

# SONAVERSARY

SEPTEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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Sona Buvelle turned a rather fanciful trinket over in her hands after returning to her room that evening. Her day had begun with a musical performance and ended with doing a good deed, and the item she was carrying had been a gift for said good deed. All she'd done was help an old lady across the road, and cliché as that was Sona was proud about it. The only thing? The words the old lady had left her with when she'd given her the item had stuck with her.

**“I understand that you’re mute and may not get much use out of this yet, but I’m sure you’ll find a use for it soon. After all, a kind woman like you deserves as many dedicated fans as you can find.”**

*Cryptic*, but not *troubling*. The young woman couldn't even fathom what the elder had meant, nor did she know what her inability to speak had to do with the gift. It did look like a piece of unfamiliar technology though. Two rectangular pieces colored baby blue, separated by a joint that allowed the pieces to flip open. Inside there was a gray square on one side and a series of buttons with numbers on them on the other.

It was a flip cell phone, but Sona didn't know what that was *yet*. In fact the battery was dead, so no matter how she fidgeted with the buttons nothing came to life as she'd carried it home. But once she'd returned to the inn room she was using? Once she'd taken it out while sitting on the bed? The gray square on what she assumed was the top side finally came to life.

“...!?” It was surprising to see, but of course Sona couldn't communicate her surprise. The light was white and sparkly, a pretty display unlike

anything she'd ever seen before. Of course some of the larger cities had some slightly more advanced technology, but she'd never seen anything like this even during her shows in Piltover. The light was warm as well, seemingly flowing from the screen and into her body -- but Sona didn't know anything about cellphones to know that was definitely *not* a normal occurrence.

The woman shook her head, suddenly feeling *strange*. It was truly an uncanny sensation, like she was having an out of body experience while remaining inside of her own body. Like her hands didn't feel like her hands. The inside of her mouth didn't feel like the inside of her mouth. The weight on her chest didn't feel like the weight she was accustomed to, even though it *had* remained unchanged.

'*When did my breasts get so large? They almost look like...*' Look like who? A name didn't really come to mind yet the only person she could think of was herself. Of course her breasts looked like her breasts? They *were* her breasts after all. But she just couldn't help it. Even though they were familiar they felt foreign, and in the end Sona couldn't stop herself from sliding fingers beneath the folds of her dress to grope her huge tits after dropping the phone on the ground.

Honestly? It was... *more thrilling* than expected. It wasn't as if Sona had never touched herself sexually before, but it felt like she was taking her breast fondling virginity for the first time. Her tits were so huge, like a real life anime character's! ...Not that she spared a moment's thought for what an 'anime' was or how that term had popped into her mind. She was almost a little *too* enthusiastic to dig her fingers in and twerk her nipples, like it was granting the greatest wish of all time. The wish to *be* Sona and enact breastplay with *the* Sona's breasts.

...Except she *was* Sona. Always had been.

*Hadn't she?*

But there seemed to be physical repercussions for what she was doing so uncharacteristically. It was subtle enough for the woman to not take notice at first, but those tits she was so gleefully fondling? They were shrinking. The excess fat that made them so large had begun to decline steadily, meaning more of her palms could wrap around them over time. By shrinking they were slowly becoming exactly the opposite of what she wanted, for her newly discovered lust may seemed to have been aimed at '*large breasts*', but it was more accurately aimed at '*the breasts of Sona Buvelle*'. Weren't Sona's breasts great? Her *own* breasts...

Not that this was the *only* area changing. The fingers that were so busy fondling herself? They *weren't* normal. Blue paint she'd spread across

carefully manicured fingernails that morning was cracking and chipping away, disappearing into the void while chips and cracks formed in the nails themselves. Before long they'd been munched down to the point that they looked like they belonged to a chronic nail biter, and the fingers they were attached to? Had not only slipped closer to her palms in length but also seemed stubbier and grubbier. The gentle sent of cheese was wafting from them as well, indicative of a crunchy snack that didn't exist in Sona's world, for she was becoming the resident of another.

The dress Sona always wore was growing a little baggy in all of the wrong places, for the length of her spine had begun to slip away. Her torso compressed downwards as a result, and as it did the excess mass of her tummy pooled together and showed signs of bolstering the plumpness of her gut. It wasn't enough to call a real belly - not yet - but the foundation had certainly been laid. Not only in her gut but in her arms and legs, which had likewise seen their bone lengths squashed and the skin around them loosened with redistributed fat as a result.

**“Oh no... A-Are they getting smaller?”** The woman had finally taken notice of the dwindling size of her breasts in her hands, for now they'd loss a third of their weight. But was that really the most shocking thing in this scenario? Sona had *talked*. Talked in a manner that was surprisingly sheepish and insecure, but she'd talked nonetheless. It should have been impossible, and should have been something worth realizing.

But she didn't.

Instead she was far more disappointed in the offerings of her bosom. **“Aw... But I thought I had breasts as big as Sona's there for a moment.”** That disappointment was practically palpable in intensity, and her expression grew downcast as a result. The memory and personality dissonance was growing stronger, and that desire of hers had gone from *'enjoying being Sona Buvelle'* to *'I wish I was just like Sona Buvelle'*, as if she was an incredibly loyal fan... *of herself*.

Actually, where was she? Where was her Sona merch? Her Sona posters? This didn't look like her room at all! Er... Wait? This was the inn room she'd rented? No... Why would she be at an inn? That would involve travel and she just never wanted to do that.

All in all her appearance was looking increasingly *plain* too. Vibrant blue hair, long as it was beautiful, was finding itself steadily browned in color. Ever strand that was dyed ended up regressing in length until it rested only halfway down her back instead of all the way past her ass.

It was something that could correspondingly be read from her facial features too. Sona's narrow cheekbones were in the process of becoming more rounded, with cheeks taking on some excess chub in the process. Her thin eyebrows thickened and turned the same shade of brown as the hair on her head.

Her thick lips thinned, and in the corners orange powder formed -- the scent undoubtedly matching the scent that had made its way onto stubbed fingertips. Eyes took on a plain brown too, and on the whole they were a very generic European look to her face, if not one that seemed a little paled as if it wasn't getting very much, if any, exposure to the sun.

Breasts finally settled in a generous B-cup, marking the end of their journey from exceptionally anime to moderately mundane. Her stubby fingers withdrew and reached down into the dress to pinch her tummy a moment since she could see it with the top lowered for easier breast access. "**Wh-When did I get so thin?**" The fact that she could see past her tits at all was a little jarring. On one hand, her mind was telling her that her breasts had been so large that she hadn't been able to see past them for years, but on the other another part of her mind recognized this as *same as always*.

It was just her tummy wasn't same as always. She was a little bit chubbier, wasn't she? She didn't really go out, so she didn't really get a lot of exercise. Time was spent inside, gaming, watching anime, sleeping, and eating snacks. There was no way she could be anything *but* chubby.

And as if responding to this line of thinking Sona had put forth, the fat her fingers was pinching suddenly slid out a little farther, tummy jiggling into a cute little belly that certainly wasn't fit, but also wasn't unpleasant to look at. The same could be seen in her arms and legs, both growing a little chubbier in upper arms and thighs respectively.

Even though she'd shrunk a little, however, as weight was applied to her body her seat on the bed began to rise. While becoming a little more weighted, her butt cheeks had grown surprisingly wide and firm. A charm point! But even with the extra weight she was still entirely a charming young woman. It was evident enough now that none of her clothes fit properly any longer, and the dress hanging off of her smaller, stubbier form would be an immediate problem.

But to Sona, it was merely registered as a '*Sona cosplay*' anyways.

Or it *would* have been, but the next moment she'd blinked, she'd found herself in a completely different room. She was still sitting on a bed, but it was unmade and sloppy. It was extremely dark short of the flickering

coming off of what she recognized as a computer screen in the corner of the space, a swivel chair parked in front of it. “**Huh? When did I? This isn’t the inn...**” But again, she was confused about whether or not the inn had even been real in the first place.

Her clothes were different too. That elaborate Sona cosplay she’d just been wearing? It was gone. Instead she was wearing a loose-fitting, grey tank top with a picture of Sona Buvelle’s face on it, and a pair of equally loose, light blue pajama pants. They were very comfy and cute. Wearing them made *her* feel comfy and cute. “**U-Uh...**”

The woman promptly stood up and waded through a mess of clothes on the ground to reach the computer. All of this should have been foreign to her, but it all felt like home. It was as if her mind had been modernized, adjusted to fit the world she was now standing in. What’s more, once she saw the login screen on the computer, something else clicked into place.

“**Ellie?**” She repeated the name on the screen. Her name. Even though she could recall *being* Sona still it was complicated. That identity... it felt *distant*. Almost like she’d been Sona Buvelle in a past life, now living a new one in this modern world. How could she be Sona but be obsessed with Sona? That didn’t make any sense, and so Ellie being her name just fit the circumstances.

She wiggled her pronounced tushy into the computer chair and typed both quickly and naturally at her glowing keyboard to login, before immediately moving her mouse to open her music player. So many custom tracks were on there, for Ellie was talented in remixing music. It seemed Sona’s musical talent had translated into her new life, but not in the same way it had existed before.

Ellie wasn’t really sure *why*, but she really had an urge to write a story where she turned into her favorite character, which was of course Sona! So once a track was fired up, her word processor was next! “**I really, really want to write something good for her anniversary.**” Which was today! But what was the best way to start this? After shooting a glance at her flip phone, she was suddenly struck with inspiration.

Ellie turned a rather fanciful trinket over in her hands after returning to her room that evening...