

# SCHOOL SUMMER TRIP

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THIS STORY CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR PERSONA 5 ROYAL

**“It looks like a fun trip. I wish we could have gone with them.”**

In Cafe Leblanc late one evening, Futaba Sakura and Sumire Yoshizawa were flipping through a photo album that belonged to Joker. The boy in question had left town after his extenuating circumstances had concluded, but that didn't stop the Phantom Thieves and his old allies from meeting in his absence.

It was summertime and Golden Week was in a few days. Joker was even coming to visit! Which had prompted a meeting between the two like-aged girls. They had a date with a photo album they'd borrowed from Ann, one containing memories of a Hawaii trip neither of them had attended. Well, Kasumi had gone, but she didn't have the same experience. If anything she'd wanted to spend more time with her senpais. What a waste...

Sumire was the one who'd spoken up when looking through the photos. Ann seemed to have a knack for scrap booking, there were all kinds of decorations within the pages like feathers, shells, and even pretty rocks. Although the two of them couldn't have possibly fathomed that one of those decorations was the remnant of an ancient artifact.

*An artifact with special powers at that.*

Their desires were completely innocent, but sometimes wishes received the monkey paw treatment. Your wish gets granted, but not in the way you were expecting. In this case, Sumire's wish was a very easy one to grant in a number of different ways. There was no mention of how they

wished to attend, or whether or not they even remained themselves... or even human for that matter. A wish with this many holes could only be misunderstood.

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**“WHAAAA!?”** The two teens had been sitting at the booth in the cafe when they were suddenly plagued by two things: darkness, and the sensation of falling. Everything around them was a void and they could perceive little more than one another, at least enough to reach out and grab the other’s hand. Futaba cried out. **“What’s happening!?”**

Yet no sooner than she had cried out did light return to their fields of vision and they landed gently on... a bed? **“Huh!? What? Wh-Where is this?”** Sumire’s voice was jittery as she adjusted her glasses. She was still shaking in fear from the fall, and fingers laced with Futaba’s she could tell the once shut-in was in the very same boat. **“Daytime? But it was late at night...”** Sunlight did filter in from several huge windows that made up the lengths of the far wall. The bed they were sitting on was queen sized, and the design of the room as a whole?

**“Wait. Is this a hotel room? And that view... the ocean?”**

Unlacing her fingers from the redhead, the ginger megane slid off the bed and finally grounded herself on the floor. She felt a little wobbly from the shock of it all, but at the very least she felt better off on her own two feet again. She pattered over to the large windows with curiosity in her step, and when she finally got there her eyes went wide. **“Uh... Sumire? I don’t think we’re in Japan anymore.”**

This statement naturally confused the dancer. **“What do you mean Futaba? How could we not be in Japan anymore?”** Was this a Palace? That was the only explanation that made an iota of sense to her. Exactly because it made no sense though, she slid her feet over the side of the bed and made her way to where Futaba was standing. It didn’t take her long to realize how the girl had come to the conclusion she did, and Sumire even adjusted her glasses to make sure she wasn’t seeing things. **“Hawaii!? This looks just like the photos in the photo album!”**

*It really did.* This was a hotel room on what looked to be the thirtieth floor of a resort building, and down below busy streets leading to the beach bore familiarity to some of the photos their older friends had taken during their trip. **“You don’t supposed it’s because you wished we’d gone on the trip, is it?”** Futaba was the first to suggest what the both of them were thinking aloud. It sounded too fantastical, but was it really? After all, their endeavors as the Phantom Thieves couldn’t really be explained through normal means. As she waited for a response, she fished out her phone and checked for signal. **“No signal**

**at all... But that's weird, my calendar is a year behind. The month and day are wrong too... Instead it's--"**

The date perfectly reflected when everyone had gone away a year ago. It had to be a glitch, right? Were they dreaming. **"Hey Sumire-- SUMIRE!?"** Looking to the side where Kasumi should have been, there wasn't a single person. What's more, Futaba was plagued by a sudden chill. Sure, the air conditioning was on in the room but she'd been fully clothed. She hadn't been *this* cold.

Looking down she realized *why*. Forget even being a little clothed, she'd been stripped completely naked aside from her glasses. **"The heck!? What's going on here!?"** At this point the teen was one hundred percent sure she was dreaming. How could you explain the disappearing Sumire and sudden nudity? Maybe she'd just fallen asleep while looking at the album back at the cafe? Yeah, that must have been it!

Either way she moved away from the window while covering herself up. Dream or not, people could see her! It wasn't like Futaba had the figure to go showing off, and even if she did she *definitely* wouldn't have had the self-confidence to do so. To think of this as a dream was folly though, and she would very quickly understand why. For she had arrived on the Hawaii trip that had taken place one year ago, but the wish could not be granted in a way where she could be inserted into an event that had already happened as herself.

*She had to fill the shoes of someone that was present.*

**"I need to find something to wear, but this is just a dream right? So I can just conjure up clothes or something I guess?"**

She was still caught up in the idea that this was a dream, which just made her more confused when simply 'willing clothes upon her body' didn't reap any reward. In fact, she was so distracted by her nudity debacle that she wasn't paying attention otherwise. She hadn't noticed there was a bag of clothes on the other side of the bed, or more alarmingly the fact that her orange hair had suddenly become a *very dark brown*.

Her eyes had been affected too, their purples taking on a similar plainness to her now darker mane; overall it was like she'd been robbed of all the individuality she'd received from her parents, and this was only the beginning. Because the length of her hair was showing evident signs of becoming a problem (*if you considering transforming to be a problem*) in terms of not only its length but its natural qualities. It rapidly diminished, retreating towards her scalp, yet at the same time its impossible straightness showed signs of becoming undone. The tips

began to wriggle and curl, becoming naturally messy before the entire cut of her hair stopped where the bottom of her chin rested.

Futaba on the other hand was still trying to nurse her nudity problem. **“What? I really can’t wish some clothes on? Then maybe there’s some in the room…”** The tiny hotel room television across from the bed was nestled on what looked to be a dresser so she wandered over to it. Maybe she’d find an oversized shirt or something? If she did it was still better than *nothing*.

As she drew closer to the dresser however she ended up tilting her head to the side. Something had been looking a little off, like it and the television were getting closer to the ground? That couldn’t be possible, she’d thought, it must have just been because she was approaching. It was a ‘*dream*’, right? Anything was possible!

Anything truly *was* possible, and yet not because it was a dream. There was a clear reason for why it all suddenly looked so small and it wasn’t because the object had shrunk. Over the course of her short travels from the window to the dresser, her limbs had all elongated at an even pace. Arms, legs, torso; all balancing so that she’d earned roughly half a foot from her sub-five foot height normally.

It wasn’t just height either. The soles of her feet had grown longer and earned better worn heels, with toenails that were much longer and better maintained than anything the shut-in, almost boyish Futaba ever adorned. This was also true of her fingernails, each resting about an inch past her tips and glossed a light pink. Of course they merely decorated fingers that had lengthened and curled, a mysteriously abundant number of paper cut scars embedding themselves across her skin.

She was about to reach for the drawer when she realized something. **“Whoa! When did my vision get all blurry!?”** Futaba was wearing her glasses of course, so she couldn’t fathom how she possibly couldn’t see. But when unfamiliar hands reached up to take them off? She found her vision returned to clarity. No, maybe even more than that. Of course she couldn’t be sure, but wasn’t this vision pretty close to 20/20?

It was strange that *this* was the thing that made her begin to question if something was wrong. **“Uh? Am I dreaming that I have perfect eyesight? And a deeper voice...? And *whoa!* What’s up with my hands?”** To someone that didn’t know better it might have seemed like she was high with how she commented on her own body like it was foreign. Before her very eyes she was turning her hands over back and forth, and this allowed her to notice how tall her arms and legs were. But it was *too little, too late*.

In fact her body was already progressing into its next stage. She just looked like a tall, lanky teen thus far without any meat to her figure. So perhaps it was lucky that she *was* looking down at that moment since it certainly allowed her to see that meat begin its application process. It was most obvious in her thighs. Since her breasts were still small she could see past them, and she put her glasses down on the dresser to rub both eyes in tandem as she could scarcely believe what she was seeing.

Little by little, chub showed signs of filling her upper legs. She watched the flesh of her thighs jiggle with curiosity as deposits of fat expanded their spacial occupation and strained the skin of her thighs so that it was pulled thin and shiny. Futaba remained fixated on her legs even as their girth tripled what it had once been, but before long she had to turn attention over her shoulder; because she could feel her naked ass cheeks pressing together.

The progressive inflation of her rear felt a little like someone was squeezing a toothpaste tube into her butt. *BLOOP! BLOOP!* Every few seconds more mass was squeezed into them, bolstering their size and bringing them to bounce a little as they lipped maturely over the back of her legs. **“Whoa! I have a huge ass! What’s going on!?”** Leave it to Futaba of all people to be excited about this. She had something of a perverse streak and had always kind of wanted a better figure. Goosebumps could be felt running across her legs and behind, and suddenly her attention was pulled back to the front just in time to see her pubes darken and straighten.

There was something a little ominous about all this weight though. It wasn’t crazy big, but there was a slightly aged sag to it as if the perks of teenaged youth weren’t present. The cause of this was quite prominently being seen in her face however: for all intents and purposes she was definitely looking older. Mid-to-late twenties in fact. This was sold by slightly sagging cheeks and plump lips that were a little cracked, dark circles formed beneath eyes that decorated a face that was very different with her hair. It was a face Joker would certainly recognize, but it wasn’t one Futaba knew all that well.

After all, it was the face of *Sadayo Kawakami*; Joker’s homeroom teacher. Futaba was a perfect match for her now in every place except one key area, and as the naked woman stood with her back straight once more that key area gave a weightier bounce than they had prior. **“Hm?”** Somehow she seemed more composed now, probably because her mind was beginning to accompany the setting. She was now filling the shoes of *Sadayo Kawakami* during the Hawaii trip, which meant she had to think and behave like her as well... which relied on her memories being the exact same.

At the same pace her old memories emptied out to be replaced by those of the homeroom teacher, the final physical space of change grew. Nipples stood erect and goosebumps spread across taut flesh as fat saw their shapes expand outward. Futaba's breasts were already fairly unremarkable, yet while they were settling into the adult size expected of Kawakami they still weren't particularly boisterous. But the fact that they were a large B-cup meant they'd at least stand firm for a lot longer.

**“Huh...?”** Kawakami looked around confused. **“Why am I walking around naked?”** Physical change complete and mental correction instated, the young adult woman looked around confused. She didn't typically wander around naked. For some reason she turned to the dresser surface as if she'd put something important down there (*her glasses*), but nothing was present.

Suddenly it occurred to her. **“Oh right, we're going to the beach today. Where did I put my swimsuit?”** If she could recall it wasn't in her bag, so where...?

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The thing about Sumire's disappearance? She'd never disappeared in the first place. It was like the two of them had been pulled into two different fields of existence where Futaba couldn't perceive Sumire, but Sumire could still see her. Based on attempts to touch her, she couldn't interact physically either. So she'd spent the past few minutes watching a dear friend aging up into the form of a teacher from her school, powerless to do anything about it.

Now there stood a naked Kawakami-sensei asking about her swimsuit. And somehow? That question rang in the back of Sumire's head like it was very important. **“I'm right here...!?”** Words were blurted out without thinking. Wait, what!? Somehow she had just referred to herself as if she were the swimsuit the teacher was looking for, which absolutely couldn't be possible for a number of reasons.

*Sumire wouldn't be replacing a person, but an object.*

Kawakami seemed to hear her though. Or maybe it just seemed that way? Either way the teacher looked over in her direction the moment she'd spoken up like she *had* heard Sumire's words. **“Oh here it is. Weird, I can't remember throwing it on the ground. Maybe it got caught on something?”** Sumire was naturally confused. After all, Kawakami wasn't even looking at the floor. She was looking her in the eye. Like the teen *was* the swimsuit she was looking for.

It caused a sinking feeling in the back of Sumire's stomach, but at first she didn't realize that said sinking feeling was a *literal* one. The depth of her navel had begun to sink inward, to meet a similar sinking pushing inward from the back. Where the two points met was essentially a void, an empty circle that allowed someone to see right through the girl's tummy. The sides of her stomach followed after, diminishing towards the hole until it seemed like, below her chest and above her hips, there was no flesh or bone at all. But she didn't fall over nor did she feel sick. How could you feel sick without a gut?

It wasn't until she'd went to rest a hand on her hip that she noticed, for instead of her palm resting on the side of her tummy it just sat flat against the top of the hip. Naturally? She screamed. "**AAAAAAAH!?** **Where did my stomach go!?**" For all the noise she was making though Kawakami didn't even seem to flinch. Instead she was now slowly approaching the girl casually, reaching out a hand to touch her.

This made Sumire recoil, and that sudden jolt backwards was enough to snap the binding that was keeping her body upright. Suddenly she fell backwards and onto her back (or what remained of it), but the landing wasn't painful nor did it feel like it had any real weight to it. Instead she hit the carpet with a soft flop. Kawakami's aim did not falter though, and she was now practically looming over the red-haired teen with gaze and hand now pointed down at her.

Sumire wanted to reach up to stop the hands before it was too late, but reach arms up and out found... "**AHHH!?** **NO! MY HANDS!?** **MY ARMS!?**" The very same phenomenon that had eaten at her stomach was now consuming her limbs, which was evident by frantically looking over at the disembodied pair of legs that rested beside her too. Feeling in arms and legs was forfeit as they folded upwards from hands and legs, sucked into a their own unique voids until nothing was left of them.

She could now *only* feel her head, upper torso, and pelvis; and something dramatic was beginning to take place in the latter two areas. At the points where her limbs had stopped retreating, the texture of her skin began to... change. Slowly, tiny strands seemed to make up the body of her flesh and interweave with one another, all while dyeing different colors. Around her legs on the cusp of where her thighs should have been, it was a steely blue, while up where her armpits should have been it almost seemed to change to a set of thin, yellow straps.

The fact that they were straps was made all the more evident as what remained of the flesh on the opposing side of them, the flesh of her shoulders closest to her neck, began to erode just as the rest of Sumire's body had. What's more this phenomenon began to eat her torso from

the side, hollowing out the remnant of her upper body short of one space in particular: the front of her chest.

While heart and bone were eaten out beneath her cup, the same fiber-y texture spread against the front of her perky young tits. Nipples were not excluded and they lost their ability to become erect as they flattened, colors dying the fibers in a pattern of yellow and steel blue horizontal stripes.

The very same thing was happening to her lower body at the exact same time. Her ass deflated while the contents of her body were vacated, fibers mending her cheeks together and transmogrifying her pubic hairs to become accommodated among their mass. Not even her genitals were safe, and as while the insides were eaten away by the transformation the hole that permitted entry was overlain with the very same blue and yellow her chest was privy to. As they finally vacated, she fell flat against the ground as a bikini bottom.

Sumire could see this and wanted to scream. But she couldn't. It was impossible. Her mouth had so quickly filled with the taste of nylon, and that taste had sewn it shut as her point of view began to fall closer and closer to the ground. It was because the force keeping her upright was finally reaching its limits, and because her eyes were beginning to merge downwards and into her chest. A chest that was, clearly, a bikini top. Her red hair fell to the back as the top of her skull opened up, face now completely one with the breast cups without a single trace of her humanity. But that hair? It became a neat, crimson bow that wasn't on the original Kawakami swimsuit. It was a lopsided bow that rested on one of the back straps, indicative that this inanimate object was once Sumire Yoshizawa.

But was it *really* inanimate? As Sadayo's fingers pressed against the nylon of the swimsuit, it became apparent to Sumire that she could still process her senses. She could feel as long as she was touched, and instead of seeing through her eyes she could now perceive through every surface of her 'body', separated into two pieces or not. *'What's going on? Did I really become a swimsuit? How do I fix this? How do I-- Oh nooooo!'*

Further panic was suddenly aroused thanks to the teacher taking the bikini bottom and stretching it in front of her. Having her body pulled made Sumire a little excited, but the excitement was nothing when compared to having herself pulled up both of the woman's legs. She felt herself cling against the woman's pelvis, she could both smell and taste the woman's butt and genitals as she was so tightly wrapped around them. Maybe a little too tightly. **"Did this thing shrink?"** But of course, it was made to Sumire's proportions; but with a good stretch



Sumire would come to fit. As it stood now the swimsuit dug into Kawakami's flesh, making her look a little thicker than she actually was. But for the swimsuit this was surprisingly even more euphoric.

The sensation of being worn was uncanny. It felt so good. So good that Sumire immediately got lost in it, forgetting what she had been so distressed about in the first place. Kawakami raised the rest of her body on front of her, running beautiful arms between her hollow straps before pulling her cups up against the woman's tits. Her nipples were erect from the cool, hotel room air, but that just added to Sumire's pleasure as she was tightly tied against the woman's tits -- one again a little too small. **"Oh well, they should stretch out by the time we arrive at the beach."**

Kawakami bent over before her bag, rooting around for that one oversized shirt she'd packed. Sumire could feel every motion of the adult woman's body, taste every bead of sweat that dripped off of it, and with the short now over top of her she felt more comfortable and safe than she ever had in her life. But did she really have a life? She was just a swimsuit. She only existed to be worn. Nothing else. What other aspirations could she *possibly* have?

Completely changed, Kawakami grabbed her purse and headed for the door. It was lucky she was able to go on this trip; it was probably one of the only perks she got from this job.

*She couldn't imagine missing it.*