

GYARU WHIMS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Well, this isn’t what I was *trying* to do, but I wouldn’t be lying if I said it wasn’t *interesting*.”

It had been a few months now since Futaba Sakura had become a member of the Phantom Thieves. At first? She had *naturally* been more than a little apprehensive. She had spent pretty much her entire life after her mother had passed cooped up in her room, unwilling to even see the man who was taking care of her in her mother’s stead at any meaningful interval. Going to school had been out of the question, and she absolutely didn’t want to meet *anyone* face to face. She had been a shut-in of the utmost degree.

But Joker and the others had managed to change her heart and open her mind to getting better. It was something she had resolved to do, but it was also *not* something that she could do all at once. She’d get there little by little, but she had to take baby steps. At the very least, she had people she could rely on now. But that was all the more reason for her to do what she was doing that evening.

And what *was* she doing, fiddling at her computer with a big page of code open on her monitor? Futaba had been thinking for a while now about how she wanted to do *more* for the Phantom Thieves. She was the navigator, sure, but the others were all contributing in different ways outside of fighting. So, what could *she* do that the others couldn’t? How could she *apply* herself differently?

Funnily enough, that line of thinking had reminded her of ‘Apps’ themselves, as in the applications on her phone. And there *was* something that only she could do. Her hacking ability made her

uniquely qualified to tackle one aspect of the Phantom Thieves experience that no one else would be able to figure out: the inner workings of the Metaverse app. *That* was what was on her screen: the code *from* the app itself.

There hadn't been anything particularly noteworthy in it at first. At least nothing that could really give her any *clues*. But she'd somehow managed to *clone* the app on her phone – or at least that was what she had thought when she'd first spoken up. **“Or... Wait. This isn't an exact copy of the Metaverse app, is it? What are all of these buttons?”** At a glance it had *appeared* the same. The app was red, and the symbol was at the top of the screen, but...

“Is this supposed to be profiles or something?” A number of icons populated the screen that she'd never seen before. The first of which was the silhouette of a head, a symbol that typically represented profile options in other apps. **“Woah! All of our names are here?”** There was a full list of all the Phantom Thieves' names. Clicking on Makoto's name as a test brought up *even more*, with fields describing everything from her name to her age, to how she looked and acted.

If the app was extracting data from their phones, then it made sense that their names would be there. But what about all of this other information? Surely *that* hadn't been accessible data on the phones themselves? That just wasn't *how* phones worked. **“Is someone else entering this info?”** Curious, she tapped on the 'age' field. **“Wait, I can change it?”**

“...I can't imagine it does anything though.”

At roughly the same time, Makoto Nijima had just walked back into her room clad *only* in a towel that was wrapped across her torso. Based on the steam that was still rising from her body, it was clear that she had just walked from the shower straight to her bedroom. And the teenager didn't make much of an effort to *get dressed* right after, instead sitting on her bed wearing the towel alone. She wouldn't admit it to anyone, but if she could walk around in the nude *all* the time, she probably would have done it. As long as no one was around to see her at least!

It was already after 9pm and the next day was a school day, so she was beginning to wind down. **“Huh. What did Futaba-chan even mean by this text?”** She'd grabbed her smartphone from her nightstand and checked the message left by the Phantom Thieves' youngest member in their group chat. *‘If anything seems weird, let me know immediately’*. **“Weird how? Is this related to her ‘secret project’ she's been talking about? But what in the world could she be doing that**



would affect us?” Maybe like hacking their text chat to make their names silly?

She just texted back ‘Ok’ and began to scroll social media as if nothing was wrong. And from her point of view? Nothing really *was* wrong. It was a very normal night where she was getting ready for bed like she normally did. Aside from Futaba’s odd message, there was nothing that *should* have alarmed her. But that was only because she couldn’t actually *see* what should have been alarming.

Namely? A text box had appeared over her head. It said ‘AGE: 18’ with an insertion point right beside it. In most programs, the insertion point indicated that text could be added, erased, or rewritten altogether. And it coincided with where Futaba had clicked on Makoto’s profile within the Metaverse app. And the text about her head? It suddenly *changed*.

AGE: ~~18~~ 20

Her original age had been deleted, and a brand new one had been typed in. It was only two years older, and honestly? At first there hadn’t been any evidence that changing that field would *do* anything. Makoto herself certainly didn’t seem to take notice of anything strange. But then again...? She now had memories of the rest of her eighteenth *and* nineteenth life alive. Of graduating and starting college. Her face ended up looking *slightly* more mature, and her bust might have extended an inch beneath her towel, but nothing too dramatic had happened to her visually. And Futaba wasn’t there to check.

Unfortunately, that ignorance gave plenty of plausible deniability to keep playing around with the fields.

HAIR COLOR: ~~DARK BROWN~~ LIGHT BROWN
HAIR LENGTH: ~~NOSE~~ SHOULDER

The fields began to change quickly, and little by little what was written was reflected upon not only the woman’s body, but in her memories as well. The process of transforming something would take a few second. Like how a lighter brown hair color swept out from her roots to her tips, ensuring any future grown hair would be the same color. Or how the recolored hair slowly slipped longer so that it tickled her shoulders in the back. No sooner than its length finished growing did she remember

her hair *always* being that style. Her eyebrows and even her *pubes* had changed to that same lighter shade of brown too.

HEIGHT: ~~5'5"~~ 5'8"

Evidently, Futaba was trying to see just *how much* of the text she could change. It didn't seem like she was going to leave any field untouched, but she also was just messing around with no expectation of there being any real world consequences. Even though there *were*, as Makoto's body was continuing to demonstrate in more extreme ways. Changing her height affected the girl's body as she remained seated on her bed, and this led to her legs, spine, and arms all stretching.

When it came to her legs? As she had them extended straight off the edge of the bed in front of her, the balls of her heels slid across the carpeted floor, their reach accommodating those extra few inches. There couldn't exactly be much clothing malfunction when she wasn't even *wearing* clothing, but her towel did slip down to show off more of her cleavage as her shoulders were pushed farther from the butt that was still resting on the bed.

INTELLIGENCE: ~~HIGH~~ LOW

SKIN: ~~PALE~~ MEDIUM TAN

BLEMISHES: ~~NONE~~ BEAUTY MARKS (MANY)

Makoto eventually got up and walked over to her desk, adjusting her towel before it could slip farther down her body without so much as wondering why she had to make that adjustment in the first place. "**Maybe I should look over my homework...**" Though, the thought of homework somehow made her *groan* a little bit. She was usually so on top of it, and didn't mind it at all.

As she walked, the contrast of her white towel against her body appeared to deepen *wildly*. Her skin was only a touch darker than the cloth at first, but before long her body bore a copper tan that *really* made the towel stand out. It wasn't artificial, either. It was her *natural* skin tone. By the time she reached the desk and opened her notebook while standing, moles had appeared all over her body too. One beneath her left eye, one beneath the right side of her lips, one on her inner thigh, and one on the inner peak of her left breast.

"**Uh... Wait, did I not *finish* my homework?**" Where answers would normally be neatly written out (and likely correct) in a single take, her worksheet was full of eraser marks, crossed out lines, and silly little drawings. Some of the answers were even blank. "**Well... I guess**

I've never been very good at school." And that was putting aside the fact that it was a *college worksheet* because she was older now.

PERSONALITY: ~~SERIOUS, STUDIOUS,~~
~~CONSERVATIVE CAREFREE,~~ GYARU, SLUTTY

"LOL! Who even GAF about school, though?" Her serious demeanor *instantly* collapsed and she threw the book back onto her desk (where it turned into a pervy magazine instead). She guffawed with overcorrected slang and her body language loosened. All of a sudden she didn't really care about *anything*. But she did feel kind of *horny*? For someone as slutty as her, that wasn't exactly surprising. She liked nothing more than working her gyaru good looks for the benefit of the burning in her loins. But was she really *that* attractive? Her body was kind of—

CHEST SIZE: ~~B-CUPS~~ H-CUPS
BUTT SIZE: ~~SMALL & PERKY~~ BIG & BOUNCY

...Never mind! What *was* Futaba's vision here? Or was her pervier side just coming out because she didn't think there would be any consequences. Either way, the only one actually suffering in this whole equation was *Makoto's towel*. Just as the text fields foretold, weight began to pool into both the woman's breasts and her ass at the same time, pushing both regions towards heights previously unseen.

The jump from a pair of B-cups to a pair of *G-cups* was a *significant* one. The front of her towel finally unfurled, pushed forward by the expansive surge of weight that led her tits into uncharted territory. Their tanned skin struggled to stretch at a rate that could match just how *full* her breasts were becoming, and before long they pushed the towel off entirely so that you could see how thick and puffy her nipples had become. Each breath saw a vague vibration ripple through her right tit, but even the slightest movement of her torso caused them to jiggle and bounce without a bra affixed once they fully grew to a size similar to her *head*.

"Fuck. Totes dropped my towel. Gawd." Makoto bent over to pick it up, leaving her tits to swing towards her stomach and then back up again as she corrected her posture. And yet? While she had been bent over, the arch of her back into her ass became deeper thanks to her cheeks swelling in a way that not only forced her hips apart further, but also fed a comparative weight into thighs that stretched until they were shiny and plush. That ass went *beyond* a heart shape, and her thighs

rubbed against each other sensually as she stood. **“Huh? Wasn’t I like, holding a towel?”**

FASHION SENSE: ~~NEAT & TIDY~~ REVEALING SLUTTY GYARU

There *was* no towel. She was, however, dressed in a tiger print bikini that barely covered her nipples, with a thong bottom. This was all worn under an impossibly short, pink and red plaid school skirt, and an unbuttoned blouse that allowed her tits to spill out. Piercings had been made in her ears so that she could wear heart-shaped hooping earrings, makeup was caked onto her face, and there was a *strong* scents of perfume, cigarette smoke, and booze.

NAME: ~~MAKOTO NIJIMA~~ SHIZUKU NIJIMA

While you’d think changing her name wouldn’t have any effects on her appearance, that wasn’t quite the case here. If she was named something else, then she couldn’t look *exactly* like she had before in any clear way. And Makoto’s face had retained largely the same shape. The *second* her name was changed, though? Her lips swelled and her face inherited a fuller, more mature shape with a sharp hook and narrowed eyes that remained brown but lost their reddish tinge. Makoto’s DNA was still in there vaguely, but she looked more like a second older sister with only a vague resemblance.

In fact, she lived *alone* in this apartment now. She was Sae’s *cousin*.

“Like, why am I even *wearing* my uniform? LOL!” Was it really correct to say she was ‘wearing’ it? The nineteen year old gyaru’s outfit was *completely* disheveled, showing off her tits with a skirt that was so short that you could see her matching, tiger print thong. **“Wait. That’s right. I’m not even in high school anymore. So, must’ve been dressing up for *someone*.”** She *was* twenty after all. Even if she was too old to be a student... she’d dropped out when she was sixteen! That explained why the size was so small, though.



Shizuku Nijima played with her own tits, squeezing them as she lifted and dropped them out of sync. She was just getting herself in the *mood*. Because Futaba had *jokingly* set her

personality to be that of a horny slut, reality had altered in kind. Her bedside drawer was *full* of sex toys and condoms – tools she used when she had men and sometimes even women over.

She was playing with herself to warm herself up. **“Right, riiiiight! Toya-kun wanted to fuck tonight. Should be here soon, right? He doesn’t pay too much, but he’s probably one of the *better* fucks I can get around here. Gotta charge more to the ones that *suck ass*.”** Swinging her ass and her boobs as she walked, the gyaru slipped out of her bedroom and into the hall where she’d await her fuck of the night.

Meanwhile, Futaba was looking at the app pensively. **“Weird. It let me change everything else, but not her last name? Well... I hope it doesn’t *actually* do anything, because I kind of got carried away!”** She definitely didn’t want the overly strict Makoto figuring out what she’d done. Then again, she unknowingly was the only person that could *remember* who Makoto had been now. Reality had changed, and if she’d looked in her phone she wouldn’t have found Makoto’s name. A gyaru like that would never had met a shut-in like her.

The teen’s curiosity still wasn’t satiated, however. She closed Makoto’s profile and opened *Ann*’s instead.

“I wonder what a funny thing would be to put down for Takamaki-san...?”

...Could she not have tested it on *herself* first?