

# ID TRENDS

## BIWEEKLY STORY #187

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**“Ugh. Another enemy engagement, huh?”**

The backstreets of District 14 weren't exactly an enticing place to be, Ishmael had to admit. But she didn't really expect anything less from a district being run by N Corp. of all the corporations within The City. Alas, as one of Limbus Company's Sinners, it seemed that she was doomed to participate in an entire round trip of the city's locales, which meant more often than not ending up in a place where she was going to have to fight.

Humans, monsters, Distortions, Abnormalities... The Sinners fought all sorts of opponents. Murder was not something that weighted upon them morally. That was simply the way things were in The City. Death was everywhere, and you had to accept living alongside it. The issue in this particular instance was that she had not been *prepared* to fight anyone or anything.

**“All by myself, huh? Guess Dante's gonna have to use that weird new power of theirs...”** The Sinners were all helping the LCD with a Distortion Case in District 14 and they had each been given a task. For Ishmael? That task had been double checking the perimeter, to try and prevent any innocents from getting caught up in the mess. Ideally, nothing would have gone wrong during this little venture. **“Dante?”**

But Ishmael was more than convinced that her luck was absolutely *shit*.

The sound of a clock ticking in the back of her head revealed that her manager was aware of the circumstances. She could understand what

they were saying despite the clock ticking, as all of them could. They were telling her that they were going to activate one of her IDs while the others rendezvoused. Yi Sang and Rodion were nearby and would be there in a few minutes, so she just had to hold her own against the... five or so men in tanned suits that had surrounded her? **“Any time now, Dante...”** But it seemed like the connection to the Mirror was taking longer than normal for some reason?

The woman didn't receive an explanation, but she *did* receive more questions... as she suddenly disappeared from the District 14 alley altogether.

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**“Uh...? Well at least I'm not in danger...?”** The woman *sounded* calm, but she was struggling to keep it together considering her surroundings had changed entirely. She was no longer in District 14, but she wasn't even certain if she was still *in* The City. Ishmael just didn't know where *else* she could be. There was a clearly *Japanese* aesthetic the *shrine* she stood before beneath a bright blue sky. **“I don't think a location like this even exists in The City.”**

It was strange, though. Regardless of where she was, Ishmael would have expected there to be people around considering it was the middle of the day. Then again, it *did* look like the shrine was in the middle of the mountains, well away from society. **“Okay... Did Dante use some sort of strange new power again? That's been happening pretty often lately...”** She couldn't help but find it ironic considering how many IDs she tapped into that were Asia-inspired that she had suddenly been spirited away to such a place.

Or perhaps this was the natural conclusion to all of that?

**“How do I get back then? Can they just summon me back?”** The woman couldn't help but notice that her mace and shield hadn't made the trip *with* her, meaning that she might be in trouble if she was ultimately attacked at that moment. But she also was about to have *bigger* problems, and some of them were *literal* in that regard. Just not

the very first one that the Sinner had noticed. **“I feel kind of tired all of a sudden too...”**

It made sense that the truth behind this sensation wouldn't immediately click with the American woman. After all, dressed in the uniform suit that was required of a Sinner? Very little of her body was exposed. There was no convenient window through which she could see her skin – or more specifically what was *under* it. Because this fatigue wasn't of the sleepy sort. Rather, it was *exhaustion* she felt. It was the natural side effect of the hardened muscles her body had developed melting away, leaving every element of her form softened.

Of course, this meant that she wasn't as strong, so even though she would adjust to her weakened form within moments, there was no way she would ever be able to lift her old weapon and shield again without starting fresh with physical training. That said, it was as if she had never picked up those items in the first place, because the callouses around the woman's fingertips were smoothed away and any scars upon her body were mended. It came with a trimming of any excess body hair, including shaving her loins, and a general softening of her skin.

Fingernails that had once been trimmed had grown slightly past her fingertips by the time the woman began to tug at her suit vest. **“Is this not fitting right?”** Because it *felt* like the vest and the white dress shirt underneath were beginning to pull *out* of the belt around her waist. Was Ishmael *blind*? Because the reason her clothes were doing that should have been entirely obvious. There was no reason she should have realistically missed the fact that her *vision was becoming increasingly blocked*.

And by her own *chest* at that. Ishmael was a little more buxom in the chest than she looked while dressed in her uniform, but her breasts had so *clearly* begun to burgeon in size to the point that her outfit was having a problem containing them. The sports bra that contained them under her shirt was eventually pushed beneath these tits as the top few buttons of the outfit came undone to reveal the depths of her enhanced cleavage within. This flesh was soft, creaming, and no smaller than a *pair of volleyballs*. They had to be *H-cups* at minimum!

**“Did being teleported make my clothes fit strangely? ...Teleported?”** The woman's astounding ignorance towards what was happening to her body *must* have been a side effect of the process, because how could she see the fit of her clothes as the issue and not the *actual* cause of that particular problem? Then again, she also ended up questioning the idea that she had been teleported in the first place, as if it had become an implausible situation in her mind all of a sudden.

That said, her clothing situation was worsening, and it wasn't *only* the woman's breasts that had gained weight. Ishmael's height actually ended up dipping someone slightly, temporarily sparing her belly from being exposed by a shirt that had been lifted up, and yet... the base of her belly was soon revealed as the cloth was pushed forward courtesy of a soft *bump* to her belly. It was subtle, but it was obvious that the very slightest amount of pudg had accumulated in her torso to better match the heft of her bosom.

It made her figure look more realistic, but it also broadened her belly at the sides as it curved into hips that ultimately widened past her shoulders in kind. Her pants had begun to feel *very* tight around her waist, but it wasn't until the material around her legs and rear began to strain that the front button of her suit-pants finally *popped* right off. There was no denying *why* all of this was happening considering past trends.

Ishmael's thighs and ass were simply soaking up weight in the same way that her breasts and tummy had. The seams down the sides of her pants had to *split* so that paled thigh flesh could peek through with a jiggle, and the seam between the cheeks of her ass fared no better once her ass had grown big enough, almost comparable to her tits in size. Funnily, splitting the back of her pants revealed that the woman was wearing *boxers*, and even those baggy undergarments were digging dangerously into her deepened ass crack.

The woman bit her lower lip anxiously all of a sudden. **“W-Wait! I need to find something else to wear, don't I? This is unsightly for someone of my post to be seen in...”** Unsightly? Someone of her post? And then there was the soft squeak to her voice that hadn't been there prior. She admittedly hadn't noticed that at some point the language she was thinking in had changed to *Japanese*, and that was now the language she was speaking in fluently.

But she also hadn't realized that it was increasingly fitting her aesthetic. The lower lip that she had bit prior had thickened beneath a nose that had shrunk, and her cheeks had been growing increasingly round while the multitude of freckles spread across them and her nose faded away. In exchange for those freckles, a single black beauty mark appeared beneath her left eye, but both of those eyes narrowed in shape until they were more almond-like as their colors brightened to blue.

This was undoubtedly the face of a pretty *Japanese* woman, and one no older than *twenty* – meaning she'd regressed over five years of age at least.

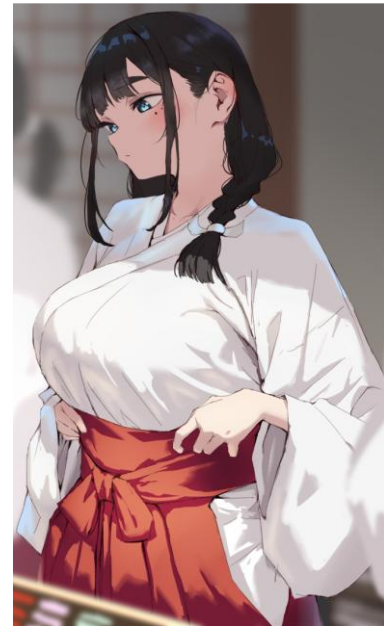
By this point, only her long, orange hair stood out as ‘strange’ when you compared it to the rest of her body, but that was treated as well. A pitch black seized it at its roots before sweeping through her mane, straightening out all of its waves and thinning it into a silkier form before anything past her shoulder blades was simply *chopped* away and the severed strands carried away by the breeze. Her bangs were left parted at the sides to reveal blacker, bushier eyebrows while longer lengths framed her face down to her collarbone.

Ishmael herself appeared... *distracted*. She was no doubt hung up on her memories, which had steadily been changing to fit the new body and life she had been given. It was because she was so distracted that she didn’t notice her wish had been granted, and that she had been dressed in something that fit her. A white hakui and a red hibakama, with white tabi and wooden geta sandals on her feet. This was the traditional outfit of a Japanese *shrine maiden*, and some of her hair had been even tied over her left shoulder in a braid.

It was a personal stylistic choice for the woman she had become!

“**What was I...?**” *Hiyoko* couldn’t quite remember what she was doing, which was made evident by her head whipping about as she looked around, the braid to the side of her head flicking around as she did so. There was nothing *unfamiliar* about her surroundings to her, at least not anymore. This was the shrine she had been working at as a *shrine maiden* since she was just a little girl, right?

She was twenty years old, but she had been rescued during a landslide that had taken her parents down the mountain when she was small and had been adopted. She’d dedicated her entire life to maintaining the shrine with the other shrine maidens, and it was something that brought her great joy.



Hiyoko had no greater aspirations. It was, after all, a time long past. A time before electricity had changed the social landscape of Japan, and a time before skyscrapers could even be built. “**Oh! I should go help in the kitchen!**” It finally occurred to her that she couldn’t stand there gawking like an idiot, so the young woman clapped her hands together and skipped off towards one of the shrine buildings... her ample bosom bouncing as she did.

Well, she *did* have something of a reputation for being one of the more *desirable* shrine maidens from those weary travelers that visited.

Regardless, this new life of hers was guaranteed to be a long one. Something that surely wouldn't have been possible back in The City!