

LESSON IN DELINQUENCY

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“I guess I can probably wrap things up here quickly...”

Zhu Yuan, as the leader of the Criminal Investigation team belonging to the New Eridu Public Security bureau, sometimes had to take on calls that were a little bit below her pay grade. Sometimes the agents of NEPS could be spread a little thin, and as a result there weren't always regular officers *to* handle more mundane calls like the one she had presently found herself on.

Someone of her rank didn't typically make trips out to *local high schools*, particularly when the call was just about a bunch of delinquents trespassing on school property during the wee hours of the night. It *was* after midnight by the time she had arrived and had been given clearance by the school's sole security guard to investigate. But when she had arrived on the scene? It appeared that all of the culprits had *already* fled.

“Waste of a trip, but at least I can move onto more important work.” It hadn't been *that* far of a drive from the station realistically, and she could have immediately left, but Zhu Yuan was too much of a goody two shoes to leave the scene as is. The kids had left garbage laying on the school steps, mostly used cigarettes and beer bottles. Were those delinquents *idiots*? There were about a million cameras in that school.

It took her about five minutes to clean up the bulk of the mess, aided by the nearby garbage can (that's existence made it all the more frustrating



that the kids hadn't bothered to use it). There were only a few things remaining, and among them? **"They didn't even light this one, hm?"** A completely intact cigarette. The officer didn't smoke. She had *never* smoked even once in her life, not cigarettes, cigars, nor weed.

Which was why it was so shocking that she idly placed the butt of the cigarette between her lips like it was the most natural thing in the world. She even reached down for a lighter, but of course there wasn't one on her. *That* was when she realized her folly and the cigarette fell from her lips. **"What!? Why did I...?"** The faint flavor of smoked wood rested on her lips where the stick had sat, and she stepped away from where it had fallen with concern.

"It was only an intrusive thought. That's... all." Thinking about it, that was the only explanation Zhu Yuan could come up with. Sometimes you just did things you knew you shouldn't, right? Maybe she had the intrusive thought of seeing what holding a cigarette in her mouth was like? Perhaps, deep down, she had desired to look *cool*? **"Anyways! Time to leave!"** The moment *had* been weird, but she could just put it aside and forget all about it!

But it wouldn't *actually* be that easy.

The officer hadn't quite noticed it, but her lips had begun to interact with each other strangely after the cigarette had fallen from them. It was subtle at first, but those lips *did* look a little puffier. Fuller. More rotund. They almost looked swollen, and they soon *purpled*? No, it wasn't their physical color. It was more like a purple *paint* was spreading across them. A lipstick that ended up being paired with red blush upon her cheeks and mascara upon her eyelids.

"It's time to... go...?" Of course, any changes to her face were pretty difficult for her to notice from her perspective. It wasn't like there were any mirrors outside of the school, and she hadn't thought to look for one anyways – even though its shapes were changing beyond merely her lips. Her nose lengthened, for example, as the shapes of her cheeks slimmed and rose around it. Her brows thinned and lifted, but below them? Her eyes probably underwent the most dramatic changes, however. Not only did her irises shift in color to a pale violet, but their shapes narrowed in the corners further.

Zhu Yuan was a Chinese name, of course. But these eyes clearly gave off the impression that she was of *Japanese* descent.

“**Actually...**” Looking around, she abandoned the idea of leaving. Was she *supposed* to be there for some reason? She was beginning to feel a little *uneasy* too. On edge. Not because she was wary about her own body, though she absolutely *should* have been, but because she was beginning to *desire* something. Her purple gaze rested on the lone cigarette on the ground for a moment before she pulled her attention away. “**...Not that. But... Fuck.**” Maybe she *did* want that.

The uncharacteristic curse she'd uttered under her breath hadn't *solely* come courtesy of that realization, however. As a blonde dye lightened the hair atop her head, though the underlying color turned light brown, the woman herself became increasingly distracted by the fit of her uniform. “**Why's this shit so tight?**” And was her voice a little different? It did feel like *something* was off about it. Was it *coarser*? The thought left her mind as quickly as she considered it.

Of course, there was good reason for her to feel like her attire was tightening. It had *already* been skintight, showing off her impressive figure through leather that afforded her little in the way of extra space. And yet she beginning to have difficulties breathing. The chest of the uniform was *way* too tight, and dressed as she was? She couldn't make sense of *why* that was. She just felt hotter and hotter.

“**Why's this makin' me so damn horny?**” Zhu Yuan gripped at her own chest despite the clothing in the way, almost as if she was in some sort of stupor. It felt like her bosom was attempting to *break free*, and in a way it was, but it could *not*. Even though her tits had gained several pounds of weight, that weight was forced down on her ribs and lungs, much to her discomfort. “**Do I need to take this shit off? This isn't 'cause of all the smoking, right?**”

She couldn't help but think that she was talking kind of strangely? Like some punk that didn't care about *how* she came off. But the more she thought about it, the more she could remember having spoken that way for *years*. A piercing hole made its way into her bellybutton in this moment, and the swell of her thighs had begun to cause a problem now that dissimilar from her *I-cup* tits. The thickened flesh wanted to break free but couldn't, only receiving relief from her ass flattening just a tad behind her.

That much made sense. If Zhu Yuan's ass had *grown* any larger, then it probably would have been a weapon of mass destruction with how large it had *already* been.

“*Eh!?*” It was obvious that she was becoming more and more agitated, but it wasn’t necessarily because she was in a bad mood. It was her *cravings*. She was finding it harder and harder to look away from the cigarette on the ground as her body became increasingly conditioned by a nicotine addiction. Her lower lip was quivering, and despite her discomfort she became somewhat *obsessed*, even though she had made that noise because her height had suddenly dropped a few inches – and with it, years peeled off her face until she couldn’t have been any older than *eighteen*.

Zhu Yuan was almost at wit’s end, on the cusp of crouching down to pick up the cancer stick on the ground, when she began to feel the cool evening breeze on her... *scalp*? Her dyed, blonde hair had changed in style, shorting in the back while remaining long on top and at the sides, but the entire left side had been shaved away into a fade that showed her brown roots off at the base, simultaneously revealing her ear and a *number* of piercing holes that didn’t exist.

And soon after? Her clothing began to disintegrate, revealing more and more of her flesh. Flesh that appeared slightly... *tan*? Only a little at first, but it promptly darkened to a caramel that was obviously artificial. It was the sort of tan that you got in a tanning salon, and the front of her tits *would* have revealed this face if they hadn’t remained covered despite her what she had been wearing fading.

This was because they exposed an entirely *different* outfit underneath. A white uniform top that wasn’t buttoned but instead tied across her breasts with her belly bare. There was a short, blue skirt worn around her ass, hiding purple, leopard-print underwear underneath that matched the bra on top. Black socks and cleats, with all of her piercings filled with silver and a necklace around her neck. There was no doubt that this was a school uniform, but it was being worn in the most disrespectful manner imaginable.

Mika Hoshino was a nineteen-year-old woman that had been held back in high school *twice* after failing to graduate two years in a row. As for why that was? Well, it was fairly obvious. Dressed the way she was, out as *late* as she was, it didn’t look like she took much of *anything* seriously at all. Even squatting down to pick up the cigarette that had been



dropped before putting it in her mouth, she left her knees wide so that you could easily peek her purple undergarments underneath.

She didn't care that the smoke she stuck between her lips had been on the ground, nor did she seem at all ashamed when she collapsed back onto the step behind her with her legs still spread as she rummaged around within her exposed cleavage with a hand before pulling out a *very* warm lighter. It took but a moment for her to light it, take a deep inhale, and— "**Haaaah!**" Exhale a long puff of smoke.

That edge that had developed over the course of her transformation? One drag of her cigarette had made that all go away. "**That fuckin' hit the spot! How long have I been jonesing for one?**" Mika leaned back on the stairs, still not bothered by her appearance as she ran one hand through her faded haircut. "**Where the fuck did everyone else go, though? Leaving me behind just 'cause I went to take a piss.**" *And* they took all of the beer with them!

Maybe she'd search them out and kick their asses!

Of course, they'd all be very confused about who this new delinquent *was* and *where* she had come from.