

K/NOCT

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Noctis didn't like waiting around. Prompto had run off with Ignis and Gladio somewhere, taking the Regalia as well and leaving the young prince stranded at Hammerhead gas station all by himself. Prompto had said it was for a 'big surprise' and that Noct should just be patient, but with everything going on some things were easier said than done. There wasn't a ton to do at Hammerhead, particularly when Cid and Cindy were busy with customers. He wasn't really in the mood to hunt monsters out in the wild either, which left him with the internal shop of the gas station.

It was a simple design and essentially what you'd expect. Shelves of food and snacks, but it also had a rather bountiful selection of music CDs. Since there was a machine that allowed you to sample them by utilizing a big set of headphones, he'd decided to flip through the selections that way. The headphones themselves had built-in noise canceling, and so the moment the prince adorned them he found himself cut off from the hustle and bustle of the world around him. The sound of machines working in the distance, of customers using the store? It was all drowned out.

Freeing. That was the way it felt to not hear any of the noise outside. Noct was a prince, a fighter, and he'd been through so much as of late that having an opportunity to step to the side, to step away from it all, was something of a nice change of pace.

Pressing a worn button on the module on the counter by the window the young man flicked through the selection of music in search of something that suited his tastes. What were his tastes? A little bit of everything. He believed there was a beauty in music regardless of the genre, and so there wasn't a whole lot he *wouldn't* listen to. That's why he wasn't so quick to press the button again when a song titled POPSTAR appeared on the screen and began to blare for him alone.

It was a noisy song. One with a catchy beat that provoked his finger to tap on the counter beside him rhythmically. What he found odd about it though was that he didn't recognize the language? As one who was supposed to be king someday he was well studied in the kingdoms of the world and their languages, but nothing sung in this song sounded like something he knew. Could it be a fictional language made just for this song? If so it was a rather bold move.

Unbeknownst to the lad, however, the rhythmic tapping of his finger against the counter was quickly accompanied by a rather melodious clacking, like something hard was bouncing against the surface every time his finger came down. This wasn't untrue at all, because the lengths of his fingernails had practically doubled and found a dark orchid gloss glistening across their surface. If Noct weren't listening to the music he might have noticed the clacking right away... but then again if he wasn't listening to the music there wouldn't have been any clacking in the first place.

The nails on the hand that hung at his side were likewise given the same treatment in tandem, change quickly creeping into fingers themselves and seeing their shapes narrow and palm soften beneath his gloves. Or at least for as long as the gloves were there. Once the phenomenon reached his wrists and began to slide up his arms, the fingerless gloves that typically hid his hands just straight vanished into thin air as golden bracelets appeared to dangle from narrower wrists in their place.

Reaching the song's first chorus only hurried Noctis' unwary transformation along, and next his legs began to succumb as the flesh of his arms was left at the mercy of the changes for the time being. The stalks of his black utility boots most notably regressed downwards as the grips on the boots' bottoms slowly flattened and lost most of their traction. Blacks became dark purples, white lining separating sections of what were now obviously stylish shoes. They were definitely smaller than his boots though, which begged the question: what of the man's feet?

They'd crunched. Not painfully of course, because then the prince might have noticed that he was changing in the first place and if he changed the song without listening to it to completion then the track's intended purpose wouldn't stick. Toenails were long but not so long that they'd strain against the lips of the shoes, toes overall more miniature and cute though apparently calloused from a rigorous exercise routine -- *in this case dancing*.

But also nothing about Noct's changing shape suggested he still wouldn't be able to hold his own in combat when all was said and done either. His arms *were* looking a little lankier, but as black leather sleeves of his jacket puffed up into royal purple with gold bands at the wrists and elbows, the fluffy design was actually obscuring a great deal of retained muscle that was now better suited upon a woman's frame.

His legs were very much in the same boat. They became leaner as his costume continued to change, but there was a very obvious fitness left to their shape and it

was far more evident considering what was becoming of his lower outfit when compared to what had transpired with the upper portion. Pants grew tighter and tighter, crushing skin as flesh became leaner and leaner. On the right his leg was eventually entirely wrapped in skin-tight leather as a gold zipper ran up the inside of his leg, but on the left the black spandex only reached as high as his thighs. Thighs that, despite their muscle mass, quickly became something of a *treat*.

Fat bloated them up. Not incredibly so. They were, by no stretch of the imagination, flabby or even all that soft. Instead, on the left where his thigh was left visible, it was easy to see how a freshly waxed sheen spread across his leg's skin as the flesh beneath became plump and enticing. Athletic but tempting. Of course this came to match his ass, which while usually flat as a washboard had gained a noticeable curvature against the extremely snug pants. A belt ultimately tied up the ensemble, white at its base with a gold buckle and gold loops to sell the gaudy charm of his costume overall.

Was he beginning to understand the song's lyrics?

Even as he was distracted by the music and it began to slide into its final chorus, the most surprise the boy -- *woman* -- could illicit was an uncomfortable gasp as it felt like something had rolled up inside of her. Compressed by her pants, the dick that had made her so clearly a man was forced inside as remnants of her boxers clipped into fresh lips and the crack of ass cheeks as a new, black thong. The bands that rested on wide hips threatened to pop out from under her lower wear, but thankfully remained in tact.

Closing her lips after her short gasp, she didn't even realize just how soft they'd become as the top and bottom settled against one another with a renewed voluminous feel. Bright red lipstick of a strawberry flavor had settled across their surfaces, and lips were beginning to move in time with the lyrics of the song itself. To Noctis, it was like she knew the lyrics like she knew how to breathe all of a sudden. Every word made sense, every beat drop was expected. Her lashes fluttered, shapes of the eyes they were attached two more almond than round by design more and more as the vibrancy of his blue eyes shifted to a purple. A purple that matched the dark eyeshadow and pink blush that accentuated her facial features and drew attention away from her small nose.

Head bobbed up and down, woman getting real into the music. Each bob saw spiky hair lengthen and lengthen, blacks succumbing to a dark purple as it fell down her back and framed her face with more notable bangs. Just as it looked as if it were going to dangle freely there, it was suddenly up. A hat had appeared on her head, the hair now styled into a wild ponytail behind her.

She was more or less entirely a woman now excluding one key area. Her navel was very quickly exposed as the black shirt she typically wore beneath her jacket began to regress northward at an astounding pace. It showed off the curves of the torso, the firmness of a stomach that encompassed a deep but sexy navel surrounded by

abundant muscle. But as the material lessened and exposed more of her torso, it began to lighten in color too. Blacks turned to grays, then grays turned to whites. When all was said and done, what was left was a white sports top with nothing to contain at first. Very quickly was that corrected as a pair of mounds rose with each breath, nipples hard but thankfully hidden as the woman full out jammed in the gas station, singing at the top of her lungs. Her B-cup tits wouldn't turn any heads, but with her infamy she wouldn't really need them to do that anyways.

Her infamy as...

"Hey, aren't you Akali from K/DA!? I'm a huge fan!" A voice yelling at her from nearby forced the woman -- Akali? -- to remove the headphones and turn her attention to the source. A boy dressed in all black, with spiky blonde hair and a camera in hand. **"My name's Prompto and I uh... Could you sign my camera!?"**

The woman stood confused. This boy was... didn't she know him? She felt like she knew him extremely well, and yet nothing about him was coming to mind. Surely Ahri would chastise her for... Who was *Ahri*? She shook her head in an attempt to clear it. Her name was Akali? That made sense. K/DA was... the group she was in? A pop group. Well, it'd be best to greet this fan before dwelling on her confusion anymore.

Not that she would. By the time she'd finish signing his camera she would have completely forgotten about that uncertainty. Actually, maybe she should get this boy to listen to that track as well?