

ELITE FOUR DIVAS I.

THE IDOL MENACE

COLLABORATION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



DING DONG! DING DONG!

“Shut the hell up! I’m coming! I’m comiiiiing!” It was like three in the morning, but Nonon Jakuzure, clad only in her nightgown, slowly dragged herself to the front door of the mansion she was currently living in courtesy of Satsuki Kiryuin’s generosity. Typically the young woman with pink hair had the support of an entire armada of maids to help with chores like these, but all of them went home at midnight. It wasn’t like she was ever expecting guests this late!

The one ringing the doorbell *must* have been a friend. Only Satsuki and the other members of her Elite Four had the code needed to disable the security, and there was *a lot* of security. If a trespasser wasn’t impaled by one of the disguised spike pits or eviscerated by one of the lasers, they’d end up maimed by the armada of attack canines that had been specially trained by Nonon personally.

That was why she was surprised that, of all things, when she opened the door there was no one to be found. There was only a small, rectangular box that wasn’t even all that heavy. **“Huh?”**

She took it inside and brought it all the way back up to her overly large bedroom after checking the security cameras one last time. Nothing. There was nothing! The entire time she’d been suspect that maybe there was a bomb in the box she was haphazardly carrying underneath her

armpit, but after having a trained dog sniff it there didn't seem to be anything *that* inherently dangerous.

Falling back onto her bed after expelling a mighty yawn, the pink sized pinkette finally held the box up to investigate its contents. She allowed the flaps to fall downward, and from within what looked like a small stick tumbled from within - just narrowly avoiding smacking her on the face thanks to tilting the box a little behind her as she laid there. It hadn't been heavy, but on second thought what if it had been a knife or something? Oops!

“The hell is this thing?” Reaching a hand back and behind her after putting the box down, Nonon pulled herself back up into a sitting position once fingers had wrapped around the mystery object. If her mind *hadn't* been playing tricks on her then it *almost* looked like a conductor's baton. **“It is!?”** She shrieked with a voice that could break glass, immediately waving the baton to get a feel for its weight. It was hot pink and sported a very pointy end -- but who sent this to her?

That was when she noticed the note.

It had been taped to the bottom of the box, so it hadn't fallen. The music major wasn't at all delicate in its extraction. **“Nonon Jakuzure.”** Reading aloud was, strangely, soothing to her and so she continued. **“I heard you've been having an issue with a certain Kamui wearing firecracker and thought this might be a welcome gift.”** The writer was clearly referencing Ryuko Matoi. Ever since she'd come to Honnoji it had just been one thing after another. *Why couldn't she leave her precious Satsuki-sama alone!?*

The letter went on. **“This is no ordinary baton. Imbued with the power to reshape one's body and mind, why not use it on her to make her a loyal member of your band club? Then your problems would be over, would they not?”** Nonon's eyes were on the verge of sparkling.

Could such a thing be true? Could a baton have that kind of power? **“Only one way to find out!”** And so Nonon went to sleep, sweet dreams of wowing Satsuki-sama through her elimination of Ryuko Matoi ever present.

But outside of her window a presence was ever watching.

The day had begun like any other for Ryuko Matoi. Breakfast at the Mankanshoku house after getting ready, before jogging her way up to Honnoji Academy where she'd attend classes. Every day was a drag - she

wasn't *there* to be a good student! She just wanted to avenge her father's death!

Where it did differ from the norm was in her company. Typically Mako had accompanied her every morning since they'd gotten settled in, but apparently someone in the student council had requested she come in early. **"You don't trust the invite she received, and I don't blame you, Ryuko. Just keep your eyes and ears open."** Proper guidance came from Senketsu, the Kamui that Ryuko wore. He was the steady voice to her fiery temper.

A temper that was fully on display as she stomped along the pathway like the delinquent she was. **"There's no way those shitty student council people want anything good with her! I wish she'd woken me up and told me! I would have gone with her!"** It seemed Senketsu was correct with his read. She was *absolutely* pissed.

It was the moment the two began to cross a clearing that their otherwise uneventful trip up to Honnoji took a dangerous turn. **"Ryuko!"**, Senketsu called, but it was too late. A beam of pink light had shot from the shadows of a nearby building like a laser beam and had pierced the young woman and Kamui both.

Ryuko stumbled back. **"The fuck was that!?"** Hands patted around her chest, the beam having passed through her heart but seemingly didn't pierce her flesh nor Senketsu. **"Oi, Senketsu! You feelin' okay!?"** Because she felt normal. Her question of concern was pointed even as she glared at the shadows. Where was the one who'd fired that? But seconds passed and there was no response from her clothes. **"Oi!? Senketsu!?"** She drew her Scissor Blade in the process, prepared for any threat.

Why on *earth* was he so quiet? No, it wasn't just that. They'd been together for a short period of time but Ryuko had definitely resonated with him to some extent over the course of that period. Wearing Senketsu was unlike wearing anything else. Which was the problem here...

It now felt as if she was wearing just any old outfit. *Senketsu's nature as a Kamui had been erased.*

Not that it would do any good, but Ryuko began to shake the outfit as she continued to call Senketsu's name. **"Hey! Hey! Why aren't you replying, Senketsu!? Why aren't you *cute*!? Geh!? What!? What the hell did I say!? I don't care about clothes bein' cute!"** That wasn't even a big concern here, something was wrong with

Senketsu! But... She couldn't help but wonder **why she'd put on this ugly ensemble?** Her tastes were changing, and quite rapidly.

From the shadows Nonon was observing Ryuko keenly. She wasn't quite sure how the baton's powers would manifest, but there were already early signs of success. The Kamui, which was the source of Matoi's power, seemed to have gone silent according to Ryuko's frantic cries of despair, but even they had dimmed once she'd spouted something very out of character. But what did that mea-- "**Huh?**"

Nonon had to rub her eyes to make sure that what she was seeing was correct. The red band of hair in Ryuko's bangs somehow seemed a little more vibrant, and significantly more pink. *Hot* pink? No, this shade might have been even *brighter* and *more vivid*. Yet while it started in the off-color band, it had observably begun to spread as well. Individual strands of the girl's hair lit up with the same **pink**, at first creating an inconsistency that gradually filled in until her entire head was the very same color.

Was that all? *No...* Had Matoi's hair *also* grown longer? From the angle she was observing where she had a front view it was difficult to say, but *yes*. It certainly had lengthened and had fallen far past her shoulders and straight down her back in a style that was very... *straight*. The slight curl Ryuko's mane normally possessed, which gave her a wild, natural look, was ultimately and *entirely* erased so that each strand was left ruler aligned.

"Hah!?! The hell's goin' on with my hair now!?" Ryuko had noticed and had taken a handful, oblivious to the fact that her fingernails were rapidly taking the same color. **"It looks so damn adorable! No! I mean it's gaudy! It's so damn to my tastes! Fuck! What the hell is happening!?"** Her mind was racing. Forget about Senketsu - and in fact she pretty much *had*, since she could no longer remember what a Kamui *was* - she clearly had much bigger problems with her own mind and body.

The more Ryuko caved to this whimsical desire for achievable cuteness, the *better* she felt. She could protest what was happening until she was blue in the face, but she couldn't deny that her heart had begun to flutter like an excited little girl. Senketsu's state had become something of a long lost memory; she certainly could not recall anything about owning sentient clothes. **Wouldn't that be weird?**

Chips of hard, pink keratin had begun to form across her fingernails. These specks would have been easy to dismiss as merely paint at first, yet they were far harder than any conventional nail. Regardless, as more and more speckles began to form they soon consumed the girl's fingers

in their entirety - replacing nail and skin alike so blood and bone were encased only by claw. Like his hair, they were excessively gaudy in design; but perhaps the strangest thing about them was how she could bend them like normal fingers despite their assumed stiffness.

Although they didn't have the *grip* of a normal pair of fingers, and so they couldn't fully grasp the Scissor Blade any longer. It fell to the ground beside the young woman, tip embedded in the ground while Ryuko didn't even feign concern that the **heavy, ugly thing** had been discarded. **If only it was something more suited to her tastes, like a spear.**

She held her hands out, palms towards her face. The claws had not gone unnoticed. **"No way! These are super cute! Geh!? No, I mean they're the best! Who cares if they aren't practical!? They're the proud claws of a dragon!"** Evidently her original personality was being drowned out, for her anger and confusion was being drowned out by newly realized enthusiasm. Her body didn't betray her though, and her eyes continued to twitch in annoyance out the things her mouth was spewing.

And what was this about a *dragon*?

Pink hair swayed back and forth, the girl fidgeting in place as she felt goosebumps run across her body. **"Now what!?"**, was a fair question, but a pulsing sensation at her bosom quickly brought claws to grope herself. It looked indecent, but that wasn't the intent behind the action. She was trying to get a feel for what was happening, and yet it was frustrating because those claws didn't have the range of touch fleshy fingers would have had. She had to rely on the touch of her palms to give her tits a squeeze, and what she found... **"I'm shrinking!? Nooooo!"**

Ryuko sounded more like a whiny brat than the young woman she was meant to be, but then again her woes correlated with this outburst in terms of age. After all, she wasn't *wrong*. As she squeezed and squeezed her bosom, she could feel its size diminishing. The strangest part about it was the level of alarm this brought her, for while large breasts were a point of pride for some, Ryuko herself had never really bothered to care. But now? It might as well have been a crime enacted on her personally as her priorities changed. Why couldn't she have a sexy body? She didn't want it to be taken away!

...But her breasts bottomed out. Senketsu remained unchanged, and because of that fact the top looked even looser than it did normally without the wearer's usual rack to keep the front bloated. Were it not enough to turn back the clock on her tits to an A-cup suggestive of the

fact that she'd merely only just begun puberty, insult to injury was inevitably piled on as her lower half followed after.

The back of Ryuko's skirt deflated with haste, her perfect cheeks (*according to Mako, anyways*) reduced to flattened hamburger buns by comparison. Like her chest it wasn't to say there wasn't anything *there*, there just wasn't much *there* there, really. Even her thighs became scrawny, their volume composed predominantly of a thin layer of fat that gave them a girl's appeal but not much more.

All in all, her figure had become one of a girl that was thirteen or fourteen, and even then one that had yet to truly develop. Paired with the several inches of height that had been shaved off of Ryuko's body in the process, and Senketsu only clung to her by the mercy of its overall straps and the fact that her shoulders hadn't narrowed so significantly that the top had really slid down. The rest was her blue and white striped panties peeking up and over the skirt, even their sizing loosely fit without the plump butt to keep them tight.

“No way, no way! I look like some little kid!” Clawed hands shook up and down as her panic manifested in her body language (*something that was certainly different from the usual Ryuko*). She didn't quite look like a child in the truest sense, but she absolutely didn't appear like an adult either. Were she given the opportunity to grow she would likely earn a rather sizable figure in the future...

...But she was doomed to remain this size for eternity.

Her head was swimming with thoughts that she knew didn't belong, but was powerless to fully resist. To calm her nerves a number of cutesy melodies had come to mind, and the girl had to force herself from humming them to stabilize her emotional palette. But music in general? It was becoming such a big part of her world, and of where her mind was wandering.

Aspirations were growing as her previous desires were thrown out the window. Avenging her father? Why would she? *She had a terrible relationship with her family!* In fact they were the reason she'd become a serial killer! Instead, she had to live out her destiny by *becoming an idol! It was the perfect role for a beautiful noblewoman such as herself!* Of course this all ran contrary to what Ryuko's image should have been, but it was becoming increasingly apparent that there wasn't much to salvage by this point.

Her facial features contorted next, any semblance of a reminder that she had once been a Japanese youth all but sapped away in favor of a natural beauty (*for her age*) that was far more European. Eyes grew big,

and bright, and blue; her nose took a sharper point, and her cheekbones and jawline became slightly more angular while not sacrificing any of her adorableness. Lips that were pinker and plumper pursed.

Discomfort grew once more, this time signaling the end of this debacle. When all was said and done Ryuko could carry on in peace - not as herself, but as the individual Nonon's special baton had cursed her with. In fact, her previous name had already escaped her memory, she just hadn't realized it because she was so focused on thinking about, well, idol things. *Cute clothes, new songs, trapping people in a room so they wouldn't run away. She was an amazing singer! People were just shy, that's all! The verbal abuse she received every time she sang was just because they were jelly of how beautiful and talented she was!*

At the base of her tailbone, just above her ass, the skin not only darkened but took on a scaly texture. At first it was difficult to tell because of this color difference, but her tailbone itself was jutting out, freed without difficulty only because of how the skirt sat lower on her with this reduced height. In a matter of moments it had shot out a few inches, the black and scaly stub dancing back and forth to the song in her heart, and that only continued until it was several feet long. Thick at the base and thinner near the tip, at the end it had split into a duo of bright pink prongs that spoke to her inhumanity.

Then there was the sides of her head. Her ears drew long into points and that in itself was astounding to bear witness to, but it was a pressure just slightly above them that stole the show. The bone of her scalp grew, bursting bloodlessly outward in a dark purple color that spiraled once before reaching to the heavens in a curved shape that ducked slightly in towards the other side of her head before pointing straight up. These *horns* glistened under the sunlight, so hard physically that not even taking a sledgehammer to them could so much as chip them.

“Huh? Huhuhuhuhuh!?! What was I doing? Where am I!?”
The young teen stood there, confused. In body, mind, and soul alike there was no longer a single part of her that resembled Ryuko Matoi. Instead there stood a girl with dragon features, a wannabe idol of Hungarian descent. The Bloody Countess, *Elizabeth Bathory*. Something about her surroundings struck her as familiar, but at the same time she felt as if she didn't belong. That was where Nonon came in.

The shorter pinkette stepped from the shadows while wearing a smile. She had hidden the baton in the dark just in case, but she needed to make sure the underlying effect of its use was in place. She'd meant to turn her classmate into a band club member, not some strange lizard person!

Actually, hadn't she heard a conspiracy theory about lizard people?

“Ah, there you are!” Nonon squeaked, acting familiar even though she wasn't sure if her words would be received that way. **“Aren't you going to be late for band practice? As a new student at Honnoji Academy, you should always strive to make a good first impression!”**

Elizabeth seemed quite stunned at these words, but her expression ultimately softened and then turned smug as pieces of her memory clicked back into place. *Right! I joined the band club because it was the closest thing to be an idol. Heheh... Once I start singing, I'm sure they'll turn the club into an Idol Club!* Still fidgeting, she grabbed what was once the Scissor Blade from the ground. It was now an ornate spear.

They would not.

“Oh, Miss Jakuzure! Right, right! I'll go on ahead then! Hahahahah!” There was totally nothing suspicious about that, right? That seemed like a totally normal way to act! But she had taken off before Nonon could even comment on the lizard girl's disheveled ensemble.

It would correct itself though. Senketsu had been silent this entire time but he hadn't been unconscious. He'd been terrified watching his friend's image distort into this, and he hadn't the foggiest clue what to do to help her. It seemed that things were already too late, so *why not be the cutest outfit he could be? ...Wait.* It was affecting him too!?

The skirt lifted up and hugged Elizabeth's waistline as she skipped towards Honnoji, said cloth lengthening and fanning out in every direction as any blue left in the Life Fiber ensemble darkened to black. This skirt had bright pink trim and a small pink diamond on every opposing ruffle (*with matching diamonds finding themselves up the sides of her bare legs in sets of four*). A ruffled, white underskirt appeared beneath the outer layer, adding frill appeal while the peak of the skirt reached for her chest.

It fit her tightly, hugging her scrawny belly and waistline snugly like a corset as more pink diamonds ran down Senketsu's front. His mind filled more and more with a desire to be adorable, this newly born need drowning out all other conscious thought and turning his mental state to the point one might expect of a regular piece of clothing, if regular clothing had any consciousness.

His eye was stretched long as it darkened to black, his top segment hardly a top any longer as it instead became three straps that attached themselves to the raised corset-slash-skirt. They covered Elizabeth's tiny breasts and what would be the cleavage line down the center, but otherwise her chest was completely bare. Short sleeves detached themselves from the body and slid down to Elizabeth's lower arms, where they became white and puffy - attached to the same collar as her chest straps with matching straps of their own. And then, as Senketsu's consciousness finally faded into a cuteness euphoria, the girl's run was altered as her footwear became heeled boots and a pair of purple ribbons appeared to give her two tiny tails in her hair.

"I have to hurry, I have to hurryyyy!" The Servant whined to herself as she fumbled in the heels momentarily, but finally reached Honnoji's front gate. As a sign of victory she kicked back one of her feet and made a peace sign over her eye. A classic idol move. **"Elizabeth Bathory, here to win everyone's hearts!"**

...Unlikely.

Back at the scene of the crime, Nonon had returned to where she had stashed the magic baton. So its powers really had been real? That was crazy! Well, even if they'd had more of an effect than she had initially expected. **"Hm... What else can I do with... HEY!? WHERE DID IT GO!?"** For the second time in the past twenty-four hours, the musician's voice reached a peak that could have shattered glass.

The magic baton had been stolen!

TO BE CONTINUED...