

CHUUNIWEEN

OCTOBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kyon was tired. But that seemed to have become his constant mood ever since he'd first befriended Haruhi Suzumiya, the girl that was unknowingly a God with reality-bending abilities. Her antics were bad enough on their own, but the second you threw in those powers that bent reality to its knees if she desired something hard enough, it was literally like stepping on eggshells whenever she had a big idea in her head.

What was making it challenging currently was a combination of two things: the season of Halloween was the first. Kyon wasn't the type to make a mountain out of a molehill when it came to this particular holiday. Could it really even be considered a holiday in the first place though? It wasn't that big of a deal in Japan, just another excuse to sell candy. Even overseas it wasn't like people were given time off school or work for it, so he couldn't really see what the fuss was all about.

The second? A not so sudden fixation with idol culture. There had already been the festival debacle and all that, but Haruhi's tastes were always evolving. Now she was into the more traditional idols. You know, the bright and colorful kind that were always selling anime and phone game products. She wanted to do a Halloween performance and had even purchased costumes for herself and the other girls, but he had to raise an eyebrow when the costumes were finally shown off.

“Huh? Why are there *four* of them?” A moderate one for Haruhi, a conservative one for Yuki, and overtly sexual one for Mikuru to wear against her will. That left the fourth. It was dark purple and pink, with a pair of bat wings fixed on the back alongside a menacing looking bunny over a patchwork shoulder. It was certainly... *overly stylized*.

Haruhi wasted no time in answering. **“What do you mean, Kyon? That one’s for you, like we agreed!”** Wait. *Waitwaitwait*. He had no recollection of agreeing to such a thing, and there’s no way he would even if hell had frozen over. So here Haruhi was speaking out for others again. What was she expecting? That he was going to look cute in it? It wasn’t even his size for crying out loud! Before he even had time to protest, she’d shoved the dress in his hands and led him behind the divider they used in the club room for changing. **“Now try it on!”**

“What do you mean ‘now try it on!’?” He’d even gone as far as to mimic her bubbly speaking pattern mockingly as he barked from the divider’s other side. **“This is a girl’s costume, anyone can see that. And it doesn’t exactly look like it’ll fit me. I’m no idol.”** Worked up by the absurdity of it all, Kyon wasn’t being as cautious with his insinuations as he probably should have. All it took was one wrong move for Haruhi to set off an incident.

On the other side of the divider it was easy to hear Haruhi humming to herself as she thought up her response. **“Well the lady at the costume shop said four idols might be better than three! Apparently that outfit used to belong to a chuunibyou idol girl, and don’t you think it’d be cool if we had a member like that for our Halloween performance? I wish you could actually fill that spot!”**

A cold and awkward silence hung over the club room in that very moment, for Kyon was trying to process the landmine he’d just stepped on. **“...Sorry, did you just wish I was a chuunibyou idol?”** He hadn’t heard that incorrectly had he? Barring the issue that he wasn’t a girl or an idol, he certainly wasn’t the hostage of an unwarranted eighth grader syndrome.

“Huh? No? Why would I say that?” Haruhi’s words shone like those of a benevolent goddess. Maybe he’d misheard her? That was probably for the best. **“Aren’t you *already* a pretty, chuunibyou idol, Yohane-chan?”** Kyon’s concern now might as well have been palpable. What was that name Haruhi had just used? What did it mean?

*Why did it feel almost **humbling** to hear?*

The boy broke into a cold sweat and began to strip to his boxers at lightning speed. He’d never had the misfortune of having his gender changed according to Haruhi’s whims, but something told him it wouldn’t be a very comfortable experience while wearing his boy’s uniform. There wasn’t even a point in pondering if it was going to

happen. Haruhi hadn't been using her joke voice - she 100% thought his name was *Yohane*.

Was there a point in struggling? *No*. Was there a point in making a scene? *No*. At best he had to hope that whatever happened he still kept awareness of his old identity. And if not? His only hope rested on the alien and the time traveler that were also in this bizarre club of theirs.

It didn't take long for the effects of the altering reality to become apparent. After all, boys didn't have nipples as swollen as Kyon's were at that very moment. Nipples grew erect from the exposure to the cool air of the club room (*he assumed*) but even then they were certainly more pronounced than they usually were. Hands grazed them, getting a feel for the sensitivity while awaiting the inevitable.

And it truly was inevitable, for the flesh beneath his nipples quickly found itself propping up with tender and squishy vigor. "**Welp.**" Was there really anything else to say about being turned into a girl by your teenaged God friend? The fat swelled, and Kyon wasn't really familiar with *what* constituted *what* in terms of breast size, but at best he would have called them B-cups?

Yeah! Of course they're B-cups! As quickly as he'd made his best guess, something in his mind confirmed his suspicions with a tone that suggested he should have just known that. *After all, these were his own breasts?* Wait. This wasn't good. His initial concern that he might get too swept up by Haruhi's whims to be able to remember who he'd once been was becoming a very real concern to him now, since his mind was already beginning to fill in knowledge gaps he didn't even know he had. Memories of growing up a girl, learning about bras and pads and things he'd never known about before.

Although just in time to learn about the pads in question, Kyon's genitals suddenly did a one-eighty. His dick and balls were practically erased from existing, the pussy of a woman drawn in its place along with the reproductive organs that were now necessary to *her*. "**Yip!?**" It felt unusual enough to provoke a girlish squeal from Kyon's lips, and in doing so she realized they felt a little dry. Her tongue ran across the, confused about their girth for but a moment before the thought crossed her mind: *I should apply more gloss when I'm finished here.*

Wait wait wait wait! She was falling too deep here! She wasn't Yohane! After all, her real name was *Yoshiko Tsushima*...! NO. That name was immediately rejected as a falsehood, but she couldn't properly remember her male birth name any longer. The only names that she could think of were *Yohane* and *Yoshiko*! But were there any names more befitting of a **FALLEN ANGEL** like herself?

As she went back and forth on her identity, the smaller details of her body were put through the proverbial ringer so that her appearance would better align with the memories that were now replacing those of her old, icky, boy life. Such as how her fingers, in terms of presentation, were now far daintier than they'd once been with long, purple-painted nails. Or how her shoulder had collapsed while hips had done the opposite.

In fact her hips now out-spaced her shoulders in terms of width, a collapsed waistline only adding to the femininity of her proportions in the interim. It added a very nice curvature to the sides of her tummy, allowing the arch to slid inwards towards her navel before flowing out to her hips and what would become a rear of greater definition. Despite it all, she was still merely a girl in her mid-teens and so her figure wasn't exceptionally abundant, yet the buns and thighs that came to better fill out the space beneath her waist were a tantalizing taste of a figure she might one day have whenever she reached adulthood.

Without realizing, the teen had already begun to dress herself in the idol costume Haruhi had granted her. She wasn't sure why she'd been wearing a boy's pair of boxers, but once she wiggled them down her thighs she made sure to adorn the girls undergarments that had come with the ensemble tout suit. *Wait... Why am I putting on girls clothing? Let along something so gaudy? Gaudy? This is the style of clothing I most adore! It allows my nature as a fallen angel to shine through!* It was like her thoughts were at war with themselves.

With the *very cute* dress fashioned to her body, all that was left was the Halloween top hat. She fastened it to her head of hair, and once she'd done so her locks poured down against the sides of her head and the back of her neck in long, raven lengths that looked silky smooth. Her eyes shone with a pinkish purple, long lashes and a tiny nose helping accessorize a girlish, Japanese face.

Despite her earlier hesitation, now that she was dressed in the costume she felt somehow giddy. Even a temporary bat tattoo surfaced beneath her left eye, selling the dedication to her current look. **“Are you ready to see what I look like, Haruhi-chan!?”** Yohane spoke with such dramatic gusto that Haruhi couldn't help but immediately be endeared. The new chuunibyuu turned her back and shuffled out before presenting herself with a dramatic twirl.

“The dark princess of Halloween makes her debut! A fallen angel clad in the colors of the haunted festival, performer of the dark unknown! Beyold, the great and powerful YOHANE!” It almost looked rehearsed, and her memories told her it was. How

many times had she practiced such a grandiose entrance in front of a mirror? It immediately earned high praise from her only viewer. Which, of course, merely inflated Yohane's new ego. Kyon was basically lost, a memory of a person that had once been. It was up to Yuki and Mikuru now. Or it should have been.

...Except Haruhi ended up changing them into idols from the same group.

At least no one would ever be suspicious?

So *in a way* isn't that a happy ending?

No?

...*Oh well.*