

SCHOOL'S IN FOREVER

JUNE REQUEST STORY

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"I didn't think it would be this easy to sever you from the heavens, but it sees I was mistaken dear sister." A voice like static buzzed over the feed of a fuzzy television screen in a room its new captor didn't recognize. The goddess Palutena had merely been enjoying a well deserved day off from repelling the evil encroaching upon Skyworld when an intended teleport had sent her... *here*.

It was a bedroom. One that looked typical of those the humans often lived in. It was small but cozy, with walls painted pink and a fluffy bed (*which she'd been sitting on once her teleport had phased her out*). In the room's corner there was a desk with a pink laptop nestled on top, a variety of figurines scattered about for things like video game and anime characters. The language on posters put up around the room? Japanese. So she was in Japan?

"I'm not sure how you think you've severed me from the heavens, Medusa, but don't you think you could do something worse than knock my teleportation off course? You *know* I'll figure out a way to correct my trajectory and return." The Goddess of Light was an arrogant sort. She meant well most of the time, but that didn't mean her great power hadn't formed a great ego to match. She'd already identified the speaker as her opposing force, her sister Medusa whom would stop at nothing to take her out of the picture, so of course she was confident she could make her escape.

And if not, she'd just get Pit to pick her up.

"Really? I think it's humorous you think I've just hijacked your teleportation ability. It will be hard to return home when you think this is your home, right?" It was a bold claim to make. After she'd been possessed last, Palutena had taken

measures to make sure her mental state could no longer be tampered with. The last thing she wanted to do was become a threat to her own kingdom once more. **“For example... I’m sure you already know the login to that computer in the corner, don’t you?”**

“Of course. ‘closetotaku6g’.” Palutena didn’t realize how wrong that was until after she’d recited the password down to the last character. She oversaw humans sure, loved them certainly, but she didn’t take the time to memorize their personal data. There was an observational line not even she would cross. **“...What did you do?”**

“Oh, I think you’ll understand shortly. Farewell dear Palutena. Ah... Perhaps a different name would be more fitting? Popura? That sounds nice?” And then the signal cut off, the goddess leaping to her feet to refute her sister’s words but missing her window entirely.

“何?” “ She didn’t understand the meaning, but it was largely because it was getting harder for her to grapple with the language used. Her concern had been vocalized in Japanese without intention. Sure, as a goddess she had access to every human language, but she had to intentionally speak in one. The Japanese had come out naturally and the English Medusa had used... Palutena felt like she knew the language but where had her fluency gone? Was she still studying it?

No, this was Medusa’s trap? Even now she could feel the divinity seeping from her body along with her powers. To turn her mortal? It wasn’t merely that, she could even begin to feel her memories slip away as well. She came from... *where?* Palutena wanted to say Tokyo, but she knew it was wrong. Damnit, *she’d been had.*

And the tricks weren’t exclusively played on her mind. The ‘Goddess of Light’, could she even be called that once stripped of her divinity, generally stood at around 5’9”. She had preference for a taller height for it allowed her to look down on her subjects as a ruler should. But that vertical authority was suddenly challenged as a sense of inertia suddenly plopped her butt back on the girly bed behind her.

Legs, arms, torso; all three of these areas began to shorten from their usual, empowered forms. The shoes on her feet came loose and dangled from the tips of her toes, which wiggled tirelessly to try and keep the footwear where it belonged even as they, too, grew rounder and stubbier. Bright pink polish brushed itself against nails that had clearly once been properly cared for but had since worn with an absence of care, this change more evident on her right foot which didn’t bear a legging like her left. All at once, shoes clacked against the hardwood floor beneath the bed along with the golden anklet she wore on her right, toes freed but still trapped by the white legging on her left side.

Shoes fell off because her feet had pulled closer to her torso as her height continued to diminish, which triggered a cause and effect throughout the rest of her lower body. **“私に何が起きたのか?”** “ What was happening to her? What could do something this drastic to a goddess? Had her sister taken control of some for of

powerful weapon? “私の妹は彼女の部屋にいます。” *My sister is in her room though.* Her disassociation from her prior reality made struggling against her fate increasingly difficult. No longer could she even think of Medusa’s name, let alone perceive her as her sister. She had one younger sister, right? *Momoka?*

Palutena was still so dizzy that she didn’t dare move from *her* bed, fingers planted in the soft duvet behind her as legs kicked up and down with new found restlessness. What was this anxiety building in her chest? She felt like she was going to be late for something? Maybe if she hadn’t stayed up late watching anime...

As fingers sunk into her bed, the nails on her fingers took unusual contrast to those on her toes. Where her feet looked like they’d been neglected, the scent of fresh nail polish wafted off the surfaces of her fingers, lime green coloring present. She was constantly required to adjust where her hands were planted as the length of her arms rescinded closer to narrowing shoulders, at one point shaking her golden armlets off onto the bed behind her as their weight proved too much for her waif-ish muscles.

The shortening of the woman’s legs placed new emphasis on her thighs. She’d always had an attractive pair, yet as fat moved northward they grew plumper in a way that would only be attractive to some. It was perhaps easier to say that they’d grown thick thanks to a lack of exercise and overabundance of eating, something that should have been a blessing since it seemed to focus more there than her tummy. Her hips regressed from adult and sexy to more a more childish design. There was certain an appeal to them, but only because her butt seemed to jut out with prominence thanks to her added weight.

The elegance of her dress seemed wasted on the goddess’ new frame. Her torso was shorter now as well, and the fact that she was just the tiniest bit chubby around her tummy was blatant beneath its silhouette. Much like with her thighs and butt there was some boon for her bosom. The cleavage her low cut dress allowed became far more prominent as her tits swelled with youthful weight, nipples cherry pink as bounce returned to their volume. They were practically double her usual size!

Papula’s body was something of a sore spot for her, she recalled. No one wanted to date a fifteen year old girl whom was into anime and games as much as she was, and her short and puffy form didn’t help things.

Somewhere along the road her golden hairpiece had tilted back and fallen off as her skull shrunk, hair retaining its green but turning somewhat lighter in shade as length stopped in the middle of her back instead of down past her butt.

The girl couldn’t help but rub at her eyes as her vision worsened. At least from her point of view that *seemed* to be all that was happening, but its change in shape went unnoticed as subtle slant claimed their composure and bright blues dulled to a subtle amber. “私の眼鏡はどこにありますか?” “*Where are my glasses?*” She reached a manicured hand out for her night side table, nails clacking against its

wooden surface several times before the ;familiar' shape of her frames was felt. Papura unfolded them and pushed them up against her nose, which shrunk under their touch to properly fit them across the bridge. And, lo and behold, *Papura* could see!

With her vision repaired she glanced at her clock. *IT WAS ALREADY 7AM!?* She had to get ready for school. Her outfit? “え? なぜ私はコスプレをしているのですか?” ‘*Why am I wearing cosplay!?*’ More specifically, why was she in her Goddess Palutena cosplay? She’d worn it to Akihabara on Sunday but had she really sleep-dressed herself? Her anxiety intensified but grew calmer as she remembered her collection of figures near her computer. How could she stress out when she had Madoka Kaname watching over her? Or 2B from *Nier Automata*? Ah, that one was her favorite! 2B was just so sexy-- *No, now wasn't the time Popura!*

She still had to shower and wake up her sister! Pushing her glasses up on her nose, she wandered over to her bedroom door after shedding cloth down to her underwear. Momoka already saw her big sister as a pervert nerd so waking her up while barely dressed wasn't that much of a stretch.

But as she stepped into the hallway of their apartment the Japanese school girl felt like she'd just left something behind. Something important? Was she supposed to be mad at someone? Maybe she'd remember after anime club tonight? At least, if she wasn't led astray by her huge crush on the club president. Ayame-senpai was just so beautiful, like a doll!

“起きて、妹!”