

ILU ILULU

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It really didn't matter *how* far away from the equator you lived, it was inevitable that sooner or later, at some point in your life, you would have to deal with some relatively chilly days. Chillier than you were comfortable with, and chilly enough that you would have been actively kicking yourself for not, say, having bought warmer clothes. Or even have a heating system set up for your home.

Then there were cases where you *had* all of these things, but in the end you were just dealt a very unfortunate hand. *That* was what had happened to me during *that* harrowing winter. I didn't live north of the equator enough to typically be affected by the cold all that much, but it was still north enough that the basic tools needed in the case it *did* get very cold were still installed.

The issue? It had been so long since I had last *needed* to use my home's heating system that I hadn't bothered to have it inspected before the winter season rolled in. And the first day I had needed it? I had learned it was broken. "**Crap.**" Of course I had gotten on the phone with a professional as soon as I realized, but it seemed I wasn't the only one with this problem.

It was going to take *days* to get my heat fixed, and it was -4F outside!

I was lucky that my water heater still worked, but when it came to everything else? I was in *trouble*. My home was rapidly increasing the temperature that the wind and snow blew outside, and no number of layers could really ease the chill that permeated all of the way down and into my very bones. I wasn't at risk of dying, but it certainly wasn't comfortable in any capacity.

That was why, in one last ditch effort for relief, I began to meticulously go through all of my old cupboards and the like. I still had electricity, so maybe I had some heating pads or something of that sort? If not I could go out into the city in the morning when the snow had passed, but the sooner I could feel warm, the better.

It took me a little while, but there were no tools I could find to any avail. Not, at least, until I looked in a strange, wooden box that I found under my desk. I couldn't remember buying or owning it, and yet inside? There was a round stone that was *glowing*. "**What the hell...?**" Where had it come from? Was it safe? Of course, I had a million questions and absolutely *zero* answers from what I could tell. But the stone, palm-sized as it was, was giving off some sort of heat.

Was I desperate enough to pick up a shady, glowing rock?

Yes.

I picked it up and clutched it to my chest in my hand. It was *extremely* warm and comforting, and for the first time in what seemed like the entire day, I was finally able to let loose a sigh of relief. But... Relief quickly turned to panic, as I felt the stone slip out of my hand. Which *should* have been impossible with how I had clutched it to my bosom, but it wasn't like it slipped down onto the floor.

No, as it slid, the sensation made me squirm, and the heat the stone possessed was transferred into the chest it had been held in front of. "**Did the stone... just...?**" It had slid *into* my chest, bypassing cloth, and becoming one with my very flesh. My stomach roiled at the thought, and I was quick to check for a hole, an injury, or *SOMETHING*. But even after ripping off my sweater and the two undershirts, there was nothing *wrong* with my chest. It was just very, very warm.

"**What the hell is going on here?**" I was very naturally confused. Even more so as the heat built, and steam began to radiate off my chest in the process. This was very evidently something that *shouldn't* have been possible, but maybe it was my fault for playing with a stone that almost appeared magical in the first place?

So distracted by the heating phenomenon that continued to raise my internal body temperature, I was left unintentionally ignorant to the fact that there was something else amiss here. The color of my hair, typically dark, was softening into a tone that almost seemed like it might have been *dyed* – despite the fact that I had never once dyed my hair in my life. Each strand was manipulated into a soft, pastel pink for the most part, although the tips were strangely purple.

Not that a change in color like this *should* have mattered all that much. I usually wore my hair *very* short, and so it shouldn't have been all that apparent. But that was only true so long as my hair *remained* short, which it didn't seem to be doing. At the cost of my scalp becoming a little itchy, something that wasn't as distracting as my chest *burning*, hairs wriggled out longer, slithering down my back after giving the hair directly atop my head much more volume.

While my locks were naturally straight, and plausibly should have remained that way no matter how long they grew, that didn't really appear to be the case while they fell down my back. In fact, they began to twirl and curl, the tips of purple just as substantial as the pink before they unrolled into tufts at the ends. With bangs long and fluffy, they framed the sides of my face and just brushed the tips of my eyelashes.

As I blinked, those lashes seemed to interact with my bangs, but I didn't pay them any notice. **“This is impossible, right? Maybe this is a dream? Did I pass out because of the cold!?”** My calm was rapidly undoing, and yet at the same time I was being much more... dramatic? There was no need for me to cry out like that while alone, and usually in my panic I could remain somewhat composed. So the fact that I *wasn't* was actually indicative of the fact that there was an internal aspect to what was happening as well.

If that fact manifested physically at all, it was in my eyes. Lashes were tickling my bangs in part because they had grown just a little longer, and their distribution had changed slightly as well – because the shapes of the eyes themselves had been distorted. In their corners that had pinched in much more neatly, giving my lids a narrower appeal. An Asian one, actually, *Japanese* in fact. Even stranger, the color of my eyes was set aflame by a bright crimson, and my pupils? They were pulled into vertical slits that didn't look at *all* like a human's.

I exhaled as I continued to strip, my body now burning up in more places than just my chest. As I unbuckled my pants and slid them down my legs, I unintentionally turned my lips into a concerned pout largely because the lips themselves had grown denser than normal. They were thicker, rounder, and the same could be said about my face overall. Each cheek was incredibly soft and borderline chubby, and my nose was incredibly petite compared to its typical size. At a glance, you might easily mistake me for a young, Japanese *woman*.

“Now I have *chills!*? Even though I'm so *hot!*?” I was still uncharacteristically shrieking like a banshee, and now every few words occasionally cracked so that it sounded more like a young girl's voice than an adult man's. **“*Huh? Why's my voice so...?*”** I rubbed at my

neck, the fingers that gripped it smaller as my voice finally stopped cracking, but ultimately settled on the higher, more feminine pitch. There wasn't even an Adam's apple upon the space I was rubbing, for it had smoothed out with my voice change.

When it came to things that were smaller though, my fingers were only part of it. Digits had become petite, with nails that showed no signs of the anxious nibbling I typically subjected them to. But so had my feet, with heels shrinking and smoothing, the overall size of each foot shrinking relative to the same size as the rest of my body. More than that, however? My body was becoming *trim*, with any excess fat erased to leave a smooth tummy and thinner limbs.

“WAH!?! I’M FALLIIIIING!” The sudden inertia associated with plummeting forced a scream that wasn't unlike that of a child to escape my lips, and my point of view really *was* dropping. But how was I falling with my feet still planted on a floor that hadn't collapsed? That *had* to be impossible, right? And it was. **“Wait, I got tiny!?”** It was true, but just as alarming was the tiny, childish stomp I did with my right foot. I wasn't acting my age.

But since I was roughly 4'9" now, what *was* my age? My face had looked cuter ever since becoming that of a Japanese woman, but it had grown more youthful with my plunging height. Until I looked to be in my *teens* again. That said, the truth of the matter was that I was *actually* much, *much* older.

Now, it had begun to bother me. This height was substantially smaller, and I'd always wanted to be short for some weird reason. But my voice sounded familiar, and after catching sight of my hair and pulling it in front of me? I had seen it somewhere before. It looked like the hair of an anime character, and pinks weren't often associated with young men.

And just like that, the bulge in the front of my boxers suddenly pulled away, forcing my hand down to pat and probe the front. **“My little guy!?”** Every shocking, new revelation provoked outcry from my soft lips, but in this case I didn't feel all that panicked. There was a desire built in to become a woman, and as I could feel now, a pussy had most certainly shaped itself beneath a now bare crotch – everything not shaved but *burned* away.

“I’m a girl...” The part of me that was still me withdrew my hand, and just in time for my boxers to become incredulously tight. A bum that had flattened with my previous weight loss blossomed with new thickness, this time stretching the rear end of my undergarments out to their maximum threshold while forcing hips to widen at the sides as well. These boxers ended up *so* tight that you could make out the indentation

of my crack, and once thighs took on the excess of the weight, the shorts that had fallen down to almost my knees with my height loss were lifted and stretched by the equally meaty thickness of them in the interim.

“There’s no way, right?” More pieces came together, and I more or less was fairly sure of what was happening here. That stone was changing me into someone else, someone that should have been *fictional*. So this had to be a dream? But it felt so darn *real*! I was honestly torn on the matter. If I was given one more tell – well, other than the sides of my tummy curving inwards – I could probably know for sure.

And, well, that tell hit me fast. **“WAAAAH!?”** A sudden surge of *something* from within the hottest part of my body, my chest, was quick to send me flying forward without any warning whatsoever. Before my face could even hit the floor, though? I found myself propped up almost like I had landed on an exercise ball. That wasn’t the case, though, because what I was resting on was a part of my own body... and I could feel thickened nipples rubbing into the floorboard’s below, past this ‘ball’.

All at once, my chest had surged to give me a *seventy-six inch bust*. With my shorter stature, these looked like a pair of grotesquely huge watermelons glued to my chest, and boy were they heavy. I was insanely lucky I had already taken off my shirt, or that would have been a *disaster*. **“Can’t... get... up...!?”** Panting, burning breath escaping my lips, I was like a turtle who had been rolled over onto its shell as I wriggled to and fro, trying to get myself upright again.

My earlier assumption about who I was becoming? Those tits were all the proof I had needed.

My massive mammaries heaved and bounced once I finally got myself back into a standing position, and both hands groped them in an attempt to ease their weight. My back muscles eventually adjusted, but it was really arousing just to hold them like that. Well, arousing until it became painful. **“Ow!?”**

If my breasts were a pair of balloons, it had passively felt like something was trying to pop them as I held them. The answer quickly occurred to me, and yet while I couldn’t see *anything* past those tits, I pulled my hands out to the sides to reveal the cause. My fingers had hardened and sharpened into white claws, with crimson scales covering my hands and arms so that they looked downright draconic. Which made total sense considering what I’d already pieced together.

“So this is it, huh?” I became resolved to accept the remained transmutations and crossed my reptilian limbs beneath my heaving

chest while wincing in response to a pressure upon my head. A pair of short yet thick horns erupted from my skull, yellow in color, and my ears were pulled into points. Within my mouth, teeth sharpened into intimidatingly monstrous fangs.

Finally, a loud *RIIIIIIIP* saw the back of my already ill-fitted boxers blow out, for a thick, red tail broken up into numerous sections exploded – with the heat that lingered from its growth burning away the rest of my boxer’s cloth in the process, leaving me one-hundred person butt naked. Butt and all!

“HAAAAAH!?! I’M REALLY ILULUUUUUU!?!”

There was no denying the assumption I’d had earlier. In fact, it had been clear enough midway into the transformation that had transpired, but there was absolutely no denying it now. My miniscule stature, my horns, my claws, my tail, my *huge* tits – these were all features of the character *Ilulu* from the series *Miss Kobayashi’s Dragon Maid*. I knew of the character because I liked her, and now? Well, this was one was to deal with the cold, I guess.

It was actually more fundamental than that, too. I had inherited her personality as well. The way I had conducted myself near the end of transformation, and especially *now*, was extremely childish and immature. And any anxiety I’d had about being naked before, unwarranted as it had been since I lived alone, had all but burned away. Ilulu was notoriously non-bothered by showing off her naked flesh to others. A trait that was now my own.

“But that’s impossible! I’m Ilulu... I mean! I’m... Ilulu! No, my name is ILULU!” No, I wasn’t broken! I was trying to say my old name, but it just wouldn’t come out! Even worse, the more I said my name – I mean Ilulu’s name – the more distant my old name sounded from my perspective! Before long I couldn’t even remember *what* that name was! I was lucky if only because my other memories remained intact, though memories of a life as a dragon had bled and mixed in at the same time.

What was I supposed to do now? I



could feel myself calming down, and the cold certainly didn't bother me any longer with the heat sacks that were my chest. I could still tell that it was cold, but it didn't bring me any discomfort. Every breath from between thick, juicy lips was almost fiery in terms of heat anyways. Well, I knew I could breathe flames! What kind of dragon couldn't!?

...Oh no, it was getting worse. **“Um... I guess I should find something to wear?”** I couldn't walk around naked, but if I unleashed a burst of heat within would any clothes here be able to withstand that temperature? I didn't really have an answer to that, so maybe just walking around nude was better?

The night would eventually wear on, and I would fall asleep curled into a cute little ball on the couch.

But it was going to be very awkward when the heating repair guy came early the next day!