

AYANO OOP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Sometimes it was hard to believe that Masachika Kuze almost *never* had a reason to stay behind after classes ended.

Or, at least, he had never truly felt motivated to do so. Until recently he hadn't bothered himself to even get *involved* with any clubs. He was an otaku that always kept to himself, slovenly to the point that he couldn't even be bothered to realize the proverbial hole that he had fallen into. He had been content just living that way and hadn't had any interest in clawing out of it. That was, at least, until he met a certain girl.

But he had recently been inspired. And what could inspire a slovenly, lazy youth like Masachika? Well, at his age it could only be a *girl*, right? As much as he would deny it, he had fallen head over heels for the treasurer of the student council, the half-Russian Alisa Mikhailovna Kujou, or just *Alya* for short. The two had been spending a *lot* of time together as of late, and he'd even found a reason to stay on campus when classes ended.

That reason being that he had joined the student council himself for Alya's sake, currently serving it as the general affairs representative. It wasn't as important of a role as what Alya or Yuki possessed, but at the same time he didn't *want* a more important role. He may have caught feelings for the treasurer, but that didn't mean he wanted to stand in the spotlight. That was the *last* thing that he wanted, really.

It was funny, then. On this day, he wasn't actually *required* of him to be on campus after the final bell. In fact, he'd already gone home once. The student council didn't have a meeting because exams were coming up. It was against school policy to run club activities at this time so that the

club members could rightfully focus on studying. That didn't mean that they couldn't *use* the club rooms, and in fact most clubs ran study groups of their own within them.

Masachika wasn't back on the school grounds *to* study, though. He was still far too much of a slacker for that. But he also knew that the student council room would be in use, namely because he had been told as much. Apparently, Alya had stayed behind to organize the clubroom's storage room. But he hadn't been told this until she texted him *after* he'd already gotten home. Apparently Yuki had already been aware, too.



“If one of them had told me sooner then I would have stayed behind.” The boy rubbed at the back of his head casually as he walked down the hall. After receiving that text, he'd resolved to head back to school to help Alya. He just hadn't told her, hoping it might be a nice surprise. If it had been anyone else doing it, his sister included, he probably wouldn't have gone to these lengths. But Alya was a special case, of course.

Speaking of Yuki, however? When he came up on the clubroom door, he paused a moment. As he understood it, only the treasurer was supposed to be there. But he could hear Yuki speaking *with* Alya. Had she shown up for some reason? He couldn't quite make out what they were saying to each other, but it sounded a little *panicked*. And so, being brave, he opened the door. **“Is everything alr—!?”**

All three went dead still and silent. What he found on the other side of the door wasn't of the likes of *anything* he could have possibly predicted. Both his sister and his potential love interest were standing there in their underwear. They'd froze almost the *exact* moment he had opened the door, but it almost looked like they had been in the process of exchanging parts of their uniform? That didn't make much sense. They were completely different sizes!

“CLOSE THE DOOR, MASACHIKA!”

A difference in honorifics aside, the pair of girls ultimately shouted the exact same thing simultaneously with their cheeks tinged pink. **“R-Right!”** Ashamed of his moment of weakness, he slammed it shut and turned his back to press it against the door. He didn't want to anger them any further, and so he didn't call *through* the door. They would probably tell him what was going on, right?

Had they been trying on each other's clothes or something? Of course, Masachika couldn't have fathomed they were swapping clothes because they had *transformed into each other*. Nor that the source of this transformation was an item in the storage room that had mysteriously activated once again now that a third party was present. **"If Ayano was here, I bet she could get some answers quickly."** Ayano was Yuki's maid and a fellow general affairs member of the student council.

She was good at acting as the middle-woman during times like these. This was largely because she had such an even, almost robotic temperament that sometimes made you wonder if she felt anything at all. She *did*, of course, and she showed it more when she was fawning over Yuki or even Masachika himself. She had, after all, once been his own maid as well.

Of course, he hadn't anticipated that Ayano *would* 'show up'. Courtesy of the force that had altered the fates of the two girls on the other side of the door.

Confused and vaguely frustrated as he was, Masachika was at least confident that he would have his answers in a moment. Or *some* sort of answer, at least. Hopefully Alya or Yuki would explain what was going on in a digestible way, but at the same time... **"Why do I have a bad feeling...?"** It was a little hard to explain. Was it a worry so basic as believing the two were hiding something? Well, he definitely didn't need to worry about them *dating* in secret or anything like that.

His concerns *were* well founded, however. It was just that they were misplaced. Nothing was *technically* wrong with Alya or Yuki (at least if you had any semblance of context regarding what they had been through), and they weren't hiding anything so long as you didn't expect them to tell him what was going on when the two of them were both half dressed. The boy's appearance had been an unexpected one, but definitely *not* because they were trying to keep anything from him. They couldn't even fathom how he'd react to what they were going to eventually inform him of. Would he even believe it?

Like it or not (he wouldn't), he wasn't going to have much of a choice.

Masachika considered yelling through the door again, politely, to see if they could tell him anything helpful. But he didn't quite get the opportunity. **"Eh?"** Something felt *off*. Something that made him look down at his feet. There had been an instinctual pull on his subconscious that he couldn't quite place, and it had left him wondering if the floor had sunk below him. Had his eye level dropped all of a sudden?

The floor hadn't sunk, and he was still standing there with his feet rooted firmly on the floorboards. Kuze, standing at 5'8", was a pretty normal height for a boy of the age of sixteen. His uniform had been tailor made to fit this height, which was ultimately what left him scratching his head. Why were his pants so bunched up around his knees? And his sleeves now reached the center of his palms.

"...Eh?" It happened again. That feeling that he had dropped. But in *this* instance? He watched the nearby picture hung from the school wall lift up as he dropped. His sleeves were now covering *most* of his hands, and his pant legs were drooping around his shoes. Shoes that *slipped* off when he lifted a foot. They were too big for him? **"Wait a second. This isn't... possible..."** It was all easily explained by a singular truth, but that truth wasn't *possible*.

Masachika looked down at himself again, now much more panicked. The floor really *was* closer to his eye level, and it felt as if every movement threatened to disrobe him. His uniform *definitely* did not fit a boy of this height, and he had certainly shrunk a fair bit. About seven inches, leaving him standing at 5'1" instead. It didn't even occur to the boy that this had affected his body in other ways. His head was a little smaller for example, and his hands were not only extremely delicate in their shapes now, but sported nails that had extended past his fingertips.

"I-I shrunk? How is that possible?" He was wracking his brain, trying to think of an explanation to justify what had just happened to him. Try as he might, however, he really couldn't think of anything aside from a *curse*. But he was also very *wrong* in his line of thinking. He was assuming that becoming shorter was the end of whatever the hell had just happened. This wasn't the case at *all*. In fact, it was only the beginning. He was given a stern sign of this just second later. **"Urk!?"**

The sound that left his lips *almost* sounded pained, but that wasn't quite it even though the pitch was alarmingly *high*, too. It felt more like all of the wind had just been knocked out of him where he stood, while a force was pressed against his waist from both sides. Not only did this force his waistline to narrow, but the force popped his hips a few inches wider in tandem. This did irreversible damage to his body's silhouette, giving him a figure that didn't stop at androgynous – it was downright *feminine*.

"Seriously! What's going... on... here...?" He stopped short of crying out in full if only because the sound of his own voice hit his own ear. It sounded high and feminine, but more than that? It sounded eerily *familiar*. Where had he heard this voice before? **"I-I doesn't matter! Why do I sound like a girl?"** Kuze had already acknowledged his

height drop, and one hand was tracing his thinned waistline. I couldn't be that he was becoming—!?

He was. And if he'd had a mirror handy, he might have been more certain of. Because he couldn't tell what was going on with his *face* without one. It *did* feel a little tingly, but those facial features were falling in line, becoming more suitable for someone who spoke with a voice like his present one. His lips, for example, became small and puffy. His nose took on a button shape and his cheeks rounded to show off more of his fairer skin. What stood out more than anything, perhaps, was the sight of his brown eyes growing *bigger*. Lashes fluttered longer in the process, so that his gaze was quite *girlish*.

And more youthful. He looked more like he was *fifteen* rather than sixteen.

“H-Huh? Now my hair?” In a change that certainly caught his eye, Masachika was subjected to the sight of his own bangs falling into his view. But their browns? They had also darkened to *black*. This was only a taste of what was happening on the whole, because what was once a shorter hairstyle flowed well past his shoulders and messily down to the base of his shorter, narrower back. **“W-Wait, this hair...”** He'd definitely seen its color before, and he could connect it to the sound of his voice. It was the same as—

“Ngh!?” Kuze had almost identified them by name, but *her* body was wracked by what she had been trying to avoid thinking about. Her sex had changed, her genitalia inverting into a woman's counterpart as the bulge between her legs ultimately flattened away. Even the bush of black pubes above this new *equipment* rearranged so that it was shorter and neatly trimmed. **“I-I'm really a girl...”** Part of her *really* wanted to scream. Especially as she felt the rest of her feminine body begin to 'flourish'.

The weight of a teenaged girl's body found itself applied where no weight had been before. It wasn't applied in excess and seeing as she had figured out who she was becoming, she certainly hadn't expected it to. But it still felt very *strange* to feel the skin tightening around shaved thighs as they became softer and fatter, as well as when the cheeks of his ass perked up an additional few inches within her boxers. **“Well, this might as well be happening...”**

She still didn't want to accept what she had already concluded. It felt like if she finally did, she'd finally end up freaking out. And the girl was *right* about this. She blinked with awe as the front of her uniform pushed out slightly, and a sensual gasp even crossed her lips courtesy of what was growing within. Her nipples were puffier and *exceptionally*

sensitive compared to how they had been before, but this was only because B-cup mounds had swelled beneath them. From head to toe, she was now *entirely* a girl. A very *specific* girl.

While Masachika Kuze was still in there completely – her personality had not changed, nor had her memories – there was little point in denying the girlishness of the squeak that jumped from her fuller, glossier lips when it finally sunk into her that she hadn't just become *any* girl. This wasn't a situation where her gender had just been swapped, and even if it had *only* been that then it would have been unbelievable! “I... I’m... I turned into...!?” Ayano Kimishima.



She had been turned into her little sister's maid.

She'd struggled enough to grapple with this *as* she changed, and it was a miracle she hadn't cried out in the first place. Still, it was odd to hear so much emotion being conveyed through Ayano's voice. It was *certainly* enough to draw a (now mostly) dressed Alya and Yuki to the door. “**Ayano!?**” Alya was the one who opened the door first, and ultimately was the one who reacted the way she would have expected Yuki to. “**...Wait.**”

But both of the girls that had run out of the student council room froze when they realized that this Ayano was dressed in Masachika's clothes. Or, at least, the ones that *hadn't* fallen off of her body. “**B-Brother?**” Alya also asked this jarring question, as if she were Yuki asking if Ayano was Masachika. The more ‘Ayano’ looked at the two, they were kind of behaving like... *each other*.

“**W-Wait! Did you two...? Are you Yuki? And you're Alya!?**” The fake maid pointed at her two fellow student council members with this realization. They had turned into each other, just like *she'd* turned into Yuki. “**This can't be possible... Am I going to have to live as Alya's maid!?**” Because Alya *was* Yuki now. But... it was odd. While she hadn't inherited any of the real Ayano's personality otherwise, there was something deep down that inspired a *frisky thought* or two towards the new Yuki. Ayano had some kinks related to her masters, and *those* had been transferred to her.

And if Yuki was actually Alya, didn't that mean it was fine? Her cheeks burned red.

“**N-NO!?**”

“Calm down, brother!”

This situation was *extremely* confusing.