

# UNWITTING PAWN

## SEPTEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“You’d think that after multiple Keyblade Wielders *and* Namine disappeared that they’d stop sending one of us at a time.”** A boy bearing eerie physical similarity to the previously transformed Ventus was wandering through the halls of Hope’s Peak, a world that had already claimed a large group of their allies for one reason or another. Was it enemies? Was it out of necessity? He didn’t have the foggiest idea, nor did Master Cid apparently, but it was fair of him to question the intentions in this case.

It was likely that Cid needed to keep some of the Keyblade wielders in the rear in case this was a trap, but how many of them had to go missing before he’d see the folly in this? How long before the boy himself was a victim?

Roxas ruffled his blonde hair with a free hand as the other held one of his two Keyblades at the ready. He was a little more cautious than the others, her experience as a member of Organization XIII making him incessantly wary of anything he didn’t understand.

Entering a room that looked to be a cafeteria, he found used food trays and open supplies littered across the desks, most of the food still fresh. **“So there are people here?”**, he murmured under his breath, wondering if it might be his missing friends. He was particularly worried for Namine, whom wasn’t as combat prepared as the others were. With any luck she’d come across the others and was now in their custody.

**“Hm?”** He stopped before a number of weird holes in the ground. It looked as if they’d been forcible opened at some point. Like they’d been impaled? But that couldn’t be, right? This place seemed to have rather high security, but it was just a

school in the end, right? As if to prove a point he stuck his right foot over one of the holes. "**See? Nothi-- OW!?"**

He'd been ready to confidently announce his victory, yet he felt something sharp bite into his toe. The tiniest spike dealing the tiniest prickle, before the spike hid itself back in the floor. "**What the heck!?"** He hopped up onto one foot, grabbing his ankle with his arm to turn and make sure his foot was okay. The pain had subsided rather quickly and there wasn't an apparent hole in his footwear... Had it just been a trick of the mind?

*No.* Nanomachines had gone ahead and sealed the hole. A prick in the foot was enough to activate them and send them through his blood stream, which meant they were set up to do what they did best. Make a victim of this boy, make him a member of this world.

There was an essence tied to those holes in the ground. The sad story of a girl that had been a follower, a sister, and had ultimately died as a result. But this wasn't a ghost story. This was a story of second chances. A second chance for Roxas? Not really. Maybe in a way, but likewise not how you'd think.

The box lifted the foot that had been stabbed away from the holes in the ground, not yet noticing that his boot felt looser than it had when he'd set the foot down over the holes in the first place. With the nanomachines in his bloodstream and the point of origin being his right foot, it was only natural that this would be the first area to transform. Toes wiggled within the boot as the feeling of cramping forced Roxas to raise it into the air again. "**Now a cramp of all things?"**, he groan as he massaged toes through the boot to help address the stiff pain. It *was* eventually abated but with no thanks to his massage -- toes had simply finished changing, becoming smaller, far more calloused from tirelessly running around, and nails both painted with camo paint and chipped and frayed from overwork.

Since the pain had passed, he turned his eyes back to the holes without noticing the way he was standing had become inadvertent one-sided for just a moment. Footwear began to reshape next, boots becoming loafers on both feet while the unchanged anatomical structure was crunched in to match the first, nanomachines having spread incredibly quickly. The bottom of his pant legs had begun to roll themselves upwards, mass of cloth collecting to reveal bare ankles that were narrower than they had been *before* Roxas had been bit by the spear.

It looked as if the tiles that contained the holes could be lifted if Roxas had wanted to. He certainly wanted to see what was beneath the floor, if something had actually stabbed him, and yet at the same time an unbridled anxiety rose up within him the more he looked at that spot. Fear. In fact he couldn't stop his hands from shaking terribly at the very thought of even going near those tiles. *He didn't want to die like that again.*

**“Wait. Why am I equating death with that little poke? It doesn’t make any sense.”** He shook his head, black streaks of hair spreading through spiky blonde escaping his notice along with the emergence of several dots across his cheek and nose. Freckles were beginning to appear.

Pants continued to roll upward, revealing more and more of a pair of legs that were not only suspiciously hairless but suggestively paler than Roxas’ usual skin tone. While lower legs seemed longer and stalkier than they used to be, once they rose past his knees the muscle in his legs that he’d trained grew more substantiated and firmer. Even more than that, thighs in general became more and more pronounced. Thick with not only strength but beset by a plasticity allowed by feminine fat that didn’t belong. With the boy’s hips still unchanged, considering their thickness they pressed into one another for just a few moments.

It was only a few moments in fact because hips would soon pop outward, legs practically displaced a moment before they clicked back into their new position; a position that pointed knees inward and kept thighs apart with a significant gap between them. All of the black cloth from his pants that had rolled up eventually exposed his boxers and reached Roxas’ hips, and instead of completely disappearing this rolled up material ultimately exploded all at once, mass changed into a pleated, dark green skirt that fluttered down to just above his knees, girlish knees.

It was only natural that the boy would take notice of these changes, at least once his hips had popped outward. Loafers clacked upon the ground as he rose one leg into the air and sat it down, moving to the next. The pale, feminine limbs looked like that belonged on a woman, and the skirt more or less sold that. It was just... he wasn’t sure how to process it.

And with the nanomachines still at work on his mind, he couldn’t really process it at all. Just like his peers had fallen to this strange technology, he was left unable to properly comprehend what was happening to ensure that it occurred smoothly. As smoothly as those legs.

His stomach tightened as his torso was worked on next. Muscles were more pronounced around a deepened navel as the curvature of his sides swept inward. The arch of the boy’s back became deeper as cheeks exploded from his behind, pushing the back of the skirt out a ways in the process. Scars had begun to etch themselves across his legs, stomach, and even arms as the color of said skin lightened all across the board.

Roxas’ Organization XIII coat had gone the way of his pants and was subjected to being re-purposed. Its leather became thinner and thinner, but also shifting from gray to white as it withdrew inward. Coattails crept up to the boy’s stomach as sleeves pulled up either arm, and what was left in their place was a thin and breezy dress shirt. Zipper was no more, buttons taking their place down the front while a single pocket appeared over his left breast.

**“What is...? Where am...? Hope’s Peak? No...!”** His body shook from side to side, freckles far more prominent across his features now, lashes elongated and flickering wildly around eyes that had not only narrowed but lightened from an ocean blue to a dull green, giving Roxas an in-arguably Japanese design to his face. Memories fluttered back and forth as sweat ran down his brow. Memories of Organization XIII, of being a Nobody.

But also of being a *nobody*. A girl that lived in the shadows of her elder sister. An elder sister that had been drunk on despair and had seen Roxas as little more than a pawn. Roxas had followed her because she’d pretended to love him, but in the end he’d merely been the first victim.

Which sounded wrong at first, but his body quivered as PTSD surfaced. He could recall being impaled quite vividly, from spears hidden beneath those tiles. But a little brother? That wasn’t right. Junko Enoshima... He’d disguised himself as her on her orders. Something that wasn’t possible if they hadn’t been twins. And if Roxas hadn’t been a *girl*.

A girlish sigh did then escape his lips, the exhale in tandem with the feeling of his dick being absorbed by a pelvis that had become bonier and free with the new pussy that formed inside along with the necessary organs. The pubes atop this area darkened to the same raven that plagues his head of hair, said head now completely free of both blonde and spikes as soft black strands were short and swept to the side.

Roxas’ boxers? Material darkened as they became a pair of skintight spats that held everything in place and concealed the black thong beneath them. The material would glisten under the light if revealed, but she didn’t make a habit of revealing what was under her skirt to anyone unless she was fighting them as the *Super High School Level Soldier*.

More and more scars formed up and down *her* body, some even across a chest that was beginning to barrel forward. Her sister had been blessed with a well-endowed form, but despite being twins Roxas had always been depreciated by the fact that she hadn’t grown to the same size. She didn’t even wear a bra, nipples of small B-cups not bothered as they rubbed against the underside of her dress shirt.

Noticing a knife on one of the nearby tables, the girl reached for it. The moment it was within her grasp she felt safer, like whatever was in this school couldn’t hurt her. Was it thanks to all of her training as a soldier? In part, but in part because her transformation had completed. Her name? Mukuro Ikusaba, the Super High School Level Soldier.

She’d already died. She knew this. Junko, her own sister had killed her. But for some reason she was alive now, and she wanted answers. She wouldn’t be roped back into another Killing Game, however. Not *this* time. As she started into the halls with the knife concealed beneath her skirt, strapped to her spats, she made her resolution.

**"I'm going to find onee-san and take her in."** If she was even here. Or still alive. This time she'd work with the other students contained within Hope's Peak to see this nightmare to its end. She'd push her anxiety about this place to the side for now. Mukuro would be playing into Junko's hand if she lost her nerve now.

She had to find the other students. And in a way, that wasn't too different from Roxas' original goal.