

THIEVING BEAUTIES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kasumi Yoshizawa didn't know how to best approach her current dilemma.

She had encountered the mysterious Phantom Thieves several times now as she performed her own investigations into the goings on that plagued Tokyo at the time. A number of mysterious happenings had been taking place across the city. Trains crashing as the conductors suffered unusual accidents, famous figures suddenly having big *changes of heart*, and most of these incidents, whether true or not, had been pointed at the Phantom Thieves that acted within the shadows.

It was Kasumi's belief at this time that they weren't to blame for the bad, but they *were* to blame for the good. She had come to this conclusion through her own experiences. She'd *met* their leader for one and was confident in his true identity. Enough to know that he wouldn't do something like kill anyone. She also knew that what they accomplished was through the use of Personas; namely because she had recently acquired her own.

"Should I just ask him about it? Would that be too informal?" While the redhead had first been apprehensive about doing so, she'd concluded recently that she wanted to *join* the Phantom Thieves. The issue with this was that she couldn't figure out the best way to ask, and despite her appearances she wasn't as eloquent when it came to starting her own desires as she was with anything else. **"Maybe he'd be suspicious of me if I asked him at school...?"** She tended to overthink her social interactions too, which definitely *wasn't* helping.



The girl paced back and forth in her bedroom as she overthought, but eventually returned to her desk to pick up an item she had left on it. It was a trinket she had purchased at the market on her way home from school. It had been marketed as a good luck charm, but in retrospect it looked a little like a tiny computer chip, didn't it? Not that she had purchased it for the design. It was what the item *represented*.

“If only I was already a Phantom Thief... If I'd just awakened my Persona sooner, then...”

Kasumi's decision making process had devolved into her softly murmuring to herself as she clutched the 'good luck charm' in her palm. She held it in a way that it was obscured from her vision, which meant that she didn't see it blink with light when she uttered '*If only I was already a Phantom Thief...*'. But she *did* realize that something had changed when she went to rub the charm with her fingers. **“...Huh!?”**

Because the charm was no longer in her hand at all. **“Did I drop it? But I don't see it on the floor...”**

The teenager kept her floor *very* clean, so she would have easily been able to spot it. But she couldn't see it. Namely because she *hadn't* dropped it. It had been *absorbed into her body* instead. And that wasn't a phenomenon that was going to occur without any side effects. **“Where could it have gone?”**

Kasumi didn't realize this of course, but her eyes had begun to *glow*. Their reddish breads were illuminated by a bright pink that wholly consumed them, and this light was only just the *beginning* of her physical woes. **“Something is... odd...”** She could at least tell that much. Her body felt *bloated*? And her clothes felt tight in response. Was she gassy? No, this level of bloat couldn't have been that. It felt too widespread and too... *literal*?

Nowhere was that more apparent than in the girl's *butt* of all places. She could feel her tights straining around her rump and her panties begin to pull *into* the crack of her ass. **“What's...?”** Looking over her shoulder? She could see it. Her butt was *swelling*, getting bigger and bigger before her very eyes. **“My *fat ass*!?”** Wait, was that how she'd *intended* on describing it? In the end she supposed it didn't *really* matter compared to the sight and sensation of her own body changing.

...Or was it changing? **“Maybe I'm mistaken?”** It definitely *was*, but the girl appeared to be struggling with a perception check. Her ass had grown so large that her hips had been pushed nearly *five inches* wider to

accommodate her huge cheeks, and her panties were giving her the *biggest* wedgie within torn tights. Those tears became all the more numerous as the phenomenon traveled down her legs – or at least the upper portions – seeing to it that her thighs bloated in a very similar fashion. Each upper leg, ultimately, was rendered even thicker than her waistline.

Kasumi was a little unsteady on her feet all of a sudden. Well, the reason for this wasn't exactly a *mystery*. Her lower body's weight distribution was *completely* different, and it wasn't even an *isolated* case as her upper body revealed. The blouse and jacket of her high school uniform were *very* clearly struggling to contain what was swelling beneath them: her B-cup breasts, or at least what had once *begun* as her B-cup breasts.

The way they ballooned beneath the folds of her clothing promptly popped off buttons and gradually revealed her cleavage. Cleavage that was raising the base of her upper wear to reveal more and more of her tummy as the fleshy orbs above them took up any and *all* of the space within. Before long, this hefty pair of *H-cups* stood bouncy and proud upon her chest, nearly *completely* exposed by the clothing malfunction provided by their growth. **“Heavy...”** Or so she groaned, but aside from the momentary inconvenience of their weight, she didn't really seem to acknowledge that they'd even grown at all.

Fortunately for her, the weight became more manageable, and not even because she was becoming inherently more muscular. She grew a little taller vertically, maybe three inches or so, but this actually occurred in tandem with her body's internal state taking a very *artificial* turn. Bones, blood, muscles, organs, nerves, and even her brain; they were all forged into artificial replicas of a real human body. Steel bones made up the exoskeleton for what was now an *android's* form.

“Hm... That feels a little better!” Kasumi sounded a little more chipper, and there was a maturity to the sound of her voice that was being passed on to the face through which those sounds were communicated. Her lips inflated until they were full and kissable, and her pink eyes grew in shape while also rounding until they no longer appeared Japanese but *Caucasian* instead. This change of perceived race affected all of her facial features until her face was of a thinner, yet longer shape. But she was also incredibly *beautiful*.

Not even her hair was spared as her red locks were tussled about and dyed a mix of dark purple with bright pink highlights. The length of it all shrank a couple of inches, but it was all moved about and styled into a pair of messy buns on the sides of her head. Something that was part of a wider wardrobe change, actually.

It was like all of the cloth she was wearing had just *melted*, turning a sleek black as it merged into itself and crawled across her body before finally solidifying into a different form. A skintight, black bodysuit with a back cutout and a neckline so low that her gigantic tits were practically *spilling out* beneath a red necklace. A Phantom Thief mask appeared on her forehead, whereas chained shackles loosely adorned her bodysuit's boots. Of course, it was all so tight that the shape of her *huge* ass was clearly defined. You could even make out the depth of her crack!

“Hm... A Phantom Thief, or a Thief of Justice? I guess both options are viable, and I'm *already* one of them anyways.”

The catsuit-clad *Quency* had no reason to doubt her own identity now that her body *and* her ‘programming’ had changed. While her voluptuous body clad in skintight black leather appeared identical to any other human, she was truthfully an android known as a *NIKKE*. Something that *wasn't* supposed to exist in this world, and yet Kasumi's desires had altered reality to the extent that they were common enough that the public knew of them.



Any semblance of her prior identity had been stolen from her as a result, and reality had been altered so much that she wasn't even in the Yoshizawa household anymore. She was within a different bedroom in a more maturely designed apartment. **“But we have a meeting tonight, don't we? I should make sure I'm ready to meet the others! I have a feeling we're in for a *big change* for some reason!”** Her ‘good luck charm’, now a part of her new android body, continued to glow within her ‘flesh’.

She didn't even know the half of it.

Several hours later, the leader of the Phantom Thieves, Joker, had just finished sending off the rest of his motley crew after they'd had a meeting about how to tackle the newest Palace that had appeared. They'd met at Leblanc since Sojiro was out of town for the day, and after waving goodbye to Ann and Ryuji as they walked towards the station, it was only Makoto that remained up in the attic when he returned through the store's front door. She was just cleaning up.



Just as the door closed behind him as he re-entered Leblanc, though, the door chimed behind him and someone else waltzed in. A Western woman in a skintight bodysuit!? He didn't even get to ask her what she needed before she walked right past him, her eyes glowing strangely. **"Hey Phantom! I'll be ready for the meeting upstairs!"** She just gave him a flippant handwave and started up to the attic, leaving Joker a little stunned from the encounter.

But he'd understand who she was before long. That light in her eyes had been courtesy of the chip in her body that had triggered her own transformation, after all.

Joker had no reason to think that anything might be wrong with *his own body*, but that promptly became very true. Nothing was *immediately* visible, but the moment the woman had passed him? His body's internal state began to shift. The biological was gradually replaced by the artificial as an android's 'biology' replaced what was once flesh and blood. It was a near perfect mock-up, but a departure from being a 'living being' in the most literal sense, nonetheless.

"Should I stop her...?" Well, when all was said and done Makoto would likely chase her away. This just meant he had to leave the door unlocked a little longer, which was *kind* of a pain. He glanced over at the door in question, unaware of how his own eyes had begun to illuminate much like those of the woman who had passed him. Stranger still was the fact that they lit up with *different* colors, blue on the right, gold on the left. And beneath his glasses so too did their *shapes* alter.

Much like what had happened to Kasumi, they were robbed of any semblance of his Japanese nationality. They rounded until they were much more blatantly *Caucasian* – but also strikingly *feminine* in their design. If he was doomed to become a NIKKE like his friend, well... *they were basically all women*. A fact that made itself increasingly apparent as the forces that changed him swept across the rest of his facial features.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to claim that he *didn't* look like a girl – or maybe it would have been more fitting to say he looked like a *woman*? Because as those facial features were altered, it felt like he was beginning to look a touch *older* as well. This could be seen in how his

lips became fuller much like a girl's, but the thickness to them transcended what was normal for even a girl of his age. Or how the complexion of his rounder cheeks felt a little more worn.

“What did she mean by a meeting, anyways? Didn't we just have one?” With his face looking more and more like a woman's, so too did his voice *sound* like one. It came just in time for his short, black hair to begin to elongate in a way that *should* have been noticeable. Joker did *not* notice, not even as it tickled his shoulders, and its weight became far more apparent. On some level he just recognized it as *normal*. Even though it was wavily falling down past his butt *and* lightening to a silvery violet.

The color change was true of *all* of his body's hair, including his pubes. Though the change of those pubes seemingly acted like the arbiter of the end... of any of Joker's perceived masculinity. His genitalia diminished within his uniform pants and boxers, the vague bulge that shaped the front flattening until there was *nothing* left between his legs. Or, well, *her* legs. The flesh that had composed her dick had inversed into her pelvis, forming the clit and lining of a new pussy. Why did androids need pussies? Well, even *they* had desires.

Joker blinked suddenly, like she'd just had a realization. And she had! **“Oh... the meeting.”** She couldn't recall having just attended one any longer, but she *could* recall *needing* to attend one. It was odd that this was what occupying her mind rather than the increasing tightness of her outfit as flesh now burgeoned out in response to her changed sex, though. Even the fingers she was rubbing against her own palms were changing, shrinking and softening ever so slightly.

The fact that her clothes were about to be *much* too small for her in *certain areas* couldn't really be refuted in any possible way. Not as the plaid of her uniform pants clenched around swelling thighs, the based of her pant legs lifted to show off bare ankle as a direct result of this growth. The waistline of these pants was endangered in equal measure, in part because of her ass cheeks expanding with similar vigor, but also because the breadth of her hips widened so that those thickened thighs weren't squishing *too* intimately against each other. She didn't want to chafe!

“Ugh...” She did face some *minor* chafing courtesy of her clothing as her body swelled, though. Her waistline seemingly narrowed so that her hips appeared even wider by contrast, but that was the only other part of her body where *losses* were suffered. Her long uniform jacket didn't seem quite so *long* now that her *bosom* was swelling, mounds where there had been none before promptly ballooning into respectable *G-cups* that her current outfit couldn't accommodate. **“What was I...?”**

Her mind had been foggy for some time now, but she was once again finding clarity. She was a Phantom Thief? But everything about that title had *changed* along with her life and personality. Almost representative of that, her clothing was soon painted over with something new. Short, black shorts and a matching long sleeved jacket were worn over a white blouse and skintight pants. The coat had a petticoat with pale purple tails, and that same purple could be seen in the collar of her jacket – as well as in a ribbon on her new top hat. Aside from boots, there was also a sharp mask upon her face that elicited similarities between itself and Joker's.

The new NIKKE's slender, gloved fingers reached up to readjust the mask she wore over eyes that were plagued with a blue and gold heterochromia. **"Hm. This is the restaurant that we chose for our Phantom Thieves meeting, is it not?"** Fittingly, this woman named *Phantom* served as the leader of the Phantom Thieves now. But that was the only aspect of her past life that had carried over to her new, android one.



Her reality had been painted over. She did not live in that attic but was instead renting it from the owner of the establishment to hold their meetings. **"I suppose this would be the most opportune moment to decide on our next heist."** But the Phantom Thieves didn't operate according to the same MO now, either. Rather than stealing *hearts*, they stole valuable objects to enrich both themselves and their community. The Metaverse, Personas; none of that was knowledge they possessed any longer. Just as she went to go upstairs, however, she was stopped by Quency who was coming back down. **"Hm? What's wrong?"**

"Oh, she isn't ready up there yet! I'd give her another thirty seconds!"

While Joker had been sending off the rest of their friends, Makoto Nijima had remained upstairs in his room so that she could clean things up a little. The group always left his living space in a bit of a mess with all of them up there at once, and it never really sat right with her that they all just left it for their leader to clean up. Plus, if she remained



behind, there was the added benefit of being able to spend some *alone time* with him after.

Those plans of hers were dashed when an unfamiliar woman *bounced* up the stairs. Literally. Her tits were huge, and with the ridiculous outfit she was wearing they were just dancing around! **“Wh-Who are you!?”** Makoto was quick to bark, taking careful note of how the woman’s eyes were glowing. Was she a friend of Joker’s? She *was* dressed a little like a thief, but she could also be dangerous.

“Oops! You aren’t ready yet! I’ll give you some time!”

“...Huh?”

Makoto had been of the mind to pursue the woman to ask her, but something stopped her. She felt a little *stiff* all of sudden, and her body wasn’t moving in the way that she wanted to. **“This is a weird time to have muscle spasms...”** Much less some that were so *widespread*, but she took it as a sign to *not* pursue Quency. Little did she know was that what she was interpreting as muscle spasms was actually her own internal composition changing so that she, too, was a NIKKE in terms of ‘biology’.

Unfortunately for her, while Kasumi and Joker had been given sexier, more adult bodies... that same fate wasn’t in the cards for Makoto. And it was made evident *very* early on. **“Hm?”** Because one by one, the inches were peeling *right* off of her body. She was getting shorter as she lingered in the attic, her school uniform becoming bunched up and baggy around a figure that dropped beneath the five foot mark until she stood at a mere 4’9” instead.

As she shrank, any growing maturity that her figure had possessed basically dried up, too. Her B-cup breasts collapsed in on themselves, but it wasn’t like they could shrink *that* much. The *A-cups* that remained were perky if anything, but the same could also be said about her smaller, but slightly more pronounced butt and narrowed thighs. Her body was pointedly *younger*, but surely, she wasn’t any younger than *fifteen* or so. She’d only lost a year or two, but it *felt* like a lot more.

“I feel kinda small? Weird...” It made enough sense that she would definitely *sound* more youthful considering the rest of her appearance, and it definitely didn’t sound out of place with just how youthful her face had become. She looked younger than she actually was, with

thinned lips and a tiny, button nose beneath big, round eyes. But she didn't look at all like Makoto Nijima, either. Like the other two, she looked like a Caucasian girl. And once with bright pink eyes. **"Maybe it's because I put on such *big* clothes! Why *did* I put these on, anyways?"** She couldn't really *remember*.

Her memories were in between who she had been and who she was becoming, but they departed more and more from her life as a Japanese teenager as the changes affected her *hair*. Not only did the roots lighten to blonde before the color reached out to her tips, but once fully painted in their new shade, it all spiraled out behind her to an *astounding* length. It reached past the bases of her thighs but was pulled into a pair of thick and messy twin tails by long, purple ribbons that appeared throughout.

Any concerns Makoto might have had about her clothing basically evaporated, because her uniform tightened and mended into something else entirely. A purple gown with a frilled, white underskirt that had a portion that resembled a rose, worn over white tights with a purple star pattern in them. The dress was sleeveless, but the white chest was short enough that you could see the sides of her small bust peeking out the sides beneath a big, purple bow. She also had black leather boots, a dark purple top hat, and a black mask with white feathers sticking out of its corners.

She looked just as much a Phantom Thief as the other two did.

While she looked to be the *youngest* of the *new* Phantom Thieves, *Miranda* was just as much a NIKKE as the other two, and so her perceived age could definitely be misleading. She was bubbly, energetic, and bold, but also had a strong sense of justice that had led her down this path of thievery. **"Where's everyone else? If we're gonna have a meeting, they should at least me on time!"** Her small butt collapsed onto a leather couch that *hadn't* been there before.

But the entire attic apartment had been redesigned. It was more modern, painted black, and even featured a bar where Joker's bed had once been. Miranda had her own apartment just like the other two, but they'd all pitched in to make this rented space as modern and homely as they possibly could. Miranda kicked her feet up and down over the side of the couch until the sound of footsteps climbing the stair prompted



her to perk up again. **“About time! Were you two gossiping downstairs without me?”**

The first to enter the attic was Phantom, who tilted her head wryly to the side. **“Hm? Quency said you needed a moment? We weren’t gossiping about anything.”** It was an explanation that prompted a childish glare from Miranda towards their catsuit wearing companion. It wasn’t *unlike* her to play a stupid prank like that. And now their meeting had been delayed as a result!

“Haha... Well, let’s just get on with this meeting, shall we?”

“Hey! You’re not getting off that easy!”