

# NICE TO VRITRA

BIWEEKLY STORY #83

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It wasn't often that I experimented outside of my usual culinary preferences. Did that make me a little strange? Maybe, depending on who you asked. But I was a man that liked consistency and liked knowing that if I was going to spend money on takeout, that it was going to be something I would most certainly enjoy. To those ends, I didn't typically experiment with other cuisine types unless I was treated, or maybe something I'd never had before was being sold at a party.

But on *that* day? I was feeling a little adventurous. In this day and age it was insanely easy to essentially get any food you desired delivered to your door... or at least that was the case if you lived in a city. And so, after perusing the deals section of my food ordering app, I had stumbled upon an interesting offer from a local Indian place.

**“Your first meal *free*? Well, can't go wrong with a price tag of zero dollars.”** At the time, a small part of me had wondered if there was some kind of catch to be considered. No shop would give out free meals online, not with the contract costs associated with the app in question. At the same time, what could they really be trying to get me with? Bad food? If that was the case, then it wouldn't have mattered, right? It was *free*.

Well, maybe it would be poisoned, but who the hell would be *that* bold?

In the end I didn't order a whole lot, nor did I get very experimental. I settled on an order of chicken tikka masala, a dish I chose specifically because it had the word 'chicken' in it. Better than risking getting something with a meat I don't like in it, or even worse? *No meat at all.*

And then I proceeded to wait thirty minutes or so for the order to be delivered.

**“It smells pretty good, and it *looks* pretty good.”** Now that I was looking at it, had I had a dish like this somewhere before? Maybe I’d had Indian food sometime in the past and hadn’t known what it was? That was very plausible, actually. The more I ate *of* it, the more I was pretty confident that, yeah, I’d had chicken tikka masala before. But that was fine! It was delicious, and it was free! No strings attached whatsoever! Absolutely free of any ill side effects!

So, of course, enter an all-powerful nekomata named Hisa.

One that was observing me with an invisibility spell cast, taking my dinner adventure as an excuse to do what she did best. Transforming others for a chuckle at their expense and seeing what sort of chaos came about as a result of that transformation. Even now, she had already cast a spell upon me. *Since you’ve got a taste for Indian food tonight, well...* Or so went her logic.

It was something that I wasn’t even aware was happening, but it had been put into motion as soon as I had finished my dish, nonetheless. Although, to be fair? When it first began, it played out in a relatively discreet way. Patches of my pale skin were darkening to form patterns of a dark-brown that seemed almost scale-like, as in the sort of scales you might find on a reptile. They arched in lines beneath my eyes, but also slithered down my arms, legs, and thighs as well.

Were that the only change that had affected my skin, it would have been *strange*, but not all *that* alarming. Unfortunately for me, though? That *wasn’t* the case, and what looked like freckles appeared to be popping up against my skin otherwise. These speckles of tanned flesh, lighter in color than the brown markings that had risen prior, swelled, and spread, ultimately mending together to give me a natural, tanned tone that spoke to a different ethnical background than the Caucasian one I knew myself to possess.

**“I kind of wish there was more...”** Having taken no notice of these changes, I instead wondered why I was still hungry. Had the food been *that* good? It wasn’t like me to want seconds. But somehow I felt *just* as hungry as I had before I had eaten in the first case, if not somehow *more* so. Which would have seemed even stranger were you to look at my tummy (*which I had not*).

Because while I was overweight by medicinal standards, that bulge of my tummy had been gradually thinning – as if all of the excess fat within was just being syphoned out by a hose or *something* of that nature.

Regardless of how the phenomenon was being carried out, it didn't change that my tummy had flattened completely beneath my now oversized hoodie. And more than that? Some light muscle definition had made itself known instead. This was a trend that had likewise applied itself to my arms and legs, gifting me a frame that was healthy and fit.

But to maintain a figure like that, typically one wouldn't be jonesing for food to the same extent that I now was. Not only had that hunger deepened, but I had begun to whip my head about the office in search of something to satisfy that hunger. Forget worrying about my body. All I could think about was *food*.

While my head whipped from side to side, the short, dark hair that typically would remain still with these gestures began to subtly bounce about. That was because the length of it all was *growing*, with hair spilling not only to my shoulders but far, far down my back until it almost reached my ankles. My bangs grew to just above my eyes and found themselves swept to the left, while the length that hung down the sides subtly twirled. Were this not enough? A dark, golden blonde quickly erupted from my roots, whipping through once-dark hair until it was all betwixt in its color.

**“Hungry...”** Feeling defeated, I allowed an almost childish groan to escape my lips – lips that looked almost like they had been swollen by an allergic reaction with how thick and glossy they had become. Within? My teeth weren't quite the same either and instead had sharpened so that I had rows of fangs, while a tiny hole appeared beneath my left lip. One that was obviously fashioned for a piercing.

The transformation I was succumbing to was evidently working in overdrive now, as my eyes seen glowed a supernatural gold. Those eyes became more feminine, with lengthened lashes and rounder lids. This was part of a greater facial shift that saw my features become more and more South Asian – a region that the meal I had just enjoyed notably hailed from. This left my cheeks narrow and my nose fair, although the color of my hair with this new ethnicity was enough to be questionable. That said, it all looked quite *effeminate*.

My thoughts had even begun to be processed in Hindi, but when I spoke they came out in perfect English. This was a side effect of the thing that had unknowingly taken shape within my soul. A *Saint Graph*. A core that belonged to Heroic Servants summoned in the popular Fate series but weren't technically real.

But it seemed to be my destiny to make them real in some way or another.

My lengthened lashes danced a moment as I blinked with surprise. “*Huh!?*” While crude in tone, my voice communicated a womanly sound as I cried out in shock. Had I just fallen? It had certainly *seemed* that way from my perspective, but in truth? My height had dropped. It was subtle, depositing me into the 5’6” – 5’7” area, but it didn’t even strike me. To be fair though, my critical thinking skills had been overwhelmed by the hunger deep down. Even then, I didn’t feel quite as sharp as I should have.

Still, the loss of height could be seen in just how loose my outfit was. Jeans looked as if they were on the cusp of falling from my waist, though the hoodie had fallen a little to cover the hem. This disguised just how those pants had remained on in the first place – for my hips had been pulled a few inches wider, while my waistline had dipped in to present my toned tummy with a womanly arch.

Since there was room in my pants and boxers, it wasn’t all that alarming as the flesh within began to rise like muffin batter in the oven. The cheeks of my ass inflated with far more dominance than anything else, become a pleasantly peach-shaped size that pulled the tanned skin so tight that it would naturally reflect light, and with a crack deep enough to almost describe as a ‘canyon’. What couldn’t be contained in this rump, which saw cheeks peek up from over the cusp of my pants, ultimately flowed into thighs to inflate them to the point that my pantlegs gripped them incredibly tightly.

“*Ohn~!?*” I hadn’t *meant* to, but a carnal moan erupted from my lips as something happened between my legs. With thighs thickened they had been clamped around my dick rather firmly, but they pressure was alleviated, and in its place there had been a moment of pleasure... because my dick was no longer there. I was a woman. One complete with a wild bush of blonde pubes that I clearly hadn’t bothered to shave off.

Long, slender fingers with manicured nails tugged at my outfit. I was still hungry, but a thought had crossed my mind. *Am I supposed to be wearing this!? It’s too loose!* For what it was worth, the sweater wasn’t all that loose for much longer. Not with my tanned chest beginning to bulge forward, a pair of tender breasts rubbing up against the underside of my sweater while dark nipples became thicker and wider until I sported a set of undeniable D-cups. *Human bodies are so weird! ...* Why would I think *that*?

From head to toe by this juncture, I had become a beautiful Indian woman. But I wasn’t *human*, and that was made clear by the eruption of an additional appendage from just above my plump rump. Extending from my tailbone was a tail, one with a thick base that was pointed and

covered with black scales. It looked reptilian; just as reptilian as the six, black horns with violet points that erupted from the sides of my head.

A warmth blossomed from within – my Saint Graph – and suddenly my outfit exploded into golden lights, leaving me naked in the room. I didn't bat an eyelash at this nudity, for the thought of 'shame' didn't even cross my mind in the interim. *Would anyone not be fortunate to gaze upon my glory?* Nonetheless, it was only a brief moment of exposure, because the particles ultimately rebound as an elaborate, black dress that showed off my cleavage with a translucent, black jacket decorated with a furred collar. There was an obvious Indian inspiration to its look, and gold and purple highlighted it.

A piercing had even wedged itself into the hole beneath my lip.

**“MORE!”** Like an entitled child demanding their piece, the word was shouted from my mouth at a presence I could feel floating about the room. There was something magical here. Something that could give me more food. I was hungry, hungry, hungry! And if someone was there, then they had a duty to feed the great *Vritra* her meal! Or else I would gobble them up myself! Trying to look intimidating, I stomped about the office while my draconic tail lashed about, knocking over my computer and books in the process.



**“GEEZ! CUT IT OUT, WOULD YOU!?! THE NEIGHBORS ARE GOING TO COME INVESTIGATE!”**

Naturally, my efforts paid off! A little Japanese girl with cat ears appeared, a frantic look upon her face. She almost looked familiar to me... almost. But that recognition belonged to memories that had long since fizzled out. I was *Vritra* now, plain, and simple. Purely, absolutely *Vritra*. ***“FUFUFU! Get me more of that, kitty! Or else I'll be even***

**louder!**” My chest puffed out with pride; I wasn’t scared of this little cat girl. Even if I probably should have, but Hisa was playing nice.

And so, with a sigh, she conjured a plethora of plates throughout the office. Each containing a different Indian dish. They smelled of home, and my nearly bottomless dragon stomach rumbled. It didn’t take me long to pounce the first, practically eating the plastic it had been delivered in while the child tried to get a word in. **“Very well! I suppose I owe you that much for transforming you so— WOULD YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I’M SAYING!? STOP SHOVING YOUR F— AAAAH!?”** My tail smacked her, and I couldn’t help but laugh in kind.

The cat was so funny!

The cat was also beginning to think that perhaps she had cut off more than she could chew.