

MASTER OF HOPE

JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kairi wasn't the kind of person that would normally be sent out on this kind of mission all by herself. When compared to the other Keyblade wielders she was still a fledgling, her power and experience lacking when compared to Sora, Riku, or any of her peers honestly. It wasn't something she was particularly ashamed of though. She knew she would gain experience through her own adventures and, in turn, her skills would grow to someday rival the efforts of her companions. Never would she allow her enthusiasm to be struck down by the 'what if's of the future. Sora taught her to seek a path and follow it no matter what, and so she'd do that.

So when Master Cid had requested she go search for Ventus and Aqua, who'd both gone radio silent over the course of the past few days, she readily took up the task. Kairi had been ensured that, were there enemies, they weren't strong enough to be flagged as a risk for her progress, and that if she ran into problems there would be reinforcements on standby.

But after a quick look around she'd decided reinforcements probably weren't necessary. No signs of Heartless, Nobodies, nor Unversed. Merely a building teeming with vacant corridors and barred up windows. It would have reminded the young woman of a prison if not for the facilities inside, which resembled the classrooms she'd come so accustomed to when she'd gone to school on the mainland.

There had been clues too. Evidence that people were using this place as a home. Opened food wrappers, laundry in the process of being done (*from which she could gleam it appeared at least be a single woman*), she was shocked she hadn't run into anybody but the evidence that there were people to encounter was there. Could there have been a spot of trouble? Had Ventus and Aqua gone off the grid to aid with whatever issues were plaguing this place?

“If only I could see the outside...”, she murmured, gaze affixed on a gigantic vault door that was labeled the building’s entrance. Was it designed to keep people in, or keep something out? Either outcome wasn’t pleasurable to think about and cast concern on the fates of her peers. But as Kairi turned to head back inward she found herself *trapped*.

To access the room with the vault door it had been required of her that she pass through a gate, one that had been readily open to make it simple. Yet no sooner than she’d turned around to leave had the gate closed, a subtle hissing sound escaping the walls around her. **“Gas!?”** It didn’t take long for the scent to reach her nostrils and confirm her suspicions. It was *almost* odorless, the scent almost bland, but the slightest wafting of pine could be sensed in the air and Kairi was assuming it wasn’t an air freshener.

She went to summon her Keyblade to her side, preparing to knock the gate down or unlock it (*whichever was easier*), but despite reaching for it in the depths of her heart, no weapon took shape in her hands. She tried one, two times more, both reaching the same unfortunate result. **“What? How!?”** Panic hung heavily in her voice as the girl tried a third time with the same level of success. She’d spent so much time training and *now* her abilities weren’t going to function properly?

It was because she couldn’t perceive what was happening however. The Keyblade took shape of one’s heart, and at present her heart had been touched by the powers of another. It was more accurate to blame science, surely, but it might as well have been the same to Kairi. Her heart was being changed to conform to the shape of this world just like Ventus and Aqua’s had courtesy of nanomachines present in the gas she couldn’t escape from, and their influence was beginning to manifest physically.

Fortune favored the machines in question, that their target this time was similar in height and build to the one they’d be transforming her into. Transforming Ventus into Aoi Asahina had taken a substantial amount of resources, so this would be a nice change in comparison.

The color of one of Kairi’s eyes was the first to show signs of reformation. Almost as if they were acclimating to the dreary expanse of the school building, the bright and innocent blue it usually held begun to shine just a little less. As if a drop of yellow had been dangled into it, around the irises began to wash out to an olive green, the alteration claiming the entirety of her eye before all was said and done.

Kairi’s hands wrapped around the gate bars and she shook them, hoping perhaps there was an issue with its integrity that would allow her to escape under more conventional means. The breadth of what was happening was beyond her comprehension and so she could only fear the worst. If it was poison in the gas then her life could have very well been in danger.

Of course her attempts to free herself by force bore no fruit, visibility in the room slowly skewed all around her by a murky, green air. Because it was growing difficult to see, the changes that possessed the hands shaking bars in front of her were otherwise veiled by a combination of green and emotional panic. Her inability to see didn't skew the nanomachines' ability to do their work though, and Kairi's grip saw itself loosening in conjunction with the skin across her fingers growing smoother.

A girl as she was, she was also a Keyblade warrior that had been training tirelessly. As a result of this training the skin across the bottom of each finger had firmed up from repeated use, her grip sharper than most under normal circumstance. But the fruits of her training were erased and digits returned to the soft and smooth state of someone that didn't often handle tools or weapons. But that wasn't all. Fingernails, while manicured, were kept just a little longer as to look feminine but not interfere with her training. They'd ultimately slipped back to be short enough to not even pass her fingertips. The nature of her fingers in general became more brusque, their gait wider to match swollen palms beneath.

Fortune favored the nanomachines once more, leaving the changes necessary for her feet far less than substantial. Toes grew just the slightest bit wider each, boots parted within to accommodate both their size and the flatter width of her heels as change slipped into wrist and ankles in tandem. Both grew broader, forearms and lower legs turning heavier while faded brown hairs sprouted up the lengths of her arms and legs like weeds. Kairi made sure to shave regularly, but for a *boy* it wasn't perceived to be quite the same necessity.

Knees thickened, Kairi's knees growing knobbier as the muscle in her thighs stole the spotlight from the effeminate fat that had given her lower half its girlish design. Her knees were likewise straightened outward, their natural inward buckle made obsolete as hips became less prominent and the definition of her ass flattened as if a lump in a pillow massaged away.

And then it sprouted. A fullness dominated a pelvis where emptiness would almost always prevail as long as she'd known her own body. It was such a sudden and prominently *wrong* sensation that even the girl couldn't help but look down at her own skirt, struggling to make it out considering how thick with green the air had become. Something suddenly emerged from the folds of her lips, eliciting a squeak not even the Keyblade wielder could stifle as she felt it begin to press up against her panties and, evidently, against her skirt enough to reveal a bulge.

"Is that a...?" *He'd* dare not even utter the word. A penis? Like a boy? Not versed in things like sex, all it took was a graze of the bulge with her hand to teach him of its sensitivity, shiver running up his back.

Speaking of, his upper body had been bulking and broadening as well. A stomach that was normally thin and curved had filled out so that its width matched the breadth of his shoulders, and as a result little hairs had begun to prop themselves up around his navel and, strangely, around the girlish breasts he still held upon his

chest. But they, too, would pass. As if the weight was being suckled out of them their shape and size diminished, and a newly found firmness left pectorals, well, rather plain.

That seemed to be a consistent trend. Despite the fact that he was still dressed in Kairi's dress (*modified by nanomachines to still fit*), his body type looked rather plain for a boy. He wasn't fit, he wasn't overweight. He wasn't tall, he wasn't short. As the green took the blue of his other eye and the red of his hair lightened and furrowed into a messier style, it became clear that he wasn't going to be exceptional by any sense of the word. His face, too, once it had hardened and roughened to better suit the tastes of a young man, was absolutely *not* memorable.

Physical changes largely complete, the nanomachines directed the rest of their energy towards clothing. The outfit they changed to become, though, continued the trend of being rather mundane looking. Skirt lengthened and clung to his legs, pinks swapped up for a dark green that could be found all across his outfit. Black boots shrunk down into a pair of red loafers with white toes and laces, while the top separated itself from what was once her skirt and became a green jacket overlain a lighter green hoodie that looked like... it could be completely zipped up*?

* Author's note: Naegi what the heck are you wearing?

The air in the room began to clear, leaving a young man looking around with confusion. The word 'key' hung on the tip of his tongue, as did the word 'sora'? Sora as in the sky? Why was he thinking about keys and the sky? Likewise why had he come to the vault door? Shrugging, he cast his gaze back to the gate behind him; a gate that was strangely open. **"I suppose I should get back to Asahina-chan and Fukawa-chan..."**

So Makoto Naegi went on his way. One day they'd escape from this school. They had to.