

GIVING A HAND

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Sometimes, unusual circumstances could come from the most mundane of situations. For example: you wouldn't consider a Discord conversation to lead to anything truly fantastical, at least not considering the world as you knew it. A chat was just a chat, and the world? Well, there wasn't a single supernatural thing about it. One could not be blamed for not seeing that something strange was about to happen.

And so, *I* could not be faulted for what was to come.

The chat in question arose between KAIZA and myself, fairly routine in nature. A few TF ideas shared here and there, some casual game discussion, and eventually we ended up on the topic of the *Devil May Cry* series. Well, a discussion about the women, more specifically. Every so often the eternal question needed to be asked of every series: who is best girl? And it seemed we had very differing opinions. KAIZA? They were in the Lady camp. But me? Big Nico fan.

Surely some people were offput by her forceful, rambunctious nature and heavy, sometimes comedic country accent. But me? I'd always found it endearing. Plus, with all of those tattoos? She looked pretty damn cool.

This conversation went on about as well as you could imagine between two friends. A bit of friendly ribbing, a resolution to agree to disagree – it was funny to talk about things like this, but I'd never seen an appeal in taking this type of topic too seriously. It wasn't worth it. But eventually, as I thought the conversation had been set on moving forward, KAIZA had sent me a *strange* message.

‘Why aren’t you opening the damn shutters? I’m here to pick up my order!’

‘What are you talking about?’

‘The hell do you think I’m talking about Nico!?’

‘Is this some kind of weird roleplay?’

But I didn’t receive any response after that point. “**Uh... That was weird.**” Things could only get weirder from that point on though. I looked away from my computer for just a second, but when I looked back? It was completely gone, replaced with a flickering antique of what a computer had been maybe fifteen years ago. Not only that, but my butt sank into the bottom of a chair completely different from my own – one of those mesh lawn chairs.

My room was completely different!?! It was a cramped, messy space with the scent of cigarettes and alcohol pungently present, wallpaper peeling off the walls as neon signs lit up the walls. The space was extremely cramped with no windows, and at best I could assume it had meant to be a closet. “**Where... What the hell!?**”

I wasn’t the kind of person that did too well with cramped spaces, honestly. I wasn’t huge, but I certainly wasn’t a small person either, standing on the upper end of the five foot spectrum while also being a little weighty. I was prone to clumsily tripping over things too, so this place seemed like my own, personal hell. Even stumbling over to the exit door it seemed as if I might fall, but I managed. It was just... “**Huh? Is it locked? Hello!?! Can someone open this thing!?!**” No matter how hard I pulled, the door just simply *wouldn’t* budge.

Eventually, I pulled with *too much* force and my hand, sweaty, slipped. I fell back and thankfully landed upon a shoddy, spring bed, but upon doing so I kicked up the scent that clung to the mattress. It was a mixture of cigarettes and booze, two things I wasn’t exactly fond of, and my nose wrinkled after being subjected to the stench. After picking myself up again, I was reminded of the cigarette packs littered around the room. Most of them looked empty.

Wonder if there’s a light in one of ‘em, though?

“**...What was I thinking just now?**” I immediately caught myself in what I could only assume was a craving? I wasn’t sure, I’d never smoked a day in my life. Yet now that I’d caught a whiff of their smoke, I couldn’t really think of much else.

All the while, this new fixation was serving as the perfect coverage for some ignorance on my part. After pushing myself up onto my feet again, I wiped my nose with my hand only to find the cigarette smell upon them almost repulsively strong. I'd likened it to the fault of the bed I'd landed on, but the reality of the matter was that this scent was baked in from smoke after smoke after smoke. I'd dropped the hand before I'd realized, in fact, but not only was the color of my skin upon my hands darkening slightly, but they looked smaller and incredibly calloused compared to how blemish free my digits typically were.

It was a phenomenon that likewise crept up beneath the sleeves of my black hoodie, seeing my wrists collapse and my forearms plucked of their brown hairs as any excess fat was stripped from these upper limbs. Instead, some actual muscle mass formulated, suggestive more of the fact that I was one to repetitively wield tools than, say, lift weights. A slightly copper color arose upon these now toned surfaces, but shapes and colors ended up dancing along them too.

Tattoos, plentiful at that, were sprawled inconsistently up both arms. Much like I'd never smoked before, I'd also never gotten a tattoo. I always thought it would be too painful, but as ink painted me in this case, I suppose it was more or less a painless ordeal. They were also... bizarre. The most prominent one on my right arm was a mustached head with a banner beneath it that read '*GUNSMITHING*' and a pair of hands in prayer even below that. And the left arm? A skull with the words '*IN GUNS WE TRUST*' below them in decorative font. These were only a small sampling of the ink job I'd received, but there were just so many that it would take way too long to go into detail. I would've noticed them if not for my sleeves, and even then, they were baggier somehow. Had my arms become shorter by this point?

My legs would eventually follow suit, but before that I had ended up rooting through the many empty cigarette boxes in the room despite my best interests. **"I've never smoked a damn thing in my life, so why am I *cravin'* a smoke so bad? —'Cravin'?' I mean *craving!*"** It certainly wasn't like me to shorten my words like that, it came off with a far more country accent than I could ever bare to speak with myself.

As I moved from box to box though, I found the task a little less taxing. A bunch of them were scattered on the ground and because of my weight it was difficult to bend over at times, but it was like my flexibility was at an all time high. ...For good reason.

My hoodie had become baggier still. Much of the weight around my belly had been trimmed off as the same light copper color had spread throughout my torso. Before long all of the excess weight had been stripped away, and what remained was a tight tummy with a deep

bellybutton scented with rum. *Had someone been doin' shots from it last night?* My head was still kind of fuzzy. **“Ugh! Are all these packs really empty? How many'd I smoke last night...? No, wait, that ain't right. I wasn't smokin' last night; I wasn't even here! I was back... back in... y'know?”**

Did I know? Elongated nails scratched the back of my head in confusion, pulling longer, messier hair that was actually darker – almost black. It was super greasy as it hung to my shoulders, but was it really all that *surprisin'*? I hadn't taken a shower in days now! Wasn't that weird though? I felt like I'd had one pretty recently...

Returning to my tummy for a second, more tattoos were etched in upon my bronze flesh. Two revolvers, each pointed with the barrel towards my crotch with a bullet *overlayin'* a heart in between them. Roses lines either side. It was like I was inviting people to look down at my junk. *Kinda funny, right? Some girls were just loose like that, me included.*

...Me?

“Oh nelly! What's goin' own down there? Since when did friskiness come with a hangover this bad!?” The Southern accent was coming on thick now, and it was *becomin'* less and less unusual as far as I was concerned. I was thinking more about how I felt like I was gonna cum all of a sudden, an intense wave of pleasure *seizin'* my genitals. Before I knew what was happening, I'd reached a hand down to grab, but nothin' was there to grab anyways!

Actually, bein' a bitchin' woman like myself, woulda been kinda strange if something had been down there, right?

...Even mentally, that accent had taken complete control now.

A finger dipped deep into my pussy, but I resisted on the grounds that I felt like I was forgettin' something important. Removin' the hand, of course I grazed the thick bush of black hair that rested above it. Hygiene wasn't really my thing. Smokes were though, and I was gettin' more and more agitated that I couldn't find a carton with some inside.

“I'm gonna lose my damn mind! I ain't got time for this!” O' course, plenty of my agitation came from the fact that I had a pretty bad hangover. Had it gotten worse? Couldn't tell. Mix it with my cigarette addiction and it was a recipe for disaster, and that was without me screamin' at my pants not long after. **“Goddamn! Why're these things so damn tight!?”**

My clothes usually fit as snug as a bug in a rug, but the waistline of these pants was diggin' into my hips. Probably 'cause they'd swung wider, and the back was fillin' in with a taut caboose. I'd always been more of an ass girl than a tit bitch, and even though I didn't recognize these jeans, and even though they were damn loose other than the waistband, my ass still filled out the back in a sexy bubble. After unbuttonin' the front to drop these pants, I couldn't help myself and rubbed my ass sensually before droppin' the boxers I was wearin' too. Boxers though? Why was I dressin' up in men's shit?

Down below, my thighs had begun to look mighty ripe as well. My head felt kinda fuzzy, but hadn't I been kinda chubby down there at some point? Not anymore though, 'cause just like my ass, my legs were *phenomenal*. Goosebumps gave my slightly tanned skin a pleasin' texture, and my favorite gun tat with an ammunition band finally inked itself around my right thigh. Did I get a little shorter? Couldn't be, right? I was always around 5'6", least since I stopped bein' a little girl. And my tooties? They were pretty dirty, but they were just as small as I remembered 'em.

"H-Huh!? Where'd everyone go!?" All of a sudden, my vision blurred substantially, and I was forced to use my hands to help guide me towards where I could remember puttin' my glasses. Kinda weird that I remembered that, right? Or was it not weird at all? I lived here, so... My head's a mess, sorry 'bout that. Tired of my sweater hangin' so loose though, on my way towards the nightstand that had my optics, I pulled it up and over my head so that I was left completely nude.

Haha... *nude!* That's a funny word, ain't it?

My chest was exposed, and now that it could breathe? It grew all plump and stuff. Like I said before, I was much more of an ass girl. My tits weren't at all impressive, so growin' a B-cup wasn't amazin' or anything. The best I could say is that they were perky as hell, and when I got older they wouldn't be saggin' much! **"Aha! There ya are, you pesky bugger!"** My hand smacked onto the nightstand, and I immediately grasped the red frames of my spectacles with calloused fingers.

I slid 'em up my nose, and it was already too late for me to notice that my face was all fucked up. Or was it *right*? A nose that was wide as hell, dark and bushy eyebrows, big lips that hid a smile that was super toothy – as my smile'd always been ever since I was a little lass; nah, this was the norm, right? **"And there you are! Fuck! Finally!"** Fortune finally shone on me, and there'd been a full pack o' smokes on the nightstand all along, my lighter inside. I rubbed my hands together like a needy 'lil girl before scoopin' out a cigarette and the lighter, and before

you could call my name – you know, *Nico*? – I was takin’ a long drag of nicotine. Hah! *Nicotine*! That’s a funny one! I should tell it to Nero next he drops by!

As I sat there savorin’ the end of my cravin’ though, it hit me again. The feelin’ that I was forgettin’ somethin’, and somethin’ important at that. Everythin’ felt right but it *didn’t* ‘cause of that. The nicotine sure as hell helped though, and before long I’d forgotten that I was worried about anythin’ in the first place.



I’d just barely finished my smoke when a bangin’ sound from outside of my room suddenly caught my attention, and it completely pulled me away for whatever the hell was causin’ problems with my memory. Maybe I’d drank too much last night? Couldn’t tell ya. Had Nero come by to party? **“Hold yer horses! I’ll be right there!”** I groaned, tripping over some clothes that didn’t look shit like mine and some garbage I hadn’t bothered to tuck away before throwin’ my legs through a pair of panties and shovin’ a loose tanktop over my head. I eventually stumbled out into the visitin’ space of the RV we were usin’ for Devil May Cry.

What? Were you thinkin’ a gal like me lived somewhere all *fancy schmancy*? You’d damn well be wrong and livin’ in a dream world at that! Movin’, still feelin’ pretty hungover, I eventually fumbled with the shutter and found myself lookin’ at a familiar face. **“Oh, Lady! Right. Right, right, right. You were s’posed to come by today. Pickin’ up ammo, right? One sec.”** Oh! So that’s what I’d been forgettin’. Fuck! Ever since Nero had introduced me to those Devil May Cry chicks, they’d been comin’ to me for this ‘nd that. I couldn’t really complain though. After all...

When I turned to go back and rummage through all the crap to find her order though, Lady grabbed my wrist through the shutter and pulled me back. **“Not just that. After what we got up to last night, I think you owe me a little something else.”** She used me as an anchor and pulled herself up ‘nd into the RV, quickly spinnin’ me around and planting her lips against mine.

Really got me wonderin' what happened last night, honestly, but I ain't complainin'! Just grabbed a hand full o' that sweet ass o' hers and leaned into the kiss.

It's what a polite lassie like 'lil old me should do, right?

Huh? Whatcha mean this Lady is KAIZA?

The hell's a KAIZA?