

STYLE SWAP

BIWEEKLY STORY 33

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“Uwaah... Is Master really so upset that he’d make me do *this*?”

Murasaki Shikibu was nestled in one of the study rooms that were attached to her library when she pondered the probability of what had occurred. After Sei Shonagon had broken an expensive piece of equipment while arguing with Murasaki herself, the two had received a scolding from the tiny da Vinci and relayed a punishment decided by Ritsuka themselves. And the end result?

Her usual, dreary visage was wrapped up in the bright and vibrant colors of Sei’s kimono, while Sei was in another room asked to dress up in Murasaki’s own purples. ‘*Walk a mile in another’s shoes to better understand them*’, or so they said. But the Caster couldn’t fathom how ridiculous she looked as she shuffled around in bright blues, reds, yellows, and greens. They were colors that suited a much cheerier person than herself. Would she think they didn’t suit her soon? Well...

Neither Murasaki nor Sei knew they were wearing enchanted versions of each other’s kimonos, enchanted by da Vinci proper when she’d realized the problem between the two. Well, fundamentally the enchantment had been meant to just have the two better understand each other. It would certainly do that, but not quite in the way da Vinci had planned unfortunately.

Murasaki was honestly surprised at first. Despite being made for a smaller frame, Sei’s kimono still fit her somewhat perfectly. Considering the size and weight of the kimonos women were expected to wear in the imperial court though, it wasn’t all that strange. It wasn’t unexpected for a woman’s coattails to drag against the floor and get all kinds of filthy back then, so naturally there should have been enough

room for the two of them to swap with much difficulty. Not to mention how heavy all that cloth and silk was!

But the librarian began to sense something was awry as she shuffled towards the door of the study room to show da Dinvi that she'd changed. There had been a great deal of weight pulling behind her thanks to the kimono dragging, but that resistance lessened the closer she was to the door proper. "**Hm?**" She'd been very shy to present herself dressed in this garb, so taking a moment to examine the cause had begun as just an excuse to delay her debut but... Concerns became serious when Murasaki realized the cause of her lessened drag: *the cloth was no longer there.*

It was wrong to say the cloth was *gone* exactly, just that it had unwound and shortened. There was still a small trail of baby blue behind her, but she could see that even that was regressing inward while the front threatened to begin showing off her ankles. "**Wh-what!?** **Could something be wrong with these clothes?**" She'd heard of moths eating fine clothing but did they work at a rate such as this? That didn't seem very plausible.

But her ankles were eventually exposed, and with it a chill. Not the simple chill of the cool library air biting at her legs now that it had a point of entry (*though that was still very much an effect*), but a numbing vibration that seemed to begin at her feet and reverberate upwards, stopping Murasaki dead in her tracks. With the upper portion of the elaborate kimono still so heavy it was difficult for her to duck down to see, but she felt that what she could make of her bare ankles seemed to suggest a healthier coloration. Her deathly pale had a much more natural, pinkish glow to it? "**But how?**"

Was it her imagination or did her point of view feel ever so slightly closer to the ground as well? No, the kimono felt a little larger as well... Was it possible that she'd shrunk? Was it more than just the clothing at stake here? The geta sandals she'd adorned beneath the cloth seemed to fit more comfortably as well, unbeknownst to Murasaki that her toes had conformed to their design and the nails had not only been manicured, but painted light blue and black in a rotating fashion.

The natural draft became more pronounced as more and more of her legs -- now shorter -- were exposed. Her womanly hips were presented on full display, the weight age provided apparent in their swell. But as the cool air nibbled at a paleness that came to shine pink, so too did their mass begin to dwindle. Slowly but surely, like air being drawn from a balloon, they deflated while retaining their firmness. It wasn't merely her thighs but her ass as well. "**Wh-What!?**" Murasaki couldn't even contain her squeak of embarrassment as the sensation of feeling thinner turned her gaze over her shoulder, watching the curvature of her rump tug closer and closer to her pelvis.

The legs and thighs below, bare, looked much more youthful than they had moments before. They were stalky and lean as if she was not a grown woman but a

girl still developing through her teens, and she had the flatter but perkier ass to drive that point home in the meanwhile.

It was at that point that she became aware of the kimono's additional distortions, the many layers that had composed it beginning to fold together and lessen in weight as her frame was encased in a much more modern, casual design. The skirt of the kimono, for example, had turned black and hung just above her bare thighs, leaving little to the imagination short of the pair of blue and white striped panties that were now riding up her smaller butt. It had a much more aesthetically pleasing design, with its black base and use of blues and reds. As the creeping change continued up her torso Murasaki could clearly recognize it. She'd seen this short kimono before after all.

"This is Sei Shonagon's rockin' outfit, aint i-- Uwah!?" Without thinking her dialect had regressed into something disturbingly informal. She prided herself in her intellect and always made a point to communicate it through her dialect, but for some reason it was growing harder and harder. **"Maybe I should talk to Master-chan-- No! Chan-Mas! Noooo! Master...!"** It happened again. She'd short-formed her Master's title so casual. Much like... Much like... *Sei herself*.

She moved towards the door once more, but immediately drew to a stop as the feeling of something crushing her windpipes staggered her momentarily. **"Guh...!? Now...!?"** It wasn't difficult to see *what*. The torso of the kimono had almost completely changed and had collapsed against Murasaki's huge breasts. The pressure saw them bulging internally against the material to no avail, the sailor fuku-esque design not meant to hold such great bazongas. There was only one fate they were destined for now, and Murasaki was practically moved to tears as she watched it happen. **"Noooo! My boobies!"** Wait, she actually was crying!? Like an idiot at that.

Boobies? Clearly more than Sei Shonagon's form was being imprinted on her. Intelligence was falling out of her head like life rafts on a sinking ship, her mannerisms even more animated. But this nor that changed how the shape of her tits continued to withdraw until the fuku sat comfortably upon her chest. The moment they were gone her ability to breathe properly returned, and the Servant was left dumbfounded about what she was so upset about in the first place. **"Guess I always wanted a sick bod that made the boys wanna YOLO on me, but never had one of those righties?"** She mentally kicked herself for talking like this, but couldn't figure out *why*.

Muraseiki's remaining features quickly succumbed with most of her body now shifted. Fingers shrunk and gained an impressive manicure, nails done in blue and black like those of her toes. She rested those hands on her narrower hips as a tingling plagued her face, cheeks feeling warm and rejuvenated once they'd become a little plumper with youth and eyes gleamed gold from purple. There was no denying, with that rounder jaw and bright expression, that she was a Japanese teenaged girl -- subtle makeup bringing out her features.

But as the pointed buns *Seiki* typically adorned began to unravel it became clear that she was becoming what Murasaki Shikibu feared most... or had feared up until her memories had faded and her intellect had taken a nosedive. Blacks unraveled and curled, hair divided into portions that were bright blue, bright red, and her natural red. For all intents and purposes someone in this era might have mistaken her for a vtuber with a look that ridiculous, but as it was pulled into twin tails it looked right at home on Sei Shounagon.

And this Sei Shonagon was *stunned*. **“Eh? Why’d Chan-Mas get da Vincchi to make me dress up in my own clothes? Weirdo! Guess I should see how Kaoruicchi’s doin’ then?”**

In the next room over the original Sei Shonagon had her chin resting atop the study table Servants had typically been found using in the library when they sought some peace and quiet. **“Why’d I get in trouble? I was just palin’ around with Kaoruicchi! Wasn’t tryin’ to hurt no one yanno?”** The gal girl puffed out her cheek, not wanting to go outside while dressed up in Murasaki’s dreary looking kimono. She *would* eventually. She just couldn’t say no to a request from her Chan-Mas (*the affectionate nickname that was short for Master-chan*).

While Murasaki next door had immediately caught onto the fact that something was amiss with her body, Sei was unsurprisingly slow to realize anything at all. It wasn’t all that surprising because, as noted in the first half, Sei was something of an idiot. She lacked awareness of everything happening around her and had a tendency to get caught up in her own thoughts.

So when a tingling erupted across her facial features, and the trail of Murasaki’s kimono behind her began to shorten as she laid against the table, she was none the wiser. Eyes half shut, she didn’t realize that her facial structure had become ever so slightly longer, nor that the puffy and cute cheeks that she prided herself so thoroughly on had become leaner. Even the plumpness of her lips escaped notice as a natural pale color crept unhealthily into her skin, a purple clouding the golds of her eyes.

When she finally *did* notice, it was because the change was one she absolutely could not ignore. For example: her torso beginning to push away from the table as something -- *or a pair of somethings* -- began to push her backwards. Originally she’d thought maybe the chair had slid back or something? But looking down there was no denying what she was looking at... considering they’d slipped out of the kimono’s front since she’d been wearing it so haphazardly. Boobs. A big pair of boobs that only looked to be getting bigger and bigger as she stared with a look of shock upon facial features that she’d still yet to realize were not her own. **“GAH!? THE HECKIES ARE THESE BIG BOUNCY BAZONKAS DOIN’ HERE!?”** She almost fell out of her chair but managed to jump to her feet, bare tits bouncing into an even riper size as she did so.

"They're so damn huge! LOL! Gotta be a jokie, right? They're all pale 'n' stuff too!" As she held a naked breast in her hand, it was hard *not* to marvel at it considering how lackluster her own figure had been even *when* she'd been an adult in life. They were so big and pale that it wasn't hard to see purple veins pulling away from the dark nipples that were very uncharacteristic of her. It really didn't look like the kind of chest she'd ever possess in any reality, but no complaints here!

Sei didn't have much in the way of shame. Not typically anyways. But the longer she had her breasts out, the longer she was left squeezing one, the more her white cheeks began to burn red. It was like something was yelling at her in the corner of her mind that this wasn't particularly ladylike and that she should be ashamed and all that. And eventually? That voice was enough to drive her to wrap them back up in Murasaki's kimono again. Except... **"Huh? Isn't the coloration of my garb unusual?"** Speaking with a deeper tone, Sei hadn't even noticed the fact that the way she spoke had just suddenly straightened out into something far more respectable. But she was write about the cloth. It was darker now, almost black. Not to mention it was...

"Tight!?" Kimono layers began to merge together and thin, pressing against her F-cup breasts to the point that it was almost a skintight affair in the chest area. Decorative lines ran down the dark material obscuring her cleavage while the cups of the kimono themselves conformed to the shape of her breasts with black lace, completely showing off the curvature of her mounds and leaving very little to the imagination when it came to shape. **"Gurk!?"** Not that Sei was spared even *after* that. The kimono pulled around her torso next, layers hardening as the shape of a corset came into view. It was pulled so tight that her pudgy tummy thinned, and almost like a kids toy her hips popped outward to a wider caught like all of the weight had just been squeezed downward.

The kimono cloth that had hung past her legs had long conformed into something longer and wavier: the skirt of the dress the ensemble was rapidly becoming. It was long and silken and pleated dramatically with blacks and blues that obscured the modern heels Sei was now having difficulty standing upon. But more than that it obscured most of what was happening to her lower body in the wake of her wider hip endeavor. But the most notable portions could at least be seen through mask of the material since growth was involved. Yes she'd grown a little *taller*, but more than that...

...Her *ass*. The crevice of her crack was very quickly outlined by the back of the dress as her cheeks swelled forth with a mission -- to make up for the ass the girl in the other room had *lost* -- and it certainly did not disappoint. Her rump became luscious, cloth clinging to it effortlessly to leave the mature, womanly rear on full display despite the fact that it was clothes. Thighs followed after, the thin skirt in the front having little choice but to showcase their curves as the woman came to settle into her new posture with relative ease, though a little wobble here and there was still to be expected as her mind finalized the adjustments.

"I wondered if I was wrong, but I suppose I wasn't..." Seiki murmured calmly to herself as she raised a longer, bonier finger to her lower lip. Her figure and demeanor both exuded maturity, something her old one did not exhibit in the slightest. As purple plagued her hair above, it pulled into two pointed buns while the rest cascaded a far ways down her back in a spiraling fashion. Her beauty, in all likelihood, was peerless. There was no way she wouldn't turn heads with a body like that.

Well... if you ignored the dark bags that had formed under her eyes.

Muraseiki glanced towards the study's exit. **"I feel strange, but I suppose that could just be because of Master's unusual request. What was so punishing about dressing me in my own attire? Moreover, why was I blamed for Sei Shonagon-sama's accident in the first place?"** *Murasaki Shikibu* truly didn't understand.

Rider da Vinci waited in the library for the two women to change and come out. Of course the punishment hadn't been decided by Ritsuka, but she thought it was a good enough excuse to test out the enchantment she'd been working on without any complaints! At best she'd just expected them to trade personalities for a short period of time, but as they emerged...

Wait. Why was Sei Shonagon coming out of Murasaki Shikibu's room and vice versa? Why were their in their first ascension outfits? If something had gone wrong, she couldn't guarantee how long they might be stuck under the enchantment's effect!

UH OH!