

KILLING GAME (REAL)

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Why am I doing this again...?”

Takumi Sumino could only mumble to himself as he walked back and forth within the mysterious room that had been mixed within the many facilities of the Last Defense Academy – the one room that’s use hadn’t been figured out by *any* of the students yet. And the only one who could have explained it to them, Sirei? He had been *missing* for a few days now. The students that had inexplicably woken up in the academy had been at a loss at the time.

At least until Hiruko Shizuhara had stepped up to lead them. Maybe ‘lead’ wasn’t the right word when the tall and serious girl had more or less deemed herself the leader and, not only that but forced all of the students that had refused to fight against the threat that attacked the school every days into their dorms, unallowed to leave. At this point, Takumi couldn’t be certain if she was doing it to be cruel, or if it was a roundabout way to try and get the others genuinely help.

But because *most* of their peers were in their rooms, there were very few of them available to help with other tasks that Hiruko had tabled in the meantime. *One* of those tasks involved the mysterious facility room. Or what was *within* it, anyways. From day 1, they’d all been aware of the mysterious pods that the room contained. They looked like cryo pods or something similar out of a science fiction movie, but they also didn’t seem to work.

“Just get in one. I’ll do the same.” Hiruko had apparently heard Takumi muttering to himself from across the room, and he jumped a little at this realization. **“If these work the way I think they do,**

we'll need something special to activate them. However, we need to test as many as we can." Did she think some of them were broken? Or was she ruling out the possibility that not *all* of them weren't working?

Either way, he had no choice but to climb inside, and—



"I, uh... HUH?" Takumi had done as he was told and laid down in the pod, but when he closed his eyes to get comfortable and opened them again? He wasn't staring at the top of the pod like he'd expected to be. He was staring at the roof of a *classroom*? He quickly rolled off of what he'd been laying on – three desks pushed together so a person could lay on them, and began to look around in a panic.

He wasn't in the mysterious room. He was definitely in a school classroom, though the windows to the left of the chalkboard were all boarded up with *steel plates*? Were they there to keep something out, or to keep *them* in? Somehow, he was vaguely reminded of the stories Darumi would tell about those *killing game* video games that she played. Of course, that couldn't be—

**UPUPUPUPU! IT SEEMS OUR KILLING GAME
HAD SOME UNINVITED GUESTS! BUT DON'T
WORRY, WE CAN MAKE NEW CONTESTANTS
OUTTA YOU!**

"...Eh?"

Wait, this was *really* a killing game? Like the kind of scary game that Darumi was always going on about? But that... couldn't be the case. Something like that was much too *deranged*! Still, Takumi had no reason to doubt the words that had come over the intercom, which made him think the obvious. **"I need to get out of here!"** *Wherever* 'here' was, anyways. He made a mad dash to the closest sliding door and put all of his strength into pulling it open, but it didn't move. **"Crud!"** Was it locked? Had he been trapped inside? *Yes*. And just as a transparent, scentless gas began to flood the air of the classroom.

"Can I break the door somehow?" The boy turned around to look at the classroom again, looking for anything he could use as a weapon. It

was only *then* that he realized all of the chairs and desks were bolted down. His eyes went wide as it dawned on him just how thoroughly he had fallen for a trap, but there was also something *about* those eyes. The colors of his irises were paling to a shade of light blue, his eyelashes were lengthening, and the *shapes* of his eyes, well...

Lengthier lashes already helped create this impression, but those eyes looked more *effeminate*, though that impression was only strengthened by the shapes of his eyes rounding and... going beyond that. His hooded eyelids? They rose in the center as their shapes became more reflective of someone of European Caucasian descent than anything else. All in all? They looked more like the eyes of a *white girl* than a Japanese boy, and that spread into the rest of his face before long.

“Is there really nothing I can – *COUGH* – throw?” Takumi was still set on trying to break the door, only to find himself trying to clear his throat mid-sentence while his Adam’s apple smoothed away into nothingness. This seemingly lifted the pitch of his voice at a time when he had begun to appear more and more *feminine*, for his flat, dry lips lifted into puffy, pinker, and better moisturized shapes. The bridge of his nose likewise stretched longer as the tip sharpened, remaining cute but clearly playing into the Caucasian female design of his face that was emphasized as his cheekbones lifted and his chin sharpened.

For better or for worse, though, the boy didn’t seem to notice that anything was even *wrong*? He hadn’t noticed the gas, and even if he had, its effects on his *mind* at this point would have pulled him away from thinking much of it. **“But... throwing something wouldn’t help me escape the school. Not with the windows boarded... Huh?”** Escaping the school ultimately *had* been implied, but hadn’t he been focused on escaping the room? For some reason, if he was going to leave it didn’t feel like escaping the classroom would accomplish much?

Takumi’s height changed, though in such a minor way that he couldn’t even be blamed for not noticing. His 5’6” height was bumped up to 5’7”, but his outfit was so spacious that it didn’t exactly bring about any malfunction. If anything, the change that happened simultaneously that saw his hands and feet slim and narrow, with any scars or callouses softened away, seemed to be more prominent as the feminizing process appeared to be targeting more than just his head now.

While his height change may not have burdened his outfit very much, however, there were *other* changes to his build that could. His pants had been designed to fit his body perfectly, for example, which made their fit a little more sensitive to things such as, say, his *hips flaring out*? They pushed out a few inches wider, which prompted the waistband of his pants to *dig into* them. **“Oh!?”** And the discomfort didn’t even *stop*

there, for the upper portions of his pant legs became tighter and tighter as well... courtesy of the weight of his thighs *bloating* considerably.

She found herself idly picking at the back of her pants, namely because the weight that pooled into her thighs had burgeoned within the cheeks of her ass at roughly the same time... as well as being at roughly the same time as the pull of her cock and balls into her new *pussy*, which was accentuated by a neatly trimmed bush of blonde pubes just above it. Did her sex change even register? Evidently not, because she seemed more interested in trying to pick at the wedgie she could feel around her heart-shaped ass. **“This isn’t the time for this... I need to compose myself!”**

Composure. The old Takumi would never have thought this way, but the *eighteen year old* girl had become lowkey obsessed with how she presented herself. Like she *had* to look ‘proper’, even as her body became all the more ridiculous as the gas continued to affect her. The light blonde that had already infiltrated her pubes made its way into her red hair. Stray strands flattened as it all *grew*, extending well past her shoulders, down her back, and even past her swollen ass in the rear. Her bangs grew too, but were swept over to the right side of her face.

“Curiously, I don’t remember putting these clothes on this morning?” Her sea-blue eyes looked directly down at big hoody and puffy, white shirt that she was wearing over a body that had slimmed in her shoulders and waist to give her a more ladylike silhouette. In fact, she was privy to the sight of the front of her shirt *pushing* forward courtesy of weight that pooled beneath her nipples, stretching them while newly acquired mounds bloated into a pair of *C-cup* breasts upon the lady’s chest.

Any woes she had about her attire were addressed in kind, at least, though the ‘power’ that was changing her pointedly waited for her to look away. What she was wearing already just seemed to *disappear* as if invisibly bugs were eating it up, instead uncovering a green, European dress underneath with puffy, cream sleeves that matched a belt that hugged her waist. A big, red bow was tied around her neck, and a green bow found her hair just as a great length of it was braided. Otherwise? Her thighs were bare, and black, thigh-length socks were all that covered her legs aside from some cute, brown loafers.

Sonia Nevermind was *worried*. For all she knew, she had just been inducted into a *killing game* earlier that day there at Hope’s Peak Academy. It had been a



whirlwind of a day that had left her emotionally overwhelmed. So overwhelmed that she'd been forced to retreat into one of the empty classrooms to help calm her frayed nerves. As the Ultimate Princess, how was she supposed to handle this news? **"I suppose I need to return to the others at some point..."**

In case one of them tried to kill her in secret?

Of course, this scenario was one that had been fed into her memories by Monokuma's special gas; a gas that included a potent nanomachines that could create colorful characters for its newest killing game. Sonia was none the wiser to what had happened to her, wholly believing in this new background that had been etched into her very soul. And so, after taking a deep breath? She opened the classroom door and stepped out. **"I should get to the cafeteria where everyone else will be gathering..."**

Why did that feel vaguely familiar somehow?



"Okay. This isn't what I expected." The ever serious Hiruko had possessed some theories about the pods in the mystery room, largely that they had been related to how the students had all appeared there in the first place. Like Takumi, she had found herself lying on some desks as soon as she sat down in the pod, though she was within a classroom on the opposite side of the school building. Sharp as she was, her first impulse had been to investigate. She didn't even spare a thought for whether or not Takumi had ended up there too.

At least until she heard the same announcement that had begun with the same, bizarre laugh. **"I suppose that means Takumi is here as well, but..."** She also caught onto the fact that she'd been placed into a trap much sooner. She heard the mechanisms in the door lock as well as the dull hiss of what she presumed to be gas entering through the vents. Unfortunately, it appeared to be transparent.

"So, what's my move here?"

Hiruko had no way of knowing what was in store for her when it came to that gas. Was it meant to knock her out? Initially, this felt like the most likely outcome – assuming any of this was *real*. Of course, she had completely mischaracterized the nature of the gas and didn't really

know *what* it did. Had she, the young woman might have been quicker to scrutinize her own body, where there was some very clear changes of *color* taking place.

The girl's skin had always been an *unusual* color. It was a shade of pale that bordered on *grey*, one that gave her appearance an almost intimidatingly eerie aesthetic when paired with her piercing, crimson gaze. But as the nanomachines got to work? They treated the color of her skin promptly, brightening that grey to a healthier pink that looked far more 'normal' comparatively. Aside from the multitude of scars that were carved into her right thigh and left arm.

“Is there a way out that I’m not seeing?” More of her body's color changed even as her eyes darted about. The bright crimson of her gaze was lightening *as* she sought a means of escape, gradually reaching a soft shade of pink that stole the spark of intimidation in tandem with the *shapes* of her eyes beginning to round and slightly... *droop*? In fact, Hiruko's face as a whole seemed to soften, losing its sharper edges *and* some of its softness as her lips thinned a touch and her nose became more button shaped. It was much rounder and cuter, and it didn't look like it belonged to 'Hiruko' at all.

Her glasses eventually fell from her smaller nose, but she didn't notice?
She also seemingly didn't *need* them anymore.

She pushed her hair back over her shoulders without thinking about *why* she was doing it. Her usual hairstyle involved keeping her purple locks over the fronts of her shoulders, but on some subconscious level she seeming didn't *like* that anymore. This gesture came about as her *hair* changed, its purple color lightening vaguely to a dark plum hue instead as the lengths of her locks were cut off much more abruptly in a choppy, messier hairstyle that almost made each length resemble a loose bandage. What's more, this hair raced her thighs in the back, where her bangs received the most uneven cuts of all.

“Wh-What should I...? E-Eh? Why is my voice so high...? Why do I sound so scared!?” While the nanomachines had been affecting Hiruko's mind, her own mind had been too sharp for them to completely turn off her awareness out the gate. She *noticed* that she was acting unusually jittery, but that didn't mean she could *do* anything about it. And as the seconds ticked by? Little by little, the way she was acting began to feel more 'normal'. **“Oh... I’m so pathetic, aren’t I?”**

Flustered out of nowhere, she took a step forward at the expense of a loud *CRACK* that she realized was her glasses only a second later. *M-My glasses? Since when did I...? Th-They must be someone else's!* But the mental corruption had finally rooted itself properly within her psyche.

This made what happened with the rest of her body happen relatively seamlessly, though with her head *already* changed it mostly targeted her figure.

Hiruko was tall, strong, and voluptuous; all traits that her outfit made no effort to really conceal. On the other hand, that also made it all the easier to see what she was *losing*. Any muscle definition that the woman's body possessed softened away until there was *no* strength left at all, leaving a vaguely fatty softness in its place. She *felt* notably weaker, but didn't really seem to say much about it aside from making a meek squeak.

But while some fat had at least been left in the place of her muscle, that wasn't true when it came to *all* of her losses. The already fattier parts of her body, namely her breasts, thighs, and ass, were targeted next. The weight that made the young woman's body so voluptuous was all *lessening*, maintaining a womanly figure but reducing it until it was far more *average* comparatively. This meant her breasts shrinking down into *C-cups*, her ass going from a heart shape to a peach shape, and her thighs almost *halving* in weight.

“E-Eh?” With so much less meat on her bones, Hiruko's uniform already looked like it was close to slipping off. These risks became even *greater* as her stature began to drop. She *had* been extremely tall for a girl at her age, seeing as she'd been 5'11" and all. But she dropped all the way down to 5'4", which left her skirt touching the floor and the base of her top reaching past her hips. ***“Wh-What just happened? Did I shrink? But that... couldn't be?”*** Because it was impossible! People didn't *shrink*!

At the very least? She didn't need to worry about her clothing slipping off. As had been the case for Sonia, the nanomachines waited until their victim was distracted before eating away and replacing what she was wearing. She was left in an old fashioned, pink top with a light blue, pleated skirt underneath a nurse's apron. Ankle high socks and white shoes covered her feet, while her underwear had been adjusted to so that she was wearing a pair of white panties with a humiliating teddy bar print on the back. Bandages also appeared aplenty, disguising the scars that had been etched into her body previously.

“Wh-What am I supposed to— UWAH!?” Mikan Tsumiki had run off with an idea very similar to what had motivated Sonia to leave the gymnasium where they had all met up at the time. Just, she had done so *pathetically* as she practically screamed and cried while running out the door, with snot running down her face. After spending enough time in an isolated classroom, she'd at least managed to clean herself up a little

about. But she also didn't feel any better about participating in a *killing game* of all things.

She'd thrown up in the garbage in the room's corner several times, and had been pacing around the classroom anxiously ever since. Or that was what she *remembered*, anyways. Of course, these memories were all falsified. Were there *actually* other students involved with this? Well, there *was* Sonia. But as for the rest? Monokuma would surely need more victims to make that happen.

While pacing about, Mikan had suddenly tripped over her own two clumsy feet and landed flat on her face with her ass in the air. It was *embarrassing*, but it was basically a daily occurrence to her. Just so long as no one saw her like that then it was okay! She could recover! She was the ultimate nurse, after all, so—



KNOCK KNOCK!

“KYA!?”

The sound of someone knocking on the door caused her to freak out, assuming someone was about to see her in such a precarious position! Unfortunately for her, she'd become so tangled up in her bandages that it was futile, and a blonde haired girl around her age walked in. ***“Erm...”*** This was so embarrassing! She wanted to die! She was going to end her life on the spot! ...Which was certainly a stark contrast compared to Hiruko's personality.

Much to Mikan's surprise, however? After staring with confusion for a moment, the young woman instead came to her side to help untangle her. ***“Are you already? Looks like you had a nasty fall! I guess you must also be... Oh! My name is Sonia Nevermind! It's a pleasure to meet you!”*** She was so kind! Mikan was flabbergasted! When was the last time anyone had treated her with such kindness.

“So pretty! So generous! You're like a real princess!”

“A-Ah... Well, that would be because I *am* a real princess! The Ultimate Princess!”

“HUH!?”