

# HARUKA-WHA?

SEPTEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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*It had been a weird day so far.*

Not only had Ryuji Sakamoto received a strange letter in the mail, but the others had blasted him in all caps not to open it earlier in the day. And then? Not only an hour ago Yusuke had texted him to come over to Makoto's and bring the letter with him. After asking if everyone would be there he'd been a little dodgy, and the way Yusuke had been typing had been a little bubbly.

But there was good reason for that. It wasn't Yusuke texting him. Well, it was technically, but he was no longer Yusuke. She was Angie Yonaga, one of the victims of Shido's plan to deal with the Phantom Thieves once and for all, and now the main perpetrator of Shido's will in this scheme. *'Make sure everyone reads their letters. Doing so will reunite you with your classmates'*. That was the order that had accompanied her change, and she'd already seen it work. After all, two rando girls had totally been transformed into Himiko and Tenko already!

So Ryuji was definitely surprised to knock on the door of Makoto's apartment only to be greeted by two girls around his age, neither of which he recognized. **"Uh... Do I have the wrong place? I thought this was Makoto's apartment, but..."** He certainly wasn't wrong to be confused. This short, tan, blonde girl looked like she was from an island, and the even shorter girl with red hair almost looked like a witch?

And was that banging from the bathroom door?

Just as the boy was about to ask, the tanned girl took his hand with both of hers and tugged him inside. **“Don’t worry about that! Tenko was misbehaving and Atua didn’t like that very much, so she’s in time out. So did you bring the letter, Sakamoto-kun?”** Ryuji didn’t like this. Who was Tenko? What was an Atua? How did this stranger know about the letter?

**“Uh... I’ve gotta go.”** This was Makoto’s apartment but Makoto wasn’t here. Well, she was, but Ryuji didn’t know that. Because Tenko? She had been Makoto before. Either way his instincts were telling him to leave, and so he broke out of Angie’s grip and turned towards the door.

**“Atua wants you to read the letter, Sakamoto-kun.”**

**“Atua wants me to read the letter.”** Upon hearing this cursed phrase, his body tensed up and reached for the letter contained within the breast pocket of his school jacket. It was the same suggestive technique Angie had used to make Ann and Makoto read their own, but since Ryuji was within earshot it took far less effort to manipulate him. Himiko sat off to the sidelines, content in being complicit in this crime.

Before long the note had been unsealed and unfurled, and the cursed green ankh was registered by the eyes of the boy alone. It restored his senses at the very least. **“THE HELL!?! WHY’D I OPEN IT!?! THE HELL’S GOIN’ ON HERE!?”** His anger was very much pointed at Angie after he dropped the parchment, fists balled even though he’d never dare attack a young woman out of anger.

But the cursed parchment was *already* doing its job. The dye job that was so intricately entwined with the boy’s delinquent identity was fading, off-color revealing his natural brown and even darkening beyond that as the length became shaggier. Ryuji’s bangs hung down, drooping right above his eyes where they took a fringe cut while even longer lengths slid past either cheek. But the bulk of it? It flattened and cascaded quickly down his back. To his butt? No, to his *ankles*.

Ryuji already had plenty of grounds to be uncomfortable, but never was he the type to reject the company of a girl. Things were becoming a little different though, and more and more he was wanting to spend time around others less and less. It wasn’t just these two weirdos either. Thinking about finding Joker or Futaba to tell them something was up? It was almost the last thing he wanted to do. Despite how social he *should* have been, interacting with anyone was the **last thing he wanted to do**.

He recoiled from an attempt by Angie to grab his hand. **“Don’t touch me.”** Only to tell her off, voice dipping into a softer yet more serious

tone than the over-exaggerated, boisterous tone he typically used. It didn't even sound much like a teenaged boy's voice, but then again very few teenaged boys kept their hair so long it fell to almost their feet.

Angie just smiled! **“It's all as Atua planned! You're coming along nicely, Harukawa-san.”** Hearing this name stunned the boy, and in his moment of silence a dark red swirled among his irises. The boy's eyelashes grew longer, and the eyes themselves widened as brows above thinned. The changes to her face were quick and sweeping, a declaration on his masculinity as things shrunk and grew, giving him bigger lips but a tinier nose; not to mention cheek bones that were both higher but presented softer, rounder cheeks. To top it all off, a beauty mark ended up rising beneath the corner of his left eye.

**“Who is Harukawa-san!? I'm Ryuji! Ryuji... Sak... Harukawa? Is that really my last name?”** He felt like it should have been something else entirely, but now that Angie had referred to him with Harukawa as his surname he couldn't even remember what he'd believed it to be before.

It was as if the more he bought into the occultists words, the more his mind and body went. He was shrinking now, not merely piece by piece but instead his body as a whole was practically collapsing downward. To reach the intended height he needed to shed three inches, and as limbs and torso collapsed his already loose-fit uniform took an even baggier turn as a direct result of this collapse.

All of the muscles in his body regressed as well. Not to rob him of his strength - Ryuji would still remain quite strong - but to better match the appearance of the girl his cursed letter was having him become. Arms ended up almost looking like strings of spaghetti compared to how built he'd become swinging around a lead pipe in Mementos, but really he hadn't become any weaker. Even his hands now looked to be weaker versions of what they once were, with dainty digits and properly trimmed nails that were free of dirt.

They looked weak. But they weren't. Ryuji knew as much because he was the **Super High School Level** ■■■■■■■■■■ after all. Or, er, *was he*? That didn't sound right. Wasn't he a Phantom Thief? Actually, what did a Phantom Thief do? He was in a tizzy and couldn't tell up from down, and the loose clothes weren't helping. All he knew was that something strange was happening and only one person was to blame here for sure. **“Yonaga-san? You did something to me, didn't you? What did you do?”**

Naturally Angie would play dumb. The transformation was nearly complete (*she knew because Ryuji had just called her Yonaga-san*

without any introductions), so she had the luxury of doing so. **“I don’t know what you mean, Harukawa-san! If something is wrong it must be Atua’s will!”** She spied the front of Ryuji’s shirt begin to poke forward, which could only mean Maki’s more feminine traits were beginning to bless his body - and they were. But Maki Harukawa wasn’t a bombastic babe or anything of the sort. Her beauty was modest, her figure modest. She was just *modest*. So while Ryuji’s pectorals did, ever so slightly, mold themselves into breasts with shockingly large areola, they were only a tender B-cup at best.

His -- *Her* lower half fared about the same in terms of transformative extent. Dick and balls were made absolute, tucking in between her thighs as a girl’s anatomy replaced it. The process was, at the very least, enough to make her squirm as there was nothing comfortable about one’s internal anatomy doing a complete 90 degree turn in terms of sex.

Side effects were replicated in her butt and thighs, both of which turning plumper than they had been before while remaining strong. She probably could have picked up a pen with those rounder cheeks, a power blessed to her by her Talent that absolutely would never see any real used. She shook her head. **“What are we doing in this apartment? I remember... a letter? Is this a plan of yours, Yonaga-san? If so...”**

Angie recognized a problem here. *Maki*’s mental state seemed to be reminiscent of Tenko’s where she wasn’t just blindly accepting the reality she’d been given. But Maki wasn’t a girl you could just lock in a bathroom, not considering what her Talent truly was. But her transformation wasn’t quite finished yet either, as made evident by how her clothing began to constrict and churn.

Her white, oversized sneakers crunched to fit against daintier toes and a more generously sloped heel, all the while better resembling brown loafers by the time they were done. Blatant tears appeared in the pant legs around the center of her thighs, ultimately parting them into two separate pieces of clothing.

Despite the fact that the pant legs should have then just fallen to the ground without anything to hold them up, they instead were suctioned to her legs proper where black and red plaid brightened to a crimson and merged with her socks - creating a pair of blazing red thigh highs that sat comfortable. And the upper portion? It fluttered out into a black, pleated skirt while boxers gripped her genitals with a pure white thong.

Ryuji *Maki*’s typically unbuttoned jacket was suddenly found buttoning itself up, only for the buttons themselves to fade into the material as red spread throughout black to create the top portion of a crimson sailor

uniform complete with a pale pink scarf, and shorter sleeves that only barely ran past her elbows. All that was left were accessories, for the undershirt had transformed into both a white blouse and a small, white bra to contain her average bosom. A white hairpin found itself on the right side of her head, and long, dark brown hair was pulled into two tails with dark red scrunchies.

A wristband on her left wrist and a silver pin on the black top of her sailor fuku finished the aesthetic, leaving an authentic *Maki Harukawa* standing there with her arms crossed, foot tapping against the ground impatiently. **“Well Yonaga-san? What do you have to say for yourself? And you as well, Yumeno-chan? You definitely have Chabashira-san trapped in the bathroom, don’t you? What’s going on here?”**

**“Don’t you know what’s going on Harukawa-san? Any memories of it?”** Angie spoke up before Himiko could. If she lost Himiko as an ally it would be a problem. There were still some left to be changed after all, and she needed things to be uninterrupted until then.

But Maki just shook her head. **“I just remember ‘waking up’ here, and some vague memories of a past life? But whatever.”** This was weird. She didn’t want to deal with this. She didn’t want to deal with Angie nor Himiko. Maki was a loner and so she didn’t want to involve herself if she didn’t have to. Which made her decision to turn towards the door and leave on her own all the better for Angie.

**“Bye bye~!”** That worked out... *somehow*.

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As Maki exited the apartment building she passed by two girls that seemed somewhat familiar, yet absolutely not at all. A teen with fluffy orange hair, and another one with long, crimson locks. **“Okumura-san, doesn’t this seem a little fishy?”** asked the younger of the two.

But Maki didn’t bother with them. She just kept walking.

*Not her problem.*