

# BODY JACK-ED

NOVEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I said I ain’t wearing these things!”**

**“Then are you going to go commando, Ryuko?”**

***“Hell no!”***

It wasn’t unusual for Ryuko Matoi and her Kamui friend, Senketsu, to get into the odd spat now and again. The woman was stubborn and occasionally crude, and Senketsu? He was something of a father figure in how he treated Ryuko.

The spat on this occasion was over the girl’s *laundry* of all things. The Mankanshoku family had so graciously taken all of her laundry the night before for cleaning, but morning had rolled around and nothing had been returned. She washed Senketsu by hand so all in all it wasn’t that much of a problem, but... her *underwear* was. She could go a day without a bra if need be, but panties? It was absolutely non-negotiable.

So Mako had offered her a temporary pair before running ahead to school, but Ryuko wasn’t having it. **“Look at ‘em! They’re black, and what’s with those white triangles in the front? Plus the straps are way too tight! They’re not gonna fit me properly, Senketsu!”** Holding them out with her two thumbs, it was evident that this was true. Senketsu’s own eye could confirm as much, but...

**“Do you really have a choice here? Just wear them and stop in at a store on the way to campus.”** He was the voice of reason as always, and Ryuko immediately backed down with a groan. She knew he

was right, and arguing about it any further would just end in her getting talked down to like some kind of child.

But there was another reason she was so hesitant to wear this pair of underwear: *Mako couldn't remember where they'd come from.*

What if someone else had worn them? What if they hadn't been washed? But Senketsu was right, she really didn't have any other choice at the present. And so, with yet another defeated sigh, she pulled the undergarments up and over both legs, allowing the elastic bands to rest on her hips. Or so she'd tried to, but they passively just slid down against her thighs. **"Knew it, they don't fit properly."** Running was probably a bad idea while wearing this thing unless she *wanted* the bands to snap.

**"It's still better than nothing. Let's go, there's a shop halfway up the hill isn't there?"** Senketsu would do his best to keep his skirt flipped down in case any ill winds threatened to reveal these panties to an unsuspecting audience. At least until Ryuko had something else to wear.

Ryuko threw her hands behind her head. **"Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say, *mommy*."** The duo froze, an awkward silence immediately filling the air. Senketsu wondered if perhaps Ryuko had called her that as a joke, a dig at his parent-like personality. But Ryuko? She hadn't meant to say that. It had just slipped out, and she wasn't sure why. **"Er..."** If she was trying to make fun of how Senketsu acted like a parent, why call him mommy?

Dad, father, daddy -- any of those options would have been significantly better than what she'd blurted out. **"Sorry, *we* didn't mean to say that."** Again? She had said something strange *again*? Why did she speak with plurality? She was only a single person! **"That's weird. Why did *we* say that-- URK!? Again!? Senketsu, something is happening to *us*!"** Ryuko absolutely, positively could not refer to herself as a singular entity regardless of how hard she tried.

**"Calm down Ryuko. You're just talking strangely."** Senketsu was trying to remain measured, but he didn't exactly trust himself here either. He could hear it, even if it was subtle. Ryuko's voice was changing little by little. It was getting higher, always peaking when the girl referred to herself before flattening out again. His eye peeked up at her face. Yeah, she was distraught. She could likely sense things he couldn't at that moment.

And she certainly could. The girl felt cold, so much that she was beginning to shake without cause. Her body temperature hadn't actually

dropped at all, it was more of a side effect of what was happening that toyed with her senses. “**Mommy, I’m scared...**” Eyes wide, pupils dilated, once again referring to her Kamui with that ill-fitting title without intending to. Ryuko was a strong-willed young woman, but at the same time whatever was playing at her personality right now seemed to be far more potent of a presence.

A ghostly white had begun to run through the girl’s head of dark hair. Starting at the tips, it bleed deep towards her roots while pulling the lengths in tighter towards her scalp. This hair was soft but unkempt, layers of dirty and oil spreading across its body to create the obvious impression that whomever it belonged to didn’t bath very often - be it by choice or no. The style ended up as a much shorter, chin-length bob that fluttered out slightly to the side. Almost all of it changed except one spot in particular: the strain of bangs that remained a bright crimson. It would remain an indicator. As long as it remained red, one could be sure Ryuko was still somewhat in control.

“**Ryuko... Your hair.**” Senketsu was able to observe this change, and in doing so he also witnessed a series of indentations that were cutting painlessly into his human friend’s face. *Scars*. One across her right cheek with supposed stitching, and another vertically down her left eye. It looked like she had been slashed at some point even though that wasn’t true. Ryuko had an amazing healing ability anyways. “**Your face too.**” By the time she had blinked her eyes had already turned a bright green, but what was more alarming was the fact that they hardly looked shaped like a Japanese woman’s eyes might. They instead looked quite Caucasian, essentially European.

But having things that were strange pointed out to her didn’t fix Ryuko’s mood at all. In fact it might have exasperating the issues she was *already* facing mentally. Quivering hands reached up to touch oily hair and graze the indentations on her face. “**What...? H-How the hell!? What is doing this to us!?**” Once against her voice squeaked, and made apparent to the both of them soon after was the fact that she would regress into that pitch like a girl growing into a dress.

Quite simply: Ryuko began to plummet. She was shrinking, and there was nothing that could be done about it. “**O-Oi, Ryuko!**” Senketsu called out, the girl in the meantime reaching wherever she could to try and prevent the Kamui from falling off of her. It was difficult though. While her reaction time had almost seemingly improved, focus was the issue.

What she was fighting with, and what she couldn’t communicate to Senketsu, was that her mind was swimming. It were as if one million voices were calling out to her at once, each one equally infantile and

needy as the last. They called for their mother, for a warm embrace, for food. They were overpowering, and Ryuko feared that before long if she wasn't simply influenced by these voices, she would be left as merely one of the voices among the sea on consciousness that was forming. Her mind's insistence on speaking with plurality was *already* a side effect of this.

What became rather evident quite quickly was the fact that Ryuko's loss of height was not a consistent ordeal. She wasn't retaining her current proportions but getting smaller, but rather her body was regressing inward at the same pace it was collapsing. This was caused by what Senketsu could read by looking at the girl's face: she was *rapidly* getting younger. Those cheeks of hers had already become pleasantly plump with a youthful chunkiness, and there was no real sexual appeal to her facial features otherwise when she had arguably been one hell of a looker before (*Mako certainly would have argued as much*).

Try as she might to keep Senketsu from falling off though, there was only so much that could be done with such significant collapse. Senketsu's neckline inevitably slid down Ryuko's right shoulder, revealing that a purple, diamond-shaped tattoo had been inscribed upon her skin there in the process. The girl did her best to prevent tragedy and bent her arms upward to stop the sleeves from coming off, but that instead created further issue.

***"M-Mommy! We can't stop it!"*** Her voice had completely turned now, the panic it was vocalizing clearer than it ever had been. With her hands help upwards, they were slowly becoming consumed by the sleeves while the red glove that was so integral it activating Senketsu on her left hand began to flop and slide forward. The girl's fingers had shrunk to almost half of their original lengths, no lengthy fingernails or anything of the sort to decorate them. Instead there was only scar after scar, indicative of plenty of knife play attempts that might have gone a little backwards. And then? The glove finally hit the ground. ***"Uwah!"***

Senketsu didn't know what to do here. She looked like Ryuko less and less, and was acting like Ryuko less and less as well. The girl was already half the size she should have been, body now so short that the skirt had fallen past her hips and dangled at her knees with naught but the belts connecting it to Senketsu's top to prevent it from hitting the ground.

With more of her skin exposed it was easy to see just how cut up her body was. Scars were etched in left and right, across every surface on her body. The only thing that wasn't dangling attire wise was the panties Mako had gifted Ryuko as a temporary fix. They actually seemed to fit perfectly, masking the essentials as they were strung across hips that seemed far too wide for a girl of Ryuko's new, apparent age. ***"Wait..."***

This had all happened right after Ryuko had put those panties on, and now they were the only thing that fit perfectly. He wasn't the type to believe in things like curses, but was there any other explanation for what was happening here? Perhaps nanomachines, but in all likelihood they would have deactivated him were *that* the case. **“Ryuko! Take off your panties!”** He immediately showed a bright crimson blush though, realizing he'd just asked a girl that looked to be under ten to strip, essentially.

Thankfully, or perhaps horrifyingly, the command only seemed to confuse the one wearing him. **“Huh? Who are you? Haha! These clothes are talking to us!”** *Crap.* Had her memory gone? Not quite. Ryuko was still holding on, just barely. But everything was drowning out her ability to think properly. Complicated thoughts had become difficult to process, the lens she now saw the world through increasingly *childlike*. She stumbled forward, and in doing so bare feet spilled out of her shoes and onto the wooden floor. It was clearly little to nothing fit any longer.

The child tilted her head to the side as she stared down at Senketsu. All that remained of Ryuko now, largely, was the red streak in her hair. Her adult figure had all but faded away, leaving a paltry chest but *questionable* lower half. Again, should a child have had hips this wide? What about a rear that was so *pronounced*? The fact that the only thing covering them was those panties certainly didn't help things. He could tell that Ryuko's body had become filthy. She smelled as if she had just come off the street, like she hadn't taken a bath in days, maybe weeks.

*‘Wait, isn't this... Um... We know him! The clothes! He's...!’* Ryuko was internally fighting to remember not only Senketsu's identity but literally anything of import. The voices were still wildly chanting for food and affection, but among the voices there were plenty that were much more *disturbing*. They called for stabbing, for murder, for a hatred of adults. *‘Um... But who are we?’* These voices grew more intense. They yelled, and Ryuko's personality was irreversibly corrupted. She couldn't even remember trying to remember anything. All of the voices, at that moment?

*They all just felt at peace with one another.*

By the time it was complete, she was only 134cm tall. Senketsu's skirt basically grazed the ground. And finally? The crimson was slurped up by snow white, leaving a wide-eyed child that had collapsed onto spread knees on the Mankanshoku floor with Senketsu. **“You... What's your name?”** He feared the worst case now. If she couldn't remember--

**“We’re Jack!”** *If she couldn’t remember her name*, then this situation might have gotten a lot messier. Apparently the worst case had come true. **“Are you going to feed us, mommy!? You’re really warm, mommy! It’s like wearing your womb!”** What an incredibly unsettling thing to say. Senketsu didn’t have a womb, but he certainly knew they weren’t to be crawled up inside.

He only had one option here. For now, he had to take care of her.

**“I’m Senketsu. Let’s get you to the bath and then we can get you some food, but after that I need you to take us somewhere.”** Were this girl still Ryuko she would have hated this idea, but it was their only option.

They needed to go to Satsuki Kiryuin for help.

**“Yay! We get food! Thanks, mommy!”**

How on Earth was he going to get this kid to explain the circumstances though?