

BROKEN BIRD

JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

It was the sound of water falling into more water that stirred Chris Yukine from her slumber. It hadn't been a pleasant sleep, and upon stirring back to consciousness it seemed her waking would fare no better. Vision groggy, she could feel half of her body submerged in cold water, her hands bound above her as toes touched nothing beneath her. As water dripped down from above and onto her breast, the feeling of the water bouncing off her skin merely served to reveal that she was completely nude.

It seemed the only light in wherever she was? It shone up from the water below, the sight of various fish swimming by along with the salty scent of the ocean. That was right, the Bavarian Illuminati had staged an attack in the city's waterfront and Chris had been the first to arrive. The battle had been a fierce one, but once she'd crossed attacks with that *vampire* everything had faded to darkness. **"Where the hell am I!?"** Fiery energy reborn once all of the puzzle pieces had fallen in place, Chris began to thrash against the rope that kept her short but stacked body bound in the air.

The pendant that allowed her to activate Ichaival wasn't dangling from her neck, no doubt stripped from her along with her clothes, but instead there seemed to be something embedded in the skin about her breast. A black object that almost looked like a bat, one wide and white eye dilated in the center. Chris hadn't the foggiest idea what it was, but if it was a product of the alchemists it couldn't be anything good.

Thrashing once more, the fact that out of the users she was the least physically fit seemed to have ill-consequence with how quickly she was taken by fatigue. Moving

her lower body through the water used up way more energy than if she'd merely been in the air. The ropes were tied pretty tight, biting into her skin and threatening to cut her skin if she moved too much. Could she afford to wait and see if anyone would come? Being separated from everyone like this, being bound up like this, it reminded her of the times she had before she joined S.O.N.G. Terrible times when she was used and abused.

But she wasn't alone now, she was confident of that. If she couldn't escape then she'd just wait. Her friends were idiots, but they were *reliable* idiots if anything. Trusting this, she allowed herself to give into the fatigue and fell asleep once more.

When Chris woke next it looked to be dark outside based on how the light that had poured in from the water below seemed to have faded. The ocean below looked cold and terrifying, the girl herself choking back any paranoia regarding what might rise from below and take a bite out of her. Stomach gurgled for food within expectation, but thanks to the water from the steel ceiling apparently being freshwater she at least wouldn't dehydrate.

'I feel so tired...' She'd complain mentally, not interesting in wasting energy speaking for an audience that was only herself. She hadn't been plagued with delirium to the point of talking to herself *just* yet. Everything ached, her vision still spun. How long had she been down here? Was anyone coming? Maybe she really *was* alone...?

A moment of self-doubt was enough for the bat-like pendant scarred upon her flesh to suddenly begin to burn, Chris' body wriggling while suspended as the searing pain seemed to wrack her very core. "**Wh--!?**" She was unable to properly voice her shock as the pain spiked again. She felt like she was going to vomit. No, she *definitely* was. It crept up from within her and spilled out her mouth, eyes wide to witness a black, tar-like substance spew from inside of her. Surely *that* wasn't normal. It splashed into the water below, presumably dyeing as she choked on what remained of the spit-up. It didn't taste like vomit really, it might have almost been edible? The girl just didn't know *what* it was.

She couldn't even wipe her mouth as what was left dribbled down her chin, and midst it all the pain hadn't subsided in the least. If anything it had become just a little more bearable, body no longer lashing out as a natural response. Of course she barely had the energy to lash out in the first place.

Now sore and tired, everything about her body felt incredibly heavy. If not for the bindings holding her in place she surely would have plummeted into the water below, and if she accomplished that, then what? She had no energy to swim, she was in pain; she'd drown. Her breathing went shallow as she began to accept the tragedy of her circumstances.

Head hanging low, eyes closed, something very important would escape her line of sight at first. *Her toes*. Submerged in the black water they were difficult to see even

with how pale they were, but something very strange was happening to not only them by her legs in general. Toes had begun to fuse together, the sensation gone unnoticed by her brain thanks to how numb they were from the cold. In general, while legs and feet seemed peculiar it wasn't because there were any additional notable changes at first, at least none that were physical. Rather what stuck out as unusual was how her legs interacted with the water. Every wave seemed to pull them from side to side without resistance as if nothing was pinning them into place again her hips.

As if there were no bones in them. The shape of her knees became less defined without kneecaps to shape them, legs instead looking more like a pair of wavy appendages than anything; a pair of wavy appendages that were undergoing a dramatic change in color. The upper bulk of them not only paled – in addition to this a very prominent sheen seemed to decorate their skin. As if they were soft and smooth? Taking that a step farther, as if they were *rubbery*. An unfamiliar plumpness took Chris' thighs, which swayed from side to side within the waves as change progressed in her feet.

Toes on either feet had combined into a single mass that bore the same sheen as the rest of her legs, though a single point had erected itself in the center. It was as if her feet were now a pair of bulbous appendages, their colors turning irregular as they darkened to a rich purple and hung there. And fell. And fell. And fell some more. Farther into the depths did they fall while still attached to the girl's torso, legs almost double in size before the sensation of her legs *tearing* stirred her conscious once more.

Eyes still downcast, horror gripped Chris as the sight before her shook her fundamentally. From her point of view it looked like a pair of white stalks had grabbed her from the depths below, unable to see the tips of where her feet used to be. But then she began to make it out. Cracks ran up the length of the stalks, splitting them to the point that they split into two, four, six, eight, *ten* appendages. Each split was accompanied by an uncomfortable pain as if her legs were being torn apart, and Chris herself had yet to realize that the things dangling below her *were* her legs. In the spaces they had split ran pairs upon pairs of suction cups, newly born tentacles flailing around beneath the girl in response to her emotional distress. It wasn't until the splitting ceased just below her thighs that it finally dawned on her...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?” All of the energy she had laughed was channeled into her scream, one reacting fairly to the ten tentacles that had split below her. Each seemed to have a mind of its own, one catching a poor fish that had flown too close to her lower body, another emerging from the waves to caress Chris' face in a comforting manner. That wasn't quite the case though. She had full control, but a monster's instincts were beginning to mix with her own subconscious. She was hungry and needed to feed, and fish was the perfect prey. **“How could this happen? What is happening? I don't want this...!”** Would anyone ever accept her as a creature like this? Some kind of *freak*?

The remainder of the turning kraken's skin seemed to pale and shine as her the bones beneath her flesh begun to dissipate much like her legs had, a rubbery blubber claiming the texture of her form in its entirety. Around her torso, however, black seemed to rise from the rubber, appearing to be a skirt that covered her exposed nether regions (*which had begun to drip black liquid themselves*), and an ass that looked fuller with its new texture and the size needed to help accommodate the ten tentacles that hung below her.

She couldn't hold it in anymore and the black, ink-like liquid spewed from her mouth once more. This time it ran directly down her tits, which while already extraordinarily impressive in size could only surge more and more in size, bouncing like rubber balls as the ink she choked up began to wrap around the sides of the mounds, hardening to hold them in place in the process. Her tits were the size of a basketball each now, their mass fully the very same softness that would make her an invertebrate.

"Ngh... GUH!" Chris' energy surged once more and she began to lash out against the rope a third time. Still horrified by her own appearance, she had gone into a state of shock-induced anger that saw her thrashing and twirling, tentacles spinning around in kind. Responsive to her hunger, one of the appendages brought a fish before her mouth and she took a gaping bite from living prey without giving it a second thought. Presumably raw fish would taste bad, but she wanted nothing more than to eat it whole. *It was delicious.*

Purple eyes shone bright, a vibrant violet taking her silver locks without altering their length nor styling as fish blood rolled down her chin. The final physical change to her body came as, from the sides of her head a pair of black, rubbery spikes emerged. In mollusk lingo it was a mantle, the flaps one might find on many species of squid.

Despite eating, her hunger wasn't quite satiated. It wasn't merely a hunger for food that had stirred, but a sexual one as well. She had completely shifted into a monster girl known as a '*kraken*', an undersea hunter that was a laid back glutton under normal circumstance. Perhaps it was this general demeanor being enforced upon her that had robbed her of the anxiety she'd felt when she'd first noticed her changes. Either way, it allowed her the clarity to realize that she could use a tentacle to pull the ropes out of the steel above.

Having accomplished as much, her big and rubbery body slid into the water, several more fish lapped up by tentacles as Chris displayed a ragged, toothy smile. Memories of her past life and personality were still there, but they'd become entirely overcome by the kraken's appetite. Ink dribbled from her nether regions, muddling up the water and clinging to arms to provide a pair of makeshift gloves. Of course, with her enhanced eyesight dealing with the vision obscured by her own juices was of no difficulty.

Using a jet of water that she fired from her monster pussy, she rocketed along the ocean floor until she collided. With a glass wall.

On the other side, a number of humans watched with interest. Had she been in an aquarium all along? She was being treated as a specimen of some sort? A tentacle idly brought another fish to her mouth, which she chomped into promptly.

It didn't matter. Until she was satisfied, *it didn't matter*.