

WRONG MUSOU II.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A search that had worn on for some months now had begun to take its toll on the Phantom Thieves.

It had been an incident that no one had seen coming, yet was extremely devastating for the group's morale. After all, a dear friend of the group, or at least the group's leader, had suddenly gone missing. Kasumi Yoshizawa was her name – or it was what they had *thought* her name was, but all of the police reports filed referred to her with a completely different first name. It wasn't something that was worth getting into considering she was *missing*, though.

“Man, I just don't know where else to look! They said the last place she was seen at was this library, but how many times have we scoured this place by now?” Kicking a tiny rock against the carpet of the vacant library, Ryuji Sakamoto felt a little frustrated. He wanted to find Kasumi just as much as the next member of their group, but it was becoming a little exhausting.

It didn't matter *how* hard they looked because no leads were turned up whatsoever. Kasumi had been in the library and then she just *hadn't* been. There weren't any witnesses to when she had left or where she had gone, she had just up and vanished. The Metaverse? That had been the first thought they'd had, but exploring it had yielded no clues to speak of either.

If anything, it was like she had just *up and disappeared* somehow.

The member of their group that had been hit the hardest had naturally been Joker. He had been the only one that was really close to her, so it

made sense. So Ryuji was desperate to find a lead. Something, *anything* that might bring a friend to his smile's face. "**Hell, I'd do anything to find her! Just take me to her, man!**" It wasn't a declaration with any expectation behind it to *actually* bring him to her, but apparently the forces that had spirited away in the first place had now set their eyes on him. Whether it was to honor his request or because they were agitated with him was not a question with an attainable answer.



All *he* knew was that, in a fashion similar to when he traveled into the Metaverse, the world around him had suddenly twisted and he was no longer standing in anything that resembled a library. Which, on its face, was already a sign that something unconventional had happened here. No matter how different, you could always find ties to the real world in its Metaverse variation. So was this not a Palace nor Mementos?

“What the—!?! But we checked the Metaverse here and didn't find anything!?! Is this where Yoshizawa-san went!?!” It was a little hard to believe that he might have *accidentally* solved the mystery of the missing maiden, but at the same time he wasn't quite *certain*. The vibes of this place were strange, and he didn't much feel like he was in the Metaverse despite clearly being brought here by the app.

From what he could plainly see, he was standing upon a stage beneath a tent in the dead of night. There was light, but the illumination was not through artificial means. Lit torches were strewn about, revealing his surroundings to be, perhaps, a campsite? Did that mean there were people here? Well, if this really *was* the metaverse then they were more likely to be Shadows, weren't they? **“Uh... Hello!?”**

Ryuji called out and *then* looked down at himself, only to find his Phantom Thief costume wasn't on. That would *probably* be a problem if he had just alerted some enemies, but there didn't seem to be any reaction from the dimly lit void around him. **“Is this... really the Metaverse?”** But where else *could* it be?

With no choice but to confirm it, and maybe escape back to the real world if he could, the boy went to pull out his phone. There was, however, one very minor issue with doing so. When he reached into his

pocket he found nothing but *lint*. **“Huh!? Where the hell did my phone go!? I must have just had it, right? Did I drop it somewhere?”** He was *certain* that he had been brought here through the special app on his phone, and said phone *always* came with him! And if things had actually transpired as the boy believed, then that most certainly would have been the case.

But it hadn't been.

In fact, his phone had been the very first victim of a phenomenon that whisked things away to another time. To maintain the balance of history, anything that did not *belong* in that time would be briskly corrected. To those ends, his phone *was* present, but it had become a long weapon at the foot of the stage. *Nothing* would be spared from the assimilation. Not inanimate objects, not clothes, and certainly not *people* either. The forms they'd take, on the other hand, were limited to what was needed. There was no guarantee that what something once was would be given a form similar to what they had once been, if the phone was any indication.

“Man, I really have no idea what to do about this? I appeared on this stage, right? But I can't see it anywhere!” And Ryuji knew that his vision wasn't *that* bad. It almost somehow seemed to be better than normal – clearer, almost. But this wasn't a trick of his mind at all. His vision actually *had* been improved. Because the boy's eyes? Years of wear from staring at electronic screens were erased, their health replenished as if he had grown up in an era where no modern technology existed whatsoever.

This improved vision seemed to come at a cost, albeit one that Ryuji himself wasn't poised to understand. After all, he could not perceive the color of his own eyes without the use of a reflective surface, much less that those eyes had taken on a beautiful lilac color. More than that, though, their shapes seemed to change subtly. Their Eastern designs were retained, but they became slightly smaller and gained a downward curve.

For anyone that could distinguish between peoples it was fairly apparent with this change was suggestive of the idea that he was no longer Japanese somehow. And if that change only made it *possible*, then a rounding and shortening of his face certainly drove this point home. Rather than appearing to still be of his Japanese heritage, it would have been a much fairer assumption to call him Chinese, even though there existed no reason for this to be so.

If only he'd noticed, or had any awareness of the fact that *the very same fate had befallen their missing Kasumi.*

With no other leads upon the stage, the boy moved towards the steps that led off of it so that he could (*cautiously*) explore the surrounding area. Or that had been the intention, but he stopped just short of stepping down the first of the stairs. The bottom of his lip quivered thanks to an unexplainable reluctance. **“Maybe... I’m missing something up here after all?”** He really had no reason to think that because the stage was plain and bare. It was more like that his mind was making up an excuse to linger for the time being.

Although lingering there didn’t come without consequences. They were consequences that would have happened whether he had left the stage or not, but you could also say that his decision to remain was a side-effect of those consequences in itself. Ryuji couldn’t quite put a word to the feeling, but he felt some kind of *bond* with the stage.

Bond aside, what was up with his face? It had *already* become rounder thanks to his change in race, but it was rapidly becoming downright androgynous. In fact it only took a few seconds for raised cheekbones and a sunken chin to reveal what was could be seen as a keen femininity bolstered by lips that passively swelled into thick, pink shapes just ripe for the kissing – just as lashes fluttered long on the outskirts of a narrowed nose, and his brows thinned high above his lilac gaze.

Forget looking like a girl, this appearance gave off the impression of a beautiful young *woman*, so much so that any man would be beyond lucky to have her at his side. At least that would have been the case if not for *ever* other aspect of him being a man. At least for a time.

“So what the hell was I doing again?” It was subtle, but Ryuji’s voice came off as a little softer than normal while he scratched at his breast through his shirt. Seemingly out of nowhere his nipples had grown extraordinarily itchy, and it didn’t strike him at all to think anymore critically about it even after there was *more* and *more* of that breast to scratch. Or, well... *breasts*.

Indeed, his yellow tee was gradually lifted up to expose his navel for its peak was overflowing with mass that wouldn’t be expected to appear upon a man’s visage. On the body of a *woman* on the other hand, there was absolutely nothing awry about it. Still, it became quickly apparent that these swells were not destined to be mere growths upon the boy’s chest, and that the boy himself hardly found fault in their existence. Because the bottom of his shirt was hoisted higher and higher by breasts that surpassed even the great D-cup standard, the neck of his shirt torn down so that they held the slightest bit of breathing room.

Ryuji merely stared down at his own chest and shirt like he was *trying* to understand what was wrong, but was constantly falling short even though it should have been the most obvious thing in the world. Even as he did this, on the other hand, his body continued to change. A singular inch had been lost from his overall height, but compared to everything else in the works that was basically a very small potato.

When it came to *big* potatoes, one needn't look any farther than his hips. They had swollen, pushing out the sides of his pants to the point that the button on the front had been afforded little choice but to pop off. This new gait made plenty of room for further 'evolutions' while making his waistline appear thinner in the process, but those 'evolutions' certainly weren't regarding the hips themselves as much as it was the areas around them.

“Oh dear, something is bothering me but I cannot place what it is.” Communicated in a demure, effeminate voice, Ryuji murmured in *Chinese* as he placed a hand bearing slender fingers against his right hip. If he felt his pants slipping under their touch he didn't react to it, but that was exactly what was happening as a direct result of a great swell that greeted his rear end and the upper legs that bled into them.

Ample and perky, swollen cheeks forced the waistband of his pants to get stuck halfway down his cheeks while boxers put everything in that region into a death grip. Smooth, hairless skin expanded without remorse, and when it came to his thighs this ultimately forced much of it to peek out from under cloth that tore thanks to the tension created. This left legs shapely, meat pressing up against each other between them.

It looked like it might have caused a problem for Ryuji's, well... Little Ryuji, but that didn't appear to be the case. Largely because that which composed his groin had shrunk dramatically – not to the point of non-existence, but instead taking shapes altogether. Balls and scrotum folded up and inside of him, lining a canal that reached up into reformed organs. While his dick? It shrunk to ridiculous proportions, becoming *her* new clitoris.

Rather than a Japanese teen, she now fit the role of a Chinese beauty around the age of eighteen or nineteen. This only stood to be amplified by a growth of hair that saw blonde spikes stretch into soft locks that dangled to her ass behind her. While the original length remained blonde at first, the excess that grew out was a silky brown, and that color was eventually passed onto the blonde as well. She was practically an iconic piece of eye candy, one dressed in the clothes of a boy younger than herself.

But it was merely a fleeting concern, for a gust of wind then brought with it a plethora of pink flower petals that swarmed around the woman, bringing with them a change in memories that suited the changing demeanor she had experienced throughout. Most importantly it presented her with a traditional Chinese outfit, done up in pink to accentuate her cleavage, thighs, and shoulders. It was the elegant garb of a dancer through and through.

“Mmm...” The beautiful Chinese woman atop the stage practically purred as her memories and personality underwent their final tweaks, until any panic she had once felt was little more than dust upon the evening breeze. **“A perfect night for dancing, I must admit. Even without an audience, such a good mood must not be wasted.”** For some reason, when thinking of dancing she had ever so briefly considered the term ‘Flossing’, but ultimately did not have any clue where the term had come from or *what* it was. Was it some manner of dance?

Pushing that thought aside, *Diaochan* began to move her body with natural grace. There was no music, but music was not necessary. So long as she had passion in her heart, she could captivate any man – although her affections often wandered to the needs of one *certain* man. **“Oh, my love, Lord Lu Bu...”** What a strong and passionate man! It was a tragedy that so few understood him for who he truly was!

But was it *truly* a shame? Being one of the few that understood him as she did, it made *Diaochan* feel all the more special. It was because of that connection that their bond had developed so *physically* with time, and memories of such events rushed back to her. Which, in turn, provoked her cheeks into burning. Lu Bu should have been in his tent



even now, shouldn't he? Perhaps after she'd finished practice, she would provide him with a dance of a different type.

Ugh, I don't want to fuck a guy!

An unsavory thought brought the dance to halt though. “**My, what was that which just crossed my mind? Surely not a thought of my own... Have I worked to the point of exhaustion?**” She didn't even know what the word ‘fuck’ meant anymore. That was a word from the distant future, and she was a woman from the distant past. Just as quickly as it had come though, it dissipated, never to be heard from again. What a silly thing to think, indeed.

And so, Diaochan danced until she'd had her fill – sure to save energy for her lover, Lu Bu. And she was feeling *extra* frisky that night for *some* reason.