

BACK TO TRAINING

JANUARY 2022 REQUEST STORY

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Ichigo Kurosaki's life had taken quite the turn over the years. At times growing up was difficult, but at others it felt it was all worth it. He was starting a family these days and that was most *definitely* a good thing, but well, he and Orihime were still *trying* to conceive. He did have his fair share of doubts about it. What if he was the problem? What if he wasn't ready to raise a child?

Either way, his situation ultimately changed one day. Only temporarily he had been asked out to the United Kingdom as part of his translating career. It was a two week long trip, and one that had his wife's blessing. But him being away meant that the young couple would have to put their plans of conception on hold. Orihime herself would be coming a week later, so they could work on it then.

But Ichigo had been given *another* task in the process. Apparently Britain held another branch of Soul Society, and he had been tasked by that of Japan to investigate it. Apparently most Shinigami knew very little of it, and even the higher ups claimed it was 'wildly different from our branch'. Needless to say the young man had been intrigued.

Unfortunately it took him a little longer into his trip duration to find even a clue to their whereabouts than he would have liked. "**They could have made it a little easier...**" Having returned to his hotel room, Ichigo lamented the hoops he'd had to jump through to obtain the object in his hand. A key in the shape of a dragon, one that apparently allowed the holder to enter what essentially functioned as the UK's Soul Society. He didn't even *want* to recount the channels he'd had to go through to receive it.



But it was certainly the genuine article. He could feel the spirit energy that radiated from within, dull as it was. That meant that even if it *was* somehow deceptive to his goals, at the very least it was still a lead. Because it was so late and he was *exhausted*, mind you, he was going to wait until the morning to figure anything out about it. Or so had been the plan, and so he had placed the key in question upon his nightstand table while he went into the bathroom to shower.

While he had been in there, however? The key had begun to glow. Brighter and brighter, until...

“What the hell’s going on with this thing!?” By the time the man had stepped out of the bathroom in boxers and a white

t-shirt, his entire room was practically lit up with white. The energy that key was giving off was *far* too abundant, and while wondering if he’d done something wrong he ran over to grab it. Only for the light to fade the moment he touched it, because he could feel it all *flow into him*. **“Well *that* can’t be good.”**

And good it was *not*. Not only had the light faded, but the key causing it had *disappeared*. But Ichigo had no way of knowing that this was intentional. Because the one way to access London’s Soul Society? Well, it was to become one of their agents himself. A *Witch*, an existence similar to yet fundamentally different from a Shinigami. To those ends he could feel *something* change within him. It was as if his powers as a Shinigami had been taken offline, and yet in their place there was something... else.

“...*What did it just do?*” Should he call someone? Was he in danger? He hadn’t exactly been in the UK long enough for him to have much in the way of connections spiritually, and there was no way any of the links he had with his translation gig could come through here. And besides, it was *already* too late. **“...*Urk?*”**

Ichigo felt it suddenly, an overwhelming sense of physical weakness, and it wasn’t something that required much investigation to get to the bottom of. Holding out his arms in front of him more or less exposed the cause for what it was. **“*What is happening to my body!?*”** Before the man’s very eyes his arms were thinning, muscle mass eroding to leave

them looking much thinner and borderline twiglike compared to what he was familiar with.

Based on the fit of his pajamas though, it was likely a much more widespread issue than *just* his arms, and it was. Legs became acclimated to a softness that was quite similar, and the abs upon his stomach diminished so that there didn't appear to be an excess scrap of muscle upon his frame whatsoever. Whatever was happening here, it *wasn't* something he could readily find help for in this unfamiliar land.

“What am I supposed to do about *this!*?” Even as he cried out about his situation, Ichigo could feel things worsening. Several inches were shaved off his overall height, and unbeknownst to him? The softness that had redefined his body had also come for his face. His jagged jaw softened and rounded, nose growing more petite and eyes wider. Ichigo's hair was even lengthening, falling straight down to his shoulders. Before long he looked downright androgynous, but only for a moment. **“*HEY!*?”**

Because with a sharp tug, that which existed between the man's legs redefined *her* as a *woman*. Hands naturally reached down to grab what should have been there, but not only did they grasp nothing – her hands themselves began to better suit the sex she had been reassigned. Longer and slender, exuding a feminine fragility with slightly longer nails, her hands bore some reminiscence to those of her wife that she often stared at. **“Where did it go!?”** Adam's apple smoothed out, even her voice sounded like a better match for how she appeared.

She fumbled upon softened heels and tinier toes, balance not at all helped by a twisting figure that sought to deliver *entire* woman experience to the Shinigami – if she could even be called one still. Her balance had mostly become an issue because her hips had popped wider, testing the waistband of her pajama pants until cloth was quickly filled by a soft tissue that had the pants molded tightly around what came to be effeminate thighs and a rather large and perky bum.

With a narrowed waistline came a more impressive landscape farther north, where a once flat chest erupted into a pair of meaty mountains. Ichigo's nipples had hardened and turned erect temporarily, if only so that their engorged shapes could be properly demonstrated. It didn't take particularly long after the face for the flesh beneath them to rise and push up against the underside of his pajama top in a pair of perky C-cups. Ichigo, being a good guy... er, *girl*, resisted touching them for the time being.

Even if she *was* morbidly curious.

“Was this done with some sort of spiritual technique? I need to get my head on straight. There’s no way a *Cavendish* could fall to such a ploy! ...A what?” What was that she had just referred to herself as? Ichigo hadn’t even realized that his mind had gradually become just as wrapped up in what was transpiring as his body had been. Already he was both speaking *and* thinking in perfect English, and this reference to being a Cavendish was in reference to a Witch family stationed in the UK.

To those ends, the woman’s racial traits were prompt to succumb to the necessary changes so that she would look much more naturally apart of such a family. Her orange eyes, for example? Not only did a deep, ocean blue rob them of their initial color, but their shapes grew bigger and brighter, undeniably Caucasian when they *should* have demonstrated her Japanese heritage. Further change to her face same it lengthen, likewise providing a more pronounced appeal to her lips.

When it came to Ichigo’s hair the orange was *also* lost there as well. But so was its unwavering straightness. Already having grown to the appropriate length, it began to curl some and take on a much fluffier texture – all while layers of blonde swept through it. For the most part her hairs were painted with a very light blonde, but a stretch of it that ended up swept above her left eye almost bore a greenish undertone – and that carried over to the hair of her brows and the hair that was, well, *down there*.

“No... Something isn’t right here. I felt like I knew what it was, but?” Her thought process was a little more analytical than it was typically, and memories of growing up in this country were rapidly replacing those of her life in Japan. There was only a sole term that was consistent between both forms at the end of the day: *Soul Society*. But that familiar term, at least in terms of implications, was shifting as well. After all, she was a young Witch! Young... Young...

Ichigo was still the adult age she was supposed to be despite her changed sex, but now that this realization had been discovered, the age represented in her mind *had* to be enforced. With little more than a vague perturbed squeak (*because the young woman was finding less and less fault with what was transpiring*), her height soon slid away from her. Arms and legs became smaller, the adult curves she had earned only vaguely dwindling away until they had only been built upon by puberty so that her chest was fashioned with small-end B-cups.

A slightly more youthful face stood in awe once pants fell from narrowed hips and she realized she was swimming in an oversized tee. Now half a foot shorter than she had been as a man, the seventeen-year-old likely should have been shocked by all that had transpired. And yet the young

witch took it all with no small measure of calm. At the very least her *body* was not unfamiliar to her.

“Well that was strange.” While she’d felt like her mind had been enshrouded in a fog throughout, the moment that fog lifted *Diana Cavendish* became aware of her circumstances. **“Why... am I in a hotel room?”** Looking out the window, this was most *certainly* downtown London. And—**“AHHHH!?”** It certainly took her a moment to realize that all she was wearing was an oversized t-shirt. One that looked like it belonged to a *man*. Hadn’t she read about stories like this in magazines? About young women that were abducted and...?

But there was nobody else present other than herself. **“Calm down, Diana. This is why everyone else takes issue with you.”** Because she was so high-strung and perfectionist, the other witches of Soul Society did not take too kindly with her. In particular, that Ninny Spangcole liked to be a thorn in her side, always mocking her! It wasn’t *her* fault that she took her job so seriously! **“Akko returns from visiting her family in Japan next week. Just hold out until then...”**



Speaking of, she had to return to *her* home. You never knew when a dragon would pop up, and she couldn’t respond to a call dressed like *that*.

But what would become of Orihime when she arrived a week later?