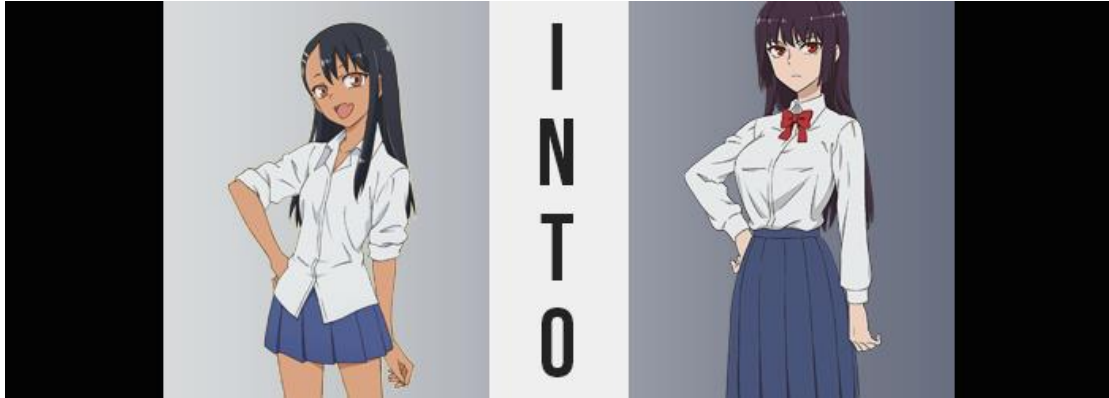


# STRAIGHT LACED

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“Why’s Nagotoro-chan doing this? There’s no way she’s gonna win!”**

**“That’s why we’re gonna *help* her win. See? Check out this book I checked out from the library!”**

Events had Kazehaya High School had taken a surprising turn as of late, and the student body was abuzz with a strange level of anticipation. From club to club, it was that time of year where new presidents were elected to lead their fellow students that were signed up. It was typically a pretty standard situation. It happened *every* year, and there were seldom any hard or personal feelings involved.

But the best friend of the two girls that were chatting here, Hayase Nagotoro, had done something *unusual*. While not officially, she had challenged the president of the art club to a ‘special election’. Which sounded dumb on paper because Nagotoro wasn’t even *in* the art club. She and her friends had essentially made the art club’s room their hangout though, all because Nagotoro’s beloved senpai was a member.

The current president, Sana Sunomiya, had told them sternly that she would be throwing them out once and for all once her presidency had been reaffirmed, and that had led to *this*. Nagotoro said she’d beat her through polling the whole student body, confident her popularity would carry her. But Sunomiya had been smart and she was beloved in her own way. People had been flocking to her, and things had begun to look *grim*.

Yoshi and Maki were two of Nagotoro's closest friends and among those that had been using the art club room as their place of hangout. They didn't want their friend to lose either, because that would mean *they'd* get thrown out! Not to mention that Nagotoro had made such a scene about it by this point... It'd look really bad for all of them if she lost. Their popularity was on the line here!

Having convened in Maki's bedroom, the tall and confident girl placed an old book on the kotatsu they were sharing. Her shorter, more energetic friend was already under it, torso slowly dancing from side to side with anticipation. "**See? There's a spell in here!**" Not that Maki really believed in magic, but she was willing to *try* if it meant they wouldn't lose that club room at this point!

**"A spell for turning someone into a victor!"**

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**"YAAAAAAAAAWN!"** It was election day already! ...Or at least the arbitrary election day that Hayase Nagotoro had set for her 'friendly' competition with Sana Sunomiya. It was about using the club room, yes, but the girl also had *ulterior* motives. In a very roundabout way she wanted to show her senpai that she was a better woman than Sunomiya! Because they were in the same club they were always spending time together! She was a threat! To what? Perhaps the feelings that the younger girl had yet to properly acknowledge. But a threat was a threat!

She had to leave for class soon. Nagotoro had only just finished getting ready and so she risked being late if she didn't leave soon, but she was giving herself another once over in the mirror. She had to look *perfect!* Under no circumstance could she allow herself to lose to Sunomiya! Considering how confident she was, she couldn't even *imagine* losing to her!

At least that was the vibe she projected, but she *was* worried. Preliminary public favor appeared to be going in Sunomiya's favor. Her friends had assured her that they had some sort of plan in the works, but she didn't really know what that entailed. Hopefully it wouldn't make her chances *worse*. "**I'm sure it'll be – FINE!?**"

Just as she had reached down to grab her bag, Nagotoro suddenly lost her balance. She had become dizzy so suddenly! Was it lightheadedness? Regardless of the cause she was unable to stop herself from falling and so she braced for the pain of landing on her hardwood

floor. Except... that wasn't what she landed on. She landed on something soft. Something with a floral scent. She had landed on a *bed*?

**“HAH!? Where am I!?”** The student pushed herself off the bed immediately, dark hair bobbing back and forth as her chestnut gaze took in her surroundings. She was in a girl's bedroom, that much was obvious, but there was no way it was *her* bedroom. Everything was neatly organized, perhaps to a fault. One corner was teeming with art supplies but they had all been put away with careful thought – or at least that was the impression she got from looking at them.

She laughed to herself. **“What, did I end up in the prez's bedroom?”** It definitely gave off vibes similar to how Sunomiya kept the art room. But even if that *was* the case? **“Did I not actually fall asleep? Hah! Maybe I'm dreamin'!”** She had just been in her room and now she wasn't. Something like that wasn't possible at all! At least not without something like *magic*.

Though she lacked the knowledge that her friends *had* just cast a spell with her as the intended target.

If this *was* a dream, and this was somehow Sana Sunomiya's bedroom, then wouldn't it be an opportunity wasted if she didn't do some *investigating*? **“Hehe... Let's have a look around, shall we?”** Nagotoro certainly wasn't a stranger to a little mischief. In fact it might as well have been a core personality trait (just ask her senpai for confirmation). She'd *already* skipped off to a nearby dresser, essentially playing 'eenie meenie miney mo' regarding which drawer to open. Ultimately she settled on the first one, and her reaction was *something*. **“Holy! She wears one *this* big!?”**

There wasn't any hesitation on the tanned girl's part as she reached into the drawer and pulled out the article that had prompted such a strange comment to leave her mouth. It was a navy blue *brassiere*, one that had to be at least four cup sizes larger than the one Nagotoro usually wore... when she felt like it. Rather she was aware that her boobs were so small that some days she didn't even bother. It was a fun avenue for teasing other people, wasn't it? Even in that moment she *wasn't* wearing her bra beneath her uniform blouse.

**“I knew prez had some big ones, but seeing her bra up close it's pretty unbelievable, ain't it?”** She held it up to her own chest as a joke. There was no way she could wear it without it falling off. Even if she *did* have the boobs to fill the cups, she was shorter than the art club president too. It just wouldn't *look* right. Still, the thought had crossed her mind. This dream felt pretty *real*, didn't it? The weight of the drawer she'd opened, the feeling of fabric and wire between her fingertips while

holding the brassiere... Did dreams always feel this realistic? Maybe it was something you simply forgot when you woke up?

For all of Nagotoro's laughter at the expense of Sunomiya's huge bra, though? The idea of wearing one soon wouldn't be something so outlandish sounding, at least on the merit that it couldn't possibly fit her. In fact, the seed of this comeuppance had already taken root. The girl's nipples were erect beneath her uniform blouse now, poking up against the fabric despite the fact that she wasn't at *all* stimulated in that moment. She thought she was dreaming still anyways and so she ignored it at first, but...

Slowly her amber eyes were guided downwards. Was it a trick of her imagination? That was the thought she'd had in that moment because her top had felt a little *tight* around the chest, and upon settling her gaze upon her bosom... "**H-Huh?**" There might as well have been spirals swirling in her eyes prompted by the shock that hit her. Not only was her chest jutting out a couple of inches farther than it should have been, but looking at how the fold between the two sides was parting and the buttons were beginning to strain, they were *still* growing.

**"This is impossible, right? Oh I get it! Because I'm dreaming! Hahaha! That makes sense!"** Nagotoro was deluded, and she insisted on this being a dream up until the moment she playfully *groped* her swelling bust out of curiosity. She could already feel her weight shifting forward as tits grew past C-cups, their weight not something she was accustomed to, but feeling just how sensitive they were through touching them began to shake her theory that this was all a dream. It felt *too* real. It made her *aroused*. "**WAH!?**"

She shrieked as her tits reached E-cups, tanned skin laid bare as this size forced the top four buttons of her blouse to finally come undone.

Her mouth was left hanging open, gaze still fixed downward at the sight of breasts that certainly rivaled those of Sunomiya's. They were in fact the *exact* same size as the art club's president. Shakily, she eventually removed her hands. "**No, that's indecent.**" A statement that was very *odd* considering Hayase's established personality. It definitely sounded like a concern the uptight president would have, not her. But she didn't like the optics of fondling herself now for *some* reason.

**"My chest is so large. It doesn't make any sense!"** Deep down Nagotoro had meant to say '*My tits are so gigantic!*', yet something much more proper left her lips. She might have shouted an expletive a moment later but similar circumstances prevented her doing so. Because all of her attention had moved from her now enormous bosom to the region *below* her waist.

The short skirt that the girl wore was struggling to properly cover the things it was *supposed* to beneath a tummy that had been left bare as her larger breasts had lifted the base of her shirt a few inches. Naturally the skirt's malfunction wasn't a product of her chest's growth, but it was a product of *something else's* growth instead. Namely the cheeks of her rear end swelling, ass bloating so that it pushed several inches out behind her while her underwear were involuntarily pulled down into her ass crack. **"M-My butt, too..."**

Her ass' swell forced her hips to widen, which led to her skirt rising even higher so that her thighs were basically completely exposed. They, too, became more abundant but not in any way that was particularly excessive. Instead it was more like they absorbed the lean muscle that the sporty girl's body had developed over the course of her life, and that extended even to arms and a tummy that were now squishier than ever.

**"Whoa!?"** The teen was already suffering through *plenty* of balance issues, what with her body now shaped like a very short hourglass – but that imbalance temporarily worsened with hands being thrown out to the sides to keep her from falling over for real. These arms, however? They actually jutted out farther from rolled up sleeves than they should have, with fingers stretching longer in tandem. Were her arms longer?

No, it wasn't *just* her arms. Her uniform top had been lifted even higher, and still sitting on her hips? Her short skirt now didn't even cover the base of her pelvis so you could visibly see her panties giving her a wedgie. A jump from 4'11" to 5'7" was a *very* significant increase, and paired with her previous figure changes she practically looked like a different woman altogether.

She was even beginning to *feel* like one. **"My height? But... No, was I always this tall? Perhaps not when I was a child, but..."** She felt certain her height had peaked a couple of years ago seeing as she was *eighteen* now. Not only did her face appear a touch older to accommodate this fact, but structurally? Well, it stripped Hayase of any perceived relation to her past self too. Her face stretched longer and her lips bloated fuller. Her nose stretched and her eyes widened, presenting her with a more 'mature' resting expression.

Amber eyes darkened in color as she looked down at herself, crimson soon replacing their original color while lengthened lashes flickered. **"Rather than my height, these clothes...?"** She was definitely wearing her school uniform, but what was wrong with it? It was too small? It certainly wasn't up to the dress code. Thinking about this, a lengthening of her hair escaped her notice. It only fell a few inches longer, but a brownish-purple hue replaced the bluer one that was

characteristic of Nagotoro's own. More and more she resembled the student council prez. She almost looked identical now if not for her tanned skin which, well...

It really didn't take long for the melanin in her flesh to dwindle in level. From head to toe her complexion paled, skin cleaner overall but significantly lighter in color. Tall, buxon, and light-skinned, there would be no mistaking this late teen for Hayase Nagotoro. *She* didn't even see herself this way, but she also didn't quite see herself as Sana Sunomiya either.

**“Mmn... What was I doing? I must have been getting ready for class. What time is it?”** Looking at the clock, the girl noted that she still had time to get dressed. Which was helpful seeing as... why was she wearing a uniform that was several sizes too small for her 5'7", curvy frame? **“Did it shrink in the wash? No, perhaps it's one of my old uniforms? I must have been half asleep and grabbed the wrong one.”**

Not that she was really wearing it properly in the first place, but she managed to strip Nagotoro's uniform off with ease. She appeared and acted identically to Sana Sunomiya, the art club president, but... **“I would never hear the end of it from Sana-nee-san if she saw my like that.”** Sana was her *sister*. She was in actuality an identical twin of Sana. One that shared her personality, mannerisms, and attractive body.

*Shizuku Sunomiya* promptly got dressed in a uniform that fit her, making sure that not a single thing was out of place. Sana was meticulous and no nonsense, and that went doubly for Shizuku. But the two of them, being so similar, were openly competitive with each other at every turn. That was what made this day in question so important!

**“Surely the people yearn for new leadership. I'll beat Sana-nee-san fair and square.”** These words were uttered under her breath as she walked over and bent over to grab her school bag, her ample bosom bouncing slightly as she did so. They were both in the art club and Sana had been in charge of it for so long. But this year she had challenged her twin sister to a noble duel via election! It wasn't a school standard, at least not to have students outside of the class voting, but



she wanted to crush Sana as completely as possible. Just typical sibling rivalry things!

Of course whether or not she could do that was questionable. They were so alike that people might instead vote for Sana just out of comfort. Fortunately, while she didn't realize she had transformed, neither would anyone else. As far as everyone else was concerned? Shizuku Sunomiya had always existed and Hayase Nagotoro never had. Well, there was still *one* part of Nagotoro that persisted.

**“If I’m the president, then surely his opinion of me will change...”**

She still had a big crush on her old senpai.