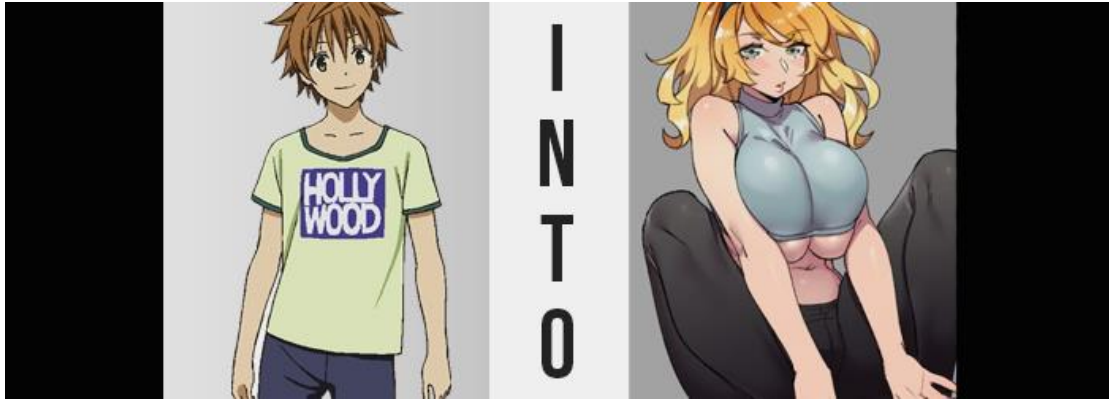


DISCIPLINE WHO? III.

MARCH 2022 REQUEST STORY

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Something *strange* had been going on at school over the past couple of days, but Rito hadn't quite been able to put his finger on *what* that strange thing was. He felt it more in his classroom more than anywhere else, but after wracking his brain what felt like a million times, he just could not piece anything together other than something seeming a little out of place.

“I really don't know what it is...” Even after confiding in Lala, the young Japanese teen hadn't really been able to place his finger on the pulse of just what, exactly, had transpired, and so he went the entirety of the next day with it weighing on his mind aaaall over again. It eventually reached a point where it practically felt like mental torture to not have the answer he sought.

Was anything off about his peers? That was a question he had asked himself repeatedly to no avail. It was most certainly unsurprising that he hadn't managed to realize, mind you, because the item at the center of all of this had been designed in a way to make everyone that interacted with it and its products oblivious to the fact that anything had changed at all – and this of course applied to two of his classmates in particular.

“Kotegawa-san and Haruna-chan... Is it related to *them*?” Every time he circled back to this pair, his mind eventually dismissed it as impossible that they might be the cause even though they were. It was strange that these older women were counted among his peers, and beyond that were allowed to dress so provocatively despite the school rules. Kotegawa was the head of the Disciplinary Committee despite looking and acting that way? How did that make any sense?

That *had* to be it! As much as his mind kept telling him no, Rito's *heart* was convinced that the two of them were at the center of all this. And fortunately he knew that Haruna had a habit of hanging out in the hallways after class, flirting with whoever was willing to give her the time of day. Which, with how she dressed and acted, was a surprising – or unsurprising depending on your opinion – number of people.



To those ends, he lurked among the shadows after the last school bell rang. Most of the hallways had cleared out long ago by this point in time, and Haruna seemed to be finishing up talking to one more boy before she shuffled away. Rito had intended on following her from that point to see if he could get some sort of lead about what was happening, yet as the woman skipped boobily away he saw something fall out of her purse.

Of course that warranted some investigation. He might be able to use giving it back as an excuse to visit her house, after all, even if he felt a little gross about being so underhanded. And there was always the risk that she would come onto him if they talked... like she always did according to his memories.

“A compact mirror? Well, I guess it makes sense, but...” The object that had been dropped in question was undoubtedly a compact mirror, but it was bright pink and almost looked like a toy. In fact, hadn't he seen this somewhere before? Like a couple of days ago...? **“Crap! Is this Lala's missing invention!?”** She had been desperately looking for an invention that had gone missing just a few days ago, and come to think of it? Around that time was when he'd started to have these strange feelings.

But Rito also made a mistake. He'd been in the process of picking the item up when its dubious origins had dawned on him, and as a result he had almost dropped it. Thankfully he *hadn't*, but it had bounced between the two of his hands clumsily while getting back up into a standing position. With the final bounce he had accidentally clicked the small button meant to open the mirror, and it flung open just in time for him to catch sight of his reflection.

...If you could call it that. **“Who is...? Wait!”** The person looking back in the mirror had been a beautiful, blonde woman with bright green eyes. It hadn't been his *own* reflection. Not under *any* circumstances. Rito didn't know what he had just done, but he could tell instinctually that he

had just royally fucked up, even after dropping the compact again with surprise.

The compact remained open on the floor of the hall, but whether it was open or not, it didn't really make much of a difference. Rito had glimpsed at the reflection it had provided him, and as a result he had already become destined to meet the same fate as his classmates. And evidently its ability was limited onto to changing others into *women*, whether or not the one who looked at their reflection was already one of not.

Rito took a couple of steps back. **“Is that thing the culprit? Is that why things are so weird?”** If that was the case, then it would be better to not interact with it in the first place, right? He mistakenly believed that he had walked away from that encounter scott free, even though there were already signs in his visage that this wasn't the case at all.

After all, he had begun to increasingly seem more *feminine*. Not that Rito was a stranger to becoming a girl. Lala had created an invention in the past that had done just that to him, and it had done so *many* times. And to those ends, it really looked like he was becoming more and more like his female persona, Riko, in terms of looks. Whether it was the rounding of his facial features or the widening and consequent feminization of his eyes, it certainly seemed to be on track.

“H-Huh!? Wait a sec! Why am I turning into a girl!?” While what was happening to his face had been quite difficult to distinguish, not even Rito could ignore the front of his uniform top pushing forward thanks to the pair of breasts that flourished from within. They swelled up to their usual C-cup sizes, popping off the top few buttons of his jacket while a slightly diminished height helped with the ill fit ever so slightly.

In all of his experiences being changed into a girl in the past though, it had been instantaneous. He had never watched or felt it happen as slowly as this, which was why *she* groaned from the pain of her dick disappearing and then subsequently moaning as a pussy formed in its place. Around this region, weight saw thighs thicken, her butt swell perkier, and her hips widen subtly. This all left her pants very uncomfortable, and the front button had been left no choice other than to fly right off. **“What caused this? Was it the compact?”**

It *had* to have been, right? After all, he hadn't been shot by any beams of light that she could recall, and this was very much her girl form. One she had been subjected to time and time again because Lala thought she was

cute. Or, at least, she wholly *believed* that this was her regular Riko form, ignorant to the fact that things were *still* changing even now.

After all, whether she was Rito or Riko, her hair had always remained the same general style and retained the same brunette color in the past. Yet the tips of her hair currently had somehow been dyed a golden blonde, and that blonde appeared to creep downward as far as her *roots*. With the color irreversibly altered (*and not born from any dyes to speak of*), it was the length and overall style of these locks that changed next.

The points of Rito's hair flattened and smoothed out, some even naturally curling as the length of it soon spilled out behind her. Before long, waves of gold dangled midway down her back and hid her ears at the sides, while her bangs? Thick and fluffy, they swept over her left eye. **"Huh? Was my hair, *like*, always this long *and stuff*?"** She was having difficulties remembering. It *hadn't* been, right? And this question completely dodged the very blatant air-headedness that was being conveyed by her words as things worsened.

Anxiety was born from the girl's own confusion, and that anxiety led to nibbling at her bottom lip. There was notably much more *to* that lip, but Rito didn't really notice that they had swelled dramatically and had taken on a very appealing gloss that made them look quite kissable. Nor did she really notice that her facial structure as a whole seemed... off. It remained that of a girl, but it seemed to mature some. It widened slightly, and with plumper lips it gave of an air of maturity she hadn't previously possessed.

And then there were her *eyes*. Browns had been painted green, and that was certainly of note, but they became a little less almond-shaped in the process. Not so much that she didn't look Japanese any longer, but enough that one might rightfully question her heritage when you factored in her natural, golden hair color. In truth, Rito was now half-American, which was the reason she looked just a little bit different from her peers. Still, she had been born and raised in Japan!

"N-No, that's *totes not right*, is it? I mean, I'm *like*..." To better match her floatier lingo, Rito's voice had become softer and airier as well. It was something that also affected her mind, rendering everything feeling just a little bit fuzzy on the whole. It made it hard to think, but she was clutching onto a singular thought. That something was happening to her, and she would need to find Lala to get it reversed.

Regardless of how she felt about it all, the changes affecting her trooped on, nonetheless. With her face expressing an age of around twenty or so, it was time for the rest of her body to fall in line. To those ends, she

underwent something of a sudden growth spurt in *all* areas, which naturally included her height. About five inches were applied to her stature overall, provoking an airy “*Oh!?*” of surprise from between her luscious lips. It was quick to leave her uniform sitting on her strangely, with pants lifted up to just beneath her knees, and her top separated from her pants to reveal a toned tummy in its entirety.

With that belly revealed, it was easy to note how her hips were pulling wider, ultimately creating the impression that her waistline had been narrowing at the same time. But they did pop *significantly* wider. Inches, in fact, and this allowed fatty tissue to pave the way beneath them. For her thighs soon erupted with a tender mass that shredded the sides of her flimsy uniform pants, filling the ample gap left between two legs that had been parted wider.

“*Mmn!*” Try as she might to subdue it, Rito was fully incapable of stifling a moan that erupted as a result of her boxers grinding into her pussy. It was a sensation that had become more intense as the cheeks of her ass had ballooned, bare flesh practically popping out of the back while forcing the waistband down. This peach-shaped bottom was substantially meaty, but it still paled in comparison to, well...

Another moan escaped the woman’s lips, this time her whole body lurching forward as the front of her uniform seemingly downright *exploded*. Of course, that wasn’t quite the case, but her breasts *had* saw it fit to properly escape their prison. And, well? There was just so *much* of them that had spawned at once, her uniform had stood absolutely no chance.

“*N-No! My titties are way too big!*” Forget Ds, Es, or even Fs. These huge honkers might as well have been I or J-cups when all was said and done. With nipples almost twice the size of a regular coin topping them, fleshing beachballs bounced against the peak of her tanned tummy what with how big they were. Big and *sensitive*, as Rito found by touching them and gasping. It was all making her very *aroused*, and without thinking she had begun to consider wanting to fuck someone. *Anyone*.

But she corrected herself, thinking back to Lala.

Fortunately for her, or maybe unfortunately since what she *really* wanted to do involved clothing being a hindrance, her outfit was promptly repurposed into something that actually fit. *Kind of*. Black skinny jeans found her legs, showing off a little cameltoe and the peaks of her big cheeks what with how small they were, while a blue halter top covered *most* of her breasts. Her ample underboob was left exposed, though. Topping it all off was a matching headband in her hair.

For how different her body was and how overpowering her new personality was, *Riko* had managed to preserve one desire through it all. A desire to find Lala and get her to reverse whatever had happened to her and the others. It was incredibly hard to stay focused on this desire though, because her mind kept wandering to think of cute boys and hot chicks that she could plausibly sleep with. Her head felt so bubbly too, that it was clear her intelligence had taken a *very* steep drop. That explained why she was still in high school despite clearly being twenty or so.



“I like, really need to find Lala and totes quick! I’m not sure how long I can even hold on...”

Down the hall the bombastic bimbo scurried, her steps labored by the bouncing of her big tits and the jiggling of her ass – it was all rather arousing and made it even more difficult for her to focus on what her goal had been from the outside. Before long her mind began to wander to Kotegawa and Sairenji and just how fucking *hot* they were. Get them a nice dildo, and they could probably have a good time— **“No! I need to find Lala! She’s gotta, like, uh...?”**

What... What *was* Lala supposed to help her with again?

Riko froze in place, her thick lips twitching while attempting to remember just what she had set out to do. Something had happened that had been really urgent and stuff, and she’d had to find the alien that was staying at her house because...? She was gonna like, do something for her? Or something...?

Try as she might, the woman’s brain was little more than a stew that just couldn’t put two and two together anymore. Which was unsurprising, since she couldn’t get the thought of pussy and cock out of her head regardless of how hard she tried. **“Oh well~! I guess if it was important, I woulda remembered it, right~?”** Perhaps that would have been true if her new self wasn’t such a *ditz*, but alas.

“Huh? Yuuki-chan? Didn’t know you were still here. But this is *totally* good luck!” Hearing her name, Riko perked up and twirled around. Haruna was standing there, scantily clad despite the fact that

they were still at school. Then again, she was *typically* scantily clad. There wasn't really anything that was exactly new about this sight. That said, it certainly did something for Riko, who *already* had an uncontrollable burning in her loins.

In fact, she knew that Haruna was effectively extending an invitation here. And without thinking about it, Riko lunged at her and fell into her arms. Their huge tits rubbed together as lips smacked into each other. Tongue was exchanged as they practically fell back into a nearby classroom, where they would inevitably make love over some poor boy's desk. While this would have been reprehensible anywhere else? The mirror in the hallway had altered reality so that any of the women it 'adjusted' would be perceived as normal by society – which really made you wonder what Lala had created it to do in the first place.

And now? That very dangerous item was still sitting in the hall.