

GOLDEN THIEVES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Futaba had been MIA for a while now.

To be fair, it did *tend* to happen under certain circumstances. Futaba had made great strides when it came to going out and socializing ever since becoming a Phantom Thief, but there were times when she would hole herself and not even contact *Joker*. They had learned after the last incident like this that it wasn't serious when it happened though, because the truth behind it? It just meant that Futaba was *far too engrossed in a video game*.

She didn't reply to messages when something had captivated her for a prolonged period of time, and it was *always* games that did the trick. Whether they were brand new, or rediscovered gems, she had a habit of getting a little *too* wrapped up in these things. Some members of the group could at least relate, but no one ever got as down bad into it as the group's youngest member did.

The game in this case? It wasn't brand new. Fire Emblem: Three Houses was an older title that *had* been made within the past five years, but it wasn't a brand spanking new release or anything. “**Aw, c'mon! Why can't I marry Hilda or Marianne!? The same sex options in this game are so lackluster!**” Playing it on her computer through a capture card, the girl in question was curled up on her desk chair while expressing frustration at some spoilers she found.

Because she had chosen the female protagonist she was unable to romance most of the girls in the route she had selected! That was kind of a bummer. What was the point of being more inclusive if you were only going to do it selectively!? “**This sucks! I wish I could date**



Marianne most of all...” There was a good reason for that. She related to Marianne’s anxieties and social disorders. She was attracted to that, so of course she wanted to help her! But why couldn’t she *date* her? That was pretty unfair!

Perhaps she was in luck, though? Little did she know, the copy of the game she had purchased had been from a shady little shop downtown, and not even they were sure of when the game had ended up in their inventory when she had gone to purchase it. They’d given it to her for cheap as a result, and since it *worked* Futaba hadn’t really had any complaints about the transaction.

The truth, however? The game cartridge had been fiddled with, and not by a teen with too much time on their hands. It had been *enchanted* by a certain Velvet Room resident. One that hadn’t meant to release the cartridge back into the physical world like it had been. But well? Now it was in Futaba’s hands, and

she’d said the magic words.

I wish...

“H-Huh!?! Hey! What’s going on here!?!” No sooner than the girl in glasses had expressed her desired had her game screen suddenly begun to glow a pastel pink, robbing her of the gameplay image. She immediately began to assume that the game *had* been broken after all, but there was something else to it. Her screen was just glowing, so why was it *warm*?

More than that, why had her vision suddenly become so strained? **“What the?”** She was wearing her glasses, so her vision should have been fine! But much to her surprise? When she took them *off*, she found her vision to be just as perfect as when she wore her glasses in the first place. **“DID MY VISION GET FIXED!?”** What!?! Why!?! *HOW!?!* She really had no idea, but it stopped her from wondering about the monitor’s light for the time being.

Mind you, her improved vision didn’t come without a cost. The mauve of her eyes, unbeknownst to her, had lightened to a pastel pink. There were no colored contact in play, nor was it a trick of the light. In ever

capacity, that was now the natural color of her eyes. Not to mention the natural color of something else: her *hair*.

Starting with the roots, it had swept right through her locks without any regard for the hair dye that already made it ginger. This meant that her natural color had taken on the pink, and the dye that existed was utterly obliterated in the process. It reached all of the way to her tips, which ultimately lost their horizontal cuts so that they appeared just a little more naturally maintained, witch bangs fluffier and more carelessly cut as well.

“EEEEEH!?” Futaba wasn’t blind nor stupid, and it didn’t seem like whatever was happening had yet to influence her mind. So the girl was absolutely in utter shock the moment she caught sight of her own bangs. She’d already put her glasses on her desk out of fear of breaking them in all of the chaos, and the way she whipped about once her mane had taken focus proved that this had *probably* been the right call. **“What happened to my hair!?”**

While she liked the color, she wouldn’t have, in a million years, dyed it pink! She probably looked like some kind of anime or video game character! Although, thinking that? One character in particular came to mind. Which made sense considering just how much she had been playing the game. **“Wai- WOAH!?”**

Her knees had buckled a moment, setting the teen’s balance slightly off in the process. The cause? Two different yet related phenomenon working in conjunction with one another. The first was just the subtlest change in her height, raising her only two whole centimeters – which naturally pulled her thigh highs just slightly downward. But the second change? A parting of her hips? It forced the band of her shorts to dig into her skin... at least until the button on the front of said shorts had no choice but to *pop off*.

“What just— What the HELL is happening!?” Futaba really did have a bad habit of getting more profane when she upset, and this had definitely upset her. Not in the anger sense, but she was most certainly upset due to the confusion that wracked her. This wasn’t the Metaverse. Bodies didn’t just *change*! In fact she didn’t even know if bodies could change in the Metaverse! **“Should I get help? There’s no guarantee that— URK!?”**

Another thought was cut off by the very *real* feeling of receiving a wedgie – just not one at the hands of a bully. Her panties had been stretched up into the crack of her ass because, well, there was just more *to* her ass. Cheeks became so abundant that their peaks poked up over the top of her black shorts, room within them becoming incredibly short

in supply. Hands, curious and slightly motivated by arousal, reached back to grope rising flesh, ultimately rolling over to the front to squeeze thighs that bulged well past the comfort of her shorts or thigh highs.

“This is *unbelievable!* I’m getting *totally thicc!*” Where there had once been concern there was almost something akin to *enthusiasm* in her voice now. She could tell the weight of her lower half was sporting some serious muscle too, but for some reason? The effort of trying to retain that muscle sounded downright exhausting. Plenty of things did. Playing games? That was too much work! Even though Futaba had *never* felt that way about video games in her life.

*Almost as if she was progressively growing **lazier.***

The fuller her figure became, so too did this desire to make a minimal effort grow. The base of her shirt and the tank top beneath were both being yanked up now, for the young lady’s lackluster bosom was swelling, stretching their fabric and disheveling her small brassiere in the process. **“Whoa! Holy moly!”** Futaba had hardly noticed the eventual crawl that deepened the pitch of her voice, but how could she with a pair of huge knockers on her chest!?

Her hands had already grown bored with her perky ass and were now jiggling her bouncy tits. They had lifted her tops so high that her tummy was revealed, showing that it was *very* fit, with abs readily apparent. Part of the reason her breasts looked so huge was because her pecs had followed suit. **“Wait! But I totally need to think about *why* this is happening! Stop touching yourself, me!”**

While vocalizing this important realization, she fumbled over her words several times. Her lips were thickening and that was the cause, while the shape of her face widened. In turn this caused her pink eyes to widen, but their shapes rounded as well. She didn’t look very Japanese in the end. Instead? She was left looking almost European. And an older European woman at that, perhaps even pushing twenty!

This couldn’t be, right? The design of her body, the color of her hair, the sound of her voice, her indifference to doing much



of anything... They all matched that of a character in the game she had been playing. A character that was also part of a very popular ship involving the girl she'd wished to romance, Marianne.

But that had to be a coincidence, right?

“Wait, did I really become Hilda!?” There was no denying that her body was a perfect match for the game character's, but so was her voice and even her manner of speech. The new *Hilda Valentine Goneril* still vaguely recognized that she had once been a girl with the name of Futaba Sakura, and yet that understanding had begun to rapidly fade. **“No way! I am Hilda! I've always been Hilda, right?”** She was torn between two selves, but the lazier, self-important self was gradually winning out regardless of how hard the old self tried.

All of her resistance came to an end when the light of the screen grew brighter. **“Huh!? What's with this glowy thing?”** She couldn't remember what a computer monitor was anymore. In fact, what were a lot of the things in this room? Not that she had long to ponder this. **“HEEEEEY!?”** Not before she was *sucked into the monitor itself*, leaving behind only the ill-fitted clothes she had been stuck with.



The next day the Phantom Thieves had sent one of their members to check on their presumably silent friend. Because Futaba got so caught up in things, she also had a tendency not to take care of herself while she was enraptured. That was why Ann had been sent with provisions. Snacks, soaps, and a will to coax her junior into coming to hang out for a change of pace.

“Futaba? Huh...” She was surprised to find the girl's room empty when she arrived though. The front door had been unlocked, but it was *always* unlocked in case one of them stopped by suddenly. The empty room itself wasn't exactly *that* suspicious, though. Futaba could have been bathing, and the fact that her clothes were laying on the floor by the computer suggested that this might be the case. What was strange was that the clothes themselves somehow seemed a little stretched?

Ann had moved towards the girl's desk to examine them, but no sooner than it had? It began to glow a pastel blue, one that felt

strangely *nice* to Ann. “**Why is this... warm?**” The light of a monitor certainly shouldn’t have evoked such a feeling in *any* individual. Well, she would quickly find out *why*.

Common sense would have suggested looking *away* from this light, seeing just how bright it was. But for some reason Ann just couldn’t look away, and in turn it began to have a very real effect on the eyes that were staring at it in the first place. Dark circles began to appear beneath them, suggesting that the teen hadn’t been sleeping well as of late... even though she prided herself on getting her beauty sleep. What’s more, those eyes seemed to grow rounder, almost *foreign*, so that they resembled those of a fully Caucasian woman rather than the half-Japanese that she was.

Ann’s irises were supposed to be as blue as the sky, but the more she stared at the light? The closer their hues turned towards a yellowed amber. But unsurprisingly a change in color was not at all isolated to her eyes, even though the rest of her face found itself thinned and restructured to rob her of any trace of her Japanese lineage.

It was not the pink of Hilda’s hair nor the amber that her eyes now possessed that took root within her hair, but instead a pastel blue that was an exact match for the glow of the light that was filtering through the computer screen. The fluffiness of Ann’s locks found themselves erased just as their platinum blonde coloring did, length shortening to her shoulders and the natural curls straightening out. Each strand was thinner than normal, ends frayed, like she somehow came from a place where the beauty products of the modern day did not exist. This color, naturally, also plagued thickened eyebrows and the eruption of a wilder pubic brush within her undergarments.

Which, well, was technically true.

“**H-Huh? Wait, what am I...?**” Not only was Ann’s voice much softer, but none of the confidence that she was known for was being communicated through her words. She sounded like she was doubting her very right to speak, and deep down? Her self-confidence had suffered a downwards spiral. She had begun to berate herself for even questioning what she was doing in *Hil-* Futaba’s room.

No, something was wrong! But... what? “**M-Maybe I-I’m just thinking too hard?**” Evidently, Ann was having a much harder time keeping up with what was happening than Futaba had. Likely because she didn’t know about the game to have the context, or because the personality being pushed on her was so self-punishing and introverted that she couldn’t gather the courage to put two and two together.

To those ends, the two centimeter loss of height that plagued the teen went unnoticed. She had begun to feel as tired as she looked, which certainly didn't help her register things. This was only the beginning of changes that wracked her figure to boot, even if the alterations wouldn't be as dramatic as what transpired with the girl she had come here looking for the day before. This meant that while her hips and ass did grow, it was only subtly so. Even her thighs barely engorged, and so the fit of her red tights were but a minor inconvenience.

Comparatively, the growth of her chest was *much* more notable. While not as dramatic as Hilda's, they grew enough to yank the zipper of Ann's zip-up down to their base as they became thicker, riper C-cups that made her bra *very* uncomfortable. With her new personality she lacked the courage to investigate the source of this discomfort, though in some part it was just that... Ann was becoming more comfortable. She hadn't questioned the transformation from the outset, so by this point she hardly had much of a reason to question it.

What she *was* questioning? “**Are these... d-did I pick out these clothes?**” Not only did they not fit properly (*for no explainable reason from her perspective*), but the style? She had never seen anything like it in all of Fodlan. Wait... all of where? Was that the name of where she came from? Didn't she come from Ja... Jack... Jade...? No, Fodlan was the only name that made sense, right? Was she thinking of a place she had read in a book? How she wished she had the comfort of a good tome at that moment. Or the company of an animal, like perhaps a horse?

Animals didn't judge her. They didn't fear her. They didn't loathe her.

Hands clutched to her chest, fingers plagued with calloused that hadn't once existed dug into each other as her anxiety grew. Forget her clothes, where was she? This wasn't a room of the likes of anything she had ever seen before. And what was glowing that blue color? It seemed... *unnatural*, somehow. Her head was spinning. Nothing made sense. Who was she? Where was she? *Why was any of this happening?*

At the same time, while she could tell that *everything* was wrong, the young woman just couldn't put her finger on the pulse as to *why* that was the case. She was Ann Takamaki, wasn't she?

But who was that?

“**U-Um... This isn't... This isn't me, is it?**” Feeling overwhelmed, tired, and confused, *Marianne von Edmond's* mind was less jumbled than Hilda's had been after her own transformation. That was because she was soft-spoken and naturally anxious – the polar opposite of Ann's original personality, just as Hilda's personality had been the polar

opposite of Futaba's. Because her new persona was meek, she easily fell victim to the new memories so that she could no longer recall who she had been before.

She could just tell that something was *wrong*, and wasn't it her surroundings? This room was strange. Her clothes? Also strange. "**I don't... HYAAA!?**" As much as she wanted to ask a million questions about it all, the blue light from the monitor suddenly grew even more intense and, ultimately, pulled the young woman within it while leaving her clothes behind.

The next Marianne's eyes opened, she could tell she was in her own bed. The light of the moon was flickering across her wooden walls at Garreg Mach Academy, and behind her? She could feel the warmth of another body pushing up against her. Who was that? Oh, it could only be Hilda, couldn't it? They had recently started dating even though they were so different, at Hilda's own insistence. It had been strange, really. Hilda couldn't explain *why*, but she had just *really wanted to date her*. Which was endearing, and Marianne already found her to be strong and beautiful.

It was like a dream come true.

But it hadn't quite been *her* dream.

