Modernizing

**"This is no way for anyone to live…man or deity…"**

A disembodied sigh goes unheard in the wind as a lone man traverses the ruins of a dilapidated shrine peppered white by heavy snowfall beating down across the region without end in sight. A brutal winter that would no doubt cut down on what precious little time the place had left before collapsing into an irreparable wreck once all the snow begins to melt.

Born in a rural town established at the foot of the mountain the shrine was erected on, the invisible being governing over the abandoned place of worship had been watching this curious soul from his infancy till he had grown into a fine young man at a ripe twenty six years. If it weren't for his dedicated prayers and daily visits ever since he'd been capable of walking, the forgotten spirit would have faded away entirely. But it wanted the man to live his own life away from this place instead of being anchored to the shrine. Even though it could sense the authenticity of his devotion, surely he would listen to and respect the words of the deity he prayed to?

Ultimately, with only one person offering ardent prayer in remembrance of a time long forgotten, the deity; an old Kami whose existence stretched all the way back to the ancient warring states period in Japan's tumultuous history, could only remember who he once was through this sole human visitor and the memories he brought with him. And alongside those memories, ancient knowledge would resurface every now and then, in particular, one piece stood out to the spirit; a spell taught to him by a fellow Kami before they departed for destinations unknown.

But its purpose was what drew the deity's attention; a risky attempt to connect them to the shared consciousness that governed the entirety of Japan. In attempting to live on without the need for constant worship, the Kami would essentially be offering up their very being to be shaped into whatever the collective minds thought to be popular at the time. In essence; modernizing themselves to the current generation with a high chance of losing everything about themselves.

For months now ever since recovering that bit of vital information, the deity had tussled with the consequences of his actions. But after furious debate and planning, he would finally proceed with the decision to use the last of his energy to commence the process on this cold winter morning in front of his sole devotee. In this manner, even if something were to go wrong, at least he would know that his prayers weren't all for naught, channeling his energy in the form of a building sphere of light emerging from within the derelict Honden whose former halls were once reserved for him and his cohort, catching the attention of the young human as the broom he'd been using to clean up the place falls from his hand, instantly forgotten with his attention now focused on the sacred light.

But as the spell builds up and a visible silhouette begins to peel away from the misshapen lump of brass that was once a statue made in the Kami's likeness, something clearly wasn't lining up when the first thing to take form were the shapely spheres of a woman’s breasts followed by her lean, well toned navel centered around an hourglass figure no man in their right mind could resist. Unbeknownst to the deity or his supplicant, the world's imagination since the feudal era had evolved in a way neither one had expected. Blending artistic fidelity with an unbridled level of horndog energy to depict traditional figures of old as women ranging from dangerously young in appearance to incredibly arousing mature vixens. Famous warriors and political figures, popular entities in folklore and legend, all were to be condemned to perversion through the hypersexualized lens of the modern era, and by willingly passing through this warped funnel, what could come out the other end but a divine babe stripped of her original purpose as a deity to bless the land with fertile soil? Not like it mattered nowadays when the farms in the town had long since been replaced by modern constructs capable of growing plants and vegetables outside the region's natural capabilities.

Instead, the feminized Kami had a new duty; to bestow upon her chosen the blessings of virility and irresistible charm. A purpose that instills itself within her tingling soul as more of her buxom body emerges from her old form like a butterfly, prying long waifish arms free while fattened thighs connected to firm calves emerge just behind them, leading up to jiggly heart shaped ass cheeks and a sleek, sculpted back framed by a voluminous mane of dirty blonde pouring out of a rejuvenated scalp. Crying out in a sonorous voice as air rushes into her throat to fill the lungs of her new physical shell. And to match the festive season, particles of light encompass the nubile young woman's body just as texture and color paints itself over her golden figure. Bestowing her with tawny brown skin tinged with rosy accents dominant around her solid tummy, rounded shoulders, buoyant breasts and the hairless lips between her legs as they spasm in visible need to refill the sudden void that had widened in the wake of her vagina's formation. Painting areolae and swollen nipples a darker shade while slanted lashes and rounded cheeks are doused in a liberal shower of makeup and lipstick. Just as the shower of particles solidifies themselves in the form of a slutty Santa outfit that left the entirety of her midriff exposed with faint callbacks to Miko attire in form of long sleeves that still did little to combat the overexposure her hot shorts and inadequate top offered.

Everything vital to a woman’s modesty, from her strong, lanky legs to her breasts were left dangerously exposed, although that wouldn't matter much as new thoughts and desires begin to fill the once holy being's mind, urging her towards depravity and away from nobility as her concept of Love itself begins to twist under the influence of the collective consciousness. While her mental self was strong enough to overcome the more severe aspects of the torrential wave of change, it wasn't enough to come away without gaining a preference for men over women and a desire to bear progeny for who she now viewed as her savior and destined mate.

By the time the human had entered the Honden and turned the corner, he was stunned by the sight of a naked woman sporting heavy gyaru dressings standing before the now lifeless statue. But the immense tail swaying gently in the air above her rear and the twitchy vulpine ears set atop her cranium pointed to the fact that she was in no way an ordinary intruder, even more so when her lashes flutter open to reveal immaculate golden eyes that instantly had him enthralled, convincing him to approach the stunning beauty before his eyes as she too, begins to take her first steps upon the Earth after so long spent as fading embers without presence.

Gripped by her new duty and the intense desires of the female variety that had her snatch instantly lubricating itself at the mere sight of the target of her affection standing so close, the newborn Kami of Love could not repel the idea of accepting the human man as her first mate, her divine husband, and that he was the only one deserving of her blessings. She couldn't care less if she was once a man, in fact, she saw this as a perfect outcome. She got to carry on in a new vessel while rewarding the human whose devotion toward her past self kept him visiting every single day, pushing him down with soft lips planted firmly against her partner, straddling him before popping the zipper on her pants to ensure her man got a good view of her devotion to *him* as it drips down in lewd strings of thick ejaculate from pink undulating folds begging for the swollen, erect pecker she could literally smell just inches away beneath her.

But a smidge of honor remained just enough for her to lean down, pressing her breasts against her dearest while her arms wrap around his shoulders, positioning herself close enough to whisper sweet words down his flushed ears; a formal declaration of the love she now bore for him while cluing him in to who she really was, smiling in satisfaction as she sees a look of realization cross his handsome visage.

**“My dearest caretaker…come! Take the next step in our relation as deity and devotee and embrace me as your one and only~”**

That night, the once silent and dead shrine would see a resurgence of activity as the couple made out all the way through a chilly Christmas Eve, spending the warm afterglow staring out at the starlit valley below the mountains in an air of awkward silence, not as Kami and man but a strange couple. For all the charm and wit she could bestow upon someone else, there remained no viable shortcut around the uncertainty of a sincere, romantic relationship, especially after the two had essentially come together in coital bliss before talking things out, but as the two avert their gaze from the glistening town far below them to stare at each other, they felt confident they could make things work going forward…

**THE END**