

DEVIL ACCEPTANCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Ren Amamiya had been to this place plenty of times in the past.

There was no denying the similarities between the lives of this boy, also known as *Joker* of the Phantom Thieves, and both Makoto and Yu. All three of them were Persona users, and all of them had been branded with the Fool Arcana. The only thing that separated them was *time*, and even then? Perhaps in another world there might have been some sort of opportunity for them to meet in some capacity. Maybe, in say, a *labyrinth* of some kind? But this certainly wasn't that timeline.

Though, in a strange way they *would* eventually come to meet.

While he hailed from the future, just like the other two? Ren had a Velvet Room of his own to visit. One maintained by the very same Igor, though the attendants and the shape of the Velvet Room seemed to depend on the era. Or, perhaps, the shape of the *Fool's* heart. For Makoto it had been an elevator, and for Yu it had been a limousine. But for Ren? It was a *prison* – fitting for a boy who had found himself on the wrong side of the law, even though he had arrived there as the consequences of good intentions.

“**Hm?**” And much like the other two, he had *immediately* noticed that something was off when he first arrived. He had chosen to come to the Velvet Room on his own after class. There were no plans to visit Mementos that evening, but they were planning on scouting out a Palace after school on the following day. For an operation like that, Ren had wanted to make certain that his Personas were as strong as they could be.

But now? He could only wonder if that would even be possible. After all, he always did his business from behind bars. Caroline and Justine, the twin attendants, usually took care of his requests begrudgingly (yet dutifully) when asked, defaulting to Igor that sat in the middle of the room beyond his cell to carry those requests out. But it would have been difficult to do *any* of that without any of those individuals present.

“**Hello?**” The boy didn’t usually speak unless he had to, and as it turned out? This was probably one of those times. His voice echoed throughout the Velvet Room, its prison-design leaving hollowed corridors and equally empty cells to reflect his voice. But there was *no* response, not even as he called out again. Though, the second time? He gripped onto the steel bars of the cell door as he tried to get as close as possible.

CREAK!



That door usually supported his weight. It was normally firmly locked without any wiggle room for motion, so he’d grown accustomed to leaning on it whenever he spoke to the Velvet Room attendants. But in this instance? “**Woah!?**” He couldn’t help but cry out with surprise as the door swung open under his weight, causing him to stumble out – thankfully catching his own weight and correcting his posture before he could full-on fall in the meantime.

Once he was out? Despite never being *allowed* to leave his cell in the past, he didn’t hesitate. If the sound of that cell door swinging open and his screaming hadn’t been enough to attract the attendants *or* Igor, then they were probably just incapable of hearing him. Which meant that something was *wrong*. He needed to search for clues, and there *had* been something out of place that he had noticed aside from the unoccupied space and the open door.

Ren beelined towards the desk where Igor usually sat. It was usually covered in books, but it had been completely wiped aside from *something*. He hadn’t been sure of *what* it could be from afar, but there had been a glint of gold. The moment he drew closer, the more obvious it became. “**A card?**” Everything else was gone aside from a single, golden tarot card that was flipped face down on the desk.

With no other avenues of investigation, he made the exact same mistake that the other two Fools had. He picked it up and turned it over to check

which arcana card it was. “**The Devil...**” He didn’t really know enough about the arcana to know what that might have meant. In the first place, he didn’t know if that card even served a purpose. Could Igor have just forgotten to clean up? No, it had been left in far too obvious of a location to simply have been left there on accident, so...

“...!?” A sudden warmth that flowed into the hand holding the card prompted him to drop it back onto the table, drawing his gaze to see that the golden item was *glowing*. “**What?**” It occurred to him at that very moment that there was an option he hadn’t considered. He had been looking for clues, thinking that the Velvet Room was a place of relative safety. He’d never *heard* about it being attacked or anything like that. But there *was* an option he hadn’t considered. That the room was impenetrable.

For that reason, he hadn’t considered that the possibility that the one item left within the Velvet Room might have been a *trap*.

Joker immediately began to consider *leaving*, but that brought him back around to a point he hadn’t considered. *Could* he leave? The door in his cell that usually led him back to the real world was *missing*. Did its existence hinge on the attendants being present? But that meant he had no means of leaving the Velvet Room on his own in the case that he actually *was* in danger. At that point? It was certainly difficult to say for certain, but he *did* have a bad feeling. His skin felt much warmer after the card’s glow had permeated throughout his body.

He looked back at the cell he’d left through just to make sure that there wasn’t an exit. “**What should I do...?**” He was ignorant to the reality that his body had already begun to undergo a number of strange *tweaks* – the first of which being a softening of his skin that likewise eviscerated any unnecessary body hair from his arms, torso, and legs. His pubes, brows, and the hair on top of his head all remained in place. But just because it all remained didn’t mean that it was ultimately left untouched.

The *opposite* was true, in fact. In the roots of every hair upon his body that remained, his natural black color paled. It turned brown for but an instant, but then quickly pivoted towards grey in a way that briefly almost made it seem as if his hair was *aging*. But that wasn’t actually the case at all. It *wasn’t* grey, and that became all the clearer as the coloring moved up each strand. It was more of a healthy *silver*, which wasn’t actually a normal hair color where he came from. It was more reminiscent of the hair color of the Velvet Room attendants.

“**How can I leave if... if...?**” If *what*? Ren appeared to be hung up on the question, but he couldn’t identify *what* exactly was tripping him up

in the first place. Something didn't really make *sense*, but he was being stopped from placing whatever it was that was tripping him up. Yet, in the meantime? His hair took the opportunity to change further. His eyebrows thinned and his pubes became fuller, but the silver hair atop his head *straightened* and *grew*, eventually reaching a few inches past his shoulders.

But while his hair *grew*? It almost seemed as if the length that was applied to the boy's mane had been stolen from her stature. It hadn't been particularly apparent, but whether it was his arms, legs, or even his torso, an inch had been pulled away from his overall height. There were some side effects that rippled throughout the rest of her body as a side effect of this however, such as his hands and feet shrinking and slimming to better match what was becoming of his frame. But then why did his fingernails grow longer?

“Where am I trying to leave again?” It had to be the room that he was in, right? It certainly felt familiar enough for him to say that it wasn't a *foreign* location to him, but at the same time? He couldn't remember *where* it was somehow. **“Wouldn't I just need to look for... a... door...?”** It had taken Joker a long winded sentence for him to arch a thinned eyebrow at the sound of his own voice of all things. Was that *right*? Was it not a little too *high*? A little too *feminine*? Or was it *normal*?

The new sound of his voice definitely aligned with the traits he had pondered, but it didn't actually clash with his *appearance*, which was what had actually led to that voice changing in the first place. The Adam's apple in his neck had smoothed away, for example, and that had prompted the initial change in pitch, but there was so much more happening while that voice evened out into its new, consistent tone.

The lips the boy's words were spoken through showed signs of swelling, their shapes maturing until they were fuller *and* poutier before long. His nose, on the other hand, narrowed when it came to its nostrils despite its bridge lengthening. The cheeks that framed it shortened thanks to his jaw slowly inching slightly close to his forehead, but they also became rounder as that feminine softness was accentuated. It didn't help that his eyes grew wider while red seeped into his irises, though his eyelids parted to steal away his Japanese genetics as well.

He looked more like a *European*... though he was not destined for a world where 'Europe' existed. He also looked *older*. Around *twenty four*.

Without thinking, he used his slender fingers to tug at his lengthier, sideswept bangs of silver. Ren didn't question their length, nor the sight

of the smaller fingers that had tugged upon them. He simply wanted to move them because they were hanging over his left eye, ignorant to what was happening on the sides of his head. And it really *was* astounding. He was destined for a world unlike his own, and evidently it was a world where people could have *animal ears*. His own fleshy pair had slowly crept up his head's sides, growing and fanning out while the cartilage flattened and thin, silver furs began to sprout from their changed shapes.

He was ultimately left with a pair of big, fluffy animal ears of an indiscernible creature, which was similar to what had become of *Nier*. He was, of course, heading to the same place that she had gone. Or, well, *she* was heading there anyways. "**Mmn!?**" For someone who'd been so adverse to making unnecessary noises before, she had certainly become much more talkative the more her body had changed. She didn't even *attempt* to stifle the sensual moan that left her lips as her cock and balls shriveled into very little before what remained folded into her newly opened pussy lips.

For all that had happened to Joker, her build hadn't really changed all that dramatically so far. Her uniform still fit more or less the same as it had prior to her sex changing, but it was also hiding a narrowed waistline and slimmer shoulders. Ultimately though, her sex changing finally prompted more visible problems *with* what she was wearing. Her hips were a good example of this, as they flared out and pulled the waistband of her pants down slightly.

In fact, her pants became a hotbed of visible change. The widening of her hips was just a precursor change; one necessary to set the stage for what came after. And what *did* come after was a swell of fat to her thighs and ass, tightening the pant legs around the former, while the latter peeked up and over the lowered waistband so that her bubbled ass was halfway exposed to the world. It was certainly *perky* if anything.

What was *just* as perky was the weight that pooled upon the woman's chest. Breasts would *naturally* grow within the trappings of her school uniform and push the fabric forward, but they weren't especially *large*. What they lacked in size they made up for with firmness though, and there was still plenty of good to be found in the C-cups that lifted her shirt to give her a figure that was quite modest and respectable overall. At the very least? Her chest and stomach had become even more toned than they'd been before.

She was much, much stronger than she had been as a Phantom Thief – which was a term she no longer even associated with herself. '*Evoker*' was the term she would have used to describe her new profession.

Something compelled *Fraux* to begin to walk back towards Joker's cell once her physical transformation had been completed. The Erune woman was still dressed in a boy's uniform that didn't quite fit her, but she had momentarily stopped complaining. In fact, she wasn't saying much at *all*. It was as if the Evoker of the Devil Arcana had been seized by a momentary trance. Perhaps *literally* 'possessed by The Devil'.



But as she passed through the cell door? It was like she had passed through the gate to another dimension. What awaited her on the other side was a warm and homely cabin, with a personal bathroom now on the other side of the door she had just stepped through. But this 'portal' had changed her clothing as well. She ended up standing there in a crimson dress that was long on the right and shorter with a slit on the left. Her belly and inner boobs were also exposed.

"Hmm... All I have left to do is my hair, no?" She had experienced such a striking shift in environment and fashion, yet when the woman found herself snapped out of that trance? She didn't notice anything unusual at all. As Fraux saw it? She had just come out of her bathroom after getting changed. She had planned a night out with Nier and Maria Theresa, after all. Well, it was more like Maria Theresa and herself were *dragging* Nier out.

Apparently, she'd recently had a *date* with the captain, and while the Evokers were the farthest thing from besties... Who else was going to extract the details out of that mousey Erune? **"Doing my hair is such a pain in the ass though! Maybe I should just leave it?"** She glanced back at the bathroom, but for a split second? She expected a *prison* of all things to be there? She just shook her head to clear that thought away.

"Fiiiine! I'll curl it at least!" With a groan, she kicked off her heels and stormed back into the bathroom barefoot. It was a good excuse to take off those shoes more than anything, since even the curling process would at least take her twenty minutes. She still had over an hour until she was meeting the other two on the deck regardless.

But hey! The three Fools did eventually meet!

...Just as pretty girls instead!