

FEATHERLESS

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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"The ending to this arc was kinda... *anti-climactic*." Futaba couldn't help but groan as the credits to a television show episode rolled across her computer monitor. She'd fallen behind on her favorite show, Phoenix Ranger Featherman R thanks to all of the time she was dedicating to the Phantom Thieves, and had decided to spend a free evening on an episode binge. Long running shows like Featherman were great, but they also had a bad habit of falling into recycled arcs and enemies which generally sapped away some of the originality for the viewer.

The most recent arc fell heavily into that category. The reused a villain from several arcs prior, and honestly Futaba was getting tired of all of the male villains in the series. There was a severe absence of powerful women antagonists! It wasn't like she could ever relate to such a character personally, but it would be nice to have a little more representation on the show than the pair of women rangers. "**Would it kill them to add a good female villain?**"

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER?

"H-Huh!?" The screen went black when the credits ended, but then a chat window popped up. Had she been hacked? They'd taken control of her muted mic as well? She'd been very careful to make sure her system was impenetrable -- there were plenty of files about the Phantom Thieves as well as her time as a hacker on the PC and so it was risky to take the chance that anyone could break in and steal them. Fingers moved to check if anything had entered her system, but the sudden sensation of her body being pulled or sucked up took control away from her.

Futaba's body lifted off of her chair and flew... *right into the computer screen.*

"Uh..." The next she knew she was strapped into a rather science-y looking chair in a very science-y looking room. Lights were flickering on and off on panels all around her, the room set up kind of like a mad scientist's lab -- something you more often than not found in old-timey tokusatsu shows. Featherman had featured rooms like this too, once or twice anyways. **"Hello? Could someone let me out?"** Futaba had no idea where this was. If it was a Palace then she could have transformed using the Metaverse app were her hands not bound to the arms of the metallic chair.

The sound of her voice produced no visitors, though. Instead, a large screen before her suddenly came to life and footage quickly ran across the screen. **"What the? Featherman?"** She was right. It was footage from Phoenix Ranger Featherman R... at least she thought it was. As avid of a fan as Futaba fancied herself, she honestly couldn't ever remember seeing it; at least not from this angle. The picture moved to another scene, and another, and eventually the girl caught on to what she was being shown. Scenes of the Feathermen destroying their foes.

The footage eventually ended, leaving a black screen with words quickly running across it.

YOU SAID YOU COULD DO BETTER. LET'S SEE.

When the text faded, a whirring sound began to elevate behind the girl. The chair she was sitting in began to rumble as a helmet fell down from above, covering her head and obscuring her vision with a purple visor. **"Huh!? HUUUH!? Isn't this like one of those weird brainwashing machines you'd find in like any scifi movie? Let me out!"** Naturally her protests and demands were left unanswered, the noises born from the machine only growing louder as the visor in front of her began to show a variety of strange glyphs. She felt like she'd seen them before. Magic runes? At least in the capacity of which they existed in Featherman.

But the runes were just a prelude. Once the machine's whirring reach peak volume she felt a strange, warming, tingling begin to course through her body. It ran through where her right hand was bound and flowed out through the left; like a circuit. It wasn't unpleasant but it brought the hairs on her arms to a stand as the energy circled through her entire being. Body, soul, they were both subjected to the same influence.

Futaba was panicked. More and more runes flickered across the visor in front of her and she was left only to yell and squirm as she tried to break free of her constraints. Calling out questions brought her no answers, meaning she was subject to whatever was happening without any explanation. Had that message been referring to her complaint about a female villain? Were they trying to brainwash her into filling that role? But Featherman was just a TV series... **"Ow!?"** An electric shock suddenly picked at her mind. It was the first time it had happened and sounded an internal

alarm. Largely because she couldn't remember what she'd *just* thought about. Featherman was... *what?* They were a group of heroes and she knew she was a big fan, but she felt like she'd just forgotten a very important detail.

More runes crept across the screen built into the visor, the girl unaware of how extended exposure to their presence had begun to bring an eerie glow to her eyes. Dull at first, the eventually brightened to a supernatural gold, each eye producing its own light.

The two connectors to the system, her hands, were simultaneously the most obvious area for change to occur early. Her fingers flexed in and out as the unusual sensation reverberated through them, but not merely born of the sensation alone. Each time they pulled in and pushed out again they grew a little longer, nails progressively decorated with a dark purple nail polish as said nails grew longer and longer, eventually several inches long each.

The tone of Futaba's skin was beset by an unhealthy pale as the warmth she felt quickly turned to chills that brought her to shudder while continuing to sweat. Jacket hanging off her shoulders as it usually did, it wasn't hard to see that the mileage of the distance between her shoulders was becoming more substantial. Her torso in general was subject to the same phenomenon, the tip of her head clacking against the top of the helmet she was forced to wear as spine stretched a little upwards and the bones in her arms forced where she was bound from her wrists to her forearms.

Legs fared no better, and while they rested comfortably upon the floor at first, her heels ultimately rested on the ground with toes pointed in the air as their length forced a change in her posture. The black leggings she typically wore up and past her knee had nowhere to go but down and past said knees as there was no more length to each of the girl's legs than they were designed to accommodate.

Runes. More runes. It was peculiar. The more of these images that flashed in front of her eyes, the more Futaba was certain she knew what they meant. They were symbols important to wield a mystical power, one that could upset the very nature of the world. No human should ever come to possess these runes, for they couldn't be trusted with them. It was a good thing she wasn't human then... **"Wait! Wait, I'm human? Aren't... No? I am... not? How could I... be...?"** The teenager's voice, normally so shrill and unruly, found its pitch growing deeper and its tone almost dramatic as she was forced to ponder the nature of her existence. It sounded less like a child and more like a young woman who'd reached maturity.

The orange bangs that framed Futaba's face turned unruly as the *Rune Power* pulsating through her body continued to give her a sickly appearance by robbing her of her healthy hair coloring, leaving naught but a silvery purple shade in their wake. Her head of hair had been naturally straight and tamed her entire life, but as it grew longer and longer it became not only fluffy, but wild. Almost like a lion's mane in how large and daunting its design was.

She'd escaped any significant damage to her outfit so far, thanks to the fact that only her height had really changed, but adulthood quickly claimed her and her attire quickly grew uncomfortable. "**My clothes... MY CLOTHES...!?**" Futaba had been panicked at first, but now that panic was shifting to an aimless anger that she couldn't seem to control. A flicker of power had taken root in her soul and had begun to grow stronger, and the stronger it became the more intense the rage followed.

RIIIIIIIIIIIP.

The sound of polyester shredding served as the background audio to the girl's screams as her extremely tight shorts practically busted open from a widening gait of her hips that didn't allow pause for their container; plain panties naturally snapping free as well. They sat as little more than shreds against exposed flesh as thighs swelled and rubbed together uncomfortably, the seductive scent of lavender wafting off of them. Her pussy engorged, years and experience piling on as virginity was lost without her knowledge, a sudden vacancy bringing her to yip in surprise. Orange hairs above, much like those atop her head, grew unruly and violet, a mane topping off her cavern that was only concealed further as thighs grew so thick that they muffined against one another.

The fat of her ass cheeks rapidly saw expansion to match her enticing legs, head pressed more into the brainwashing helmet as the new abundance gave raise to her sitting position. Pinning underneath the cheeks, the cloth of her shorts kept her butt from touching bare chair on the bottom, yet because they'd become so much wider, flesh squished against the bottom, the cold steel of the chair could be felt on the sides of her large rump.

Futaba rubbed legs together as she found the energy pulsating inside of her all the more desirable. Fluid began to dribble from a pussy that looked to belong more to a woman in her late twenties than a teenaged girl, and the expression upon her face led credence to that age not merely because of how it was contorted into pleasure, but because the youthfulness was quickly drained away. The skin of her cheeks grew worn, dark bags took shape beneath her eyes. Her nose? Pores had opened from recurring stress, and lips were thick and chapped. Her golden eyes still shone, however, readily ingesting each and every rune that flashed before her eyes.

Purple bangs tickled the woman's nose as her expression swapped rapidly between one of ecstasy and a smile that wouldn't be out of place on a movie villain. Corruption bled into her mind and provoked thoughts of doing evil. Destroying buildings, killing people. "**N-No! I'm a Phantom-- OW! I do good-- OW!?**" Every time she attempted to correct these new urges by calling upon her memories, they were swept away by another electric shock that left her at a loss for what she'd even been thinking about.

The black straps of her top suddenly snapped as the pleasurable sensation bore fruit upon a chest the girl would readily have described as 'lacking' in the past. She'd never had a dynamite body like Ann's, and yet as nipples (*already erect from her arousal*) began to press outward a new confidence took root in her ego. A memory took shape. She was *stacked*. She was *sexy*. And that was why it was so easily for her to manipulate men in her evil schemes.

The cloth of her top and shirt were quick to tear once her breasts saw their definition strained against the confines of an outfit meant for a growing girl. Erect nipples grew larger and larger, their forms almost needy once they broke free and her breasts spilled out with a playful bounce from a torn shirt, flesh still confined in places where the tears weren't as significant. Each tit was pinned against the other by her ill-fitting outfit, and as a result the sweat she'd been giving off from her transformation began to pool in her new cleavage until it reached a point where some spilled over the front.

"**I feel...**" Wrong? Disgusting? The air in the lab began to swirl around in response to Futaba's emotions, culminating in a mini-tornado that not only tore the chair she was sitting on to pieces but casting the shredded attire she was wearing across the room. Freed, one hand firmly and confidently groped her right breast as the other stroked her needy taint. The little that remained of Futaba's personality? It was lost in passions with herself before the woman eventually passed out. Peculiarly enough, what she pictured when she masturbated was Featherman himself.

She was his number 1 fan. She just wanted to love him. *And he'd rejected her.*

Golden eyes fluttered open sometime later, the scene before her a lab ruined by Ruin Magic. Her Ruin Magic at that. A smirked crossed her lips as she pulled herself up to her feet, a snap of her fingers decorating her seductive form in a simple, purple dress that made a point to show off her meaty abundance in both her chest and legs.

"**This time for sure!**", she cackled as all of the tech in the room suddenly started up in response to her power. "**I'll make you mine, Featherman!**"