

# YAKUZA PRINCESS

## JUNE REQUEST STORY

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Makoto couldn't help but feel like this was all in a little poor taste. Sure, it had been *her* idea for the members of the Phantom Thieves to give one another movies to watch as a fun activity to talk about the next day, but the genre she'd been offered by Ryuji? *Yakuza*. Sure, she did like them, but wasn't it a little *too* soon? Did he even remember the incident that had brought her to the Phantom Thieves in the first place? *It had only been like a month ago*. But still, those were the conditions they'd set, and it was a good way to better understand the preferences of one another... she just wished she'd gotten a different partner, or at least a different movie.

At least she had the apartment to herself. Her elder sister was out working a case, and so she was left by her lonesome that eve. This meant she could use the television in the living room at a decent volume, a benefit she wasn't often afforded. So after a nice, long shower during which she put her school day behind her and after making and eating some comfort food, Makoto settled down on her couch.

"*Yakuza Hime 4*, huh..." Reading the name aloud, she imagined the only benefit of the doubt she could give Ryuji on this one was that the main character seemed to be a woman. All in all? It wasn't a terribly long flick. About an hour in length, it featured the rise and fall of a badass and attractive yakuza princess that ran an honorable gang. '*Honorable*' might not have been the right word, since breaking the law was breaking the law, but she supposed as a Phantom Thief she couldn't really judge too harshly.

By the time the movie had ended it was already after 10pm, which meant it was practically her bedtime. As the credits rolled she couldn't help but think about how tired she was, and how she needed to move to her bed, but she didn't make it that far. Dozing off, she thought she heard a voice after the credits. "*The next Yakuza*

*Hime is YOU!*" Surely it was just a throwaway line to tease the next movie in the low quality film series?

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**"Mm... How long did I sleep?"** Makoto was extremely disoriented when she stirred next. She was sure she'd fallen asleep on the couch, yet it wasn't the familiar scent of her apartment that greeted her nostrils. No, the overwhelming scent of cigarette smoke was in its place. Did Sae bring someone home? A smoker? That didn't sound like her at all. It was dark in the room, and when she went to push herself up by pushing her arm into where she expected the edge of her couch to be, but instead slid off of the surface entirely as she caught air.

Her body smacked against unfamiliar carpet, the scent of cigarettes baked into its very existence from what could only be presumed as continuous smoking inside. By feeling her hands around it seemed like there was... chip crumbs on the ground too? And if the scent of whatever dampness she'd touched was to be believed, someone had spilled alcohol as well.

These were just a few of the red flags that were registering. Had she been kidnapped? By whom? An enemy of her sister? An enemy of the Phantom Thieves? The latter was unlikely but possible. Against all odds she eventually found a smartphone resting on a table not far from the couch, and using its glow she then found the light switch on the wall. The room now alight, Makoto was in a better position to judge her fate.

She'd definitely woken on a couch, though it was made of a much gaudier leather than the one she'd fallen asleep on. Much like the carpet and wallpaper of the small room, it was frayed and had a number of holes in it. Cigarette butts and food crumbs littered the ground, a large bottle of finished sake resting on the table in the room's center. It was disgusting, the kind of place no one should have lived. Yet why was it so familiar? She felt like she'd seen it recently...

There was a tiny table by the door, and upon it was something dangerous. A live gun. One with a peculiar engraving on it. **"Yakuza Hime?"** Like the movie? Realization dawned on her. This room was in the movie Ryuji had lent her? What was going on here? A dream was her first thought, but it felt a little too real.

**"Fuck, I could really use a drink right about now."** For Makoto, it was something truly scandalous that she'd blurted out in that moment. For one: she didn't drink, she wasn't old enough. Second: she didn't swear. Ever. She had more manners than that. Out of concern she brought fingers to her lips. Was she getting too caught up in things with the setting? But it wasn't just that. She was getting inexplicably shaky, like she needed something. Not consciously, but rather her *body* wanted something.

The taste of her own mouth started to seem unusual. Technically speaking it had tasted of the food she'd eaten before falling asleep, but as she tried to moisten an unusually dry feeling tongue she found the taste being washed around was... *gross*,

actually. It tasted how the room smelled. Like cigarettes, like booze. Beside the gun on the table there was a pack of cigarettes with a lighter sticking out. Makoto grabbed them without thinking and lit it as if it was completely natural before she choked on the inhale. "**What am I doing!?**" She could barely stifle her own coughing as her chest heaved in and out, her body growing incredibly warm as her presence begun to conform to the movie setting she'd unwillingly been pulled into.

Makoto was going to be the lead actress after all. The next *Yakuza Hime*.

Whatever was happening, she knew she had to get out of that room. Leaving the smokes on the table again she spun around and made a grab for the door handle... but there was none? "**The fuck!?**", she shouted an expletive once more, confident there had been one the first time she'd looked. Was this someone's way of telling her there was no way for her to leave? The thought made her angry, a little unnaturally so. But instead of channeling that anger at the door she instead sunk her fingers into the material of her top and tore it in two, shedding everything but her underwear. "**Much better.**" In truth she'd grown so warm that she could no longer take being fully dressed, the aggression she'd felt serving as a fitting fuel to decimate her outfit with unusual ease.

Though it wasn't that unusual if one looked at Makoto's arms once they were free. She'd grown a lot more fit as a Phantom Thief, what with all the running and fighting they did, but the level of muscle tone around her arms was completely unlike what she was used to. They were still *slender*, but they bulged with power at the same time. This was a trait that became common throughout her body as her stomach suddenly tensed up, an eight pack of abs clearly defined across her tummy. They didn't only demand respect, but they were incredibly sexy. Makoto herself couldn't help but run her fingers across them. "**When did I...?**"

*Damn*, her own body was making her more and more aroused. She guided herself back to the couch as scars engraved themselves across her extremely tight torso. As if she'd known, longer fingers reached to the drawer of the table and pulled out a pitch black, double sided dildo. It looked like it would usually be used with a partner, but pickers couldn't be choosers. Extended fingernails slid beneath the straps of black panties that seemed more erotic than they had been previously and slid them down to her knees, leaving not only her pussy but a bushier than normal set of pubes fully exposed. "**No, this is fucking wrong.**" But as many times as she made herself aware of how nothing made sense, of how this wasn't her, she couldn't seem to stop herself from acting in accordance with a script she couldn't see.

Gripping the center of the dildo she held it square with her pussy and forced it in, body alight with pleasure as it struggled to slide in properly at first. But while she wasn't accustomed to its size at first, the next it went in her lips and insides seemed to part to accommodate it, almost like this was a normal occurrence. Makoto bit her lower lip as the sex toy grew moister with her own fluids, the plumpness of facial lips gone unnoticed as she began to rock her pelvis into the toy.

With each thrust the shape of her legs began to change. They grew longer, the same quality of muscle that gave her a firm stomach and a rocky back building. But the muscle wasn't alone. It was a light jiggle at first, but before long her thighs danced with abundant and squeezable fat. Because she was fucking hot and she knew it. Even as scars that looked like stitched wounds spread across them, Makoto knew full well her appeal. Ass ballooned as well, position against the couch adjusted ever so slightly as cheeks struggled to stay on the furniture as her body began to rock more and more violently.

Free hand reached for the bottle of sake she'd presumed to be empty on the table top even as her juices began to soak into the couch beneath her. She was pleasantly surprised to find it half full, and sloppily poured the alcohol down her throat as some splashed down her bare front. Well... bare aside from her bra, but pressure had begun to build even there. Nipples were naturally erect from her arousal, but they only engorged more as they changed to better suit strong but sexy woman she was becoming.

They pressed into her bra, which grew in kind as her modest breasts began to swell. Once Makoto put the bottle down, hand soaked with sake began to massage her right tit as it swelled beneath her touch. She couldn't help it as moans were generated along with ill-fitting cuss words to accent her pleasure, and before long tits were so ample that they bounced up and down as she rocked against the dildo. She'd never experienced a pleasure like this before, not that she could remember. But she also kind of could? It would only be better if her hot gyaru yakuza girlfriend had been there to share in the experience.

Muscles and tits aside, the quality of her body had changed in others ways as well. Not only had her body become more chiseled, but she'd definitely begun to look older as well. It showed most prominently in her face, which seemed to be an older and more worn version of her usual self (*short of how the color of her eyes had dulled*), from how open her pores were to the cuts and scratches that had scarred her features.

An exclamation of relief bellowed as she finally climaxed, and with the climax a series of tattoos spread across her arms, legs, and down the side of her torso. They were traditional, the kind of imagery you'd find on a yakuza member that just went to hell and back for her gang. But that was who Makoto was, wasn't it?

The moment she'd started to get off to her predicament was the moment the high school student had lost and the thirty year old Yakuza Hime role had won. The pack of cigarettes that had been by the door had moved beside the sake bottle at some point, and Makoto readily lit one as she let her sweat and juice soak into the couch she slept on. Her second in command and girlfriend, Haru, would be by soon and she knew just how hot that girl got when she was *already* hot. Well, she also had her way with Ann, the third in command as well. The three of them kind of had a *thing*.

Smoke exhaled, the yakuza boss ran fingers down her naked body once more, examining the many scars that decorated her body. It was hard to run a ring this big sometimes. Not only was she always running from the police, but from rival yakuza too. She was just like to have a loyal group of bad bitches running in her shadow. Haru and Ann were her strongest two.

Lost to pleasure and alcohol, the woman laid down on the couch once more, another hand idly playing with her breast. **"I'm fucking bored."** And she would be, at least until Haru showed up and they could plan their next move.