

# GYARU HOUSE

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For Bernadetta von Varley, her room was the only thing that brought her comfort. Hailing from an upbringing that abusive and cruel, the young woman had learned to fear the world outside of familiar walls. Anything and everything beyond could hurt her, whether they intended to or not – and even if it *wasn't* intentional, she surely would have assumed it was because that's what her brain was wired to think.

The threats beyond were numerous. Bandits that preyed upon weak-minded nobles like herself were certainly at the forefront of concerns. But what if she was attacked by a wild animal? What if she fell down a hill? What if she tripped over a tiny stick and scraped her knee? While some of these possibilities were more serious than the others, in Bernadetta's mind they were all equally terrible outcomes.

It was an unhealthy aversion to society that was blatantly obvious to all of her peers at Garreg Mach. So *much* so that to the houses other than her own, she was almost like a myth or a ghost story. 'The Girl Who Never Steps Outside' is what some referred to her as, as if she was an urban legend.

But while some saw her as a joke or a story to tell, the leader of the Black Eagles house saw it differently. Edelgard von Hresvelg had taken note of Bernadetta's behavior, as well as how it affected the house's reputation. While she would hide behind excuses like these, though? The truth was that Edelgard was honestly worried about the von Varley girl's health. To those ends she had begun making attempts to get her to venture outdoors.

Or, well, aside from when she was forced out by Garreg Mach's soldiers for their monthly mission.

Regardless of what she tried though she couldn't seem to get her outside using conventional means. And before long? Edelgard ultimately ended up resorting to something a little less standard. If she couldn't get through to her subtly, why not elect for something a little more... *direct*? Well, in the sense that she would *directly* alleviate with a bit of magic. Perhaps it was a little nefarious, but it was for a good cause!

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From Bernadetta von Varley's perspective, she had begrudgingly woken up to yet another miserable day. As always she planned on locking herself up within her dorm room, talking to and taking care of solely the plants she had in her care while perhaps trying her hand at some art, utterly undisturbed despite the fact that she *really* should have been going to classes. She hid under her covers as long as she could before emerging.

But when she did? Her anxiety immediately peaked. **“Wh-What!? Where is... this? Where am I!?”** She hadn't woken up in the room that was familiar to her, but instead a bedroom that was unlike anything she had ever seen before. Based on the pink wallpaper it was certainly a young woman's room, and while the furniture was all vaguely familiar in the sense she could tell what it *was*, she had never seen it modeled in such sleek fashions before.

Light filtered in from a nearby window, one covered with slitted white bars that appeared to be mostly closed. And the bed she had awoken in was a little too gaudy for her. What were with the hot pink, silk sheets!? What Bernadetta didn't realize was that she had fallen victim to a miscast spell on the part of her house leader. Whoops.

She pulled herself out of bed hesitantly, but upon doing so she realized she was *not* wearing the pajamas that she had gone to bed wearing. Instead she was wearing a pleated, dark grey skirt that fell to her ankles along with a button up, white shirt that was way too big for her. She didn't need to check to tell, but she absolutely *wasn't* wearing any underwear. **“Wh-What the...?”**

Never in her life had Bernadetta seen clothes like these, but the fact that they didn't fit at all didn't acclimate her to them very well either. Who

wore clothes like these to bed? No one probably should have. Well, unless they had just collapsed after a long night of... *something*. Which she would eventually come to understand to be the case.

Now that she was standing, the teen wasn't exactly sure what to do. Should she fetch help? Who could help her? The more she saw of the room, the more certain she was that she was somewhere *weird*. That said, if she really wanted to see something weird, then it would have served her better to look in a *mirror*.

Because the short and messy purple hair that was so standard of her appearance? It had begun to appear gradually *less* so. The tips of it had begun to lighten no sooner than she had woken up, and by the time she had stood up? It had seeped all of the way into her roots with a sandy blonde color that just didn't look *right* upon her visage. Something about this color didn't quite seem *authentic*, though. Had it been dyed? In fact, Bernie's natural hair color underneath that dye was now *black*.

Whatever had prompted this change, it didn't appear to be content with merely changing her hair's *color*, however. Strands snaked longer, but they also straightened and softened. Before long there was the light hint of a strawberry scent dancing off of them, but also sweat for some reason. Almost like she had been engaged in some *very* strenuous physical activities. By the time this process was finished? It dangled just past her shoulders.

Bernadetta herself, seemingly, had not taken notice of this though. With her hands balled up before her chest, she still passively looked about as she tried to figure out what to do about her circumstances. Which, really, just afforded her transformation the time to continue to wreak havoc beyond her notice. Although to be fair, some of it wasn't exactly composed of the kinds of changes that were easily noticed.

Like, for example, the girl's facial structure of all things. She already had a fairly round face, but under the sunlight filtering through the window it almost looked fuller. Not in the sense that she was chubbier, but perhaps more like her face's overall design held a rounder shape to it than it had before. This was accompanied by lips that not only seemed fuller but had a pink gloss of some fashion spread atop them, as well as a nose that wasn't quite as angular as it had been before.

Much more astounding, though, were Bernie's *eyes*. By the standards of the world she had unknowingly been transported, their usual design would have readily deemed her as a young woman of Caucasian descent. And yet? As the corners of those eyes pinched inwards, that perception would change. The purple of her irises changed in tandem, lightening to a brown just a little darker than her hair. And when all was said and

done? Once again according to this world, she would easily been understood as a Japanese *teenager*.

In a change that wasn't even physical, she had even begun to think in that language as if she had been born and raised surrounded by it. While she hadn't noticed she couldn't read the words on the posters in the room at first, now she could do so with no issue whatsoever. "**Like, what am I gonna do? I totes don't know...**" Even if you wrote off the fact that she was now speaking in fluent Japanese, the airy and casual choice of slang could also be seen as a problem. A problem that didn't even click with the speaker.

In fact, just as her vernacular had been changing, so too had Bernadetta's body language. While it had been more closed off before, now she had placed a hand on one of her hips. One that thankfully helped pin her skirt, which was still a touch too big for the breadth of her hips. Not that it would be necessary for that touch to keep it in place for long.

"**Nani!?**" From Bernadetta's perspective, she couldn't quite figure out what was going on. All she knew was that she'd stumbled forward for a moment, her knees buckling inwards towards each other. While she felt like she had just lost her balance, in truth the cause had been something a little more dramatic. A tugging sensation had yanked at her hips, parting them wider and spreading her gait so that the skirt sat neatly upon them.

Were that all, however, her skirt would have still sat there rather loosely. The width of her hips *had* at least pulled it up so that it was covering all but the base of her thighs, but the bottom hem ultimately inched higher and higher because, well, quite frankly? There was an increasing amount of flesh for them to cover. Her thighs themselves were part of this, bloating gradually so that they were plucky, round, and appealing.

But Bernie's ass was actually the greater cause, and this wasn't lost on anyone by looking at it. Cheeks that had once been almost tragically lackluster had instead engorged so that they were practically plush pillows by contrast, lifting her skirt up to the peaks of her thighs. The pubes of her bush within darkened to black, but they were also shaved into a heart shape about a pussy that showed signs of far more use in the sexual sense than Bernadetta ever had.

That is, to say, her virginity had been lost.

This sudden show of flesh should naturally have brought Bernie some shame, but instead? Looking down, she found herself rubbing her exposed thighs as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "**Mm,**

**I'm feelin' a little sleepy, but also a little...**” Where *had* this fatigue come from? If anything, it felt like she had just woken up after only two hours. Even though she should have gotten a full night of sleep. Everything she could think of just seemed... dirty? For a girl who had technically never fucked in her life, she sure seemed to be thinking a lot about having a dick shoved between her thick, sexy thighs.

But the fatigue won out of her growing horniness. Well, that, and something else took her attention away from her pussy. The fact that she felt rather *warm* around her chest. Not simply warm, but was there a little pressure as well? Her breasts felt *full* and *sensitive*. And following that trend? They soon became both of those things.

“*Oh~!*” Without even thinking, she licked her strawberry painted lips and let loose a moan, a feeling within prompting her to arch her back backwards just in time for the culmination of these feelings to spring to life. Her nipples swelled as big as her eyes, and from there on? So too did the weight of her chest increase. Little by little they pushed forward, ultimately reaching D-cups and then pushing even *further* beyond – double that size, in fact.

Their sheer heft lifted the oversized button-up shirt, fulling justifying its low neckline once her cleavage had deepened to an imposing abundance. A mole appeared on the inner left tit, but rather than take away from the charm of her breasts, it instead added to it. She began to lift those tits and drop them with a few giggles, at least until she wondered why she had become so amused with her magnificently majestic milkers.

It was at this point that some lesser changed became clear. The long, stick-on pink extensions on her nails, for one. Her fingers were certainly longer. Better for grasping things. Or stroking them. Or fingering them. You know, whatever she was in the mood for? While her hair was pulled up into twintails by beaded hairties.

A room that had, at first, appeared to unfamiliar and scary to the teen was now not only wholly familiar, but she also could tell what was in each of the draws as well as within the closet with a single glance – or at least she had a pretty good idea. This was because she knew it as *her* bedroom. One she had woken up in every day here in Tokyo.



For she was not only an eighteen year old Japanese woman, but she was also an *incredibly* bold and fashionable *gyaru*.

Gone was the Bernadetta who cowered at the very thought of a social interaction, and in her place was a woman who saw no wrong in flaunting, fucking, and making sure she went outside to do just that. In fact, these were among *Mikoto Sakura*'s favorite things to do! But she wasn't without complaints. **“Ugh, why'd I get up and get ready so early. It's like friggin' 7am!”**

Being a high school dropout, she *wasn't* an early riser. She stayed up late every night, often heading out to office parties for jobs she didn't work for, hoping to catch someone hot looking for a good fuck. So she didn't normally get up early, and once the fatigue hit her? She flopped back onto her bed, where her huge tits jiggled about from the impact. Mikoto *did* roll over once or twice, but her breasts were so huge that they almost knocked some of her accessories off her nightstand.

**“Laaaame”**, she yawned. **“Maybe I'll just... go back to bed...”** Messily throwing her arms about, the gyaru closed her eyes and eventually nodded off. She'd be up sometime in the afternoon when she'd take a shower and hit the busy downtown to try and catch some horny looks. Until then, though? It was sleep city!