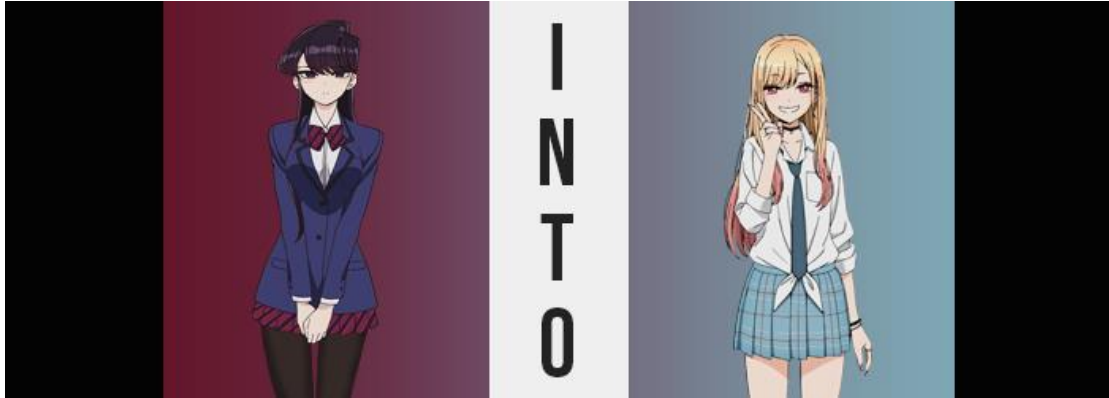


SOCIAL REFORM I.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



How many friends had she made by this point?

It probably was not normal for a teenaged girl to count *how many* friends she had. Friendship was something fluid and natural; sometimes it wasn't even reciprocated. Someone could go their entire life without every wondering how many they had, because to most this wasn't really something of importance. Your friends were your friends! The number didn't matter at all so long as those bonds were *real*.

But Komi Shouko wasn't at *all* a normal teenaged girl. At first glance you might assume she *had* to be the most popular girl at her school if not one of them because she was exceptionally beautiful. There was no denying her good looks, and good looks were what bolstered popularity in high school. There was one key, fundamental issues with her personality though. Something her peers misunderstood as her being a cool beauty.

She had a *very* extreme communication disorder.

A crippling anxiety and fear of social interaction plagued her daily life. It had been almost *impossible* for her to get close to others because of it until very recently, and even then the little progress Komi had made had been because she had made some very, very patient friends. But it wasn't enough! The girl didn't know if it made her selfish or not but she wanted more and more friends! She wanted to meet all kinds of people!

And now that she had a little bit of confidence she was growing more interested in attempting things that could hopefully bolster that friend count. If she expanded her horizons then she would ultimately meet

more people, right? It was just a matter of picking the right things and trying them out properly. To those ends she had consulted with her very first friend, Tadano – well, she had consulted with him to the best of her ability.



Together they had put together a list of hobbies for her to try out. Sports? They were a little difficult since a lot of them involved making callouts and getting *physically* close to other girls. Video games? This one was something that she was trying! It wasn't like gaming was physically intensive but Komi wasn't particularly good at it. Tadano was always beating her (when he wasn't letting her win to make her feel better).

Cosplay. Our favorite ultra introvert hadn't been too keen on the idea originally, but after a little prodding by Tadano and the others she had become a little more open-minded about it. It was essentially just putting on interesting clothes, right? So long as she wasn't being asked to wear anything revealing then she supposed there wasn't any harm in *trying*.

Anime and manga wasn't exactly an area that she knew much about though, so she left it to her friends to pick out a beginner's costume to purchase provided it met the requirements she gave them. That it couldn't be revealing nor complicated, and that it fit within a certain budget. Evidently they had found something that had met these requirements online and it had only become a matter of waiting for the cosplay to arrive at her house in the mail.

Which it *had* that Sunday afternoon. She'd excitedly texted Tadano and Rumiko about it and they were going to come over in the evening to not only help her try it on but to take some pictures. The plan was to post them online under an alias for the time being so that Komi's real identity wasn't in any immediate jeopardy. Eventually they could out her if they thought it might work. Considering how pretty she was, they didn't doubt this plan would be a success though.

There was one *small* problem though. Komi had been too curious to wait until the evening to try the cosplay on. She'd taken the box back to her room and opened it, curious to see what her friends had chosen. Without any context regarding the character it belonged to, though? What she found inside the box was a little less exciting than she had anticipated.

Not that it was *bad* but it appeared a little *normal*? It was a school uniform. One with a white dress shirt, a green tie, a sky blue, plaid skirt... There were also accessories like matching shoes, earrings, a choker, and what she assumed to be a wristband. But it all looked like the kind of stuff a teenaged girl like herself would wear! Well, it wasn't really *her* style. Especially the accessories.

But wasn't this a good thing though? If it was just a school uniform then it would have been easy peasy for her to dress herself. She hadn't even needed Rumiko to help! So there wasn't any harm for trying it on herself, right? No time was wasted! She stripped down and put on the uniform piece by piece!

Unsurprisingly? It fit her properly. She *had* been subjected to Rumiko taking all of her measurements and there was no way that the former manba gyaru would have allowed purchasing the wrong size. She didn't know what the original character wore the uniform looked like to know how accurate it was. Was she too tall? Too short? And didn't these usually come with wigs? Since she wasn't familiar with the source material, she supposed the character could have had black hair too, right?

Though the second she put on the final piece, the choker, something *happened*.

“**WOW!**” Komi blurted something out. It was only a single word, but not only had she yelled it (thankfully she was home alone at the time) but she hadn't *meant* to say anything at all. The teen *had* been surprised that the cosplay had fit so well, and since she was in front of a mirror she could see how good it looked. Yet that shouldn't have prompted an outburst like that from her at all! She fidgeted nervously after, her face beat red despite being alone. She was confused!

She'd been about ready to turn away from the full-length body mirror that she had been using when she had noticed something else about her appearance. Something that wasn't *worn*, but at the same time something that she hadn't expected to see for obvious reasons. While putting the cosplay on she had wondered why there hadn't been a wig, well... *Now she understood why*.

“...!?” Nothing was unintentionally blurted out on this occasion, but she had made a high pitched squeak. It didn't matter because Komi's feelings were *very* obvious on her face anyways. She was unbelievably surprised because something that *was* actually unbelievable was happening to her. Strand after strand she was watching the color of her black hair lighten. Not to white nor grey, but to a *strawberry blonde*.

How!? How was something like that possible!? She reached up to touch her hair but that did very little to stop what was almost like a color change wildfire, with blonde jumping from one strand to the next, and the next, and the next. But the more present the color became? The fuller and softer her hairdo looked and felt to the touch. A pink gradient eventually bled in from the tips, likely a dye overtop her new blonde base. Not even her bangs were spared, soon swept to the right instead of the left, and the hair atop her head flattened rather than having that iconic raised section.

Komi blinked several times and rubbed at her eyes, clearly think that maybe she was seeing things and after clearing her gaze everything would just *magically* be back to normal. It *wasn't*. Her hair was *still* that color, but rather than express the distress that she felt? Her lips were turned up into a smile. “**Well, it is super pretty!**” That was besides the point, wasn't it!? That wasn't her hair color! Unless... Unless it was? What color had her hair color been before again!?

And why had she vocalized that opinion?

Try as she might she couldn't seem to erase that smile on her face. But to the teen's credit it was partially because of her lips themselves. They'd swollen a little plumper and a pink gloss had coated them. This left her resting expressing to look a touch chipper, something that was ultimately aided by added changes to her facial structures. Higher cheekbones made is so that the corners of her lips were passively upturned, and a smaller nose drew attention to those lips.

You know how some people said you could smile with your eyes? Well she was doing *that* too. Komi's irises changed in color first, as if reddish pink contact lenses had been overlain atop her original dark brown. But this color change was made more obvious because the shapes of her eyelids had widened and parted, giving her a larger and brighter gaze. One treated by mascara and eyeshadow that was on a touch thick, but was masterfully applied *just* like her lip gloss. Or like the pink paint that had been spread across fingernails that now rested a couple of inches past the tips of her fingers.

Why did she suddenly feel like applying nail art?

“**When did I...?**” Regardless of the fact that her face now looked like a *different teenaged girl* entirely, she seemed more perplexed by the makeup she had on. When had she applied it to her face? Did she even know *how*? But no sooner than she had asked herself this did a flood of memories reinforce a morning tradition of making herself as pretty as she possibly could. Plus it was super useful when putting on the *many* cosplays she loved to wear!

No... *Isn't this my first time wearing a cosplay?* Komi mentally took issue with these memories as well her repeated decision to speak her thoughts aloud. It was way too out of character for her... wasn't it!? She could recall being far too anxious to talk when unnecessary, but was that *really* true? She was so pretty so why wouldn't she have the confidence to be social? *Plus I do cosplay all the time!*

The girl's posture shuffled as she went back and forth in her own mind about her own identity because changes continued to her body in the meantime. While not *dramatic*, she had actually shrunk about an inch and a half – and the cosplay uniform had shrunk along with it. But it wasn't *just* her stature that had diminished. Her favorite bra compressed against her perky bosom, that compression prompting her bosom itself to shrink just the same. They were still relatively pronounced, *but she couldn't help but think that her small breasts made it difficult to cosplay characters with bigger tits.*

In a similar vein, although much lower on her body, her panties became tighter as well. Though in *this* case it wasn't to prompt a shrinking of her rear. On the contrary, the opposite was occurring and the cheeks of her ass were swelling larger. Several inches bubbled up, pulling the cloth around them into a much snuggier state while the back of her pleated skirt lifted as a direct result. An added side effect was that her hips were wedged a couple of inches wider, which thinned the waistband of her panties as well.

Just when it seemed as if her underwear might finally snap, though? “**O-Oh!?**” She sounded like a different person altogether while blurting out this sound, which came across as a little more enthusiastic than it probably *should* have. But the sound was because her panties had changed into a black thong, straps riding higher on her hips and the cloth digging deeper into her loins. Had she not been wearing a skirt it would have looked *great* with how her thighs had also seemingly thickened.

Lengthy lashes blinked. “**That was weird. But then again this all feels totally weird! Why does it feel weird? Nothing's really different, is it?**” Apparently this was how deluded Komi had become... or at least how much she had changed mentally. She had no problem communicating how she felt. A gasp was let loose when her tummy gurgled, but that only even happened in the first place because the little bit of excess weight in her belly had slimmed away so that she had a toned core.

She hummed to herself while pacing around her room. While the room itself *was* the same, the furniture and contents were a little different

now. Her bedding was sky blue and pink instead of black and white for one, but in her dresser she would also find trendier clothes that fit these new proportions of hers. Not to mention the inclusion of a new makeup table to complement all of that new makeup and fashion-related knowledge that had filled her head.

“Huh. What time did Rumiko-chan say she was coming by again? I really wanna get my Komi Shouko cosplay together!” *Marin Kitagawa*, formerly known as the *real* Komi Shouko, sat down upon her bed and crossed her legs despite the fact that the room was completely redecorated now. Over the course of her transformation reality had been altered to accommodate her new identity. Her family had been changed into Marin’s and her relationships were a little different now.

How could they not be? Marin was the popular gyaru type. She may have had an obsessive interest in cosplay, but that was why she was thankful to be friends with Rumiko! That girl always supported her! Marin, unlike Komi, had never really befriended Tadano – and her romantic interest was in Rumiko in this world.

She effortlessly took out her smartphone and snapped a shot of the cosplay that had ended up back in the box... though it was just another uniform. One with tights, a blue blazer, and a purple skirt. The costume of the popular Komi Shouko! A very shy character in an anime and manga that had hit the big time recently! Marin loved her so much! **“She’s so suuuuper cute! And I’m gonna look just like her!”**



Prior to her change, Marin Kitagawa had been an anime character in this world while Komi Shouko had been real. But now? That had been reversed. Komi and her family were all fictional and *Marin* was real. Not that she had any idea that this was the case, nor that anything had even changed in the first place. All of her memories were of living *this* life, and everyone else’s memories had been changed in kind.

“Ah, Komi-chan! Komi-chan! I hope I can pull off the cute little shake she does when she talks!” Because the art of cosplay wasn’t just *looking* like the character – even though she was a little shorter. The best cosplayers knew how to capture the character’s personality! You could say it was a little like acting or roleplay? But Marin was a real natural at that kind of thing.

She was getting way too excited and begun to rapidly text Rumiko, fake nails clacking against her phone screen. **“There! I invited her to an early dinner so maybe she’ll come over sooner! Then we can have a date *and* a cosplay sesh!”** Marin couldn’t think of a better way to spend a Sunday night!

Maybe she could get some kissed in the process!