

SIDEKICK FASHION

SEPTEMBER 2025 BIG STORY

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It was the night before what everyone *assumed* would be the final battle against Ragyo Kiryuin and COVERS, and everyone that would be participating in the operation had finally scattered to their own personal rooms aboard the S.S. Naked Sun. The Naked Sun was a floating airship which, shaped like a blade, was being used as the base of operations as well as a weapon for their assault. The fate of humanity hung in the balance of who came out victorious, so they had all decided to get a full night's rest after having dinner.

Little did they know, an intruder had taken the opportunity while they were all eating to get up to a little *mischievous*. Nui Harime, working under Ragyo, did not want her mother to lose under *any* circumstance. And so, she would make sure that enough discord was sewed among their ranks that they wouldn't be able to put up a fight. And taking away some of their *key players* would be a big help too.

Uzu Sanageyama ended up returning to his room about twenty minutes before everyone else. The banquet hadn't really been his style, and he *was* pretty tired. He didn't expect the role of the Elite Four to be quite as significant in the upcoming battle as Ryuko and Satsuki's roles would be, but they were also admittedly weaker. The young man wanted to make sure that he'd *survive* and protect the others.

"A bed's never looked better." He grumbled as he glanced at the bed he'd been afforded. There was a chance they could be attacked overnight, so it would have been best for him to get what he could at the time. Although, while he may have been fatigued? He wasn't so tired that he didn't notice it. **"Who's there? Are you with COVERS?"** Uzu

could feel it, the gaze of *someone* watching him. But from where? Who? If he was being spied on, then he couldn't have imagined it was for any *good* reason.

And he'd been right about that.



“SHIT!” Something darted out from the shadowy corner of the room. It wasn't a person, but a pastel pink *thread*? It struck the clothes that he was wearing, and they immediately began to glow with an energy of the exact same color. **“The hell is—!?”** He could still make out the shape of his attire despite the glow, but that form *changed*. It tightened and fanned out before the light faded to reveal he was wearing a— **“Dress!?”**

It was a dress that did *not* fit his masculine, muscular body at all. Pink with a frilly, layered skirt, wrist decorations, and heels that his feet were crammed into like sardines... He didn't even notice his medium-length hair had been pulled into twin tails, with a *big* pink bow on the right side. It honestly looked like he was about to *burst through* the outfit and was he wearing *panties*!?

His cock barely fit! **“...Wait, doesn't this outfit look like Nui Harime's? What the hell?”**

Uzu was *naturally* embarrassed. There was no sign of what he'd been wearing before, and while he *had* packed other things to wear? Just moving to where he had tossed his bag proved to be fairly *uncomfortable*. At least, he supposed, he hadn't been given than manic pastel girl's eyepatch as well. But... he was *going* to receive it. Both the eyepatch and so much more of hers.

His bag was on the polar opposite side of the room, and while he moved towards it? Somehow, it occurred to him, the dress didn't feel quite *as* tight as it had at first. But on the flipside? Did his stride feel a little shorter than normal? It felt like it was taking *far* more steps to reach where he was going than he'd expected, and the room felt like it was somehow *larger*. **“It's probably noth... in'...?”**

Perhaps the young man was trying to cope too hard, but his attempt to dismiss what was happening to him as 'nothing' backfired before he even managed to finish his sentence as, against his best judgement (at least when it came to deluding himself) he ended up looking down and finding the floor *much* closer than it had been before. Not only that, but all of his body's bulk? The muscles he prided himself on as a man? They

were *significantly* thinner, making him appear much smaller as a whole. “**What the *hell*~!?**”

A *very* valid reaction, but what was up with that voice crack? Could it even be *called* a crack? It was sweet, melodic, and familiar... almost like the voice of Nui Harime herself. That realization caused a chill to run down Uzu’s spine. “**It must be these *cute* clothes! They’re changing me *for the better*~!?**” What was he even *saying*? Words that were *extremely* out of character kept slipping through his lips with the same sweet voice.

Even then, he didn’t at all understand just how bad things *really* were for him. He’d been on the taller end of the spectrum when it came to height for an eighteen-year-old guy, but he had slipped all the way down to closer to the five-foot mark in a matter of moments. The vertical shrinkage had stopped there, but his arms, legs, and torso? They had all thinned to waif-like proportions. There wasn’t a singular trace of muscle to them at all, completely thin *including* a pinched in waist. This meant that the dress now fit *much* more comfortably aside from some key areas where the sizing was still out of whack.

But none of that had gone unnoticed by Uzu. Rather, he was unaware of what had been happening with his *face*. Its chiseled edges had been smoothing away, leaving him with a narrower, smoother chin and soft, adorable cheeks. His lips pursed out into a plush pout before long; tiny, but nowhere near as tiny as his nose. His eyes rounded in shape as the eyelashes fluttered longer, but fortunately. “***H-Hey*!?**” While a familiar purple eyepatch appeared over his left eye, it seemingly didn’t come with the damage to the eye underneath that the genuinely article had sustained.

“**Should... I get help!? But why would I get help when I’m becoming so *cute* and *strong*~? I even sound *adorable*!**” He’d completely lost control of how he expressed himself. A bubbly, playful optimism was spewed every time he opened his mouth, and he could no longer force his usual, gruffer voice out. He sounded *just* like her the more he continued to *look* like her. And in that vein? He wasn’t even shocked when he noticed his hair had begun to spill down both beside and behind him.

He may not have noticed that it had been tied into twin tails *before*, but the moment that a pair of big, long, strawberry-blonde drills began to curl and weight down his head, it became a *little* difficult *not* to notice. These extensions were thick and glossy, and eventually their color bled into the green hair that they had grown from, softening everything else until even the hair on the sides of his head fell and curled slightly. “**This is so much hair~!**” If he *sounded* excited about it? *He was not.*

“At this rate, it’s only going to be so long before I— Mmng~!?” As it turned out, Uzu’s unexpressed prediction had come to fruition immediately. *Her* knees buckled due to a combination of her hips suddenly widening *and* the uncanny sensation of her male genitalia shriveling up so that a *girl’s* equipment could take its place instead. This prompted the final changes to her figure, granting her what any young lady needed the most. **“Oh dear...”**

Her hips widening hadn’t been for *nothing* after all. Now that they’d swung out and her sex had changed, additional padding ended up applied to her misleadingly weak-looking thighs. They bloated with a few inches of softness, while her butt perked up in a similar fashion. This was only *half* of the story too, because her narrowed chest soon bloated with a softness that only a girl could possess. Cleavage pushed the dress’s neckline forward, her new *B-cups* nice and perky above a deepened navel.

“Well~! I guess I fit in the dress now!” The new *Nui Harime*, despite the sweet and playful sound of her voice, was *distressed*. She definitely fit in the dress, and she felt *very cute* wearing it, but... She was still Uzu deep down. She didn’t have the pastel pink girl’s memories, nor did she know how to wield her powers properly. She hated just how *cutesy* she was acting, and that she knew how *fake* it was. **“Wow~! I guess it’s not surprising that she has such a penchant for violence~!”**



Because she *really* wanted to *kill* whoever had done this to her. She had a hunch, though. The only people who had something to gain by doing this were related to COVERS, plus they’d obviously used Life Fibers to accomplish the transformation in the first place. **“Original me, you’re out there, aren’t you~?”** ...Why was she referring to Nui as ‘original me’? She didn’t even get a reply! It made her worried that she wouldn’t be able to... **“My name is Nui Harime~! It’s Nui Harime, of course! I said it’s Nui Harime, dumbass~!”**

Why was she calling herself a dumbass!?



A short time later, Satsuki Kiryuin returned to her own room aboard the S.S. Naked Sun once the cleanup from dinner had been completed. The next day was a *very* important day for her. A lifetime of fighting and planning had led to this moment, where her resistance would finally bear fruit. There was no room for any mistakes, but she felt *optimistic*. Now that Ryuko and herself were fighting side by side as sisters, there was nothing that could possibly—

“What!?” And yet, she’d made a mistake. Thinking her assigned room would be safe, she’d let her guard down for just a moment. And that moment was all that had been needed for a light blue Life Fiber to dash at her from under the bed. Junketsu *absorbed* it without permission, and the uniform glowed and changed in shape until it became... an Honnoji Academy girl’s uniform? **“What in the world?”** It was too short for her, showing off her belly in full and most of her thighs.

But it also carried a familiar scent.

Where had she smelled it before? It wasn’t familiar enough that she’d smelled it daily, but more recently it had become a prevalent part of her life. It felt like such a *silly* thing for *Satsuki* of all people to notice but considering how common the uniform was, she had to go off of what she could. It smelled of a certain fragrance. Of someone who lived in less-than-ideal conditions. ...Was it elitist for her to identify it that way?

Regardless of the moral leaning of her observation, as the young woman tugged at what she had suddenly been adorned with, she didn’t quite recognize that there was more taking place than her outfit merely changing. She was concerned about where Junketsu had gone, if it simply hadn’t been transformed into a regular piece of clothing, but... **“How should I proceed here? Should I find help? *I bet Ryuko would help me!*”**

The woman’s serious and narrow gaze went wide, not just from the natural surprise at what she had said, but because also because her gaze itself was losing its edge. The sharper corner of her eyes loosened significantly, allowing their shapes to bounce into big circles that readily highlighted how her dark irises were brightening to a light brown instead. Her face was rounding itself in the process, growing *much* more circular by design with full, squishy cheeks and thinner yet wider lips.

Her tiny nose accentuated a face that was *clearly* not the face of Satsuki Kiryuin.

It was much too *cute*.

“Ryuko!? Why would I immediately think of Ryuko!? WOAH!? Why do I sound like *this*!? I can’t stop!” In the meantime, Satsuki had been hung up on her frame 1 idea to go to Ryuko for help, only to end up spouting off what seemed to be a train of excess nonsense – which was so different from her usual, reserved personality. **“Why can’t I stop talking!? Is it because I’m so nervous!? But I know someone who talks like this, don’t I!? And the smell!? Whoa!”** The more upset she became by it, the more difficult it became to *shut up*.

All the while, her hair was shifting to confirm the conclusion that she was quickly being *forced* to draw. Its long length pulled back as if the follicles atop her head were reeling it in like fishing line. It wasn’t long before that hair was no longer than her *chin*, with her bangs fluffier and shorter in kind. And before long? Raven strands ended up lightening to a chestnut brown that was hardly that much different from her new eye color. **“But I wonder if Ryuko *would* know what’s going on? She’s so smart!”** Why did she keep heaping praise upon Ryuko!? But it really was behavior that was so much like *that girl*.

Already submissive to the idea that she was powerless to prevent what was happening, Satsuki hardly bat an eye the moment she noticed the room began to get larger around her, while the base of the uniform finally slid towards along with the skirt to cover her more appropriately – even though the bra was still a little bit too tight. **“Oh! And now I’m getting smaller! I guess that makes sense!”** It didn’t *really* make sense though.

Nonetheless, she quickly slipped down to a below average height for a girl her age despite being well *above* average before. And that was still accounting for the fact that she was now *a year younger*. Her loss of stature came with some side-effects as well, such as her hands and feet growing dainty – something seen far more easily in her hands as she waved them around dramatically, but at least her feet fit comfortably in the shoes now.

It hadn’t even crossed her mind that she might have been wearing someone else’s *underwear*, and there was no reason *to* spare that thought near her transformation’s end. Her breasts shrunk a singular size to better fit within the bra’s cups, after all, and while her panties had been digging into her butt a little at *first*, enough slack had been applied courtesy of her cheeks slimming slightly that was no longer an

issue. If anything, the loss of mass brought about by her *muscles melting* into softer tissue should have been a more pressing concern.

“Whoa! How is this even possible!?” She was *beaming*, but *Mako Mankanshoku* was simply bottling up her negativity to perpetually present herself as a beaming light of optimism; something that she could not stop herself from doing even though Satsuki’s will still existed under the surface. **“I totally fit into the uniform now, and I’m super cute! The cutest girl in the world, aside from Ryuko of course!”** Satsuki had definitely taken a shine to Ryuko recently, but this level of glazing was something she *never* would have committed to.



Mako was a different breed, though. She was Ryuko’s number one fan! **“But what are we gonna do!? The big fight is tomorrow! Can I even fight like this? But I gotta! So that I can protect Ryuko and the others!”** It was also subconsciously bothering her that she was moving her *arms* and *making silly faces* so much. It was such a stark departure from who she had once been, but she couldn’t correct it at all.

“WAIT! I’VE GOTTA GO TELL RYUKO!”

But Ryuko was having her *own* problems.



“Haaah. That hit the spot!” Unlike the others, Ryuko Matoi had *not* returned to her room immediately after dinner. She’d ditched before the cleanup began to avoid having to help and had run directly to the bathing chamber that was aboard the ship so that she could relax in a hot tub before someone else took it first. Senketsu had said he’d wanted some time to think along before the big fight, so she’d left him in her room and come to the bath in pajamas.

But she hadn’t put them back on just yet. The girl had stepped out of the hot water, dried off, and then wrapped a white towel around herself. **“I’m gonna sleep like a damn log toni— WHOA!?”** While she had *believed* she was safe, the moment she’d shrouded herself in that towel? A *white* fiber darted at her from the darkness and merged with the towel, which glowed and wrapped around her figure. When the light finally faded?

“WHAT THE *FUCK!?*” Ryuko was wearing a modified, one-piece version of the Honnoji Academy’s female uniform. It was *way* too tight around her chest and based on how high on her hips it rested, it was clearly designed for a different person’s sizing. Well, half the problem was that she knew *who* it was for. If the big band hat on her head hadn’t given it away... **“This is Jakuzure’s goddamned Goku Uniform!”**

Or, at least, it was the one she had worn when they were attending school together. Before things had gotten demonstrably *worse*.

The stage didn’t need to be set again when Uzu and Satsuki had already demonstrated what became of anyone affected by these Life Fibers, and Ryuko herself was certainly no exception to what had already been established. After all? The red streak in her bangs had already taken a notably *softer* color: a familiarly vivid *bubblegum pink*. A color that was soon caught by the darker strands it connected to, eventually dyeing not just the hair of her scalp, but *all* of the hair on her body in the same shade. A lot of it had been tucked under the band cap, but it all straightened without changing much when it came to length – only at the sides where it grew straight past her chin.

“So, what? Am I gonna suddenly change into that *good-looking.... Hah?*” It wasn’t hard at all for the girl to realize that she’d just paid a *very weird* compliment to Nonon. Ryuko didn’t have a very high opinion of her at all, and she looked kind of like a brat. So, to call her ‘good-looking’... and why did doing so make *her* feel good? Like she was paying *herself* a compliment? Not to mention that *very* shrill voice crack at the end... **“*WAIT!?* Is this because of the uniform!? *COUGH COUGH COUGH!*”**

She wasn’t coughing because there was anything stuck in her throat. She was *forcing* herself to do it because her voice sounded *weird*. It sounded *annoying*. It sounded exactly like *Nonon’s*. **“*Test... HAH!?* It isn’t going away!?”** Her voice was *stuck* like that!? Well, it did make *some* degree of sense. After all, her face had slowly been changing to perfectly match Nonon’s facial profile too. That face was rounder, with narrowed lips, a smaller nose, and yet possessed a sharper jaw. It made her look a little younger even though the girl she was becoming was actually a *year older* than her.

But while Ryuko didn’t really notice her face nor her hair, it was a little difficult *not* to notice her height suddenly stopping lower. **“*HEY! CUT IT OUT!*”** She didn’t know *who* or *what* she was yelling at, but it made her feel better to yell in general – a lot more so than usual. Unfortunately, it didn’t matter how loudly or squeakily she screamed, that didn’t stop the few inches that peeled off her height that led to her dropping down to an even *5’0”*.

Her hands and feet were smaller, and so she fit more comfortably into the uniform overall. But it was still *pretty* tight around her chest and panties, though those issues weren't addressed long after. "**Ugh... Not there too!**" Her D-cup breasts *had* been stretching the front of the Goku Uniform quite significantly, and the bra underneath was way too small for her tits as well. But that sorted itself in a way that emotionally *stung* for the victim, shrinking until they were perky *B-cups* at best.

That smaller cup size was a much better match for her shorter body, as were the losses that affected her lower half to boot. Her hips were afforded the opportunity to narrow a couple of inches so that her skirt wasn't being hoisted as high, all because her butt and thighs had seen some of their weight skimmed away. What remained *was* perky and plump in all the ways that you would expect a young woman's body to be, but... It only felt that way because she had become so petite. So *delicate*.

But her attitude was *anything* but delicate.

"What the hell am I even supposed to do about this!?" While *Nonon Jakuzure*'s words didn't necessarily sound all that different from something Ryuko would say, it was all about the sound and inflection. She sounded *haughtier, self-absorbed*, and the shrill pitch of her voice made it more or less impossible to mistaken her for who she had once been even if you took away all of the changes that had happened to her body. She was running her hands all over herself, annoyed by—**"Everything's so small! Where did my big, beautiful tits go!?"**



Ryuko had never really cared much about the size of her bosom, but it was clearly a priority according to Nonon's bratty personality. She couldn't reel it in, nor could she stop herself from speaking her mind *regardless* of how rude it was. **"Did that bitch Nui do this? I'm gonna KILL HER when I find her!"** With a three-star Goku uniform, though? And what about the *real* Nonon? Mind you, the three of them weren't the only ones that had been shuffled around.

But perhaps that was a story for another time.