

GAME, SET...

AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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He didn't have much time left before their next meeting, and had no intention of engaging in that meeting until he had the basics of Shogi down. Akira Kurusu wandered the halls of his school with a book in hand, one detailing the basics and beginning strategies of the board game he'd been speaking to a young woman about regularly now. Shogi, or the King's Game as it was often labeled, was a complex strategy game not unlike Chess.

The one Akira had been meeting, and intended on meeting today, was Hifumi Togo. She was a student of another high school and the champion of the Female Shogi League. Despite being beautiful and holding such a prestigious title however, there seemed to be something strange about her. She was distant, reserved. She seemed lonely, and so it was hard for the boy to pull his thoughts away from her. When she allowed him to keep her company it made him happy, and he was interested in making sure she had someone to speak to regularly.

It was just... he wasn't all that familiar with Shogi and that seemed to be one of her primary interests, and so a trip to the library at his own school had supplied him with the text he was carrying. Class had ended a while ago and so the only students wandering around were those finishing their club activities. Going back to his place so early in the eve, even as the sun was beginning to set, felt like a rather boring use of his time though, especially when he was meeting Hifumi in about an hour, and so he hid himself away in an empty classroom with the book in hand.

Akira just really didn't want to look like an idiot when he was talking to her. She seemed like she valued intellect over anything else, and while the boy was sharp he wasn't sure he was sharp in a way that would make him a good Shogi player. Not to

devalue himself, but... **"I wish I knew what she was thinking about."** Legs propped up against a desk as he leaned back with book in hand, he made this idle comment.

An idle comment that he didn't realize was picked up by his Metaverse app. It had some strange features that none of the Phantom Thieves were really all that aware of, such as allowing them to get into the minds of others to help better identify Palaces. That said, if you didn't have a conscious awareness of what was happening before its spell took effect, it would be much harder to pull oneself free of its influence later.

Even now Akira's form began to bend in response to his idle wonderings. The white emblem of his school upon his breast was quickly dyed gold as the overall shape became more circular, a gold star design forming in its center as the black cloth around it seemed to brighten to a brilliant blue that began to spread in every direction. Wrinkles straightened out as it wrapped around his shoulders and down both arms, crimson buttons down the center possessed by shiny silver. The general fit remained the same, at least similar enough to the usual fit that with his eyes on the book Akira didn't notice, but it was merely the first of a list of changes.

It was more appropriate to say that his costume was reforming to better match the contents ahead of the physical and mental shift, and it was subtly done in a way that would snatch Akira's attention. The discreet ability of the transformation was not meant to be used in a way that made the user unaware, but the app was meant to be used with full awareness in the first place.

The neck of the white turtleneck he always wore beneath his uniform jacket soon began to unravel, thick cloth thinning as said collar folded down like one would find on any typical dress shirt. Circular areas running down the front length of the garment began to harden as a noticeable crease eventually split the thinner white into a state that required the newly formed buttons to hold it together. Similar buttons appeared on his shirt's cuffs, leaving the turtleneck little more than a woman's dress shirt that miraculously fit him thanks to his leaner body top.

Akira was very clearly, at least on his upper half, sporting the Shujin uniform he was accustomed to seeing on Hifumi. Some of the excess mass that had been trimmed away from his turtleneck even began to pool just below his neckline, navy blue stripes bleeding in to form a striped ribbon that ran around his neck.

It wouldn't have done to merely leave his attire half-transformed however, and focus soon crept into the unusual plaid pants he normally wore. For better or for worse (*likely for better*) the plaid pattern embedded in the leg wear began to be overcome by the pure black material that rested around it. It didn't take long for the pants to be left as dark as the night, without a single color present across its surface, but considering Hifumi wore a girl's uniform the changes surely weren't content with just ripping away every color that made it unique.

No, starting at his ankles the legs began to bunch up. It would climb a little up his leg and bunch up some more, and then do it again and again as legs and the hair across them were left bare in the process. This phenomenon continued up until it reached Akira's upper thigh; the fact that he hadn't noticed despite still having legs kicked up on the desk rather remarkable. All at once, the bunched up material released and fluttered out to a much shorter length than the pants had once been. The black remained, and yet the form was very clearly a pleated skirt typical of a girl's uniform. His white socks pulled up to just below his knees, their design thicker to keep bare legs warm, and while footwear saw very little change the laces were absorbed into the leather, design lace-less and feminine.

Strangely enough his undergarments had been left alone for now, but there would soon be reason to change them.

Akira's fingers moved to turn the page of the book he was reading, and that was when he finally took notice. The length of his fingernails attracted his attention, a glossy sheen spread across their surfaces familiar. Even the design of each finger they were attached to was daintier. Where had he seen hands like these before...? On someone he knew, he felt like. Ann? Makoto? No.

Maybe he should have been more alarmed by this and yet he felt oddly at ease. Because the app was designed to prevent panic, he merely wouldn't. Akira would ultimately give himself to the transformation until nothing of himself was left, without any real resistance.

His curly hair was flattening atop his head, each strand straight and subject to sudden growth as they began to tickle the nape of his neck. His jacket and undershirt? They tightened suddenly, collapsing the breadth of his shoulders in one fell motion while the same happened around the center of his stomach. It was difficult to see what was happening to his flesh with his body completely covered, but the perimeter of the jacket easily showed that his figure now bore a much more feminine appearance than it had prior.

Hairs began to pile on the ground between his chair and desk as they shed from his legs, each twirling down to the tiled floor below to leave legs bare and smooth. The hair held a sheen that suggested they'd just been waxed -- perhaps that morning before school -- and Akira was ultimately forced to plant his feet properly on the ground as length no longer closed the gap between where he was sitting and where he was propping them up. More than that, however, he'd suddenly felt like correcting his posture. Back straight against the chair, feet planted firmly; he couldn't afford to be seen acting improperly.

Apparently.

The meat around his legs began to grow more abundant once his knees were squared up. Fat slithered in and around muscle, deteriorating the strength that had been hard won from all of his adventures in the Palaces thus far. But where strength

left, womanly appeal gave rise, and before long there was a lip of supple skin hanging over where his legs parted the chair. Said lip was merely adjusted when the same phenomenon laid claim to his behind, ass bringing his seat to rise and his cushion more comfortable as the skin paled and his boxers dug into the crack behind him.

But his boxers were not long for this new reality. Gray and free of pattern, the color began to darken to a rich blue as the shorts of the undergarment withdrew to leave *more* of his legs exposed. The material turned silken and slid more comfortably around his newly engorged butt cheeks, and yet it pushed uncomfortably against his penis... *if only for a moment*. Change moved to alleviate this momentary discomfort, dick shrinking in kind before slipping inside of his pelvis completely as the skin around the hole it had retreated into grew swollen, the hole itself lined with sensual nerves. *Her pussy* was a 100% match to Hifumi's own, from how she was a virgin to how the pubes she kept above were black, straight, and trimmed.

The *girl's* face had slipped past the point of being androgynous and was now looking typically feminine. Lashes had grown longer, concealing eyes that had brightened from brown to turquoise behind each and ever flutter. Her cheek bones were notably softer, yet her face boasted a more angular design than Akira saw in the mirror every morning. Her lips poked into a natural pout, thanks due to a discreet swell that made them fuller than they'd once been. And her hair? Akira's hair had already fallen past the center of her back's feminine arch, straight bangs cut clean aside from two pieces that framed her new face. Very little of the boy that was Joker of the Phantom Thieves could even be noted in her appearance now.

And her mind? It fared no better. She'd noticed the changes to her fingers and yet the thoughts had been buried as new memories flooded her mind. Expectations for her to succeed as a Shogi Champion, the weight placed upon her shoulders by her family, the fact that she felt so alone... and the one boy that had been visiting her that had given her just the slightest glimmer of hope.

That was why she was here at Shujin Academy, wasn't it? She was waiting for him. Her chest almost swelled with pride at the thought that she'd finally met someone that would see her for who she was and not what she could do.

...It was also swelling *literally*. Serving to finalize the her shift into the form of a young woman, nipples stood erect as the front of her jacket and shirt began to fill out. The material in this area of both garments had been left loose to best accommodate her breasts when they grew in, and so it was a rather seamless process. Mounds took shape quickly, their tender forms rising to meet the cups of a navy blue brassiere that had been composed from any excess matter left from her transformation. Considering Hifumi was smaller than Akira there had been a lot of that, more than enough to shape the missing undergarment and a crimson rope hair accessory.

What was left sitting where Akira had been was a girl. A young lady that worked hard and was mercilessly subjected to rumor and anger regarding her talents as the Venus of Shogi. Her past identity? Forgotten. Yet her old self could still resurface and the app undone as intended. Without anyone familiar with the fact that Akira had changed, however, and considering that the app had to exact equivalency by transforming the real Hifumi into Joker...

Well, it certainly complicated things.