

# DISCIPLINE WHO?

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Yui Kotegawa, as the head of Sainan High's Disciplinary Committee, had become something of a household name for all of the students that attended her school. She was as strict as a woman of her position should have been, and that strictness carried into her own preferences as well. If something could be perceived as perverted or obscene, Yui was always there to make sure that the issue was solved as quickly as possible. It was her job to make sure that the minds of her peers remained pure, after all!

Being so high-strung made her something of an enemy for many of those peers, though. There were plenty keen on exploring the bounties of their youth, and for someone their own age to steer them away from enjoying simple things like catching a flash of a girl's thigh, or even holding hands in public at some junctures – well, then they naturally wouldn't be a fan of Yui's administrative style.

That day was a day like any other, really. Or at least like any day similar to those that had persevered since Lala Satalin Deviluke had begun to attend Sainan. What were once peaceful school days were occasionally thrown into chaos because of the pink-haired foreigner's shenanigans, and perhaps in that sense this day really *was* like any other. Because Lala had brought another one of her inventions to school much to Rito Yuuki's agitation.

The issue? Well, it all began when Yui investigated the girls' bathroom after the morning bell rang. Keeping an eye out for any students that may be playing hooky was part of her job, but she also made a habit of taking any items that had been left there to the school's lost and found

as well. It was honestly surprising just how often girls left things behind they didn't mean to.



**“Hm? What’s this supposed to be? A compact mirror?”** With a plastic, pink shell and a reflective circle in the middle, it certainly looked that way. Yui rose it to her face unsuspectingly so that she could make sure that it wasn’t broken. It wasn’t, *but...* **“Eh!? That’s not me!”** The face being reflected was of a girl with tanned skin and dyed hair. Two things she absolutely would never do to herself in a million years!

She thought to investigate more, but before she could a pink light began to shine from the little mirror, ultimately sending a wave of tingles throughout her body. **“AH!?”** Was this one of Lala’s inventions!? *Oh no!* Based on personal experience in the past, it was never a good thing when their alien peer brought her things to school.

The fact that her skin was tingly was *already* a bad sign. Rather, it was a lot more than her skin that bore that sensation. From head to toe it felt as if she’d been hooked up to a vibrating chair, leaving her unsure. But if the mirror was the cause...! **“How do I turn this thing off? Or undo what I just did!?”** She frantically turned the compact around in her hands, not even sure what she had done to make it activate in the first place.

At the very least the mirror was reflecting her proper appearance now, but... **“Ah!? Wait!”** No! It hadn’t be proper, not fully! Like lightning she bolted to the big mirror over the bathroom sink, putting the compact down on the counter as she leaned in with all her might to look at her eyes. **“What happened to the color of my eyes!?”** Instead of the amber they were supposed to be, they were an ocean blue that looked *very* out of place.

Were that not bad enough on its own, those blue eyes were eventually drawn upward at her hair. The tips of her bangs looked a little funny. A little too *light* in color. Yui’s hair was meant to be a very dark brown, but this color was lighter, sandier, almost blonde. It was very clearly the work of a terrible dye job, but not content with merely ruining her bangs

it zipped right through all of hair while ignoring the girl's pleas. "**STOP IT!?**" Dyed hair wasn't allowed at school, it went against the dress code! Even her eyebrows were blonde!

At the very least Yui had the comfort of '*if all Lala's invention did was change my eye and hair color then it isn't that bad*' to fall back on briefly before she realized it was only going to get *worse*. "**Freckles now!?**" A band of dark spots had run across the bridge of her nose and beneath her eyes, certainly giving off the impression that they were little more than a series of freckles. As seemed to be the trend thus far, she was *immediately* proven wrong.

The spots she originally saw were growing bigger, and even then more and more of them accumulated not only across her face, but could be seen on her bare hands as well. Without stripping in a public space the teen was left to assume that it was happening all over her body. "**Wh-Wh-What!?**" Swelling and multiplying as they did, it was surely inevitable that the spots would bleed together eventually. The end result was an even, tanned color applied to Yui's skin that was wholly artificial.

*It was just a spray-on tan.*

Not that Yui would have, in a million years, down that to her skin! It was even *more* against the dress code than dyeing your hair!

Next came an alteration that had literally nothing to do with Yui's body. Instead it was her clothes that found themselves rearrange – and if dyeing your hair and tanning your skin was a violation, wearing a *completely* different uniform was certainly an even greater slight to Sainan's dress code. Nonetheless Yui was absolutely powerless to prevent the effects of the mirror, and in a matter of moments her Sainan uniform had been replaced with, well...

It was definitely a *uniform*. For what school? She hadn't the foggiest idea. But... "**This is shameless!**" The white dress shirt was open, revealing her slight inner boob as well as a bra that felt far too loose, the shirt tied above her bellybutton so that her tanned tummy was on full display. But that was only *half* of it! While her skirt was blue and pleated, not only was it far too short but the lines of a black thong could be seen sticking out from beneath!

"**Mm... It is pretty hot though... ..EHHHH!?**" Unprompted, Yui had cooed this out after licking her lips. Why had she said *that!?* This was a shameless, embarrassing ensemble! She wouldn't be caught dead in the hallway wearing this! But she just licked her lips again. And again. And again. *Why?* It was strange, but note only did she taste cherry atop them, but the lips themselves *felt* fuller. They certainly *appeared* fuller.

From her darker skin to her lighter hair to her exposed skin... she definitely looked hotter. And whether Yui dared to admit it or not, she not only felt sexy, but she felt *proud* of it on some level. Her lips were twitching now because she was trying not to *smile*. Why on Earth was this making her *happy*?

Without thinking, she tucked her hair behind one of her ears and adjusted her posture so that the other hand rested on her hip. “**Why am I... What the fuck?**” It took the young woman a second, but she *did* finally notice the fact that something new was changing. Her body was springing up in height slightly, applying several inches to her limbs and torso that left even more of her skin revealed with her skirt lifted higher thanks to hips that now sat higher.

“**Oh, hell! I mean... No, that’s not good... It’s great!**” She’d been torn on her new height ever so briefly, but her transformation continue to escalate regardless. The straps of her thing inched higher and higher on her hips while the skirt itself pulled tighter at the sides – for her hips themselves were swelling wider. “**Damn! DAMN! Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad. Showin’ off like this!**” She could seldom believe her ears, much less her eyes. Was she *actually* enjoying this? Did showing off *actually* not seem like a bad idea?

Her thoughts continued down this darker path, and her elation and excitement only grew as her body continued to do the same. With her hips widened now, there was plenty of room for flesh to manifest in that general area in a greater amount. There was an excess of space between her legs for her thighs to flourish for example, and flourish they certainly did. Never to the point that they met in the middle, but that was a testament to just how wide her hips had become rather than suggesting the thighs themselves weren’t that thick. Because they were *thicc*.

Not as thicc as her ass though, because that thing blew up like a circus balloon. The back of Yui’s *already* dangerously short skirt slid up even higher so that the base of her tanned cheeks was exposed even without leaning forward, the design of her thong ever the more obvious even as it nestled itself into the canyon that formed down the center of her ass. Intrigued and excited as she was, she couldn’t help but reach back with a hand full of now-manicured and pink-painted fingers which sunk into one of those firm cheeks, giving it a shake. “**Hell yeah!**”

*She couldn’t wait to show that thing off!*

As weight traveled northward, the teen’s tummy grew just the slightest bit pudgy – only in the sense that her stomach looked incredibly soft

rather than overly thin. There was a little bit of muscle tone as well, but overall it looked like it had been trained intentionally to make her bellybutton look as deep as could be.

But hands eventually trailed up from her ass to her breasts. As the last part of her body experiencing a tingle from the mirror's effect it went without say that it was next – and considering how loose her bra and shirt were? She was wholly expecting something special there. With no shortage of shame, Yui repeatedly lifted her breasts and let them fall to bounce, and much to her delight? Each time she dropped them, they were heavier than the last time.

Over and over she did this. At first her breasts barely filled her palms, but after a few jiggled she could hardly wrap fingers around those tanned tits. Fingernails, now covered with even longer acrylics, sunk into the mounds without any reservations. If it wasn't clear that Yui had abandoned her old, prudish personality by now then this was the moment where it was clear as could be.

Before long, either side of her heaving bosom was as big as, if not bigger than, the young woman's head. They fit perfectly into a bra that revealed itself to have white and blue horizontal stripes on the front, and her blouse was lifted so high by that them that her stomach in its entire glory was had been revealed to what she hoped with all her might would soon be an audience.

*Because she really wanted to show her hot bod off.*

The expression upon her face was just as depraved as the design of her body. Swollen lips were a part of it, but with narrowed eyes and stronger cheekbones, there was enough evidence to support the idea that the teen had grown older. She looked to be approximately eighteen, and forgetting all of the details of her past, she certainly *believed* herself to be that age.

**“Oh, I feel really good actually. Way better than I thought I would looking like a trashy skank.”** Yui held both of her melon-sized breasts in her hands, giving them one final sensual shake while staring at her reflection in the bathroom mirror proper. Soon after, she slid the compact mirror that had transformed her in between those huge tits, not having anywhere else on her person to store it. She'd called herself a trashy skank, but she'd done so with no absence of endearment. She felt so *powerful* because she was so *sexy*. Like she could wrap any boy or girl around her pink if she presented herself in a certain way.

The eighteen-year-old purred to herself, manicured fingers sliding into the thong beneath her skirt. She wanted to masturbate *so bad*, but even *she* knew in her current state the middle of the girls' room wasn't the place for it. Besides, the bell for break to begin rang, snapping her out of it. "**Huh!? The hell!? Did that take the whole damn period!?**" It did, in fact, and some other girls began to file into the bathroom.



They were all utterly stunned at the sight of a senior looking so *lewd*, though. None of them recognized her as Yui, but Yui still recognized them – as well as her role in the Disciplinary Committee. Except now? She wasn't anywhere near as prudish. "**The hell are you lot dressin' so uptight for? Don't you want to get some tail? Open your damn shirts a little for god's sake! Show some of your tits!**" Rather, she was now openly encouraging them to do the things she used to hate to see in others.

Although, when she eventually left the bathroom, the compact would slide out from between her tits and land on the floor for another unsuspecting victim to find...

Oh, and there was *Rito!*