

IMPURELY NUN

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Kama hated the beach.

To be fair, however? She hated *most* things. If there were people around her having a good time, then she always felt compelled to *ruin* that good time through whatever means necessary. Whether it was giving them a wedgie by yanking their bikini from behind, or knocking their shaved ice onto the ground without them noticing, or pushing a couple into the water when they were about to share a passionate kiss...

Okay, so Kama was a terrible person. She had never once denied as much in her life; at least not the life she'd lived since Shiva incinerated her so long ago. Most of her ire was typically reserved for Pavarti, but all of this 'fun in the sun' had only brought out the worst in her.

To those ends, she had purposely followed the voices of children frolicking near the beach's end through a small patch of tropical trees and brush. Some of the younger Servants had run off on their own earlier, and all odds seemed to suggest that they were unsupervised. This made them the perfect targets for her ire!

Peering from behind a tree on the edge of the patch of plant life, she could make out a rather crude looking sandcastle likely concocted via the hands of the five children there. Destroying that would be ideal, would it not? That would mean ruining the day of Abigail, Nursery Rhyme, Jack, Jeanne Lily, Bunyan, the *second* Abigail...

“Huh? Since when were there *two* of that brat?” She couldn't recall a second Abigail Williams running around for any reason, and

even then? Fundamentally, just one version of that girl was unsettling enough. Acting all pure despite the darkness that lurked within? *Hah!*

Yet, it was strange. Regardless of how many there were, being in such close proximity? It almost felt as if she was resonating with one of the children. An unsettling feeling, like her very being had connected with something it didn't. Almost like her bond with the second half of Beast III, Kiara Sesshouin. She didn't understand that this was because one of those twin Abigail had once been Kiara Sesshouin, and their bond was spreading the cause of her own transformation into Kama herself now that they were so physically close.

Kama didn't *understand* it, but she instinctually realized something was wrong and dashed back into the patch of trees – completely unaware that a pair of tiny feet given chase after her. **“What the hell!? Why do I feel so strange!? Almost like something is boiling up from within...!?”**

The woman had a flair for the dramatic on any normal day, but this? If was certainly an unusual performance to witness if it *was* one. It *wasn't*, unfortunately. Kama didn't know how to describe it – something was messing with her Saint Graph? Was that a plausible possibility? Something instinctively guided the woman to grab a handful of her hair, where she witnessed strands of blond beginning to overcome her purple silver. All while the stars that shone in the back of her hair, and the burns on her arms and legs? They all flickered off as if there was a light switch attached.

“Ghh!?” Kama was in no pain, but having one's very being certainly wasn't an *enjoyable* ordeal either. Even as the black that covered her arms and legs returned to a healthy pink color, she certainly wasn't counting her blessings. And her eyes? They soon shone blue. Not that she could see.

Instead, she was still fixated on the handful of hair she was holding. It was entirely a golden blonde now, almost like the hair of... *Abigail*? Wait. There had been two Abigails at the beach! For something to fundamentally affect her in such a way, was the other...? **“Bingo!”** Sensing that her other half had realized the truth, an Abigail stepped out from behind the trees, having chased Kama this far. **“I was Kiara-san! But you know? People change! I'm a good girl now, honest!”**

That was a *lie*. Abigail's mischievous side permitted her old Kiara side some occasional reprieve, and now that she was being naughty? She wanted to see just how hellish of an experience she could make this for Kama. What would happen if she wielded Yog-Sothoth's powers to alter the course of the woman's transformation, she wondered?

“Damn you! I’m not going to join... you?” She’d had the good sense to look down at her golden hair, expecting that she was destined to become a third Abigail Williams. But the false Abigail herself? She was already running countermeasures. You know what they say! Three’s a crowd! Instead, Kama’s defiance had been muffled upon looking back down at the hair in her hand, finding the gold lost and a raven black alternative darkening her locks in its place. She could feel it. Another influence. One she couldn’t comprehend. **“What the *heck* are you doing!?”**

Typically crude as hell, this sudden mental defiance to cursing immediately struck Kama. **“*Frick!?* Seriously, the *heck!?* I can’t say bad words!?”** *Well, I don’t want to be a bad girl!* **N-No, YOU!”** Her eyes were practically swirling as she came to the startling realization that her nature was already being tampered with, enforcing ideals of purity into her mind that forced her to go against her once crude, arrogant, and mean demeanor. Said eyes ended up changing color a second time as well, and a shimmering gold replaced the blue they’d taken on when she’d first been becoming another Abigail.

The black had swept through her entire head of hair over just a matter of moments, and the hair itself? It seemed thinner by design, flowing out behind her in narrower clumps that found natural curls near the tips. Kama lurched down and forward as the discomfort of it all worked into her body proper, but not before a pair of tiny, messy buns sprung up from her mane.

Doubled over, the ocean breeze teasing her hair as is, there wasn’t any fundamental understanding on her part that something might be fidgeting with the styling of her bangs. And yet? They had parted in the center. Not without cause, for a trio of purple lights had forced their parting. Three, purple dots that ran vertically down her forehead’s center.

Familiar dots to be sure *if* she’d had any way of noting them.

Despite her prior demand for answers however, Abigail remained silent, instead watching from the shadow of the trees with an innocent smile plastered upon her face. *Abi is such a good girl, she should be my role model!* was a thought that had crossed Kama’s mind, and it certainly churned her stomach. That monster was no saint! **“Change me back, you!”** She’d certainly wanted to curse the brat out but couldn’t muster the will to spew such *inappropriate* words.

“Change you back? What do you mean, *Ki-a-ra*? You’ve always been such a good, little girl who respects her elders, haven’t

you? It's unsettling to hear you speak so strangely!" Evidently, Abigail was living the good life here. She was saying specific things with the intention of moving Kama's transformation along, all while unsettling her by giving her glimpses of the truth.

One of the things the girl had said had been particularly unsettling to the Assassin. "**Kiara!? Did you just call me Kiara!?**" She righted herself just in time for the gold she wore across her figure to fall to the ground with a *CLANG*, leaving her breasts and groin entirely exposed. The cause of such a loss came from diminishing returns in the figure area. Her breasts and ass had both shrunk a size, but she was far too fixated on the name Abigail had just referred to her with.

The black hair... it certainly resembled Kiara's own. "**Darn it! You're turning me into— E-Eh!?**" The woman had looked down at herself to try and convince herself that her assertion wasn't legit, only to let loose a girlish squeak upon realizing she was essentially naked. Considering Kama was the God of Desire and Lust, she'd never had any issue with being naked before. Yet... "**Why am I exposed like this!? It's so indecent!?**" Her cries had grown shrill, her voice no longer her own.

"**And I'm getting smaller!?**" The Assassin had possessed the right mind to grope herself as she watched her breasts continue to shrink – along with the rest of her body – but the part of her that was now identifying as a *good, little girl* thanks to Abigail's influence knew that such a thing was *inappropriate*! A little anxiety forced her to rock back and forth on dwindling heels, her tootsies destined to be miniature by comparison.

Kama was certainly shrinking into that little girl label that Abi had given her. Before long, her breasts and butt were little more than mosquito bites, even though her height and facial structure still placed her in adulthood. But before that could be tested further? Abigail chimed in once more. "**You shouldn't dress so indecently, Ki-a-ra! We're at the beach, so where's your swimsuit?**"

Swimsuit? Where was her...? Ah! Before she could ponder it further, a pink one piece with white trimmings hugged her body, its fit shrinking along with her body as if its only point were to conceal her naughty bits as she regressed back into her teens. Not that she had much in the way of naughty bits to show off anymore. Kama just felt lost, because even though she knew she should have been angry that she was turning into Kiara, she could not enact that anger in any meaningful way.

Instead? She almost felt at *peace* with this, which was its own special brand of unsettling, really.

Her height fell further, and before long the girl looked to be around thirteen at *best*. Her cheeks were round and chubby, her Japanese eyes a little wider, and the arch of her nose incredibly gentle. No longer did she bear even an iota of resemblance to Sakura Matou, her facial structure irrefutably that of a younger Sesshouin girl. Which begged the question: in a transformation like this, what happened to the host? Had Sakura herself blended into this new ego? We may *never* know the answer.

The swimsuit she'd been forced into now fit rather comfortably, but only once she'd slipped into her finalized age of ten – making her a full year younger than Abigail. A hot pink light momentarily glowed beneath her neck, as a familiar marking took shape and left the child's physical transformation complete. “**Wh-What happened to...? Ugh, you...?**” Her mind felt like it was adrift for a brief time after the fact, but her gaze suddenly narrowed at the blonde-haired American girl hiding in the trees as, deep down, she realized.

She was going to *throttle* the Abigail Williams in front of her... No! She was Kiara, wasn't she? *But how can she be Kiara if my name is Kiara?* The back and forth waged within her own ego left the child less and less certain of herself, and with time she began to default to the thoughts that made much more sense for a girl of her age. That meant that while her identity as Kama still existed deep within, the part of herself that identified as ‘*Kiara Sesshouin*’ was entirely dominant.



Essentially, her old self had no choice but to restlessly observe the actions of the cute, pure, obedient brat that she had become. Not unlike the brats whose sand castle she'd been prepared to ruin just minutes before – and thinking about it now, she really wanted to help build it! Even worse? She'd likewise assumed the identity of her *greatest* nemesis.

Her desire to throttle Abigail? “**Oh, Abigail-chan! How long have you been there?**” Based on how the young, untainted Kiara beamed so brightly at the elder child, she'd forgotten all about it. She was completely incapable of refuting her own innocence now. But... this awakened something in Abigail, whose own smile turned into a mischievous smirk while a dark keyhole appeared on her forehead. Spooky, or so Kiara thought!

“Hmm? I’ve been here all along, Kiara!” She skipped over to the Japanese youth and took both of her hands in her own. To Kiara, this felt extremely warm and comforting. But Abigail? She took those hands and pressed them against her own chest – *intentionally*. **“Have you ever felt real breasts before, Kiara? Ones that aren’t like these?”** Evidently, looking at Kiara’s purity, and knowing the truth about Kiara Sesshouin’s future – as she had once lived that future – she’d stumbled upon a fun, little game. Could she take this pure-hearted Kiara Lily and turn her into the depraved woman she’d once been?

“EHHH!?! That’s weird, Abigail-chan! I’m telling the others that you’re doing icky things!” But Kiara pulled her hands away and ran towards the beach where she knew the other kids were playing. Abigail wasn’t worried, she knew that her new ‘friends’ wouldn’t believe her. But clearly this Lily was characterized with a proper representation of the innocence she had at that age.

“It’s okay! We have an eternity for me to awaken that side of you, Kiara Sesshouin~!”