

Satsuki the Seditious Shortstack

Standing in the room at the top of the tallest tower at Honnoji Academy, Satsuki Kiryuin looked down upon the school which she ruled with an iron fist. Below she could see the various students under the light of dusk, each of them participating in an extracurricular activity. Under her command, each of the academy's clubs doubled as a means to train the student body in how to use the power of life fibers to make them stronger. While on the surface this was all just a means for the eventual take over of the other schools in Japan, she had another reason.

With a wave of the long, black hair that reached just below her hips, Satsuki turned away from the window. She moved with a sense of grace befitting her nature as the student council president. Each deliberate step of her high-heeled boots sent a satisfying, clacking noise across the room. Her careful strides were made with purpose to not to leave a single wrinkle in the white skirt and top of her specialized uniform, a living kamui by the name of Junketsu. Elegantly pouring from a kettle she looked into her cup of tea to see the visage of her thick eyebrows and stern expression staring back at her with her blue eyes. Confident that all of her plans were following her orders to the letter, she lifted the drink up to her lips to take a sip.

"I know you're there," Satsuki called out before putting the cup to her lips.

From the nearby shadows stepped out a young woman wearing a pastel, pink dress. Seemingly in direct opposition to Satsuki, her twin drills of poofy, blonde hair jostled around with each light step she took. Though the pink bow in her hair and childish smile showed no ill will, Satsuki knew of the girl's true nature.

"You're not exactly subtle when it comes to infiltration, Nui," Satsuki remarked.

“Aww, Satsuki, I wasn’t trying to hide from you,” Nui said, her attempt at a wink foiled by one of her eyes being covered up by a purple eyepatch. “I’ve come here to play on behalf of Lady Ragyo.”

“Hmph,” Satsuki said, helping herself to her tea. “I have no time for games. Come out and tell me the real reason why you’re here.”

“Silly Satsuki, it wouldn’t be any fun if I just told you,” she replied as she twirled around the room.

“We’re both working for the same person,” Satsuki pointed out. “There’s no reason for you to hide anything from me. Especially when its for the benefit of our ultimate goal.”

“If that’s the case, why don’t you tell me about your little secret plan against Lady Ragyo?”

For the first time since Nui arrived, Satsuki turned her attention towards the blonde haired girl. “What do you mean?”

Pleased with the reaction, Nui clapped her hands together. “There’s been this nasty rumor going around that you’ve been plotting Lady Ragyo’s downfall.”

“That’s utterly ridiculous,” Satsuki said as she stood up. “Where did you hear such a thing?”

“You should know better than anyone that Lady Ragyo has ears all across campus,” Nui replied, her smile growing wider upon getting a reaction from the usually stoic student council president. “Don’t worry, we’re aware that it could all just be baseless rumors by people that are jealous of your status.”

“Exactly,” Satsuki replied. “You should know that I whole heartedly support my mother’s mission to-“

“BUUUUUUUUTTT,” Nui said, getting uncomfortably close to Satsuki, “we’d rather not leave things to chance. So we’ve decided to give you a little accessory to make sure you don’t do anything that could hurt us.”

“What are you talking about?” Satsuki asked, getting her hand ready to activate her Kamui at a moment’s notice.

Reaching into her pocket, Nui produced a small, frazzled piece of black thread. “This little gift here should do the trick. Now don’t move, it won’t hurt for more than a second. Well, as long as you stand still.”

Satsuki furrowed her brow at the tiny thread. “What is that?”

“It’s my super special creation. I call it a Repressor Stitch. It’s meant to limit the abilities of anyone I sew it into.” She tilted her head up to cast her gaze towards Satsuki. “I haven’t had a chance to test it out, but you should be the perfect playmate for it.”

“You would handicap one of your strongest warriors based on a flimsy rumor?” Satsuki asked.

“Well, don’t you think highly of yourself?” Nui replied. “If you really think you’re that much of an asset to our forces, then why don’t you show me what you have?”

“Gladly.”

Satsuki hurried to inject her blood into Junketsu to stand a chance against the inhuman Nui, but she was a little too slow. Her hand was pushed away by a shove from Nui that prevented her from activating the device. Staggered by the sneak attack, Satsuki scrambled to her feet to try again. She paused as she watched Nui open up her hands to show that she was no longer carrying the Repressor Stitch.

“See? Quick and painless,” Nui remarked. “Now let’s see how well my little wonder works.”

Reaching into her pocket, Nui produced what appeared to be a spindle of the same, black thread. Grasping the top, she proceeded to slowly twist it like she was working a knob. Each distinct clicking noise brought with it a strange shiver that went through Satsuki’s body. Grasping onto her forehead as she tried to figure out what was happening to her, Satsuki got her first clue when she saw her once silky hair begin to fray.

Satsuki’s examination of her unkempt follicles was put on hold as she felt her body begin to stumble back and forth. Stomping her foot to try and maintain her balance let her feel the presence of extra weight clinging to her mid-section. Looking down at the rest of her form revealed similar increases in girth that had engorged her breasts by one cup size in a matter of seconds. Seeing her backside swell to match the new proportions of her boobs, she worried about where the extra mass was coming from. She didn’t have to wonder for long.

Satsuki’s self-examination let her watch the once tight boots around her legs become looser with each passing second. Even with her arms thickening up with fat, the sleeves seemed to hang a little higher up her forearm. Looking back towards Nui, she noticed how the once tiny woman was now able to stand eye to eye with her. Before Satsuki could confirm her suspicions, a shudder going through her compressed, pudgy legs sent her tumbling to the ground.

“Amazing,” Nui said, clapping her hands together as she watched the shortened Satsuki sit herself up. “You’re already a foot smaller and a lot heavier after putting the stitch on its lowest setting. Makes me wonder what it would look like when it goes all out.”

“Nui, that’s enough,” Satsuki said, holding onto her chair to stand herself up. “You’ve had your fun, now change me back.”

Nui waved her finger in front of Satsuki. “Sorry, I can’t do that. Lady Ragyo was clear about keeping the stitch activated in your body until you’ve been proven innocent. You’ll be stuck in that form until further notice.”

“You said it yourself that the rumor about my betrayal was unfounded.”

“All the more reason that should have nothing to worry about then,” Nui said, leaving Satsuki with a grin as she started to leave. “If you really are loyal to Lady Ragyo, we’ll be more than happy to change you back. In the meantime, we’ll take care of any nuisances that pop up. After all, we look after our loyal allies. Until next time, I’ll see you later, shorstack Satsuki.”

Satsuki remained where she was long after Nui had left through the door. Waiting until she was sure that the woman was long gone, she stumbled her way over to her desk. Picking up her phone, she reached out to dial a number, only to pause as she got a glimpse of her altered appearance on the screen. Trying to ignore her fraying hairs and more compact appearance, she called up Shiro Iori, president of the Sewing Club, in the hopes of understanding the curse that had been thrust upon her.

Entering the sewing club room, Satsuki tried to keep her focus on the back area. On the way there, she had to walk past droves of students hard at work creating goku uniforms. Despite their usual attention to detail when it came to their task, every so often she could see them poking their heads up to look at her. Whether it was to see the way Junketsu tightly hugged her curves or the unkempt locks sticking out of her hair, they were wordlessly admonished for their distracted state by a single glare from her. Making her way past the club members, she cleared her throat as she drew near her intended target.

“Tell me,” Satsuki said, trying to retain her usual intimidating figure despite being a full foot shorter, “what have you discovered?”

Hearing her voice Shiro swiveled around in his chair, flicking his ponytail of blonde hair around in the process. Satsuki had known the president of the sewing club long enough to recognize the look on his face. Though the expression behind his see through, orange mask tried to remain neutral, she could sense the worry in his eyes. Realizing this, Shiro tugged at his white lab coat to improve his focus before addressing her.

“I’m afraid that this is far from a simple fix,” Shiro answered as he pushed up his glasses. “There’s a reason that Nui is the Grand Couturier. The craftsmanship on the Repressor Stitch is astounding. She’s weaved the life fibers in a way I can’t even fathom.”

“That is to be expected from a monster like her,” Satsuki stated. “You don’t need to remind me why my mother chose her for the position or why she’s so dangerous. What I came here for was an explanation for how it’s changing my biology.”

“As I said, my understanding is shaky at best,” Shiro replied, pulling out a clipboard. “It appears that it’s been interwoven into your veins from what little information I can pull from it. I suppose that has something to do with altering your biology.”

“Is there any chance of removing it?”

“No. If we were to try to take it out, it would trigger a defense response and do irreparable damage to your body.”

“This is completely absurd,” Satsuki said, venting her frustration with a stomp. “Life fibers are meant to enhance living organisms, not degrade their bodies. What use could they possibly have to-UGH!”

Satsuki hunched over and clenched her teeth as her entire body began to shudder. Her breathing became haggard as she felt a similar sensation to when Nui had first activated the stitch. As she wondered what was happening, she got her answer as she watched her hair further fray and spread out across her face. Sliding a hand across her forehead to part the locks led to her accidentally scratching herself with her recently sharpened nails. Staring down at her elongated cuticles, she became aware that they were not the only thing of hers that were growing.

Just as before, Satsuki lost some of her height in exchange for extra mass being spread across her body. Her bra was further strained by her bosom as it went up another cup size. A similar phenomenon around her lower body left her bubble butt to suck up part of her skirt. Wincing at the feeling of the fabric struggle to contain her pudgy belly and the added chub around her legs, she let out a hesitant sigh of relief as her body seemingly stabilized.

Satsuki's momentary reprieve was cut short as her kamui began to shake. Pushing past her engorged curves, Junketsu forcefully began to tug itself off of her body. Managing to squeeze past her widened hips and bulky limbs, it flew off of her and scrambled away as fast as it could. Though it tried to make a break for the exit, the sewing club members were quick to tie it down with spools of thread. Pinning the lively uniform to the ground with a series of pins, Shiro turned back to see Satsuki on the ground in only her undergarments.

"Are you alright?" Shiro asked.

"I'm fine," Satsuki replied, grimacing at the sight of the unruly, black strands that had sprouted up along her belly button and inner thighs over the course of her recent transformation. "Nui must have activated the stitch again."

"That would explain Junketsu's reaction," Shiro commented. "It must not have deemed you worthy of its power anymore."

“Utterly ridiculous,” Satsuki refuted. “I may be physically different, but I’m the same person that I’ve always been.”

“Unfortunately, Junketsu doesn’t seem to think so. Even a hint of shame could have been enough for it to have that reaction.”

“That can’t be true,” Satsuki said out loud, more for her own sake than to try and pass off the lie to Shiro.

“I’ll have to run some more tests,” Shiro said, leaving the rest of his team to secure Junketsu. “For now, you should probably wear this.”

What Shiro held up was a zero star goku uniform.

Satsuki furrowed her brow. “You can’t be serious. I know my body isn’t at peak performance, but it should at least be able to handle a level one uniform.”

“I’m not sure how the life fibers would react to your body in it’s current state,” Shiro explained. “We should play it safe for now and avoid any further exposure.”

For just a moment, Satsuki’s despair showed on her face. Recalling who she was, she regardless accepted the uniform. Fearless of the other club members seeing her, she relieved herself of her now undersized bra and panties to let her engorged curves freely sway about. Dismissing any curious gazes with a glare, she pushed herself into the uniform. The ill-fitting outfit had its obvious weak points of showing off her nipples through her top and leaving her hair-riddled belly on display. Pulling down her skirt in a poor attempt to obscure her legs and buttocks, she gathered up her sword and made towards the exit.

“Contact me as soon as you find a way to reverse this,” Satsuki said, moving as fast as her shortened limbs would allow.

Despite Satsuki's degraded figure, she considered it a poor excuse for neglecting her usual duties. She fought hard against the advisement of the other student council members that she should wait until a cure for her condition was found. She was determined to uphold her routine of keeping the academy in line in the hopes of maintaining a semblance of normality to convince Nui and Ragyo to reverse the effects of the Repressor Stitch. Though the council members eventually relented, they did manage to convince her to make some compromises.

Satsuki's formerly intimidating stride wasn't as impactful thanks to the way her chubby, little legs chafed against one another as she walked through the halls for her standard patrol route. While one hand was tightly clasped around her sword, the rest of her pudgy fingers had to constantly tug at her uniform to keep herself decent. This ranged from pulling out the hem of her skirt from between her butt cheeks to rid herself of constant wedgies and tugging at the bottom of her top in an attempt to hide the various hairs dotting her chubby belly. While she would have liked to give some relief to the fabric tightly wrapped around her prominent breasts, she did not dare move the upper half of her top for fear of revealing more of the bristly hairs peeking out from her armpits.

Tussling with her unkempt hair with the use of her longer nails, Satsuki looked over her shoulder to see her entourage. At the forefront of the group was Gamagori, his towering stature was made all the more impressive when compared to Satsuki's meager four feet of height. Flanking her on both sides were the other members of the disciplinary committee, each one having been given the order to protect her at all costs. While these students embodied the soldier-like behavior necessary to uphold peace in the Academy, that didn't stop them from occasionally breaking their gaze from the other students to glance at Satsuki. Left to ponder whether it was the

strands along her calves or her messy eyebrows that drew more of their attention, Satsuki regardless kept her wits about her to try and cling to what little respect she could muster from the students.

The group's march came to a halt as another member of the disciplinary committee came charging towards them. On reaction, Satsuki reached for her sword, only to stop as Gamagori stepped in front of her. Slamming his fist down, he made the student come to a screeching halt.

"NO RUNNING IN THE HALLS!" Gamagoori scolded the student.

"I-I'm sorry, but it is an emergency," the shivering student replied. "Ryuko Matoi has engaged in combat with a group of students in the courtyard."

"Excuse me," Satsuki said, stepping out from behind Gamagori to address the young man. "I fail to see how that constitutes as an emergency. This is hardly the first time she's gotten into combat with one of the clubs."

The student stared at Satsuki with confusion. "Um, who are you supposed to be? Are you a new student or--"

Before the student could finish his sentence, he was hoisted into the air as Gamagori clenched his entire body with one hand.

"YOU ARE ADDRESSING OUR STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT, SATSUKI KIRYUIN!" Gamagori shouted at the terrified student. "SPEAK NOW OR ELSE I WILL ADMINISTER SEVER PUNISHMENT!"

"R-Ryuko is fighting the fireworks club," the student choked out. "The president has gone crazy and set up a massive bomb to try to take her out."

Just as the student was about to pass out, Gamagoori dropped him to the ground. "WE HAVE TO GET THERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. MOVE OUT!"

“YES SIR!” replied the rest of the group before making a mad dash towards the scene.

“Lady Satsuki,” Gamagoori said, offering his hand to her, “hold onto me and I’ll take you to the courtyard.”

Satsuki began to reach out towards him, only to pause. “No, I’ll only slow you down.”

“But Lady Satsuki. I can’t leave you unprotected.”

“I’ll be fine,” she replied, flourishing her unkempt hair as she continued down the regular patrol route. “Now go. I trust that you’ll be able to take care of the issue in no time at all. Meet me back at the student council room when it’s finished.”

“Yes, right away, Lady Satsuki,” Gamagori said before stomping off towards the courtyard.

Left by herself, Satsuki summoned up her courage and continued to march through the halls. Without the disciplinary committee escorting her, there was nothing to buffer the less than pleasant words she picked up from the students as she passed. While a few didn’t realize who she was, a number of them were able to pick on her short stature and compare it to her formerly graceful appearance. For the most part, Satsuki was able to ignore this slander in favor of focusing on the task at hand. However, that came to a stop as she turned the corner to be met with a blockade made up of a group of one star students.

“Just where do you think you’re going, shorty?” said the supposed leader of the group. “You must not have heard that there’s a toll for using this hall.”

Satsuki glared at the student. “You obviously don’t know who you’re in the presence of. Regardless, you leave me no choice but to administer punishment for your unruly behavior. Bullying is not allowed at Honnoji-“

A single shove was all it took to send Satsuki sprawling to the ground. As she picked herself back up she realized that something was missing. Her eyes went wide as she witnessed the student holding her sword within his hands.

“Seems like a waste for a weapon like this to be in the hands of a pipsqueak like you,” the student said as he held it over her head.

“Give that back to me right now!” Satsuki shouted out, for the first time, a bit of anxiety clinging to her words.

“Or what?” the student asked as the rest of his group closed in to surround her.

Gritting her teeth, Satsuki tried to leap up to grab her sword. The student used this opportunity to bob the weapon up and down to keep it out of her reach. Undeterred by the constant laughter, Satsuki tried again and again to jump up to reclaim what was hers. For just a moment her fingers were able to grasp the hilt. However her small triumph was shattered by a familiar sensation going through her body..

Falling back to the ground, she shuddered as her entire body began to compact once more. Her uniform was further disheveled by another surge of weight affecting her curves. More of her armpit hair was put on display as her breasts popped apart her bra and ripped open the collar of her top. Her belly’s extra chub was shoved out from her mid-section to give the bullies an unblocked view of the coarse strands that trailed down to her undercarriage. Struggling to her feet, she tried to ignore the hairs rubbing against her thicker thighs and the hole exposing her chubby butt cheeks in favor of keeping her attention focused on getting back what was hers.

Leaping up once more, Satsuki tried to grab her sword. Her jump left her a full foot short of grasping the blade, while leaving her open to a counterattack. Using the sheath of her weapon, the bully batted her away to send her sliding across the ground. Getting tangled in a mess of her

own hair and torn shreds of her uniform, she looked up to watch as the students gathered around to further torment her.

Just before the male student in charge of the ruffians could reach her, he was sent flying down the hall by a sonic blast carrying a melodic tune. Bewildered, each of the students turned to find the source only to face the same fate of being blown away by a symphony of sound. While Satsuki couldn't see much of the chaos thanks to the pressure making her hair squirm like tentacles, she did recognize that the style of the attacks belonged to an old friend.

As the students were sent running off down the hall, in their place appeared Nonon Jakuzure. The pink haired young woman was dressed in her three star goku uniform that looked similar to the conductor of a marching band. Adjusting her hat, the leader of the non-athletic committee knelt down to help Satsuki to her feet.

"Are you alright?" Nonon asked, grasping her comrade's hand to pull her into a standing position.

"How did you find me?" Satsuki asked.

"I ran into Gamagori as he was running to the courtyard. He told me to follow you in case something happened." Picking up Satsuki's sword, Nonon held it out for her. "It's a good thing I came when I did. Don't worry, they won't get away. Gamagori will make short work of them once they're reported."

While Satsuki was grateful for the rescue, it was hard to shake off the humiliation of what she had just gone through. "I appreciate your assistance," she said, snatching up her sword, "but I had the situation under control."

Nonon let out a huff as she crossed her arms. "Didn't look like it to me."

“We have known each other for many years,” Satsuki said as she continued to walk along the hall. “As such you should know that I am more than capable of handling any-MMPH!”

Satsuki stopped in her tracks as she heard the sound leave her lips. Tilting her head down, she saw her chest continue to jostle around from the accidental nudge given to it by her sheathed sword. A curious poke towards her chest produced a similar sensation that left her to chew on her lips to hold back another moan. Looking over her shoulder and seeing the look of suspicion on Nonon’s face, she broke out into a sprint. Moving as fast as her stubby legs could carry her, Satsuki tried to find somewhere she could try to deal with her body issues in private.

From the relative safety of her perch within the student council room, Satsuki watched the people exit it through the academy’s front gates to go home for the day. The light of dusk partially obscured her vision of the various students that had once respected her with the reflection of her unsightly visage. It only took a glance at her fuzzy, caterpillar-like eyebrows and her pudgy face to get her to turn away and retreat to the comfort of her chair.

On the way back to her seat, Satsuki was sent toppling forward by her feet being caught up by one of her long locks of mangy hair. Her landing was slightly cushioned thanks to the blubber around her mid-section, but it was a relatively small silver lining to her body’s various downsides. Using her chubby limbs to lift herself up, she winced at the feeling of a draft going across the exposed part of her gut to rustle the trail of strands going across her belly button. Getting back into a standing position came at the cost of jostling around her swollen breasts. Though her plumper nipples were visible through the fabric of her uniform, she had to deal with the humiliating sight considering she had run out of bras that properly fit her bosom. Tugging at

her skirt to free the fabric from between her chunky butt cheeks, she continued on her way to try and ease her worries with a soothing cup of tea.

The relative peace of the meeting room was shattered as someone slammed open the door. Unable to stop herself from letting out a demure shriek in response, Satsuki watched as the intruder casually strolled inside. Yet again, she found herself in the presence Nui, albeit with the pastel woman now looming over her thanks to effects of the Repressor Stitch.

“Hey there, shorstack Satsuki,” Nui said with her typical, wide smile. “Good to see you again. You look so adorable I could just eat you up.”

Clenching her fists, Satsuki tried to regain some of her former dignity as she approached Nui. “What business do you have with me?”

“Well, I was hoping I could tease you a bit beforehand, but if you insist.” Reaching into her pocket, Nui produced a packet of papers and threw it at Satsuki’s feet. “Take a look. I made it special, just for you.”

As much as Satsuki would have preferred not to debase herself in front of Nui, she bent down to pick up the papers. Trying to ignore the feeling of the hairs peeking out of her clothes and the sound of Nui’s giggling, she turned to the first page. Her mouth was left agape as she read through the packet, a shudder going down her spine as she realized what this was.

“You know, this wouldn’t have happened if you had been a good daughter to Lady Ragyo,” Nui teased. “Perhaps you would have had an easier time hiding your plans for rebellion against us if you weren’t so burdened by that little stitch. Then again, it was because of that slip up that you made my job so easy. So thank you for that.”

Flinging away the documents of damning evidence, Satsuki made a mad dash for her sword. Grasping the hilt and turning towards Nui, she saw that the woman in pink still merely

standing there and smiling. Knowing not to underestimate the unassuming woman's battle prowess, she hoisted up her sword in preparation for what would come.

"Aww, that's just adorable," Nui said, replying by pulling out her scissor blade. "You actually think you're a threat to me. Silly Satsuki, that body is only good for being teased and played with like an overstuffed doll."

"My body's status does not matter," Satsuki rebuked. "I am still the same person inside. And I will not fall so easily."

Mimicking Ryuko's own style, Satsuki came charging at Nui with her blade at the ready. Unused to fighting with her pudgy arms, her first attack missed by a wide margin. Nearly falling over again from the force she had put into the slash, she barely managed to stay on her feet to turn back towards the giggling Nui. Her second attempt to fight back was aimed in the right direction but was easily parried by a single swipe of Nui's blade. Blinded by fury and her hair hanging in front of her face, she let out a primal yell as she thrust forward.

Satsuki's attack was stopped in its tracks as Nui effortlessly reached out with a pair of fingers to hold back the sword. Try as she might to retrieve her weapon, Satsuki's sword remained firmly in her opponent's grasp. Clenching her teeth as she tugged at the hilt to retrieve her blade, she was sent rolling across the floor as Nui gave her a swift kick to the side. Crashing into a nearby wall, she picked herself up just in time to watch Nui pull out a familiar spool of thread from her pocket.

"As much as I would like to keep playing with you," Nui said, juggling the spool between her fingers, "Lady Ragyo would prefer that I take care of you as soon as possible. That being said, I can't help wondering what you would look like on the maximum setting. How about we find out?"

“Nui wait, you can’t-“

A loud, clacking noise echoed through the room as Nui turned the spool’s dial to its limits. Satsuki’s body was overcome with a series of tremors far stronger than ever she had felt before. In the wake of her shaking, her fingers were no longer able to hold onto her sword. Though she started to reach out for the blade, she was left stunned by the sight of thick patches of black hair that appeared on her arms. Feeling her locks of hair creep along her body to pool onto the floor, she knew that this was just the beginning.

Satsuki’s overburdened uniform was torn asunder as her breasts swelled several cup sizes to leave each of them larger than her own head. In the wake of her top’s destruction, her boobs sagged down under their own weight. Between her exposed nipples and the coarse strands peeking out from beneath her pits, it was near impossible to hold even a semblance of her former confidence.

A shrill cry of panic left Satsuki’s lips as her belly further bulged out to be seen beneath her tits. The pillowy protrusion was dotted in various trails of the same, unsightly strands that were littered across the rest of her form. Wincing at the sight and sensation of the v-like shape of the patches of hair that led to her groin area, her instincts told her that she needed to get away.

Though Satsuki tried to run towards the exit, she was hindered by her own body at every step. Following the same fate as her top, her skirt was gradually ripped apart with each jiggle of her thick backside. Powering through the feeling of her lower body being revealed to show off the hairs lining her pudgy legs, she continued to push herself towards the door. Her escape attempt was thwarted as Nui leapt in her way. Staring up to meet the unsettling smile of the pastel dressed woman, Satsuki realized that once more her height had been decreased to leave her no more than three feet tall.

“Just as I thought,” Nui said, reaching out to rustle Satsuki’s hair, “you make for an adorable, little dwarf.” Keeping Satsuki still with one hand, she pulled out her scissor blade once more. “It’s a shame that I have to cut you down. While I would have loved to keep you as my pet, Lady Ragyo made it clear that all traitors have to be punished. Especially those that do such a poor job of trying to fight back.”

Nui purposefully slowed her movement to let the hopelessness of the situation sink in. As much as Satsuki tried to break free, her compacted form’s constant wriggling only succeeded in jiggling around her chubby, hair-riddled flesh. While this did give her more time as Nui laughed at the display, it only gave her more of a chance to reflect on how she had completely failed in her mission. Bracing herself for the end, she managed to keep her eyes locked on the sword as it was swung towards her.

Moments before Nui’s blade cut into Satsuki’s neck, there was the sound of glass shattering apart behind her. Before she could look around to see the cause, a large, green object came flying through the air to slam into Nui. Given a chance to look through the rubble, Satsuki managed to identify the kendo sword wielding figure in armor as Uzu Sanageyama, the leader of the academy’s athletic clubs.

“Satsuki, get out of here now,” Sanageyama called out, holding Nui down with his sword. “I don’t know how long I can handle her. Gamagori and the other council members are waiting for you in the courtyard to bring you somewhere safe.”

“But what about you?”

“I’ll be fine,” he hissed back, using all of his might just to keep Nui at bay.

Clenching her fists, Satsuki began to run. “You better come back to me alive. That’s an order.”

Leaving Sanageyama to fend off Nui, Satsuki squeezed her tiny form through a gap in the door. As she continued to run, she could hear the clash of weapons coming from above her. Tumbling down a flight of steps as she tripped over her own hair once more, she paused for just a moment to hear Nui's maniacal laughter. Not wanting to let Sanageyama's rescue efforts go to waste, she picked herself back up and continued to run.

The dimly lit bunker was the furthest thing from the level of comfort Satsuki had become accustomed to, but it was the best she could do considering the circumstances. Following her escape from Honnoji Academy, she and the rest of the student council members had been forced to go into hiding. Thankfully enough, it wasn't long before they were contacted by a third party offering to aid in their rebellion against Ragyo Kiryuin. Unfortunately, Satsuki wasn't sure how she could add to their efforts considering her sorry state.

Forcing herself off of her rickety sleeping cot, she stepped down onto the cold floor and began to shuffle towards the sink in her room. Hoisting herself up on a step stool to reach the faucet, she splashed water across her face to try and ease her nerves. A single glance at the mirror made her regret getting out of bed.

Satsuki couldn't help grimacing at the sight of her bushy, caterpillar like eyebrows peeking out from beneath the tangled mess of hair that cradled her chubby cheeks. Casting the locks aside exposed her sagging mammaries whose only purpose seemed to be drawing attention away from her armpit hair and the coarse strands across her pudgy arms. Lowering her gaze in an attempt to avoid staring at herself any longer had the adverse effect of making her stare down at the patches of fur that were across her pudgy belly. The only thing she could see past her

unsightly gut and heavy bosom were the elongated toenails that kept coming back no matter how much she clipped them.

Swinging her hair to the side, Satsuki couldn't help looking over her shoulder to sink further into her depression with a glance at her fat rear. Letting out a sigh, she reached out with her hands' long nails to see if she could pluck a few strands of hair from her butt cheeks. While she did manage to grasp a hair and pull it out, it was only a matter of seconds before another one sprouted up in its place. Grinding her teeth as she was reminded of the futility of trying to fight against the effects of the stitch inside of her body, she still pulled at the hairs with the vague hope that she would one day regain her former figure.

Extending herself a little too far led to Satsuki falling off her stool and landing on the ground. Landing with the sound of a fleshy smack similar to tossing a sack of meat against concrete, she gritted her teeth as she stood back up. Wobbling in place to try and keep herself balanced, she grasped on to her chest to get her boobs to stop jiggling.

As soon as Satsuki's hands grasped at her nipples, a soft moan pushed itself out of her lips. Though the sound was humiliating, she was loathe to admit that she found the sensation pleasurable. Desperate for some form of release to get her mind off of things, she began to grope and squeeze her chest. Giving herself to the pleasure brought about by her body's sensitivity, she let her moans come out unhindered as she continued to explore every inch of her chubby self. Becoming enamored with the carnal desires of her flesh, she barely seemed to notice the drool that began to leak from her mouth.

Just as Sastuki felt like her breaking point was within reach, a knock at the door brought her back to her senses. Quickly wiping the drool from her face, she scrambled back over to her bed to wrap herself up in a blanket. "Who is it?" she called out.

“It’s me, Lady Satsuki,” Nonon replied from the other side. “I’ve brought some people that want to talk to you.”

“They may enter,” Satsuki said, making sure her body was properly covered up by her makeshift gown.

The person that came in first brought an air of awkwardness to the situation. Considering how often the two of them had clashed against one another, Satsuki was at a loss of what to say as Ryuko Matoi stepped inside. Having to look up to see Ryuko’s short hair made Satsuki miss when she would be able to tower over people like her in terms of both height and power. Judging by the way that Ryuko kept her eyes to the side, it was clear that she was going through a similar feeling of unease from the situation. Wondering if this was because she wanted to avoid staring at Satsuki’s diminutive form or just the desire to avoid direct confrontation, the question went unanswered as another person walked in behind her.

Satsuki recognized the familiar features of the man as one of the teachers at the academy, Aikuro Mikisugi. While he still had his identifiable blue hair, it was slicked back in a way that was far removed from his usual laid back attitude. Sharp eyes unobscured by the pair of glasses he typically wore, he was able to unflinchingly look towards Satsuki. In turn, she couldn’t help herself from staring at the white lab coat hanging over his shoulder that barely covered up his nipples. While she was more than a little uncomfortable staring at the skimpy, black swimsuit around his waist, she tried to maintain a semblance of her former nobility as she faced him head on.

“I know what you call yourself back at my academy,” Satsuki began, “but why don’t you tell me exactly who you really are and who you work for?”

Aikuro let out a laugh as he smiled towards the short woman. “I suppose we’re far past trying to hide things from one another. You know my actual name but let me give you a proper introduction to myself. I am a member of an organization fighting against Ragyo’s regime. We are known as, Nudist-“

Grasping the edges of his coat, Aikuro flung them open to reveal a glowing pink aura around his nipples. “BEEEEAAAAAACCCCCCHHHH!”

The flamboyant display only earned the man a blank stare from Satsuki. “This is the best we have to fight against the Revocs Corporation?”

“I don’t see you coming up with anything better,” Ryuko remarked with a huff.

“Don’t let our appearances deceive you,” Aikuro stated. “We have been building up our forces in preparation for our rebellion for quite a while. We are an elite team of soldiers ready to take back control from Ragyo.”

Satsuki let out a huff. “I fail to see how posing yourself like a stripper could help us-“

The once proud woman’s words faltered as a shift let her blanket momentarily slip from her fingers. For a few moments, everyone in the room had a chance to see her fully exposed form in all its hairy and chubby glory. Sheepishly picking her bedding back up to cover herself, Satsuki turned her gaze towards a worried looking Nonon staring at her from outside the door. Recalling the state that she was in, Satsuki pushed herself to accept whatever help she could get.

“I will make my decision of whether or not to join you, after I’ve seen your facilities,” Satsuki said, waddling her way towards the door. “Show me your weaponry.”

“But of course,” Aikuro replied, walking out into the hall at a slow pace to keep up with Satsuki’s cumbersome strides.

It had taken some time and quite a bit of convincing, but Satsuki had come to put her trust in Nudist Beach. Her hesitancy was to be expected considering their lack of resources and troops. However, they more than made up for their downsides by their sheer determination to keep fighting. Not to mention their ability to come up with technology to combat the life fibers were astounding to say the least. Although, she was still left to question why they had to be so uncomfortable.

It had taken most of the morning, but Satsuki had managed to squeeze herself into the Nudist Beach “uniform.” The outfit left most of her hairy, pudgy flesh on full display. A snug, thong-like piece of fabric had been wedged between her love handles to leave most of her butt cheeks exposed. The hairs around her groin and across her thighs were mercifully covered up thanks to her sagging gut. By far the hardest part of the outfit were the thin straps that were fastened around her chest. In exchange for any sense of comfort, the garment did an admirable job of obscuring her nipples thanks to the satchels hanging from her bosom.

With her body adorned in the proper battle gear, all that remained was to take it for a test run. Sitting on a nearby table was her precious sword alongside an accompanying short blade. Grabbing the hilts with her pudgy fingers, she prepared herself for a short training exercise to see how badly her combat abilities had degraded.

A glance at the nearby mirror as she went through various poses made it clear that Satsuki’s skills had significantly decreased. Even still, she continued to move her stubby legs around to try and get her body acclimated to her old fighting style. Each movement was met with resistance in the form of the extra weight pulling down her form. It was difficult enough dealing

with her jiggling mass of hair and flesh, but there was another obstacle that made the rest look like child's play in comparison.

Each slight press of the straps against her tits and every inch of her thong that sunk against her nether region subjected Satsuki to a feeling of ecstatic pleasure. She had done everything in her power to resist the urges of her sensitive body. Multiple exercise routines and sessions of self-groping had yet to acclimate her to the urges that called out to her at even the slightest brush against her body. So distracted with chewing on her lip to try and suppress a moan, she accidentally fell to the ground as she stepped on one of her locks of hair.

Satsuki's tumble was accompanied by several different sounds. The first was the expected slapping noise of her flesh hitting the floor. Next came the resulting moan that pushed past her lips as she struggled to get back to her feet. The third came in the form of her weapons sliding across the ground to get just out of reach. Heaving herself up in an effort to claim her weapons, she was stopped by the sound of her door being pushed open.

Stepping into the room with a beret over her pink hair was Nonon. While she wore a similar outfit to Satsuki, it was properly sized for comfort and covering up what it needed to of her chest and groin. As much as Nonon tried to obscure her true feelings, she couldn't hide the look of worry in her eyes as she looked over the scene. "Satsuki, what are you trying to do?"

"Prepare myself for the upcoming raid," she answered, reaching back to pull the wedgie out from between her buttocks.

Seeing Sastuki waddle over to reclaim her weapons, Nonon easily outpaced her to take them in her own hands. "You and I both know that's not a good idea. There's no way you'll stand a chance against Ragyo's forces."

Furrowing her bushy brows, Satsuki stomped forward to snatch the blades out of Nonon's hands. "It's not a matter of whether or not I'm capable of fighting," she said, retrying her exercise routine at a much slower pace. "Even if I'm nothing more than a distraction for the enemy, I can't just idly sit by while everyone is fighting for humanity's freedom."

As careful as Sastuki's movements were, it didn't take long her long toenails to get once more tangled up in her hair. Dropping her swords in the process, she wobbled back and forth to try to keep herself standing. Moments before her gut could drag her back to the ground, Nonon ran forward to catch her. While this did prevent her fall, it came at the cost of another moan leaving Satsuki's lips as her meaty mammaries pressed up against Nonon.

"Satsuki," Nonon began, the expression on her face making it clear that she had heard the little outburst, "are you--"

"Fine," Satsuki said, yanking herself out of Nonon's embrace. "I'm just fine. While I appreciate your assistance, you would do well to focus on your own preparations." Picking up her blades yet again, she resumed trying to get her awkward body into fighting condition.

"Satsuki, this can't go on," Nonon pleaded. "You have to stay behind for your own safety."

A remnant of Satsuki's former sternness returned to her eyes as she turned to glare at Nonon. "I will not be stuck on the sidelines for this battle. Even if that means I will perish, there is nothing you can do to convince me otherwise."

"I could stop you," Nonon said, clenching her fists. "I could easily tie you up and leave you here until the battle was over."

Satsuki stomped over to bump her belly against Nonon's shins. Tilting up her head, she made sure to look the pink haired girl in the eyes. "You and I both know that you would never do that. If you think otherwise, then you're free to try."

It was obvious to the both of them who would claim victory in the hypothetical fight. Despite her assured triumph, Nonon backed away. Tears beginning to stream down her cheeks, the pink haired girl ran out into the hall. Hearing her comrade's footsteps echo into the background, for a moment Satsuki regretted her words. Telling herself that this was for her own good, she resumed practicing with her weapons for the great battle ahead.

"GO! GO! GO!"

The shouts from the commander sent the platoon of Nudist Beach soldiers running out of the transport and onto the battlefield. While Satsuki tried to keep up, her stubby legs once more left her pudgy form to stagger behind. Able to just barely avoid being trampled by her own troops. She pushed the hair out of her face to gaze upon the gates of the academy that used to be hers. Where there used to be loyal students were now intimidating creatures called Covers made out of life fibers. The creatures' sole purpose was to carry out the schemes of Ragyo Kiryuin. No longer willing to let her academy fall victim to her wicked mother's plans, she picked herself up and charged after the rest.

By the time Satsuki had reached the front gates, Nudist Beach had already breached through the defenses. Waddling her way into the courtyard with her swords ready for battle, Satsuki watched as her comrades did their best to fight off the foes. Having recently removed his

blindfold, Sanageyama made short work of the enemy with each swift strike of his bamboo blade between rallying the other club captains to give it their all. Gamagori's towering form could be easily seen amongst the chaos, using his bulk to toss around foes while a student by the name of Mako knocked away any stragglers with swings of a spiked bat. Even people that were usually behind the scenes like Inumuta and Iori were putting their all into the raid with the knowledge that this would be the final battle to decide the fate of humanity.

While the sight of her fellow, former student council members fighting together gave Satsuki the confidence she needed, she couldn't help noticing that someone was missing. She hadn't spoken to Nonon since their argument. She had been around the woman long enough to know that she wouldn't outright abandon her comrades. That being the case, she kept her eyes peeled due to the worry that her friend had somehow fallen in combat.

Too busy keeping her senses focused on finding any sign of Nonon, Satsuki accidentally left herself open for someone to reach out and pull at her hair strands. As her assailant twirled her body around to tie her up with her own locks, she purposefully fell down to pull her hair out of the person's grasp. Rolling onto her feet, she got herself into a battle position as she once more stared up at the unsettling mile of Nui Harime.

"Aww, don't you just look adorable," Nui commented. "You're like a plump, little potato woman."

"Silence!" Satsuki shouted out. "I will no longer tolerate your insults."

"Insults?" Nui said, feigning offense as she placed a hand against her chest. "Why, I'm just trying to properly express how cute you are as helpless, shortstack Satsuki. I guess your time away from Lady Ragyo has numbed your intelligence." Showing off a malicious grin, she pulled

out her scissor blade and held it aloft. “Then again, I guess you weren’t that smart to begin with since you decided to go against us.”

“I will not stand idly by while humanity is overtaken by the life fibers,” Satsuki said, clenching her pudgy fingers around the hilts of her swords. “Now if you’re done talking, come at me and fight.”

Nui couldn’t prevent herself from giggling. “You’re still as hilarious as ever. Thinking you stand even a chance of beating me. I’m feeling generous so I’ll let you make the first hit. Come on, show me your best.”

With a primal roar, Satsuki leapt forward with her weapons ready. Thanks to countless hours of intensive training, she had managed to gain a semblance of control over her stout body. She was still far off from the peak performance of her former figure, but the sudden dash made it so Nui barely managed to avoid getting a blade stuck in her stomach. Going off of her momentum, Satsuki continued a barrage of slashes to try and attack the Grand Couturier. Nui’s laughter continued despite the constant dodging and blocking she had to do to avoid Satsuki’s attacks. While Satsuki saw this as a sign of her eventual triumph, her heart sank as she realized that once more Nui was just playing with her.

Nui’s game came to an end as she easily dodged one of Satsuki’s thrusts to grab her by the straps sunken into her flab. Disarming the short woman with a series of wobbles had the secondary effect of letting Nui enjoy the jiggling of the former class president’s flesh. Continuing to laugh like a maniac, she pulled and tugged at the various hairs along Satsuki’s form. She started with Satsuki’s busy eyebrows, moving down to pluck from the thickets sticking out of her armpits, before finishing off with a few handfuls from the trail leading down her belly. Try as she

might to endure the treatment, all it took was a small gasp leaving from Satsuki's mouth to seal her fate.

"I see that the Repressor Stitch is still heightening your sensitivity," Nui teased as she wriggled the fingers of her free hand. "But let's give you a few more tweaks just to make sure."

Grabbing at Satsuki's boob like it was a sack of meat, Nui proceeded to viciously jostle it around. Unable to handle the overstimulation, Satsuki was forced to treat her tormentor's ears with cries of pleasure. The sounds of euphoria continued as Nui reached out to wobble around her victim's ass cheeks. At the very limit of what she could handle, all Satsuki could do was accept her fate as Nui proceeded to play with her pudgy belly.

"Fitting that such a cute toy would make such cute noises," Nui said as she continued to prod Satsuki. "While Ragyo wanted me to take care of you quickly, I think I've earned myself a little treat. Let's see how long I can play with you until you break."

Forced to become little more than Nui's plaything, tears rolled down Satsuki's cheeks. Everything she had accomplished up to this point had been undone all thanks to her worthless body. For all the people that were counting on her, her best came up far too short to offer any assistance. As she prepared herself for the end, the biggest regret she had was that she never got a chance to apologize to Nonon.

"While this has been fun," Nui began, "I think I need to move on. Maybe I'll track down Ryuko and use her as a second experiment. I've been holding onto another stitch that's sure to make for an interesting toy. Wouldn't you agree, shortsta--"

Nui was forced to let go of Satsuki as a soundwave slammed into her side. Releasing from Nui's grasp, Satsuki scrambled to her feet. Though she tried to locate her dropped weapons,

they were picked up by a flash of something pink, blue, and white. Wondering what was going on, she turned back around as she heard the unmistakable noise of two swords clashing together.

Gritting her teeth, Nonon gave it her all to push back up against Nui. From a glance, Satsuki could tell that her comrade was adorned in a modified version of Junketsu. While the kamui was just as revealing as ever, it had mutated to allow speakers to appear all across the bits of fabric that tightly clung to Nonon's flesh. Every time Nui went in for an attack, the speakers would shoot out a sonic blast to drive her back. It was during one of these counterattacks that Nonon managed to make the crucial blow necessary to literally disarm the grand courtier.

"How could you?" Nui said, grinding her teeth as she waved the leftover stubs of her limbs.

"Because this doesn't belong to you," Nonon replied, sticking out her tongue as she kicked the scissor blade away. "Although, this is just the start of paying you back for what you did to Satsuki."

"We'll see about that," Nui said, retreating back towards the center of the academy to reunite with Ragyo.

"Are you okay?" Nonon asked, squatting down to be eye level with Satsuki. "I'm sorry I took so long. Junketsu is a lot harder to control than you made it look."

"Why did you come back for me?" Satsuki replied, wiping the pudgy tears from her cheeks.

Nonon tilted her head. "Because we're comrades of course."

Satsuki stifled another sob. "You should have just left me to die. Nui was right. I'm no use to anyone in this form. This body's only purpose now is to be a laughing stock. I appreciate what you've done, but you should just leave me for--"

Satsuki stopped talking as Nonon lurched forward to embrace her in a hug. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said, affectionately squeezing the tiny woman. “I think you’re wonderful just the way you are.” Sliding her hand down, she gave Satsuki a small pinch to the rear to illicit a moan. “Once this is over, I intend to show you just how much I care about you.”

“Cut with the sassy crap,” Ryuko remarked as she joined the scene to claim the scissor blade for herself. “The two of you can go on a date if we live through this. We’ve still got to take down Ragyo.”

“You have a point,” Nonon said, releasing Satsuki from her grasp. Turning herself around, she kneeled down and held out her hands. “Come on, Satsuki. Let’s end this, together.”

Eyes welling up with tears of happiness, Satsuki graciously climbed aboard Nonon. “Onward.”

Following Satsuki’s command, Nonon and Ryuko jetted off into the air. Keeping a tight hold on her lover’s shoulders, Satsuki kept her eyes focused on the tower looming above them. No longer afraid, she prepared herself to face down Ragyo with the help of the people that loved her for all that she was.