

2X2 LOVING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Joseph awoke with a start and a word on the tips of his lips that he couldn't understand *how* it had gotten there.

“Teacher...?” The man asked groggily, as if he'd been expecting someone to answer that call. But why would there be? What teacher? He was an adult man by this stage in his life, there wasn't much need for him to have a schoolteacher in it! But then again? There wasn't much of a reason for him to be in a classroom either, and yet... **“W-Wait.”** He shot up with a start.

He had been laying with his head on the side of a hard, cool surface that was certainly no pillow. When he had sat himself up, he'd pushed back in the chair he found himself sitting in, which led to a loud and grating sound filling the room as it scraped across the marbled floor. **“Where... am I?”** Joseph stood next, if only because he felt like he should be on guard.

It was obvious that he was in a classroom. There was a number of desks, a chalkboard, big windows to the right, and two large, sliding doors to his left. The view was a very *classical* one, like something you might see in a slice of life anime. If there was any context to be found, it was on the chalkboard where '2x2' was written in an elegant font. **“...Isn't that the title of that event?”**

This realization brought a wave of memories rushing back to the man. He could vaguely remember what he'd been doing prior to waking up now, that he'd been playing the new Nikke event... which had the same name as the text on the board: *2x2*. It was an interesting event in that it was effectively a well thought out dating simulation. As the

Commander, you could be a teacher and romance Arcana or be a student and romance Privaty.

He'd bene on the former route when something *strange* had happened. At the time, Joseph had wondered if it hadn't been loading its assets properly or something. During scenes where Arcana should have been showing up, her sprite and text fields had been empty. Assuming it had been some sort of glitch, he'd attempted to restart the game. But then there had been a *shock*, and... The next thing he knew, he'd awoke in that classroom.

“This isn't the setting of the event, is it? I'm not *in* the game?” That was *obviously* impossible. But the classroom *did* look a lot like the backdrops within the event. The most plausible explanation was that he had somehow *passed out* after he'd been shocked, and that this was some sort of dream he was having now that he was unconscious? Then again he *could* just be sleeping, because he still wasn't 100% sure that those memories were even correct. It could have been a justification that the 'dream' was making up for him.

But no, it was all very real.

Before he could even hope to *try* and piece together the truth surrounding his circumstances, he found his gaze meandering around the classroom. He'd seen it as backdrops in the event, but it was... strange. The more he looked, the more *familiar* it all seemed. Not even just visually, but the comforting scent of old books and the crisp morning air even though it *hadn't* been morning when he'd been playing the game.

And even then, he could hardly even focus on the topic of *why* that might have felt familiar, because he was struck by the sensation of his vision *cascading* downwards. “**H-Huh!?**” It was a good thing that he hadn't wandered too far from the desk, because Joseph had to grab it to stop himself from falling courtesy of that balance loss. It didn't take much brainpower to figure out what was going on, even though it was utterly unbelievable either way.

“Am I *shrinking!*?” Yes, and that was the *second* time his voice had cracked over the past few moments. The desk, which had been below his waist while standing initially because he'd been around six feet tall, now *reached* that waist and began to peek slightly over it as his shorts hung past his knees and his short sleeves fell past his elbows. He'd dropped to about 5'6” before that process finally slowed, but that had still been *quite* the drop.

How? Why? Those recurring questions swirled around in the back of his head, but Joseph found himself too overwhelmed to properly vocalize them. “*I...?*” Instead, with another high-pitched crack to his voice, he muttered a single word with his attention focused on his hands and the arms they were attached to. Evidently, it hadn’t been *just* his stature that had diminished. The shapes of his hands were now small and dainty, and he *watched* his own fingernails grow an inch past his fingertips before a blue polish *spread* across them. “**A girl...?**”

That was the impression that he got from his hands, not to mention arms that had narrowed and smoothed, robbed of any unnecessary body hair. “**Wait... My voice? It wasn’t just a crack!?**” His voice just *sounded* that way? Like the voice of a *woman*? And yet, there was something *familiar* about it that he just couldn’t place, likely because your voice sounded slightly different in your head. “**E-Either way! My hands, my voice, my height..**”

What conclusion could he have drawn other than that he was *becoming a woman*?

It was worse than he had even realized. He’d been *assuming* that this voice was a mismatch for his face, but that wasn’t the truth at all. Shortly after his body’s height had diminished, the shape of his face underwent a reformation. Stubble was erased like the rest of his body hair upon a chin that was slowly crunched until it had a narrow yet delicate arch, while his cheeks puffed up ever so slightly. His nose shrunk while the lips below it found a poutier, glossier swell, and his eyes? As they were possessed by a brilliant blue, his eyelashes fluttered longer and their shapes rounded until they were more feminine.

Joseph looked like a pretty young woman now if you discounted what was under his clothes, and even then that body was in the process of following suit. His waistline had *already* pinched in substantially, making his hips seem all the wider comparatively. While younger, he was likely around *twenty-one* or so physically. “**But would being a woman be so bad?**” Even *he* blinked with confusion at what he’d said. Did he really feel that way?

Well, it was more of a matter of whether *she* really felt that way. There had been a brief moment where her mind had hitched in a manner that she’d hardly noticed despite how profound its implications had been. There hadn’t been any possible way she could have caught onto the fact that her body had been fundamentally changing *internally*, that parts of it had been swapped out with convincingly artificial replacements. She had fundamentally become inhuman, more like an *android* than a person, and that hitch had been caused by an injection of *nanomachines* into his brain.

*NIMP*H technology.

As it turned out though, this clouded her understanding of what was happening to her body. On some level she *did* realize that her masculinity had dwindled into nothingness between her legs, replaced by a more feminine counterpart beneath a bush of *blue* pubes that thickened a tad. That blue spread into the dark hair atop her head soon after, and it lengthened *and* thickened, spilling well down her back and even past her ass until it reached the backs of her knees.

“Wait! I *am* a woman!” A slight smile spread across Joseph’s lips as she declared this almost *triumphantly*. She could still recall being a man, but the idea of being a woman just felt... *better* somehow! She licked those lips as she felt it begin to bleed in – the weight that made a woman, and in no short supply. It *began* with her lower body, taking wide hips and stretching them wider so that her thighs could bloat and fill taut, and her ass could bubble into a tempting peach shape that filled her loosened shorts.

She couldn’t help herself, and one of her hands began to *explore* that ass behind her. It navigated around her blue hair and even gave it a slap. That weight just felt *right*, and it was likely because her body was changing, but she felt vaguely aroused. **“So, why is this happening? It’s not just my body! The way I’m acting, even my memories...”** Her blue hair had been the bigger tell regardless, but her memories sealed the deal. She knew who she was becoming.

And the girl that she was becoming had a very big... **“Oh~!”** Well, there they were! Her shirt *had* hung low because she had shrunk, but it *rapidly* lifted to tease the very bottom of her tummy while her posture gradually tilted forward unintentionally. This came as no surprise to her when she had already figured it out, but her chest had absolutely *ballooned* with significant vigor, both rapidly and abundantly.

A chest that had once been flat burgeoned into a pair of soft and hefty *H-cups* that sagged a little only because they were so large. Joseph couldn’t stop herself from grabbing at them playfully, even twerking her enlarged nipples through the cloth of her shirt. Unfortunately, *that* kind of fun became a little more difficult as what she was wearing was replaced with— **“My uniform!”** That somehow stood out to her more than the fact that her *olive complexion had paled*, but maybe it just didn’t matter all that much to her anymore?

It didn’t even strike her as ‘wrong’ to refer to what had crept upon her body from thin air as ‘hers’, despite the fact that it was something only a young woman would wear. It was a school uniform, and the type you

might expect to find a high school girl wearing at that despite her age. A dark blue, pleated skirt was worn over a black thong, and it had a matching, long-sleeved top that was cut high so that her tummy and lower back was bare. Her big tits stood tall, and because of that you could see both a white crop top and the frame of a black lace brassiere underneath.

She was also dressed in shin-high, white socks as well as black cleats, while her thighs were only decorated with blue ribbons that were tied around them. This blue was seen in other places too, such as in blue bow hanging around her sleeves off a white throw that was wrapped around her shoulder, and another bow tied around her neck beside a green nametag. A single, silver hairclip had even found its way into the right side of her bangs.

It was the perfect outfit for her!

“And so, the Invincible High School Girl was born!” Even *Arcana* knew that the words that playfully escaped her lips were a lie. She was a Nikke, sure, but she certainly didn’t look like a *high school girl* and instead looked more like a woman in her twenties LARPing as one. The maturity to her face and, well, *the rest of her body*, kind of gave that away. But so what!? If that was the role that she’d been asked to play, then she had no problems playing it! **“A shame I’m going to forget eventually, but oh well~!”**



The woman reached up to run her hands through her long, blue hair. She could vividly remember being Joseph, but that life felt pretty foreign to her now. *Arcana's* memories were vivid and had reshaped her personality. But she knew that some of those memories would be lost. For her, memory wipes were a common occurrence. The next time one happened, she'd likely forget about that other life entirely.

She clapped her hands together. **“But enough about that!”** She had no intention of being weighed down by things she couldn’t control! She just had to make the best of the hand she had been dealt, and hey! It

sounded like a lot of fun to pretend to be a high school girl! Especially when she was playing the role of the commander's girlfriend! **“Heehee! I'm not really playing though!”**

Which was weird when she had no interest in men before!

Joseph hadn't had the foggiest idea that his friend, Axel, had ended up in a very similar situation to himself. Then again, *I* hadn't realized either. I'd been playing the 2x2 event, but rather than the Arcana route I had ended up on one of the Privaty ones where she was acting as a teacher. She'd always been a bias of mine, so to see her focused in a silly dating sim event like that was a dream... even if there was no way I was paying money for her gacha skin.

I had been a little distraught when I had opened one of the ending nodes and found her sprites and dialogue hadn't been loading. All things considered, I did what would have been natural under those circumstances: I restarted the game. But then there had been a shock, and the next thing I knew I had awoken at a big desk in front of a blank chalkboard. **“Isn't this where the teacher would...”** Sit? But I ended up answering my own question. There was a nameplate sitting on the desk that just read: *Privaty*.

“This has to be some sort of weird, fucked up dream...” As I'd gotten older, my dreams had definitely become less... fantastical. I couldn't remember the last time I'd had a dream that involved a series I was into, but how else was I *supposed* to register what should have very clearly been an impossibility? I pinched my own cheek while thinking that it might wake me up, but all it did was... hurt. **“Wait, it hurts!?”** If I was *actually* dreaming, then that would *definitely* have woken me up!

So, then why *hadn't* it? And why had my voice done a little crack there? It was actually much worse than that, although *I* hadn't been given any reason to think as much just yet. The moment my voice had cracked? My Adam's apple ended up smoothing away beneath a chubby face that was gradually pulled tighter while retaining a rounded softness to my cheeks. I wriggled my nose, unaware that I felt compelled to do so by its length shortening and nostrils narrowing, and even probed at swelling lips with a shrunken tongue, which— **“Huh? Why are my wips tho...?”**

Why were my lips so bloated? That was what I had wanted to say, but the lips in question ended up smacking against each other awkwardly and the sound of my voice was... Well, it certainly hadn't been *just* a crack that I had experienced before. My voice was stuck that way. High, and feminine, and *familiar*. It couldn't have even occurred to me that, in

the process, my irises had adopted an amber hue, and my eyes had both rounded and gained longer lashes.

That face was a *total* mismatch for the rest of my body, which was still masculine, tall, and overweight. But two of those ‘issues’ were addressed at once, when I had to put aside the confusion about my lips to throw my hands out with a “**HEY!?**” so that I could grab the desk in front of me. The imbalance that had led to this was both understandable and not.

‘Understandable’ because my eye level had dropped suddenly, but ‘not’ because it had dropped not because I had fallen, but because my body had *shrunk* very significantly very quickly. If it had just been a matter of my height diminishing, which it did, then the imbalance might not have been *as* dramatic, but the number that explained my *weight* shrunk dramatically as well. My gut shrunk and pressed against my torso until not only had it been *erased*, but my waistline had pinched in dramatically in kind.

Built for a larger than average man, it wasn’t surprising that my pants *and* my boxers all slipped off once that weight and height was lost, especially when my thighs and ass had thinned with tightened, hairless skin to boot. My complexion appeared *significantly* softer, but I also didn’t know that it was *artificial*. Like Joseph, my biological interior was slowly shifting into artificial mimicry of what they had once been. “**Did I just shrink!?**” I asked with more aggression than should have been normal, and yet...

“**Wait, huh? How could I shrink? Haven’t I always been this height?**” My height had regressed to 5’2” just in time for my own injection of NIMPH nanomachines to my brain, which began to alter my perception. Looking down at the small, delicate hands clutching the desk with long, blue-painted nails? There was nothing wrong with that! Just as there was nothing wrong with the weight of my hair, which had once been short and dark, and was now lightening to a greenish blue and lengthening to curled drills that hung as far as my ankles.

The nanomachines had almost acted like a switch in my brain that made me numb to what was happening. My original memories were being entirely *erased*, unlike Arcana who had been able to preserve her previous self, and that matter only worsened as new ones poured in. Memories of being a *woman*, which manifested in my increasingly Nikke-like body by altering my sex to the only one a Nikke *could* be. “**Mmn!**”

I covered my lips with my manicured fingers. That wasn’t the sort of sound I should have been making as a teacher! *Wait, as a—?* Oh, no, I

was definitely *playing the role* of a teacher at least! The fact that my genitalia had transitioned into a woman's alternative beneath a bush of greenish blue went unrecognized even though it had prompted the moan in the first place.

My thighs rubbed up against each other not long after, leading to me adjusting my posture. But I didn't think about *why* they had rubbed up against each other when I had been standing still? My mind too clouded by my developing identity, of *course* I wouldn't notice my pale thighs burgeoning with fat once more until the hairless skin around them was pulled taut and shiny. Each one was as thick as my waist, while my ass...

Well, to say that my posture was tilting *far* more to the back for a time said plenty. I was now using my hands on the desk to vaguely *pull myself forward!* **"I feel kind of weird though. Why can't I shake the feeling that something is off?"** The base of my ass was almost *bare* because those cheeks had nearly *quadrupled* in heft and pushed my hips even wider; that might have been a good place to start! It was *very* eye-catching though... and I knew it!

What? A girl can't have a charm point?

On the other hand, my bust was... Well, it was still pretty big, but there were definitely bigger around! My big ass had already lifted the shirt quite a way, but once my chest began to swell into all of their *G-cup* glory, they pulled that shirt up even higher so that my thighs *and* the base of my pussy were entirely bare. **"This... probably isn't an outfit I should be wearing to class."** In fact, whose shirt *was* it? And why were there clothes on the ground— **"Huh?"**

I expressed natural confusion at my own words. I'd just been talking about needing a different outfit, but looking down... was I not wearing what I had been wearing to teach? A black lace top that resembled a bra overtop a translucent layer of black with fishnets strapped across them, all beneath an open, long sleeved suit jacket? Check. A short, black pencil skirt held up by a fashionable belt that showed off my thighs aside from the black thigh highs that were supported by garters? Double check. Black heels on my feet, black ribbons in my hair pulling them into twin drills, a pawprint clip in my bangs, and a pair of fake glasses on my face? Triple check!

*Is a teacher not supposed to show her thighs and midriff or something?
Get with the times!*

"Today's class is going to be perfect!" With a smug smile playing upon my luscious lips, I pushed my glasses up on the bridge of my nose and turned my attention back to the chalkboard. Unlike Arcana, *I*

couldn't remember being anyone *other* than *Privaty* – a Nikke and the teacher of this classroom. Having a job with so many responsibilities was *perfect* for me, a beautiful woman that was *incredibly* detail oriented!

Plus, the school had a pretty loose dress code! How else could I get away with wearing something so *sexy*?

“Let's see... the lesson plan...” I grabbed some chalk from the ledge of the board and stood on my tiptoes to reach as high as I could, inadvertently lifting the back of my skirt to show off more of my firm ass than I probably *should* have. I didn't think much about *what* I was writing, evidently, because I ended up simply writing '2x2' before I fell back down onto my heels. **“Hm? Why would I write *that*? What does it even mean?”**



As I paced in thought, I crossed my arms beneath my tits. It had been vaguely concerning, but within moments I'd forgotten about it entirely. **“Oh, right! I need to fetch supplies from the storeroom before class starts! Not to mention I need to print off the lesson printouts... Maybe I'll bump into the *commander* before class!”** It didn't strike me as odd at all that I licked my lips sensually at the thought. He was a pretty hot guy, and he'd been coming onto me. I was super lucky! And with that in mind, I ended up skipping out of the room.

Just *barely* missing the sudden appearance of a man at one of the desks in my classroom. He appeared to be asleep, but he was about to awaken and find the mysterious code that I had written on the chalkboard.

But it wouldn't be *as* mysterious to him.