

FUN DIP

JUNE REQUEST STORY

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“This is definitely where Aqua’s signal was last, but where is she?” Leaving a recording in his Gummiphone, the Keyblade wielder Ventus took in the majesty of his surroundings. Or so he’d have liked to describe his surroundings that way, but they were super gloomy. He’d arrived in a dark hallway, many of the doorways and windows either bolted or barred shut. Was it to keep something out? Or something *in*? Either way, things were a little too quiet for his liking, especially when one of his dearest friends had been missing for over a week and this was the last place she’d been. He’d thought about bringing Terra as well, but since Ven had only intended on the mission being a reconnaissance one for now he’d decided it would have been better to move alone.

The halls were winding and, sadly, just as eerie and lonely as the one he’d arrived in. The rooms that were unlocked were just as vacant, little to no signs of Heartless activity present in the building. Which was odd, because the building absolutely screamed *‘there are monsters in here’*. Ven just didn’t know that said monster had been killed a while ago, a victim of her own obsession.

Eventually the scent of chlorine filled the air as he wandered into what looked to be a swimming pool area. Despite the abandoned nature of the building, the boy couldn’t help but notice the pool itself seemed to be in perfect condition. Without anyone using or maintaining it he would have expected deterioration, or at least a soiled water quality... was it on some kind of system maybe?

Yes, actually. It was automated by nanomachines that had long since gone awry. In the wake of Hope’s Peak’s closing, bots had been left behind to recreate the killing game that had taken place there down to the very last detail. And those details

included participants. Little did Ven know that his friend had already become one such participant, and his lowered guard would lead him into being the second.

"I guess I'll rest here for a bit." This was his first big mistake. The second was removing his boots and pulling up his pants so he could let his feet rest in the water. All the nanos needed was a bridge between themselves and their victim, physical contact that would allow them to spread, and by touching the water let along dunking the lower third of his body in it, he'd created that bridge unknowingly. And, given the opportunity, the nanomachines had jumped on it.

Things weren't quite like when Aqua had touched the book in the library however. Their point of contact had been much closer to her head and so the changes to her mind had been easily made to avoid her noticing anything awry, but in Ven's case the machines had easy access to his feet and legs. It would take longer to reach his head.

Everything below his knees bare, the Keyblade wielder's legs rocked back and forth under the cool touch of the water. The last he'd been swimming was on the Destiny Islands not too long ago, but at the end of the day swimming in a pool was a completely different experience wasn't it? He kind of wished he could go swimming in one with Aqua and Terra. Maybe when he found Aqua and they got her out of here.

Gaze fixated on the ceiling for the time being, he was left oblivious to how the skin that the water touched had begun to shift from healthy pink to a natural tanned tone that wasn't born artificially nor from the sun, but a pigment that was born exclusively from DNA. It created what looked to be a tan line where the water met the air just above Ven's knees, but the nanomachines wouldn't be satisfied with such a simple aesthetic change. Not when his legs were so short and bony.

The length issue was dealt with first and foremost. Slow and subtle enough not to alert Ventus, whom had set palms against the tiling behind him as he leaned back, the pulling was virtually without feeling as he kicked feet back and forth against the water. With each kick tanned toes came closer and closer to reaching the surface in no small part because of longer shins, but because as toes danced against the flow they too saw a little added length, toenails trimmed cleanly to maximize speed beneath the waves.

Ven was fit for his age, but the muscles around his shin flourished under the water's touch, muscles hardening under skin that had become soft and hairless. Knees buckled a moment as they rounded, and changes started to bite at his thighs as the nanomachines began to creep beneath, and around, his pants.

Maybe *'around'* his pants wasn't quite right however. It was true that they were *touching* them, but instead of changing them into something else it was like they were eating them entirely. Scrunched up pant legs became nanomachine lunch as more and more of his bare thigh became exposed, revealing in real time his body

hair being munched upon and the tan spreading across them as if a new coat of paint. Beneath this tanned skin flesh, or rather fat, began to wriggle around with renewed volume. Where muscles became firmer it was only a matter of time before they plumped up, the sheen of a fresh wax spreading across Ven's skin glowing beneath the artificial lights of the pool area. What resulted was a pair of thick, tanned thighs that pressed up against one another with full exposure as what remained of his pants were slurped up by futuristic tech.

The boy had remained all but unaware thus far, but the feeling of legs running up against one another was the first cue that something was up. The human body was fine-tuned to notice when things were awry, most jumping when something was touching them that shouldn't be. "**Huh? What?**" Pushing his palms off the tile and looking down at his lap, he was naturally shocked to find a pair of legs that most certainly did not belong on his body. Long and slender, tanned and fair, and meaty in all the right places, they were unmistakably the legs of a young woman. "**What's going on!?**" He probably would have been at full mast at this realization if not for the fact that his poor mast was the next destination of the changes, dick made short and uncomfortable work of as it withdrew into a newly formed slit.

Pants missing, boxers clung uncomfortably in the crevices of her thighs and pussy, Ven running her hands between as they began to recede. "**What is happening?**" Despite new biology everything from the waist up was still that of a boy, and he wasn't about to test the organ that he was camel-toeing the hell out of while boxers darkened to a royal blue that literally only covered her pussy. She rose to her feet, pressing wet and bare feet on the ground uncomfortably as pressure radiated from her hips, which ultimately popped open and forced knees to buckle inward into a more natural posture. She could feel her boxers -- or what they were becoming -- sliding into the crack of her ass while tanned cheeks inflated with bounce and shifted her balance away even more.

Ven was surprisingly calm despite it all, but like Aqua and Terra she'd been trained not to lose her cool in dangerous situations. There was the phenomenon of some worlds giving Keyblade wielders new forms to maintain the balance, but she was getting the vibe that wasn't the case here, so what?

Not that the nanomachines were giving her much time to contemplate such a hefty topic. The rich blue that permeated through what was once her boxers spread to his jacket and the cloth that rested beneath them. The texture was no longer that of cotton or polyester, but a smooth Lycra that clung to her body and every crevice atop it with ease.

Beneath the blue such crevices were on full display. The arch running from her butt to her back as new definition set in, flat muscles across a curved stomach, blue even slurped into her bellybutton with perfect definition as the tan worked its way up. She was very clearly developing a swimsuit in the place of her usual attire, and as it grew closer and closer to her head Ventus grew more and more concerned. Largely because things were getting just a little but wonky in his mind.

For example: now was not the time to be thinking of doing laps nor eating donuts, two thoughts that she wasn't even sure had a place being side by side.

Cold stretch fabric running across her nipples drew her attention back downward just as they began to swell. Areola visibly expanded beneath the form fitting attire, nipples pointing out, rock hard, essentially serving as announcers for what was next to come. With a lurch forward Ven was greeted with new weight, a pair of A-cups forming with a pop and bounce before a second surge of mass repeated the process. Mocha breasts strained against the confines of a swimsuit that had become fully formed, nothing left of her previous outfit, though clearly they had to adjust to accommodate new cups as they almost spilled out of the top. Another, final lurch took place, and boobs bounced out into a pair of D-cups that were caught by a pair of dark and feminine hands supported by lean yet muscular arms.

"Oh my god. What the heckie is happening here? This kinda stuff doesn't just happen to ya, does it!?" Groping herself, Ven's voice had taken a much sweeter and enthusiastic tone courtesy of the nanomachines, her verbiage already slipping into something overly casual. Adam's apple erased, the tan crept up to her lips and cheeks, a natural pout accenting a kissable pair as the area beneath her eyes rounded. Nostrils flared a moment before her nose almost halved in side, and blye eyes widened almost cartoonishly to match thin, brown brows. That very same brown ultimately spilled over her shoulder a moment before being pulled up into a ponytail.

And there she stood, *stunned*. Why was she at the pool by her lonesome when Fukawa-chan was lurking somewhere? She'd felt like, on some level, she'd been looking for her hadn't she? But she was already half wet and in her swimsuit, so Aoi set her gaze out at the pool one more time. **"Just a few laps should be okay, right!? And after I can grab some donuts from the cafeteria! Yeah! That's a good plan!"**

It was a good plan, just not for a boy named Ventus nor a girl named Aqua.