE DOKKALFAR YOUR POWER WILL BRING
AND SO FIRST OUR NIGHTMARE SONG YOU'LL SING**

“*Hm?*” The cryptic nature of the rhyme struck him, but he likewise knew this was no laughing matter. Relaying a message like this through his Clairvoyance meant there was an existence aware of it and, through it, they had presented him a threat. How that threat translated to action wasn't clear, for it was impossible to touch someone from another world so easily.

...That assumption was his greatest folly.

Something suddenly grabbed the man's face. A claw of shadows that had instantaneously expanded from the blackened water. It was hardly corporeal but it didn't have to be. After all, experienced as he was Merlin knew this sensation. The shadowy claw had latched not onto his body but as soul, and with a violent yank that soul was pulled into what was now acting as a *portal*.

The sensation of falling plagued Merlin at first awareness, and yet his surroundings were pitch black so he could not properly ascertain whether he was truly spilling downwards or not. It was fortunate that a light seemed to be radiating from his form with dull intensity, making it so he could perceive his own body even if he couldn't see anything else. And he could certainly see that he was *naked*.

Recalling what had happened there wasn't actually anything strange about that. His soul had been torn from his body. Bodies wore clothing. Souls didn't. In all honestly it really wasn't much more complicated than that. “**This is a problem. My soul is drifting? I can't return it to its body until it's still in another world.**”

YOU WILL NOT BE RETURNING. YOU ARE OURS.

A string of text appeared against the darkness in the same scribe as what had shown up in the water before. Except... the text was numerous in quantity. Those two sentences swirled around him, repeated on mass as

if he was witnessing something out of a horror-type situation. *Or a nightmare.*

From beyond the crimson text there was sudden movement, a plethora of black claws that were much smaller than the one that had stolen his sole erupting from the shadows and dancing forth like an assault of tentacles. Had he been watching this to some pure young woman he might have been aroused by it, but it was a little different when it was your own body Merlin supposed.

Movement was limited and as a soul he could not cast magecraft, ultimately leaving the incubus powerless as hundred of claws did not grab him, but instead chose to painlessly *pierce* him. There was no discomfort and yet he could feel them squirming around inside his Magic Circuits, a corruption taking root that dulled the natural light his soul was producing to the point that he could barely make out his own flesh against the darker background.

“Make me yours? What does *that* mean?” Caster remained composed but was clearly gritting his teeth. Something was swelling up from the seed that had been planted. Something that...

BOING!

“...? *What?*” *Boing.* It wasn't a sound effect but a feeling, a weight upon his chest that had sprouted from surprisingly toned abs. It was a faint jiggle on the precipice of awareness, but the moment the man looked down at his own chest that weight, and the *BOING*, increased twofold with a second wave. At first glance it had appeared a woman's A-cup breasts had found themselves suddenly planted upon his masculine body, but the second wave saw them develop into a firm but round set of Cs with dark purple nipples both larger than a quarter in radius.

Merlin was torn between shock and awe, marveling as a third surge saw a woman's teats make a final, dramatic jump past any standard cup size. Each tit was just as large as his head, and while most might have seen that as a problem... **“You're going to make me yours by giving me a pair of tits? You obviously don't know me very well.”** There was absolutely zero hesitation as fingers dug into creamy breasts, stimulation bringing his dick to rise. Was this some sort of challenge? Were they trying to *shame* him? Well then were in for a rude awakening.

Yet, his flawed line of understanding only served to embolden the effects of the power swirling within his core. As fingers sank against strained skin with breasts that were so large that veins could be seen running

from his nipples, the became less and less capable of holding more. Palms dwindled, fingers narrowed, nails grew long. But because the feeling of his hands against a pair of breasts, and a pair of huge knockers at that, was so foreign he couldn't really understand that more of his form was at risk.

He'd always wondered how the Lancer version of his king felt with tits so big. *Now he knew.*

“This was a fun little prank but you can change me back now.” The lettering from before had faded so he'd thought to provoke another wave, but there was naught but silence. A stage had already been set, there was no need for the producer to get involved. In fact, the show continued even as Merlin attempted to earn a reversal of its effects. There were more subtle changes, such as how a shimmering silver spread through his locks of hair and made them almost insultingly coarse and straight. Or how his eyes had gradually begun to glow crimson red.

But then there were the more pronounced ones.

Like the softening of the man's erection.

It wasn't like he was any less horny. Despite speaking as if he wasn't influenced Merlin absolutely had not stopped fondling his huge tits. It went without saying, then, that he should have remained at full mass. But he wasn't. His dick flopped downward as the spring to its step was sapped away, a single bead of precum emerging from the hole as it drew unnaturally close to his pelvis.

There was an uncanny aspect to this; well, more uncanny than it was already. For as the head of his penis drew closer and closer to his pelvic bone, the space around his dick instead expanded as if his genitals were a button that, when pushed, caused inflation around his waist.

From the front it was clear: his thighs were filling in, pudge adding to their girth as skin was pulled tightly around the fat that bolstered their weight and provided a healthy jiggle. Had he noticed their size he might have sunk his effeminate fingers into them, and had he done that they surely would have pressed inward only to rise again like a sponge. Before long thighs were rubbing together, particularly abundant at the backs of his legs as well.

But that was because thighs flowed into his ass. An ass that was getting *faaaaaaat*. Certainly not in an unappealing sense at all. Rather, cheeks jiggles as force slid down his body from the tit massage he was violently giving himself, and that cushion that was ripe for the pushing was of an

accommodating size to the breadth of his breasts. An ass *that* huge required the hips to match, and they were certainly of childbearing proportions thanks to huge cheeks forcing them wider to accommodate.

That was it. At the moment his lower half finished filling out, Merlin *ceased to be a man*. Ripe pussy lips hung on the underside of *her* pelvic bone, decorated by fine silver hairs that matched those that had taken over her head and lengthened his mane far down her back.

Arousal translated, and she began to feel something stir in her loins. *That* finally triggered a moment of reflection, but she couldn't see past her huge honkers to check. So she had to rely on a hand to do a deep dive, brushing between her generous thigh gap to touch... "*Oh no.*" She was completely female now. It reflected in her face too, from bigger eyes to plumper lips to softened cheekbones and long, fairy-like lashes.

If her soul had been transformed, that meant it was no longer compatible with her old body. Which implied that there was a new body meant to fit this soul. That was a problem. It was the body that held the mind, which defined one's mind, memory, and personality. The last thing she felt before light was restored to her was a violent pain atop her head, as a pair of crimson horns did sprout.

"...?" Merlin looked around the room she'd awoken in. It was unfamiliar, but she immediately realized remembered she was sitting upon a throne. This was a her throne room was it not? Of course, it ~~looked like someone ruled here~~ was the place that she ruled from. She could tell. It was already happening. Her soul was forcibly beginning to match the shell it contained.

She felt a strange longing towards someone whose face wasn't quite clear in her memories. A man...? Her own brother. Such a twisted love, but it curled the lips of her largely expressionless face into a rather depraved smirk as she raised her arms to stretch. She found herself in a hefty dress, garment suited for a Dokkalfar exarch with a large butterfly across her breast. It felt foreign, but she was comfortable moving in it.

Then something else settled in, and she came to rest her chin upon her hand. "**I'm bored.**" It largely wasn't a much different feeling from when she'd been locked in the tower at the Garden of Avalon, but the first cure that came to mind wasn't something as simple as prying into the lives people living in other worlds. No. She would toy with the lives of those worthless mortals for a chuckle.

Nightmares. It was their power she controlled. She could emotionally scar any human she pleased with them, showing them their deepest

fears in the realm of slumber. A just ruler would use such a power sparingly, but ~~Merlin~~ *Freyja*? She held no empathy. Not for humans, not even for other Dokkalfar. Her brother was the only person she cared about, the only man she loved.

And nothing would ever change that.

Which was extra fucked up considering she used to be a womanizing incubus that had pissed off the wrong inter-dimensional nekomata child.

Her memories would return eventually, but not her body.

This was Merlin's curse now.