Dress Up

Or How I stop worrying and love the cross dress

On that day, the female residents continued their work nervously without a word. They all unconsciously steered their eyes towards that certain building as if something was on their mind. Inside the building, the ladies were cautiously holding an earnest discussion.

“Well then, Haruna-san, I imagine there is no delay to the preparations?”

“Yes, Shuna-sama. Everything is proceeding according to the plan.”

Surely everything will go smoothly with her handling it. Shuna nodded in response, a satisfied look on her face.

“Shion, any problems on your end?”

“None, Shuna-sama. I can handle this!”

“… Is that so. Well do remember that your role is essential for our plan to work.”

“Of course! Please don’t worry!”

Unlike how Shuna felt about Haruna, she sensed certain unease regarding Shion. Yet, this operation couldn’t be completed without Shion’s assistance. Feeling conflicted, Shuna still responded to Shion with a nod. The three looked at each other once more before commencing their respective duty.

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It was a bright and sunny day. I (Rimuru) bumped onto the street to inspect the progress of the town construction. Due to not being with Shion for the day, I had to walk on my own feet for quite some time to come. Well, slime’s don’t have feet, so it’s more like moving forward akin to waves – which doesn’t really matter. What’s important was being able to enjoy a casual stroll.

However, the pleasant time came to an abrupt end.

“There you are, Rimuru-sama!” Shion came running over and gave me a hug, rubbing her face against me with a smile. I didn’t give it a second thought, considering this happens all of the time, but could it be that she mistakes me for some kind of pet? Meh, the feeling of bosoms is really comfortable, so I don’t intend to complain.

With that being said, it wouldn’t be good if this continued. So, I made my escape from Shion’s breast by transforming into human form, but not without feeling a shred of regret.

“So, it appears that you are looking for me, is there something wrong?”

“Oh yes! Shuna-sama told me to call Rimuru-sama…”

Hmm? Shuna is looking for me? I see, Shion has been absent due to being called by Shuna. That makes it a more understandable situation.

“Alright, let’s go see what she needs.”

“Yes!”

Just like that, I cluelessly walked towards where Shuna was… Well that’s where my mistake began, I didn’t have any reason to take notice of it…

When I entered the room, Shuna greeted me with a smile as usual. I recall that it felt as though all of the females were extremely nervous when I entered the building. I must be imagining things, Shuna has been acting the same as usual.

“Here, have some tea!”

At that point, Shion entered, carrying the tea utensils.

I gave my thanks while trying to prepare some tea…

“Oh! I’m R E A L L Y S O R R Y!”

Shion said so with an Oscar worthy expression while pouring the tea onto me. Even though I had heat resistance and didn’t feel any heat coming from the tea, I still shouted “so hot!?” without thinking. It turns out that the tea really was cold to begin with. Could it be, that they intended to pour it on me all along? I glanced at Shion with doubt in my eyes…

The door suddenly burst open. “Ayyya Rimuru-sama! You will catch a cold if you stay in those clothes!” Haruna rushed in while shouting.

— IT’S A TRAP! —

It was already too late by the time I realized it.

“W-wait a second! You guys, what do you all plan to do!?”

“Ara ara, this suits you really well!”

“This one here also suits you well, Rimuru-sama!”

“Please try this one here as well! This is my best work yet, I made it while thinking about Rimuru-sama!”

“W-Wait up you guys! Please follow some order.”

My clothes were stripped instantaneously by the hands coming from all directions. What happened next, was the grand dress up party. The clothes put on me were–Sailor outfit, Miko dress, Army suit and Queen-like corset etc.

It makes sense that they have access to the memories of these, given they are styles originating from my sketches. It would seem that when the females laid their eyes upon them, their creativity ran wild. This mistake was on me for not getting rid of the wood block I had sketched on. Even so, I feel like I’m being exploited like a dress up doll, having to play along with them until they were satisfied. Shion put her heart and soul into this fashion show with dazzling eyes while Shuna recorded the point of improvement. I had given up entirely from the start, knowing that there was no ally among this crowd.

A hard lesson—If I ever wish to go about things in a carefree manner, I must account for karma striking back one day!

And all thanks to my sketches, I can expect plenty more bizarre outfits to be created. Because of that, this place soon became known as the holy land for tailors. But that’s a story for another day.