

CREATI-VE MINDS

MARCH 2020 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Byakuya Togami sighed. Day after day they were trapped in this hell school called Hope's Peak, asked to kill one another for a chance at freedom. It was a sick and twisted game that the weak could not survive. Were this the outside world, the wealthy young man had no doubt in his mind that he would have been able to pay himself to victory by purchasing his own safety. But in here? His wealth meant little; his peers had made that ever so apparent.

While most of them steered clear of the boy there was one that kept hovering around him. Touko Fukawa, Super High School Level Literary Girl. She was annoyingly without social confidence, a mess of a woman that couldn't even maintain eye contact with the great Togami without looking away after a second. She was entirely weak and useless, yet she kept popping up.

Today she had a book in her hand. A manga? With such a crude cover that's all it could be. He didn't entertain himself with such childish fantasies. Touko didn't say anything as they ate breakfast at the same table, instead her eyes bouncing skittishly from the book to the heir. Back and forth. Back and forth. It must have been dizzying. **"Obviously you're not going to say what's on your mind unless I ask, so hurry up and stop wasting my time. What do you want to show me?"** Togami was... he was not a nice guy.

"Eep! W-Well..." There she went, stammering as she usually did. How idiotic. The boy couldn't imagine her words would be worth anything and he was proven correctly one hundred percent. **"I was just thinking... I-If we had powers like the characters in this**

manga maybe we c-could...” Togami didn’t even let her finish and clicked his tongue, slamming his fork upon the table. Thankfully there was no one else in the cafeteria at the time. He’d been right to assume this would probably be idiotic, but he hadn’t been prepared for just how stupid it had been.

“But this isn’t a manga. This is real life. Don’t approach me with your garbage ideas.” He’d stood to walk away and managed to get a few feet, but a sudden light cast from behind him stole his attention away. It was a gentle, green light. Togami had first thought it to be another of Monokuma’s tricks, but looking back... it was the manga book? **“What!?”**

The light filled everything, and then all that was left was white. A white floor, white walls, a white ceiling. No furniture at all, and Fukawa wasn’t present. Was this another room in Hope’s Peak? Another trap? It was easy to assume that but there was also a peculiar aura about this space.

Moving to turn and look behind him made Togami aware of something else. His clothes were extremely uncomfortable, and there was no denying why. He usually wore a tight but comfortably fit suit, the kind one would expect of someone as wealthy as he was. What he was actually wearing though was enough to even make him feel shame. Skintight crimson that was cut open just below his navel, a large gap running up the center of her torso all of the way to his neck, which seemed to have a raised collar. It was so tight he had concern that his dick might be bulging out of the material’s front since it resembled a leotard, yet thankfully two yellow belts were wrapped around *that* area.

“Monokumaaaa!” A seething rage boiled up from the back of Togami’s throat. He’d even now realized he wasn’t wearing his glasses, the absence of his usual pair immediately unnoticed because of the white space playing tricks on his eyes. **“I need my glasses...”** In response to that desire, a light shone from his hands and within them was... his glasses. **“I suppose that works.”** Considering the circumstances it was easy enough to just chalk it up to the work of his captor without considering any other possibilities.

Like that he’d spawned the glasses of his own power.

Yet, despite adorning his spectacles once more he found them otherwise ineffective. The moment he’d put them on his vision had grown blurry, and once removed his vision was clear as day. The boy squinted at the improbability of this phenomenon. **“My vision couldn’t be correct. This must be another trick.”** Without a reflective surface in the room though he couldn’t see how green irises had bled pitch black, nor

how his brows above them had thinned and lashes danced with augmented length.

Togami pursed his lips, the fact that they were more voluminous escaping his attention as he wandered over to one of the white walls to better inspect the cage he was being held in. Every step was uncomfortable because of the open leotard, and each step was a stern reminder of that discomfort. He could feel the nylon riding up into his butt crack, presumed to be the case because he was wearing women's clothes. It was a half-right assumption though, because the leotard was riding thanks to a building shape in his behind.

It wasn't like he had an Adonis-like body or anything. He was surprisingly fit for a teen in his position, but his muscle mass wasn't a whole lot more than you'd expect. His rear likewise wasn't chiseled to perfection, but as the leotard began to ride up the crack it was clear that both cheeks of his behind were softening and inflating in tandem. They bulged forward and displaced the belts that wrapped around them a little, but his ass didn't become so large that it would be inconvenient on his frame.

In fact, that frame was shrinking a little. As height diminished more space was freed up in his woman's outfit, loosening the wedgie his butt was receiving as well as easing up the uncomfortable crunch against his dick from the material pulling backwards.

Arms and legs were noticeably shorter, though at least in his thighs they lack of height had been replaced with a bolstered volume to his thighs. They were more curvaceous and shimmering with the sheen of a fresh waxing as knees below buckled in to match an abnormal gait as far as his thighs were concerned. Had they widened? From a glance that looked to be the case, but Togami still remained ignorant to what was happening.

“Hel-LO!?” The heir had thought to call for help as he banged against the white wall, but was given pause as voice cracked to a pitch he was unfamiliar with. **“Hello? Why does my voice sound like this?”** An attempt at clearing his throat did not solve his concerns at all. It was like his voice had corrected into the voice of a maiden's. It was around that moment that he finally noticed the hand that had been banging on the wall itself. Fingers seemed slender, nails longer than he kept them. Overall the hand looked smaller.

“Fwoo! Fwoo!” And why was it his bangs kept falling in his eyes? The black hairs were terribly inconvenient! He kept having to blow them away because of how long they were.

Although it was interesting that he wasn't finding the fact that his hairs were black strange in the first place. His hair had grown wild, length past his shoulders though finding itself propped up behind him while a length of bangs on the right side of his head was swept to the front -- it was these hairs in particular that he kept blowing away. The distraction caused by Togami's hair, however, was enough to make him forget all about his voice and his hands. There was nothing strange about them. Hadn't they always been that way?

“Gyack!?” Forehead, more abundant than it had ever been, smacked against the wall as a sharp pain in his groin sent his torso lurching forward in a sudden motion. It was like he'd been kicked in the nuts... or rather like *her* nuts had been kicked away. Her crotch was completely vacant now sans a woman's genitalia, hair cut neatly above it.
“Wh-What was that...?”

Togami's arrogance and overconfidence was melting away like butter in a microwave. As much as she probably would have spit venom about Monokuma moment prior, for once in her life she was putting others above herself. She was in danger, right? So what about the others that were trapped? Were they experiences similar phenomenon right now? Alone in a white stone cage, confused and helpless. But no... she wasn't helpless, was she? After all she had her powers. Powers the old *Mogami* had scoffed at in the cafeteria with Fukawa earlier.

Though, strangely enough she couldn't really remember Fukawa either. Naegi and the others? Their names stood out. She could remember what they looked like clearly. Fuk... who? She'd been in the cafeteria with Jirou earlier hadn't she?

Either way she was imbued with newly found resolve at the thought of helping everyone else. Rising from her uncomfortable position with head on the wall and ass jutting out, weight built upon her chest in relation to her straightening her back, ironically enough. Bosom had been flat as a boy's with her back arched, but by the time she'd risen they too had risen into a larger than average bust for a teenaged girl of sixteen, open leotard barely able to contain them while showing off *Momogami's* cleavage in its entirety.

But she could remember why her outfit was like this now. It was so she could freely use her Quirk since her skin needed to be exposed, as so... Lights sparked around her firm cut navel and a sledgehammer fell out, one she readily picked up and aimed at the wall. **“I'm coming, everyone!”** She -- Momo -- swung with all her heart and feelings behind the strike, and once it impacted the wall...

The entire room shattered.

“Huh? Momo? Why are you looking at me like that?” When Momo suddenly had awareness of her surroundings once more, she’d found herself back in Hope Peak’s cafeteria once more. Between herself and the one speaking was a cafeteria table with an old manga on it, and the speaker was none other than her girlfriend Jirou, biological earjacks dangling from her ears like they always had. Their relationship hadn’t started like that of course, but an extended stay in this hell had made them closer.

“I just had a realization,” she replied, black eyes narrowing with newly born inspiration. **“With out Quirks we can break everyone out and smite that dastardly bear!”**

If Byakuya Togami were here, he’d undoubtedly feel sick at such a shounen-like development.