

ROYAL EDITION

BIWEEKLY STORY #37

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Akira Kurusu, otherwise known as Joker of the Phantom Thieves, was rooting through his packages late one Sunday evening. The cafe downstairs had been closed up already and he'd invited a friend over to play game and eat takeout, but he was trying to find the box that held the retro game he'd ordered from the shopping network. One could say the teen had gone a little overboard with his online shopping over the past couple of weeks; so many packages had come that Sojiro had scolded him, but they were all things he'd bought with money from his part time jobs.

“Aha!” It took a little bit but he finally found a small box about the size of a game cartridge. It was a really old game that was super rare, he was lucky to have found it on an auction show the Sunday prior. It was called Royal Edition, but he didn't really understand its significance. The game was a meta object meant to upgrade reality into one where characters that didn't exist did, though there were a few minor kinks to work out.

Of course, living in a video game himself, Akira didn't really have any awareness of this. It was just life as normal. He couldn't imagine you could 'expand' the narrative of life itself.

The friend in question, Ann Takamaki, had texted him a few minutes prior to let him know she was almost there with their pizza, so he dusted off the game machine and pushed the cartridge in without a second thought to make sure it worked. But the moment it started up something strange reverberated through the air. It struck the boy, yes, but it also bled through the flooring and into the cafe below.

A cafe Ann had just let herself into with a spare key, pizza box put down on one of the dining room tables as she locked everything back up. She knew why she'd come to Leblanc that day: to play games with Akira late into the night, but the second she locked the door she was brought to question her own motives by something. A strange buzzing that seemed to ring not only in her ears, but it felt like it was ringing through her brain and body too.

Ann's right index finger traced the windowsill that was closest to Leblanc's. She wasn't typically one to worry over the cleanliness of an establishment, much less her own room back home, but the long streak in the dust it left along with the dirtying of her fingertip seemed to trigger something instinctual in her being. She wanted to wipe it down, but wait! She wasn't on duty!

“Huh? On duty...?” That was a weird thought. Like class duty? It was like 8pm, and why would a dusty windowsill make her think that? The young girl went to turn to grab the pizza from the table in the dimly lit cafe space, but something in the corner of her eye when she turned. It was something black where something black shouldn't have been. She always wore her blonde hair into fluffy twin tails, but what had given her pause was the fact that what she would have normally seen wasn't fluffy *nor* blonde. Instead, black hairs roughly bound in a thin tail bounced around, something that was consistent on the opposing side as well.

Or so it had been consistent, but because the hairs were thinner the ties holding them in place inevitably came undone and it all spilled down her back. **“My hair!? What's--?”** Naturally she grabbed a fistful from behind, but was shocked by just how coarse it was. Had she not been using the proper shampoo for its quality? No... between that and the coloring, she could also see it shortening in between her finger, fingers that didn't look quite right either with dried skin crack and worn down nails.

Although since she used so much chalk during the day and then cleaning products at night, how could she possibly expect to have the pristine hands of a sixteen year old?

Chalk and cleaning supplies!? These thoughts weren't only wrong they were disorienting, and Ann feared that they were impacting her desire to panic about it all. She could have easily run up to confront Akira in that moment to show him what was happening but hesitation stopped her. It was a strong hesitation.

I shouldn't have that kind of relationship with one of my students...

Another inconsistency was making her reluctant. How could she rely that much on Akira? He was just a kid... and as much as she internalized the reality that she was a kid herself so it didn't really matter, these new thoughts were beginning to externalize a completely different reality.

For example, the girl's face. A spike in hormones had suddenly forced a breakout of acne across the surface, but like a montage of a person composed of pictures of them every day over a long period of time this all flickered by at an extremely hastened pace. Acne lessened and in its place some scars remained, speaking to a stressful background that had often sent her into junk food binges and intense anxious fits. Before all was said and done her skin was clean, but there was obvious wear in these markings and overall it gave the impression of a woman in her twenties, not necessarily a girl in her mid-teens.

Facial features opted to compliment the shift in age, nostrils flaring as bright blue eyes dulled to a more standard Japanese brown. Her mixed blood wasn't evident at all now between the more almond-like shapes of her eye sockets and the short and dark styling of her hair, but that aside she practically looked like a different person with chapped lips and disheveled aura. Ann was still naturally beautiful, but compared to how she was before it was a much plainer beautiful. There was no way she could continue a career as a model looking as she did.

But her aspirations of being a model were absent. Remembering she was a teacher by day and a maid by night had essentially kicked her memories of being both a student and a model off the cliff, and she was overwhelmed by uncertainty born from her height. **"Am I the right height? No, everything looks kind of tall doesn't it?"** *Takakami* was still dazed by the buzzing resonating throughout her. It made her question whether what was in front of her was real. Which assumption was wrong? That she was the right size, or that she needed to be taller?

Looking to solve this problem itself, her body was prompt to undergo a stretching phenomenon. The girl woman could feel it, like something had taken hold of her shoulders and started pulling while her feet were pinned to the ground. Slowly her bones creaked as the pulling sensation manifested with physical gains, tummy revealed between the gap of her sweater and skirt for a brief second, but with her hands she managed to cover it back up again thanks to how oversized the top was to begin with. But it only just barely reached, and she couldn't stop her red tights from sliding down past her crotch so that peaks of her thighs were shown off.

Age caught up to those thighs too, and while they grew to be a little plumper there were signs that it wasn't from winning the genetic lottery. They were a little chunky and bouncy, suggesting they were a little swollen from bad dieting and a lack of exercise, and this was also

present in her ass and with a slight overhang to her gut. It wasn't anything alarming for a woman approaching middle age, but it wasn't like she had time to make for exercise with her two jobs!

That still sounded off. She didn't have two jobs! She was a student... no... she graduated a long time ago? *Tawakami* rubbed the side of her head through frizzled hair. Come to think of it what was she wearing? The outfit looked a little like the one Akira's blonde-haired friend wore (*or did it look exactly like it?*) but it really didn't fit properly. The panties were giving her a mad wedgie for one, and her bra didn't seem to sit properly beneath the sweater as it bulged with a little more furor than normal. Although most of that furor was just added fat from her lifestyle deficiencies.

“Pizza? Did I bring Kurusu-kun pizza?” The smell of the treat on the table was the first thing the teacher noticed when the buzzing went away. Her outfit aside, she'd been rewired to consider it something from her own wardrobe at least until she could get home and get changed. She honestly couldn't remember when or how she'd gotten here, but Sunday also wasn't one of the days where she came over to *Becky it up*. **“I guess I should give it to him and go home before anyone gets the wrong idea...”**

Sadayo Kawakami's eyes drifted towards the attic stairs. Would she *really* hate it if someone misunderstood though?

While this was all transpiring down below Akira was struggling with reverberating doubts of his own. Of course this was his room. It was the space Sojiro had gifted him when he'd moved to Tokyo in the first place. He'd spent well over half a year in this attic room by this point, it was his home away from home.

But as much as he should have been sure, he *wasn't*.

He recognized the smell of this space more than anything. It was the same smell that always clung to his uniform. It was a nice smell, a smell he so deeply associated with ~~himself~~ *his senpai*. Of course this recollection didn't hit right, because of the few people Akira considered to be a senpai there weren't any that would have incited such a strong *yearning*. But it was a building fondness that was intrusive every time he thought about himself of all people. Was he going batty?

Akira's attention turned towards the television screen, which was displaying colored bars ever since he'd inserted the Royal Edition game cartridge. It was for the best if he tried to shake off these weird thoughts for the moment, at least that was how he rationalized it so he could

focus on setting up for Ann's arrival. Did he need to take the game out and blow it? That made enough sense, but reaching to grab the cartridge yielded another uncanny moment.

Have you ever looked at something and immediately realized there was something out of place? Maybe something you left on your desk the night before wasn't there the next day and you had no memory of moving it, or maybe you'd cut yourself and not noticed until later on that day. That kind of thing? This was along those lines, but it was certainly not as common of a problem.

It was his hands. It wasn't just a scrape on his finger or a broken nail, though the latter could probably happen much easier all things considered. The boy's fingers had, at some point, become terribly small. The wrinkles in their skin were smoother, and the back of his hand had conformed to similar softness standard as had the pads of his palms. But fingernails stood out more than anything with their rich red paint job, paired with how they jutted out an inch past each fingertip. Naturally he'd seen hands like these before, just not typically on guys and definitely not on himself.

“Why is senpai confused?” He'd thought to ask what was going on but the words he blurted out both registered with concern for someone else and a third person tense that made him realize the 'someone else' was, in fact, *himself*. His mind was fucked up, why was he thinking of himself, of Akira Kurusu, as a completely different person!? What was worse, he had to gently grasp his neck with one of these feminine hands gently out of shock, since the voice he'd spoken with was far too girlish. He couldn't feel an Adam's apple anymore even though it was so prominent, so--

Why would *she* have an Adam's apple to begin with?

“Ngh!?” Thoughts had been interrupted again, this time brain processing Akira's identity with feminine pronouns. It had been briefly absurd, but a sharp suction tugged at the youth's grown not even a second after, ultimately pushing this disoriented gasp from the lips on their face as different lips shaped between *her* legs.

This was promptly followed by a general discomfort in her pants, like they were a size too small. The cheeks of her butt had perked up to endanger the waistline of the uniform bottoms, the rise not alleviated of muscle mass but building a more pronounced arc from a back that was seemingly arching more prominently.

The discomfort in Akira's pants was likewise constant around her thighs, legs as a whole becoming not those of a young man that did strength

training across the entirety of his body, but looked more like the dancer's legs of a long woman. Her thighs were round and strong, but there was an elegance to them that was essentially put under a microscope by how smooth and hairless they were. Because of all this swelling the pants, that had been a loose fit, had snugly clamped around her thighs and rear to the point that a newly grown mole on one of her ass cheeks could be made out from an external point of view.

“Why is...” She wanted to comment on the lower half of her body, or the fact that the floorboards seemed to be getting a little closer as her pant legs seemed to pool at her ankles, but she was already too far gone; caught up in the new reality *Royal Edition* was overlaying. **“...it that I'm wearing senpai's clothes!?”** Cheeks were stained a bright pink, and they were definitely the cheeks of a high school girl with how round and soft they looked. Her lashes fluttered, but while one eye was the usually gray the other was bright red with a wider, more expressive design that ultimately bled into the unchanged eye like a 'girl' filter was being spread across her face through some demented camera.

Akiri clutched at the neck of the over-sized uniform jacket with her dainty fingers and brought the collar to her nose, at which point she took a deep inhale. She was panicked, but the scent of sweat that was both her own and not seemed to bring her some comfort. **“Oh gosh! I'm just being weird! What if senpai came home right now, what would he think!? But... is this not my home? This place... It's way too familiar...”** The television screen suddenly flickered and a sudden headache made her clutch her eyes closed and bite her lower lip, said lip becoming both smaller and rising higher in tandem as the girl took a frustrated nibble.

Did... Akira invite her over? They'd gotten closer since she'd unlocked her Persona, but at the same time he'd been kind of distant from her too. Did he want her over to talk about that? It made her a little excited, and she yearned to hear him call her name. Her name... S-- no, *Kasumi!* She'd almost thought of a completely different name but a sharp pain had stopped her in her tracks. That was weird... why?

When the headache went away her red eyes shot back open again. She could tell her hair was down, red locks spilling down her back, and since Kasumi had been in so much pain she'd kept the neck of her senpai's jacket to her nose. She finally let go, and the jacket settled loosely against a bosom that was both bigger than it had been before the headache and yet much smaller than she would have liked. But she was only fifteen so she was confident she'd grow eventually!

The feeling of her pants -- her senpai's pants -- suddenly falling from her hips forced an **“EEP!”** from the maiden's lips, and since boxers had fallen too her thighs and bum were on full display.

On full display just in time for her to realize there was someone standing in the stairway. Was that a teacher from school!? She wasn't dressed like one, and her clothes looked like they belonged on a girl ten years younger than her, but her mouth was agape with shock. Kawakami-sensei had probably been expecting to find her senpai up there only to find a girl half naked with his clothes on the other half.

“IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!”

This was going to be a lengthy conversation, but it was a good thing she'd brought her own clothes! Or... Eh? Where was her bag...?

The television flickered off.