

DON'T KINKSHAME!

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The internet had plenty of fundamental rules that were left *unspoken*.

Because it provided relative anonymity, people were often allowed to express interests that they might not have felt comfortable expressing in real life. Sometimes they were completely harmless, mind you, with things like people who enjoyed model trains not having any friends in the real world that shared their enthusiasm. When they came online? It became easier for them to express that love.

And if you were someone who had a hidden interest like this, then you were probably well aware of one of those unspoken rules. *Don't berate the interests of others unless you want to be seen as an asshole*. It was a lesson that people on social media had seemingly *unlearned* over the past decade. It had become all too easy for strangers to get too comfortable and make fun of people they didn't know that *also* didn't know them.

Perhaps a more graphic extension of this philosophy was one exclusive to more *NSFW* circles. *Don't kinkshame!* It was easy enough to understand. With so many people gathered online, it was only natural that the variety of kinks people could share with others were essentially *endless* if someone felt comfortable enough sharing one. I had my own kinks – who didn't? – and I personally understood why it was important not to shame others *for* them.

> lol! what's this? some big titted dragon girl kink?

I *knew* not to kinkshame, but in retrospect? It made sense why someone I was mutuals with on Twitter had come to that conclusion when I had

left that comment on their most recent art piece tweet. It had been of a short woman with dragon features, perhaps of Chinese origin, sporting a pair of breasts that were *extremely* excessive. We had been mutuals for a while and I'd just been joking around, but I'd misjudged whether or not they knew me well enough to know my sense of humor could play into being mean sarcastically sometimes.

They *hadn't*, and we'd had a bit of an argument after the fact.

The rest of that day had gone on as normal, but later that night?

“Hah!? Hah!? Hah!?” The sound of my phone going off had awoken me with a start, and I was immediately subjected to the sensation of my body *burning up* while in bed. It was only natural that I'd immediately assume I had become sick. Even though I wasn't coughing or sneezing, how I felt was *absolutely* feverish and I had chills and fatigue to accompany it. I pushed myself out of bed, not even checking the phone that had awoken me in the first place. **“Bathroom...”**

I *had* to get to the bathroom. I needed to wash my face to cool down and have a drink some ibuprofen at *minimum*. But I was a little dizzy, and each individual step felt labored. How had I gotten so sick so suddenly? It was easy enough to *dismiss* as an illness, but... It was hard to describe. It almost felt like something more *dire*. And as I finally managed to step out of my room, I didn't even realize the *half* of it.

The illness that I felt was actually so overwhelming, and my pajamas were already *so* disheveled from my uncomfortable awakening, that I didn't really seem to pay any serious mind as my pajama pants slipped from my waist and my body began to feel much *lighter*. All of that excess weight that I had put on over the years had been quickly *evaporating*, ultimately rendering me completely thin as if I was the *perfect* BMI for my nearly six foot height.

“Pants...” Was the only reaction I could muster to what I simply saw as my pants getting caught under my feet and being pulled off. I glanced back at them on the floor but simply kept moving, finding some relief to the *icky* way I felt taking precedence over needing to wear clothing. Besides! My shirt was hanging down far enough to cover my junk normally anyways! Not that it *usually* did, but I was so much thinner now that the lack of a belly to cover meant that the lower hem could reach.

But even if it *couldn't* reach at first? It wouldn't have had much trouble just a few steps later. It *seemed* like the shirt was getting even *bigger* upon my body, and each step that I took didn't travel as far as the one

before it. My body *also* felt harder and harder to move in. “**Is the hall bigger? No... I’m just so dizzy...**” That was how I’d reasoned it, but all of the signs pointed to something *much* more unthinkable. The possibility – no, the *reality* – that my body had shrunk. Which it had.

I was now only 4’5”, roughly a foot and a half had been shed from my thinned frame, my shirt now reaching *past* my knees. At such a height it might have been easy to wonder if I was a *child*, but that wasn’t the case either. My face still showed signs of adulthood, but *not* of an adult *man*. My jawline had softened as I had shrunk while the teeth and tongue within had shrunk too. My nose? A button shape. My cheeks? Soft and round. My lips? Oddly full and kissable. My brows? Fuzzier than normal.

Even with all of this I didn’t look much like a man. I hardly even looked like *myself* as I continued to fumble my way down the dark hallway towards my bathroom. But what became of my *eyes* really revealed just how far my appearance was departing from my preconceived identity. The edges of my eyelids were narrowing and pinching, altering their shapes until they were pointedly *Asian – Chinese*, in fact. Eyelashes lengthened *across* these eyelids, and the colors....

Well, lime green pupils and orange irises weren’t really a *normal* combination.

“**Ugh... I must be getting closer...**” My deep voice turned raspy and then *significantly* higher between labored breaths. I was still having problems standing up straight and focusing as I stepped, and occasionally? I had to use a dainty, effeminate hand to steady myself against the nearby wall. A tickling sensation against my shoulders was just another annoyance sensation midst the sensory overload that was burdening me. So that my short, dark hair was spilling out behind me and paling until it was a silvery white? It didn’t strike me even *as* it reached past my hips. Not that it had to reach *that* far with how short I had become.

It was blatantly obvious that I was becoming a *woman* (to everyone but me, that was), so it wasn’t really *that* shocking that a slit was fashioned just behind a cock and balls that had progressively been getting smaller in a way that was relatively difficult to feel. I hadn’t even noticed that the front of my pelvis had become clear of everything aside from a small bush of silvery pubic hairs. “**Nn...**” But the sensation of my thighs sliding against each other became mildly distracting.

Not that this was necessarily a *new* feeling for me. It had happened to me sometimes when I had been a bigger man. But now? Things were a little bit *different*. Thighs that had become thin and hairless had become

spongey once more, this time not with a weight that a sedentary lifestyle created but a weight that was natural to my new figure. Skin was stretched around the engorging flesh until it had a natural sheen to it, and each thigh was thicker than a waistline that looked smaller and smaller as hips were forced to part.

Of course, if my thighs had been swelling then that meant there was an adjoined region that was doing the same thing, too. My *ass*, like my thighs, had compressed as I had thinned and shrunk. But now? With each small, labored step I took a cheek would rise and fall with a bounce, each time a little bigger than it had been before until I had a perfectly perky rump that felt a little *excessive* for my small build.

But in terms of aspects of my body being *excessive*, well... **“This sucks... Why did I have to get sick tonight?”** I was still struggling to keep my eyes straight with how dizzy I felt and was then burdened by my body slouching forward passively even *more*. Why was it my upper body felt so *heavy* at the same time? Was the sickness causing my muscles to weaken? No... Not *quite*.

My shirt, which had become *egregiously* large relate to my body with my previous height and weight losses, was being lifted beneath my collarbone. Not just a little bit, or a medium amount, but *ridiculously* so, so that my stomach and pussy were *entirely* bare. It was the weight of this *rack* that was pushing me to lean forward – the advent of a pair of tits that were *double* the size of my *head* with nipples that were bigger than my *eyes*. They looked ridiculous upon my shortened body, and it almost felt just as ridiculous that I hadn’t noticed them.

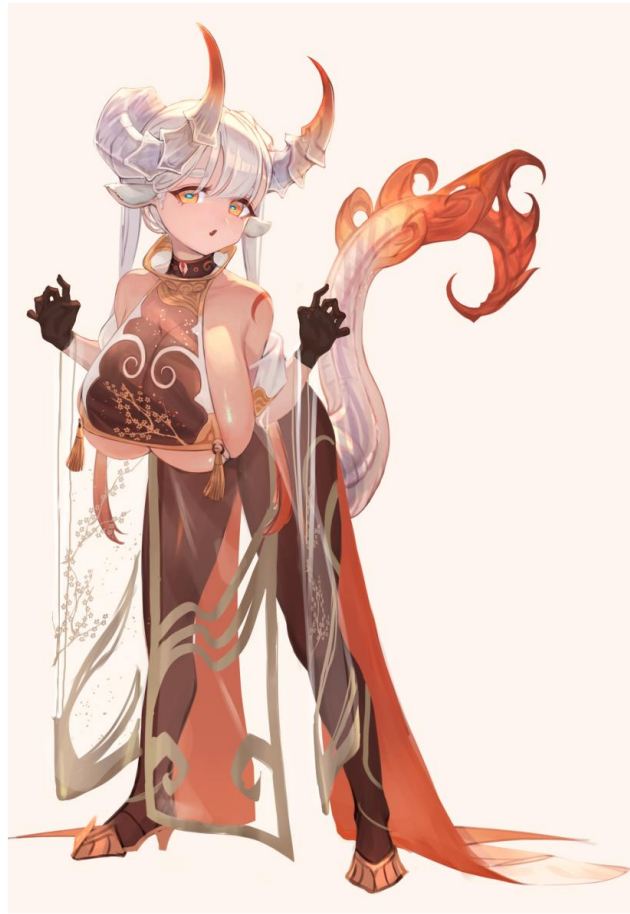
To the point where my ignorance must have been a forced side effect of whatever was changing me in the first place.

I was *almost* at the bathroom now, but despite my body being that of the perfect Chinese shortstack beauty, my transformation wasn’t *actually* finished yet. This was observed in how my ears pulled out to the sides, white scales appearing upon them as they folded in a way that almost made them look like they belonged to some sort of scaled *bovine* (which with boobs that big, kind of felt a little too on the nose). And my head ended up weighed down along with my upper body thanks to hardened, white growths that pushed out of my head’s back and curved up and forward to sharp, red tips. Horns. The horns of a *dragon*, in fact.

“Just about... there...” Five or so steps. The door was within my reach! My dizziness felt like it was finally beginning to wear off, too. But one final change righted my balance a little bit before I finally arrived, for it weighed down my lower half in the back. From my tailbone a new *appendage* rapidly grew, flesh and bone bloating at the base of a new,

reptilian *tail* that was largely covered in white scales, but turned to whispering orange and red near the tip of its *four foot* length.

It was so strange. By the time I finally managed to reach the bathroom, a trip that felt like it had taken *way* longer than it ever did, I didn't really feel sick *at all* anymore? The fever was gone, and I wasn't shaking. The only symptom that *really* remained was just how oddly *heavy* I felt? And so, I pushed the door to my bathroom open without much thought otherwise, not even realizing the hand that had reached out to do so was *so much* smaller than it had been when I had woken up.



I walked up to my sink so that I can turn the water on but made a startling discovery. “**Eh? Was the sink always so high?**” And had my voice always sounded so *high*? It didn't even click that I wasn't speaking *English* but instead speaking in *Chinese*, and fluently at that. “**And why can't I see the mirror!?**” My eyes were normally just above the center when I looked directly at it, but I couldn't even see the base of it without standing on my tiptoes.

Which I ended up doing, lifting my huge tits up onto the sink like a shelf in the process. Wait, my huge—? “**EHHHHH!?**” The realizations that came in that moment were twofold. I'd managed to see my reflection, and the one who was staring back at was *not* an adult man. It was a pretty Chinese woman with oddly colored eyes, horns, and odd ears. I could also make out something flickering back and forth behind me. A *tail*. But I'd *also* become acutely aware of my *M-cup* tits. “**I'M A DRAGON GIRL WITH BIG TITS!?**” And one dressed for the occasion at that!

Had I bothered to check my phone when I'd first woken up, then I would have been given a little bit of context about this whole situation. After all, I'd received a text from a stranger that read: **You want to**

kinkshame online? Then you get to become the kink! Not that I would have believed it at the time, but now...

“***WAH!?***” It was hard to stand on my tiptoes with such a huge rack, and so I eventually fell *forward* and spilled into the deep sink of my bathroom. My ass and tail were in the air and my small feet kicked about. “***SOMEONE HELP MEEEEEE!?***”

What was I even going to do about all this!?