

ALYA OOP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Yuki Suou breathed a quiet sigh to herself.

The fifteen year old girl wasn't exactly *alone* in the student council room of Seirei Private Academy. The black haired beauty had *every* right to be using the club room as she *was* the Public Relations officer of the student council, but she wasn't exactly there to do any work. She had just needed a place to be alone with her thoughts for a short while before going home for the day. The day's final bell had *long* since rung and most of the other students had left.

“Is Alya-san going to organize the *entire* room herself?” But not Yuki, and *definitely* not the student council Treasurer that was behind a nearby, closed door. It had been one of this Treasurer, Alya's, goals to organize the storage room that the student council had left to pile up with confiscated items and expired paperwork for the past few years. She had *insisted* on doing it by herself, which was why Yuki hadn't offered to help.

If anything, it gave her an excuse to hang out at school for a little longer before going home. It might have sounded surprising to hear that she even had much on her mind in the first place. Known as the Noble Princess of Seirei, she was incredibly beautiful and smart, and always conducted herself with an elegant and refined personality. Although, at the end of the day? She was a closet otaku that concealed her less outwardly desirable traits.

Her otaku-ness wasn't really what was bothering her, though. It was the girl in the room behind her. Yuki's older brother was Masachika Kuze, a General Affairs member of the student council and extremely close

friend of Alya. It hadn't been as apparent to her at first, but she'd become *certain* of it lately. Masachika was in *love* with Alya, but Yuki didn't know if it was for the best to let that happen. **"...Not that it's my place to decide that."**



She'd gotten to know Alya better recently. Yuki had decided that she was a good person, and probably someone worthy of her brother's love. She'd even gone to the extremes of helping the two end up alone at different times. But like a parent allowing their child to choose their own path for the first time, there was still some hesitation on the part of this clingy little sister.

"I wish there was a way to get to know her a little more personally, though..." Was this a good opportunity? But how would Alya react if she suddenly pitched a million questions? The sound of her chair screeching against the floor sounded as the teen pushed it back to stand, but it only took a step for her to raise an eyebrow. **"Wait. What is this feeling?"** It almost felt oppressive. Like an invisible force was baring down on her.

But then it was gone.

Yuki blinked with confusion *several* times. Had that really just happened? *What* had just happened, realistically? The girl had lived long enough to know that sometimes you could be overcome by things like dizzy spells, but that *definitely* wasn't what she had just experienced. She couldn't even properly describe how it had felt. The only word that really came to mind was *wrong*. It felt wrong. Foreign. Invasive. But despite all of that, she ended up shrugging it off. It *had* gone away, so maybe it was all in her head?

She had certainly been *hoping* that was the case, but she also wasn't aware of something happening atop her head. As a strand of her bangs lifted up and curled into an *ahoge*, one that lightened to a familiar silver above a sea that remained dark brown for the time being. It was a sign of things to come, not that she would have understood what was happening just yet regardless.

Rather, the girl found herself reaching up subconsciously to push and pull at the fit of her uniform. Not just the blouse and the coat, but even her *bra* felt a little but tight all of a sudden. It could happen naturally at time when she moved a certain way, but... **"That's weird..."** It wasn't *just* that things were tighter. Her body felt a little heavier? Or, well, her *chest* did.

Yuki leered downwards briefly, not even sure of what she was looking at. Well, she'd actually drawn *a* conclusion, but it was so impossible that she hadn't considered it properly at first. Not until the top *three* buttons of her blouse *shot* right off. "**Ah!?**" Revealing *exactly* what had been causing all of that tightness. "**M-My bosom!?**" Not only did she whisper this, but she was *very* careful with her language. She was conscious of the image her fellow students had of her even now. But she also didn't want to alarm Alya and then have to present this impossibility.

"What...? Am I dreaming? How is this possible?" The creamy cleavage between her breasts that was now visible to her was just as deep as it was *tight*. She could feel the clasp of her bra digging into her back, and that tension grew as her breasts continued to do the same. What had once been a pair of perky B-cups at best, ultimately, had swollen to much hefty *D-cups* that threatened to bulge out of her Seirei uniform. Picking up the buttons that popped off were the least of her concerns, a single hand patting the front of her bosom to make sure she *wasn't* just seeing things.

She couldn't fathom *how* this was even possible! Yuki was a normal, teenaged girl that attended a normal high school in a normal world. It wasn't like the manga and anime that she secretly watched where magic and powers were more commonplace. Those things just *didn't* exist. "**But then how do I explain why I just grew *two* sizes larger!? They have to be as big as—**" Alya's? At the time it was just a harmless comparison that wasn't *intended* to be a guess at what was happening to her.

"Ungh!?" It was a sharp pull of the girl's panties that had cut off her sentence in the first place rather than any form of *realization*. "**Wh-What now?**" Based on what had just happened to her boobs, she *definitely* had a hunch. Her panties hadn't just *shrunk*, much like her bra hadn't. It was what those panties *contained* that had *grown* instead, it *had* to be!

Yuki leaned forward to try and see past her larger chest, but soon realized she had to turn her body slightly and look down to accomplish what she could have with a singular, downwards glance back when she'd had a smaller bust. Her skirt still made it difficult to tell, but in the back... "**Is my *butt* bigger now?**" It *had* been inching out behind her, cheeks inflating so that it was *much* perkier and more substantial. Her skirt just *barely* covered this peach-shaped rump, but her panties weren't so lucky.

They were wedged between her cheeks in the back, while simultaneously digging into her loins in the front. She found herself picking at it, much to her dismay. Just as alarming was the sight of her thighs plumping up, with the skin that surrounded the tightening around newfound abundance that added roughly 1/3 of their former size to their *new* size. Soft and plush, they rubbed against one another between her legs idly – because her hips had only widened two inches. It wasn't enough to leave a gap with how much her thighs had grown.

“Again, these look comparable to...?” Yuki's brown eyes glanced at the storage room door, where Alya was presumably still working on the other side. She wasn't at all aware of the ring of bright blue that had formed around her pupils, nor that this color was gradually expanding outwards to fill her irises *entirely*. Once it did so? The corners of her eyes would widen, altering the perceived nationality of her gaze so that she appeared mixed. Between a Japanese person and a Caucasian person, in all likelihood.

Perhaps a *Russian*?

This extended to the rest of her face's features. Her lips were thinning, but also pushing out into a much more prominent resting pout, while her cheeks had their roundness stolen away in slight. Her beauty did not wane, and perhaps it might have even been *enhanced* by the time her nose had grown. There was something *foreign* about her. Like the girl in the room next to her. **“I couldn't be—? Ah!?”** The surprises just *didn't* stop, for the sound of her own voice gave her pause. It was cooler. *Familiar*. In a way that supported her theory.

“Am I becoming Alya-san!?” To even *ask* such a thing felt strange, because in what world could that even *happen*? Yet, her attention was finally drawn to her bangs where she could see that the color of her hair had lightened. The silver from her new ahoge had finally rooted itself in her, well, *roots*, and so that silver spread throughout the rest of her mane at a rapid pace while simultaneously thickening it a little. That said, Yuki and Alya had hairstyles of a similar length in the first place.

She was practically Alya's spitting image now, but with one rather pronounced inconsistency. *Her height*. Yuki was a lot taller than the girl that was interested in her brother. *Eight inches* shorter, in fact. Yet it didn't take long for her to realize that *this* was being adjusted. Her eye level rose rapidly, with her arms pushing out of her sleeves and her uniform top separating from her skirt to show off her bellybutton. **“Too tight...!”** The girl had grown from 4'11" to 5'7" in just a matter of seconds.

“U-Uh? Wait a second? Did I turn into Alya-san!?” It was hard to believe, especially when she’d had such little time to process it. But Yuki couldn’t really refute it. She was taller, her uniform was tighter, and she had long, silver hair. Without a mirror it was hard to double check the rest of it, but pawing at her own face revealed to her that it wasn’t shaped quite the way she remembered. And it was through now *blue* eyes that she observed all of this. **“...How did this happen?”**



With her original memories and personality preserved, she was able to control her surprise to a point. The new *Alya* didn’t make enough noise to disturb the *original* Alya in the storage room. She had to think about how she could even *explain* this! *Hi Alya-san, this is Yuki-chan! So, it seems I’ve turned into your twin sister!* There was no way she could open with that!

The trigger behind this escaped her. **“No, this isn’t even possible! I even sound like her...”** She couldn’t recall wishing that there was a way to get to know Alya more personally because it had been such a throwaway comment that she’d made without any real intention behind it. But what *hadn’t* understood that was a strange pendant buried within the most recent confiscated items that was on a nearby desk. It was actually a wish granter, and it had overheard a wish! **“What do I do...?”**

The new Alya didn’t even realize *how* complicated things were just yet.

“Hm... How much more work do I have to do? About an hour’s worth?” In the meantime, Alisa Mikhailovna Kujou, or just *Alya* for short, had been busy in the storage room. She’d *heard* someone enter the main student council room and vaguely believed she’d heard Yuki talking to herself, but she’d been too busy to say hello. Either way, the younger girl *definitely* knew that the older one was there. If she’d want to say hi, then she probably would have done it herself.

With her sleeves rolled up, the half-Russian half-Japanese girl used the back of her arm to wipe the sweat from her brow. The process had involved a lot of lifting and putting down items, and even then she had just stood up from kneeling in front of a pile of unsorted items. **“Хороший! I’m making good progress!”** She had been thinking that she might have to take another day to finish, but if she could knock



things out in another hour? “**Maybe Yuki would like to leave with me if she’s still here?**”

Alya had thought to extend the invitation while she *knew* her crush’s sister was still on campus. Yet, before she could so much as even *look* at the door? The Solitary Princess (as she was known by her peers) found herself subjected to a stifling, invisible force. It only lingered for a moment and left her wondering what had happened. “**Hm?**” She cutely tilted her head to the side, confused.

There definitely *was* something off. The color of her silver ahoge had darkened, and its upwards position shriveled and flattened into her bangs until she had no ahoge at all. The brown spread from these strands, quickly darkening her whole mane while thinning the style a little bit. But without any reason *to* look at her hair, she didn’t really think to do.

“**Uwah!?**” But she didn’t have to think *too* hard about it before things took a sudden turn. *Downwards*. “**Wh-What in the world!?**” For a brief second, she had wondered if she was falling. There was a steep drop that led her brain to believe it, but all it took was lifting and dropping a foot to realize that *wasn’t* the case. In fact, lifting that foot led to her shoe almost *sliding off*! Almost as if her... *shoe was too big*? No, both of them felt that way!

Well, that more or less coincided with the phenomenon that had freaked her out in the first place. Alya’s body had *collapsed* vertically. Her 5’7” visage unraveled, with her arms, legs, and torso all shortening as her hands and feet shrunk and smoothed away in the process until they were much daintier. “**Eh? Eh? Eh? I’m so short!**” This left the teen to squeak in a higher voice (that was vaguely familiar), lost in a uniform that didn’t properly fit her now 4’11” body! Her sleeves had covered her hands, while her skirt covered her thighs.

Her thigh highs had hung on for dear life, even though they *had* bunched up around her knees. But unfortunately? They ended up slipping in their entirety once the teen’s body began to thin in some *very* specific locales. If it was her thigh highs slipping, then her *thighs* must have thinned, right? That was the long and short of it, in fact. Several inches of fat were sapped away, leaving them lankier with a gap now between her legs even *though* her hips were a couple of inches narrower too. Sadly, the bubble shape of her rump was lost too. But at least it was still perky, even if it *was* dainty! Perky enough to just *barely* keep her panties on.

“My voice... Where have I heard this voice before?” Rather than worry about her figure, Alya was tapping at her chin. She was an intellectual that liked to solve puzzles, and her voice was the greatest puzzle before her in that moment. Even *though* the fat of her breasts was diminishing, and the cups of her bra began to sit loosely across her chest. In her mind? She’d already gotten smaller, so making her *flatter* wasn’t outside of the realm of possibility. In the end they *were* still *B-cups*. So, it wasn’t like they were gone *completely*.

“Aha!” The teen smacked a balled up fist against an opened palm when the answer to her question occurred to her. **“I sound like Yuki-chan! And I’m smaller like her? And flatter...”** If the Yuki on the other side of the door had heard her, she probably would have gotten a *little* annoyed to hear that pointed out. **“And my hair! When did it become so dark?”** It was silkier than it should have been, but it wasn’t as *thick* as she ran a smaller hand through it.

Alya continued to examine herself, blinking here and there. She was on the mark, wasn’t she? But how could this even happen? It was an *unusual* experience. Even *as* she looked around, the blues of her eyes dimmed to a chestnut brown that matched her hair. Those eyes likewise *narrowed*, courtesy of her eyelids pinching in to give them slimmed Japanese shapes than they already were. As if the Russian had bled out of her body so that only Japanese blood remained. This likewise was demonstrated in flattened lips, a smaller nose, and rounded cheeks.

Nonetheless, she was still *incredibly* beautiful.

Now shorter, with a much less substantial figure and gorgeous, black hair, the new *Yuki* blinked several times with surprise once the reality of her new predicament had finally settled in. **“Это невозможно!”** Her first instinct to cry out in *Russian* instead of Japanese was a clear enough indicator that she really still *was* Alya deep down, with her personality intact too. **“I’m Yuki-chan? W-Wait, I’m Kuze-kun’s sister?”**

That realization made her freeze up, because an angle had occurred to her that hadn’t occurred to the Yuki that was now in Alya’s body. Alya had *feelings* for Kuze. She wanted to be his girlfriend! But if she was trapped in the body of Kuze’s sister, then didn’t that make it incest!? It would be immoral, wouldn’t it!? Her wholly Japanese eyes went wide, and she went to storm towards the door.



“**UWAH!?**” But because she was smaller, her tinier feet hooked on oversized shoes, and she *tripped*. Just as it looked like she might hit the floor, bigger arms caught her from within an opened door. It was... *her*? No, she *looked* like Alya used to, but she was dressed in a uniform that her body was clearly straining against. “**Wait... Yuki?**” It felt odd to ask that with *Yuki*’s vice.

“**...Yeah.**” Came a reply from the Alya copy in a familiar voice: her own. She helped the new Yuki to her feet, but the two shared a very awkward look after the fact. It seemed that both of them were trying to figure out to say, while likewise struggling with school uniforms that didn’t fit their bodies in different ways now. Both seemed ready to talk at the same time, and they ended up saying the same thing.

“**We should trade clothes first!**”