

# NINJAING BEAUTY

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Why did my phone pick *tonight* of all nights to glitch out?”**

Futaba Sakura navigated the streets of Yongen-Jaya without barely looking up from the smartphone she was fidgeting with in her hands. To be fair to her? While this *was* technically dangerous, it wasn't like she had to worry about getting hit by a car or anything like that. The set of streets that composed the district were walkable, and you needed to part outside of it to get inside.

Of course, there was the added risks of it already being after dark. The only lighting available was from the few lamps that lined the streets and so there *could* have technically been someone lurking in the shadows... prepared to kidnap her! The odds of that were unlikely though. It was a very short trip from her place to Café Leblanc, and one that she had walked late at night numerous times ever since she had become a Phantom Thief. She had to go to the café to meet with the others, after all.

But her business that night wasn't related to a Phantom Thieves meeting. She'd simply forgotten her glasses case in the attic while playing games with Joker and Ann after they had finished their classes. She *would* have simply asked Joker to bring it over himself, but that was where the supposed phone glitch came in. **“Seriously! How did their contact info just *disappear*?”**

When she had gone to ask him? His contact info was missing from her phone along with Makoto's. It made getting her glasses case back a little annoying, but she really had to wonder why it had specifically been those two that were missing. It had to be a glitch, right? That was the

only thing that she could really think of to explain it. Either way, she'd just have to ask them to put their info back in the next time she saw them. For Joker specifically? That should have been any moment now since she was walking through the café's front door. All she had to do was head up the stairs to the attic.

What Futaba *didn't* know was that she had somehow been spared from a reality altering effect that had altered the memories of basically everyone else in the world. Joker and Makoto simply *no longer* existed, and that was why their information had been wiped from her phone. The fact that she hadn't forgotten herself was perhaps a grace spared towards her by her Persona's nature, but she was still blissfully unaware.



**“Hey! I just came to pick up my— H-Huh!?”**

She had *thought* she'd heard voices in the attic from the restaurant floor, but she'd also just assumed that Joker and Morgana had been talking. It was still early enough that Ann, Makoto, or Haru could have been over too. But what she walked in on, well... *Everything* about what she'd walked in on was *extremely* surprising.

Take the attic itself, for example. It had *been* an old, run-down space that Sojiro had been using for storage until Joker had come along and cleaned it up. But it looked *way* too different? The walls were black and *metallic*, and there were *computers* on the far walls that hadn't been there before. It looked like a secret base you'd find in a *spy* movie, including a hologram model of the city in the center of the room... and in the center of the people using it, all of which were unfamiliar to her.

There were *two* adult women and one girl that couldn't have been too much older than herself based on appearances. The women were *stacked*, and one was wearing a skintight body suit that definitely highlighted as much. Not to mention none of them looked *Japanese* at all. **“Wh-Who are you!? What did you do to the attic!?”** For how shocked she was to see all of them, *they* didn't seem to be all that shocked to see *her*.

**“Uh? Why's the trainee acting like she's never seen us before?”**

The youngest one had cocked her head to the side to display her curiosity, her gaze dancing between Futaba and the older two. The buxom one that was dressed more like a magician than anything simply shrugged, while the one in the bodysuit looked her up and down. Futaba

thought for a moment that she'd seen something *glow* in that woman's cleavage, but what could she have even stashed in there, her phone?

That woman eventually deigned to speak. **“Eh, let's just let her watch for now! I'm sure she'll catch on the more we discuss things!”** That was a *very* flippant response that didn't answer *any* of Futaba's questions! Were they just going to go on like she wasn't there? She thought that was much too stupid of a response, but they really *did* end up turning back to the hologram model, prattling on about raiding a *museum* of all things? That wasn't even the sort of stuff that the Phantom Thieves *stole*!

**“O-Okay, well... I'm just going to call the police then!”** In a way, that was probably the most reasonable response. The property *was* Sojiro's, which meant she could claim that they were trespassing. Not to mention the remodeling job? All she had to do was unlock her phone and— **“Huh? Why won't my phone unlock? It's not taking my facial data?”** It wasn't just that. Not even her fingerprint worked? If she considered the missing contacts too, then why her phone just flat out *broken*?

She looked up at the three women, thinking that her threat might have caught their attention. But it *hadn't*. They continued to chat away like she wasn't there, like they weren't taking her seriously at *all*. **“I-I'm serious, you know! I'll just get the owner of the café! He'll... He'll...?”** Wait. *Who* owned the café again? She'd just spoken as if she knew him, but she couldn't remember his name – *were* they a man? – and their face in her memories was blurry.

No one looked over at her to clock her distress, and her phone? It hadn't *actually* broken. The picture ID function wouldn't work if there was something obscuring Futaba's face, but of course that wasn't the answer. It also wouldn't work if the face that the camera saw *wasn't* a match for the biometric data that was stored in its files in the first place. It was just a matter of Futaba herself not *realizing* that anything had changed. How *could* it have?

But the realistic plausibility of it didn't matter. Something as subtle as the shapes of the girl's eyes vaguely adjusting so that they were bigger and so that her eyelids were no longer hooded was enough to throw the biometrics off. She looked *Caucasian*, without a trace of Japanese genetics in her eyes at all. The changes had already progressed *past* that point, though. The girl's lips bloated, swelling into a plumper pout, and her cheeks became thin. **“H-Hey!?”** From the girl's perspective, her glasses had suddenly fallen from the bridge of her nose.

She'd *tried* to catch them, but it ended in failure, and they hit the ground with a *crack*. Futaba had the sense to crouch down to grab them but stopped short of completing the motion. "**Wait... I can see properly?**" Even though she wasn't wearing her glasses, everything was in focus. Her vision might have been even *sharper* than a regular human's, courtesy of her irises turning a yellowish green. And this was without her even realizing that the glasses had slipped in the first place because her nose had grown longer and narrower.

"**Huh?**" The glasses were left on the floor of the attic when she stood up straight again. It seemed like she'd given up, but in actuality? She'd *forgotten* about them. Why would she need glasses? When had she *ever* worn them? In her twenty-five years of life— Wait, *twenty-five*? The girl had *been* in her mid-teens! But looking at how face had been restructured... Yeah, she definitely looked like a young adult of you considered her face alone.

The woman *blinked*, not naturally but because she'd felt a strung gust of wind pass by her head. It ruffled her hair, making a mess of her bangs and the hair on top. Yet simultaneously? Both the orange dye and the natural black underneath *faded*, paling to a dark chestnut instead. What's more, almost as if that gust of wind had been a *blade*, everything beneath her chin had been chopped away, falling from his shoulders but *disappearing* before it could hit the ground.

Seeing as Futaba had been relatively mouthy thus far, her slide into a quieter demeanor hadn't been without any meaning. It was *directly* related to the changes she'd suffered, and the fact that she'd forgotten Sojiro had already suggested one aspect of it was a change in memories and personality. *I should probably listen to what they're saying...* It was a mentality that contradicted her earlier desire to report them. But even if she had *wanted* to listen? It was still difficult for her to focus.

It was something of a miracle that the other three hadn't noticed what was happening to the girl. The changes she'd experienced so far hadn't necessarily been discreet, and the next stage was even *more* striking. "**Tight...**" On this occasion, she mumbled her complaint without bothering to check for the cause. She simply found herself tugging at her clothes, both trying to free up space *and* to tug her shirt down.

She was, of course, *growing*. It was initially only a vertical affair. Her 5'0" of height was fairly average, if not slightly below average, for a girl her age. Or, well... her *previous* age. For a woman in her *twenties*, it was a little *too* short, and so it was corrected by applying *five* entire inches of height to her form, stretching her limbs and her torso until she was 5'5". This led to her shirt and tank top lifting up until you could just *barely*

see the base of her belly, while her fingers and toes were slightly longer themselves.

It wasn't long before her shirt lifted even *higher*, though this added pull came with some momentary *back problems* that led to her posture leaning forward. "**Hm!?**" Her upper body had all of a sudden become offputtingly *heavy*? Her inability to perceive her own fate led to that misunderstanding, but if anyone in that room hadn't been caught up in the same spell? They *surely* would have noticed the *true* cause.

That Futaba's bosom had suddenly *ballooned* within her upper levels, promptly snapping the strap of her bra as the cloth that wrapped around them was stretched as far as it could be. It wasn't like they became a *little* bit bigger, no. They were almost *ten* times larger, each one a little bit smaller than her own head, with the skin stretched so tightly around them that you could make out the veins running from her fattened nipples – well, if her clothes hadn't been in the way. This had inadvertently widened her shoulders because they needed the room, finally forcing her to let her jacket slide from her arms.

"**That was weird...**" She looked around at Quency, Phantom, and Miranda; not wondering when she had learned their names but wondering if they had seen her fix her posture. She felt a little out of sorts even in her *shorts*. But if her breasts had grown so dramatically, then... *Yeah*, her lower body underwent a similar transition.

The short, narrow shorts that the woman had been wearing *split* at the sides, given no other option by the hips that swung almost *eight* inches wider altogether. Forget 'childbearing', those hips could have birthed two kids at once! The remnants of her shorts and, by extension, snapped panties peeled from her crotch and fell towards the ground, exposing that her brown pubes had been shaved into a stubble. *Not* that those pubes were as eye-catching as everything happening *around* the pelvis they rested upon.

Take her *thighs*, for example. With her hips so wide, a sizable gap had been left between them. There was plenty of room for the thighs that framed that gap to grow, and so they did with a great deal of vigor. Her skin was pulled tightly around jiggling fat *and* an underlying layer of muscle beneath that also tightened her tummy, overall *doubling* their size within a matter of seconds. Her thigh gap didn't *close*, but it was significantly narrower. The weight that couldn't be fed into those legs instead made its way into her now bare ass, cheeks burgeoning with a little bounce into a perfectly pleasant peach shape.

Had the woman not even noticed she was naked from the waist down? No, she was trying too hard to pay attention to the others. The curse of

the necklace that had changed her body granted her new clothing anyways, quickly dressing her in what could have been a skintight, black bodysuit if it hadn't had so many *cutouts*. Her cleavage and the *sides* of her tits were completely exposed, as were her hips and the sides of her ass cheeks. Black tattoos were painted onto her left arm and shoulder, with black stripes on her cheeks. Gloves, leather boots, and pouches decorated her body otherwise.

Along with two knives and... a *katana*?

**“...? I’m confused about what they’re talking about...”** Not one to often speak unless spoken to first, *Delta* looked around the base of the Phantom Thieves as if she was looking at it for the first time. Of course, that wasn't the case according to her memories. This was the third time she had been brought there as a Phantom Thief-in-training, right? Even though her memories spoke to the truth of this, she still felt strangely disoriented. Quency, Phantom, and Miranda were all talking about their next heist.



Quency eventually noticed that she wasn't paying attention. **“Earth to new recruit Delta? I thought ninjas were supposed to be better at paying attention!?”** She *did* have a point. It wasn't behavior befitting of a ninja to space out like that. Things just felt... odd somehow. Had her breasts always been so *heavy*? Her hips so *wide*? They obviously *had*, but she kept getting struck by rogue thoughts that something was awry.

**“I apologize... Where were we? I promise I’ll be of use to the Phantom Thieves.”**

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About 8 hours later, the four women arrived back at Café Leblanc's attic *completely* exhausted. They'd just pulled off a heist at the nearest museum without a single problem! ...Barring all of the problems that their erratic personalities had led to. There was one point where Quency and Delta had gotten bound together by a grappling rope with their tits

docked together! But they *had* managed to steal the things they'd been looking for and sell them off to the man that had requested them.

**“And now we’re rolling in dough!”** Quency exclaimed triumphantly while staring at her new bank balance on her phone. Steps had been taken so that the money would be untraceable, and they'd all taken an equal share. **“Plus, it was a successful first heist for our newbie! Good job, our resident ninja!”** All three of the original members clapped, leading to the buxom ninja blushing lightly.

Phantom was the one who spoke up next. **“But this leaves me wondering: should we look for even *more* recruits? It’s curious, but I found a number of names in my phone that shouldn’t be there. One Ann, for example?”** Incidentally, this name caused the other three to all perk up. It was almost like they had *heard* that name before.

But where had they heard it?