

RULING BY A THREAD

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



In the end, Satsuki Kiryuin hadn't been able to witness the fruits of her labor firsthand. Her plan to take her mother off the board had been a resourceful and ironic one. Ragyo's hand must have been bitten by the same alien lifeform that she had been working to spread across the planet, but ultimately? For the sake of her own self-preservation, the daughter couldn't be directly tied to *whatever* had happened to her. There would no doubt be an investigation into things when the dust settled, so she needed her hands to be as clean as possible.

It would be difficult to point an accusatory finger at her if she didn't even know *what* had happened to her mother.

There had been panic within the ranks of REVOCS overnight, of course. The company's leader had disappeared without a trace the night before the Great Culture and Sports Festival that Honnoji was holding – an event that was planned to be the turning point in Ragyo's cultivation plan. Unfortunately, Ragyo's absence did not derail it. Her mother had put measures in place in the case that something had happened to her, and so the authority to execute it had been passed down to her secretary, Rei.

But Satsuki had seen no issue with it. Rei would be *much* easier to deal with than Ragyo, leaving *Nui Harime* as the only *real* threat. To those ends, the 'festival' had launched as expected, right down to the students being consumed by their own Kamui uniforms. It was hard to deny that this was still an *issue*, but Satsuki could turn even that to her favor. All she had to do was feign ignorance and play the hero. Everything her mother had told her had been verbal, after all. There was nothing to trace back to her.



And so? She had done just that. Satsuki had turned her blade on Rei and Nui, taking the former into custody as the Elite Four pushed Nui into a corner. Everything seemed to be going swimmingly, but there *was* a prevalent loose end that weighed on her. She couldn't deny that not knowing *exactly* what had happened to her mother could have brought about additional problems. And as it turned out? She had been right to keep that concern in mind.

“**Hm?**” The student council president had been on the verge of rejoining Nonon and the others in the fight against Nui when something changed. Was it the air? In a sense, but it was more a matter of what was floating *through* the air. A flurry of golden fiber that were carried by the wind from afar. Some of them contacted the cocoons created by the Life Fibers, freeing the students trapped inside. But... No? The students that emerged didn't look like Honnoji students at all. They didn't even look *Japanese*.

The Kiryuin daughter was no fool. She wasn't blind to the similarities between these threads and the golden Life Fiber that she had leveraged against Ragyo. The issue was that it was too late for her to do anything. One of them had *already* been absorbed by Junketsu... and honestly, she was hoping that her uniform would provide her with some sort of protection. But as we already knew from what had happened to Ryuko? It would not.

In fact, the signs that there was nothing *protecting* her were near immediate. Satsuki, the one most in tune with her own body, was quick to notice that she felt unusually light – and her clothing unusually *loose* – around her chest. “**What!?**” There was a questioning defiance in her voice, and despite the fact that she was technically in public, she wasted no time in grabbing at her chest. “**My tits!?**” It felt like a crude thing to shout, but it certainly wasn't *wrong*.

The weight that her fingers sank into was considerably less than she was accustomed to. No, it was lessening *still*. Within moments, her large bosom had shrunk until they were perky *B-cups* at most. Then again, that was still more than *Nonon* had. “**Is this the doing of these threads? How? Why?**” A sharp crack in her otherwise commanding voice made her wince, and yet the authority behind it hadn't wavered at all.

It was much easier to notice what was happening with her tits than with her lower body too, but the young woman wasn't far gone enough yet that she *hadn't* noticed. That her ass and thighs had lost weight on a similar fashion, and so Junketsu's skirt was a little looser. That was a problem that was furthered by her hips pinching in, and that shift went so far as to buckle Satsuki's knees, which finally and properly drew her attention to it.

“What in the world!?” She squeaked! She... *squeaked?* She coughed as if to clear her throat while rubbing at her neck with her hand, but even upon removing that hand she was greeted with change. Her fingers appeared to be smaller and daintier, with nails that were a touch *sharper*. Making matters worse... **“What are these golden threads!?”** Her voice hadn't corrected itself at *all*. She sounded *younger*.

Mind you, that fact wasn't really betraying her in *that* moment. There were changes that were easy for her to perceive, but also changes that *weren't*. Her face was a more difficult one to sense without the help of a mirror, so she couldn't see how her lips thinner, her nose shrunk, nor how her cheeks rounded. All of these adjustments worked in tandem to eventually give her face the presentation of someone that was a little *younger*, even though she had technically *aged* to around *twenty* or so. Bright cyan likewise possessed a pair of eyes that fluttered wide with longer lashes around pupils that had become diamond-shaped, but her serious expression didn't wane despite a new reality where she was somewhat... *adorable*.

“Cease this!” Satsuki found herself blurting a command out while she struggled with unsteady feet. In this case? It was warranted. Her balance wasn't what she remembered it for some reason, and the fit of her attire wasn't helping. The thigh high boots of her Kamui uniform had begun to ride into her pelvis while the skirt of the dress fell down to her *knees*. She was shrinking with gravitas, until she was only *4'10"* or so. **“I'm so small!”**

That much was *definitely* obvious, but something was *different* this time. The moment she said it; there was a voice of differing disbelief in the back of her head. *Of course I am? That has always been the case, much to my chagrin.* It was something she'd thought so matter-of-factly despite Satsuki Kiryuin having such a tall and intimidating figure. Yet her memories spoke to a life of a smaller demeanor, one where the foolish looked down upon her figuratively at their own peril. *People as foolish as that deserve to be cut down, yes?*

It was a mindset that felt a little cruel, but Satsuki wasn't even questioning the absurdity of the fact that she possessed it at *all*. Those

thoughts and memories steadily became all the more vivid until she didn't doubt their authenticity at all, and it was a process that accompanied changes to her *hair*. Whether it was the hair atop her head, her eyebrows, or even her pubes: it all paled to a snowy white before streaks of cyan were cast in here and there. This hair was largely pulled into a low ponytail behind her, while her bangs became hime-chopped and hair fanned out to the sides with blue diamonds closer to the front.

The final stage of Satsuki's transformation did not affect her body so much as it did her *attire*. Her coveted Junketsu uniform was torn down and rebuilt in an instant, become a short, sleeveless dress with a teal boudice instead. There was very little symmetry in this outfit overall, with a thigh high black foot on her right leg, while only a small, heeled shoe sat on the left over a frilled, white sock. The dress had detached, puffy sleeves of blue, black, and white the vaguely hid her fingerless, white gloves. Otherwise, she had blue tassels and a pair of matching bat-like wings growing from the dress's back. A crown with blue flames flickering from it rested atop her head.

Flamecrowned. Tyrant. Empress. Supreme Commander. *Imperator*. There were many titles that suited the legacy of *Cerydra*, the short woman that Satsuki's very existence had been recreated as. **“Hm... Are these Aglaea's threads? Why are they fluttering around this foreign battlefield?”** Her memories were *muddied*, but she understood the gist of her situation at least. She *knew* she was from another world called Amphoreus, and that she had been brought to *this* world.



When it came to why there was a *battle* being waged around her? She didn't have the foggiest idea. She didn't really *care*, either. Their petty squabbles were none of her concern... at least until the inevitable moment where she might be caught in the crossfire. Rather than look around for someone to inquire to, much less head in the direction of the golden threads, Cerydra headed in the opposite direction towards where an even more brutal battle was waging.

“I suppose I'll need to pick *her* up. My knight is my most important piece, after all.”



“Ugh... That one hit like a truck. How the hell is she so strong, anyways!?”

Nonon Jakuzue had always known it would still be difficult to defeat Nui Harime even with all four of Honnoji’s Elite Four combined – and with upgraded Goku Uniforms to boot! They’d held her off for a few minutes, but ultimately, they had all agreed that the solution hadn’t been for *them* to strike her down. They were just biding time until Satsuki was finished with Rei.

Still, she hadn’t expected to be so thoroughly trashed as quickly as she had been. What had happened to the other three? She had been hit so hard that she’d been flung across the stadium, and the impact had completely undone her Goku uniform’s transformation. It had taken all of her strength to pick herself up and prop herself up against some rubble. Were the other three still fighting? **“I need to rejoin them...”**

But then came the *gold*. A flurry of golden threads washed over the battlefield, giving it an almost *biblical* aesthetic. **“What’s with this *crap*?”** Nonon’s reaction certainly wasn’t ‘biblical’ in any way, though. She hadn’t even noticed that her body *and* her clothes had absorbed some of those threads, triggering a transformation of her own. But where Satsuki had grown smaller until she was closer to Nonon’s build by the end... Nonon’s own transformation was more or less the opposite.

“EH!?” Nonon *also* wasn’t the type to remain measured when presented with a shocking twist of fate. Where Satsuki could keep a relative cool, Nonon was much more of a *yapper*. **“THE HELL’S GOING ON HERE!?”** And she had been given a *lot* to yap about all at once. Her changes *hadn’t* begun with anything discreet. In fact, her small figure had dramatically *shot up* all at once. In layman’s terms, the surprise came from the fact that she was *growing taller*.

Even saying the Elite Four member was 5’0” before might have been a little *too* generous, but all it took was a few seconds for her skirt to be yanked up and off of her hips by a fair margin, and for her sleeves to tear clean off courtesy of her shoulders broadening to match. In practically the blink of an eye she had grown all the way up to 5’6”. **“Did I just grow taller!? Well, actually, that’s not really a *bad* thing, huh?”**

Being short definitely came with its shortcomings. She'd given up on the idea since she was already eighteen and hadn't grown much in years, but *whatever* was going on had seemingly provided her with a cheat code. And judging by her shoulders, it wasn't *just* affecting her vertical size. She was correct in that assertion, because her knees buckled all of a sudden – pushed by her hips being force farther away from one another until the width of those hips was an additional five inches wider overall.

This meant that her white panties were *really* straining around her waistband, and because the skirt of her uniform had lifted so high that much was plain to see. But... **“Woah! Wedgie...”** That made it all the easier to see that her lower body was *thickening* too. That her parted thighs were creeping closer to each other once more not because her hips were narrowing again, but because they were bloating with added weight that pulled their skin around them tightly.

What her thighs couldn't accommodate was instead pushed into her *ass*, which in turn caused the wedgie that she was beginning to pick. White cloth struggled between being pulled out by her stretched waistband and being forced in between her growing cheeks as they formed a pleasant peach shape behind her. **“I even have a fuller...”** *Butt? Ass? Rump?* All words that would have worked there, but she stopped herself. It felt a little too *crude*, but since when had Nonon cared about that? She wasn't even questioning it despite it being so uncharacteristic of her.

And then there was her *voice*. It was so much deeper now, but there was a melodious sound to it too that almost invoked the image of a songstress. Which was obviously a *far* cry from the shrill and annoying voice that she was known for. It made her sound much more mature now, but you could also see that maturity in her face. Her jaw slimmed and her lips swelled while cheekbones rose. Her nose lengthened beneath a pair of eyes that not only narrowed but also adopted a mix of indigo and purple among their irises. She ended up looking a little older, likely in her *early twenties*.

The woman shook her head, oblivious now to the added weight upon it that danced about courtesy of her pink hair *lengthening*. It pushed the hat off her head with ease so that darkening locks could spill out, largely black but the closer you got to their tips, the more purple those blacks became. It ended up reaching past her thickened ass when she inhaled and then exhaled slowly. **“What is *wrong* with me? Unfamiliar territory or not, I have a certain level of dignity to uphold for the Emperor's sake.”**

Nonon's mind had changed quite drastically, evidently. If it hadn't, she wouldn't be uttering words that didn't make any sense. But they *did* make sense... to her. Memories of once living underwater filled her

head, before being saved by a woman that she inevitably fell in love with. That woman being the one that Satsuki had become, incidentally. And yet? As this all washed over her, her dress began to feel *very* tight around her chest. There was only one part of her body that *could* be causing that, and that was her *breasts*. Once practically non-existent, they swelled into a perky pair of *D-cups* that would have been impossible to properly see if not for the fact that...

Her clothes just *disappeared*.

Considering what had happened to Cerydra, you might have assumed that she'd be refitted immediately. But she was left standing there completely naked, and not for no good reason. A gentle *sloshing* feeling had begun to caress the interior of her torso that was jarring at first, but she became accustomed to it quickly. The reasoning for this feeling was made clear rather quickly, for the opaque color of her torso beneath her breasts slowly became *transparent*, revealing insides that were essentially a concoction of bubbling, blue liquid around her now exposed ribcage and spine.

Even when clothing *did* appear, it didn't really do much to hide her exposed innards and was even seemingly designed to highlight it. A blue and white dress covered almost every aspect of her torso barring her collarbone, but it was translucent beneath her breasts while her arms were covered with cloth of black, translucent lace. Black, thigh high stockings reach up to just a few inches beneath the skirt, and she had matching black boots underneath. Otherwise, there was a red glove on her right hand, a black on her left, and decorations in her hair that resembled shells and fins.

Hysilens, true name *Helektra*, looked around with the appropriate amount of skepticism. “**I suppose calling myself a ‘fish out of water’ would be a little too on the nose...**” Considering the aspects of her body that invoked the impression of a mermaid or siren, because she *had* in fact been a fish once, she was right about that. It was the only phrase that aptly described how she felt in the moment, though. “**Wherever I am, it seems *she’s* been busy.**”



She gently held out a hand to catch one of the floating, golden threads. Her flesh did not absorb it because she had already suffered the effects it would otherwise bestow, and the wind eventually tore it from her palm so that it could find a brand-new victim. **“What is this war over? It’s strange to see a battle without my Imperator about. Normally she’s at the center of unreasonable conflicts...”**

“AHEM.” Hysilens turned with a smirk. She would have known the sound of those light footsteps *anywhere*. Her words had been pointed *at* the approaching Cerydra, who no doubt had assumed her Dux Gladium would be taken off-guard. No. Cerydra knew her well. She probably expected this sort of prank from her, subtle as it was. **“Why do you make it sound like I’m always the ones starting those conflicts?”** Now why would she say *that* when the both of them knew that was exactly the case.

Hysilens just saw it as a chance to change the subject. **“Are you aware of where we are, Imperator? This is a foreign planet. Do you think there are any bodies of water?”** It was a dream of hers to see, nay, *swim within* an unfamiliar body of water. Whereas she knew Cerydra’s own desires lied in exploring foreign lands. **“Should we both getting involved in the battles of mortals when we could simply leave together?”**

Cerydra responded with little more than a **“Hmph”** at first. She wasn’t the type to ignore a battle taking place before her eyes, but these people *weren’t* her people. And some time away from her responsibilities, alone with Hysilens? Perhaps that was exactly what she needed. **“Very well. Let us seek out this ocean together, my Dux Gladium.”**