

# A NORMALER DAY

## COMMISSION STORY

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The sight of the two of them certainly made for an odd pair.

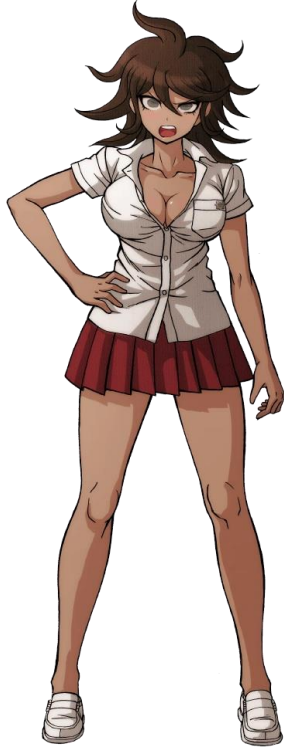
Both Sonia Nevermind and Akane Owari had occupied nearby tables on the second floor of the hotel that served as the base of operations for all of the students that had been drawn into the Killing School Trip of Jabberwock Island. It was hard not to think of the ever encroaching threat of murder. Was this a safe arrangement? The two of them were dining alone, after all. Surely a more paranoid person would hardly feel comfortable being in such close proximity with someone who had every motivation to kill them.

Fortunately, killing was the last thing on the minds of these two young women. Sonia would never, ever kill in a million years and, realistically, Akane was far too dense to be able to carry out some kind of murder plot without getting caught. Which meant there was no point in her even trying. To summarize: the two had no motivation nor intent to kill the other, nor were either of them concerned about an attempt being made on their own lives.

**“It seems we were of like minds, Miss Akane!”** There *had* been an awkward silence up until that moment. The two women weren’t exactly besties or anything and they were cut from very different cloths. Sonia had been gracefully and slowly consuming her breakfast whereas Akane had practically inhaled several dishes already. **“I too decided to have a late breakfast this morning!”**

The bulkier, dark-skinned teen seemed to be rather taken aback from being addressed so suddenly. Her fork was hanging out of her mouth as she looked over her shoulder. **“Oh I just slept in is all. Stayed up**

**too late runnin' laps!"** *Of the entire island*, in fact. **"I'm assumin' that's not why you're here?"** Akane was right, of course. Sonia was the Ultimate Princess – there was no way that she would allow herself to oversleep because it wouldn't be proper. But Sonia wouldn't flaunt that aspect of it.



**"Oh, indeed! You're correct! I was just far too busy this morning to eat. But now I have an opportunity and, erm..."** She wasn't able to finish her explanation, far too entranced by how Akane continued to shovel food into her maw like a rabid beast. Some might consider it to be unattractive, but Sonia? She didn't really see it that way. Her cheeks were a tinge pink. It was so different from what she was used to seeing that perhaps, was she a little flustered? Was she *into* that? **"It's quite magnificent. You are clearly the most athletic of our group and yet you eat so much... anyone else would put on a great deal of weight. I-I mean no offense!"**

Akane didn't shoot a glare back or anything she just shrugged. **"Huh? No sweat. But that's just what happens when ya burn so many calories. You never keep 'em on."** Neither of them understood in this moment just what Sonia's words would set in motion. Nor the extra little bit of what Akane had to say. **"But the taste doesn't really matter. You probably savor the taste with that big old tongue of yours."** Sonia looked taken aback for a moment. Was her tongue... long? No, Akane just did *not* have a way with words.

Nonetheless, it was enough to trigger the same phenomenon that had affected their peers elsewhere on the island. A data malfunction. A glitch. A curse. One that had claimed three already and, with a bit of a delay, it was about to claim two more. Akane hadn't even realized something was wrong; at least not initially. But she was beginning to take more and more to eat from her plate at a time. She was hungrier and her already lacking manners were becoming worse. Before long she was simply *shoveling* food into her mouth without even taking the time to chew or savor the flavors.

But her attempts to do so slowed. Not only because there was less food on the table (she'd ordered a lot) but because it was getting harder to move her arms? **"Huh?"** After breaking off her conversation with Sonia this was the first real noise she'd made that wasn't scarfing down scraps. And it came because she was having an issue lifting her arms? They felt oddly *heavy*. So heavy, in fact, that she just managed to lift one up and

drop it on the table... where it shook the entire surface on impact.  
**“What the hell?”**

The athlete squinted at her forearm. Was it *swollen*? Did she get stung by a bee or something? It looked as twice as large as she remembered and that seemed to spreading up past her elbow. Her other arm, hanging limply on her other side, seemed to be replicating this though. And it became difficult to write this off as a mere bee sting once the *colors* of her arms began to change. **“H-Huh!?”** Blue. A blue with a tinge of green to it spread across her arms – arms that were now developing *rolls* of fat that hid her elbows within them. The blue wasn’t her skin though. It was *fur*?

Unable to ignore Akane’s cries of concern, Sonia rushed to her side. **“Miss Akane? What is— *EEK!*?”** But she stumbled back in surprise at the sight of the woman’s thickening arms. Her hands were swelling too, but oddly? Her finger seemed to be shrinking and merging *into* her hands as they were misshapen into oval nubs instead. Fingernails elongated and sharpened until all she had on her ‘hands’ were five, white, triangular-shaped claws. They certainly weren’t *human*. **“Miss Akane!? What’s happening to you!?”**

**“I don’t knooooow!?”** Much to Akane’s growing surprise, she found it difficult to even speak. Her tongue wasn’t moving the way she wanted it to. No, was her tongue *bigger* than it had been seconds ago? It made enunciating difficult and that swelling tongue pushed up against teeth that felt *bigger*. Her lower canines eventually poked out from between her lips, in fact.

She had the good sense to try and stand up, but there were... *issues*. The first was a mental one. She didn’t have the motivation even despite how alarming this was. No small part of her didn’t *want* to stand up. It sounded like too much *effort*. But it would have been much too difficult for her anyways. Her legs were suffering a fate similar to her arms. Pounds were piling onto them, thickening thighs and lower legs alike while the same thin, blue fur began to spread. Thighs and lower legs soon merged together, knees lost in the rolls of fat that obscured the shapes of those legs.

And soon after? Her feet erupted through the front, swollen and oddly shaped. A tanned fur had spread across *them* and they were round design with only three claws per foot. Or were they *paws*? Much like Akane’s hands they *looked* more like the paws of an animal. Just not an animal she nor Sonia had ever seen before. Also were her legs *significantly* shorter, or was that just a side effect of how fat they were?

Horrified as she was for the athlete, what was perhaps even *more* horrifying was that she couldn't concentrate on, well, her horror. The smell of food wafted in from the kitchen and that merely made her hungrier. More than address or try to stop what was happening to that changing body of hers, she wanted to *eat*? Her tummy rumbled, and Sonia cowered in fear as the teen's transformation became even *more* bizarre. "**M-Miss Akane?**" She also had begun to *smell* something. It was rancid. Was it coming from Akane's *body*?

Akane herself couldn't really *smell* anything wrong, but it was coming from her increasingly wider mouth. Something that was only made possible because her head itself was swelling. Cheeks grew fuller and fuller – so full in fact that her eyes were forced into a squint that was very difficult to undo. The sides of her head were expanding and tanned fuzz was spreading across those facial features.

***SNAP!***

***"WHAAAAAAAAAT?"*** There had been signs of creaking in the legs of the wooden chair the woman was sitting on, but eventually they gave out and the girl fell onto her back with a squishy thud. Rolls of fat had begun to develop under her shirt and were both raising her torso from behind while simultaneously pushing out her shirt's front. Her breasts swelled in kind, tanned fur appearing over them and her body. But given time they became so rotund that they merged *into* the shape of her gargling, sloshing, excessively large tummy. The buttons popped off her shirt at first but as round shoulders merged into her hefty torso it was eventually torn until only tatters remained.

She was naked now but nothing could be seen. The weight of her ass had merged into her torso too. ***"HEEEEEELP LAAAAAAAAAX?"*** Her words were slowly spoken bellows that sounded decreasingly human and more like the murmurings of a slovenly creature. It was getting hard for Akane to even *think*, at least in a timely manner. And yet her weight continued to swell. Her spine extended so that she was naturally taller so that she was naturally seven feet tall. This did *nothing* to fix her weight distribution and her tummy just stretched wider still. Akane struggled to move and only managed to wiggle a little. Still, that was enough for her *massive* body to knock over several nearby tables.

Sonia felt *terrible* but all she could do was hide. What could she do for Akane now? She could only watch the remaining humanity drain from the creature's widened face while blue fur wrapped around the sides of her head to absorb her brown locks, and as ears crept up and thickened into a pair of triangular animal ears. An animal who reeked of old food

and an animal that, despite everything, seemed to be oddly content laying on the creaking floor.

“**LAAAAAAA  
AX?**”

Deep, deep down in the soul of the new *Snorlax*, Akane’s ego remained. She could still identify as herself and mourned what had happened to her. But those thoughts of negativity came very, very slowly. Thoughts and



body alike were sluggish. She didn’t have the will nor energy to move from laying on her back and, quite honestly, she wanted to eat *more*. Even though the floor of the restaurant beneath her creaked under her 1000lb weight. “**Snor?**”

Like the beast she was a three clawed paw scratched at her rotund and flabby belly – still gurgling with a desire to be filled. But didn’t a nap also sound like a good idea? After all she felt a little *sad* and she was *so tired*, a nap sounded like a good idea! Maybe for a few days. And then she would feast again when she awoke. Her heavy arm slapped against the floor before she began to snore. Louder and louder.



Had she forgotten that Sonia was in the room with her still when she had nodded off? Not *technically*, but her intelligence had dimmed so much that the awareness of her surroundings wasn’t the best. Yet Sonia had fled to the other side of the dining room and had been cowering behind a table that had fallen over after Akane had expanded to such a gargantuan size. “**M-Miss Akane!? Is that you? Can you... hear me?**” But the only noise that the unfamiliar, huge creature was making now was its deep snoring.

Sonia was far too afraid to wake it. It looked a little

like a bear, actually. **“Is this Monokuma’s doing? Did he do something to Miss Akane?”** It was a little *karmic*, wasn’t it? Turning an athlete in her prime into such a slovenly monster. But didn’t this go against the rules of the killing game if so? Monokuma wasn’t supposed to meddle, at least not like this. **“I should probably tell the others, shouldn’t I?”** But could she leave this creature alone? It did look like it was sleeping rather soundly...

But the Ultimate Princess wouldn’t be allowed to do that. After all, the program that had transformed Akane was now free to act on the next prompt that had been queued up from listening in on their conversation. Sonia’s remark about ‘a great deal of weight’ was what had triggered Akane into a Snorlax, but Akane had said something to Sonia as well. Something that would make it difficult for her to tell anyone *anything*, really.

**“Yes, I shoulfth... shoulkrk!?”** While attempting to finish that thought the woman suddenly found herself having problems speaking. Was she *choking* on something? She tried to probe around with her tongue inside her mouth to get a sense of whether or not there were any issues but... that was weird? Her mouth felt so crowded and she wasn’t touching any teeth? And it wasn’t as if her teeth could just fallen out? **“Blech!?”**

Her mouth inevitably became too full for her to keep it shut despite instinctively believing something bad would be revealed if she parted her lips. Sonia wasn’t *wrong* on that front, because the moment those lips parted her mouth emptied. Because a long, pink, and incredibly *thick* tongue rolled out and hung down as far as her crotch. **“Whath!?! Ith thomethinth hathenninth tho me thoo!?”** She’d just witnessed Akane turning into a monster so it was easy for her to believe she was now following victim to something that should have been *impossible*.

Human hands attempted to grasp at this tongue of hers, which was swelling thicker and heavier even as it dangled out. But she couldn’t grasp it properly and could vividly taste her fingers upon it. There was a *very* sticky saliva that this tongue was excreting that felt very gross on her... *fingers*? She’d withdrawn a hand to see how thick this excrement was, but eyes went wide at the sight of her digits for a different reason.

In the time it had taken her to lift her hands from her tongue they had become grossly misshapen. Her fingers were outright *gone* aside from a singular, white claw on either one that existed where you might have expected to find a thumb. Her hands were round and vaguely *scaly*, the pink in her melanin dialed up so that they were pink as cotton candy. They were outright *bulbous* and inhuman. **“N-N-N-Ntho!?”** Her

tongue flopped around as she began to move in a panic, slapping into and sticking *onto* her uniform.

Which was *obviously* a problem. She needed to separate them! Her tongue was just as wide as her face now meaning Sonia was struggling to even have it stick out of her mouth. And could she pull her tongue away with her hands not only round and fingerless, but with her arms becoming stubbier and just as pink? “**Thupid... TUNG!?**” As it turned out she didn’t need to *use* her hands. Unfortunately...

***RIIIIIIP!***

Sonia hadn’t known her tongue’s own strength and had managed to whip it upwards into the air. But the adhesive nature of her saliva, which she was coming to realize was quite *odorous*, had been too strong. The front of her outfit was torn clean off and remained stuck to her tongue’s underside, exposed a chest and stomach that didn’t look *right* beneath her bra and panties. Her skin had largely turned the same pink that her arms had, but there were yellow scales that made a trio of upside down crescents across her stomach and chest. Though speaking of her chest... wasn’t it a little *broad*? Her bra was just sitting against a completely flat surface without any nipples.

“***Licki—!?* Oh thno!?**” The princess stumbled. Her legs weren’t working the way she wanted them to, which was no real surprise, really. Her thigh high socks were slipping and bunching up because her legs, now pink, were shrinking shorter and stubbier. Thighs bulged yet simultaneously merged with her shins, knees protruding into football shapes with yellow circles etched into the fronts. Her changing feet didn’t explode out of her shoes because they had *shrunk*, with toes merging into singular, white claws.

Tears welled up in the teen’s eyes as the world now began to expand all around her. She was having problems speaking with her tongue of course, but why was it that it was getting more and more difficult to speak a human language on top of that? Nonetheless, she *was* shrinking beyond her already shortened legs, and most remaining clothing slid off while her torso swelled to be more *rotund*. Her belly bulged forward albeit in nowhere *near* the same capacity as the Snorlax’s had.

She was given no choice but to hunch forward, now naked entirely (not that she had anything to show off any longer). Torn cloth that was stuck to the underside of her tongue grossly slid off as more saliva dripped off a tongue that hadn’t shortened *an inch* while her overall height dipped just below the four foot mark. So much had been happening that a thick, pink tail erupting from the back of her tailbone, swelling almost as big

as her torso in size, didn't even cross her mind. If anything it allowed her to balance better with her body so short and fat.

**“I don't... *Tung! Licki!?*”** The final protests of a human cried out as tears dried up. Not because she was no longer emotionally compromised but because her eyes were *bulging* out of her head and her tear ducts had relocated. Those eyes blackened into eerie beads while the shape of her head flattened and her nose disappeared into a pair of nostril holes above her bigger, wider, toothless mouth. Blonde hair shed from her, ultimately leaving her funny looking, pink head completely *bald*.

Whether she was a lizard or some sort of amphibian it was hard to deny just how *goofy* her new body looked *and* sounded.

**“*Tung!?* *Tung!?* *Lickitung!?*”** The very pink and very *hairless* creature waddled around the Snorlax in the middle of the room in a panic. This *Lickitung* was Sonia still, of course, and while her intellect had dimmed a fair bit she was still far more capable of retaining her own ego than the Snorlax had been with its dim wits. But at the end of the day maybe Akane was better off for it.



It was a horrific experience from her point of view. All she could do is make silly sounding noises as her six and a half foot tongue flopped around. It slapped against her bulging belly and if it dragged against the floor things easily got stuck to it. Some morsels of food had gotten stuck and she could *taste* them. And those tastes made her feel uncomfortably hungry.

Silly, beady eyes danced around and she tried to wake the Snorlax. She instinctually knew Akane would be able to understand her if she could wake her, and yet that seemed like a pipe dream. **“*Lickitung!*”** Stubby, pink arms flapped up and down and it was through the power of her big, thick tail that she didn't fall over from her tail alone. Just as she was about to admit defeat, however?

A *pig* ran in through the doors to the restaurant? No, she looked like a pig but it must have been a monster like Akane and herself, right? **“*Oh no... I was too late.*”** The pig said in snorts, and yet Sonia could recognize what she was saying along with the sound of her voice. Was that Nanami? But how? Did she know what was going on? **“*A Snorlax and a Lickitung, huh...?*”**

**“*My condolences.*”**