

DICK-ING AROUND

OCTOBER REQUEST STORY

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This time we're going to spare you the same old story. Keyblade wielders went missing in a seemingly post-apocalyptic Japan, most trapped in a school with the name Hope's Peak. One after the next they fell, consumed by traps laid to speed along the advent of a new killing game. Or at least that was the intent. However, now led by Mukuro Ikusaba they looked to embrace a new fate.

Although that didn't stop any further victims from being added to the class of students that would soon be forced to live in this reality as Riku was beginning to realize. Much like the others he'd come on Master Cid's command. As one of the more powerful Keyblade wielders remaining it was only natural that Riku would be sent as well, though since he went there directly from another mission he didn't have the benefit of information that the others had been given.

One hundred percent, he had been walking in blind.

And that was over twenty four hours now. Stepping off his Gummi ship he'd found himself in what appeared to be a living space. The kind of bedroom you might expect to find in a private school with all of the expected amenities -- except for windows. There was only one door going in and out of the room, and short of a bed, bathroom, and a monitor that didn't seem to turn on there was very little in the room when he'd first arrived.

One thing did stand out as irregular though: a pair of leather gloves sitting on the table in the middle of the room. But they were just *gloves*, Riku didn't really pay them much of an interest.

The door was locked but he wasn't alone. A boy had continuously visited him over the course of the day. He claimed his name was Makoto Naegi and that he'd try and find a way to help open the door with the help of his other classmates; but of course Riku didn't have the knowledge that Makoto was actually the Kairi he was looking for, nor that the boy's friends were likewise the remaining missing wielders.

Both boys had exchanged information as much as they could, and Riku had ultimately learned the gist of what was happening in this world. It seemed Makoto's knowledge was invaluable, and yet there wasn't a single clue regarding what had happened to his peers within the boy's words.

Night came and went, but the next morning when he was greeted by Naegi's voice and greeting he was a little confused. **"Kirigiri-san? Don't worry, we're going to get you out!"**, the student exclaimed enthusiastically before running off without another word. The Keyblade wielder was, naturally, dumbfounded. Who was 'Kirigiri-san'? He would have understood if Naegi had just gotten his name a little wrong, but that was a completely different sounding name, wasn't it?

"Er..." He'd have to ask when the boy returned it seemed. Whenever that might be. Maybe he'd hit his head or something? *Not quite*. He'd been gassed, his memory rewritten by an agent laced within. It was a silent, scentless gas, and even as Riku pondered the boy's mistake it was beginning to fill the room he was occupying as well. Teeming with nanomachines, it would see to it that Riku conformed to this reality just as the others had.

It began casually, afflicting the tips of his hair with lavender shading that would inevitably encroach upon his scalp given time. For most spiky-haired protagonists this might have been a change gone unnoticed, but Riku kept some of his maximum spike-age dangling before his eyes. While the room he was occupying was of dreary aesthetic, it was likewise well lit enough for him to notice something was amiss based on the violet that bounced within the confines of his vision and immediately pluck a strand free.

"Something strange is going on here." A less experienced Keyblade wielder might have panicked, but experience taught him it was possible he was being integrated into the world with a disguise. To maintain balance, sometimes the warriors of light would undergo aesthetic change to match the world they were visiting so that they didn't stand out.

Although it wasn't usually this delayed. Was it because he hadn't come into contact with anyone from the world yet so it was just kicking in now? As he watched the violet shading extend down the full length of the strand of hair he'd plucked, he could only ponder.

The hairs that formed his bangs slowly grew looser, the gel holding spikes together coming undone as pale purple dangled with a straighter cut across his forehead. Since the boy didn't have a clear view of either side of his head nor the back, he

could not see the spikes likewise melting to the point that they began to look longer and longer.

His acceptance that this was merely a normal procedure was quickly tested nonetheless. Pain erupted across the hands he kept largely wrapped in black half gloves, forcing him to clumsily pull the leather off to reveal that not only was the pigmentation of his skin awash with pale, but that paleness burning red and misshapen as if they were literally on fire. Or, at the very least, had been at some point in time. Riku had seen plenty of burns over the course of his life but these looked particularly bad.

Not only did they leave a physical mark but an emotional one as well. Inhaling the gas was clouding the young man's mind as much as it was altering his form, and the more he looked at the surfacing burn marks across hands, the more he wanted to hide them. The half gloves he'd worn wouldn't do, but... That pair that had been left on the table?

They looked too small for his hands, but somehow Riku just knew they would fit regardless. Studded, leather gloves concealed the damaged hands one by one, the pain associated with their appearance ostensibly fading once they were hidden. He was left to marvel at the fact that the gloves actually fit, and that they made his hands look more feminine than they had. ...*Even though that wasn't an effect of the gloves.*

Paling flesh that had plagued his hands prior to their burning crept up his wrists and beneath his jacket, threatening their composition as excess material was burned away to form the perfect set of arms for his new body. '*Excess material*' was very clearly arm hair and muscle, and his arms almost looked like a yogurt tube being squeezed as strength was pinched away, leaving very white arms dotted with freckles, though they were very quickly obscured by growing sleeves of Riku's jacket. The leather stretched and pulled, inevitably meeting the gloves as the material shone with a dark purple as opposed to its typical, darker gray.

As had been the case with previous victims, Riku was largely unaware of all that was happening. As soon as he noticed a change it very quickly registered as proper, and so the effeminate arms that dangled closer to his sides as shoulders crunched in towards his center might as well have been 'same as always'. He wasn't the type of person to make a big stink either way, and neither was the girl he was becoming.

Hood of his jacket shrunk into a popped collar just in time for long strands of violet to skip down his back and the whiter skin that was spreading throughout his body to emerge just below his neck where it hovered for a few moments as it swept southward with a more pronounced pace.

Much like his arms, the muscles in his chest and stomach were squeezed out as soft fat surfaced in place of it all to give his body a softer, but still rather athletic build. The sides of his tummy pinched inward beneath his pale blue top -- a top that was

lightening in color as a parting creased down the center along with a zipper, creating a blouse in its place while the jacket took on the same purple as the sleeves and collar.

A plumpness would beset his chest in place of those muscles, nipples growing more pronounced but remaining withdrawn as fat heaved into the catacombs below to give him an average bust size for a teenaged girl. Several freckles scattered themselves across his torso, most noticeably beneath his right breast and one beside his deeper navel.

"I wonder when Naegi-kun will be back...?" Riku's mind was easing into his new role, gloved index finger resting beneath a plumper lip as he spoke, an apparent purple disturbing the lights of his usual gaze as lashes fluttered longer in length.

As pale skin stole the tan of his thighs, abundance weaved around them and made them softer and fuller, the kind of thighs you'd absolutely not complain about if you were offered to use them as a lap pillow. His ass was likewise affected, pronouncement against the back of his shorts almost tugging them down a ways if not for the fact that they were refitting simultaneously. Cloth darkened, and as they pulled up past his knees and opened up the lighter skin could be seen moving towards his feet. A pleated pattern ultimately claimed their design, blue fading to dark gray to leave a simple skirt concealing a pair of silken black panties.

Black panties that fit so snugly one would never assume *she'd* ever had a penis. Caught between thicker thighs it had been given no other option to retreat into a newly formed orifice topped off by a thin trim of purple bush. The undergarment dug into her ass a little uncomfortably, and so she idly reached a gloved finger back to pull them free.

While most of Riku's legs had been left bare as her shorts were now essentially absent, the leather of her black boots was yanked upward to stop just below her knees to provide fuller coverage. Toes were redefined thanks to the limited space within her new boots, and although they became more delicate by design it was obvious based on the lack of any polish or care that she didn't seem to place much stake in maintaining them aesthetically.

The young woman caught a long strand of purple hair in one of her gloves as a temporary realization struck her. "This isn't... Is this right?" She had no choice but to question this reality, and because she was the Super High School Level Detective it was only natural that... that... Was that what she was? Of course she could remember that life. Remember burning her hands. Remember the killing game of Hope's Peak. Yet, peculiarly enough, she felt as if she'd forgotten it all for a time.

Her nose twitched as it diminished in size and the last of her tanned complexion speckled away from her face. Thin brows were raised as she turned her attention back to the door once more. She didn't doubt Naegi would be coming back soon,

but *Kirigiri* likewise could only ponder what kind of plan would take this much time. Just how many of their peers were trapped here? Was there any escape?

And why did she feel like she'd come here *just* to save them?