

# ELITE FOUR DIVAS II.

## UMU ABUSE

### COLLABORATION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“YOU’VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! SHE’S STILL TEXTING ME, EVEN NOW! EVEN WITH THOSE CLAWS OF HERS!”**

*Nonon Jakuzure had fucked up.* In the beginning, she honestly believed she’d earned a well-fought victory. Blessed with a baton sent to her by some of helpful Samaritan, she had effectively removed the hugest thorn from the side of her beloved Satsuki Kiryuin – *Ryuko Matoi*. Even now, she hadn’t told Satsuki exactly what she had done, even though there was plenty of room for speculation on the part of the student council president.

After all, no sooner that Ryuko Matoi had stopped showing up, a new transfer student had appeared. One that had an interest in the arts, one that had signed up into Nonon’s band club. Suspicions aside, however? Satsuki had no grounds to make the assertions that came to mind. To her understanding, there was no means of taking one person and turning them into another person.

And yet? That was *exactly* what had happened. The baton of unknown origin had transformed Ryuko Matoi into a girl that went by the name of Elizabeth Bathory. With hair of a very loud pink, and an equally loud mouth to match, she had taken Honnoji Academy by storm. Her horns, pointed ears, and tail? They didn’t *look* like accessories, but it appeared that this was how the student body had accepted them.

Even now, atop the highest point of the academy where Satsuki and her Elite four presided, Nonon was pacing back and forth with a phone balled up in her tiny fingers, venting about all of the headaches Elizabeth had brought her. **“She’s no good at singing! She’s always following me around! And when she loses track of me, she starts constantly texting me!”** Truth be told, it was because the dragon girl had become quite smitten with Nonon. She was acting that way because she was infatuated, but Nonon herself was oblivious to the fact.

**“And I’ll ask you again, Nonon. Where did that girl even come from? Doesn’t it strike you as odd that I, the leader of this school, would have absolutely no clue where a new student came from? She isn’t even Japanese.”** Sitting upon her throne nearby, Satsuki Kiryuin herself had been listening to her childhood friend prattle on about Elizabeth for almost an hour now. Of course, her not being Japanese wasn’t a problem – but it *was* suspicious in the context of this topic. Perhaps it was time to get answers of some sort? **“It isn’t like you to hide things from me.”**

The pained noise Nonon made in response to Satsuki’s comments was rather comical, and the pink-haired teen lurched forward with surprise in a manner that almost knocked the big, bucket hat from her head. She hadn’t wanted to inform Satsuki of what she had done for several reasons. The first, of course, being that it was utterly unbelievable. Who would believe that she transformed someone into someone else? To begin with, the baton she had used had gone mysteriously missing after the fact! The second? She was worried that Satsuki wouldn’t approve of her methods, and that she would actually get scolded for her actions.

**“Would you like to know where she came from, Sat-su-ki~?”**

A new voice was added to the mix, despite only the two women residing in the room at the time. The tone was sweet and carried some degree of mockery to it, filling the space in between them. Both parties looked to the room’s center, and Satsuki? She immediately stood up and grabbed her blade from beside the chair. **“Nui!”**

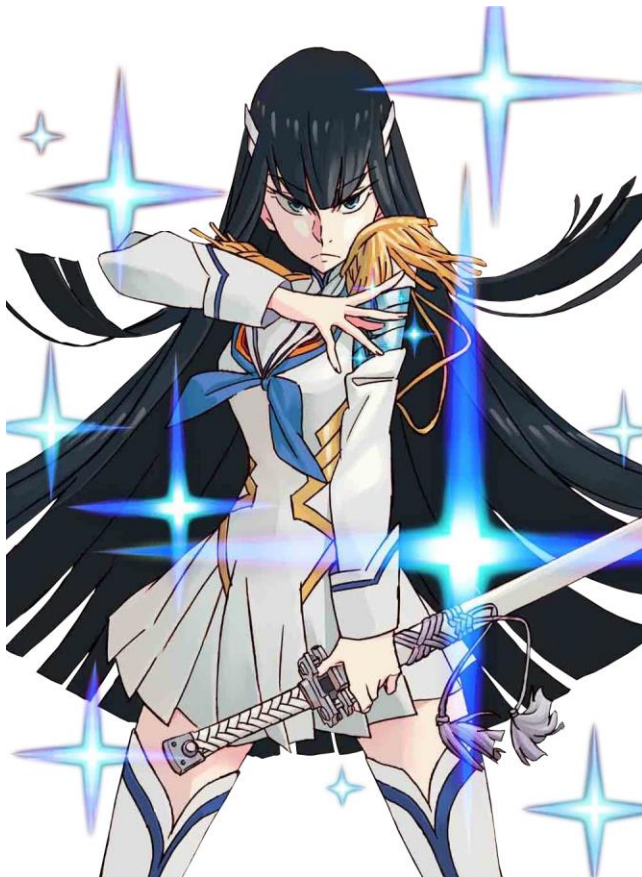
**“B-I-N-G-O~! And Bingo was her name-o!”** As if appearing out of thin air, a third girl now stood in the room’s center. With long, blonde hair done up in curled pigtails, a dress of pastel pink, and a purple eyepatch drawn across her her left eye, it could only be *Nui Harime*. The Grand Couturier of REVOCS? Why was she here? And what was it she was waving around in her right arm? These were the questions Satsuki was asking herself about this dangerous visitor.

But Nonon? She *knew* the answer to at least one of those questions. The object in Nui's hand, the hot pink conductor's baton? *It was the very thing she'd used to transform Ryuko!* Had Nui stolen it from the scene of the crime? ...Was Nui the one that had sent it to her home in the first place? *She had an awfully bad feeling about this.*

One justified when Nui promptly pointed said baton at Satsuki. **“You were asking about the new girl, right? And isn't it a shame that your greatest rival, Ryuko Matoi went missing~? Both of these events are related though, you know? It's really so tragic, though! What is a hero without her villain? Maybe you should go back to being her rival after all!”** A cryptic speech was given, one deserving of a cross-examination from Satsuki herself. But before things could proceed to such a point, a beam of pink light had jumped from the baton's tip and struck the student council president.

**“Urk!? Nui!? What did you...!?”** The effects were immediately noticeable to Satsuki, who was overcome by a sudden weakness. She dropped her blade to the ground and stumbled backwards, past her chair and towards the open space that overlooked the campus. Before she even realized what was happening... *she had fallen off.*

**“SATSUKI-SAMAAAAA!”**



Satsuki could hear Nonon's cry – *largely because she hadn't fallen that far.* She had caught a ledge below and flung herself through a window of a lower floor. She'd landed in the stairwell that went up to the landing where Nonon and Nui now resided, all of her strength spent from saving herself. But where *had* that strength gone? She'd been struck with a beam of light, and Nui had implied it had something to do with Ryuko's disappearance?

Fortunately, she was on a landing between stair flights. Fortunate because she was having difficulty keeping her

balance, wobbling back and forth in place. It was certainly lucky that she was along – Satsuki would have been *abhorred* if someone had caught sight of her in a moment of weakness such as this. She had an image to maintain. “**An image as a beautiful emperor!**” Not one to speak her thoughts aloud ever, this outburst was bizarre enough conceptually. But what had she just declared about being an *emperor*? She had no such aspirations!

“**What am I...?**” Had that beam had some adverse effects after all? *Of course it had.* Nui wouldn’t have fired it if it were harmless; she knew that girl’s nature. The Grand Couturier was a sadistic mischief maker at heart, and if her speech were any indication? “**Was Elizabeth actually Ryuko this entire time? I had my suspicions, but that also means... Nui is doing the same to me?**” Eyes widened as the panic that came with this realization set in. She had to get back up and steal that baton before it was too late!

...Or that would have been the plan if she had the *energy*, or even the *motivation*.

*Why would I cancel it? What if I become even more beautiful!?*

Her thoughts were in just as much disarray as her energy level was, tugging her uncharacteristically towards thoughts and ideas that the real Satsuki Kiryuin would *never* trifle herself with. “**No... That’s not... me?**” Finally, something within her line of sight gave Satsuki pause and more or less confirmed the theory she didn’t wish to be true.

Her bangs, which were always colored dark, were now a golden blonde. Fingers, still fatigued, reached up to touch them. They were softer than she was used to, but so much more was changing than her bangs even if it *was* what had caught her attention. In fact, the color was traversing down the back of her mane, which typically fell as far as the base of her thighs. The term *typically* was used here because it wasn’t so any longer.

Its length was unwinding like an unraveled measuring tape returning to its case, golden locks pulled up to her shoulders both at the back and the sides. Incidentally, the lengths at her sides were thicker, and arched up from the center of her scalp – where an ahoge of all things sprouted like a weed. “**Is this actually happening? Uu-Uuu-UUU...!?**”

Satsuki lurched forward suddenly, her mind actively trying to repress a foreign influence with all of her power. But whatever it was? It was much more powerful than she, and through strained lips it escaped regardless. “**UMU!**” She consciously bit her tongue in defiance, as if to

punish herself from allowing it to escape. What sort of noise was *that*, exactly?

The woman's eyes went wide from the pain of biting herself, yet that wasn't the only cause of this change. It was a little more thorough of an eye widening than simply expressing shock, almost like the racial design of her optics had been overwritten with wider, more Caucasian presets. This was, in fact, *true*. Plaguing all of her facial features in a similar fashion, her cheeks slimmed, and lips pouted with greater gravitas, and those big old eyes of hers? *Emerald* glistened where blue had once reigned. A face that had once been passively stern – and *Japanese* – was now gentler – and *European*.

Satsuki had felt her facial features twitching, but there was no mirror in the stairwell with which she could check herself. Instead, she was forced to use her hands to cup her cheeks and brush her lips. “**My face changed. It's so much cuter now!**” Once more, unintended commentary was blurted out, forcing a wave of anxious nausea to churn her stomach. She hadn't even ascertained the fact that her race had changed as well. Much less the fingers upon the hands that were touching her fair features were slightly shorter than they had once been, with nails just a little longer than she was used to.

“**Wh-Wh-What!?**” Uncertainty was expressed loudly – something Satsuki would not typically do – as a feeling of downwards inertia stone her attention and yanked her arms to the sides so that she could maintain her balance once more. At the same time, she was plagued by the sensation of her Junketsu, which she'd had Iori adjust to perfectly fit her frame, loosening not only around her shoulders but the entire height of her body. “**I'm falling!?**”

No, that didn't make sense? If she were falling, there wouldn't be any issue with her clothes? But her point of view was very clearly dropping, and quite substantially at that. Starting at a solid five-foot-eight in stature, what had struck the lanky Kiryuin was a despairing loss of a full eight inches, dropping her down to only five feet. It was fortunate that Junketsu's top and skirt were already a single piece, else it would have fallen from her body entirely. The skirt now reached past her knees, however, and her thigh high boots were digging into her pelvis.

“**N-No, I got shorter!?! Ack!?! My voice!?!**” Satsuki wailed the moment her height had bottomed, until to find her voice's pitch rising as she cried out. Rather than carry the authority and power in its deepness that it once had, her pitch was almost gratingly squeaky and comical. Throw in the fact that she was speaking with such hyperactive emotion, and there was simply no vocal resemblance to Satsuki Kiryuin at *all* any longer.



Despite how surreal this was all becoming; the woman's anxiety was heading in a different direction. Despite swimming in her clothes – her ultimate weapon – she wasn't as fearful about what was to come as she had been earlier on in the process. Rather, a crude bubblyness was beginning to scratch at her psyche, bringing passing moments of carefree vibes that lingered longer the next they passed.

**“Ahahahaha!”** Making it harder to psychologically push back against the encroaching influence was the fact that across her entire body, it felt as if she was being violently tickled. **“N-NO! NOT JUNKETS—AHAHA AAA!”** Before her very eyes, the fabric of her treasured Junketsu almost looked as if it was turning into slime, wriggling across her body without form. Being the key in her plans to defeat her mother, it should have been far more infuriating to see its shape distort like this... but she was only alarmed in the beginning.

Of course just how ticklish the material creeping and crawling across her skin was helped keep her mood light, even if it was beginning to harden and restring itself in places. Fortunately, her boots had tightened and dropped to her knees, where they claimed the base of her thighs, retaining their whites while gaining a zipper down the full length of either accessory. Her thighs were actually too plump for the embrace of these boots though, and so they lipped uncomfortable over the peaks. On the right, a single white stocking poked out from beneath the boot, latched onto a white garter strap that was fashion to a matching belt that ran across her hips.

Satsuki's undergarments had melted along with everything else, but truthfully? As it all reformed, she wasn't wearing any undergarments whatsoever. Instead, what gripped her torso was an excessively ornate, creamy leotard, sporting a familiar zipper that ran from between her breasts all of the way back behind her, crossing her pussy vertically. The metal prongs were chilly against her taint, enough to make her shudder, but the feeling was also quick to pass as it began to feel normal. Things felt very tight in the rear though, as if her ass was far too huge for the base of the leotard, cheeks eruption out from the sides.

How this leotard remained fastened to her was a mystery in itself, as it didn't reach farther than her breasts, and even then, the cups outstretched farther than the full sizing of her bosom could reach. **“Hahaha! Why aren't I covered!? HAHAHA!”** Even though she wasn't, Satsuki didn't feel any shame. She wouldn't have before – how could she feel shame and wear a transformed Junketsu? – but this was a little different. She was more *prideful* about her body than anything.

Liquified fibers crawled down the lengths of her arms, leaving shoulders bare before hardening in creamy sleeves to match her boots and corset. Her hands and fingers were encased in white leather, while the sleeves themselves puffed up both above and below her elbows, being fully open on the bottom half. The sleeves were bound to her arms via belts at their peaks, and much like the corset vertical indentations ran down them. Beneath Satsuki's neck but above her breasts, a white neckpiece rested atop her shoulders while a golden lock dangled from an iron chain.

The ticklish sensation was fading, leaving Satsuki to pant in the afterglow of the stimulation. Meanwhile, some of the remaining material had crept up the back of her neck, tugging up her shoulder length blond with it to tie the hair up in a bun beneath a regal, white veil that fell as far as her ass – wrapped in a floral crown of white flowers. Otherwise, the excess created a golden belt with a white buckle that rested around the peaks of her thighs, their size still so great that it felt a little restrictive. All in all, she appeared to be dressed something likened to a wedding gown.

The woman inhaled sharply, feeling that sound trying to call out from the depths of her vocal chords once more. She wanted to talk, but at the same time she knew that nothing she said would be good. Her resistance only bought several seconds, though. **“Umu! My fashion sense is, as always, impeccable! I look the part of a beautiful bride, one not afraid to show her suitor what they've won, so to speak!”**

She puffed out her chest as she spoke, oblivious to the fact that the bosom she was forcing towards the camera had begun to swell delightfully. In fact, Satsuki was hardly taking note of much, now. Her energy had returned, *but she hadn't noticed*, and if she *had* she might have been able to grab the baton and stop it before it was too late. Everything just felt right after that last outburst, like she was finally comfortable and confident in her own skin.

Back to those breasts, though. She already sported an impressive pair, but not enough to fill the leotard's cups. Not only did her erect nipples meet the insides of those cups after just a brief passage of time, but they continued to swell with such strength that the cups began to *push back*. Any of the excess weight that couldn't be contained was pushed out to the sides, forcing her tits to rub up against each other out in the open in the center, while around the sides of the cups they peeked over the side. This gave them a look that resembled a pair of slimes you might find in an old JRPG, and they were bouncing and jiggling with even the slightest of breaths.

Perhaps the lower sizing problem of her boots and belt was more in the gait of her hips, on the other hand? A sharp *POP* forced them in a size,

bringing them narrower than Satsuki's shoulders. The heft of her ass and thighs had no choice but to conform in kind, and as a result their mass lessened – but not in a way that made them appear any less desirable.

In fact, her thighs were still pudgy enough to over-hug the thigh high boots, and the decrease left a gap between her thighs so sizable that you could see the corners of her ass cheeks right through them. While the cheeks of her rump tightened so that they weren't bulging excessively out of the leotard, the decrease was likened more to undoing the wedgie that had risen as a result. Her cheeks still erupted from the sides, but they were just firmer, and much like her breasts, *incredibly bouncy*.

She wasn't herself in body, fashion, nor mind any longer. Yet, for a moment, she worried more about her surroundings. Where was she?

**“Umu! Well, there isn't a point in worry too much about how I got here! Upwards! The greatest treasures are always found on the highest of floors!”** The woman nodded triumphantly to herself after giving the stairwell around her one final look. *Nero Claudius (Bride)* couldn't piece together *where* this was, nor *how* she had gotten there, but it must have been for a good reason, no? Nothing *she* did was without reason, for she was the greatest, most beautiful emperor of Rome!

Even though her mentality about where treasure might be kept *was* fundamentally flawed.

With her Servant strength and speed, it didn't take her long to climb what remained of the stairs. As she'd skipped upwards, her gelatin breasts and ass bounced around gleeful, what with how they were barely restricted by her unusual bridal attire. Blessed by good fortune, her nipples didn't once slip out – and never would, despite the fact that physics definitely *should* have agreed with their escape.





There was a door on the final floor, and through it, Nero could hear a pair of voices (*she pressed her ear up against it and everything*). One voice was unfamiliar to her, but the other? She knew it well. In fact, just hearing it blessed her with the context she was desperately missing regarding her current circumstances. This was the Honnoji Academy tower! And the source of the voice?

**“Miss Nonooooon!”** Saber crashed through the door and immediately leaped at the pink-haired band geek, Nonon’s arm wedged between Nero’s cleavage as they both fell to the ground in a heap. **“I missed you at practice today! Umu! I’ve been working hard to show up Elizabeth! Before long, you’ll only have eyes for me!”** According to her memories *now*, she was a student of Honnoji and a member of the same band club as Nonon and Elizabeth. Her rivalry with the lizard was a fierce one, not at all helped by the fact that both of them were vying for the club leader’s affections.

It took Nonon a moment to even put two and two together, with Nui giggling to herself in the background. **“Wait!? This is...!?”** Still on the floor with Nero on top of her, she tried to no avail to push the emperor, and her big breasts, off of her body.

**“Yup~! That’s what’s become of your beloved Satsuki-sama! But isn’t that for the best, Nonon-chan? You always had eyes for her, didn’t you!?”** Nui’s laughter turned into a mischievous cackle as she waved the baton around still. Nonon was not amused. In fact, she was *enraged*. Beneath Nero’s weight she wriggled, trying her best to break free. Unfortunately, Nero was snuggling up to her now, rubbing their cheeks together.

**“YOU BITCH! I’LL KILL YOU! TURN SATSUKI-SAMA BACK!”**

In response, Nui’s aura seemed to change. **“What? You’re not thankful? Not only did you get rid of Ryuko-chan, but now Satsuki-chan is into you! Isn’t this everything you wanted?”** Nonon knew she was right in a sense. But not like this. Not with both of them turning into annoying, clingy little brats! **“But since you’re being so selfish...”**

Nonon’s eyes went wide, for before them Nui snapped the baton in two and allowed it to drop to the ground. And just as suddenly as she had appeared? She disappeared, leaving only Nonon and Nero in the room. **“I’m going to kill you, Nui! I’m going to turn them back myself, and then I’m going to *kill you!*”** That would have to wait though, because she could see the emperor leaning in for a kiss.

**“The mean lady is gone now, so now you and I can get to business, right Miss Nonon? Umu! Any woman should feel thankful to be allowed to share the lips of emperor Nero Claudius!”** Fortunately, Nonon finally found the strength to push her off.

***“WOULD YOU GET OFF OF ME!?”***