

THE NEW NEET

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It felt like forever since Akira Kurusu had been here.

Well, it *had* been. He had returned home after he'd oh, you know, killed a god, and had been missing all of the friends he had made on his adventure ever since. That was why he had practically jumped on the opportunity to return for an extended trip what with the holidays being upon him. After getting in touch with a certain coffee shop owner, he had been told that he could use the same attic he'd utilized back when he'd been sent to Tokyo as a punishment.

But upon arrival? It seemed there had been something of a hitch. When he'd arrived at the shop in question, a note had been left for the boy to head up to the Sakura house. The shop was closed because there had been some kind of emergency, and since he hadn't been there to clean up yet, Sojiro had decided that Akira would be put up at his home that night.

“At least Futaba should be home...” As he walked up to the building, this silver lining struck the teen. It had been a while since he had seen the girl, and the last they had spoken she had supposedly made great strides when it came to bettering herself and breaking out of the NEET lifestyle she had been trapped within for so long. That was all he had ever wanted for her, really. It was all *any* of the Phantom Thieves had wanted for her, because it just had not been a healthy way to live.

Of course, the younger girl had been *elated* to see the boy return, and before long the two were huddled in her room in front of a small television she had placed on the floor – the same TV that Akira had used in the coffee shop attic to play games upon. **“Tada! Before Sojiro**

closed up, I ran over and grabbed this TV! You know, for old time's sake!? We should totally stay up all night and play games!" Futaba's enthusiasm had most certainly been of the infectious sort, but no sooner than she had said this did she disappear to the bathroom. Better to go before dedicating yourself to an hours long gaming session, right?



As she slipped through the door, however? A thought did cross her mind. One that really *should* have been harmless, and yet the television in the room had a very strange connection to the Metaverse thanks to Joker's involvement with it. One that, for some reason, seemed to be keen on granting wishes – especially now that the final piece of the puzzle had returned.

I wish he'd be able to stay and play games with me forever, though.

It most certainly wasn't a wish that Futaba had expected anything to *come* from, of course. Yet no sooner than she disappeared had the television, which had been showing a black screen without a system hooked up just yet, to begin glowing a strange, red color.

"Huh?" Akira immediately found it perplexing, and peeked over his shoulder to make sure that his found family wasn't playing a prank on him. He *had* half expected to find Futaba in the crack of the door, fiddling with the remote to try and surprise him. But that didn't appear to be the case since the door was shut all the way. This television was so old that the remote sensor couldn't pass through a door, either. **"Was something still hooked up to it?"** Try as he might to look for this mystery device, however? Nothing was plugged in short of the power cable. All of its ports were vacant. **"Weird."**

While strange, this naturally wasn't something that alarmed the teen very much. A TV flashing a red screen wasn't dangerous – at least as far as he assumed. And even the truth of the matter was, well... depending on how you defined 'dangerous', it *likely* wasn't. But *dangerous* and *harmless* had two very different implications. The light most certainly wouldn't hurt him, but that didn't mean that it wouldn't affect him at all.

In fact, not seeing any cause for alarm, the boy continued to fiddle with the device in question. He tried the power button. Nothing. Unplugging

it? Nothing. **“Is there a battery in this thing? I wonder if I should take Futaba out tomorrow so we can take it in for repairs...?”** It *was* an old television, so he really wouldn't have been all that surprised if there was something silly like a battery installed, or if the device was just somehow overall defective. Besides, it would make for a nice trip for the two of them to go into the city after all of this time.

N-No way! I-I-I don't want to go out! I want to stay in!

The boy's eyes went wide as this thought crossed... No, to say it crossed his mind would have done the intensity of it injustice. It *blared* in his mind, triggering a strange anxiety that swirled within his typically calm demeanor. Even when he'd been sent away to live with Sojiro, he had never been this adverse to going out. It was a feeling that he assumed rivaled the intensity of Futaba's own rejection of going out when they had first met. But why was *he* feeling that way? **“What...?”**

No sooner than he had been forced to grapple with how strangely shaken he felt did he lean back on his knees on the floor and pull off his glasses. A dizzy spell had struck him so suddenly, and removing the lenses appeared to lessen the feeling some. The glasses were fake, but a change had beset his eyes and worsened his optical ability... all while their colors changed from gray to a soft, almost seemingly girlish pink. His vision had gotten worse, and looking through fake lenses had merely agitated them.

“What's going on with my eyes?” The anxiety that had been birthed within him only grew stronger, and balled up fists rubbed at his eyes to try and push away the blurriness. While it didn't work, by the time he *removed* his hands? Well, both the eyes beneath them and the hands that had been doing the rubbing seemed *different*. In the case of the former, pinkened eyes appeared to not only be bigger and rounder, but his lashes danced longer now. Like a girl's.

While the hands that had been balled up into fists? Well, his nails had been digging strangely into his skin. It was strange because he kept them short, yet by the time he unfolded his fingers? Not only did his nails extend an inch past each finger, but they were painted with a pink that looked like it had been applied by someone who didn't care much about her appearance and only did so because society expected her to.

I don't go out, so who cares how it looks?

That was the sentiment that was more or less applied to his entire body, slowly but surely. It was reflected just as readily in the rest of his hands, which were not only more petite, but there were signs that he had been chewing at them beneath the nails. A key sign that he might have been

grappling with a great deal of anxiety... but that still didn't make sense for the ever calm Akira. Not that he seemed to be *retaining* that calm as time wore on. In fact, his body language while sitting on his knees was enough to show that all of his confidence was dwindling. He was fidgeting more and more.

At least it was beginning to look somewhat... cute? “**Wh-What's wrong with me?**” He bit his lower lip, and that lip appeared to be much, much fuller than it had been before the bite began. It better matched his eyes in that it looked like it belonged to a young lady, and the rest of his facial features wasted no time in following suit. Whether it was his cheeks softening, or his nose shrinking, it didn't take long for that face to resemble that of a pretty, young *woman*. And yet? These features still retained some very minor resemblances to how he had looked before.

The same couldn't really be said about, well... “**Ngh!? Wh-Wh-What just!?**” A sharp tug in *her* loins sent the pitch of her voice jumping to something that was simultaneously higher, softer, and cuter, with both hands stretching towards the front of her pants where a bulging dick *should* have been. But it was completely flat! “**A-A-Am I a girl!?**” This naturally didn't help how anxious she felt, but it didn't linger long, either.

Of course I'm a girl! And I need to stop touching there! What if Futaba-chan comes in!?

...*Oh*. Akira quickly whipped her hands away from where she had been touching, a heavy blush appearing on her cheeks. She'd always been a girl? Of course that *had* to be true, right? People just didn't suddenly changes sexes! That was impossible, like something out of a video game! Perhaps such a thing *could* be explained by the Metaverse, but... Akira didn't realize she had completely forgotten about not only it, but leading the Phantom Thieves. *How could someone who never went out join an organization like that?*

That said, while sexually she had become a woman, there were aspects of her body that still heavily resembled a young man. But it was fine, because these areas were quick to be fixed. For one? Her overall stature diminished while still resting on her knees on the floor. Inches peeled off her height, ultimately dropping her down to around 5'2" – which ultimately left her clothing dangling loosely off of her. Smaller, fairer feet had slipped up into her pant legs, while her sleeves swallowed up her arms.

“**Sh-She's taking a long time in the bathroom...**” As far as Akira felt, she was having an episode of severe anxiety. Futaba was always

good at calming her down, but she was in the bathroom. So that meant she had to practice deep breathing on her own to try and calm herself back down. So she began. *Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale.* With eyes closed, her chest rise and fell beneath her oversized top as she breathed. Although each time she breathed out? Some of that space appeared to be filled.

This was because her flat chest had begun to *swell*. Beginning with the size of her areola expanding to the sizes of large coins, nipples themselves getting plumped and swelling erect in the process, fatty tissue soon filled the space beneath them. Each time she exhaled, a new deposit of fat was released into her chest, and what was *clearly* shaping into a pair of tits below would jiggle with more intensity as their sizes grew. A beauty mark that hadn't existed before was shaped on her right breast, both halves ultimately peaking at enviable D-cups that were stifled by her clothing's fit.

Akira could feel herself beginning to calm down. Just a little more now! She continued to breath, and her sitting posture began to slowly change as well. Still sitting on the back of her legs, her lap began to rise thanks to a combination of factors that saw key parts of her body inherit extra weight. Her thighs and ass alike soon bloomed with a tender weight, bringing the cheeks of her rear to blossom into a peach shape, while her thighs became meatier in an appealing sense. She even gained *more* beauty marks on the insides of these thighs. Yet as her belly, which protruded slightly, revealed, there was a bit of weight to her new body that was born from the fact that she never went outside.

Maybe I should go see if Futaba-chan is okay...?

That plan would involve her leaving the room, and her NEET lifestyle had devolved to the point where she didn't even like leaving unless she needed to use the bathroom or get food. Nonetheless, her soft pink eyes fluttered open once more, and when they did? Messy, blonde bangs obscured her vision somewhat. Because her hair had both lengthened and changed color, spilling out in messy curls behind her.

At the very least, the boys clothing she had been wearing posed no issue. Because just as the girl's hair had changed when her eyes had been closed, so too had her outfit. It had become a simple pair of black, *very* short shorts, as well as a black crop top which hung messily off her so that you could see the red bra beneath it. Her whole appearance was disheveled, and she didn't really care.

“Huh? Why was I just thinking about leaving? Wh-Why would I want to leave?” The red light from the television *finally* dimmed back to black, and in doing so the person sitting cross-legged in front of it was, well... it wasn't Akira. She was a teenaged *girl* for starters, no older nor younger than she had been when she had first walked in the door. In fact, her name had remained the same as well!



But that was where the resemblances began and ended with little fanfare, for little else about her resembled the boy she had once been. With hair long, blond, and disheveled, and eyes that sparked a purple a few shades brighter than Futaba, she actually looked more like Akira's mother, just as she had resembled her father as a man.

But while her figure was voluptuous for her age, with a full chest and perky bottom, there was a notable pudginess to her that while discreet, indicated she cared very little about her own health. Did she go outside much? *Hah! It's way too scary out there! I'd rather just stay inside and game!*

And game she had been doing, according to her memories. How long had she been staying with Futaba now? Months? Years? The two were both NEETs that rejected a social life, but somehow Futaba had been recovering as of late, which had made the NEETified Akira feel a little lonely. She just couldn't work up the courage, and until she did she would remain a useless leech on Sojiro's dime.

The sound of the door opening behind her ultimately prompted Akira to crane her neck around to look, and her plump lips blew up into a smile upon the sight of Futaba. **“Heya! Are you ready!? I wanna play all night!”** Like they always did, according to her memories. But there was a very prominent issue here.

While Akira seemed to be pleased, Futaba's expression was, well... she was *confused*. Because the television had only altered Akira, and it only really had the power *to* alter Akira. So from the younger girl's perspective? Who was this stranger in her room? She was really pretty... **“Um... Are you a friend of Akira's?”** But why would he invite her over so late at night? That didn't really make much sense, did it?

This turned Akira's smile into a frown. "**Huh? What do you mean, Futaba? I am Akira. The same Akira you play with every day? Um...**" Futaba's confusion had in turn set off Akira's anxiety, which was the main reason she had become a NEET in the first place. She didn't get why Futaba didn't recognize her, and that made her posture pull up into a ball.

Which was even *more* confusing for Futaba. This had to be some sort of mistake, right? A prank? Yeah, it had to be a prank! But the stranger *did* look very upset, so much so that she felt bad about it. Could she just leave things like this? "**H-Hey! I mean, um...**" She really didn't have any answers regarding what to do about this.

And it would become even more confusing once Sojiro got home.