

# DANGANRONPING

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Summer had finally come to an end.

For better or for worse this was the case, inviting cooler temperatures and more amicable weather than the baking heatwaves that had plagued the world over the several months of the season thus far. Well, unless you lived in like Australia. Then you'd be exiting winter and heading into fall! But was the time of year really of much importance to this tale?

**KAY:** Did you receive the message about the school summer trip?

**AXEL:** Yeah, but we're obviously not students and we don't even live *near* each other. Seems a little bit weird, right?

**JOSEPH:** It's probably a mistake. An automatic message. Maybe a scam?

Three friends had been chatting in a group text chain about an unusual text they had all received *somehow*. The fact that they had received it was *already* weird, but the timing? Well it *was* September. No schools were running summer trips at the beginning of autumn, not when they wanted their students to focus on their studies. But the three men were much too old to even be *in* high school. And thus there was only confusion instead of concern.

Kay glanced at his phone to keep up with the conversation. Having needed something from the convenience store he'd stepped out with his phone in hand, but he didn't exactly have all the time in the world to contribute at the time. He *had* been the one to ask, naturally curious about what circumstances could have led to receiving such a message. Considering they were online friends how had the sender even managed to get all of their numbers to target them with a scam?

**“Huh? Where’d my signal go? That’s weird.”** Holding a drink in one hand and his phone in the other, he was standing before a convenience store shelf when he’d noticed he couldn’t send a reply. It wasn’t very common for him to lose service in the area he was presently in, seeing it was close to home and he never really had a problem with it. Even more unusual was how his phone had suddenly reopened the scam message about the school trip... without him touching the screen.

He squinted at his screen and put the drink he’d taken on the shelf back where he’d found it. Attempt after attempt, he couldn’t seem to exit the text to return to his phone’s texting menu *nor* his home page. His phone wouldn’t even *turn off!* **“Okay... Is it broken?”** Kay *really* hoped that it wasn’t he definitely couldn’t afford the repairs, or at worse to replace an entire phone at this point.

One more aggressive press of his screen led to an unexpected result. There was what felt like a static shock, but it felt a touch too violent and he ended up launching his phone... fortunately onto the shelf in front of him so it didn’t break. But something began to feel *strange*. More like his *body* began to feel strange. **“That must’ve been one heck of a shock.”**

He couldn’t really be blamed for thinking of it as more than just a simple side effect of the zap at first, even though there were *very* early indicators that this wasn’t quite the case. That said, those earliest changes were a little hard to notice without looking for them anyways. Much of them were changes in color, such as, well... his complexion. It was a minor change in this area seeing as Kay already was pale, but he’d paled a little *more*. It almost made him look sickly, or like he didn’t really go outside all that much.

Contrastingly, a change in his hair and eye colors were certainly much more striking. There was a reddening that struck both, with his brown eyes being hit with it a little less so than his mane. But his hair was soon set aflame with a dark red that permeated throughout his eyebrows and pubes to boot. In every aspect the style of his hair changed soon after, locks growing out into a sleek bob with bangs swept rightward. When it came to his brows? They thinned. And his pubes? They shortened as well.

**“Huh?”** With those bangs swept in a different direction, the process of them moving had eventually caught the young man’s attention. **“Wait, what’s up with my hair?”** The style was wrong, wasn’t it? He patted the top of his head with both hands. Hands that took an increasingly effeminate appearance as he did so, digits thinning and palms shrinking. It was a phenomenon that plagues his feet in tandem, for

heels softened and tootsies lost some of their length so that his shoes were now a little loose.

One might have assumed that this would leave his hands and feet seeming proportionately *off* compared to the rest of his body, and in the initial moments of their changes it was true. But before Kay could even properly process that his hair had changed much less ask *why*, a more alarming difference plagued him. “**Wha—!?**” After all, if you began to feel like you were falling *you’d* forget the other thing you’d just been worrying about too.

It wasn’t like he was *actually* falling. His feet were still firmly planted on the convenience store floor. But it had *felt* that way... as his height dramatically *decreased*. To better suit shrunken hands and feet his entire body was regressing in size at a blistering speed, his shirt swallowing his torso whole while pants fell around his ankles. Shocked as he *felt* though? Kay didn’t make much of a racket about it. In fact, the shorter (and thinner, as it turned out) he became...

*The more tired he felt.*

Worrying about it almost felt like *far* too much of an energy expenditure. “**Meh... It probably doesn’t matter that much.**” That probably *wasn’t* the attitude to have about shrinking down to a meager 4’11”. Nor was there much of a reaction to the sound of his own voice, which not only had a dry yet girlish pitch, but... Was he even speaking English? The thought didn’t cross his mind... not in English *nor* in *Japanese*, the language that had just left his mouth.

To be fair though, he increasingly resembled someone who *would* be speaking fluent Japanese. It could be observed in the shapes of his eyes were now bore narrowed eyelids. Structurally his face on the whole leaned into a more Japanese aesthetic, with fuller cheeks and puffier lips that, well... It wasn’t exactly the face of a Japanese *man*. With his shorter stature and more effeminate traits, he clearly looked more like a Japanese teen. A Japanese *girl*.

Which was more accurate than you might have expect. *She* shuddered and emitted a strange noise of distress, the sensation of something *awry* happening between her legs seeing to it that her dick and balls were swapped out for something more appropriate for a maiden – added and changed organs and all. “**What the...?**” No sooner than her sex had shifted, the surrounding areas were altered to better match.

This meant that her waistline dipped in subtly and her hips flared out, albeit only a single inch. Kay’s legs retained their parting, but her thinned thighs did bloat slightly so that her porcelain skin was of greater

abundance. This applied to a bum that protruded but was both tight and perky, and upon her chest... Well, the handfuls that grew felt appropriate for how small her body was otherwise. Rather than look down at herself though, the girl was fixated on the shelf in front of her. Was she supposed to grab something?

The oversized t-shirt she was wearing soon disappeared along with the rest of her garb, but rather than expose a teenaged girl's body? New clothing had apparently appeared beneath the shirt at some point. A brown bikini with a top that was sleeved on the left side. It showed off her cute body and her feet were protected by thin sandals. Clearly the outfit wasn't designed to show off, but there was one girl in particular that would've complimented how *good* she looked regardless.

**“Mmm... Why did I agree to do this for her? I bet she's gonna make me try and put it on her too. Pervert...”** Picking up her phone off the shelf (*how had she dropped it on a shelf she could barely reach?*) *Himiko Yumeno* traced the shelf with her index finger in search of what she could recall stepping into the convenience store for. A bottle of sunscreen. Well, she had *actually* come in for a drink, but a 'friend' of hers had asked her to get her the lotion since she was going in anyways.



Himiko was the *Ultimate Magician*, the pinnacle practitioner of her craft. But she had come to this island resort along with her peers as part of a summer trip. It *was* early August after all. It was the perfect time for it. **“There...”** But honestly? She didn't have much energy for this kind of thing. She just wanted to get down to the beach and take a nap under a parasol... though she knew the two girls she'd been grouped with wouldn't allow that.

A can of soda in one hand and a bottle of sunscreen in the other, her petite figure stepped out from behind the store's back shelf to reveal a view of the beach out the big windows in the front. Something about it all felt *off* to the magician, but that was just a lingering recollection of her past life. She didn't really think about it for more than a second before walking up to the clerk. **“Just these... Hurry up.”**

She didn't want to hear it if she ended up taking too long.

But how long *was* she going to take in the bathroom?

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Joseph had been keeping an eye on the group text conversation as well, though he'd been doing so while on the can of all places. He'd already finished his business and had redressed himself seeing he was at the mall, but since he was waiting around for a ride back home he hadn't exactly been in a rush to leave the stall he was using. **"It's still weird though. It's probably nothing, but it really doesn't make much sense..."**

He wasn't all that bothered by the text message but it *was* a little bit creepy. What kind of feat would it have taken to get *all* of their numbers? Maybe it was something that had been done digitally? Was it a coincidence? Maybe a *lot* of people had gotten them and they were just a few of the victims? Actually, that last possibility made some sense!

Thinking he could check online to see if anyone else had received it, Joseph went to open the browser on his phone. But he couldn't. The text in question had been reopened and wouldn't go away no matter *what* he tried. **"The heck— OW!?"** Eventually he received the very same static shock that Kay had, leaving him stunned momentarily. It wasn't enough to drop his phone but he *did* place it on top of the toilet paper dispenser out of concern.

Before Joseph even recovered from the shock his own transformation had begun. In a much more dramatic fashion than his friend's had, the man's skin lightened from its usual olive tone towards something pinking pale. Browned nipples turned pinker as well beneath his shirt while lips bore a more pronounced redness to them, but the man himself didn't exactly note any of this. He was staring at his phone with dismay. **"What... just happened? I hope my phone isn't messed up!"**

That would have been *terrible*, so he reached out his right hand to pick that phone up again... only to stop short of doing so. The sight of his own fingers had both caught his attention and given him pause. Something was *off* about how they looked. There were too short. Too thin. His fingernails were as short as he kept them, but they were trimmed more properly. Not to mention how calloused those fingers looked... as if he'd used his hands more than the average person. **"What...?"**

*Duh, it's from training!*

**"Training?"** Why had that thought crossed his mind? He didn't have the body of someone who trained! ...Or at least that *should* have been true, but his own reality was changing to suit his own thoughts. Excess weight was trimmed away from his body to leave him thin, but more than that the muscles that were revealed appeared to protrude further.

He had abs, pecs, and strengthened arms and legs – the body of someone who was in good shape.

Being around six feet tall, any loss of stature would have been immediately noticeable to Joseph – and in the end it was as his height plummeted all of the way down to 5’5”. **“Wh-What the!? I used to be big and tall! Like a... a...!”** Pants slipped from a narrowed waist and his shirt hanging off like a short dress, he’d been about to make a remark about being a man, and yet... He couldn’t quite choke it out. Something about calling himself a man felt *extremely offensive*.

**“But... No way... I’m a...?”** Would a man have a voice that was so effeminate? Unlikely. Nor would he have a face that was increasingly thin and girlish, with widened eyes that bore narrow, Japanese corners, and a small nose, and thickened lips. He was facially rendered quite beautiful, and this was certainly helped by hair cascading down his back as its black color lightened just a tinge. With bangs swept vaguely the left with new length of their own and his pubes now shaved, it was hard to imagine him as anything other than a teenaged Japanese *girl*. One with a new beauty mark beneath her left lip.

*She* made a disturbing face as a shrunken hand reached down to grab her pelvis. **“Whuh!?”** Eyes widened to reveal a change in color towards a warm green, but she was shocked by the new absence between her legs more than anything. Or... was it really shocking? *What the heck am I expecting to find!?* If anything it was more curious that she’d pawed at her crotch so easily, but her hips had widened and plusher thighs had made the gesture more comfortable. But Joseph just couldn’t shake the feeling that he was supposed to be a boy!

The thought disgusted her. Withdrawing her hand, this allowed her ass to bloat into a bubbled shape undisturbed. You could also make out the sight of her chest pushing forward, puffy nipples leading the charge as posture adjusted to better accommodate the sizable *D-cups* that bounced to life. While she hadn’t been wearing a bra, though? It seemed as if *something* was holding them up.

Once her shirt disappeared it became clear just what that had been. A pink and white plaid bikini top that matched the bottom around her groin – with matching sandals to boot. Her hair, which now reached down to her ankles, had been pulled into two twirling tails that were bound by tied, white ribbons. A big green bow was in the back, and a pink headband ran across her head. But none of this mattered. She was still agitated by that one thought that had been so persistent.



**“UGH! As if I could ever be some DEGENERATE MALE!”** Finally bursting out of the bathroom stall and into the womens’ bathroom proper with a disgusted look on her face and a cute phone in hand, *Tenko Chabashira* pumped the air with her fists before slapping them against the closest sink so that she could stare at her own reflection. **“See? I’m a beautiful, adorable girl!”** Plus she was the *Ultimate Aikido Master*, so if anyone told her otherwise she could just kick their ass!



But then it struck her. **“Huh? Why did I even think I was... That’s a stupid thing to think!”** Had she fallen asleep on the toilet and had a strange dream? Picking at her swimsuit to adjust it after storming out of the stall so wildly, she pouted for a moment. Something *definitely* felt like it was *off* but she couldn’t really place it. **“I guess it doesn’t matter. After all! I bet Himiko is waiting for me~!”**

The cutest girl in her class was getting her some suntan lotion because she’d had to run off into the convenience store bathroom all of a sudden! **“Maybe if I play my cards right I can get her to apply it to my body too! Hehehe...”** For a hater of men she was certainly a different breed when it came to other girls.

Unfortunately for her, Himiko had already considered that potential outcome.

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**“Aaaand done!”** Axel leaned back in the chair of his own office, happy to finally have finished a day of work with phone in hand before turning his attention back to his phone screen. He’d been keeping tabs on the conversation he had shared with Kay and Joseph, but there hadn’t really been a reply in a while. Now that he was looking at it more closely, it made a little more sense as to what that was. **“No service? Not my internet or 5G?”**

That was weird, wasn’t it? He hoped that there hadn’t been a big outage because getting his work done relied on the internet working. Of course, it was just the cherry of strangeness on top of a very strange day with that text he’d received. Speaking of... **“Hey, why did the text**

**reopen? Did I fat-finger something...?**” It had popped back up and he couldn’t seem to close it. He’d even received a static shock, prompting him to drop the phone on his desk. **“Ow!”**

Axel pushed back on his chair and stood up, immediately becoming struck with a wave of dizziness. He had health problems here and there like any person did, but he wasn’t typically the type of guy to get dizzy just from standing up suddenly. Not to mention the *hunger*... Why did he feel so... **“Huh!?”**

The gargling in his tummy had led to hand reaching down to rub it. What had prompted him to cry out with surprise was that, upon placing his hand *on* his stomach, well, it wasn’t *there*. Maybe that was a misleading way to phrase it. It wasn’t like his bulging belly had just up and disappeared, but he had to push against his shirt until his palm practically rubbed up against his rib cage at its peak.

**“I’m... thin!?”** It wasn’t *just* Axel’s tummy. His arms, legs, chest; they were all as thin as someone who did the bare minimum to avoid putting on excess weight. So he wasn’t *fit* aside from a subtle tone to his belly, but he wasn’t at all overweight either. **“How is this possible? A blessing from Atua!?”** A what from the who now? Why had he just blurted that out!? It wasn’t wrong in that he saw it as a blessing to suddenly have lost all that extra weight though.

...Not so much what he lost immediately after. **“Eep!?”** There was a short voice crack that slipped from his lips, footing unstable thanks to a regression of his overall stature. His now thinner body was becoming *shorter*, with just under a foot of overall height shed until he was only 5’1” – putting him in between Himiko and Tenko in terms of height. His plus-sized shirt might as well have been a tent upon his frame now, and pants and boxers alike had slipped right off. **“I’m tiny!?”**

*Had* that been a voice crack earlier? At the time it had seemed that way, but now? Axel’s voice had a *much* higher pitch. It sounded bubbly and cute, which better suited a face that looked *much* younger. Like he was now in his teens. If ‘he’ was even the correct pronoun. Changes saw his face round, lips push out, nose collapse, and his eyes face the same fate as the other two. They were inherently more Japanese in their design, and they lit up with a steel blue beneath lengthened lashes. Pointedly feminine, like a girl.

Unlike the other two who had paled in terms of complexion, it seemed that his fate was to undergo the opposite change. Axel was already an extremely pale person so it would have been alarming had he gotten paler. Instead his skin darkened to a rich tan, darkening even his nipples as his appearance became more and more like a Japanese



individual born and raised on an island. One that might have worshiped a god named 'Atua'.

**“Nyahaha!? Wh-What am I laughing about!?”** Speaking of which he had begun to both speak and think in Japanese while the color of his hair lightened to a platinum blonde. His short cut style sputtered out new length, locks thickening as they lengthened all the way down to his rear end. **“Hyah!?”**

Her rear end bubbled out in shape, pushing out the back of her shirt and pushing into her longer hair at the exact same time a sensation not all that unlike being kicked in the groin had sent her stumbling back a step. **“Did I just...? But I shouldn't have had anything there, right?”** Small, tan fingers pressed up against what was clearly a pussy through her shirt. Which didn't seem unusual? Nor did the girth of her thighs, which had stretched several inches.

Much like Himiko she hadn't been delivered much in the boob department either, with perky A-cups bearing plump, brown nipples. They might have been on full display when her old clothing disappeared if not for the swimsuit that now covered her. A white and baby blue two-piece with lace cups and a skirt; a skirt that had art utensils strapped to it by a pink sash. Otherwise she had a bracelet, matching necklace, and her hair was pulled into two tails.

Angie Yonaga blinked several times before looking around at the *inn room* she was staying in with Himiko and Tenko, and then down at her own body. Her skin was so tan. She was so petite. Why did this all feel new, even though she had lived her entire life in this body? **“Nyahaha! I understand! This must just be a new trial for me from the mighty Atua!”** Atua being the island deity that this *Ultimate Artist* worshipped back on her island hometown.



She had come to this island resort along with the rest of her peers, fellow Ultimates from Hope's Peak! Somehow that school name felt a little odd too, but it must have just been part of her trial! **“Atua has left me bewildered to see if I can overcome this confusion, and so it's a trial I rightfully expect! Besides, how could I ever be a man? Nyahaha!”**

That just didn't make any sense!