

MAID WITH LOVE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Soooo. Valentine’s Day is coming up. Are you doing anything special?”

Joker of the Phantom Thieves responded to this playful question with a judgmental glare from behind the frames of his glasses towards the one who had asked. **“I’m not telling you, Futaba, no matter how many times you ask.”** He didn’t *regret* inviting his fellow Phantom Thief, Futaba Sakura, over for dinner that evening. Sojiro had been busy with the coffee shop downstairs, so he’d asked the teen to look after his adopted sister for the evening. He would have even without being asked, though.

“Aww!” It had been a slow process, but since Futaba had joined the Phantom Thieves the two had been becoming closer and closer. They were best likened to siblings at this point, always bantering whether they were in private or not. And they had just finished with a box of pizza that they’d ordered for dinner. **“You’ve been seeing someone, but you’ve been keeping it a secret! It isn’t someone else in the Phantom Thieves, is it?”**

She was *right*, actually. He’d been dating Ann, but the two of them hadn’t been comfortable enough to tell the others just yet. Because of this, Joker couldn’t admit it to Futaba. He needed to dance around the subject. What could he distract her with in this instance? **“Actually—? Huh?”** Almost as if he’d been handed an out by the gods themselves, his phone vibrated. *Both* of their phones vibrated, and they found themselves staring down at something odd. **“Wait, why is the Metaverse app—!?”**



“...Open?” The world around Joker had distorted with waves of red and black as he’d spoken, pulling him and presumably Futaba *into* the Metaverse before he could even finish his sentence. **“Wait. Futaba!?”** The moment the process had completed, he immediately recognized two things. One: Futaba was missing. This sometimes happened when transitioning to the Metaverse. If Morgana hadn’t been hanging out with Ryuji, he might have been a useful guide.

But two: he was still in his attic room in Leblanc. Or at least the room’s *shape* suggested as much. But the space had been cleaned up and featured a number of small dining tables with cute décor. Pictures were hung up on the walls of girls in... maid attire? He sat up from the table he’d been transitioned into sitting upon. **“Is this still Leblanc? Whose palace is this, then?”** Was it a palace? He didn’t get that vibe even though he was in his Phantom Thief costume.

Rather, the vibe he got was that something was *wrong*. Something about this space felt oddly *oppressive*.

The boy didn’t realize just *how* oppressive it was until he decided to try to head downstairs. He hadn’t been robbed of his movements as a whole, but whenever he wanted to move with the intention of leaving the attic? **“Huh?”** He found his body wouldn’t cooperate. He also considered yelling for help. After all, it seemed as if there was someone moving around downstairs. **“Hello?”** But he couldn’t even raise his voice? **“What’s going on here?”**

Ugh, if I raise my voice then the manager is going to yell at me again.

Manager? What was this about a manager? Sure, you generally didn’t want to yell in your workplace if it was something like a restaurant. Joker knew not to yell in Leblanc when he was helping out. But he didn’t have any reason to think it *now*. **“Why wouldn’t I— Wait, what was *that*?”** It was difficult to focus on one problem when there were multiple, and Joker had only *just* realized that his problems were compiling.

It had been subtle, but there had been a *drop*. It had felt a little like he'd just stepped down a stair, even though he hadn't taken a step. For his eye level to slip without moving or even lowering a single knee there was only one explanation for it, impossible as it might have sounded. **"Did I just *shrink*?"** And had his voice just *cracked*? Yes, *and* yes. Joker had just lost two inches of height. This didn't *sound* like a lot, but it seemingly had other effects on his body that he hadn't even realized at the time.

Take the boy's hands and feet, for example. They had become smaller just in general, with his fingers narrowed and his palms more petite. But did this *need* to be accompanied by a lengthening of his fingernails within his gloves? Probably *not*. But the slightest shrinking of his feet within his boots didn't *need* to be accompanied by a rounding of the balls of his heels, either. In either regard? They appeared much more feminine. Something that narrowed shoulders contributed to as well.

"Something's not *right* here. The Metaverse has *never* affected *my* body like this before! *Ugh!*" Even putting his *body* aside for a moment, there was *also* something wrong with his *head*. While it was difficult to see in an English translation, in Japanese? Joker had just referred to himself in a feminine way and it hadn't even occurred to him. Just as the fact that his facial features had softened, and his messy, black hair had lengthened to his shoulders to make him appear more like...

"*NGH!?*"

Like what *she* would look like if *she'd* been born a girl. **"Wait... Am I...?"** Which was an indisputable fact now. Between her legs was a woman's pussy, and gloved hands pressed against the crotch of her tight pants to realize that there was no bulge whatsoever. It was flat, and if she pushed down enough... *she shuddered*. Her finger had touched upon something that no man should have on his *own* body. That thought *did* cross her mind, but something deep down wanted to correct her thinking. *Hah? Why the hell would I have a gross dick between my legs!?* Like a part of her believed she had *always* been a woman. Because his nose had changed in size, his mask slipped right from his face. **"Hey!?"**

Whether or not that was true (it wasn't, of course), her body had initially been missing some features that a girl of her age likely *should* have possessed. There wasn't any weight to her chest nor her butt, but she could vaguely remember having a pretty *abundant* figure? **"W-Wait, why would I—!?"** Joker couldn't even finish that thought before it was all provided to her in spades. And none of it worked well with a

Phantom Thief costume that was fitted for a teenaged boy *without* tits and an ass.

The slightest bit of additional weight would cause her some discomfort, so what about... *a lot* of it? Her flesh began to swell in the very same regions she had momentarily envisioned, and the vest that she wore underneath her jacket began to *surge* forward due to her once flat bosom *ballooning* with fatty tissue tightening the skin beneath her nipples. “*Guh!?*” The process winded her *and* she jolted forward from the sudden weight. It didn’t take long for the buttons on the top half of the vest to *pop* off, revealing a creamy, deepening cleavage that stretched to engulf even her head in size.

“*So... heavy...!?*” While Joker *was* speaking of her bosom, it hadn’t occurred to her that her chest wasn’t the *only* part of her body to develop an excess of added weight. The back seam of her pants *tore* down the center due to the cheeks of her ass expanding into a full heart shape that helped with restoring her balance *along* with burgeoning thighs that caused ripping in her upper pant legs. All in all, the combined efforts of these two regions force her hips to part *four inches* wider.

Until all of a sudden? “*Hah? What am I even wearing? This isn’t my uniform! ...Wait, was that the issue?*” Was it? Something had definitely been bothering her, but as her eyes glazed over with a golden hue and her eyelids rounded until she looked more like a *Caucasian* girl than a Japanese one, she felt a little *lost*. Her memories were settling into place, having her believe herself to have lived a different life entirely. One where she looked in the mirror every day and saw the same smaller nose, swollen lips, and longer lashes that she now possessed. She didn’t look as much like a girl anymore. Rather, a *young woman* in her *twenties*.

But it was also a life where her hair was much, *much* longer. Her shoulder length, wavy locks sought to oblige with these memories and fell past her shoulders like water spilling over a waterfall – a comparison aided as everything that stretched past her shoulders brightened to a vivid blue. It straightened on the whole as that blue spread into her roots, but the tips that reached her thighs curled into tiny drills that were *separated*. “*...What’s wrong with what I’m wearing?*”

With her body now better suited for it, this ‘uniform’ she’d spoken of before had been fitted to her body. A skimpy maid uniform with a short skirt and built-in apron that featured a feline design. White thigh highs were hitched to a set of white lingerie, she had tiny boots, and long, white gloves on her arms. Her hair had been separated by a pair of ribbons into twin tails behind a maid’s headband that *also* featured a

pair of cat ears... which went along with the black and white cat *tail* that was stuck to the uniform above her skirt.

“Why was cleaning the entire attic floor left to me again!? It’s *way* dustier up here! It must be because I’m a temp.” If it wasn’t *already* obvious enough, this made it clearer. *Privaty* didn’t feel like she was out of place both in the Leblanc Maid Café, nor in the body she now occupied. In fact, she couldn’t imagine *ever* having been a boy. The very idea would have made her shudder, because she *loved* being a woman! Which was also why she didn’t *really* like working at a maid café.



And yet? She’d been stuck there. After an incident as a guest where she accidentally knocked one of the maids out after tripping them and knocking her in the face with her elbow, the tsundere had been left with no choice but to work at the café to both help with the store and pay for that girl’s medical attention. But it had been *months* now! “I’m not even *good* at this maid thing! I don’t like it at all!” No amount of grumbling would change that she actually *did* like the attention deep down.

Her chest heaved as she pulled a broom out of the room’s corner and began to sweep around the tables. The pay wasn’t that bad. It was enough for her to pay those medical bills and take some home. And the manager was really nice.

“Well, I guess being a maid isn’t *all* bad...”



“Eh!? Is this Leblanc!?” While Futaba’s surroundings had completely changed, she still *instantly* recognized Leblanc’s small kitchen. She had been with Sojiro for a long time now and had spent plenty of time in Leblanc after hours whenever he dragged her out of the house. So, she’d been teleported downstairs? But this must have been the Metaverse – she was in her Oracle costume. The kitchen looked a little different, too. Where was all of Sojiro’s usual coffee stuff? There were way more tools for making food

strewn about as well. **“Something’s different...”**

The girl moved out of the kitchen and into the dining area. The tables weren’t booths, but instead round and cute with little flowers on them. There were also pictures of maids on the walls. **“Or is this not Leblanc?”** She could ask this, but the view outside of the nearby shop window was the same. Futaba had felt it in the kitchen, but wasn’t it worse in the dining area? That feeling of *oppression*.

Like a strange force was weighing down on her.

“I should check upstairs...” Oracle tried to push past this oppressive feeling. She *had* just been with Joker, so he had to been here too, right? Since he wasn’t on the ground floor, then he *must* have been upstairs. But any attempt she made to walk towards the steps was met with resistance. **“Why can’t I—?”** The girl trailed off, answered only by a voice in her own head. *Why would I go upstairs~? I’m responsible for cleaning the bottom floor!*

Responsible...? In what *way*? **“Something’s... WAH!?”** As if on cue to provide the perfect distraction from that very unusual line of thinking, Futaba attention was compromised by what could be best described as the combined *off* sensations of her balance becoming compromised and the fit of the bodysuit that made up the bulk of her costume vying for her attention. **“What’s going on!?”** Was the ground farther away than she remembered? It was almost as if—

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The girl threw her hands up in surprise as the center of her body suit suddenly frayed and *tore* all the way around her torso, pulling into two separate pieces. The gesture knocked the goggles she had been wearing right off of her head, revealing that there had been another change she had been unaware of. The purple of her eyes was now a bright pink. Yet, that wasn’t even the most alarming change when you considered one had just *torn through her costume!*

“I’m... I’m tall—” RIIIIIIIP! “—er.” Futaba couldn’t even finish speaking her realization before *more* of her outfit ripped. In this case it was her sleeves from her shoulders as gloves were pushed farther away from lengthier limbs. She’d shot up about six inches, which was fairly sizable and had burdened her bodysuit *way* too much. It had practically been like filling a balloon past capacity – though she was just lucky *she* didn’t explode.

Unsure of what to do, she peeled the torn off sleeves and gloves and began to examine the rest of her body. Why had this happened! She wasn't supposed to be so tall! ...She wasn't supposed to be so tall, *right?* "**Uh...**" Why did she sound so unsure? Why did she sound so... *off?* Her voice was much bubblier, and there was now a softer trait to it too. The pink eyes of the girl's face helped relay the reasoning.

Namely because they were changing further, much like the rest of her face. Her youthful features *aged*, bringing her up to an age more equivalent to Privaty's. This meant fuller lips, a wider nose, a longer face, and eyes that were just as round and *Caucasian* as the woman's upstairs (unbeknownst to her for *now*).

The orange dye of the girl's hair already made her look stranger than most, but that strangeness tilted itself towards a different *color*. *Green*. A somewhat pastel green ripped through her mane, erasing the orange dye and seeing itself become the dominant, natural color as it lengthened to make up for her height increase. It cascaded down past the woman's butt while the sides of her bangs framed the sides of her face much more neatly.

Though, on the subject of her butt— "**Huh!?**" Futaba chirped with an *excess* of energy that wasn't there as she moved to crane her neck. The bodysuit had already been plenty tight with her height jump, but not only had her hips now swung out... but the nearby regions had begun to *expand*. The sound of her bodysuit ripping further was heard as it tore down the sides of her thighs and the crack of her ass – all areas that were bloating so gratuitously that their skin was pulled into an attractive sheen. "**My butt's so...**"

But I've always had a big butt though! A huge rack, too!

Part of the woman was *still* Futaba deep down and that part of her could only wonder what she was on about. She'd wondered what it would be like to have a more mature figure, and that shouldn't have been possible! But now she definitely had *one* half of that equation. And the other half was on the way as a pressure built beneath her small nipples. All she could really mutter was "**Oh**" at the realization and inevitable expectation.

Those expectations were *met* almost immediately. The pressure she felt manifested in the addition of ample *weight* to her bosom. Once small, those mounds pushed forward with such vigor that the top half of her bodysuit had no choice but the lift and wrap *around* them, the imprints of nipples that were now larger than her eyes pushing through the nylon by the time they had grown *bigger* than her head. Their heft was *immense*, but somehow she felt comfortable with them.

The lower halves of her tits had been exposed by the time they had fully grown, but that fact suddenly *reversed* when she was granted a maid uniform of her own. Her cleavage was soon *bare*, with her gigantic tits even poking out and *over* the white folds of the uniform's top. She had similar white thigh highs, a white apron, and a short skirt like Privaty had. Yet? The cat theme wasn't present *at all*. Her hair was pulled into two small buns on the sides of her head behind her headband and hairclip, and white gloves with black grips hugged her hands.

She didn't feel as confused now, and tapped her black Mary janes on the floor before turning back to the tables rather than the stairs.

“I can't believe it's closing time already! There are no more attractive *Masters* to serve!” Contrary to Privaty's more confrontational approach to her job as a maid, the bubbly *Soda* couldn't imagine herself doing anything else! She'd been working at the Leblanc Maid Café for years now! It was a staple of the Yongen-Jaya experience! She had no issue with allowing her fat tits and thick thighs to bounce around in her revealing maid uniform, and in fact the manager paid her more so that she *would*!

Soda giggled to herself as she picked up dirty dishes that had been left behind on the table. The store had only *just* closed, so between the two maids on duty they had a checklist of things to do. Admittedly, she didn't like cleaning the dusty attic room and asked Privaty to do it instead. Soda *did* outrank her and was essentially the shift manager, so she could get away with it. Besides, that left her with the downstairs table *and* the dishes! It was totally a fair trade!



“Privaty *has* been working pretty hard though~! I should do something nice for her! I wonder if she'd be interested in going for drinks once we're closed up?” Soda mused to herself as she set the dishes she'd collected into the sink. Privaty *was* pretty cute, but she was also a little dumb? She couldn't tell at all when Soda was flirting with her! Even their manager, Cocoa, had noticed.

“HEEEY! PRIVATY! WANNA GRAB DRINKS WITH ME AFTER WE'RE DONE HERE? WE NEED

TO STAY LATE TO SET UP FOR THE VALENTINE'S EVENT, REMEMBER!"

Since there was no one else in the building, it was fine for the two to yell to each other from separate floors. Leblanc wasn't a very big building, really. But Soda ended up having to yell up her offer again. It *was* true that they had to stay late. The manager wanted the entire customer space decorated head to toe in hearts and related decorations. Being single, this time of year made Soda feel a little lonelier than normal. But hey! She was working with a pretty girl around her age!

Privaty must not have heard what she had said the first time! This assumption was actually a *little* off the mark, though. She *had* heard it; it had just flustered her immensely. She wasn't used to people inviting her out all of a sudden.

**"Y-YEAH! NOT LIKE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU,
BUT I WOULDN'T MIND GOING OUT!"**

Ah, she was *such* a tsundere. It was kind of a charm point, right? Soda could only giggle to herself as she got back to finishing up with the dishes. This actually gave her a funny idea. Privaty probably brought her own change of clothes, but the changing room was never kept locked. Someone could take them if they *really* wanted. No one had, but what if Soda *hid* them? Then Privaty would have to go to the bar with her in her maid uniform too!

It was going to be a fun night!

"Heeheehee!"