

KRIEMY DELUSION

BONUS STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. Is he really going to do this *again*? He should have some holiday spirit!”

A young woman with braided, red hair and cat ears observed a man through one of the many monitors set up in her otherwise Japanese-styled room. Two tails with red fur swished back and forth behind her while she sat at a nearby futon, an agitated expression upon her face. This was Hisa. An all-powerful nekomata with a fetish for transforming people... as well as the ability to easily do so. Though her form did switch between child and adult often depending on her mood.

She was observing her creator from a realm that was all her own. Or would it be better to call that individual her father? It was an embarrassing topic for her, and well... Also an embarrassing one for me, seeing as I *was* that father. Past tense. But she often got hung up on how I celebrated the holidays, *particularly* Valentine’s since I was single. Then again, I was fearful to see what she’d do if I *wasn’t*. In fact, Valentine’s had already passed several weeks ago. But she was *still* hung up on it.

Hisa pulled out a tablet. She was bored. She was frustrated. And she was going to assuredly take it all out on me. The cat woman had realized she hadn’t looked at the materials from the new F/GO Valentine’s event yet, and assuredly she could draw some inspiration from that! **“Ehehe... That’ll do nicely.”** And she was quickly hit with an idea, waving her hand to indicate a casting of magic. But moments later? Something was blurted out in a voice that was much too deep for her from her own lips.

“*Sumanai.*”

Meanwhile *I* was none the wiser to what was going on, though considering how she had been in the past, the thought of '*Hisa could do something to me*' was in the back of my mind at essentially every moment. The issue was simply that I couldn't *do* anything about it. Didn't it suck that you could create an all-powerful youkai girl yet had no way to reign her in? *Yeah, it sucked.*

“One more and I think I’ll call it quits for today...” It was closer to the end of February now, but the time of the month didn't really matter to me much anyways. As I did most days I was doing work in my office, whether it was preparing materials and story setups for my commission load or outright completing them as I felt inspired. It was one of the former days where I would focus on the narrative aspects of the stories rather than the transformative descriptions. **“But first? Pee.”**

It didn't take me long to do my business and wash my hands. The bathroom on the same floor as my office was just around the corner. It was also extremely small, having only a toilet, sink, and mirror. But after I washed my hands I spared a glance at my reflection. And it didn't seem completely *right*. **“That’s... I just got my hair cut, right? Did they miss a spot?”**

I usually kept my hair short enough that I could wear a hat over it, but I found a strand. No... *Several* strands that seemed to be out of place in terms of length. What began with only a few soon became many, and before long I was unable to deny to absurd sight in front of me. **“Why is my hair growing!?”** It was now *all* growing extremely long, extremely quickly. So fast that even if I'd had a pair of scissors nearby there was no way I would be able to keep up.

Bangs fell to my eyes, but seemed to be kept more *between* them since they weren't directly in my vision all of the time, while in the back I could see the length naturally curling, taking on a thick waviness before the lengthening came to a halt just above my rear end. But just as quickly as the length had come on, a change in color swept through it beginning with my roots, reaching all of the way out to the tips over the course of seconds. **“S-Silver!?”** Not *quite* it was more like a silvery brown – not at all suggestive of old age.

My expression in the mirror's reflection was certainly easy to describe. I was absolutely *flummoxed*, looking as if I had an anime girl's wig on my head. Except that wasn't a wig, it was my *actual* hair. I soon found myself squinting at my *face* in the mirror too, leaning forward to scrutinize things. My eyes... They hadn't always been such a steely blue.

And my skin? Not just on my face, but everywhere it seemed. It had paled to an almost *deathly* white. I wasn't the kind of guy that went outside often, but that was more than a little excessive!

It eventually struck me. "**Hisa!**" She was up to something again, wasn't she? But this time she... she... *she*? Who was I thinking of? *He* wasn't a girl, and *he* certainly wasn't the reason I was transforming. These thoughts of mine didn't make much sense, but realistically? Neither did the fact that my body was becoming thinner and thinner the longer I stared. It could be perceived in my face, of course, with cheeks becoming less round. But my gut diminished, my arms lost any sagging flesh... until I was perfectly thin.

...O-Or had I always been thin?

Something about my shocked expression became inadvertently *silly* impression wise, but maybe it was just because I was growing so overwhelmed by everything happening? Because I was so thin now, my pants and boxers were pooled around my ankles, and if my shirt didn't already look like a dress on me? A five inch drop in height certainly fixed any impressions to the contrary. I was patting down a flat, toned stomach with fingers that were increasingly effeminate.

"Wh-Why is this happening? What's g-going on here!?" I felt like I had known just moments before, but now I couldn't recall. My voice was shrill in my panic, too, but it was clearly *significantly* higher on the whole. Which worked out well in the end, because it suited my body – and my face – more and more with the rapid passage of time.

Eyes flickered frantically around the reflection of my own face in the mirror. My chin was rounder, my nose smaller, my lips fuller, my eyes wider! Lashes danced longer as I blinked constantly, and beneath my eyes two beauty marks formed vertically under each eye. Wait! My face was beautiful and feminine, but it was also familiar! I definitely knew who this woman was! It was... It was... *me!* *N-No, that's obviously me, but it's not me too!* Boy, this was *confusing*.

Beneath my shirt, my body was continuously changing to suit the image of femininity that my face and voice now reflected. Some of these changes were more minor, such as my waistline pinching in several inches or my hips widening to compensate, these things ultimately giving my silhouette a curvier aesthetic. But on the other hand, some of these changes were much more severe.

Hands, now slender with fingernails that were longer and painted black, eventually pressed against my chest in response to the sensation of something rubbing up against the underside of my shirt. It was a

sensual feeling, as my nipples were the ones doing the rubbing. But those nipples were both swollen and erect, several times larger than the nipples of any man surely should have been. “**E-E-E-EH!?**” Accidentally twerking them prompted an aroused shudder to ripple through me, but I cried out because my fingers had begun to sink into something beneath and around those nipples.

I was growing breasts, even though it didn’t feel as surprising as it probably should have.

Though in tandem with the swell of these inevitable D-cup tits came the swell of my rear. Cheek grew round and firm, but there would be a clear jiggle as they rose and fell when I inevitably walked with them. My thighs fattened too, with another beauty mark appearing on the inside of my right thigh. But they were thick enough that, for a moment, they were crushing my dick. Only for the discomfort to wane as...

“**N-NO!**” I gave up on the curious touching of my new breasts to frantically reach down and grab between my legs as if that would do *anything* to prevent what I could feel happening. But of course it *didn’t* prevent my dick from folding into a new pussy between my legs. In fact I was much too slow, and my crotch was already flat before a hand got there. “**W-Well... I suppose he wouldn’t like it if I had one of those between my legs...**”

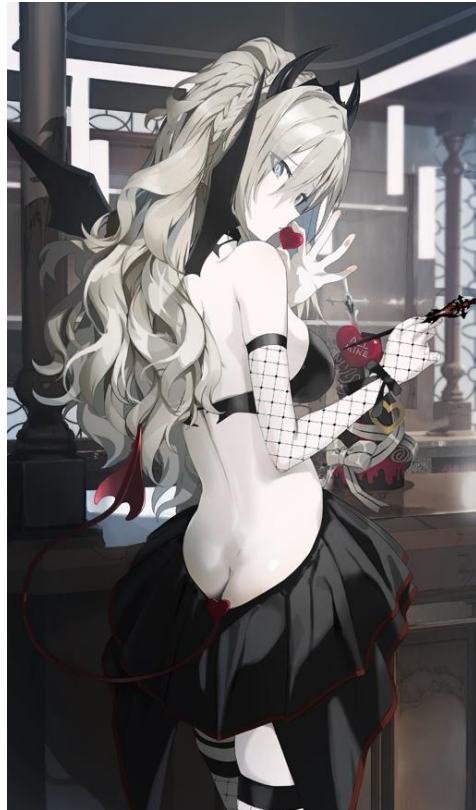
What kind of silver lining was *that*? Who was this man my mind kept wandering to? Thinking about him stirred some anger and agitation, but also stirred feelings of *love*. Of course, on some level I knew. Because I had already figured out who I looked and acted like. But I really didn’t want to admit it. I didn’t want to admit I might be romantically attracted to a man that, as a player of the game these characters came from, I didn’t really care for before!

The shirt that barely fit on my suddenly evaporated into a flurry of golden particles along with what had fallen to the floor, and for a moment I was completely naked. “**Wh-What now!?**” My eyes immediately met my naked body in the mirror. I was both cute *and* sexy, but that wasn’t who I was supposed to be! *I was supposed to be uh... Uhm... WHAT WAS MY OLD NAME AGAIN!?* The name that was coming to mind was my new one, and I didn’t want to use it!

But I couldn’t gawk at my naked form much longer (though I suppose I could whenever I wanted to going forward), because those golden particles shone, filling the room with light. And when that light faded? I was dressed in fishnet thigh highs, a black dress with red trim and a red demon’s tail attached. I also had fishnet gloves on, a choker, and both

fake bat wings and a horned crown tiara. It almost looked like a Halloween costume, but I knew that wasn't it.

“Th-This outfit!? I'm sh-showing off so much of my skin!” My voice was cute and shrill as I spun about in the bathroom, turning to show off how even my ass was exposed above the skirt of the dress. But weren't there more pressing things to worry about!? My reflection nor my personality were my own! I looked exactly like the Berserker Servant, *Kriemhild*! And I was dressed in the devil costume she wore in the *Love Delusion* Craft Essence!



And yet... And yet! Even though I knew this was a problem!? My mind was racing with *different* thoughts! Rather than the appearance of my body, I was so nervous about showing it off! Because...

“Wh-What if Siefried-sama sees me dressed like this!?” Siegfried!? Like the Saber!? My *mind* had been constantly darting to thoughts of a man earlier, feelings bordering between love and hate, but now I had tangible memories of him – and a very complicated view of how I wanted him to see me.

In fact, my old memories were fading as much as I tried to hold onto them. Though they were being replaced with memories of the life of Kriemhild... had she I lived in a modern society. A life in this house with my husband who I love— **“W-Wait, I don't love him! He's stupid! That man is an idiot!”** But the thumping of my chest and the blush on my cheeks said otherwise. And in the end? The last of my memories slipped away as the man in question walked into the bathroom with a concerned expression. **“S-S-SIEGFRIED-SAMA!?”**

...Little did I know it was Hisa, who had accidentally caught herself up in her own spell.