

I, Onryo (Man to Sexy Onryo TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Samuel is given a cool creepy tape by his friend Harry, but neither are aware that it is truly haunted. Over the span of a week, Samuel finds his body and soul transforming to become that of a fearsome, and surprisingly sexy, Onryo spirit. Harry is in for a surprise when he returns to find his friend now haunting the place!

Warning: Dark

I, Onryo

Samuel looked at the VHS tape his friend had just given him on his doorstep. It was weathered around the edges, and had clearly taken some beating over the years, but it *looked* functional, at least. On the front was the white sticker where one could write what the tape recording was. This one simply said: *The Kite*. The writing was so faded it was almost impossible to make it out, but that's what it said.

"Man, I haven't seen a VHS tape in ages," Samuel said. "This thing is fucking *old*."

His friend Harry grinned. "Right? Seriously cool, huh?"

He had light red hair and a smattering of freckles that seemed to expand with his enthusiasm. Since Samuel had strawberry blonde hair and freckles as well, people often mistook them for brothers. In truth, they'd only become friends at the age of twenty one, which was now two years ago. They'd shared a film class in community college and had a love for horror and pulp stuff.

"So is it the real deal?" Samuel asked, turning the tape over in his hands. "The actual Kite video?"

"I don't know."

Sam looked up at his friend. "What do you mean you don't know?"

"I was hoping you could find that out for me, buddy."

"You haven't even watched it?"

Harry shrugged. "I don't have a VCR player, and you do. And besides, I may love horror, but no way am I gonna watch some curse stuff without testing it on someone else first."

That made Sam laugh. "Oh, nice to know my friend thinks so highly of me!"

"Well, you're an atheist, so I'm putting you to the test."

"Douchebag."

They both grinned.

“Okay, so I’m being a coward,” Harry admitted. “But I’m away for a week anyway. Visiting my folks over in Oregon.”

“That’s convenient, since the legend says that anyone who watches the tape will become a tortured ghost after exactly seven days have passed.”

“Technically, an onryo. It’s a Japanese tape.”

“Okay, but still convenient. You’re gone for exactly that long?”

“Yeah, because I want to get out of fucking Dodge, man!”

Samuel rolled his eyes. “Fine, I’ll watch it! This better not be another prank. If you’ve spliced some porn into this one-”

Harry held up his hand like a Boy Scout leader. “I promise to be a good Christian once more.”

“Funny, how those principles seem to come and go at will.”

“Well, a laugh is a laugh. Okay, so you’ll watch the tape? You’ll tell me how it goes?”

Samuel looked over the VHS tape again. “I said I’d watch it, so I will. If only to prove how much of a total pussy you are.”

Harry jumped in the air on the front porch. “Fuck yeah! Well, you have fun watching it, man! I’ve gotta do my big drive now! You know, to get clear of whatever curse is on that thing, just in case!”

“Coward!” Samuel called out, as Harry was already jumping down the stairs of the front porch and running to his car.

“Don’t I know it! Only slasher horror for me!”

He waved and drove off a little too recklessly, leaving Samuel holding the tape.

“How can he love horror so much and still be so much of a total pussy?”

The strawberry blonde-haired man held up the tape and regarded it again. There was something . . . off about it, that was for sure. It was impossible to describe. Just a sort of . . . wrongness about it. Perhaps it was the weathering, or the roughly scrawled black handwriting upon it, or the fact that some fingerprints appeared to have stained its edges, and couldn’t be rubbed off. Or maybe because it just smelled sort of mildewy.

“Cool,” Sam finally said.

The only appropriate time to watch a supposedly cursed horror tape was at night, of course. Sam had his beer ready, and his hot nachos. He took the tape, shivering a little as he placed it inside the receptacle of his VCR, and then hit the play button before returning quickly to his seat.

At first, there was just static. The pixelated screen was tuned to a dead channel, like the grey of the sky outside. Sam chuckled and ate some of his nachos, hot just the way he liked them, the cheese almost burning the roof of his mouth. He washed it down with a sip of beer, waiting for the static to end. And then, suddenly, it did.

A red outline of a diamond. No, a *kite*.

A woman on the cliffside.

It was a wide-shot, almost black-and-white. She has long, stringy black hair that covers her face and much of her front. She wears a white wedding kimono that is slightly dishevelled, and her feet were positioned unnaturally, facing one another so that she slowly shifts from side to side, verging on falling off the cliff. She has a wooden block in one hand, and a metal wire led up to the only colour in the footage; a red kite floating in far too still a manner above her head.

More static.

A river of water, viewed from above. Black, blacker than the darkest night, and bubbling, churning with something from below. It rises, and the river begins to turn red.

A man upon a chair. He stares forward, directly at the viewer. He is young. He looks familiar, but the static blurs his face just enough to make it indistinct. He screams, clutching his head. His eyes are red.

A woman upon a chair. Her hair is long and black. She is the same woman from before, but she wears the man's clothing. One eye can be seen. It is also red, and it begins to bleed, pouring down her front. She is not screaming. She is smiling.

The man brushes his hair in the mirror. Only the mirror can be seen, no hint of the man. It is off-centre, to the right, but now the mirror is on the left, and the woman is returned, holding her red kite. The mirror is on the right again. The man has noticed something but he knows not what.

A shot of the cliff again. A bent tree overlooks it. A single red kite is tied to the tree, moving violently in the wind.

THE KITE IS IN THE AIR. ITS METAL STRING IS AROUND A NECK.

The neck bleeds.

A pair of eyes stare. They are red and terrible, and the irises are shaped wrong. Like little red kites.

The tree burns. A body hands from it. It had no head.

The kite is free, rising above the land. It bleeds upon the grass and soars over a neighbourhood that looks far, far too much like your own.

The static.

It took Samuel a moment to realise the tape had ended. He blinked. For a moment there, it felt like he was in another place, in another time. The footage had been surprisingly creepier than he expected.

“Huh,” he said, summoning a smirk to cast off the chill he felt in his bones. He reached some more nachos and placed them in his mouth, only to pause.

They were cold too. As if they’d been sitting there for half an hour. Only something was shifting about as well. Sam looked over to view his bowl of nachos and then leapt off of the couch, causing the bowl to tip and smash upon the floor, spilling its contents around.

Hundreds of white, writhing maggots danced and squirmed upon the floor. The nachos look rotten. Mouldy. Immediately Sam ran to the bathroom and coughed up the contents of his mouth in the toilet. Maggots, half-eaten, fall from his lips.

“The fuck!?” he screamed. “What the actual FUCK!?”

He left the bathroom quickly and returned to his living space. The tape had ejected itself from the player, thank God, but the maggots were still there. He grabbed some tissue paper and cleaning supplies and quickly dealt with the issue. God, they smelled. He checked the time as he did so.

A full hour had passed.

“That’s . . . not possible.”

It was now seven o’clock. In fact, the clock had just ticked to that exact hour when his phone rang. Sam fished it out of his pocket. Private call, no caller ID. He answered it anyway and held it up to his ear.

“Hello?”

For a moment, there was nothing but ragged breathing on the other end.

“Hello? This is Sam speaking. “Who’s this?”

The breathing was guttural, but female.

“*Seven days*,” it whispered. Then the line cut.

“Jesus fuck!” Samuel said. He threw his phone onto the couch and backed away. It took him a moment to calm down, and when he did, he finally chuckled.

“Okay, nice one Harry. No wonder you didn’t watch it. Wanted to freak me out, didn’t you?”

It didn’t explain the weird time passage, but perhaps he’d just fallen asleep for a bit, or lost track of the time, or the tape had been some kinda hypnotic suggestion thing. Didn’t explain the maggots, but his pantry care wasn’t the best lately. He’d have to do a clean out.

But it was definitely a prank. No way were curses real.

The next day, Sam slept in. He didn't have to go work at the retail store until Monday, so he planned to enjoy his weekend off. He was lucky to have a house he was paying off, even if it was at the edge of town, one that had a nice backyard that extended to a forest line, and no neighbours nearby, just scrub and bush. He thought about enjoying some relaxation with a book on the back deck, but the weather was overcast despite the sunny predictions. Far too windy. It made his neck twinge.

Instead, he stayed inside. The image of the tape had stayed with him, and he was pretty sure he'd dreamed about it the previous night. The image of that man screaming, and then the onryo girl replacing him had repeated itself again and again in his mind.

"Just a stupid prank tape," he murmured, voice cracking a little. He had a warm shower to cheer himself up, but grew doubly annoyed at the grey weather when he saw himself in the mirror.

"Damn, I thought I was getting a tan. I look seriously pale."

He touched his neck. It twinged again, and his voice cracked like it had back in high school. "Must be coming down with something. Do I need a haircut?"

He picked up his phone after breakfast and shot Harry a message.

'Nice prank call last night btw. Really freaked me out.'

Harry didn't immediately answer, so Sam set about clearing out the pantry and getting rid of any gross maggots. Thankfully there were no more, but by the time he was done, there wasn't much left to eat. He ordered some sushi to be delivered, and for some reason it gave him the notion that he could make some more Japanese meals this coming week. He visited the local supermarket, occasionally rubbing his chest which had grown a bit sore, and then grabbed some nori, rice, fresh fish, prawns, noodles and ramen supplies, and lots of eggs for traditional egg soup.

It was only when Samuel returned that he furrowed his brow. Since when did he know how to cook Japanese food?

"Damn, need to look this shit up," he muttered to himself.

He shot several messages to his other friends, asking if they wanted to catch up, but either they weren't free or his messages weren't delivered. It was rather isolating, but sometimes staying in the house was nice too, he supposed.

"A nice home day!" he declared, cracking open a beer. "Damn, should've gotten some sake."

Finally, a text message from Harry arrived.

'Sorry for the late reply. You know how my folks are. What prank, lol? Did I leave something at your house? How was the tape?'

Samuel rolled his eyes. Of course his friend wouldn't admit to anything.

'Tape was easy. Not scary at all. Just six days to go, Harry-san!'

It was at that moment that his phone rang again. He answered it immediately, almost by instinct or some compulsion, despite the caller ID being hidden once again.

“Hello?” he said. “This you again, Harry?”

That same, rasping breathing, as if the caller had some injury to their throat.

“*Six more days,*” the voice said, the same female voice. It was softer than before, almost . . . cute, despite the creepiness.

“Yeah, okay, did you hire someone, Harry? Is this your sister?”

“*Six more days . . . we can be together. We can have him.*”

Again, the phone call cut short. Samuel shivered.

“Damn, that was creepy.”

Samuel felt even stranger the next day. His chest was still sore, and his nipples were oddly swollen. He looked more pale, and his hair roots appeared darker as well, while his face had a softness to it that it didn't normally possess.

“Definitely coming down with something,” he said, voice cracking again. “Ugh, what's wrong with my throat?”

He had a traditional Japanese breakfast, made pretty badly, and then checked out the weather. Why was the morning TV saying it was sunny and beautiful? It was clearly windy and awful, grey and overcast! Hell, he could see lightning in the distance. He sat on the couch, rubbing his hips which had also gained some soreness. They felt different, though he couldn't say why. He thought of the woman in the tape, the Onryo with the scarlet eyes. Who was she? She had nice hips, at least. A good figure despite her creepiness.

“Why am I even thinking about this?” he asked himself. “I need to go outside. Get out and socialise before the weekend is over.”

But instead of going for the car, he walked around his expansive backyard instead. The wind truly was wonderful. He held up his hands, letting his longer, slightly darker hair flicker around in the gust. The gale grew, and he found himself laughing. There was a power and magic to it that he'd never appreciated before, and it made him want to wear something looser, something that could shift about in the wind. The man smiled, grinning from ear to ear.

“I wish you were here to feel this with me, Harry!” he cried.

When he returned, the phone call came again. He ignored it this time. He knew it was five more days. Harry was overplaying the part too much, he thought.

Samuel dreamed of a bloody kite with a bloody string, soaring into the air, shifting about in the gust. A body lay upon the ground, and he walked towards it, his anxiety rising with each step. As he got closer, the reason for that fear became evident: the body had no head, just a clean serration around the neck. He screamed silently, no voice escaping his mouth, and turned to run. But there was the head, placed upon his porch, waiting for him, its hair trailing down the stairs. A beautiful Japanese woman with pale features and scarlet eyes.

"I, Onryo," it whispered.

Samuel woke screaming, and immediately knew something was wrong. His hair was too long, and his body felt smaller . . . lighter. More *lithe*. He also wasn't in bed. He was out in the backyard, his body half-covered in dead leaves.

"What the hell?" he murmured, slowly getting up. "I don't sleepwalk. I've never sleepwalked before in my life! And why is my hair so long?"

It was now getting down almost to his chin, and it was too dark. It was looking *brown* now. And not even a light brown either. Samuel rose, brushing the leaves off of him. He felt cold, but not *cold*, if that even made any sense. Like his body temperature was just *lower* by nature.

He moved inside. His body was definitely wrong. His hips were swaying more than they should have. And his chest was slightly swollen, pushing out in two places.

"Wrong, all wrong," he murmured. His damn neck was in pain, and his voice cracked when he talked. "What's h-happening to me?"

Slowly, he approached the bathroom, every step raising his level of anxiety. The sky was still grey, the wind still raging outside. The shutters on his windows continued to slam open and shut, the gale sounding like a thousand screaming voices. Still, he moved closer to the mirror, trying to keep himself focused. The mirror looked different, somehow . . . shaped more like the one from his dream. The one the man looked in, followed by the . . .

"Woman."

He turned and looked behind him. The voice had come from somewhere, or perhaps it had been the wind. He turned back to face the mirror and again-

The undead spirit was looking right at him, as if it were his reflection.

"We, onryo," she whispered.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?"

Sam fell backwards onto his ass, still screaming. He quickly jumped back up to his feet, but by that point the spirit was gone. Only Sam remained, but not as he was meant to be. His skin was far too pale, and his features more effeminate. Even the shape of his eyes were wrong. More narrow. His shoulders had shrunk, and his waist had thinned as well.

"Oh God," he groaned, removing his top. "Please don't tell me - oh, shit!"

He had breasts. Not huge ones, but breasts nonetheless. They were barely A-cups, but as he felt them, looking at his small, pale nipples, it was obvious that they had gained some sensitivity too.

"Why is this happening to me?" he groaned. "I - I need to see a doctor."

He called one up on the phone after finding the right number. It rang for longer than the worried man would have liked, but when it answered, he was hit with a wave of relief.

"Hello, this is Westwood Medical Services, how can I help you?"

"Thank God," Samuel said, scratching his neck. "I need to see a doctor ASAP. My skin is really pale and I am seriously looking like a woman and I think I'm growing breasts and I know this sounds super crazy and I'm talking really fast but I'm afraid that-"

"Woah, woah, slow down. It's going to be okay. When did this start?"

"Three days ago!" Samuel said, finally sighing with relief. "Three days ago when I-"

"Then it sounds like you've only got four days to go."

"I - what?"

Something ragged was on the other end, the breath corpse-like. The woman's voice became high and creepy. *"Four days to go, Samuel. We are onryo. We will find love again, Sayuri."*

"Fuck you!" Samuel shouted. "FUCK YOU!"

The call ended, leaving the poor man to scream loudly.

"Getting out of here," he stammered. "Really fucking get out of here."

He didn't even bother to have a shower. He simply threw on his clothes and headed for the car. There was no need to eat. Hell, he didn't even feel a need to drink.

"Not turning into a spirit. Not turning into a fucking spirit," Samuel said. "Not turning into a goddamn Asian *onryo!*"

He stopped just shy of the car when he noticed something lying in the driveway. Something *wrong*. A red kite, with a long metal wire looping around beside it.

"That's . . . from the tape."

Another gust, and the kite flew into the air on its own, the wire trailing behind it. Sam watched it go. The pressure rose in his chest, in his hips, and even in his rear. He could swear that his hair was lengthening in real-time.

He drove to the library, pushing past the speed limit. The weather was still grey, and the red kite followed him.

"Four days, Samuel. You've got four days! Four days to figure this out!"

But when he looked into the rearview mirror after parking, Sayuri was right there, staring at him, her eyes blood-red, her skin pale and undead. Sam sucked in a breath, his heart pounding in his growing chest.

"I'm going to beat you," he said. "I'm going to win."

Samuel was at the cliff. He was standing upon its edge, holding the kite. He could plummet. He was so close to plummeting. His lover has betrayed him. Has taken everything and left him for dead. But he could still control his death . . . could still be as free as a kite in the wind. The kite that had been the one remembrance of his perfect childhood before it had all gone wrong, and his abusive husband had destroyed his life. But he wasn't a he, was he?

She had always been Sayuri.

She looped the metal wire around her throat and let the kite take flight. It pulled tight against her neck in a moment of awe, staring up at the beautiful sight.

And then the wire opened her throat.

Samuel woke with blood upon his neck. He was back in bed, but now his front was soaked in viscous, sanguine fluid.

“Wha!”

He jumped out of bed. There was a cut upon his neck, almost as if a wire really *had* pulled tight against it. That red kite, high in the sky.

“But I was just at the library,” he stammered. “I was just . . . where did the time go?”

His breathing was ragged - ragged just like Sayuri's. His chest rose and fell, and he realised that it was heavier than it had been before. Plumper. The transforming, cursed man grabbed his chest and moaned almost like a woman. He had actual boobs now. Breasts that were definitely B-cups, a modest but average size, and not exactly tiny either. They were even more sensitive as well, causing him to gasp at the surprisingly lovely sensations they produced. It made his dick harden a little, but that was strange too; it was too small.

“Ohhhhh . . . no! No, I won't enjoy this!”

He tore off his bloody clothes and ran to the bathroom. The scarlet eyes were waiting for him in the reflection, but he ignored them, jumping straight in the shower and getting rid of the blood. He had to bandage his neck when he got out; there was a slice there. One that, were it much deeper, might have been fatal.

“Three more days,” he repeated to himself. “Can't kill you until three more days have passed, Sam.”

But his voice was wrong; it sounded more female than male now, and was rising in tone. His hair was now touching his shoulders, and was a very dark brown, bordering on black. His features were Asian, his eyes almond-shaped and . . . surprisingly pretty. His entire face was cute, in fact, and with more changes might even look beautiful. Samuel found himself smiling, caressing his cheek and posing in the mirror.

The kite pulls tight, and off with your head.

He stopped smiling, his dainty hand trembling. His body was smaller, more petite. It was all wrong. And now his mind was changing.

"I wish Harry was here," he said. "I need my Harry!"

He stepped back from the mirror, trying to ignore how pale his skin was, how girlish he was becoming. When was the last time he had eaten? When was the last time he was thirsty?

"What did I do yesterday? I went to the library, but it didn't feel right, being outside. Being away from home. I tried to call Harry, but he wouldn't pick up. It was because I'd found something. Some kind of . . . I found a tape!"

It was another VHS. Something to do with the spirit. With Sayuri. He stumbled back into the living room where some mess had grown; dozens of books on the occult, on Japanese folklore, even one specifically about onryos: their female spirits of undeath. He could only barely remember flicking through them.

"N-need to eat," he said, grabbing himself some bread and smearing it with butter. He put the tape in: *Sayuri Interviews 1-3*, it read. But before he could even press play he felt the bread churning in his stomach, and his stomach rejecting it. Samuel barely had time to throw his face to one side before vomiting up a geyser of blood. It spilled beyond the floorboards and soaked into the carpet.

"What the shit!?" he said, wiping his eyes. His hands came back bloody; even his tears were bloody now. "I don't deserve this!"

He screamed, a high female wail that rattled the windows. Outside, a red kite loomed in the air, hovering menacingly, a bloody wire hanging from it. He screamed again, but when the scream ended, there was no blood on the floor at all, as if it had never been there.

"Don't think about it," he muttered in his higher voice. "Don't think about it. Don't think about it!"

He hit play on the tape, and this time knelt before the television, watching it closely, the static crackling in his eyes. After several moments of this, the scene started.

A girl sits in a chair in a white room, a table before her, a single glass of water offered but not taken. Someone is talking, but it takes a moment for the audio to become coherent.

"Sayuri, I can't help you if you don't say anything."

"What else is there to say?" the woman says, her voice like Samuel's. *"Takeo does not love me. I thought he was my everything, but he has left me. Gone for a full week, he says. And I know he will not return. He is meeting his mistress there, in Osaka. That is why he calls me cruel words. He was meant to be mine! All mine! I told him that when I demanded he marry me! He was meant to be mine and then we would be together, in death . . . and beyond."*

It takes Samuel a moment to realise she is talking in Japanese. He understands it perfectly.

"Perhaps, Sayuri, the relationship has simply run its course? You are still young. You are attractive. You can find another man, one who loves you for who you-"

She raises her head, and her eyes are dark, not scarlet.

"No," she says. "He is mine. I will have him in life and in death. We are meant to be free together, but he leaves me!"

The tape cuts. It's a new interview. One clearly later.

"He will come back. Just one week. Just seven days."

"Sayuri, it has been more than one week, now. It has been nine. You look pale. Your hair is growing long. And you are still wearing your wedding kimono. You should . . . you should think about seeing to your hygiene and health. I know some services that-"

She raised her face. She is beautiful and terrible, her figure slim and yet possessing fine, feminine curves. But there is something evil about her. Something *obsessed* and *wrong*.

"No service will help me like my Takeo. I will have him back. He will be back in one week. He wouldn't leave me for dead! I don't have a job; he supports us. He'll be back before I starve. I've started putting a kite up for him. He knows I love kites. A bright red kite for him to see, to bring him home."

"Sayuri, I'm sorry, but I just don't see how-"

"You don't need to see. He'll be back. If he doesn't come, I will find a way to follow him. I'm going to die soon. But I will never leave him like he left me. Harry is mine."

Samuel's eyes go wide. Did she just say 'Harry?' Was that a brief smirk upon her pale lips?

The tape flickers. For a brief moment, the red kite is in the sky. It is only red because of its blood.

Another section of static.

The interview room again. Sayuri's hair goes almost to her ankles. She covers her face. She is in the white kimono, but it is tattered at the edges, more open at the front, and where the hair parts slightly one can see her cleavage showing.

"Seven days," she whispers. "Seven days. Seven days. Seven days."

Slowly, aching slowly, the camera closes in on Sayuri's face until it takes up the entire screen. Her pale, almost deathly white hands rise to part the curtains of her hair. She is not yet dead, but her soul appears to be in this moment. She is beautiful, like a queen of death, and she smiled at Samuel.

"But only three for you, Samuel. My onryo."

Static again. It had become night. Late at night. The sun had gone down, and an entire day was finished. Worse, as Samuel backed away from the television he realised that

his hair was now black and grown far longer; it extended over his chest now, covering a pair of breasts that were larger. He lowered a hand down to his pants and found that his member was miniature, tiny, nearly at the point of entirely retreating.

“Oh God, oh God, no! Harry! I need you, Harry! Where are you!?”

She called him several times. No, *he* called his friend several times. He had to remember that. *He*, not *she*, no matter what that spirit Sayuri was trying to do to him! As he paced back and forth through the living room waiting for his friend to answer, he could feel his unsupported breasts bouncing on his chest. They were definitely C-cups now, lovely and ripe. His hips swayed a little more, and his waist was thin, giving him the subtle hourglass figure of a woman. It was all so fucked up.

“C’mon! C’mon, answer me, damn it!”

Finally, Harry picked up.

“Hey dude, how’s - going?”

“Harry! You’ve got to come back! The tape was really cursed! It’s got me turning into a freaking onryo and-”

“Dude, you’re - can’t hear - connection is really shit - see you in three days. Sorry!”

“No, listen to me! You’ve got to-”

The line cut, leaving Samuel trapped inside the house. He cupped his breasts, biting his lip from the sheer pleasure of it. His nipples were so tender. He needed release. Why had Harry betrayed him?

“Why has he turned on me? I do everything for him. We were meant to be free together! He needs to come back. Just one week, then he’ll be back to me. Then we can fix this . . . and we can be together, in life and death.”

For reasons unknown to him, it felt like the most natural thing in the world to say.

Two days to go, but Samuel couldn’t even leave his own house. The weather report continued to say it was lovely and sunny, nary a patch of wind, but the gale was furious, making it impossible to venture outside. The red kite flew in the sky, its bloody wire a warning about what would happen if he left. Not that he could, looking as he did. He had woken with a sore chest, a consequence of sleeping on his stomach. His breasts were now lovely D-cups with delicate but large nipples, and he couldn’t help but stroke and feel them, thinking of Harry. The man’s penis was almost gone, his womanhood on the verge of establishing itself. His hair was down to his ass now, yet threatened to grow longer; he could feel it slowly spiralling out from his scalp.

“Onryo,” he whispered in a slight Japanese accent, his voice musically sweet.

“Onryo. I, Onryo. I am becoming an Onryo. Becoming Sayuri.”

The urge to become her was so powerful now. So very fearful. He could find no way to fight the curse, no way to reverse his terrible transformation. He needed Harry to help him, he knew it. Harry would make everything right. He needed to stay with his friend forever, to please him with her body. With his body. With *her* body. Didn't he like Japanese women? Hadn't Harry always said so?

“Ah, but I'm so pale. So deathly. I would have to haunt him. No! No, I'm not that far gone yet!”

Not even if it was so hard to think of himself as a man, or even to think in English. The curse was so strong, and he saw it everywhere. Already, his eyes were turning scarlet, his irises like little bloody kites under the right - or wrong - light. Already, he found himself slinking, contorting his body in unnatural ways. Samuel sat on the couch in despair, his black hair covering his face, his head bent so far over it looked like his head was about to snap off.

And still his neck hurt. Still, the sweet, almost inviting pain there. How to end the curse? How to stop it?

There was no way. Eating only made him throw up blood. Drinking left his life's fluid seeping from his eyes, his toes, his fingernails, his mouth. And occasionally, without thinking, he found himself rasping, hiding in the dark corners of his own home and holding the bars of his staircase railing, gazing down at the front door, waiting for someone to enter.

“*Kiri kiri kiri*,” she whispered to herself, imagining Harry viewing her dark beauty. “Come deeper. Deeper, deeper, deeper. Come see me, Harry. *Kiri kiri kiri*.”

The wind roared against the shutters, but sometimes it sucked back, going eerily silent, as if inviting her into the eye of the hurricane.

“Can't,” he said, regaining his male sense of self. “Can't . . . go. Won't . . . go. Won't become an onryo. I'm not a woman. I'm not dead! I'm not a spirit!”

And yet the dreams and fantasies and nightmares all collapsed together into reality, making his very sense of what was real and not impossible to discern. Sometimes he'd see Sayuri's shadow, or her face, often in reflections, but who was to say if it was her or him? And who was to say if there would soon be any difference between them?

There was nothing to do but exist within the house, awaiting the inevitable. Samuel crawled up the stairs, shifting unnaturally, his bones twisting in unnatural directions until he was at the bed, at which point he crawled up under the covers until he reached the bed.

“Harry,” he moaned, voice rasping, throat searing with that wonderful pain. “Harrrrryyy. Come back to meeeeeee. I have only two moooooore daaaayyys.”

It made her loins tingle with excitement.

The wind roared. It was like a hurricane, beating at the house, screaming with the wailing of a thousand banshees. One day remained. The phone had rung numerous times, but Samuel refused to answer it. He knew what it would say, and it was pointless to hear Sayuri's voice when he now shared that same register. His body had finished transforming in the night, during such horrible nightmares that he scarcely remembered them beyond one all-too-real image: his own head before him, grinning maniacally, Harry's face reflected in her eyes.

"Take me, lover," the head had said, before cackling like a witch in the wild woods. "Kiri kiri kiri."

And now that staring face was *his*. He was Sayuri, fully Japanese and utterly beautiful, with large almond-shaped eyes and soft lips and a smooth, oval-shaped head with perfect cheekbones. His hair was almost down to his ankles, but the larger changes had been wrought upon his body. A vulva now sat between his thighs, opening to a vaginal passage that led right to a womb. His buttocks were larger, his breasts lovely Double-D's that bounced and jiggled with his movements. His hips were gorgeous and feminine, and his limbs dainty. He'd lost several inches of height since the beginning of his change as well, leaving him the very image of a gorgeous, yet ethereally pale, Japanese woman. One whose eyes were too dark and foreboding, her movements unnatural and stilted when they weren't languidly flexible in all the wrong ways.

"I, Onryo," he said. "I, Onryo. That was what you said. This is my curse. I am you. And you are me. And Takeo . . . is Harry. Our Harry."

The bloody-eyed version of him slowly nodded in the mirror, otherwise silent. It made Samuel nod back, the two mimicking one another perfectly until the mirror-version raised her hand and pointed out of the bathroom. For a moment, Samuel was confused, until it hit him.

"Of course," he said. "One final step. Today, I am Sayuri, not Onryo. Tomorrow . . . the seventh day. I must be prepared."

The woman nodded again, her smile *wrong* yet filled with anticipation. She mimicked something in the mirror; putting on clothing, and again Samuel understood. He moved to his room, where the perfect garment lay upon the bed: a white wedding kimono.

"I understand," he murmured, stripping off his clothing to expose his curvaceous and pale form. "I have to go now."

The last vestiges of Samuel's maleness fell away as *she* clothed herself. She needed Harry back, and there was only one way to ensure it. She stepped outside, barefoot, her hair blowing in the breeze. At the edge of her property was no longer the forest, but instead a great cliff-face overlooking the sea, a single bent tree growing from that edge. Tangled in the edges was a kite. A white kite.

White, for now.

“One way,” Samuel said. “He abandoned me. Cursed me. But I’ll take him back. Just need one final act . . .”

She approached the tree, the wind stirring the kimono. It was so alien to be wearing a woman’s dress, particularly a traditional Japanese one, but right now it simultaneously felt so appropriate. The new woman felt so beautiful, so enticing, her body slender and curvaceous in all the right, respective places. But one day still remained. Harry might not come back. She needed Harry. The curse was binding her, but there was one way to be free and fly once more.

As free as a kite.

Slowly, she unwound the kite from the tree branch, pulling it down and wrapping it from its spool. The maddened woman tied the metal line around her neck, feeling its tensile strength against her tender throat. The wind picked up to bring it to the air and give it greater rise, but still she resisted, one final part of herself holding on. The metal cut into her fingers, causing them to bleed upon the kite. Soon it was stained crimson, just like from her dreams. Just like from the tape. She looked over the cliff edge, the one her body would tumble down into, and there was Sayuri in her reflection far below, a pair of red, gleaming eyes waiting for her to join the onryo.

“We, onryo,” Samuel whispered.

The next gale hit. She released the kite, letting it soar high, high, high up into the air. It rose beautifully, arcing and twirling and dancing into the air. Samuel beamed up at it, her eyes staring through her long black curtains of hair. It was free, and soon she would be too.

The wire pulled tight against her neck. Its bite was wet and cold.

Harry drove back to Samuel's house, keen to see how his friend went. He didn't truly believe in the curse, of course, but something about that folklore sort of horror sent a proper chill down his spine. Besides, he thought it was funny to dare Samuel into it and then chase off, all to make it freakier for his friend. He was keen to see how he'd gone, and if the days had been nervous for him. But when he knocked on the front door, the door simply opened with a loud creak, a mouth into darkness, a slight gust upon the wind on the otherwise perfect day. Apparently it had been quite hot, peaceful weather while he'd been away, but the cold hit him as he entered.

“Sam? You there, Sam? How'd *The Kite* go?”

There was no sound at first, though he jumped when the door slammed shut again.

“Jesus, that scared the shit out of me. Hey, Sam? Your car’s still here. You haven’t been answering my calls or texts. Is this some kind of prank thing? Are you gonna jump out of the closet somewhere?”

Suddenly, a rasping breath, like the final death rattle of a woman. Harry looked up, and was suddenly greeted with something that almost scared the very *literal* shit out of him: a deathly pale Japanese woman with dark rings around her eyes and strange-shaped irises the colour of fresh blood. She wore a white, slightly tattered kimono, and was staring at him with unnaturally wide eyes.

“What the fuck!?! Who are you?”

“*Harrrrrry*,” she groaned, shifting like a spider to the left. She was bent over, clutching the bars of the wooden railing that led down to the stairs.

“Do I know you? Sam, you out there? Is this some prank shit because holy hell, this is way too much!”

“*Harrrry*,” she rasped again, clutching her throat. There was a thin trickle of blood there, though it dissipated after she moved her hand away. *“I watched the tape. You left me. Left me for a w-week. The curse is real, Harry.”*

Her accent was Japanese, her voice beautiful when her throat was aligned, though it rasped as he saw a thin scar occasionally open. She was undeniably gorgeous, with a beautiful figure and hypnotic face, but her manner and undeath-like nature was making Harry back up.

“Wait, Sam? No way. There’s no fucking way.”

“I ch-changed, Harry. It’s me, but I am not Sam. Not anymore. I am Sayuri. I am onryo. I had to die . . . to be with you again.”

“What!?”

She smiled creepily, shifting again, moving to the stairs.

“I had to die. I flew the red kite. The tape is real, and now I am her. And you are my Takeo. My Harry. I will haunt you. I am here to fulfil my grudge.”

Harry backed up, only to trip over a shattered bowl upon the floor and fall back against the door. He stared up at the woman claiming to formerly be Samuel. She began to crawl down the stairs, her legs moving in impossible ways, her arms cracking and shifting, bones reshaping with every movement. Her gaze never left him, her long hair trailing behind her, sliding over her form. Small trickles of blood left her neck, and her eyes too were filled with blood.

“Oh God! Oh my fucking God! What grudge? What fucking grudge!?”

“You cursed me, Harry. You - ahhh - gave me the tape. I must haunt you. You will be mine.”

She advanced further, and Harry reached to grab the doorhandle behind his head. He pulled it open, only for Sayuri's head to suddenly be above him, extending out from the crack in the door and sliding down rapidly, her mouth open and hungry.

"FUCK!"

He slammed it shut, only to see that Sayuri was in front of him again, now crawling over his legs, holding him down. Despite the coldness of the house, her actual touch was warm, which made her all the more menacing, as if she were sucking the very soul from his body. Harry found that he couldn't move; the man was paralysed by her.

"Kiri kiri kiri," she whispered, walking her pale fingers across his chest. *"Kiri kiri kiri."*

"You're not Samuel, I know you aren't!"

"I am," she said. *"And I am Sayuri. We are one."*

"I'm sorry! Oh God, I'm sorry! I can change you back. I promise I'll find a way! I'll watch the tape - I can pass the curse onto me and then onto someone else. How about that?"

"It's too late, Harry. I have but one purpose now. To bring you to your end."

She was fully on top of him. Her hair blocked the view of anything beyond her face, forcing him to stare up into her deathly beauty. Her large breasts pressed against his body, her thighs on either side of him. To his eternal shame, Harry's cock began to harden, then strain against his pants, pressing up against her figure. She was so soft, and in his struggle, with what limited movement he possessed, he'd accidentally ended up placing his hands upon her buttocks, his fingers sinking into the flesh through the thin material of her kimono. The onryo that had been Samuel moaned with something mixed between a death rattle and living ecstasy, her eyes still wide upon him.

"I'm sorry!" he cried. "I'm not meaning to! It's an automatic reaction! Please don't kill me!"

Sayuri grinned, her mouth wide, her neck still bleeding onto him. She lowered herself down slowly, her mouth opened wide. Harry gasped, his lips pursed to meet hers.

He knew this was the end.

Harry and Sayuri lay on the floor together, both of them panting, both lost in post-coital bliss. Sayuri's kimono was barely hanging on, her large breasts freed and well-serviced as of very recently. She licked her bloody lips, and grinned, and Harry stared up at the ceiling in disbelief.

"So . . . when you said you were going to bring me to your end, you mean . . . ?"

"Make you climax of course, Harry."

“Oh. Good. Because, er, you really did do that. And you, um, climaxed as well, did you?”

“To a spiritual level.”

“Oh, a pun. Very Samuel of you. You are still sort of Samuel, right?”

She contorted her body, the muscles rending, the bones stretching, her eyes still wide open even as her bones creaked until she was on top of him again. Sayuri’s breasts hanging right in his vision as she stared down at him.

“I am your onryo. I will never stop haunting you.”

“Cool, cool,” Harry said. “And haunting is . . . sexual, in your case?”

“You are my Takeo. My Harry. You made me watch the tape, dude. And then ran like a coward. The curse has left me fucking ravenous for you.”

Harry nodded. “Yep, I definitely got that vibe when you started sucking me off instead of, well, eating my dick or something.”

“Mmmhm, I never knew cock could taste so good. Especially since I don’t need to breathe, I could focus entirely on you, my Harry. And now I always can.”

“So this wasn’t a one-time thing and you turn back?”

She giggled, her neck leaning a little more onto him. *“I am your onryo. I will haunt you forever. You are mine, and no other will have you. I will be your bride, and I promise to fuck you . . . dude.”*

Harry couldn’t help but give an awkward chuckle, despite the freakish yet busty abomination against all that was holy currently resting atop him. “Sorry, it’s just that you can’t just talk like a creepy undead spirit *and* say ‘dude’ at the same time.”

She pouted in an oddly cute manner. He’d always liked it when Japanese girls did that in media. *“It’s not my fault, man. You gave me the tape. Now I’m stuck as an undead girl totally obsessed with you. I’ll have to move in with you, you know.”*

“I don’t even have a spare bed!”

“I’ll sleep in yours. And in the TV. And sit in the attic for hours on end until my blood drips through the ceiling.”

“Eugh. That’s . . . I mean, I guess if it’s *just* a drip, that can be managed. Wait, am I considering living with a ghost? I mean, the sex was pretty good. Sorry, I’m just airing these thoughts out now.”

She licked her lips, then planted them on his, kissing him deeply and sliding her tongue so far down his throat that something supernatural was definitely happening. Supernatural and weirdly hot.

“Mhmmmm,” his undead friend-turned-lover moaned as she rose back up. She began to peel the rest of her kimono off. *“I need you again, my Harry. I’ll never leave. Let me ‘haunt’ your body again.”*

Harry was getting hard again. Was that her supernatural effect as well, or was he really just finding this undead chick incredibly hot? The onryo grinned as she threw her clothing off to one side. She clutched him, and the pair began to float slightly off the ground, her still atop him, her wet pussy against his member. She made a death rasp as she slid against it, until finally she lowered down upon his pole, allowing him to enter her.

"Ohhhhhh," Sayuri moaned. *"Free as a kite. Mhmmm. Do you like it, my Harry?"*

The man was shocked, scared, and all the more turned on for it. He reached his hands up to grasp her breasts, squeezing them a little and causing her to moan, blood dripping down her neck as she shivered in ecstasy.

"This sounds fucking crazy, but holy shit, I think I *do* like this, Samuel. Sayuri, I mean."

"Yessss," she groaned, as he pumped at her faster, the pair floating above the floor and increasing their pace. *"Kiri kiri kiri. Deeper, deeper, deeper. Kiri, kiri, kiri."*

Harry was getting into it now, embracing the weird, letting the pleasure override any concerns he had. This was still his friend, and goddamn she was opening up new kinks for him. Besides, this was for life, right? All the better to embrace it now. Still, one thing was a little troubling, as her neck leaked down onto his chest.

"Ahhh. Jesus, that's g-good. Uh, there's just one little request I've got."

She moaned, rising and falling on his penis, gripping his member tightly and milking it like only a spirit could - on a level *beyond* the physical.

"Anything, my endless - ahhh - love. What do you want, b-buddy?"

Harry exhaled, then gave a sheepish grin.

"Do you mind if we put a bandage on your throat while we go at it?"

The End

