

# FAMILY DYNAMICS

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



The incident with Ragyo Kiryuin and COVERS had come to its inevitable end, which had left much of Japan recoiling from the fact that an alien cloth had almost completely brainjacked their entire world. For some the end of this adventure was something to celebrate, while for others there was a bittersweet taste left in their mouths. It had been a victory at the very end, but plenty had been sacrificed to firmly grasp that much needed victory.

And so the aftermath of Ragyo's defeat was an awkward time for many of the students that had been directly involved in the final battle. Revelations had come to light in the final leg that had completely redefined some of their relationships, and this was no truer for Ryuko Matoi and Satsuki Kiryuin. The two had begun as war-waging rivals, utterly incompatible to their very cores. But a very important discovery had been made in the end.

That they were *sisters*.

While the intention to grow closer with this new family dynamic had been in both of their chests, the initial phase? Well, it hadn't gone all that well. The two of them were awkward and stubborn, which meant that despite their best efforts they were constantly butting heads. It was a slow going process, and it wasn't only the two of them that had taken notice. Everyone close to them had as well, and in their own ways they had been pushing to make things a little easier.

But it was Mako Mankanshoku that had explored the most absurd of methods. Magic wasn't real, but what about a spell!? It was a goofy way of going about it, but she was a goofy girl who didn't often follow the

laws of common sense. **“I wish that Ryuko and Satsuki could see eye to eye like *my* family can!”** Case in point? She had put everything together to cast a spell, but had instead made a wish. Even if magic *did* exist, it surely wouldn’t have responded to something so chaotic.

...Right?

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The following day, Ryuko had been getting ready in the Mankanshoku home like she always did. Ever since Ragyo’s defeat each day had been wrought with perils she had never realized existed. Like trying to move on with the loss of your best friend in your mind, trying to fill your day without indulging in aspirations of revenge, and trying your best to be a good sister when you had absolutely no idea *how* to be one. **“Guh. Guess I better get ready for our meet up.”**

Aside from doing her hair she was still in her pajamas. She had plans to meet with Satsuki later that morning at an urging from Nonon and Mako, and so she had to try out this sister thing again. But how long would it be before one of their pride’s got the better of them and they started butting heads like every other time? Probably *not* long.

**“This shit ain’t easy. Is there some kinda trick to it? Wish I knew.”** It had been bothering Ryuko because she *wanted* to get along with her sister, but unfortunately it just didn’t seem to be in the cards. They were just too different. Or maybe it was too similar? Yet turning her attention to the clothes she had laid out on her bed, it strangely didn’t strike Ryuko as strange. Weren’t those Mako’s mom’s clothes? From the big bra to the apron, it didn’t seem like something the teen would wear. Even though she *had* supposed put them out herself.

...Had she? That didn’t sound right, actually. Why would she put out Mako’s mom’s clothes? Unless she believed they were her own? *But these are my clothes! How silly!* ...Was what her mind was saying, anyways.

There was an obvious problem though, and that was that even if she *did* perceive the outfit as hers, it most certainly wouldn’t fit. Sukuyo was taller and fuller figured than Ryuko was, and nothing about their bodies was quite similar enough for them to share clothes. Well, this was certainly the case *at first*, but the power that had changed the clothes

she had put out would soon be focusing on correcting that. That is to say it had *already* begun.

**“Huh? The hell’s my top so tight for?”** Wearing blue, flannel pajamas that were fairly loose (*picked out for her by Mako, of course*), Ryuko soon found herself pawing at the top of them for some reason. It seemed that whatever was happening, it was making sure that the girl suffering its effects couldn’t quite comprehend what *should* have been obvious. Because it was definitely obvious that the cause of the tightness was the size of her chest.

Already impressive beforehand, her bosom grew bigger and bigger, ultimately popping the top few buttons off her pajamas so that the growing cleavage between her tits was left exposed. That crevice grew deeper and deeper, but at the same time? While the tits that formed it had perhaps *doubled* in size, nipples and all, they also lost much of their perkiness and seemed to sag in slight – as if they were older than the rest of her body.

Fingers were quick to tug at her pants, too. **“And *oh my!* What the *heck* is wrong with my pants, too!?”** Where the girl would typically fill her surprise with a number of expletives, what came out of her mouth were self-censored alternatives now in a tone that sounded a little airier than her typically gruff voice. Evidently, it was more than just her body being changed in this case.

But she wasn’t wrong, either. Even the fingers that tugged at the waistline of her pajama pants appeared different than before, their lengths a little longer and the nails just the same. But the quality of the skin on these slightly bigger hands? It looked much more worn than normal, all dried out and cracked. *Well, at my age it’s important to moisturize often!* Is what she would have said if asked by this point, even though it didn’t quite make sense.

Her pants had grown uncomfortable for reasons similar to her top, though. Hips had seemingly inflated, pulling wider and seeing the thickness of her thighs and ass swell along with them. But perhaps the better term to describe it was *‘bloat’*? Because while they were most certainly shapelier, that looseness that plagued her new breasts was plain there as well. The fat that gave her a big caboose and a more pronounced sway had clearly been affected by *age*.

And that age began to show in Ryuko’s face, finally, but not before her height sprung up several inches. With all of the growth, the pajamas were pretty much garbage at this point. Tears had formed in her pants where flesh had erupted through them around her bum and legs, and as her body grew the shoulders of the sleeves tore slightly. All in all, her

tummy was exposed by the lifted top, which also exposed that she'd become a little *softer*. She had a little gut, and all of her hard-earned muscle had faded into obscurity.

The *woman* blinked, the color of her eyes not only changing to a dull brown, but the shapes of them rounded dramatically in the process. Her lips swelled so they were more pronounced, and her face became more circular overall. More than that, though, her skin appeared more worn and her features more mature. With a smile that she couldn't seem to erase no matter how hard she tried. **“Oh, I feel a little funny! I wonder why...”**

Until finally the changes found her hair, and both the darker strands and the red bangs alike were set ablaze with a brown not unlike her eyes. It transformed her hairstyle into a soft, shoulder-length cut with fluffy bangs that were cutely swept to the left – contributing to a perceived docility that would sometimes be betrayed by moments of cruelty.

**“Oh my! Why did I decide to get dressed in Ryuko's room?”** With a tone that was both soft and motherly, the older woman rested her cheek in her right hand and tilted that head to the side. *Sukuyo Mankanshoku* didn't at all realize what had just happened. That she had once been her daughter's best friend, or that a magic spell had transformed her into a copy of who she was now. Rather, she had completely settled into the role. Big underwear and all. **“And was I trying on her clothes? Well, I suppose once in a while it's nice to feel young again... But I'll have to replace these!”**



Her transformation *had* made short work of Ryuko's pajamas, but from her point of view she assumed she had torn them just from trying to force them over her bigger body. She would have to fetch a new pair from the store to replace them once she was fully dressed! Although wasn't she about to do something...? **“Oh! Wasn't Mako visiting the Kiryuin estate?”** She was supposed to pick her up, wasn't she? That sounded correct, but really?

It was just translating her previous outing with Satsuki into something that would make sense for *their* new roles.

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Perhaps unsurprising, Satsuki Kiryuin had been riddled with many of the same anxieties that Ryuko had possessed when it came to forging their sisterly relationship. For so long she had been working towards her goal of defeating her mother, and for long she had taken up the personality of a cruel and powerful individual for the sake of those goals. It didn't really amount to much in terms of proper social conduct nowadays, and she really had difficulty holding conversations with the hard-headed Ryuko without occasionally slipping back into old habits.

She was even supposed to meet with Ryuko shortly. The thought of which had led to her walking back and forth amidst the hallways of her family's estate. Satsuki had retained her independence overall, and that meant she still lived alone. Which meant that there was no one around to help her when things suddenly began to grow strange, much like they had for her sister.

But *unlike* her sister, Satsuki would find herself saddled with the curse of knowledge. The curse of remembering who she had once been but being able to properly communicate to anyone nor *act* like her old self.

**"Hm?"** There was no ignorance to the process at hand, as Satsuki immediately noticed that something was wrong with her. How could she *not* notice? Because her point of view had very quickly dropped about four inches, leaving her outfit to drag on the floor. She had opted to wear a plain but pretty white dress with a skirt that hung to her knees. But now it wasn't lifted off the ground at all. **"What in the world? What is happening to *ME!*?"**

...What had *that* been? Had her voice just cracked? It had sounded that way, but hadn't it sounded a lot *peppier* as well? Surely that couldn't be the case? But she absolutely *had* grown shorter. And *weaker*, because the muscles she had honed over the years had diminished, leaving her arms thin, her tummy soft, and the young woman feeling physically exhausted all of a sudden. **"No, something is *TOTALLY WEIRD HERE!*"** The voice crack returned with the vengeance, and Satsuki was so surprised that she covered her mouth after shaking her arms around chaotically.

She wasn't acting like herself, but she could still tell as much. The young woman had just screamed like a banshee in surprise, something she wouldn't typically do considering how calm and composed she was supposed to be. Other than her height change though, there were physical inconsistencies that had begun to pop up further as well.

For example? Satsuki's long, black hair was quickly regressing in length, all while from the roots a dark brown began to spread towards the tips that were pulled closer and closer. Before long she sported a *very* familiar bowl cut, and one that was wrapped around an increasingly familiar face at that. Her complexion had begun to appear a little softer, and her features just a tad bit plainer.

But overall? It could probably be said that she was looking *cuter* as well. Her narrow, steely eyes swelled bigger and rounder as a similar brown painted her irises in their color. These eyes were almost cartoonishly expressive, and it was easy to see on them that she was getting restless. She was looking here, there, and everywhere, all thanks to an energy that Satsuki wasn't used to. Her expression kept changing, but it was largely to show off her plumper lips and chubbier cheeks.

**“Aren't I acting a lot like Ryuko's friend!? Like Mako!?”** The sound of her voice was uncannily similar to that of the girl in question now, as was the *way* she spoke. Hyperactive and chaotic, she could hardly keep her thoughts – much less her words – straight. For the typically reserved Satsuki, this might have been what hell was like. She wasn't the type to typically, oh, grope herself out of nowhere?

Yet her hands reached up to fondle her chest, provoked by a sudden tightness around her bosom. **“Whoa! They're so full!”** Deep down she *wasn't* excited, but she couldn't stop herself from sounding that way. Truthfully her tits *had* grown two sizes, stretching both her bra and dress to the point where it looked like they were just going to burst out. While the hands that groped them? Her nails were dirty and her hands a little worn.

More like someone who grew up in less than ideal living conditions.

**“THIS IS TERRIBLE! I MEAN IT WAS LIKE HIYAH! AND NOW I'M ALL MAKO WHEN I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MAKO!”** With all of the energy of the real *Mako Mankanshoku*, the new one practically bounced around the hallway in a dress that no longer fit her properly. It was too long overall, but then it was also way too tight around



her chest – naturally because she had become shorter and bustier overall.

Mako had come to realize something terrible. That despite remembering her time as Satsuki, she could not vocalize that. She remembered both her own life and Mako's side by side, yet while Satsuki's ego was the dominant one there was no way for her to prevent herself from bouncing around like the Mankanshoku daughter and referring to herself with that name.

She had been turned *into* Mako for some reason? Why? How? Could it be reversed? Was she the only one who had been affected? Mako didn't have any answers to these questions, but at the same time it was hard to care. Her mind kept wandering to every shiny thing in the Kiryuin home. Like that shiny vase! And oh! She bet she'd look cute in some of Satsuki's- ER, *her* old clothes even if they were a little bit tight? How often did you get to root around in the Kiryuin home unsupervised!?

Well, at least until her mom came to pick her up.

**NO! MAKO'S MOM!**