

NEW WORLD ORDER?

MAY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Is this a... school?” Keyblade Master Aqua posed her question aloud to an audience of no one as she took note of her surroundings. Tasked with traveling from world to world to maintain the balance of light, it wasn’t unusual to find herself in bizarre looking places. But this... wasn’t it a little odd? The fact that it was a school building stood true. There were rooms marked for classes, there was a foyer, a cafeteria, and yet it almost seemed more like a prison than anything. Windows were barred, exits bolted, and nothing could be forced open with either her Keyblade *or* magic. The hallways were empty, the classrooms were emptier. Just what was this a facility for?

What was worse, the return point she was using to hop out seemed to be malfunctioning and that wasn’t something she’d ever seen before. She could only assume there was another way out somewhere, she just had to *look* for it. And without any sign of the Heartless it would be a pretty easy search. There seemed to be an abundance of food in the cafeteria as well which meant a fix didn’t need to be immediate. Maybe she could unravel a little bit of the building’s mystery in the process?

And that was what inevitably brought her to the library. It was a spacious room in the school, what with its shelves reaching high to the ceiling, environment lovingly crafted with authentic mahogany and oak. Scattered throughout was an assortment of many topics, and most encouraging about that was there seemed to be an entire section dedicated to the school’s history.

...At least it was labeled that way, but reality wasn’t so kind. The section had been completely torn out aside from one, and based on the title it seemed like a romantic novel. “**Touko Fukawa... Hm.**” She read the author’s name aloud. Sometimes

worlds had these very unusual overlaps where people or places from one world existed in another in a different form, and yet that didn't seem to be one of those cases. She'd literally never heard that name in her life. She could only assume she was an accomplished author to have a book in a library this grandiose. Perhaps an elder woman who'd spent her career on the craft? That wasn't quite the case of course.

Aqua pulled the solitary novel from the shelf and began to flick through the pages with curiosity alive. Maybe it wasn't in the school history section by mistake after all? Perhaps it was there because there was a clue hidden inside! It wasn't that plausible of an assumption, but at the same time the thought of a mystery to solve did make the Keyblade Master a little excited. She wasn't exactly wrong in the end however. There were secrets contained in the book; they just weren't the kind she was looking for.

An enchanted text. A piece of literature left behind by a badly behaved bear during a past incident in that very room. He would have given it the name 'enchanted', but it wasn't really. Magic wasn't real in this space. But nanomachines were. Tiny bots so small that they couldn't be seen, and by touching the book Aqua had given them access to her body and what was worse? Her mind. They'd quickly poured over her without the woman even knowing, a carefully laid trap not set for *her*. Yet that didn't stop her from becoming the victim nonetheless.

"I see. This Fukawa woman really had a way with words. You can feel her raw emotion just leaping from the pages." An astute observation made by Aqua that couldn't be more tragically relevant to her current situation if she tried. She couldn't deny the talent of this writer even as the tone of her skin began to pale unhealthy. Her fingers were kept within gloves, and as she turned the pages she merely chalked up any whiteness at fingertips as a mere trick of the light, even if it was a phenomenon that had much more far reaching ramifications.

Regarding those fingers however... They were usually calloused. It was pretty much an inescapable fate for one that fought with a Keyblade. Friction wore and tore at the skin of the hands that held it and so they'd become quite tough over the years. But that skin softened. Almost as if it had been held underwater for some time, the skin at her tips softened, retaining a tired appearance as fingernails she kept short but properly manicured cracked and frayed as she flipped from page to page. This deterioration was from a nervous tic: biting her nails, one Aqua had never had in her life.

Nanomachines continued their work as Aqua reached the second chapter, somehow incapable of putting the story down for some reason. Was it the novel's quality? She might have been convinced it was, but it was merely a suggestion passed to her brain by the machines to keep her mind off of her own body.

It seemed that Aqua's clean and proper appearance was being challenged. First it was her fingernails, but it was her hair next. She kept it short, she always had. It was

just a personal preference born from a desire to keep it free of work and free of being a hindrance in combat. As she read and read, however, that care-free hairstyle was coming undone. Her roots had begun to darken as the blue at her tips showed signs of growing. Not merely growth though, fraying as well. Split ends were decorating a lengthening style of black that showed no signs of proper hair care even as it retained its straightness. Inevitably locks met her shoulders, though she didn't register the tickling even it begun to slip past them.

"And then he said to her"-- Huh? That's weird." Before Aqua's very eyes the words begun to blur together. Actually... everything had begun to blur. Her vision was sharper than even 20/20, so naturally her first thought was that she'd been momentarily disoriented by something. Was she not feeling well? ~~Was she under the influence of a spell?~~ Nanomachines worked overtime to distract her from catching on, thoughts of such things cut off completely only to be replaced by an impulse. Worn fingers extended to the bridge of Aqua's nose and pressed upward a pair of glasses that had spawned from the machines, sliding the rounded frames properly into position and correcting her vision. **"Oh, g-guess they were hanging down too low."** This idle acceptance of the unusual was clearly indicative of how lost the woman already was.

Even then she was beginning to look like less and less of a woman and more of a girl. Stature shifted, her point of view inching closer and closer to the ground as she continued to read in a standing position (*though it was certainly becoming less and less comfortable as legs became weaker*). Muscle mass diminished making the book in her hand feel significantly heavier, her standing position all the more uncomfortable. Her legs had always been toned and strong, and yet they begun to knob inward as a new posture was pushed upon her form. Forget muscle, there was barely even any muscle left on both her arms nor her new chicken legs, hips having regressed to a point of teenaged development in the process (*not that Aqua was much older herself, it was more of a testament to what her body was becoming*). Painlessly, bumps formed across her upper thighs. *Scars*, actually. An almost countless number.

Clothing had remained on her smaller body in *no* small part thanks to the nanomachines, which had begun the refitting process early to prevent a malfunction that the victim would register. Even as confidence waned from her eyes and fatigue set in, provoking her to wander over a nearby chair to finish her reading, her outfit was undergoing just as drastic of a change as her body.

The attire she'd coveted as a warrior of the Keyblade barely resembled its usual form now. Boots had darkened, hardened material softening to leather as they became a pair of loafers that encased small toes not adjusted to standing for long periods of time, socks short and reaching bony ankles without any regard for the rest of her leg. Which was fine since her shorts had gradually taken on a pleated design and had begun to flutter outward into a black school skirt. Short at first, it wasn't long before it hung well below Aqua's now-shorter knees.

"I-I'm tired..." A recurring stutter in a voice that was less certain and more anxious was obvious as the 'Keyblade Master' took a seat on one of the nearby, dusty chairs. She didn't even notice how deflated her butt felt as she rested it against the wood, nor what should have been an odd sensation in the feeling of a long skirt laying across legs that had never adorned that kind of clothing in their lives. *It all felt completely normal.*

As dark hair cascaded down her back, a purple sheen had spread across it's voluminous presence even as it raveled together into a pair of tremendous braids that tumbled wildly with even the slightest movement of her head. Each strand of hair was fine, worn, and carried a peculiar scent. The girl Aqua was becoming clearly was not one to follow a routine hair care schedule.

Abdominal muscles across her stomach went the same way as her other muscle mass, quickly succumbing the changes spread by the nanomachines as flesh sagged a little over the hem of the new skirt that was digging against her body. While each breast above retained its firmness, their mass diminished to better match her overall size and height, sports bra beneath a changing short re-sizing and re-purposing itself into a plain brassiere in the process to accommodate.

The material around Aqua's detached sleeves, manipulated and supplemented by the nanomachines, began to spread up bare arms and wrap around her back as her top became a white blouse beneath. It pulled the entire ensemble together as a black high school top took shape from the sleeves, red tied around her neck.

Faqua pushed the glasses up her nose once more as they slid down suddenly, her nose having shrunken and frames needing a moment to shift to fit them properly. Lips chapped and quivered as gray eyes flickered through the remaining pages of the book. Her talent for reading had grown so much stronger and her pace had quickened throughout the changes. A single beauty mark rose beneath the left of her lip in the final changes of her transformation, leaving Fuquawa a mere high school girl.

One that recognized the book she was reading as some of her own writing. "**S-So Lingers the Ocean'... Wh-Why do they keep this book here?**", she murmured to herself as she closed the back cover and finally sat the book down. Why was she in the library of Hope's Peak again? Wasn't she looking for something important? A book? Something about traveling worlds?

Nonsense, this wasn't an isekai. "**I-I'd never write that porno trash.**"

The echoing laughter of a bear might have been heard... were the building not entirely empty. Slowly and surely perhaps its stock of students would refill, but for now it was merely the lone girl.

The Super High School Level Writer, *Touko Fukawa.*