

# FOR MY NEXT TRICK

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“No one has heard from Akechi-kun in days now, and now these letters came. Do you think he exposed the Phantom Thieves to someone?”** Honestly it was shocking Ann could ask this question so calmly considering what both Makoto and herself had just witnessed. They were at Makoto’s apartment, and there was both screaming and yelling from the bathroom they’d locked from the outside.

Quite plainly: *that girl had been Yusuke.*

They’d each received a letter from Masayoshi Shido’s political campaign just days before they’d planned on infiltrating his palace, but before opening them all that were available had decided to meet up at Makoto’s place. Yusuke had opened his first, and after reading it they’d watched his body shrink, tan, and even change sexes until he was a hyperactive girl that called herself ‘Angie Yonaga’ and threatened to transform them as well. *All they had to do was read their letters.*

So naturally? They locked her in the bathroom. **“Takamaki, how can you be so calm about this? Yusuke-kun just transformed into a girl.”** She wasn’t even Yusuke: but a girl. She was a completely new woman altogether.

**“I don’t know! It’s the only thing keeping me together. Did Joker get back to you?”** They both knew that reading their own letters was absolutely off the table, yet Ann’s fingers had begun to slide across the table to pick hers up. While Makoto was distracted by her phone to check, she ended up reading it before realizing what she was doing. **“Huh!? Why did I...!?”**

Alone in the bathroom the freshly transformed Angie was chanting. She wasn't sure where she'd learned this chant, she just knew it could compel the *'weak-willed'* to do her bidding. Such as reaching cursed letters.

But it was already too late for Ann. The distorted ankh emblem on the back of the parchment was already glowing and from the girl's point of view the enter paper was radiating with an intoxicating, green energy. *Magic. Witchcraft.* The fruits of Shido's newly found alliance with the occult. While he'd re-purposed Akechi into a useful maid, the forms of the rest of the thieves didn't quite matter. He just wanted them to become useless and out of his hair.

**“Takamaki? Why did you read that!?”** Makoto's mind raced but she could not see the energy that temporarily entranced her friend. She was just too stunned to formulate a response, and the green light was as if a glowing tendril had clawed into her brain and making itself a little home. It was throwing away clutter so it could move its own things in, but in this case that clutter was memories.

To begin with? It was her *skills*. She couldn't remember anything about being a Phantom Thief or summoning a Persona any longer, but she could recall... *magic tricks*? Sawing someone in half, escaping from handcuffs underwater while surrounded by deadly piranhas, simple card tricks. It was all there, and distracted by it she put the letter back down on the table. **“Makoto... I feel funny... D-Do you want to see a trick?”** She struggled with her mental state and ended up blurting something out that made Makoto even more confused than she'd been before, and with a voice that sounded much higher in pitch than normal.

*A trick?*

Like magic? A prank? Makoto didn't really know where that had come from nor where it was going, she just knew something seemed to be wrong with one of her closest friends. **“Takamaki, your eyes!”** This was just like what had happened with Yusuke. Ann's baby blues were looking more like worn, reddish brown by contrast -- not to mention their shapes seemed to changed. Ann wasn't wholly Japanese and it was often reflected in her gaze, but that reflection was no longer valid. The gentle slopes that had indicated half of her heritage was Western had become narrower to say the least.

And that was without examining her face as a whole. Rounder and rounder everything became, to the point that she ended up sporting a pair of chubby cheeks and a rather plain looking smile thanks to lips that bore no exaggeration. They were certainly more typically Japanese,

giving her a face that was certainly a far cry from that of the acting model had become. **“Huh? My eyes? What’s wrong with ‘em?”** The girl’s expression was almost one of disinterest, or perhaps it was fatigue? Either way her eyelids had rested a little lower than normal, almost a better match for her new face.

**“They’re red-- why are you speaking like that? And your hair!?”** That style of speech was certainly casual even for Takamaki, but Makoto was pulled away from pursuing this as she noticed streaks of ruby red standing out against her usual blonde. They were almost aglow with how pronounced they were, and before the senior’s eyes her junior’s head had essentially burned aflame with ruby until not a single trace of the old hair color remained.

This came with an additional cost: the length. Ann’s hair was long and luscious, natural curls given it a soft, touchable appeal. Yet it straightened to the point of lunacy and pulled back (*though this felt to be little more than a gentle tug on her head from the victim’s point of view*) to rest at her chin length. **“Speaking like what? What’s wrong with you? Why’d you lock Angie in the bathroom?”**

Ann spared a glance to the bathroom door, and as she did so her position on the chair she was resting on was forcibly altered. It was like she was made of cotton and had been run through a hot laundry cycle, head slowly falling closer and closer to the wood seat she was resting all while limbs likewise regressed.

The brunette didn’t even have the words anymore. Ann had become a head shorter than she was used to before her very eyes, and it seemed her losses weren’t only limited to height. The front of her uniform had sunk in, a telling sign that the redhead’s breasts had seen significant shrinkage, and her skirt was only held on by the mercy of the fact that she was sitting down. **“Earth to Tenko?”**

**“What? Tenko? Who is that?”** Straight laced as she was, Makoto still snapped to attention when ‘Ann’ spoke to her. This short, stubby, disinterested-looking girl looked *nothing* like her former friend, just as Angie looked nothing like Yusuke. If the transformation of the first was any indication it was only a matter of time before-- *Yup*.

The sweater Ann adorned darkened, greenish black spreading throughout it and eliminating any individuality from its features. Material thinned but grew firmer, fit better cut for her new frame as it became a button up blazer. The dress shirt she wore for school beneath grayed into blouse while a brown sweater vest was made from the excess cloth of her sweater.

Her skirt ended up growing puffy and bright red as her leggings turned black, tightening around her chubby little thighs as they shrunk to fit. Finally it was only her footwear that remained, and from loafers came a pair of medieval style boots that surprisingly didn't clash with the rest of her ensemble. Including the giant witch's hat.

Wait, where had that come from?

**“Huh? Are you dumb or something? I thought you had a crush on me or something stupid? I'm Himiko Yumeno remember? Stop looking at me like you don't know who I am...”**

Of course none of this made sense to Makoto. She looked back down at her phone frantically. Still no response from Joker or the others! **“I'm sorry Himiko, we *don't* know each other.”** She had to be firm, and she had to contain this friend that was once Ann before the others arrived. Legs stood, but for some reason her arm swiped her own letter from the table as she did so and opened it. **“W-Wait!?”**

Angie was still chanting in the bathroom.

As the green glow had now seized Makoto, Himiko stood and began to walk towards the bathroom. **“I guess since you're still sorting yourself out I'll free Angie. She's my friend after all, whether you like it or not.”** This sounded pointed as if there was some kind of history behind those words.

They agitated Makoto whose mind was being probed by the curse. Not because Himiko was freeing Angie or anything of the sort, but because something about Himiko being friends with Angie bothered her on a fundamental level. *Angie wasn't good for Himiko! Himiko shouldn't trust her! But Himiko never listens to me even though I've warned her!*

**“Wh... What!?”** Those feelings had been so intense that Makoto could have sworn they were her *own*. Though as her reddish-brown eyes began to swirl with an emerald green that ultimately pushed the brown away entirely, it was evident there were surfacing physical concerns as well.

Her short brown hair saw itself darkening exponentially all of a sudden, the length curling and spilling down her back in a way that almost elicited reminiscence of the tale of Rapunzel in its vigor. She retained her fringe bangs, but they ended up swept in the opposite direction which leaned into presenting her facial features in a different light.

Said facial features were becoming different enough on their own however. A singular beauty mark appeared on her chin, beneath her lips

to the left, while something about her overall beauty appeal became more natural. Makoto was simple but pretty on her own, with no real features that would make her stand out in a crowd. Thanks to softening facial traits like bigger eyes and fuller lips, paired with the new contrast of her emerald eyes with her dark hair and fair skin, she was certainly attaining a new level of individuality. Incidentally, as her eyebrows darkened they *did* become a little bushier.

Makoto suddenly realized what Himiko was doing as she saw the shorter girl fidgeting with the bathroom lock. “**Himiko! Don’t let Angie out yet!**” Her voice was certainly different but she hadn’t taken notice. She was just feeling... anxious? Not about her transformation either, but because it felt like Himiko was choosing Angie over her. Wait... *no!* That was Ann and she was choosing Yusuke! She couldn’t allow herself to fall into this trap!

*Even so, Himiko just turned to her and stuck out her tongue.*

*...So cute.*

Her clothing suddenly felt rather restrictive. It was like her uniform was no longer tailored to the proper fit, and there were *several* reasons why this was the case. First there was her muscle mass to consider. Makoto was already quite fit, but her muscles weren’t exactly pronounced in any sense of the word. They’d tensed though, and once they relaxed all of the muscles across her body swelled into new sizes. If she were to flex her arms those muscles would certainly stick out, as did her toned abs normally and the strength that bolstered the width of each thigh, taking them from thick to *thicc*.

She’d thought it weird for a moment, but then she remembered. *Of course* she was muscular? She would be pretty ill-fitted for the title of *Super High School Level Aikido Master* if she had spaghetti limbs!

The other two reasons for her clothes becoming tight were proportional. Thighs were part of one and her leggings had grown misshapen over their new thickness, but it was her ass that needed more pronounced attention. Buns had struck the balance of both big and tight, so strong that she could probably pick up a pencil if she clenched her cheeks around it.

And then there was, of course, her breasts. She hadn’t seen much of a change in the way of height like Ann transforming into Himiko had, but the front of her shirt was yanked up to reveal her toned tummy as breasts jumped up not one, but two full sizes to sit very uncomfortably within her bra. All in all she was a total looker, the kind of gal any guy might drool over.

But all of her feelings, lustful or not, were aimed *squarely at other girls*.

Seeing Himiko was still struggling with the lock, Makoto finally stood and began to move over to her, forgetting entirely about the glowing, green letter she'd left on the table. New preferences and impulses led her, but the tightness of her attire considering the circumstances could not be ignored were motion such as walking involved. That was why, when her own costume began to change, it had become something of a growing relief.

**“Are you really having problems with that lock Himiko? Do you want me to help? Let me help!”** Her concerns had moved from ‘don’t let Angie out’ to *‘this is a chance to help and impress Himiko!’* rather quickly, even as the redhead scoffed at the offer. Not that it mattered, because she was having problems walking forward with how tight her leggings were.

*But no longer.* At first it appeared that the few holes that had appeared in the spandex as she'd thickened were growing larger, and that was technically true but these holes just kept growing. Even as the upper and lower segments were severed entirely the gaps grew, with the lower portion thickening into knee high socks as the upper portion kneaded with her panties to form a pair of bicycle shorts. An important tool to keep her naughty bits hidden if she had to deliver a powerful kick!

Plaid skirt began to consistently lighten to a cool blue that would be a common coloration throughout the rest of her uniform, its short, smooth design fanning out into a set of frills that didn't really seem to match the aesthetic of sporty appeal she might have sought. But she didn't seek that appeal. *She wanted to look feminine so girls would take notice!*

Her navel was already bare thanks to increased bust size pulling her top upward, and it remained bare even as some of the stress of undersized attire lessened and the blue from her skirt began to flow throughout her once-sweater, now-double breasted crop top, with four buttons beneath her breast. A white seifuku-style collar ultimately emerged to rest around her neck and shoulders, while more white took shape in a pair of ribbons that paired her ankle length hair into thin tails. From there, a green pinwheel bow was fastened behind her head and a lilac headband and choker, both from a matching set, appeared as if from nothing with a star ornament and bell on either accessory respectively.

With her maneuverability returned to her, it was but a hop and a skip for **Tenko** to meet **Himiko** in front of the bathroom door. Was she really having that much trouble with the door? Realistically it had only been

about thirty seconds since Makoto's transformation had begun and finished, putting Himiko's clumsiness into perspective.

Himiko looked up at Tenko and puffed up her cheek. "**Fine, I guess you can do it. But be nice to her, got it?**" Pointed as usual when both Tenko and Angie were involved, but she really did appreciate Tenko. It would just help her case more if she chilled a little bit.

"**I get it! I get it!** *I just wish you defended me like you defend her...*" The second half was naught but a whisper, and it only took Tenko a moment to undo the simple lock, revealing an exhausted looking Angie.

"**NYAHAHAHA!**" Right out of the gate she'd laughed that weird laugh of hers, making Tenko roll her eyes. Only for Himiko to immediately jab her in the side with her elbow. "**I knew you two would free me, just as Atua predicted!**" Angie actually had recollection of Shido, and why she'd been sent here. She was meant to be a spiritual guide for the others, leading them to their transformations through *whatever means necessary*.

She strut around like she owned the place (*another personality trait that irked Tenko*), before eventually allowing her frail, tanned form to fall upon the couch where she picked up Yusuke's her phone. "**I need to send the good word to the others, to show them Atua's light as well!**" Translated to: trying to mislead the other Phantom Thieves here so she could make sure they were transformed just at the trio of them had.

"**She's crazy.**" Tenko grumbled without silencing herself at all, leading to another jab in the abs by Himiko. "**Ow!?**" It hurt, but if it came from Himiko then it was kind of okay! Maybe if Himiko stepped on her that'd be okay too? She was thinking of something perverse, and her depraved expression showed it. "**ACK?!**" She was struck again, this time kicked by Himiko whom had taken notice.

**"Shut up."**

**"I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING!"**

**"You didn't have to."**