

# LUKA LITE

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*What was a Vocaloid?*

A program? An android? A real life person? Opinions varied across the internet, but then again what didn't vary across the internet? It was practically impossible to gain a consensus on the web about things that were proven fact, much less things theorized by the users without any point of confirmation to reference.

The answer to that question was far more complicated than one might first assume, however. In a way? All of these things were true, at least depending on definition. What defines a real life person for example? Do you have to possess a beating heart to be 'alive', or do you just need to possess a will of your own? In terms of the latter, Vocaloids were very much 'alive'.

They had their own wills, their own desires. They were programs that had earned sentience thanks to the good will of their fans, artificial intelligences of a sort. And, thanks to modern technology? They could even be inserted into androids to interact with the real world. There was an issue, however. Their android body had to match their digital one, and in the case of Luka Megurine...

**“The producer said I need to take this if I want to use that form, but they didn't tell me what it's meant to do.”** The pink-haired, digital idol was lounging around the digital dressing room that had been prepared for all of the Vocaloids in general, twirling a sealed vial in her hands upon a couch as her friend Miku Hatsune was finishing up her preparations for her show – which was set to start any

moment now. **“You’ve performed in an android shell, is it worth it?”**

At the question, the blue-haired Vocaloid gave a little twirl and smiled the moment she locked eyes with Luka once more. **“It’s worth it! Performing on a digital stage is one thing and using that projection technology is another. But moving around in an honest to goodness physical form? It’s the best! You can see and hear every single thing your fans are doing!”** Miku seemed pretty confident in her answer, which reassured Luka greatly. On the other hand, she seemed to linger a moment.

**“But these bodies have to match those ones, right? So I wonder what they need to change about you? I was lucky and mine matched right out of the gate, so I’m not sure if I can provide any help with that. But I believe in you Luka, so even if it turns you into a gross monster, I’ll still be your friend!”** It was a friendly joke evidently, for Miku presented a mischievous smile along with it.

She gave another twirl before moving towards the door. If her internal clock was correct...

### *TAKE TO THE STAGE, MIKU!*

There it was! Miku gave Luka a friendly wave, one that was returned warmly before she ran through the door, leaving the young woman with hair of pink entirely alone. **“I guess she has a point, even if she didn’t communicate it properly...”** She wouldn’t become a monster if she took this. If anything it would just be a minor change, and what would that affect, really? For all she knew, it could just be lengthening her nails!

Feeling a little bolder with Miku’s encouragement, she eventually leaped up and onto her feet and downed the whole vial in one gulp. But when there weren’t any immediate changes? She began to get a little *antsy*.

**“Is something wrong with this? Should it be working by now?”**

Luka was a little unsure on both fronts. She’d never taken a concoction like this before. She’d never modified her own body, and especially by *choice*. But for the sake of her career, and for the sake of pleasing her fans, she had concluded that this route was a necessity. Seconds turn into minutes, and around the five minute mark, her concern became more pronounced.

But just as she was about to call her manager to demand some answers, a strange feeling overwhelmed her. It was difficult to describe, but she wouldn't exactly call the sensation *undesirable*. Were it just her skin then Luka might have assumed she was growing some kind of rash, but there was a warmth welling up from within her bosom, one that saw her nipples engorge and her thighs rub together.

Was she aroused? Why? Was it the *potion*? Regardless, she automatically teleported to her private quarters and was quick to shed her top. The cool air immediately brought some relief to the woman as she collapsed onto her back on her bed, but she could not stop her hands from reaching up to massage her bare D-cup teats. **“Why is my body reacting like this!? I can't even keep my hands off myself!”** It was true. Try as she might and know it's wrong as she did, she could not stop herself from groping her own bosom.

Their flesh felt incredibly tender and she could feel the heat flowing from within them against her palms. It wasn't simply a matter of just ignoring it – it all felt far too out of her control for that. Fingers soon twitched her nipples as well, and as the idol shuddered with pleasure and bellowed a moan, mentally she was cursing the potion's effects. Did it have something to do with her breasts? Is that why they felt so tender!?

As she continued to massage them however, she was left ignorant to what was actually happening because her eyes were clenched closed. Gradually, bit by bit, the mass of her teats showed signs of leaving her. With each moment that passed, some of their bounciness crept away, leaving less and less for the woman to grasp as while her legs, still clothed, rubbed together sensually.

That was what made it all so weird. Luka was extremely aroused by her breasts, so much that it was driving her crazy, so why did she not feel obligated to see to her taint? Her breasts were all she could think of, like subconsciously she knew that, to climax, playing with them alone would be *more* than enough.

**“Ohhh... Why did the potion do thiiis...?”** Lost in ecstasy, she cooed to herself while fingers continued to knead her flesh. At first there had been so much to massage and grab that they were bouncing all over the place, but beyond Luka's notice now? Her fingers were having a hard time grasping much of anything. The fat that saw their sizing so plump and round had lessened so much that two cup sizes had already leaped from her chest, and now on the upper end of the B spectrum, her boobies appeared closer to Miku's size than anything.

Even so, they crept smaller still. Instead of kneading into their flesh, her fingers had been left with no choice but to gently cup and squeeze them, trouble found with shrunken nipples as well. But it still felt good, and Luka was still lost in that feeling. She hadn't put two and two together, and likely wouldn't until the very end. Not that this end was far away, for they'd almost become so flat by this point that she looked like little more than a budding babe; a woman in her late teens with the chest of a twelve year old.

Little fat truly remained in the end, but with one final tweak of Luka's nipples, she *came*. The betwixt moan that bellowed from her swollen lips all but confirmed this, and as she was still dressed from the waist down, she would *most certainly* be putting this outfit directly into the wash. Spent, she allowed the comfort of her bed to swallow her as she rested her hands still, idly, against her A-cup bosom.

She laid like this for a few moments as she awaited the fog of satisfaction to lift from her mind, but once it finally did? "...*Huh?*" Luka finally noticed. "**WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CHEST!?**" Evidently, that potion had changed something after all. And it had been one of her most prized areas, too! How was she supposed to face the others looking like this?

### *WOULD ANY OF HER CLOTHES EVEN FIT!?*

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Miku's show eventually ended, and by the time she'd wandered back into the lounge, Luka had already fetched a change of clothes that just barely fit around her torso. Her blue-haired friend noticed immediately, since well... Luka's breasts had been so large before that how could you *not*? "**Whoa! So that's what it changed, huh?**"

Luka, typically so confident, looked quite bashful about it. "**Yeah...**" Well, that bashfulness was because the transformation itself had been so arousing and she'd been so touchy. She even seemed surprised as Miku basically tackle glomped her against the couching, pinning her down with her weight before Miku's hands began to... massage Luka's tits? It was arousal, but it also kind of tickled. "**H-Hey! What do you think you're doing!?**"

"**What, don't you like it?**" Miku chuckled, knowing full well what she was doing. "**I love smaller chests, so we're going to have a lot of fun going forward!**"

Somehow this *concerned* Luka more than anything.