

# DESIGN FLAWS

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Keiichi Maebara didn't know what was happening.

He had recently moved to the small town of Hinamizawa and his stay thus far had been a quiet one. The town was so small that there was only a single school building, so humble that everyone greeted each other at every opportunity, and most importantly? All of the girls had been super cute! Like Rena and Mion, whom had welcomed him with open arms.

But as the early days had gone on, things had grown increasingly suspicious. Ominous words from the duo of women that he had warmed up to, paranoia on Keiichi's part about being stalked. It had all culminated in a tense standoff where Rena had brought him some food, only for him to find a needle in that food.

He was convinced... They were trying to kill him. Were they inflicted with the rumored Hinamizawa Syndrome and were attempting to murder him as a result of that? That had to be it, right? There was no other way to explain it, right? How could two girls that had been so cute, so sweet... *HOW COULD THEY TRY TO KILL HIM?*

Desperate and afraid, with the walls around him closing in and his untimely death an inevitability in his mind, Keiichi made one final wish to whatever gods might be listening.

**DO WHATEVER IT TAKES! SAVE ME!**

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**“H-Huh? What the--? Where *am* I?”** The world around Keiichi had suddenly contorted, and once everything had been *put back in its proper place* so to speak, the boy found him in a place he’d never been before with all of his wounds healed entirely.

It appeared to be a school? Well, the top of a stairwell in a school maybe. There was the possibility that this could instead be something like a library, but something deep down told him his initial assumption had been corrected. He was standing off to the side of the stairs near a railing, and looking over that railing he could see a spiral staircase that almost looked like it went on forever. **“Am I dreaming? Did I die?”**

Could this be heaven or some sort of afterlife? The way the setting sun filtered in through the many windows, it cast an almost supernatural glow upon his surroundings that gave off that impression whether it was *true* or *false*. **“Did a god actually grant my wish?”** If so, he owed the gods a huge apology. He wasn’t exactly the biggest believer and never *had* been.

While a god certain had granted his wish, it was for the benefit of this world too. This timeline in this world was missing a certain, important player. Keiichi was going to fill that role since he was willing to ‘*do whatever it takes*’. That role? It was *already* being thrust upon him.

Was it fortunate or unfortunate that they boy would remain oblivious to anything that was happening? A major event was about to play out and he needed to be a part of it, so it the mortal freaked out and relocated it would have made the gods efforts pointless in the end. Therefore robbing him of his awareness was a necessity as much as it was, *likely*, merciful.

**“Is this school in the city though? How far was I taken from Hinamizawa?”** He walked over to the nearest window and stared out at the massive parking lot in front of the campus. Although while he was level with the window at first, he was soon standing passively on his tiptoes to get the same view. It was quite plain to an observer why that might be: Keiichi had shrunk. The loss was only two inches, but it was enough to make the window less accessible than it had been before.

With fingertips resting on the sill, their changing shapes were cast under the orange glow of the sun next. Bones collapsed while the skin around them tightening, leaving slender and narrow fingers attached to a subtly smaller palm. It was the nails that ultimately ended up stealing the show here though however, for they grew several inches and bore all the marks of being meticulously manicured (*despite the fact that Keiichi had never had a manicure in his life*).

This marked the beginning of a greater trend of an encroaching femininity that spread throughout the boy's features - and very much suggested that any shred of masculinity was destined to be peeled from his form before all was said and done. His figure, already shorter in stature, was contorting in ways suggestive of this after all.

The sides of his stomach for example. Almost like they were being shaved away by sandpaper, the edges of his tummy smoothed and slowly took on arches that were actually pronounced (*when compared to how straight it was typically*). It was only slight in the beginning, and yet as time wore on and Keiichi pulled his attention away from the window it became clear that these curves were taking on much more substantiated curvature.

**“So do these stairs go down to the lobby? I guess I should figure out what city this is...”** Keiichi only really talked to himself when he was nervous, and he was. He'd been happy to get away from his assumed murderers, but he still didn't know where he was. What would happen in Hinamizawa now? What about his family there? Were *they* in danger?

As he pondered the cause and effect of his new circumstances, his role assimilation did not cease. Despite getting shorter there was something about his facial features that suggested he might have grown just a *little* older, but they were evidently dwarfed by softening facial features that just as quickly erased that divide. While the slopes of his cheeks appeared gentler, the cut of his jaw had sharpened and his nose was significantly more petite. Lips reflected the setting sun as if glossed, and even then they were suspiciously full - like his lips alone had suffered some kind of allergic reaction.

The eyes that gazed over the edge of the spiraling stairwell did so with a greater field of vision. Not in the sense that his already 20/20 eyesight had improved, but rather those eyes were quite simply larger in size. Even Keiichi's brows were thinner, and they reflected a change in hair color from his usual brown.

Those hairs? They were *purple*. There wasn't anything subtle about that darker color, which soon found its way into the hair on his scalp as well. Hair lengthened in waves, fanning out behind him without notice while in a matter of moments his back was completely covered by locks that were as soft as they were vivid in color. From the neck up (*now robbed of his Adam's Apple as well*) he looked the part of a young Japanese woman around the age of seventeen. And below the neck? He was certainly getting there.

Clothes looked increasingly ill-fit in various ways. Against his stomach his top seemed even looser than normal, while the belt he typically strangled his waist with was struggling to contain the girth of hips that had significantly swollen themselves. In many places where things had thinned, they had likewise grown plumper in the aftermath -- such as his thighs which were bursting out against the black cloth of his pants.

Add the expansion of Keiichi's chest, which saw nipples developing in size and fat pouring to push the front of his outfit forward into a pair of unremarkable by still notable C-cup breasts, and there was plenty of grounds to mistaken him for a girl as it was. But as more cushion for the pushing filled out his rump and pulled his dick against one of his thickened thighs, the discomfort became too much. Even more-so once that cock and balls of his were basically eaten away. No level of reality warping could make a man oblivious to a discomfort *that* blatant.

**“*Yow!?*”** *She* screeched in a voice that was wholly a woman's, the strange sensation that came with a pussy and all related plumbing taking shape enough to make her jump. But as Keiichi jumped? It was almost like a supernatural force had pushed her, and she went tumbling right over the railing.

The woman didn't scream, not once. In fact, a strange calm beset her as she fell. Her thoughts? They became more pointed, more matter-of-fact, and her expression was stone cold despite the fact that she was falling - likely to her own death. This reality? Despite how unfamiliar it had been before, everything about it suddenly *clicked*. Her history was rewritten along with her name, her age, and her memories. Hinamizawa? She'd never heard of a place like that. She couldn't remember fearing for her life there, and is it stood one could wonder if she might reasonably fear *anything* considering this fall elicited so little reaction from her.

In response to this new reality her uniform also changed. The sleeves on her white top lengthened as a mauve dye stole away that absence of color, cuffs ample and a much more solid, redder shade. Her undershirt shrunk to give her breasts support, a simple but effective bra shaped from the once-red shirt at a proper fit. And her pants? They opened up into a pleated skirt that fluttered as stair after stair passed her during her fall.

Not once did she question the physics of it all. She didn't question *anything*. Earlier that day, according to her memories, she had somehow become weightless and after a run-in with a poorly discarded banana peel, had fallen down the stairs. Yet for as clear as her memory had become... she could not remember her name. Maybe it was for the best? Surely dying without recollection of oneself was the most peaceful ways to go.

But she didn't die. She never even hit the ground. She landed in the arms of what looked to be a classmate. If she could recall... his name was Araragi Koyomi?

Hmm... Was this the work of fate?

*This was what Senjougahara Hitagi wondered.*