

BIRTHDAY RULE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



At his age, Kay had experienced all *sorts* of birthdays.

As most people did, he'd had *very* good birthdays here and there, whether it was because he had been surrounded by some much needed family and friends, or maybe because he had received a *gift* that he had really wanted. On the other hand, where there was good there was bad. He had definitely had some *terrible* birthdays over the course of his life too. Things just went *wrong* sometimes; it wasn't necessarily within *anyone's* control.

Once you reached adulthood, however, birthdays didn't really trend more towards good *or* bad. Your birthday would roll around and you'd think: *Well, it's my birthday again.* Once you *felt* old enough, you didn't necessarily want to be reminded of the fact that you were getting *older*. You didn't need big parties or crazy gifts, either. Just acknowledging your birthday and having a nicer than normal meal was typically enough.

"Well, it feels more or less like a normal day so far." Kay hadn't really expected anything else, honestly. It was still early enough in the morning that most of the people he saw and spoke to were still asleep, he'd just suffered from a minor bout of insomnia and had decided to get up and get ready early. He was showered, dressed, had breakfast, and of course he'd brushed his teeth! He had birthday plans with his family lined up for the evening, but there was nothing really going on before dinner.

When he returned to his room to start up his computer, however? **"Hm? What's this?"** He found something *unexpected*. There was a red

envelope sticking out from underneath where he had left his phone on his desk. Based on its shape and size, he assumed that it contained a birthday card. But who had put it there? When? Someone *must* have sneaked into his room when he was getting ready. He couldn't imagine not seeing it beforehand.

Which meant all he really had to do was open it!

After tearing open the envelope and pulling out its contents, he was actually more surprised that it *wasn't* a card. Someone had crammed a letter in there? ...Probably intentionally, to trick him. Kay unfolded the paper and read what was printed – not written – on the paper aloud. **“Happy Birthday.”** Well, at least it was *kind of* related to his birthday? **“S&K Inc. needs new employees, and we’ve chosen you? We only have one rule if you wish to be hired: be red.”**

A *number* of questions were raised here. Why was that *all* that was typed on the page? What was S&K Inc? Why were they extending him a job offer? On his birthday? By somehow placing the invitation in his bedroom? How had they even known him well enough *to* know what his birthday was? And what the hell did ‘*be red*’ mean? **“Is someone playing a prank on me?”** That truly felt like the most plausible explanation. This was all too *weird*. But it wasn't as weird as—

“WHAT!?”

Kay's cry of surprise had been understandable. After all, the paper he had been holding had suddenly *burst into flames*, which, whether it was related or not, led to him *falling* as if a trap door had opened up beneath his feet. He fell into and *through* the darkness for a few seconds, crying all the while. **“Oof!?”** Only for his feet to plant once more on a wooden floor as the light returned. The problem was that he *clearly* wasn't standing in his room anymore after the incident.

“Where the— Is this an office!?” The man felt like he was asking the *obvious*. There were two desks arranged in front of a whiteboard, a door that connected to the hallway of what was likely a larger office building overall. Considering the glass of the door had a decal that read ‘S&K Inc.’, he could also assume that this individual office was probably being rented by the company that had given him that ‘invite’.

Well, there was another sign that this was the case, too. That big whiteboard... If this was an office for a small business, you'd expected there to be business strategies, office duties, or something like that written down, right? But pretty much the entire whiteboard was taken

up by the words 'BE RED', fittingly drawn on there with a red marker. **"D-Did they kidnap me? No, that's impossible. Maybe this is some sort of crazy dream? But it also doesn't feel like it..."** What were his options here? Just *leave*? The door *was* literally *right there*.

But before he entertained that notion, he instead wandered over to the big windows that were opposite the desk and whiteboard. It overlooked a parking lot and park from what was probably the fifth or sixth floor. The issue was that he couldn't imagine *where* the building he was in might have been. If he'd had his phone with him then he could have just checked the GPS, but that phone hadn't made the trip *with* him.

There *was* one solution, though. **"The computers!"** There was a computer on both of the desks. The birthday boy moved over to one and clicked on the keyboard. **"Tch! Ouch!"** But he hadn't expected the keyboard to deliver unto him a *static shock*. Nor had he expected that it would lead to him fulfilling that big rule that was written on the white board. **"What the heck was *that*? Are these computers not grounded properly?"**

Kay ended up shaking the hand that had been zapped to work off the shocking feeling, but he didn't *examine* it with any level of closeness since it wasn't as if it was the first time he'd been shocked. If he'd bothered himself to check, well... He might have noticed that the finger looked a little *burnt* on the tip? No, maybe not *burnt* exactly, but it was *definitely* redder. Like *bright* red.

On its own? This would have seemed like a perfect normal thing to occur. It wasn't really that strange for skin to redden after being exposed to heat, after all. The problem was that this coloration didn't *remain* on the tip of his index finger. It slowly crept down not only the shocked finger, but every finger on both of his hands, robbing them of their original, pale coloration. As the color consumed more and more of their skin, however? His fingers appeared thin, while the attached nails *grew* as a pale blue paint spread across their perfectly sharp manicures.

The man fixed his attention back on the computer monitor and leaned forward to type again. **"Maybe this time I *won't* get shocked."** *But maybe I should sit down? It would be more orderly to do so.* His subconscious suggested something reasonable, but the logic behind it was a little off. He ignored it for the time being either way. **"Where's the internet browser? A GPS?"** Still, it wasn't exactly comfortable to stand while hunched over a desk.

His posture wasn't exactly *helped* by what was happening in his socks, either. That bright red skin discoloration had emerged on the tips of his

toes and was gradually moving through his feet towards his heels. The fit of Kay's socks loosened in response, namely because the shapes of his reddened fit slimmed as they were recolored, and the arches of his heels actually *rose*. Polish was painted across neatly cut toenails – the same pale blue that had spread over his finger's nails.

“Am I getting *dizzy* or *what*?” He was having difficulties standing because of the changes to his feet, but he also *did* feel slightly dizzy. He put aside his GPS-finding plans for the moment, thinking he'd return to it after the dizzy spell went away. His voice kept cracking too, which wasn't necessarily *that* odd. It could still happen in adulthood, but two back to back?

In the meantime? The advent of the red skin hadn't ceased. It hadn't been satisfied with his hands alone. It traveled up his arms and legs from his hands and feet, affecting his build differently depending on the limb. It was much subtler in his arms, for one. His reach lessened a *little* bit, and they seemed to be a *little* more muscular around his upper arms, but aside from that and their color? You couldn't really say it was *that* extreme.

On the other hand, his legs were both more concerning *and* the changes that finally got him to realize that something was *very* wrong. **“Huh? Wait...”** Had the desk gotten larger? No, that wouldn't explain why his clothing felt looser either. It was almost like... **“What the *fuck*?”** Kay couldn't believe the conclusion he'd come to. Had he gotten *shorter*? He was usually almost six feet, and though he'd only shrunk to 5'8", that was still a pretty significant drop.

The transformation of his legs played a big part in this, though his torso had also crunched inward a little as a little teaser for what was to come for the rest of the birthday boy's body. His legs didn't exactly *only* get shorter, either. His knees were sharper in their design, but something more extreme could be observed farther up. His loosened pant legs actually felt *tighter* around his thighs, because their now hairless and crimson forms swelled with muscle and fatty tissue alike, driving fabric to the point that it looked like those plusher thighs were at risk of just *popping* out.

This wasn't really what Kay noticed at first, though. **“M-My hands!? They're *red*... COUGH! COUGH!”** Well, his hands *and* arms, but he was too shocked to be that specific. He held up a hand to examine how *feminine* it appeared, only for his voice to rise in pitch and *not* return to normal. **“What the *hell* is happening to me!?”** Wait. The sign said: ‘*be red*’, right? Was *this* what it meant!? He couldn't even dismiss what he was seeing as impossible considering he'd already accepted that he'd somehow been teleported to wherever the hell he was.

At the very least, there was a way to trace what had happened to his voice. The red had moved in from his arms and across his shoulders, narrowing them in the process. But once there? It moved both up his neck and down his chest. Once it ran across his neck? His Adam's apple practically disappeared and his vocal chords were altered internally. And by the time it moved into his *face*? Well, let's just say that the feminine pitch didn't really *sound* out of place.

“Mmn! Wh-What the hell kind of noise am I making? That must be against some sort of rule?” Two areas changed at once. The red rolled over Kay's pelvis as the same time as it began to work into Kay's face. The moan that *she* had made came courtesy of her sex shifting. The sack that had held her balls tightened, and thankfully its contents shrank as the rod they were affixed to crept closer and closer to his pelvis. Once it was close enough, though, what was left had just been pulled down into her new *slit*, with the tip of her dick becoming the new clitoris. And above it? Her pubes thinned a little while their dark colors lightened to a pale blue.

That was what had caused her to moan. **“I'm a woman, obviously... But why? There must be some sort of rule against changing someone's body like this! And why red? I look like some kind of demon.”** She was actually bang-on with that assessment, though Kay's newfound interest in *rules* came off as a little unusual. Nonetheless, as her masculinity had shrunk away? Her face had been dyed red while adjusting her visage to become feminine and unfamiliar.

Her jawline narrowed to give her face a thinner and more angular shape while her cheekbones lifted. Her red lips swelled too, becoming puffier *and* glossier beneath a slimmer and shorter nose. Meanwhile, her irises lightened to a yellowish green that was harder to see – namely because the shapes of those eyes narrowed so much that her face looked like she was resting with a perpetual scowl. It was hardened, serious, and *businesslike*?

Her hair wasn't spared from change either. The red presumably washed over her scalp and like with her pubes, altered the color of the hair that came out of her follicles. The hair that she already had paled to the same blue starting from her roots before working out towards her tips, and from there that hair grew, and grew, and grew some more until it reached as far as her ass in the back. Her eyebrows thickened with the same color, too.

“What's the procedure for something like this happening? Should I just get back to work? No... I'm not supposed to work here, but I'm also pretty sure I *am*.” Evidently, the birthday *girl*

wasn't thinking too much about her body anymore. She'd just accepted her sex change as her mind adjusted. So, while the swell of her crimson ass within her pants was a little *bothersome*, as it grew into a sensitive peach shape between her widened hips, it was hardly worth making a scene out of.

The red from her upper body and lower body would eventually converge in the woman's stomach, tightening her core and narrowing her waistline in the process, but before the upper half could reach that stage? The crimson had to pass over her *chest*. This was another area where she didn't really bat an eyelash even *despite* how extreme the emergence of her pair of *tits* was. That once flat chest, now just as red as the rest of her body (aside from her darker red nipples) jiggled to life underneath her tee. Her nipples swelled, their sensitive and puffier forms rubbing distractingly against the underside of her shirt until she annoyingly groped at one of her *C-cup* tits with a groan.

“Ugh. Could I at least have something to wear that *fits* me?” As the saying went: ask and you shall receive. Everything she'd been wearing? Everything that *didn't* fit her? It all began to glow like she was in the middle of some kind of magical girl transformation. Once that light *burst*, however? Those clothes were *gone*. She was left wearing a black leather bikini top with a matching microskirt. Black heels lifted her feet up along with the black thigh highs that groped her legs, the upper trim studded with silver just as her new choker and armbands were. And her blue hair had been tied up into a ponytail.

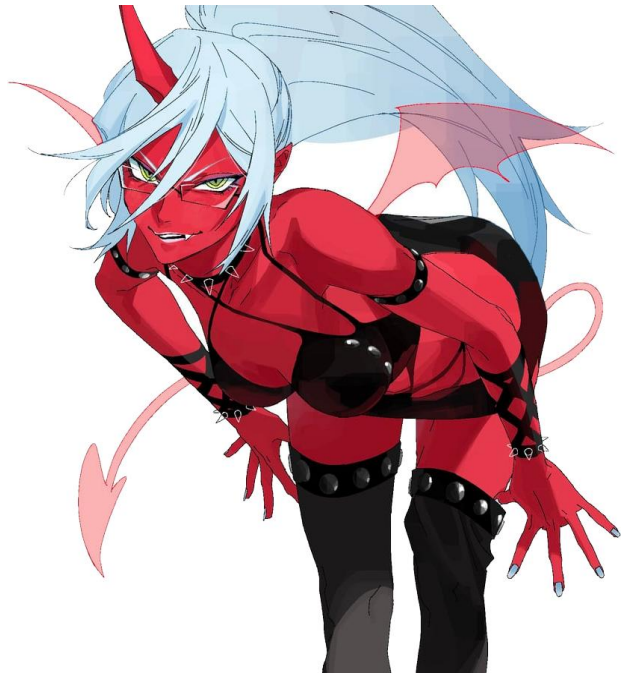
Usually, this is where a transformation would come to an end.

But as she pushed up black-rimmed glasses on her nose (that now had more rectangular frames) Kay scowled at building pressure in the center of her forehead, the base of her spine, *and* just beneath her shoulder blades. It coincided with how her red ears were pulled out into sharp points at the sides of her head, making them look downright *demonic*. That seemed to be the *point*.

You know what else was *a point*? The singular horn that spread from the pressure point on her forehead. It extended about eight inches, but it was hardly as long as the spade-tipped tail that roped out from the base of her tailbone and began to swish from side to side. She might have been shocked by this, but on some level? She was already expecting it. Just as she expected the small, red, bat-like wings to extend from beneath her shoulders.

If anything, she was just glad that it was all *over with*.

“Be red, hm? Well... I guess I satisfy that requirement now.” Mind you, if the demon *hadn’t* ended up red by the end of her transformation, she probably would have found another way to make it so. It was a company *rule*, and there was nothing *Kneesocks* liked more than following and upholding *rules*. As it turned out, all demons were just *red* in general. **“But I suppose that was the point?”**



Her words didn’t defy reality. She may have become a sexy, red demon woman dressed in what could best be described as a *BDSM outfit*, and she may have been playing that role with her personality twisted into something calm, intelligent, and in control of her emotions. But she was *still* Kay in that her memories, while mixed with those of the demon she had become, hadn’t actually been erased.

You would think that she would be conflicted about this situation considering the circumstances, and yet she just pushed up the glasses on the bridge of her nose and smirked. **“Oh well. A change of career could do me some good. And why would I complain when I’m smoking hot?”** Not to mention she was *younger*. Kneesocks may have been the birthday girl, but her age had actually slid *backwards* because of all this.

With a sigh, the demon sat down at her desk and began to type away. She *could* have used her powers to revert her clothing back to something better suited for the office, but being dressed in such a revealing way felt *empowering*. Despite everything that had just happened to her, however, there was only one thing on her mind. *Rules*. Her company needed more *rules*. What did that company even *do*? That was irrelevant so long as they had *rules* to follow! But there was a slight problem. She didn’t have a *sister* to bounce these rules off of. **“Hm...”**

But she knew someone who could fulfill that role, didn’t she? Reaching into her desk drawer, Kneesocks pulled out a familiar piece of paper – the same kind that her own ‘invitation’ had been written down on, and wrote a short passage followed by the words ‘BE RED’. She then pulled out a red envelope, packed it, and with a snap of her fingers? It disappeared.

**“I hope Axel appreciates my invitation. Once Scanty gets here,
we can finally discuss the rules.”**