

# GALPAL GUARANTEE

AUGUST 2020 REQUEST STORY

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*This was it.* The battle all they'd worked towards now hinged upon for the future of the planet Earth. Ragyo Kiryuin had been driven into a corner (*if you could consider space a corner*), and with Senketsu's final form Ryuko Matoi had followed her high into the sky. **"RAGYO! ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAP! TODAY YOU'RE GOING DOWN FOR GOOD!"** Ryuko's anger was palpable and understandably so. Much had been lost and there was much that needed to be repaired once this evil witch of a woman, *of a mother*, had been defeated.

But that damn bitch didn't even seem a bit phased. **"Oh? Do you really think you have the power to beat me my dear daughter? Why not look at things more from *my* point of view? Then you'd understand, I'm sure."** She'd hidden a hand behind her back because she was preparing something. A special Life Fiber that was more relevant to her cryptic ramblings than Ryuko could have possibly considered.

Ryuko, on the other hand, was unabashedly hostile as she readied the completed Scissor Blade. **"LIKE HELL! I'LL NEVER--!?"** With a single wave of Ragyo's hand something had struck her in the head. It had been impossibly sharp and it had buried itself deep within her brain; and in that moment she lost consciousness much to Senketsu's dismay.

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**"What!? Where the hell *am* I!?"** When Ryuko became 'conscious' once more she wasn't in space looking down upon her home planet

anymore. Instead she looked to be in an office? A very fancy one at that. It looked like the kind of venue that belonged to the CEO of a company, a real fat cat that lived comfortably without a care for anyone else. The type of person Ryuko hated.

She traced the side of the big mahogany desk in front of a full-wall window that overlooked an unfamiliar city. She'd regained awareness while sitting in the chair, and restlessly the teen had moved around to the front of the desk so she could skedaddle to the door. Whatever was going on here it had to be one of Ragyo's traps, right? So the less time she spent here the better.

But that was when it caught her eye. Sitting on the front of the desk was a nameplate, presumably for the person that worked in this fancy looking joint. **"Is this some kind of sick fucking joke!?"** Eyes went wide as she realized what it said, plain as day.

*Ryuko Matoi, co-CEO of REVOCS.*

It was only natural that she felt like she was being made a mockery of, and with a powerful swipe of her left hand she blasted the triangular nameplate off of the desk... at the cost of some degree of pain. Said discomfort was twofold. Her hand stung a little for one, but there had been a visceral reaction in her brain as well in the form of an extremely sharp pain.

**"The hell is this...!?"** Her hands clasped around the sides of her head as agony plagued her, teeth grit and grinding against one another as she wobbled to and fro. This feeling was a familiar one, like when Nui had attempted to control her with Life Fibers; yet it bore an unfamiliar flavor simultaneously.

Distracted with the pain, eyes clenched shut, one couldn't fault Ryuko for realize something was amiss with her outfit. Senketsu, whom had been surprisingly silent ever since she'd awoken, began to crawl across her body as colors all washed together into blue, a layer of crimson separating from his underside to become a crimson dress shirt beneath a plain, navy blue dress top that completely covered the navel she typically displayed so readily.. Even the skirt Ryuko wore had been tained, pleats ironed out as slits formed in either side to make a fine looking office skirt. It all seemed a little too big, like she was wearing a size or two too large.

There was plenty of evidence that something was wrong when the girl opened her eyes to reveal that the anger that so typically found a home within her gaze had seemingly waned entirely. In fact, the moment the pain faded she felt as if a heavy fog had been lifted from her mind.

**“Hmm? How in the heavens did my nameplate get over there?”**

Choice of verbiage didn't match Ryuko's rowdy, aggressive style in the least, and she began to walk towards the fallen nameplate with the intent of picking it up.

The Life Fiber in her head was wrapping and binding, twisting her perception to create the reality Ragyo had sent it to create for her daughter. Although when all was said and done, she wouldn't be fulfilling the role of *'daughter dearest'* at the end of it.

Each step the girl took towards the fallen room accessory became the slightest bit longer as more leg was made available for stretching. Not just her legs however, but the length of her body in general. Arms earned more reach, spine elongated so that the red dress shirt hung less prominently past the hem of her short, office skirt.

A height increase of four inches was already quite alarming, but the traits that made Ryuko a terrifying combatant were likewise threatened by the encroaching physical change that sought to repurpose her for Ragyo Kiryuin's world. The muscles she'd built through her struggles, through her quest for revenge, all deflated in tandem with one another. Flesh settled into a smoother shape on arms, legs, and in her tummy thanks to the strength of a warrior being drained from her.

Although aesthetically she was looking less and less like the fiery, teen swordswoman she'd once been and more and more like an office worker that belonged in this room. She eventually bent over to pick up the nameplate she couldn't remember smacking aside, the fact that her fingernails had grown longer and had become painted an excessively dark red gone unnoticed. Not only that, the callouses she'd earned from swinging the Scissor Blade around had softened, leaving hands to resemble those best suited to someone that spent all day inside, shuffling paperwork and signing documents.

**“Wait, what the fuck is going on here!?”** A moment of clarity suddenly struck the girl as the Life Fiber in her brain loosened, lashes blinking with not only additional length but volume offered by an excessive spread of makeup that had applied blush and a dark red paint to her lips. She'd risen to hold the nameplate in her left hand, but was now acutely aware of the fact that her point of view was higher. Had she just dazed out there? But then it all came rushing back -- memories of her showdown with Ragyo, being struck by a Life Fiber, and...

Right hand rose to her skull, looking to replicate how she'd removed Nui's bindings when she'd tried this trick on her before. Although she found her movements a little more sluggish than she should have (*as she could not perceive the fact that she'd become less muscular with the*

*suit obscuring her arms*), the technique required to reach into her brain and yank that pesky Fiber out wasn't reliant on strength but the fact that she was half-human half-Life Fiber and could still be done.

*But Ragyo had planned for that.* In the case that her daughter regained awareness and attempted to undo her control, the Life Fiber would promote a change that would wholly distract her. It was merely a shame that the cost would be Ryuko's lovely figure...

No sooner than the young woman's fingers had pressed against the side of her skull did a sudden bloated feeling wash over her, churning her stomach and causing her head to race. She hadn't been aware for the previous changes while they were happening, but this was different. "...**H-Huh!?**" Her voice sounded a little deeper now, and as the bloated feeling grew more pronounced just about everywhere her cheeks saw signs of becoming a little more prominent. *Chubby?*

Not *only* that however, because there were clear signs of deterioration in her skin. Her youthfulness was seemingly draining from her face at an alarming pace, chubby cheeks plagued by rougher skin that glowed by the mercy of skin creams and the blush she had applied. Crow's feet etched themselves into the skin at the corners of her eyes, the vibrancy of her irises fading a little as pores clogged on the bridge of her nose from an extended life of makeup use and less than savory eating habits when plagued by stress (*not that the stress itself helped either*).

Forget looking like a *teenaged girl*. When it came to facial features, or the fact that her hair had become plagued by split ends brought about by enhanced age, she looked closer to the age of 40 be it just under or just above. As it stood she still retained her good figure, which made her plumper face look somewhat comical...

*For a passing moment.*

Fingers fell from the side of her head to touch swollen cheeks, but ultimately fell even farther to her right breast as she felt it... *rise*. All in all she felt a little sick, like she really had to use the bathroom maybe? But there was no real desire to *actually* go. "**Nngh...**" It was impossible to suppress the feeling of discomfort that accompanied it, but her face quite promptly turned as white as a sheet as she felt something under her fingers against her breast. Movement. *Growth*. Swelling.

Without invitation the girth of each tit suddenly bounced forward, immediately straining the upper echelon of buttons that kept the dress shirt she was wearing in place. Discomfort was abound as breasts that could readily fill her hands before broke free of even those confines, erupting to a size each that was roughly the size of Ryuko's own head;

and as they finally reached that size the integrity of her business attire was tested to capacity, the top four buttons blasting off and landing on the ground below. "**Oh my!**" In turn, *that* personality took the forefront again.

These breasts were certainly large, but as she touched at them through fabric and looked down at her own cleavage (*with her neck looking almost like a second chin in the process*) she could feel that their perky nature was deteriorating as the same age that had beset her face beset them as well. They sagged and sagged, but fortunately did not drop too far... *although not from an absence of trying.*

They hadn't fallen that far because there was a growing perch beneath that was holding them up since she wasn't wearing a bra. It wasn't a construct born of cloth, but her own flesh doing the trick -- forward and outward to the sides, her stomach was engorging itself with a loud rumble. The office woman felt incredible hunger and a desire to snack as hands rubbed against a soft tummy that became squishier and squishier as advanced age set in. Stretch marks appeared across the flesh as she became plumper still, but remarkably this allowed the oversized shirt to actually fit correctly and tuck itself into her skirt.

She was certainly larger, but her tummy wasn't round. It merely lipped over her crotch a little. It went without saying that Ryuko looked incredibly uncanny in that moment, so top heavy that it was a miracle she could even stand. Her lower half? It quickly joined the fray.

Ass and thighs alike offered an uncharacteristic gurgle, skin straining as they burgeoned forth as if they were taking in water -- even if it was fat they were taking in realistically. The office skirt had been a little loose for a time, but now it was being stretched to its limit as her rear end pressed up against the back of the cloth not as a young, perky butt but as a wide load belonging to a woman in her forties. And her thighs? They became remarkably full of girth, bare skin jiggling with every wobble of her chubby body with a thickness of 2/3s of her torso *per leg.*

Ryuko's eyes strained, mind likewise wobbling. It was flipping back and forth between rage as she realized she'd become a bigger, older woman and the new personality that was being imprinted. The personality of a woman that self-described herself as Ragyo Kiryuin's top gal pal, her second in command. A woman that buried her stress in snacking and had no remarkable combat abilities to speak of. Whenever that personality took the forefront the old, rebellious one screamed out. If she let it take over than Ragyo would win! Ragyo would...!

*Orange. All she could see was orange. And feel a firm squeeze of her ass.*

**“Oh~!”** Ryuko purred as she twirled around. Only one person touched her like this, and of course it was Ragyo smiling ear to ear. **“Are you feeling frisky today Ragyo-sama? You should have called~!”** Ragyo had entered the room without her noticing and slid a pair of orange-tinted glasses over Ryuko’s eyes. They had an effect that strengthened the control of implanted Life Fibers and created an addiction to wearing them. There was no doubt the old Ryuko would eventually take them off and regain control, perhaps when going to bed but...

She’d just be drawn to wear them again. And in that time where she has a little control? All she’d be able to do is curse herself, because what was she going to do? Drag that fat ass over to challenge Ragyo to battle? With that body? No, this body was more suitable for another desire of hers. No longer was she Ryuko in flesh and blood either, they were completely unrelated by blood since having a daughter her age wouldn’t make any sense.

Ragyo just smirked and pressed a hand against Ryuko’s thick breast, taking her hand with the other. **“You should know better by now. How long have you been with REVOCS now? Twenty years?”** Ryuko nodded.

**“I never make appointments.”**