

OH, SWEETIE

BIWEEKLY STORY #100

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How had I ended up in this situation?

Babysitting someone else's kid out of the blue had *not* been on my list of plans for the day, and admittedly it wasn't on my list of plans for *ever*. I wasn't exactly good with children. I didn't have the patience or the drive to entertain them for extended periods of time, and seeing it was the middle of the day, well... I was stuck in one such situation. I couldn't exactly blame the circumstances either, not when my friend had been forced to leave the kid due to a family emergency. I'd just been the only person available.

"Alyssa? What are you playing?" But the eight year old girl was already over, and so I had to make sure she was comfortable, nonetheless. There *was* a silver lining I had seen, because even though it was 2022 she had brought a 3DS of all things. Having just plopped herself on the couch with game in hand, she'd been relatively quiet ever since arriving. **"Alyssa?"** But like many kids she didn't exactly answer when asked.

"Go away! I like mom better. Maybe if you were more like Camilla..." Part of the issue had been that Alyssa hadn't wanted to come over in the first place. Apparently her mom had planned on taking her to a party before disaster struck? And I wasn't able to take her myself. Her response just prompted a sigh from me. It wasn't worth arguing and exacerbating the issue.

So I just retreated to my bedroom. She knew to get me if she needed anything, so leaving her be seemed to be the ultimate path. **"Camilla, though? Is that one of her mom's friends?"** I couldn't help but

murmur that question to myself as I closed the door. Her mom and I were best friends, so I'd have thought that I might know *who* that was. Yet it sounded wholly unfamiliar to me.

Unless, of course, you included *fictional characters*.

But they weren't really on my mind. Though what *also* wasn't on my mind was the idea that Alyssa was so unhappy with my company that she was actually wishing for someone better. Someone more *maternal*, someone who was much more used to taking care of children. Someone with the exact name that she had previously mentioned.

“Now what?” I pulled out my phone and began to shoot a text back to the child's mother. She had sent me one asking how she was doing, and I figured I might as well be honest. Though the reply I received in return was thankfully a little bit encouraging. **“She's always like that with new babysitters, but she always warmed up to them, huh?”** Or at least that was what her mother had said. I wasn't all that confident it would be the truth though.

Putting my phone down, I began to pace a bit as I always did when I was nervous. Wordlessly, of course, because what would talking to myself look like if Alyssa walked in at the time? Yet with my mind elsewhere, I didn't look inwardly to realize that something *peculiar* had begun to happen. Something peculiar that came for both my body weight and build.

Now, I wasn't a thin person. I hadn't been since I was a kid, and as an adult sometimes you just had to accept that you couldn't just *become* thinner. And yet unbeknownst to me initially this was *exactly* what was happening. Because the wishes of the little girl in the living room had somehow manifested, and they were targeting *me*.

The gut that passively stuck out against the underside of my shirt began to smooth away, the fat that bloated it diminishing not only there, but throughout my body as a whole. My arms and legs followed suit, as did my face with my overall features growing much healthier and thinner. Were that all, maybe it wouldn't have been *that* striking. But being scrawny, at least, was not something that lingered for long.

Just as I had always been a little overweight, I also wasn't very muscular. Being someone whose hobbies and work all kept me sitting down, and not exactly having the *drive* to do so, I didn't make much of an effort when it came to things like working out. But this *wasn't* the impression you'd get from me soon. Because beneath the loosened cloth of my shirt and jeans, strength sought to make good use of the space that had been provided.

The end result was arms, abs, pecs, and legs that were all rippling with power. **“Hm?”** But it was such a strangely *feeling* change, in that all of my muscles now felt much *tighter*, that I was no longer able to simply ignore that something was happening to me through ignorance alone. And so as my gaze drifted down to myself, well... **“HOLY SHIT!?”** Remembering there was a child in my house, I immediately softened my cries. **“Why am I so thin? So buff...? How the hell is this possible!?”**

No, it was definitely *impossible*, yet between flexing my arms and rubbing fingers across my toned tummy, there was no denying what I could see, feel, and experience. Though with my shirt so baggy, I didn't notice that the proportions of my torso were a little peculiar around the waist. Because my waistline had tucked itself in *dramatically*, giving my shoulders and hips a wider appeal by contrast.

Well, my hips actually *had* grown wider on their own as well.

What was I supposed to do here? I couldn't just call up the hospital like 'Hey, I was overweight and soft but now I'm thin and buff, what's up with that?', right? I'd totally get laughed off the phone! And yet my issues were growing. Somewhat literally as well, looking at my hair. Dark brown locks, which I typically kept only a few inches long, had begun to grow out with gravitas. **“Pfft! Pfft!”**

Without thinking as to why that might be, I started blowing hair out of my eyes – more specifically from over my left eye. But before long there was no helping it, as bangs had lengthened to cover it completely, while a branch of it twirled and curled down to my chest in the front. In the back it fluttered and fanned out, reaching past my ass. But more than that? The color of it all lost any sense of *normalcy*, instead becoming a steely purple.

“Oh my, this isn't... Erm, my voice? Why do I sound like... a woman?” I had *obviously* begun to comment on my hair now, fingers lost in how soft and voluminous it was (while the fingers touching it grew longer and adopted lengthened nails to boot), but partway into this comment, the melodic and almost lustful, feminine sound of my voice was much more pressing – not to mention I had to say a little more to make sure I wasn't hearing things.

The realization *immediately* prompted a hand to my face in surprise, uncharacteristically cupping my own cheek as if it was something I *always* did. But I didn't. Yet even the face I was cupping with now unrecognizable hands was changing towards the feminine. My chin had both rounded and narrowed and my cheekbones had risen, prompting

the cheek I was touching to be both rounder and prettier in the end. My nose had shrunk in size, nostrils, and all, while my lips? Well, they bloated so that they were undeniably puffy and enticing. On the other hand? While my eyelashes grew, my eyes themselves narrowed in slight, with my irises taking a turn towards a purple not unlike all of the hair on my body.

My snowballing feminization was growing more and more apparent to me, yet all of that fear and confusion I'd felt prior? Well, it was dissipating due to a one-two punch of a new personality feeling more dominant, as well as it capitalizing on no small part of myself that had always wanted to be a woman, much less a beautiful one. And if my face, which now bore the stunning traits of an attractive woman a few years younger than myself.

“*Mmm...*” I bit my lower lip without much comment, slender fingers traveling across my body as I began to anticipate what came next, while likewise understanding I couldn't be too loud (nor lewd) with a child nearby. So as one hand grazed a thigh and another touched my ass, I didn't make *much* of a ruckus even after noting that these regions were *fuller* than they had been before.

And not just a *touch* fuller. Significantly so. The muscles that had developed in these areas were excessive, and yet a pleasant plumpness had mixed in with this strength to create the perfect recipe of sex appeal. Thighs expanded to push the confines of my jeans' pant legs to their limit, bulging with skin tightening around them before the odd tear began to form in these pants. While in the back? The waistband of these jeans got stuck halfway down my ass, half of my cheeks completely exposed once it peaked at its abundant heart shape. It was the sort of ass that would look *great* in tight pants.

Which were beginning to fill my wardrobe, along with shirts that would sooner suit a chest baring a rather sizable bosom.

Something I didn't possess *yet*, but I understood something now. My hair, my voice, and my curves? They were all matching with a fictional character I was aware of. One who was flirty, attractive, and additionally? *Very* well endowed. “**That's right, come to big sis...**” So I knew *exactly* what to expect when I moved my hands up to the front of my shirt.

Fingers initially were met with just the hard lumps of my newly strengthened pecs, but before long the area around them began to soften and protrude, eventually pushing my touch so far away from the muscles that I could no longer feel them. Nipples rose to attention in the interim, and I poked at one a moment out of curiosity before shuddering due to

its sensitivity. My chest had already swollen so that my breasts were B-cups, but this sizing was paltry compared to what would *ultimately* become of them.

I could feel the bottom of my t-shirt lifting to show off my toned tummy, cloth giving no choice as swelling tits ate up all of the room inside of this top. They bloated like balloons, each perfectly round and, before long, as big as my head. Unsure, I even used my hands to hold them for a moment before I finally realized my body was built to accommodate their weight. It was why my back muscles were so *obscenely* toned.

“Auntie Camilla!” Before I was able to even get the bearing of my identity pieced together, the young girl came running through the door to my bedroom and hugged my legs. A bedroom that was, in fact, now furnished and painted for a woman who seemed to *love* the color purple. Everything from the bed to the amenities were fashioned for someone who had undeniably been raised a girl.



Just as my clothes now were – a black tank top with a very low neckline and light purple tights that hugged both my curves and muscles magnificently. When had they changed? I had no idea, but it was likely for the best that my ass and breasts were no longer causing such disfunction with my clothing when a child was present. **“Oh, there you are sweetie! I was just coming out to help make you supper!”** The strange, alluring yet comforting manner in which I was speaking was something I had become accustomed to now, much as I was now accustomed to the feel and flow of my body. Breasts that had seemed so distracting at first now felt completely natural.

Though the subtle tweaks in my memory had certainly helped in *that* department. I could still recall it. My past life. But it almost felt like an eternity ago with how much of it had been distorted. I could recall being raised a woman, one with an *uncanny* resemblance to a woman in one of

Alyssa's favorite video games. In fact we even shared the same name. *Camilla*. But she had existed before my transformation. I had *become* Camilla, and history had been reshaped to make it so that it had always been so.

“I’m not hungry! Why don’t you play video games with me, Auntie Camilla? You can tell me where to move *you!*” She was referencing the unit in the Fire Emblem game she was playing. The invitation couldn’t help but bring a smile to my face, and I led her out to the couch with her small hand in my own. I suppose I could skip using my home gym for one evening to play with my niece?

Since when did I have a home gym, though?

“I’d be delighted! But after we do, let’s get you something to eat, okay?”