

STOLEN THIEVES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It seemed they'd arrived a little too late.

Responding to a text sent by who they'd thought to be Yusuke, Akira and Futaba had run over to Makoto's apartment without delay. The only problem? The people waiting for them there *weren't* the Phantom Thieves at all. A tanned occultist, a tiny magician, a cosplay fanatic, a detective, a maid, and what sounded like someone else locked in the bathroom.

Confusion hit at first, but before they could be ushered into the apartment by unfamiliar faces Akira had taken Futaba's hand and made a mad dash for it. Clearly had been a move made in good sense, because the maid was quick to give chase. **“Wh-Who the hell are they!?”** Once they'd made it as far as the foyer, Futaba had finally made a point to ask the question that was on the both of their minds, but the boy didn't have any answers.

He only had suspicions.

“I don't know, but let's go back to Leblanc for the time being.” Checking behind him it seemed that their pursuer had gone missing. There didn't seem to be any sign of that maid, likely because there were too many guests in the foyer to make a move. On the way back they would have to make sure not to be caught alone just in case they were followed... but something told him they'd know where he was anyways.

After all, all of those strangers had been carrying the phones of the people they knew. Who was to say that his theory was actually an impossible one? Considering the Metaverse, Mementos, Personas,

Shadows, all of it? Could he really say in good faith that anything was an impossible scenario?

Afternoon turned to evening as the two retreated through Tokyo to Cafe Leblanc. They'd avoided talking to Sojiro, who was still manning the shop, as the duo quickly moved up to the attic in hopes that Morgana was there but he didn't seem to be. *Strange*. Even stranger, Sojiro himself seemed to be lingering around the cafe a bit longer than normal after close.

Not that they could complain about having an extra set of eyes. If they *were* being hunted then it wasn't exactly wise for the two of them to be alone. It wasn't as if the two were suspicious of Sojiro in the traditional sense, they just wondered if something was wrong. Maybe he'd seen people watching the store or something like that? But then again, he would have been the *first* to tell them if that were true.

“Haa... What are you two holed up here for exactly? I’m pretty sure I told *you* I didn’t want you staying here too late. Friends or not, he’s still a boy.” But any suspicion that something might have been amiss melted away once the old man came upstairs to deliver his usual speech to the two kids that lived under his roof... or well, *roofs*. **“Not to mention you two look like you’ve seen a ghost. Did something happen while you were out earlier? Do you want these? I noticed you looked off when you came in, so I made hot chocolate.”**

Futaba, whom had been sitting on Akira's bed while kicking her legs, was quick to bound up and run over to the man that was essentially her father, closing the gap even quicker than the boy that had been sitting by the television closer to the staircase Sojiro had come up in the first place. **“It’s... complicated! But we’re not in danger!”** She was lying. **“I promise I’ll go home in a bit, just let me stay a little longer...”**

She took a mug of hot cocoa and quickly took a sip while Akira did the same. But after getting a taste and giving a sudden glance of thanks to Sojiro, he noticed something *off*. *Sojiro was smiling*. That in itself was inherently strange, but it was the type of smile he was sporting. It didn't quite seem... himself. It was too *sweet*.

Just as the hot chocolate had been too sweet.

Akira threw out his arm, guarding Futaba from Sojiro much to the girl's confusion. **“Who are you? You’re not Sojiro, so where’s the real one?”** He remained cool but deadly serious, eyes glaring daggers at the

'old man' through his glasses. Futaba fidgeted in a panic, confused at what was happen, but 'Sojiro'? He merely chuckled, menacingly.

“Hm? So you figured it out did you? Even thought I thought this was pretty good. I guess it doesn't matter since you both already took a sip of the drinks.” The man reached for his face, fingers digging into his skin and pulling. And then? That face just came clean off along with the rest of his head to reveal a beautiful young woman with long, blue hair beneath. It was the girl from the apartment! The girl that had introduced herself as a Super *something or other* Cosplayer! How had she gotten ahead of them!?! **“So, uh... gotta go!”**

The stranger immediately made a dash down the stairs, and in the process of doing so she dropped a tiny device that let out a small detonation... enough to destroy the staircase. **“What the hell!?”** Akira recoiled, and Futaba caught him before he fell. But the two of them? They were feeling *very* flushed. Even if they'd managed to get down there, there was no saying how far they would have gotten before weakness set in.

But Akira didn't move from the top of the staircase, mind racing as he tried to figure out what that woman had done to them. In neglecting Futaba to do this, however, he missed the most immediate and obvious clues. Since the substance they'd injected? It worked on her smaller frame much quicker. She managed to put her mug down on the shelving nearby before things got *too* bad.

In a move calculated when the concoction had been created in the first place, it had stolen the younger girl's voice at first. Weakness made it difficult for her to move, too, so she couldn't call out to or even reach out to touch Akira so she could indicate that something was amiss. Not even as her bangs fell before her eyes in a strawberry blonde color that was atypical of her natural, bright orange shade could she cry out - she was left immobile and now, *afraid*.

Her small form quivered as the color was sapped from her skin, a complexion that was even paler than the one earned from a life spent indoors left to frolic. She felt cold and uncertain, yet how was she supposed to feel? Futaba's best guess was that the two of them had been poisoned by the hot chocolate. That would explain the fact that her hair color was growing so light, didn't it? Some poisons could rob those that ingested them of their color!

While she was right in theory, and technically she *had* been poisoned, the effects of the poison in question were hardly what she'd been expecting. Unless the poison that paled your skin and hair could *also* affect the volume and styling of the latter, as seemed to be the case here.

Her hair wasn't exactly becoming longer, but as the rest of the orange was slurped up by blonde it certainly took on a fluffier appeal. It ended up much wavier too, with the extremely straight qualities that made brushing said hair so easy unraveling to gives natural curvature to the varied clumps.

Futaba's mauve eyes glistened with a icy blue and the lashes that framed them thickened both in natural length and with the help of some carefully applied mascara. Deep within the back of her mind an accompanying thought had taken root. That *bigger was better* when it came to all things. *Eyelashes, machines, tits, dicks...* Her cheeks flushed. 'What!?'

While she couldn't find the strength to speak still, she still internally cried out in shock as her mind had begun to wander to some rather *unsavory* things. It wasn't like Futaba didn't know about sex nor did she not have an interest in it typically. She'd been a shut-in neet for so long that obviously she'd been to *that* side of the internet before when she was feeling the loneliest. But these thoughts and feelings? They were far too excessive when her interest in such things was usually secretive and measured.

Even so, she just couldn't get those thoughts out of her head! Why was she feeling so *horny*!? A droplet of drool had even fallen from the corner of her lips, escape found because a gap had been made by how those lips had inflated to a much more *mature* shape. Hey, *bigger was better*, right?

This was a motto that would come to wrack the rest of her body, and Futaba's clothing very promptly began to feel quite tight. It had begun in her lower body, around her hips. As quickly as it had begun the front button of her black micro-shorts was fired off like a bullet launched from a handgun. The cause? An increased tension around her waistband that had at first originated from a widening set of hips - the beginnings of the lower half of an hourglass.

But that tension could only be amplified by a weight that essentially blew out the back of her shorts. *Meat*. Soft, succulent meat that poured into the cheeks of her ass and brought them to the point that they were incredulously unsavory and lewd. Flesh popped up and over a waistband that couldn't hope to possibly contain them, her panties then hardly recognizable because they'd been flossed between her cheeks while the fronts were grinding into her crotch. It was uncomfortable but it also felt *kinda good*.

The grip of her shorts tightened with no thanks to her thighs, which received the runoff of fat that had turned a once tiny ass into a fat

formation that would readily draw the gaze of any attracted to a fine woman. And as much as she should have hated that thought? *It really got her heart racing now.* With her thighs now round and glistening, shorts gripping her pelvis like a vice grip, the growth then moved upwards.

Futaba's bellybutton deepened as her gut found itself toned with muscle. Not so much that some might find it unattractive, but not so flabby that others might feel the same way. With a tight waistline and the swell of those big hips, it really created the impression that she was turning into a real *sexy* beauty. A clenching around her chest all but made *sure* that would be a certainty.

Her nipples had already hardened because she was aroused, but they quickly began to dig into the soft cloth of her back tank top as the shirt itself grew more restrictive. It was plain to see why; after all she only needed to spare a glance downward to realize her breasts were pushing forward. It was a little known secret that Futaba opted not to wear a bra if she didn't need to because it was more comfortable that way, but in that moment she was extremely grateful that she'd chosen to follow this pattern that day.

The muscles in her back quickly tightened and strengthened to accommodate the greater load she was coming to carry, for there *was* a necessity in needing the tools to support that weight. After all, Futaba's top was receding upwards, showing off her toned belly while the shirt itself was filled with a pair of gigantic tits. '*When'd my ass get so fuckin' fat? Now my tits too!?*' Her thoughts were far more in line with the cruder voice that had sprung up earlier. She couldn't help but admire her own body, a pride building where panic should have been. As breasts grew into a pair of firm but bouncy Ds, she honestly felt prouder than she'd ever had in her life.

More aroused than she'd ever felt in her life too.

"Ahn! I feel so damn good!" For the first time since her transformation had begun she'd found the words to speak, and that drew Akira's attention behind him. It had only been roughly a minute since their assailant had escape, and he'd spun around just in time to see what was left of Futaba growing an entire *eight inches* while her clothing refitted itself as a modified, pink sailor uniform that made a point to show off her legs and cleavage, bindings present all across her thighs before leading into a pair of hefty utility boots. Even her glasses raised up, turning into a pair of goggles. *"Oi, who the fuck are you!?"* And, it seemed, she'd completely forgotten *who* Akira was.

The boy was dumbfounded. Who was this? Futaba had just been standing there and he'd seen this woman in her clothes, but... Could it actually be? Was one of his earlier theories right? **“Are you... Futaba?”**

“*Hah!?*” The stranger blurted out, sticking free her tongue in an attempt to look somewhat intimidating. **“The fuck are you going on about? My name's Miu Iruma, the Super High School Level Inventor and a hot piece of tail. Why the hell are you asking questions of me like that, huh!? Just because you're a little big here...!”**

“I'm Akira Kurs-- *AH!?*” About to give his own introduction to this harlot that he could only assume was Futaba, he was interrupted when the woman lurched forward and grabbed his chest. In a perfect world she would have grabbed hold of nothing, and Akira himself could hardly understand how he hadn't realized their arrival, but the woman's fingers wrapped around a tit that had pressed up against his sweater and jacket from beneath. One of a set of two.

He had a proper handle of what was happening but no means to stop it, particularly as Miu continued to violently fondle the CC cup breasts that had sprouted from his chest. Among the group they had encountered at Makoto's apartment there had only been one boy. If the others had been transformed like Futaba had, then that meant that some of the girls had been boys at some point beforehand. And judging by the fact that he now had a bosom uncomfortably lifting up his top and the feminine moan that had escaped his lips when groped? *He'd soon be joining them.*

“Would you let go of me!?” Akira eventually pushed Miu away with force, voice cracking between his usual pitch and a soft, woman's voice at strange intervals. No sooner than he'd pushed her however did he feel a sudden pang of guilt for being so pushy, a bubbling kindness that did not suit his current circumstances taking root and, ultimately, never letting go from that point forward. **“I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to... *Huh...?*”** Yes, he had. He'd totally meant to do that. She'd been groping her-- *HIM*, so what was she supposed to do?

Well, she supposed she could have asked nicely first!

Bright blonde hair cascaded past his shoulders as he struggled to understand what type of attitude he should be taking with Miu, the scent of strawberries ever wafting from each soft strand. Bangs ended up swept to the left and a single ahoge sprouted from atop his head, but Akira was too distracted internally. He could tell his body was still changing but had no answer for how to stop or reverse it.

Eyes went wide like a deer in headlights as he finally settled on the only 'answer' he had while those eyes themselves became a deep, dark purple. His fate had been crafted by the seeds of rebellion, a desire to overthrow the order of a world that too heavily benefited seedy adults. But now? He could tell. His rebel's spirit had all but faded. There was only an acceptance in its wake even if he, deep down, was still searching for an answer.

The mold of his head gradually changes, accentuating features in a way more befitting of a pretty young woman than a handsome young man. Lips grew pronounced and glossy while cheekbones found themselves hoisted high, chin curving gently into a thinned neck. Up high, lashes danced long beneath thin, blonde brows. Her expression bore indicators that he had become anxious, and to counter that anxiety his mind had wandered to one strange thing in particular: *pianos*.

Akira was well studied, but not in that kind of thing. But he suddenly knew how to play all of the chords, all of the most famous piano pieces out there (and even some that weren't so famous). It built to the point that all he really wanted to do was play the piano. "**N-No... That's not me...!**" A small part of him held on however, at the very least until *it* began to play.

A piano melody played over the speakers downstairs. Another calculated move by their assailants meant to guarantee submission before all was said and done. "**Debussy's Claire de Lune?**" Even if it was an easily identifiable piece, the last remaining Phantom Thief had never heard it before that moment. And he'd identified it so quickly. It soothed his worries, dulled his mind, and allowed the rest of the changes to sweep through him without resistance nor consequence.

Miu just cocked her head to the side as she watched the boy - *girl?* - lull into a sense of security, eyes closing as his frame diminished. Clothing grew baggier even with those tits in the way, but slowly but surely they all found a new fit as well. His jacket and sweater becoming a white dress shirt and purple uniform vest for example, breasts now supported by an appropriately sized brassiere. It all hugged his narrowed torso gently, showing off the effeminate curvature of his tummy.

Purple and pink plaid spread through his pants as the legs rolled upwards, ultimately fanning out into what was evidently a pleated skirt. This left the flesh of his thighs revealed, bringing to attention how much more voluminous they became as fat made them both rounder and wider. While the back finished its transmogrification into a skirt, once tight buns bulged out with notable jiggle until they were practically triple their past size. A caboose to match those tits of... *hers*.

Because with everything else going on around her pelvis, it was only natural that her biology would finally come to completely match. The penis that had charmed many-a-social link finally met its match and withered away, leaving naught but a flat from and a woman's entryway beneath trimmed, blonde pubes. It was all packaged nicely within a pair of lacy, pink undergarments.

Socks stretched up to her knees, squeezing the muscle mass from each leg and thinning them as the color of the cloth darkened to purple, and while shoes browned and crunched around her toes it likewise felt like her fingers were being crunched at the same time. Digits on both sets of appendages collapsed and became far daintier than they'd once been, with long manicured nails painted the same purple as her vest.

“Oi, Kaede? You alright there? I’ll let you pushing me pass just this once, but only if you scissor me right now!” Miu was still fresh off the arousal train from her own transformation, and seeing Akira transform hadn't really helped that situation. She could tell. Whoever that once was? She was Kaede now. Which meant she'd be *plenty* fun to tease.

As evident by the fact that upon opening her eyes, Kaede immediately covered her chest and shielded herself from Miu's gaze. **“A-Absolutely not!”** Especially not with Claire de Lune still playing. She would not soil such a beautiful song! **“Miu, does Sojiro even know you're up here? He told me you shouldn't visit at night.”** Strangely enough Kaede could still remember Sojiro taking her in. And Miu? She was... a niece of his that was staying at his house while her parents were out of the country?

“Yeah? Well I get he doesn't want us foolin' around, but how am I supposed to get out with no stairs?”

“...Oh.” Good point.

One month passed like nothing of note had even happened. The legend of the Phantom Thieves was not only snuffed out with no more Phantom Thieves to do good deeds, but smeared by false Thieves as set up by Shido. His election campaign went on without a hitch, and so he came to power as the prime minister of Japan.

But what of the ex-Phantom Thieves? Or who they were now? While all of them mirrored characters from a game known as Danganronpa V3, they were merely replicas crafted by the occultists that Shido had initially hired. The spells allowed them to exist in this world as if they

always had, and so each of their circumstances was different. Life continued on as normal, but the bar for 'normal' had been slightly moved higher thanks to each of the unique talents the group had been blessed with.

But none shone brighter than Kaede. Reality may have changed, but she still inherited the Confidant relationships that Joker and forged over his time in the city. Whether she liked it or not, with those relationships already established and with her own natural kindness and charisma, she drew the attention of plenty of men and women alike. But she wouldn't two-time and ultimately settled to spend her life with Hifumi Togo, whom she shared a passion for pursuing the things she loved. Kaede became a world famous pianist with this beautiful Shogo master at her side.

Stories like this popped up for each of the SHSLs in a world where SHSLs did not actually exist. And yet there was *one*...

“Onee-san! I’m telling you it’s true! I’m not actually Tenko! Don’t you remember who I used to be? I was Makoto, your little sister!” Reality had changed so that Tenko was an exchange student living with Sae Nijima, but her mental bindings hadn't been tight enough. Tenko remembered everything, even if no one else did, even if she was still forced to act as the manic lesbian Tenko was. But she didn't want to give up. One day she wanted to do it...

“One day I’ll get Himiko to date me...! Wait! I mean... I’ll save everyone!”

That wasn't very convincing.