

# HOPE'S LITTLE SIS

## AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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Dystopia. A society of suffering, a society of injustice. Namine had never truly beheld such a society with her own two eyes. Nobody or no, her role in the plans of the Organization back in the day had seen her trapped. She wasn't permitted to leave no explore, not without a handler at any rate, and so up until the moment she'd come together with Kairi she'd never seen much of anything.

But they were separate again. A miracle to beheld, but Namine felt she had debts to repay. So when she was asked to accompany Kairi to a world where both Aqua and Ventus had seemingly disappeared she'd jumped at the opportunity. Told to remain on the Gummi ship, curiosity had ultimately gotten the better of her and she'd slipped down to the ground.

Namine didn't realize it, but she hadn't arrived in the same place her counterpart had. While Kairi had appeared within the boundaries of a school building, she'd appeared in a locale where the school building was overseen. A structure of at least twenty stories towering high into the sky.

Perhaps it had once been a complex of business, and yet it definitely appeared to have seen better days. It was late night and yet the only light in the city below was born of flames, easily visible through windows that had been cracked and smashed into obscurity. The scent of ash hung heavily in the air as well. Despite not knowing Kairi had arrived in the school building below, she had confirmation of the fact thanks to a small radar she'd been given by Master Cid in secret.

**"If anything happens to young Kairi, this will guide you to her."**

Or so he'd said. It seemed to be working properly, a red dot bleeping on its rounded display in the direction of the lower building. It was just a matter of getting down to the bottom floor.

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Stairs after stairs led Namine deeper and deeper towards the office building's bottom floor, terrain much more difficult to traverse thanks to how much damage had been done to the building. The girl clad in white couldn't imagine what kinds of circumstances must have led to such a deterioration of society, and from time to time she'd see stains on the floor or wall that resembled human blood. She didn't want to think about that and instead pushed forward. There were no Heartless here, but could there have been something more dangerous?

Eventually her journey found a snag: part of the only staircase she could find going down had caved in, the only route left to her through a door that lead to what looked like might have been a lounge. Shattered monitors lined the walls, a water cooler containing green liquid menacingly in the corner alongside some couches. But there was an oddity in this room, a device that stood out against the backdrop not because of its location but because of how it seemed untouched by the damage all around. In pristine condition was a megaphone, no dust collected atop it to suggest an extended stay.

**"Hello? Did someone leave their megaphone out here?"** Considering the circumstances her first thought was naturally that someone else was in the room with her, or at least stopped on by very recently. But Namine soon noted an absence of footprints, something she'd been leaving behind in the dust the entire time.

Her own fingers traced the object with no one raising their voice to make a claim. It seemed suspicious and yet she couldn't deny it might also be a lead. If someone had planted this here that meant there was an exit, right? But when she touched it she was exhilarated by an electric shock that danced between the megaphone and her fingertips... or so she thought. It wasn't electricity exactly, but a shock of futuristic technology that had leaped to her body and begun its work. Outsiders would be assimilated.

Just as Aqua was. Just as Ventus was. Just as Kairi was at the exact same moment.

Kairi and Namine had shared a very intimate relationship over the course of their existences. Not intimate in the romantic sense of course, but in the sense that their fates had been so fiercely intertwined. One could say that they were almost like siblings, and were that not literal before it soon would ascend to that definition.

While looking at where she'd felt the pinch on her finger to check for any damage to her skin, Namine felt the first of the changes begin to set in. It would also, at least in terms of her body's design, be the most substantial. Her dress began to feel tight, placing difficulty on each breath as the area around her bosom seemed to be the most obvious culprit.

Tightness born of modest breasts substantiating their existence continued to plague the ex-Nobody, the girl in question forced to place the Kairi Tracker™ on the table beside the megaphone as pale fingertips traced the bust of her chest. Humble as her size normally was, the bra beneath hadn't been excessive for her design and yet she could feel the wires that held its shape beginning to cut into the skin of her chest.

The cleavage revealed by her white dress' low cut soon opened with broadening definition, spaghetti straps strained against her shoulder as the dress itself was pulled up and down towards her surging tits. Their roundness became more clearly defined as a yip of surprise accompanied the feeling of her brassiere finally snapping off on the back, tears in the cut of the dress beginning to show off more and more of a pair of mammaries that struggled to stay hidden, flesh surging up and over the hem and pressing the loosened bra into the dress' front.

**"What's... My chest...?"** Namine could do little but gasp her words out, the restriction place on her lungs from the combination of her small dress and abundant bosom making breathing quite difficult. It reached the point that she was forced to hook a finger into the part of her dress that had ripped and pull down, spilling open the front of the cloth that saw her bra fall to the ground and tits bounce into the open.

They'd fortunately ceased their growth, but Namine's face was struck with crimson as dark nipples stood erect against a pair of mounds that were uncharacteristically larger than those of which she was accustomed. She couldn't help but cup them, unsure of their weight and confused by their ascension. **"And they feel so good..."** But she was careful not to get caught up in an arousal she'd never felt before, if only because her mind had been forced to wander elsewhere.

The tear down the dress' center grew deeper on its own, rapidly approaching the bottom of the skirt as new strain pulled the halves apart. It was a new focus in her hips and thighs, legs growing farther apart as the gait of her hips showed new breadth. Her ass was barely hidden by the bottom of the dress after it had been pulled upwards by her dress, yet now almost like a memory foam mattress her cheeks began to rise against the cloth, curvature more defined beneath the skirt with every passing moment until a small rip tore at the skirt's bottom as well.

But that rip mattered little in the end as the dress finally opened up at the front in its entirety, pure white panties the only garment left to cover her while even they struggled to do just that. With the bigger ass they'd slid down and over her rump, and in the front they'd begun to dig in as the mass of her thighs grew more prominent. **"This isn't me..."** She could only murmur as the scraps of her dress fell to the ground, their shapes becoming new unbeknownst to Namine in the process. They pooled together and began to resemble something like a school uniform.

Her tummy a bit thicker as well, it was clear Namine had merely become a girl around the same age as herself with a thicker, more promiscuous figure. The light

blonde strands of hair across her arms, few as they were, had grown darker in predation of those atop her head. Brows went the same way as the changes began to skulk across her less obvious features. One strand of blonde atop her head turned dark brown, and then like wildfire it spread across the entire mass. As if cut in a singular motion by a blade, blonde tips fell from her shoulders to leave the cut short aside from a single piece of hair on top that seemed to grow longer, becoming a greenish-brown ahoge.

**"Who...? Why...?"** Uncertainty plagued Namine as she wobbled too and fro in only her panties. A twitch of one eye saw the color lighten from blue to bright green and their shape narrow, another twitch in the other eye doing the same. Lips turned thicker, their texture more chapped, and her complexion less healthy overall as an existential crisis ensued in her mind.

Her name was gone. It was like it had been erased. History? Gone. Motivations? That was all she seemed to have. She was here looking for someone. A friend? No, she felt like the person was almost a sibling. Almost? Actually wasn't that exactly it? She'd been looking for family! A sister? No, she didn't have one of those. A brother? Yes! A brother! He'd been trapped in that school below, and armed with her trusty megaphone she'd come here to save him!

**"BUT WHY AM I NAKED!?"** Green eyes glanced down and this question was screamed in alarm. Then memories flooded in. Of staying the night in this building as to avoid any of the dangers on the street, of how she could only sleep in the nude, of how she'd thought about Fukawa as she drifted off. Oh. She'd done something pretty nasty hadn't she?

But both her brother and her beloved Fukawa were trapped in Hope's Peak! She was definitely going to save them! Somehow. *Probably*. Once she got changed at least.