

SOCIALLY SATISFIED?

APRIL 2022 REQUEST STORY

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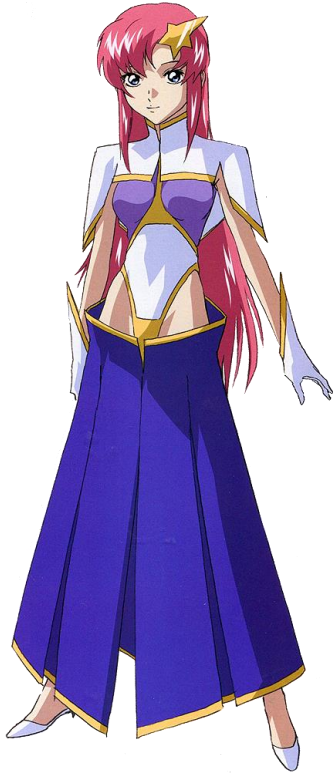


Cagalli Yula Athha didn't exactly know what to do with this new information. Of course she knew that the Lacus Clyne that had mysteriously appeared at the beginning of the Second Alliance-PLANT War had to be a fake. She knew the *real* Lacus, and she was with Kira back on Earth. But despite having suspected as much, meeting this copy face to face had left her with mixed feelings. Meer Campbell may have looked and sounded like the songstress, but her demeanor was nothing like hers at all.

It was through Athrun that the two had been allowed to meet. The war had yet to enter its next dramatic stage, and so through his relation to Meer he had been able to arrange a face to face. First impressions, well... They hadn't exactly gone well, largely due to some lingering feelings on Cagalli's part, as well as some overbearing protectiveness on Meer's part regarding the relationship with Athrun she *believed* she had. Needless to say, both women had departed the meeting in a huff.

Not that they were even all that far away from each other after the fact, as to arrange this meeting they'd had to agree to stay a night at an inn on PLANT. The two were only *two rooms away*, with the young man who had inadvertently caused the issue housed in between them. Poor guy.

Little did either woman know was that a terrorist had caught wind of this meeting. The names being thrown around in attendance were much too tantalizing to *not* attack, but they weren't going to kill anyone. No. They had a new biological weapon that they figured would do the trick. Strange as it was.



“Who does she think she is!? That tomboy!” Of the two, it was Meer who had the most vocal reaction about the meeting’s unraveling. It made sense, really, because the faux pink-haired songstress was the most insecure. She was deceiving the masses into thinking she was Lacus Clyne – and that extended to much more than just her singing. In public she had to keep up the appearance, including maintaining the relationships the people assumed Lacus Clyne possessed. Like her betrothal to Athrun Zala, which Meer was so very, *very* sensitive about.

In a huff as she was, she’d hardly noticed a subtle change in the quality of the air she was breathing. A translucent gas had been released into the air ducts of the floor they were staying in, and that gas had made its way into her room. Its purpose wasn’t to poison, make ill, nor to kill. But to make sure that the individuals who left this floor did not leave the same people they had been when they’d gone in.

This was made immediately apparent by sparing just a glance at Meer’s fake pink hair. Long and silky, she had naturally been forced to dye it to be a better Lacus look-a-like. But the color it was turning wasn’t even the natural brown it was supposed to be. Instead? What surfaced was a blonde not too much unlike that of the young woman she had been squabbling with just moments before. Beginning in her roots, it quickly swept throughout her hair’s entirety.

...Which honestly wasn’t all that hard, seeing as how there was notably *less* of it. Locks that once fell far past her hips appeared to retract in length, returning to just above her shoulders – a length she hadn’t kept them at since she was a child. While shorter, the cut of this hair became choppy too, and the quality of the strands coarser.

“I’m no good with women like her! Always *drivin’* me crazy!” While the change to her hair had been dramatic, the woman herself had not noticed. And she *wouldn’t* notice, for the gas was simultaneously wreaking havoc on her mental state. Things that certainly should have been seen as wrong and awry did not register that way, because Meer was just as quickly being convinced that it was all normal by her own mind.

So something that should have been alarming, such as, say, a sudden dip in stature, did not register with the alarm it deserved. All it amounted to in the end was roughly three inches, ultimately having her plummet to around five feet in height, but that didn't mean that it shouldn't have been substantial from her point of view. It was certainly dramatic enough to see the fit of her Lacus Clyne cosplay dress fit much more loosely around her stomach, and with hands and feet both thinned her gloves fluttered loose and the next step would see tinier feet slip out of her heels.

In fact, the dress only fit at all because her hips and chest had remained the same size despite her drop in height... not that this remained the case for long. The purple nylon of the outfit's top so keenly hugged her breasts that their shapes could be made out perfectly, which was why it was all the more obvious when their sizes began to become a little more *lackluster*. Slowly but surely they shrank, orbs ultimately amounting to little more than A-cups beneath the purple that then sat there loosely.

“Why are my clothes like this? What am I...?” Meer *had* been incapable of noting differences in her body, but her clothing was a different manner altogether. All of a sudden, the dress she had been so keen on wearing as a Lacus superfan now felt like something she wouldn't normally be caught dead wearing. Like her fashion sensibilities had been changed entirely. Almost as if on cue, a plethora of tiny holes appeared in her ears and lips. Piercing holes, naturally. There was also the matter of the fact that her voice sounded gruffer despite being smaller. **“The hell am I wearin'!?”**

She hadn't typically been one to blurt out things so crudely, either.

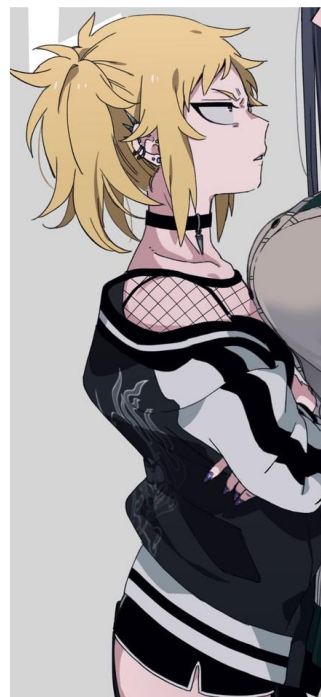
Although, looking at her face, one might not assume that just because she gotten smaller, that she had somehow gotten *younger*. Yet her facial features had become sharper and more jagged, particularly as far as her eyes were concerned. There was a piercing hole across her left brow now, and while these eyes were rounder, her resting expression was a lot more naturally aggressive. But there was something about it all that made her look *older*. Like a young woman in her twenties, rather than a girl in her mid-late teens.

This was just as exemplified in her lower half. Because while her hips narrowed to better suit her shorter stature? Weight piled onto her butt and thighs, making them thick and meaty – far too much so for a teen, at any rate. But they also had the benefit of being bolstered by a firm muscle that ultimate firmed up her entire body. Her idol's visage? It was discarded as strength rippled through her, presenting her with an athlete's frame through and through. With her strength, at her size? It

was undoubtable that she would excel in many sports. At least those that didn't capitalize on arm strength.

And I've worked damn near tirelessly to get like this, so why'm I dressed all frilly!?

Was that right? Had she really spent all her life trying to be a good athlete? Weren't her aspirations more akin to wanting to pursue some sort of music career? Somehow that felt right, but... *Ain't I gettin' my goals mixed up with hers?* Hers? Who was that, anyways? Did it really matter? Seemingly no, because it would all come back to her eventually. And just in time, too.



“Ugh. I'm gonna be late for practice if I don't hurry it up.” Groaning to herself, the twenty year old blonde peeled off the exceptionally strange costume from her body and picked out some clothes from a track bag she had stashed under the inn room bed. *Monica Cawthorne* was an athlete from one of PLANT's many colleges, and she had been in this part of town for a track and field event. That was what she remembered, anyways.

It took her a few minutes to throw on her fishnet undershirt and loose hoodie, not to mention the process of popping in her many piercings and ruffling up her hair again so that it was messy. Despite being an athlete, Monica was also a little bit punk. **“I can't believe she made me wear that! ...Guess I owe her one, though.”** Her mind had put together some sort of fake story as to why she had been wearing the costume of *the Meer Campbell*. She was really close to a popular internet singer. One who had followed her on this trip for *some* reason.

...Not that she minded.

“Guess I better pay her a visit and return this thing. I'm already late anyways.”

Ultimately, Cagalli's reaction to meeting Meer had been a little more subdued than Meer's had been to meeting her. She wasn't *happy* about it, not by a long shot. But she didn't have the type of personality that would have her lashing out about it or anything. She was actually just waiting for Athrun to wake up from the nap he'd decided to take while the two had verbally duked it out. *Some help he'd been.* But while her



mood was sour, she wasn't beyond making a recovery. **"That could have gone better."** Not like she could change that, seeing as it had been Meer who had been unreasonable.

She wasn't like Lacus at all.

But Cagalli? She was just as ignorant to the existence of the substance that had filled the floor's air as Meer had been. Its lack of an odor made it more or less guaranteed that no one would notice before it was too late, and because of that she hardly noticed any of the changes that came about because of it. Such as? A strange idolization of Lacus Clyne in her mind.

One day I'll be just as famous as her!

Just as famous as *Lacus*? Considering her life as a soldier, Cagalli had never really thought much about living in infamy. Not that she'd been given much of a choice considering the fallout of the *last* major war. She couldn't sing or dance. She didn't have any aspirations to live the kind of life that Lacus had led, unlike that Meer girl. But that was strange... had that girl's name *actually* been Meer? She almost felt like it had been something else. Not to mention she had taken a slightly fonder opinion of her somehow.

This was, of course, because she was in the process of undergoing a similar physical and mental repurposing that Meer had. But instead of forgetting her life as an idol, it was her life as a soldier that was involuntarily being stolen away from her. Memories of combat training and the like had practically fallen out of her head, replaced by... memories of studying and... singing? That couldn't be right, could it?

Yet as if to support her lack of training, her body's physique had begun to shift to match. Firm muscles practically melted into putty, leaving arms thin, legs soft, and her tummy without definition. It was a weakness that certainly struck her, and she clearly wasn't fit to do much more than light, short-term jogging any longer. *Ugh, who would even want to get that sweaty?*

"If she's gonna be like that, then whatever." While thinking back to her previous conversation with Meer, a strange infliction – as well as an overly casual manner of speech – began to plague her words. She almost sounded a little mocking in an indifferent sort of way, which wasn't a side to Cagalli typically. That said, there were better things to fixate on than her manner of speech.

Such as? Well, growing a pair of inches in height had lifted her military jacket slightly, and as it tickled the base of her tummy the young woman spared it a skeptical glance. *Huh? My jacket? When did I put that on? It's so ugly.* Her old voice persisted, but something else lingered as well. Had she actually chosen to wear this? When? Why? She wouldn't wear something so *ugly*, would she? It totally didn't fit her image!

And so she wasted no time removing it, the fingers that undid its buttons unknowingly growing a little longer as she did so, while her once clipped fingernails stretch almost a full inch past her fingertip in a way that looked far more effeminate than the tomboy usually bothered. Before long the jacket was shed, revealing her white tank top below. But even then, wasn't it resting a little too high on her tummy? You could even see her navel!

"Hm?" And a little more of her navel. And a little more. But as more of her bare, soft belly become exposed? The woman found herself leaning forward more and more to get a good look at it. The reason? Well, her chest was swelling to a much heftier size, the strap of her bra quick to snap with only a single cup size of excess applied. But from that point on they only grew larger, soft flesh pulling up her tank top and even revealing some side boob once they peaked at gratuitous, yet natural F-cups. Each breast rivaled her head in size, and while Cagalli had not noticed their change in size?

She was still filled with pride in just how big and bombastic they were.

Plenty of women envy my figure! It's part of the reason I'm so popular, after all. Popular in...? What was it she did again? It was almost on the tip of her tongue, all while her body continued to fall in line with the memories she was holding in increased intensity. To suit what she'd just thought, for example, her hips popped wide to the point that the button of her pants popped out. While she did not remove them like her jacket, they were quick to fill up with an incredibly ample meat.

Her ass practically exploded with volume, cheeks of a peach-shaped rump protruding over the top of her lower wear while thickened thighs forced tears to form in her pantlegs. While concealed properly by white nonetheless, the growth of her rear had forced her underwear to floss between her cheeks while cameltoeing the front – at which point you could see pubes of *black* protruding.

This was, naturally, different from her natural blonde color. So perhaps it was for the best that this natural blonde color was, well, *no longer her natural color anymore.* A black just like that of her pubes ran through

her locks and brows, and the length of her boyish cut quickly extended to fall halfway down her back while inheriting a softer, silkier look.

It all drew a great deal of attention to her face. A face that was not only lengthening subtly, but growing more beautiful as the seconds wore on. Lips grew plump and kissable, cheeks narrowed, eyes widened while a blue sparkled within them. All in all, the only real blemish upon her features was the beauty mark that emerged beneath her right eye. But even then? It simply added more to her cool beauty appeal.

“Woah. A little spicy to be wearing a military uniform not from ZAFT during wartimes, isn’t it?” Even though she’d already been given no choice but to peel most of it off thanks to her thicker figure, the young woman marveled at the fact that she had been even wearing that in the first place. Had it been part of her deal with Monica? Maybe that was fair. She *had* forced her into wearing a Lacus Clyne costume, after all. And for what reason? She’d just wanted some cute pics of her. Oh, right! Being a tomboy, Monica liked girls in uniform. So she’d bought this one and taken some pictures for her.

Seeing as how they had just recently started dating, it wasn’t all *that* weird, was it?

Chiharu Abiko, as she was now presently named at twenty two years of age, was no normal woman herself. She was an online singing sensation that was well known for her beautiful voice, great sense of fashion, and appealing figure. She was quickly doing numbers, but it was still a long shot before she’d get even close to rivaling Lacus on the charts. She idolized the songstress, really. That girl was her inspiration! Well, so was her girlfriend.

She had followed Monica all the way out to this far corner of PLANT so she could cheer her on. But she couldn’t go out barely dressed in this uniform, right? So she quietly slipped into something more comfortable. Or at least she had been trying to, until the door swung open and the short blonde in question barged in. **“HEY! Chiharu! Do you wanna— UHH?”** She was quick to realize her mistake, because Chiharu was *completely* topless.



But Chiharu was mischievous. A smirk played upon her lips, rather than get embarrassed. **“What’s wrong, Monica? Don’t you wanna touch them? Just be quiet though, isn’t the teacher overseeing your meet napping in the next room?”**

...Wasn’t that the room Athrun had been in?