

THE DETECTIVE THIEF

NOVEMBER REQUEST STORY

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"Joker? Are you sure it was a good idea to come to Mementos with just the two of us? After all, we were in the middle of our date..." Queen, also known as Makoto Nijima provided distressed commentary as both she and her boyfriend traversed the winding corridors of Mementos without any aid. They'd been about to go on their third date that night, to see a movie, when Futaba had contacted them about a potential disturbance in Mementos -- one with similar readings to Sae Nijima's conquered Palace.

Of course Joker couldn't just leave that alone. **"Aren't you worried? Because it's your sister..."** Despite their differences in the past Sae had come to accept him. She was a good, hard working person deep down that probably needed the vacation she wouldn't give herself but... This was for Makoto's sake. He didn't want her to be upset by this. **"Don't worry, we're just going to scout things out. We'll pull back and rendezvous with the others once we can tell what's going on."**

He offered a smile which ultimately calmed Queen's anxiety somewhat. Their relationship was still in its early phases but she was really glad he'd chosen her in the end. There was just something reassuring about having him around, even if she never thought of herself as the type of girl that would find the presence of someone else to be so reliable. **"Alright."**

As the two passed a train station and continued deeper down the stairs, they found the design of Mementos shifting slowly. It was gradual but things became lighter, bright lights and the sounds of... *lottery machines?* So it really was like Nijima's Palace! Greeting them as soon as they stepped down was a pair of Shadow guards however, provoking Joker to immediately pull Queen into a nearby door. A safe room, he assumed.

Yet what was on the other side of the door didn't look like Mementos at all. It looked like Makoto's living room. That wouldn't be all surprising since Palaces were overlain with reality but Mementos didn't flicker in over top. It was like they were standing in Makoto's actual apartment. But their costumes didn't dissipate. **"The door disappeared!"** It was Makoto who turned around and noticed. Right. It looked like her apartment but there were no doors or windows. **"What's happening here? I hope my sister is okay..."**

'I am.'

The reassurance hadn't been spoken, but had instead been a mental response Joker had thought of on cue. Which was very not normal. Since Makoto hadn't heard it however he didn't think to bring it up, thinking it a trick of the room. **"There has to be a way out. There doesn't look like there are any Shadows in here though."** Could they just wait for the others to arrive? No. What if they walked into the same trap?

'Why would I want to escape my own apartment?'

Another thought that contradicted both reality and the urgency of the situation came up. Okay, yeah. Something wasn't right in here. **"Hey Queen? Are you having any... weird thoughts?"** He was fully aware of how outlandish that question sounded but he had to be sure.

"Huh? No, why? Like what?" He couldn't say *'like this is your home'* to Makoto because for all intents and purposes it was, albeit without an exit. But if she was thinking strange thoughts she undoubtedly would have caught on. She was sharp. He couldn't really place why he thought this place seemed like home, but his eyes kept drifting to a door-less wall where he thought a bedroom might be.

But then a door *actually* appeared. It flung open, and a shadowy hand tore into the space where Joker and Makoto rested... to grab the former only and pull him into the room with high speeds. The door? It shut squarely behind him with a loud BANG before disappearing entirely, separating the couple wholly.

"MAKOTO!" Joker was quickly freed from the shadowy hand and quickly ran to the wall where the door had been, not taking notice of the fact that he'd used her real name as opposed to her code name not out of panic but because that name just felt more familiar somehow. But even as he pounded on the wall and yelled he didn't hear anything called back in return.

Which left him alone in an unfamiliar room with that hand. It just floated there ominously above a bed he felt like he almost recognized. Was this a room in Makoto's apartment? The bed in the center was king-sized and decorated with a black duvet atop silken sheets, oaken night side tables and a similarly themed

dresser likewise lining the walls aside a rather modern computer desk in the corner. It was all wholly unfamiliar.

'Why am I in my room? Is something wrong with Makoto? I should be at work...'

Strange thoughts tore Joker away from both his location and the menacingly gigantic hand simultaneously. These concerns were surprisingly... *adult*. He worked part time jobs, yes, but it was such an intense desire to return to the job, and there was such a fondness for that job. Or was it a career?

As he struggled with the disorientation brought on by his mental state, he was falling under the influence of the room he was standing in even faster. The shadowy hand from before had disappeared, which gave the boy pause, but ultimately it had served its purpose as both a tool to drag him into this space and to likewise keep his mind off things as his new persona took route. And not the kind of persona he could summon; *a mental state, a new personality*.

But the mental aspect was only the beginning. His body was beginning to contort under the aura radiated by the room. The tips of Joker's hair soon lightened to a healthy silver not like that of someone reaching old age, but of a natural hair color that was breathlessly beautiful by design but would ultimately be wasted as the wearer had no interest in a suitor.

As the coloring reached towards his roots, the length advanced and advanced, ultimately reaching past his shoulders in a matter a seconds as a more floral fragrance came to waft from the voluminous mass. It grew even longer still and as it did the mask across Joker's face began to slowly disappear -- not that he even noticed. Before long the boy's face was completely bare, allowing the next set of changes to become easily observable by his captor.

Joker's red eyes grew brown as they widened physically but narrowed with suspicion as the question of *why he was in this room* grew more pronounced. Lashes flickered as he blinked, each time finding new length as they did. The color of his brows came to match the hair that now reached to just above his ass, and his nose had shown significant signs of narrowing as the bridge reached out into a smaller, sharper point. But what was most pronounced on his androgynous-looking face now was his lips, which felt swollen for a just a moment as they puffed forward, crimson lipstick spreading across them perfectly as if the one applying it had been an old pro.

And as it did, recollections of applying that lipstick earlier that morning came to Joker's mind.

"Ow!" A sharp pain in either earlobe was accompanied by a newly discovered weight as silver earrings dangled from them, and in the boy's exclamation of pain he almost wondered if his voice sounded... *different?* Fingers (*gloveless, as the crimson accessories were now seemingly absent*) naturally reached up to try and figure out what had caused the pain, but as narrowing fingers toyed with elongated ear pieces

with shock for a moment, the more he touched them the more they felt as if they belonged there. Weren't these his usual pair? The nails of his fingers extended as he rocked the earrings back and forth almost like a curious child, and before he pulled them away they'd been painted with a dark purple that stood to sharply contrast a skin tone that was far paler than expected. Almost like his body was extremely tired and overworked. **"How strange... Why am I so confused?"**

This time, however? He took no notice of the face that he sounded like a woman. He'd already lost his Adam's apple, and a slender neck was slowly finding itself covered at least partially by a skintight black turtleneck that had once been the undershirt of Joker's costume. The lower, armored layer had slowly been losing its definitive, stylish traits as it thinned into a pure, black garment. A long-sleeved shirt that was still largely obstructed by the jacket he wore over-top -- and that obstruction would only grow more pronounced.

The collar of his shirt folded down and became neater as the material of the coat became thinner and largely wool (while bolstered by various other materials. The coloring was very quickly less *'black as night'* and more of a dark gray, the lower buttons reaching across the long-sleeved turtleneck beneath him and finding themselves sealed as just below his chest and up to his collar was left open. It almost looked like he was wearing the top half of a woman's suit, and while elegant embroidery rose into existence around his sleeves and the jacket's bottom corners, it became even clearer that this was *actually* the case.

The turtleneck and jacket fit perfectly, which was an issue if you could identify why (*which Joker could not*). It showed off thin arms and narrow shoulders, traits that were the exact opposite of the body he *should* have been familiar with. Time working out and running around the Palaces had given Joker a broader, stronger build, and yet the shape of his torso spoke nothing to this. His torso, in exchange, looked relatively androgynous for that short moment.

But that was quickly challenged. Joker had found himself wandering back to where a door should have been when a strange itch began to formulate around his nipples. He idly itched with sharp nails, wondering if he was having an allergic reaction to something at first, but quickly wondered *something else entirely*.

"Did I not put on a bra this morning? Wait--"

That was wrong. Wasn't that wrong? Since when did he wear a bra? As he scratched his tender nips though, they swelled larger beneath the skintight black garment and their shapes quickly became visible underneath. Was it just the nipples growing more agitated however? No, the flesh beneath them became more and more swollen as well, itch burning as both hands were needed to bring relief to a pair of lumps that were very quickly firming into a pair of perky breasts. The itching felt good. So good, in fact, that for a moment he bit his thick lower lip as it was almost arousing. Mounds eventually settled into B-cups that could be wholly identified by shape beneath the turtleneck, and the itching along with any recollection of the itch

being present in the first place completely faded... leaving Joker even more disoriented than he had been before.

"Why was I touching myself? Maybe I really should take Makoto's advice and find a boyfriend...?" Did he have time for that? Not with his line of wor-- *THERE IT WAS AGAIN!* His old identity screamed out in protest as more foreign thoughts and memories slowly pulled him away from the reality he knew, but it was becoming much harder to resist. Boyfriend? He had Makoto! Makoto was... his... *sis...ter...?* No... She was...

Body swayed back and forth, hand catching him against the wall as confusion ultimately led to dizziness -- but that wasn't the sole explanation for his near-fall either. *Heels*. The short and square heels of his boots had narrowed dramatically, sides pinching inward and crunching his toes painfully together as the nails, hidden, lengthened and found themselves painted the same purple as his fingernails. Before all was said and done, he was left wearing a pair of woman's heels that he was completely comfortably walking in.

The black pants of Joker's Phantom Thief ensemble, on the other hand, clung against his body almost like they'd suddenly been vacuum-sealed in comparison to how they'd been so baggy before. They lightened to the same dark gray as his jacket as their design more evidently resembled dress pants now; and a pair that showed off the very curvature of his body at that.

Leg hair withdrew as the scent of freshly used shaving cream and ointment danced off the hidden skin. Hips grew wider as well, ultimately filling out the dress pants with more prominence and drawing attention to his ass and the subtle lengthening of his legs. The former ballooned in slight, cheeks round and tight from going to the gym every night and ultimately shown off entirely by the skin tight nature of his pants.

Her pants, as she hadn't even noticed just how quickly her dick had left all but a slit between her legs, accented by an untrimmed silver bush since she had no need without a lover. It allowed more room for the surrounding thighs to grow, and they ultimately thickened into a tantalizing set that met the quality of her rear.

"..." Joker(?) stood still a moment, her body completely transformed. Her mind had been racing up until now, but suddenly, after taking a deep breath, she felt like she had absolute clarity. She'd forgotten her necklace, that's why she'd come home. Manicured fingers grabbed the jewelry off her bedside table and fastened it around her neck, before exiting through a door that hadn't been present moments before -- not that she could remember that.

On the other side was the living room of the apartment she shared with her sister. Makoto. Said sister was preparing breakfast and smiled when Joker(?) came out. The girl had likewise been altered by this space, but it was merely her memories. Joker had been removed and there was only her elder sister. It was part of this trap.

A Metaverse like reality that would repurpose the thieves so that they could no longer meddle. They would live in this reality for the rest of their lives. **"Are you hungry Sae? I can make you some eggs too?"**

Sae... Sae... Right. That was her name? Why wouldn't it be? She was Sae Nijima. She so badly wanted to take her little sister up on the offer, but... **"I'm sorry Makoto, I have a case I need to see to immediately. Maybe... dinner? I'll try and be home for dinner."** She'd try, but there was no guarantee sadly. Makoto surely knew this. Sae wished that being an adult left her more free time with her sister, but she wholly had to focus on her career.

After all, she had to catch the Phantom Thieves.