

SCHOOL LIFE 2.0

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Akira Kurusu spared the book his friend Ann had put down at the coffee table a strange glance. ‘*Self Help For Dummies*’, or so the title read, but the boy couldn’t help but think it was a sketchy buy. She’d picked it up at the Shinbocho bookstore on their way back to visit her place from class, but realistically he couldn’t imagine a book that had ‘*For Dummies*’ in its title could really be all that helpful to begin with.

“Stop looking at it like that! Any help is good help if you ask me.” The blonde haired, blue eyed Ann on the other hand had taken some offense to the boy questioning her taste in purchases. Coming around with a tray of tea, she wiggled in beside her friend and put the tray beside the book. She was working through some stuff. *Everyone* in the Phantom Thieves was. The book itself had only been 500 yen so what was the harm?

Akira on the other hand? Still looked unconvinced. **“I guess it might offer some insight, but I’m guessing books like those are more aimed at sealing with simpler problems.”** He had to make a concession here because Ann was making *that* face. The one that said ‘*I’ll get mad if you don’t support me on this*’.

Lo and behold, that concession was enough to make her beam. **“Now you get it! Here! Let me read you a passage! Maybe it’ll be helpful to you too!”** Akira doubted that. He was already working through enough as Joker, he didn’t need the flimsy words of a book written by someone that couldn’t possibly understand what they were talking about. But Ann only got two pages in before she stopped. **“Hey, this is neat! There’s a self help idea for every single birthday in here. Do you want to hear what yours says?”**

“Not really--”

“**Too bad!**” Ann cut him off right away. Not taking no for an answer, huh? “**Let’s see... ‘You are a calm and calculating person, a strategist at heart. But you get lost when it comes to your goals and are a good match for someone goal oriented’.**” Ann wasn’t really sure if that described Akira all that well, but moved on and flipped over to her own birthday. “**As for me... ‘You’re a goal oriented individual that has difficult calculating the best path towards your future. An athlete, you’re best paired with someone calculating!’** Huh, look at that. I guess we’d be a good match...”

But looking over to say this to Akira she found he was missing. How? He hadn’t gotten up, she would have felt that. “**Kurusu-kun? Where did you--**” But mid-sentence Ann, too, disappeared as if into thin air.

“**What? How did I end up here?**” The last Akira could remember Ann had been reading a blurb to him from that stupid, faux self-help book. In her living room. But Ann wasn’t here, the book wasn’t here, and this absolutely wasn’t Takamaki’s living room. Rather this was, undoubtedly, the inside of the Kanda Church. Strangely enough though despite it being early evening? He was the only one inside. Well, him and a shogi board that was open at a table by the front most pew.

Come to think of it, it was the day of the week that Hifumi usually came to the church to practice but even she wasn’t present, something that posed a concern to him. Truthfully, the description Ann had read from the book that coincided with his birth date didn’t remind him of himself at all, yet it had immediately reminded him of Hifumi. Little did he know that that recollection was the trigger. Well, it would have triggered regardless of the person he’d been reminded of.

Because that book was *legitimately* cursed.

Not that the boy realized that. How could he possibly draw a link between a book with such a stupid name to suddenly being teleported to the church? Mind you he was also blissfully unaware of the red rope accessory that had been adorned on the left side of his head, thin roping weaved like a three leaf clover. Or that similarly discreet changes were beginning to wash over the entirety of his school uniform. Such as how the buttons on his jacket had not only changed in color from red to silver, but had also shrunk and shifted higher against fabric that was becoming dyed a royal blue.

Ankles were momentarily exposed, teen ignorant of the draft he felt as pant legs lifted up higher and higher, exposing bare legs to the world in all of their hairy glory. But that too was fleeting, hair ultimately caught by a draft wafting through the old church and blown away like he'd undergone some kind of bizarre waxing process. Lower legs were soon recovered though, aid granted by lengthening white socks that stopped just short of his knees. Incidentally the fit of his shoes didn't change, but features were stripped from their design as they were better likened to women's dress shoes.

But even as he walked towards the shogi board, pleated black skirt tickling against bare thighs as he did so, this change in comfort in regards to his costume went unnoticed. More and more it came to resemble the Kosei High School uniform that the girl he always met here could be found wearing, and Akira didn't even question why he'd chosen to sit in Hifumi's spot until he had *actually* done it. "**Huh? Why did I sit here?**" There was nothing *wrong* with it, but he really didn't understand why he'd just plopped down there like it was natural.

There was a saying, though. *Your body never lies.*

He'd sat down there because it felt natural, normal, like he always did it. Of course he didn't, but by the time the boy had sat down he was completely dressed like the girl that typically sat there, right down to a bra that wasn't cupping *anything* and a pair of panties that were cupping *too much*. It was very uncomfortable, yet it was 'normal' in his mind. Besides he'd become too distracted by the shogi board. With the way it was set up, the most optimal move would be...

Fingers were held out to touch one of the pieces, and it took a moment for Akira to process his hand. The fingers looked daintier, nails both longer and better kept with a light gloss spread across them. Were his hands smaller too? Naturally this couldn't be the case, maybe they'd always been this way and he was just having one of those incidents where something seemed weird because he hadn't looked at it in a while? When was the last time he'd *really* looked at his hands in detail?

Ironically he'd used his second hand without pause at the same time, brushing long strands of dark hair behind smaller ears. His mane had grown *very* long and *very* straight in such a short period of time, cascading down his back and framing his face in a much more proper manner. One could say it almost created an optical illusion where his facial features looked more feminine, yet that was no illusion. It was *actually* happening.

His nose was smaller and yet its slope had become more angular, eyes narrowed and yet somehow even less expressive than they normally

were. It seemed Akira's new resting expression was one that suggested disinterest and a serious demeanor, and that was merely reflecting how he was feeling internally. He'd become far too fixated on the shogi game that was being played with himself, torso leaning forward as slenderer arms reached to touch a piece on the far side.

Although there was a weight pressing against the table he probably shouldn't have been used to. **"If I move this piece here in this situation, then..."** Too caught up in an uncharacteristic shogi obsession, the boy didn't bat a single elongated eyelash as nipples stood at attention. Nor as they slowly filled up the B-cup brassiere he was wearing beneath his girl's dress shirt, perky breasts standing at attention between narrowed shoulders.

The legs that hung over the side of the chair deserved attention as well, for swelling was not limited to his bosom. Flesh of either thigh began to rest with emphasis over the edge of the seat as weight piled into each upper leg, bolstering their size, roundness, and in turn lifting up the flaps of the skirt as they became more ample. His butt followed soon after, though since he was leaning forward he didn't quite notice when his seat rose upon a pair of blemish-free, soft but firm ass cheeks. Instead he'd only assumed he was sliding off the chair and had merely readjusted.

One would imagine swollen thighs might crush a man's special place into obscurity, and while that did happen it wasn't explicitly because of the thighs. It was just a natural part of the reformation, and before long his pelvis was completely bare of any external organs. There was, in its place, an entry into an *internal* counterpart.

"...Wait, something feels strange here." After leaning back in her chair, *Hifumi Togo* finally looked away from the board and at her surroundings. Why was the church empty? No, it was more than that. Something felt very off fundamentally, but... The alarm on her phone went off. Right, she had to go *there*. It would be bad if she were late.

"Isn't this the equipment storage room at the school gym? How did I get here?" Ann had reappeared at a much different place than Akira, but it was also a familiar locale. The light of the setting sun was the only thing lighting up the small room, but it put on display all of the equipment the sports clubs used. Balls, mats, nets; it was *all* there. She'd visited this place plenty of times while waiting for Shiho after volleyball practice but it felt pretty empty when it was just herself there.

Then again she had bigger problems to worry about. **"How... did I get here? I was just at my place wasn't I!?"** Although before she could

process her situation any further the sound of a ball bouncing behind her made her jump. She immediately turned around to find a volleyball rolling towards her, and knelt down to pick it up almost immediately. This action wasn't just provoked from a desire to be helpful though. No, it was more like the gesture was born from a feeling of *obligation*.

As she rose to her feet again Ann felt her muscles tense up a moment. It couldn't have been a cramp because the sensation wasn't focused on a particular section of her body, but fortunately it passed just as quickly as it came. "**That was weird...**" She did notice it enough to comment though, her reaction coming off as much more reserved than it had when she'd first appeared in the storage room.

There *had* been a purpose to this convulsion though. From head to toe her muscles had grown stronger. Where Ann might flex in the past and little in terms of muscle mass might bulge, now if she were to do the same there would have been clear muscle lines. Her body was fit from running around Mementos and Palaces of course, but this was different. The tone in her legs was more indicative of strength rather than agility, and a flat but firm core only exemplified that.

The storage room was a mess and under normal circumstances there was no way that Ann could have just known where the ball rack was in the back of the room, yet her body guided her as if she made the trip every day. Each step came with a progressive change to her physique as well, the intention clearly to fully see her transformation through before she put the volleyball back down.

Her blonde twin tails suddenly found themselves unwound as her hair ties disappeared, only to get pulled into a single ponytail and wrapped with a thick, pink scrunchy. Black hair bled into the tips of the ponytail before zipping straight through to her scalp, robbing Ann completely of one of those unique features of hers that had led to so much bullying in the past. With a single blink the others had been erased too, blue eyes turned a more plain brown. In general her face had become much plainer, much more typical for a Japanese teen. Her mixed heritage had been completely erased and were she to look in a mirror? She'd realize she was looking at a familiar face.

It was *Shiho's* face after all. When it came to the person she most considered 'goal-oriented' as mentioned in the book, it could *only* have been Shiho.

Body strength, face, and hair aside though, there wasn't a huge difference in body types between Shiho and Ann though. Her chest ended up deflating a little, but with her bra readjusting as her jacket, blouse, and sweater fused together to become the cream-colored turtle

neck sweater. At least she wore the same plaid uniform skirt as Ann did, though the waistband did stretch a bit to accommodate wider hips. Her thighs, likewise, remained roughly the same size but were bolstered by the muscles that were so typical of Shiho's figure.

There were other minor cosmetic changes as well. Most noticeably her eyebrows. The thin, blonde brows Ann kept fluffed up like little caterpillars, the same black hair spreading both through them and pubic hairs that grew as if they'd never been shaved that morning. The callouses on her fingers had redistributed as well, better suited for a volleyball player than a Phantom Thief that wielded a whip. A mole appeared between her breasts, hidden well by her ponytail.

But by the time she placed the ball on the rack, none of that mattered.

She felt a little disoriented. "**Have I not been getting enough sleep? Maybe I need to drink more water before practice...**" The things she was saying didn't make much sense, at least for Ann. It was like she'd just accepted where she was now without *any* question about how she had gotten there. Though, from what she could recall there had been volleyball practice after class and it was her turn to clean up after. With that ball put away, *Shiho Suzui* had finally completed that task.

"**Are you finished, Suzui-chan?**" A calming voice ironically made Shiho jump, and she spun around to find the silhouette of a girl leaning against the frame of the door. It was a very beautiful girl, one whose attention Shiho didn't think was deserved. After all, she wasn't even from the same school but made this trip to visit her after practice every day. It was the infamous Hifumi Togo.

And admittedly? *They were dating.*

Neither of the two girls realized that they weren't who they'd once been. That a self help book of all things had not only transformed them, but altered their histories to push them together as a couple as its predictions ordained. Even if they'd been aware would they even believe it? It was hard to say.

Shiho unsurprisingly lit up with a smile that was reserved for Ann and Hifumi only. They were two of the brightest lights in her life, though of course Hifumi shone a little brighter. "**I am! Sorry to make you come all the way out here every day. Don't you have a competition coming up, Hifumi?**" Hifumi was a great shogi player. Her strategic mind awed everyone, but they awed Shiho in particular. There was just something about that side of her that really *appealed* to Shiho.

Hearing her girlfriend refer to her on a first name basis without honorifics made the all-too-serious Hifumi blush a little. Shiho had just started doing this and it definitely would take some time to get used to. **“I mean, Sh-Shiho... You’re working hard towards your dream too, right? I don’t mind if it means I get to see you happy.”** Trying her best to answer her girlfriend’s sentiments back, she smiled and stepped towards her, taking calloused fingers in her own soft hand. She really loved how Shiho made goals and committed to them. A strange thing to fixate on perhaps, but she felt it to be valid.

Was this true love? The two of them couldn’t be sure, not really. They were both inexperienced in the matters of the heart and Shiho had only recently been discharged from the hospital. But they were going to give it an honest try.

Plus, hey! If they had problems they could always buy a *self help book*.