

RENEW YOU

MARCH 2019 REQUEST STORY

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Rikka Takarada stood with her gaze pointed skyward. How long had it been since the incident with Gridman had come to its conclusion? It had been a surreal adventure to be sure. A Hyper Agent had possessed one of her classmates, the girl she'd held such strong feelings for had turned out to be a God that had created her, and that girl had been used by an alien entity looking to bring destruction to their world. It had been a stressful romp full of love, hate, and kaiju, and at the end of it all the raven haired beauty couldn't say she hated it. There were certainly things she had hated: the killing of her classmates had been one of those things, but after learning Akane Shinjou had been suffering just as much she couldn't fully hold her responsible.

“A day just like any other, huh?” She mused with a slight smile as she turned her attention downward. She'd been staring at a vast sky that had once been possessed by numerous construction kaiju but they were gone. Everything about Akane and everything made by Akane aside from the denizens of the city themselves had disappeared along with her. That included her home, which had only been a short ways from her own. That

was what she looked at now: the rubble of that building. Akane probably didn't want to leave anything that would bring about mixed feelings for those that knew the truth.

“I wish she'd thought about *my* feelings a little though.” Rikka shoved her hands in her pockets and headed towards the rubble. The space had been closed off with yellow tape to protect stragglers from danger, but the high school girl didn't mind. As far as she saw it the Akane that had left on that day wasn't the type of girl that would leave anything behind to cause harm to anyone. She'd seemed perfectly intent on repenting for her past mistakes.

She slipped between pieces of tape and planted her feet firmly on a piece of concrete that had likely served as one part of the building's wall at one point. Her goal? She wanted to see if she could find anything to remember their God by. She had plenty of memories of course, but sometimes those just weren't enough. If she could recall, Akane had a number of kaiju models in her bedroom. She was hoping to fish a few of those out.

Dark hair danced with the breeze as she boldly hopped over to another rock, and then another. Occasionally she'd crouch and move some of the stones all around her, but her digging was often fruitless. Had Akane really removed that much of herself? Just like that?

It was when she was crouched that she noticed something in the corner of her eye. A looming presence that towered over her like a monster. No, she'd seen enough of them to know it was a monster. **“*Kaiju!?*”**, she shouted to herself as she shot straightened her back to get a better look, but violet blue eyes saw nothing in the endless sky. Had she been seeing things?

“Made you look.” A voice whispered in her ear before a powerful force shoved her from behind. Feet slipped off the ground and she fell head first towards the debris, eyes wide as she did her best to process the voice she'd heard. There's no way it could be him? *Alexis Kerib!*

Rikka winced, accepting that her head was about to smash against solid concrete from the fall. But it didn't. The sound of plastic ruffled as her face collided with something soft and her body went limp against similar feeling cushions. No, not cushions. Garbage bags. She pushed her palms into bags on either side of her and raised herself up off of them, head swaying side to side to meet shelves upon shelves of kaiju models. This was Akane's room, wasn't it? Completely restored.

“Gridman made a mistake.” The deep voice of a male taunted, though Rikka couldn't see where it was coming from even as she looked around frantically. They'd worked so hard to rid the world of Alexis Kerib, but he was still alive!? **“He thought by ridding me of Akane Shinjou that I wouldn't be able to continue my plans. But there will always been a steady stream of Akanes as long as she left a mark in this world, isn't that right, Rikka Takarada!?”**

“You're wrong. Akane isn't here!” Rikka bit back, her words echoing in the tiny room filled to the brim with garbage bags.

“Oh? I suppose that's right. For now. But your feelings for her were strongest, weren't they? I think you'll make a fine replacement.”

“I already know your tricks, Alexis. You won't be able to use me.”

“Of course you do. But there are ways to fix that as well. *INSTANCE ABBREACTION!*” A brilliant light suddenly shone from the PC sitting at the head of the room, a pair of broken glasses beside its keyboard. It was a light Rikka had no choice but to bask in, and it was a light she'd seen before. Alexis had used that power to turn Akane into a kaiju in the past, so was that now her fate? But nothing happened.

At least, she didn't *fee*/like she was becoming a kaiju. She didn't really have a point to base what a transformation like that would even feel like

either, maybe it felt like nothing at all? No... Akane's reaction back then suggested it was *very* painful.

LOSER!

Someone jeered loudly, but there was no one in the room with her short of the computer Rikka assumed was housing Alexis at the time, its faint glow still the ominous, sole source of light in the room.

**NERD! SHUT IN! WHY DON'T YOU JUST
DIE!?**

The voice boomed again, this time making Rikka wince from its intensity. The more she heard of it the more she was becoming sure that no one was actually yelling at her. It was a voice in her mind. The things said, cruel as they were, reminded her of the truth Akane had left her with before she'd returned to her own world. That because she was different she'd been harassed and bullied to the point that she couldn't take it anymore. Some of the things she'd mentioned were said were of a similar nature to these.

The voice continued, eventually joined by a chorus of others. Cool-headed as Rikka usually was, the sheer number was becoming overwhelming and diminishing her posture as she crumpled away from the mental pressure of it all. Thick thighs eventually rested themselves against the garbage bag behind her, a soft crumple indicating she was now sitting.

Was this what Akane had been enduring alone all of that time? Maybe she was still enduring it now. Being different wasn't any reason to be bullied like this. It made her mad, but also despair in how little she could do about it.

Of course she couldn't notice that the voices building her head weren't the sole effect of the Instance Abbreaction.

Toes wiggled uncomfortably within her brown, uniform shoes as their sheen shifted outwardly to black and they became ever so smaller, forcing the size of her feet to accommodate in kind. The toes of her pink socks darkened considerably until they were ashen in color, and that darkness continued up their length until they reached the ankles where they stopped. Or should have stopped. As Rikka shook her head to try and dispel the onslaught of hatred she was enduring, the material of her socks began to stretch upward. The socks had been relatively thick, but they grew thinner and thinner as the material was pulled up towards her thighs, its new ashy tones becoming almost silken as they reached past her shins and pulled her toes back before more slack was given.

Fully blown leggings were pressing up the length of each leg with haste, and in their wake the size of her legs were shrinking. Not in the sense that she was getting shorter, but rather the thickness was being trimmed. After passing the knees, her lower legs were practically half the width they'd held before, and it continued upward towards her thighs.

If Rikka Takarada has an appeal point to speak of, it would be her thighs. They were thick and pleasingly so, shaping out a butt that was just as enticing. For a girl that didn't have much in the way of a bust it was rather enticing, but Rikka herself didn't look at her body as 'hot or not'. Really, she didn't care about that kind of stuff. The rising leggings sought to rip this charm point away from her however, as when its material struggled to enshrine thickset flesh that muffin-ed over the encroaching edges, pressure forcing their girth to conform to the desired, reduced size. The thighs that remained might as well have been pencils in comparison to their previous appearance, leggings quickly shifting into full-on tights as Rikka's seat on the garbage can sunk in slight. The material had wrapped around her pelvis and butt, warping panties below into black lace while robbing

volume from each cheek. Her butt was still well defined, but more in the sense that it served such a contrast to how thin her thighs were.

Her pleated skirt remained largely the same, perhaps losing an inch or two in its length as changes swept upward. **“Akane isn’t a loser…”**, she murmured to herself with hands still clutching her skull. The voices gave her no quarter, and Rikka hadn’t take note of the fact that new memories were being slipped into her mind in the background. A world that was familiar yet not, parents that didn’t care much about her, people that continuously shunned her. The things being said were beginning to match up with her own memories, and Rikka was powerless to fight against them.

Eyes closed, there was a desire that began to burn more brightly. The desire to run, to hide. Those eyes shot open, their blues now a bright pink that danced around the room. She took in the shelves around her, the carefully crafted kaiju figures, the garbage bags. Any anxiety she felt was eased by this sights, as if ‘I need to run away’ had turned into ‘I’ve successfully run away’.

“Hoo? But what are you running away from?” As if he was reading her mind, Alexis’ voice spoke up once more.

“You!” Rikka spat back shrilly, her usual calm diminished and replaced with an anger that boiled over from internal frustration. Her rebuttal was met only with laughter from the alien, who’d seemed to only want to poke the beehive.

The changes continued upward, very little happening to the buttoned-up blouse beneath her sweater while *everything* happened to the outer layer. Rikka usually left the bottom two buttons of her sweater undone, yet they wiggled close together as hard plastic began to line the entire length of the the hem between the buttons. Both sides clicked together at the bottom into a zipper as light purple, then dark purple washed through the cream of the sweater’s material. It was usually a snug fit, but as the purple moved

skyward and the buttons refit themselves to become pieces of the zipper, it became increasingly baggier. A hood grew from the back, displacing long locks of raven, and the pink ribbon around her neck became larger and a purple that matched her new jacket.

Rikka's bra was as simple as her panties were, supporting tiny breasts with generic white cups that no one in their right mind would consider sexy. But that changed. Black washed through the white as lace lined its edge, a tiny black bow forming on the bridge in the front. Pressure built against this new bra as erect nipples dug into the supports, bulging fat relocated from her thighs pressing up against the bra and resizing it to fit appropriately in its new form. One of the buttons of Rikka's blouse popped open, cleavage made even more visible as each boob was shaped into an enviable pair. Because that was what was popular, wasn't it?

Idly, she did up her button, blouse curiously fitting properly now that the changes had finished. *'If I'm a loser I just need to become someone who isn't'*. A thought that had nagged at the back of her mind suddenly jumped to the forefront, practically silencing the voices that had been yelling at her all at once. Rikka allowed herself to fall back against the garbage bags, unbeknownst to her that the tops of her hair had spin into a bright lilac that seemed to pull inward, or that her cheeks had grown rounded and nose more petite as what was left of Rikka Takarada physically was ultimately erased.

“In my perfect world I'll be perfect. Anyone who crosses me will…”

People crossed Rikka all the time. It was a part of being human, after all. People didn't get along. You either forgave, or you forgot. Or you *eliminated* them. A sick smile danced across her lips along with a waif-ish cackle that no longer suited the voice of Rikka Takarada. Vibrant hues stared up at the ceiling. **“Alexis… I'm tired of being pushed around.”**

“I know you are!” The girl laying in a pile of garbage was Akane Shinjou to a T. Even the way she was speaking now was reminiscent of the God that had left this world. **“But what are you going to do about it!?”**

Nothing. A part of her screamed out: nothing! But it was a quiet voice fighting against a familiar typhoon. The Rikka of old had become dwarfed by a will far more powerful than her own, one that had suffered and grieved and no longer cared about the well being of anyone other than herself. It was a will that wanted to be popular, to be loved. To be beautiful, to be sexy. To be desired, to be pampered. And those desires, that will... was her own. **“A kaiju. I’m going to create another Kaiju.”**

“I see! A grand idea! But you know, you were acting a little funnier earlier. How do I know you’re real?” Alexis’ voice mocked. **“What’s your name?”**

“Hah! That’s a bad joke, Alexis.” The pitch of her voice lowered to something more menacing. **“I’m Akane Shinjou, the God of this world.”**

“FANTASTIC!”