

MANKANSHOW YOU

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Another pain. What even *was* this?

As per usual, Kyon cursed his luck. He considered Haruhi Suzumiya to be one of his closest friends, but at times her antics ended up a little *excessive*. Like in this particular situation, as uneventful as it might have really seemed at an initial glance. The high school student had returned home to his place that evening after being held up by the SOS Brigade's club activities. It had been largely normal, at least until near the end of the session.

Haruhi had gotten a little antsy about finding new club members all of a sudden. More specifically: she was interested in finding more *girls*. While Kyon himself didn't really mind the thought (*he certainly wasn't opposed when their current cast of girls were all so pretty*), the idea of introducing outsiders into their already volatile dynamic would eventually bring about problems. After all their ranks consisted of a god, an alien, a time traveler, and an esper. Could all of those secrets be kept?

So it was no surprise that the others had been against it. But Haruhi had still been insistent. "***I wish you thought more like me sometimes, Kyon!***" Or so she'd said at the time.

Fast-forward to Kyon dumping his jacket and bag onto his bed and noticing something strange sticking out from the corner of the zipper. It was a blue cloth - but he shouldn't have had any clothing in there, much less in that color. Which was *exactly* why he had sighed when he'd unzipped the bag and removed the contents. It was a school uniform done up in blue and white, with a sailor fuku top and a pleated skirt - evidently, it was a uniform meant to be worn by a girl.

Had Haruhi shoved it in there before they left? She wasn't exactly being discreet about wanting more girls in the SOS Brigade, huh? "**Maybe I should call Itsuki about this...?**" Yuki wouldn't be very talkative and Mikuru likely wouldn't be any real help, which left the only other boy in the club. At the very least he was sure that Itsuki would know how the other two felt about Haruhi's aspirations.

"What the...? Jakuzure? Kiryuin? Matoi? Who put these names in here?" Checking his phone, he was surprised to find that he couldn't see the numbers of any of his friends. Instead there were names he didn't recognize at all. Was this a prank? It wasn't very funny if so. He'd been about to call one of them to see if he could clear things up when he paused, finger hovering just an inch away from his smart phone's touchscreen. "**Huh?**"

Were his eyes playing tricks on him? Regardless of how he rationalized it, there wasn't really an explanation for what he was looking at. His fingernails had lengthened. It wasn't discreet at all, and it wasn't even so little of growth that he could question if his mind was playing tricks on him. After all, Kyon kept his nails very short. They were jutting out now almost a full inch. "**How is this...? Oh no.**"

As he watched the color of the skin in his fingers pale while the bones themselves thinned, he could only think of one plausible explanation for this. *Haruhi*. She'd become so impassioned by her desire to add more girls to the club that her powers had kicked in? If that was the case, then were those names in his phone actually the other members of the SOS Brigade? But Yuki and Mikuru were already girls... or did Haruhi have other plans for them?

"Dammit!" Instead of dialing one of those numbers, he struggled to scroll his contacts until he found 'Suzumiya Haruhi'. Maybe if by calling her, he could lessen the damage? In a worst case scenario in a few minutes he wouldn't even remember *being* Kyon! Measures had to be put in place for all of their sake.

He managed to hit the number and pulled the phone to his ear. *Ring... Ring... Ring...* Each ring of the phone that went unanswered only allowed for the sensation plaguing his hands to slide up his arms. He could feel it in how he had to keep adjusting his grip on the phone: his palms had shrunken significantly. They were shaped rounder and daintier, and for some reason he couldn't really keep them still.

Typically Kyon could keep his cool pretty well. He wasn't the type to have physical habits that spoke to either anxiety or excitement. But now?

He couldn't keep a finger from energetically tapping the side of his phone, or his spare hand from tapping his hip. And in the end?

Haruhi didn't even pick up.

At least he got her machine. Maybe he could leave a message? Surely there was something, *anything* he could do!? “**Hey, Haruhi-chan! It's Mako! Uh... No, it's not. It's... Mako! Mako Mankanshoku! No, that isn't what I mean...**” He couldn't refer to himself as Kyon? Forget that, he couldn't even speak his *real* name! The pitch of his voice was rapidly jumping to a much higher pitch, and the steady speed at which he spoke? It seemed to be ramping up to the point where he might as well be speaking a mile a minute.

Even as his body was shifting to match the pitch of that voice. Most noticeably at first other than his hands, were his arms. Those limbs had shortened several inches and were thinner than they'd been just moments before: a contrast that he might have found on Mikuru or Yuki's limbs in terms of strength and thickness. But the paler skin tone continued to creep throughout his body like an infection, and one it hit his neck the coveted Adam's Apple that was so typical of a young man was smoothed away into nothing.

And then... there was Kyon's face. By the time the line to leave a message went dead, robbing him of any chance to make his case, his ears had actually become both a little smaller and a little rounder. But this was just a taste of what else would come as his skin toned lightened from chin to forehead. The boy's facial features became more tender. A sharp jawline smoothing here, narrow cheeks growing wider there. In fact, his entire skull seemed to both collapse downward and expand outward to give it a much more circular shape. This, in turn, affected what remained of the rest of those feature. Lips grew plumper but narrower horizontally, nose became as small as a button.

But it was his eyes that ended up being the stand out feature. They grew, and grew, and grew, until they were almost twice as large as they'd once been. Much rounder too! These optics were revealing with their size, expression of everything Kyon was feeling easily readable upon a face that seemed best suited for a teenaged Japanese *girl*. The entire experience had been littered with twitching and tugging sensations across his face, and he couldn't help but reach up to pinch a cheek.

“**Oh no! It's getting worse, isn't it!? I need to get a hold of Haruhi-chan! But I still can't say my name... It's not Mako, it's...?**” Voice completely gone now, the best he could do while sounding like a girl was protest. Kyon fumbled with his phone again, trying to get a hold of Haruhi once more, although he found it a little difficult to align

the phone with his ear. Why was so much hair in the way? It had grown out, actually. A reserved and boyish cut was now a chin length bob, consistent in length everywhere short of the bangs, and the color was a lighter brown than it had been previously.

His body was almost entirely paled now (*at least when compared to his old skin tone*) and that had come with some rejuvenation-based benefits. Not to say his old skin was really worn - he wasn't really older than the person he was becoming - but it was certainly a lot smoother now. And, once it had all settled into place, his frame had likewise become a lot more petite.

From collapsed shoulders to shorter limbs, the size of his body had fallen with significance. It disheveled his pants and dress shirt, with the former only upright thanks to his waistline and the latter hanging off to the side against a lesser torso. It certainly wasn't unnoticeable, and yet... **“Huh!? Why are my clothes so loose!? Or why am I wearing a boy's clothing? ...? My... clothes?”** Kyon had dropped his phone and become a complete victim of Haruhi's shenanigans. There would be no saving him now.

Or saving *her*, as dictated by Suzumiya's desire. Frame, face, and mind *essentially* in place, all that was left to change had been the boy's sex and whatever physical consistencies accompanied it. This all happened quite fast, and *she* let out an uncomfortable squeak the moment *her* dick and balls pulled up inside like a shy snake. **“Eep!? What was that!? It felt like that time Ryuko-chan...”** But of course she could no longer perceive the cause. Who was 'Ryuko-chan'? What memory was she falling back on? It felt close but distant.

A fully formed pussy rested between her legs, accented by a curly showing of hair above it. Of course it was all hidden by a pair of boxers and pants, which had defied gravity and remained upright because of her hips. They had been just *barely* clinging on when she had first shrunk, but now that her body was filling out in spades thanks to her new sex, they properly clung to hips that had swung wider than her shoulders. This created a substantial gap between her thighs while knees were forced inward.

Everything below and around these wider hips became points of focus - most her thighs and rear. Grow as they might, her upper legs never thickened substantially enough that they completely closed that newly created gap, but they did push the shorts of her boxers and the hem of her pants far past their limit. The result? Polyester clenched around supple thighs, flesh bubbling up like a muffin over the edges of the undergarment.

And this? It was still nothing compared to what took place in the rear. Her cheeks merely made the boxers grip more tightly around her pelvis, leaving no curve or indent to the imagination as the boy's undergarments were turned skintight by a bulging booty. The peaks of her cheeks even peeked out over the hem of the pants, and in turn the button in the front finally popped. **“Whoa!?! What’s up with these clothes!?! Haruhi-chan would scold me! She’d say something like ‘You’ve lost your way, Mako-chan! The way to a maiden’s heart is through proper fit clothing!’”**

Haruhi probably wouldn't say that, but this strange and unruly eccentricity had become a new staple in Kyon's personality. It didn't help that while she blathered she was making a number of wild gestures with her arms like she was miming out everything she was saying. The girl could hardly even remember her old life, and the name she recognized herself by was *‘Mako Mankanshoku’*.

Yet the moment she had finished miming like a fool something *popped*. The front of her dress shirt had just bulged forward, knocking her balance momentarily off-kilter while a pair of tits blew cartoonishly into position. If you had batted an eyelash you might have missed it, from the fatty flesh bursting forward to the top three buttons of the dress shirt blowing off and landing on her bed. But what you *couldn't* miss was just how large the tits that now stood firm *were*. Each was roughly the size of her head, and despite their size and supposed weight they remained incredibly firm.

They were sexy, but Mako was oblivious to this sex appeal. In fact, she hardly felt much about herself at all. She was the type of girl to always support others, seldom thinking of herself - not to say that this meant she had a negative impression of herself, it wasn't like that at all.

Mako merely stared down at her cleavage, not confused by her breasts but once again put off by her outfit. Why was she...? Oh, right! Haruhi-chan had asked her to dress as a boy for the day! She loved Haruhi-chan, and Ryuko-chan! Probably more than she realized. The SOS Brigade was great, even if the student council president Satsuki, and vice president Nonon has temporarily joined to *‘keep an eye on them’*.

Which reminded her... **“I should check in with Haruhi-chan!”** And so the high school girl reached for her cellphone, its design changed to match her new life. The phone's case was light blue, and a bunny charm dangled from the strap. Inside? Her contact info was set to *‘Mankanshoku Mako’*, as it should have been. Otherwise? She fell onto her canopy bed and stared up at her light blue ceiling as she waited eagerly for Haruhi to pick up.

This *wasn't* Kyon's room.

But then again, Kyon didn't exist anymore.