

Joker kept his eyes in front of him, as he drove Morgana throughout Mementos. This place was never safe, no matter how quiet things were, or how it looked. He kept a lookout for danger, and any also treasure. More than once had they been jumped by a Shadow, because they thought they were safe or hiding around a corner. Coming here was a perfect way for them to stay in shape and keep their skills from getting rusty while they figured out who their next target was. The money and items they received here was also a good bonus and made the danger worth it at times. Getting the supplies, they needed for when they invaded Palaces didn't come cheap after all.

He turned the corner and breathed a sigh of relief. They were fine currently, but he would be happy if they found the entrance to the next floor soon. Every floor deeper made it easier for them to get back to later, with better rewards, but also stronger Shadows. It made him worry about what was down on the lower floors, but he was sure that if they worked together, they would be able to handle it.

Suddenly, something hit the side of Morgana, making him cry out in pain as he spun out of control. He spun multiple times in circles and started to tip over.

"Whaa!" The Phantom Thieves cried as they slammed into the wall on Morgana's side. The Phantom Thieves were spewed out of Morgana and the cat reverted to his original form. They landed in a pile on top of each other.

"Ahh crap!" Ryuji cried as he got up. "Where did that come from?"

They heard loud wings flapping and turned to what had to be the attacker. They saw it was a tall lanky shadow wearing a wooden mask with black lines running down its cheeks with ram horns. It wore long white robes with golden lines, golden anklets, and bracers. On its back were large red swan-like wings. It let out an ominous distorted chuckle, as its fingers curled, the metal rings on them clinking as it leaned closer.

"Oh, such pretty girls!" The Shadow declared lustfully, staring at Ann and Makoto. **"You two have such wonderful bodies!"**

"Uhhh, such a pervert," Panther groaned, Queen, nodding in agreement.

The Shadow looked at the other members of the Phantom Thieves. **"Not into boys, but don't worry we can fix that issue! Wonder what I should make you look like. Big and busty dressed in a bunny suit? Thin and cute in a nice summer dress? Oh, the possibilities are endless!"**

"Like we're going to let you do anything to us you freak!" Ryuji cried as he pulled out his gear.

"I don't need your permission for the plans I have in mind! And by the time I'm finished, you'll love whatever I come up with! You'll be perfect models!"

The Shadow moved to swipe at them, but the group of Thieves quickly dodged. They moved around the room, mindful of one another and a Shadow possibly getting behind them. They circled the Shadow, hoping to keep it distracted, while someone got behind it.

"Carmen!" Ann cried and summoned her persona. It was a tall woman with bright pink skin and black hair. She was dressed in an extravagant red and black layered dress, holding chains of men with large pink heart-shaped speakers for heads.

The Persona waved its hands and a wave of fire erupted from them. The fire flew towards the shadow, and it moved its wings in front of its body like a shield. The flames crashed into its wings and when they were gone, they saw none of its feathers were even singed. They glowed a slightly ominous orange, much like the flames used against it.

“Thanks for the meal love!” The Shadow giggled maniacally and flapped its wings, sending out a massive wave of fire. The enhanced flames hit them and sent the Phantom Thieves reeling back.

“It absorbed the fire!” Ann hisses, the flames weren’t as bad as they should have been, due to her resistance, because of her Persona. Still, the heat from the flames made her sweat, and hurt her somewhat.

“Trust me, I’ve noticed,” Ryuji groaned. “If that doesn’t work, then let’s see how he handles electricity!”

In a blue mist, a pirate-themed Persona with ragged pants and a black and red coat. A pair of cutlasses rested on its chest over a light blue sea uniform. One of its arms was a clawed yellow, while the other was a bright yellow cannon. It stood on top of a pirate-themed boat. The Persona raised its cannon arm, as it rose slightly higher from its position on its boat. A bolt of lightning appeared on top of it and shocked the Shadow, making the monster screech as it fell onto the ground. Its wings going limp. It moaned as it scratched the ground with its claws.

Joker charged forward to deal the finishing blow. He leaped up into the air to stab it with his knife; however, the Shadow opened its mouth and fired an arrow of pink energy out of it. The blast hit Joker in the chest and sent him flying back.

“Joker!” Morgana cried.

“Why you!” Ryuji glared. “Captain Kidd!”

In a flash, his Persona appeared behind him again and repeated the action. The shadow howled as it was shocked again and looked just like it did on the ground. Morgana summoned Zorro and the matador themed Persona thrust its rapier at the Shadow. The Shadow screamed as the blade pierced its body, and sent it flying up into the air. Before it could recover, he followed up with a blast of wind.

Joker forced himself up and fired his gun at the monster. The monster flinched from the blow as he charged forward and stabbed the Shadow under its neck, killing it. He groaned as he kneeled, breathing heavier than he thought he would. His head felt like he had been riding a rollercoaster without any breaks for hours and his body felt numb.

“Are you okay Joker?” Panther asked worryingly.

“Yeah,” Joker answered as he watched the shadow evaporate into red and black mist. He breathed heavily as he gathered his strength. His body felt off, but not in a way that indicated pain. He didn’t expect that last attack and it cost him. He would need to be mindful of attacks like that in the future.

In the human world, a young man named Hakuno Hashiba gasped as he woke up from his bed. His body was covered in sweat, his heart was pounding in his chest. He ran his hands through his messy blood-red hair as his mind scrambled. It tried to recall the nightmare that had woken him with little success. He could remember certain aspects of the dream, like the crazy background, but when it came to the characters it was a bit sketchy.

There was one aspect of the dream that he vividly remembered. The mask that the figure wore. He could remember it perfectly; from the way, it was shaped and the primarily white color with black around the eyes. It made the figure that wore it stand out a little more in his mind. The more he focused on it, the more he could recall the figure and what they wore, like how they had black hair and fair skin. They looked like they could have been the star for some superhero comic, or shonen hero.

He laid on his bed and tried to go back to sleep but quickly realized how futile it would be. His dream bounced around in his head like a bunch of kids going around at a party after having five cans of soda. With how energized his body was, it would be a while before he would be able to go to sleep. Tomorrow was going to suck when it finally came, but until he finally felt tired, he would burn off the excess energy until he felt like he could go back to sleep.

He wondered how he could pass the time, and one of the first ideas was to play one of his games but shot it down. If his parents woke up and heard him playing games, they would no doubt be angry with him. He could always read or draw something. Both of which were hobbies that he enjoyed immensely. After a few seconds, the idea of drawing became more appealing to him and wondered what he should draw. His mind went back to his strange dream and the mysterious leader. His mind wondered what a female version of them would look like. The hair and skin color would undoubtedly be the same. The face would be rounder, more feminine looking. There would also undoubtedly be a prominent chest, at least in his mind.

He wasn't sure if he should just change the clothes into something more feminine or go with a new outfit altogether. He focused more on the clothes the figure wore and could recall they wore a black coat and a black shirt, but the finer details he couldn't. He was sure they wore black pants and shoes, but he didn't want to just add on things if they weren't a part of their original attire.

"If I can't recall it perfectly then it would be better to just go with something else," Hakuno sighed. He looked around the room for inspiration. He could immediately think of a few outfits that he liked, but he liked to have multiple choices and think it over before he committed to anything. His eyes settled on the case For Three Houses and several of the classes came to him. "Well, I have been playing a lot of Three Houses recently. A dancer outfit would look cute and show plenty of skin to add some sex appeal as well. The same black one that the female Byleth wears."

Hakuno pulled out his iPad and looked up a picture of her outfit. He picked up his sketch pad and pen and stared at the plain white paper, thinking about what he wanted. When he was certain about what he wanted he started drawing. He took it slow, right now he was focused on getting it down and would refine it when he had the full thing out. When he finished the pose, he took things a step further and started to refine and clean the sketch. After cleaning things up he started adding more details. The young man focused intently on his work, feeling a drive that he didn't think that he would have when he first started.

Maybe when he was finished, he would post it on Twitter. He had recently opened it a few weeks ago. With the doodles that he made he had gained a small following of a couple of dozens of followers. Some of them gave him a little feedback to keep in mind for the future and was burned in his brain.

When he was finished drawing it, he got out any small details that he missed or thought needed to be improved, like her bust. It looked a little small to him, so he only made it slightly bigger. It was

noticeable and he kept in mind how things can look even larger when the next stage, coloring was finished. He didn't want to give her a pair of gigantic tits that reached down to her navel. He loved big boobs as much as the next guy, but he wanted it to look more normal and appealing.

Hakuno stared at the finished product and was happy with how it turned out. His thoughts went back to earlier and the idea of posting it on Twitter and a few other places he had as well. He wanted to make it big in the industry. He even had the thought of being the artist for a manga while someone else handled the story. He loved drawing, especially pretty girls in nice outfits. If he was going to grow as an artist he would need to get used to criticism,

He took a deep breath and posted it. When he was done, he logged off, his eyes feeling heavy as sleep finally started to take Hakuno again. He looked at the time and saw it was close to four in the morning. He sighed as he put his work away. Tomorrow was going to suck he just knew it.

Akira sighed as he walked to his class. When he woke up this morning his body felt a little off as he went through his morning routine. His clothes felt a little weird on him. It wasn't anything that would stop him from going to school or following through with any plans he made previously, but it was distracting. He looked down at his arm and saw the hair that lined his arm looked even thinner than it did earlier. It was mildly concerning since there was no way he should be losing hair at such a rate.

The leader of the Phantom Thieves smiled at Ann, who waved back at him. He saw the person who sat behind his seat, a young man with short red hair hunched over his desk drawing in a sketchbook. He was mildly curious about what he was working on, but with how focused he was on it, he doubted the artist would even notice him. He sat down at his desk. He opened his bag and Morgana slipped into the cubby in his desk as he pulled out his pencil case and notebook. He heard the door open and saw Ms. Kawakami enter the room. He opened his notebook to a blank page and listened to his professor as she began her lesson.

Hakuno paid vague attention to Ms. Kawakami as he focused on his newest work. When he woke up the next morning, he didn't expect the number of likes he received. As he looked over the comments and the likes he was filled with a sense of confidence that he hadn't felt in a long time. He had spent all morning figuring out what he would do for his next piece. He decided to use the girl that had come to him last night and spent a long time figuring out what to put her in. His favorite titles and outfits came to him, and he wanted to use them, but wanted to go with something different from Byleth's attire and started looking through his reference sheet for outfits and characters he loved. Eventually, he decided to go with Dimaria's jumpsuit from Fairy Tail. and would focus more on sex appeal, with how tight it clung to her body.

After the idea of what clothes to put her in were decided he began thinking about what pose would work best. He was going to full body, and the idea of an ass shot was always tempting, with plenty of side boob to show how large she was. Another option was to have her looking at the viewer with her arms crossed underneath her bust, propping them up. Maybe even something similar to her leaning over, with a hand placed on her hip as she looked at the viewer, but then again, the last one sounded like it would be better with the picture being a thigh up.

When he figured it out, he started working on it, when he got on the train, and almost missed his stop, because of how enraptured he was by his work. It was only because he finished working on the set up

for the pose he remembered where he was. He ran to the school as fast as he could so he would have more time to work on his art. He managed to get there a little sooner, then he would have normally and immediately continued his work.

As his drawing was getting closer to completion the love, he felt for it continued to grow, even though he hadn't finished it. Something was mystifying about her appearance that just put him at ease and didn't feel any sense of frustration over his errors. He didn't know what muse decided to bless him with the image of such a beauty, but he was going to love making more pictures of her in a variety of cute and sexy outfits. He still needed to come up with a name for her. He couldn't just keep referring to her as an original character, but he didn't know what to call her. He wanted it to compliment her and be unique.

"The word "robot" didn't come from English. So, what country did it come from?" Ms. Kawakami said.

Hakuno had taken his pencil off the paper when he heard the question and gulped as he looked up and tried to look calm. His mind scrambled to come up with an answer as the name of multiple European countries came to him and thought Germany was the answer. Just from the root of the world, he knew it had to be European. So, he decided to go on a limb and say it was Germany because German engineering was the best in the world.

"Czechoslovakia," the student in front of him said.

"That's right," Ms. Kawakami said as she clapped her hands together. "It originated in Czechoslovakia. I suppose the question was a little obscure. The word 'robot' comes from the Czech word 'robota.' 'Robot' actually means slave labor."

"Whoa, he knew that?" A girl said as she snuck a look at the person next to her.

Hakuno was impressed that the student in front of him knew that. He was so relieved that he wasn't called on. For a moment he couldn't recall what his name, until he heard the girl to his left whisper his name, being Akira. He stared at Akira's back. He had heard a lot of rumors about him, and still did, but paid it little mind. If he didn't bother him and get on his bad side, he doubted the transfer student would do something that would get himself in trouble. It was how most people were in his experience, and if he did try to hurt him, then he would pray to whatever deities he could think of as he put his legs to use.

Hakuno sighed and continued his work, hoping his teacher or any of his fellow students wouldn't call him out on it. When he finally finished the picture, he looked it over to make sure the details were exactly what he wanted, and much to his satisfaction, they were. He stealthy placed his sketchbook back in his bag when her back was turned. Now that he did as much as he could, he could focus on his classwork, even though a part of him wanted to run straight home and begin coloring it now.

The lesson quickly passed by as he copied the notes that Ms. Kawakami put on the board. He couldn't believe he worked on his next piece during class. The thought of getting caught working on it filled him with horror. He could already imagine the comments that he would get from his fellow students and the reprimand from his teacher. The only thing that would have made it worse would be if she decided his parents needed to be informed. If they learned what he was doing, he had little doubt his parents would deride him for not focusing on his schoolwork in favor of his 'doodles'. Even worse, would be if they questioned him further on what he did in his spare time.

He hopped onto the train and passed the time on his phone. He read more of the comments he received on twitter and some of the other art posting sights. Just like when he woke up earlier, the comment section was filled with people praising his art. A grin formed on his face and he relaxed more in his seat. The amount of recognition he was receiving made him feel happy, proud, but also was nervous and filled with slight dread. This almost seemed like a dream to him, one he was sure he would wake up from any second now. Soon, the subway arrived at his stop and he stepped off. When he arrived at his family's apartment, he pulled out the key and slipped it inside the lock.

"I'm home!" Hakuno called out, wondering if there was anyone here. He didn't hear anyone respond and sighed. Just as he expected neither of his parents were home and he didn't mind that. He shrugged and immediately went into his room. He pulled out his notebook and immediately pulled out his colors. He just barely managed to stop himself from marking it and made a copy to clean. The moment the copy came out, he checked it to see if it was a perfect copy and to his satisfaction it was. He placed it aside and started coloring and shading the original picture. He wanted to see the final product as soon as possible. When it was finally finished, his drawing hand ached. He studied the picture and smiled at how perfect it was. He couldn't find anything wrong with it, even though he tried to find the smallest of faults.

"Good," he smiled. He scanned the finished product to his computer and felt his heart start to pound faster in his chest. His stomach coiled as the thought of uploading it to the internet came. For a moment, he considered not posting it and just keeping it to himself, like a little secret. He knew if he wanted to make it big, he needed feedback from others, and could even make some money if people wanted to commission him. He checked it over to make sure that it scanned over without any issue and couldn't find anything wrong with it.

"Round two," Hakuno sighed as he uploaded the picture and gulped, hoping that it would have the same kind of response. From what he had seen online you never know with these things. One thing from an artist would get so much attention, and then the next thing they posted would barely get any sort of response or feedback. His stomach growled, making him look at the time and saw that several hours had passed. No wonder why he was hungry, he had spent so long working on the picture and hadn't had any food since the lunch hour at school.

"I better get something to eat, before my stomach decides to eat itself," Hakuno said and stood up, leaving his phone on his bed. If it was in his pocket as he ate his food the urge to repeatedly check would stop him from relaxing. He went to the kitchen and made himself a bowl tomato soup and a turkey and cheese sandwich with lettuce, tomatoes, and avocado slices. He watched some anime to help pass the time, the fear of what he would see later in the back of his mind.

When he went back to his room, he took a deep breath as he picked up his phone, nervous about what he would see. Twitter could be a horrible place at times from what he had seen. The moment he pressed the button he blinked when he saw the number of notifications on there. There was more than he had received this morning. He breathed as his heart started to pound a little faster.

He relaxed slightly as he saw the first comments were praising his work, but still braced himself to see something hateful from someone. Some of them were just simply nice and can't wait to see what happens next. They were nice, but he would have preferred a comment a little longer than that, that talked about his work. The longer comments praised what they liked about the piece and the attention

to detail with how the colors worked and the figure. His face darkened from the praise as his lips unconsciously quirked into a smile. These were the kind of comments he wanted to see.

The sudden boost in popularity finalized a decision he thought about doing in his spare time earlier. He would draw a new picture of her every day in a variety of outfits and poses. He already had a small list set up in his mind. A couple of Final Fantasy outfits from Final Fantasy X-2, some from the Fate Series, and others from anime he had seen. His body burned with energy and he knew he was going to enjoy working on every picture of her but didn't know where he should start. All of them sounded so good and perfect to him it was like choosing between all his favorite shows and games with his favorite meals.

Akira stopped working on his homework as his body started to feel odd again. It felt almost as if he was swimming through a warm pool. The young man stood up and went to the bathroom. He looked himself over in the mirror and almost didn't notice he looked smaller. His shoulders less broad and his height seemed slightly reduced. Still, if he was shrinking, then why did his school uniform still fit him perfectly. He pulled out some casual clothes he had and changed into them, but just like his school uniform, they fit just as well.

"What the?" The Trickster muttered as he poked his body. His limbs felt just as strong as they usually were, but they looked thinner than usual. His skin felt a little softer and made him blink, wondering if he was just feeling things. What stopped himself was the loss of hair on his limbs and how they looked slightly cleaner.

"Joker are you okay?" Morgana asked.

"Something's wrong," Akira answered. He looked at his exposed arms and noticed the hair on them looked even thinner than it did this morning. "My body looks different."

Morgana jumped onto his bed and moved closer on the shelves. The cat narrowed his eyes as he looked him over. "Are you sure? You look the same to me."

Akira's mouth opened, but he quickly stopped the words that wanted to leave his mouth. He forced himself to think about what it could mean. If Morgana couldn't see what was wrong, and he was aware of their travels into the Metaverse, then was the same true for his friends? He would have to see if they could see if something was different about him. If they didn't, he wasn't sure what he would do. He went to bed early tonight, hoping it would all be better when he woke up.

Akira lethargically made his way to his seat. The days have been passing by in a blur as his transformation only seemed to increase in pace with every passing day. The day after the first change he had woken up to find he had lost all the hair on his body below his eyebrows. It unnerved him to be so hairless. He went back to his bed and scoured his sheets for any sign the hair on his body only to find none. It was as if someone had waxed off every trace of hair they could before they went off into the night, however that couldn't be the case. No one would be able to do that to him, without him or Morgana knowing.

Yesterday his hair had grown slightly longer, it was nowhere near as long as Ann's, but it was noticeable, and wasn't as bad as what else he had discovered. During the night his body had changed dramatically from his limbs and to his height. Far more so, then they had in the previous nights. He had rubbed all over himself to get a feel and shuddered at how wonderfully soft his skin was and studied his limbs to

see how different they were. His limbs were thinner, and the muscle he had gained ever since his adventures into Mementos began were slimmer as well. There were still there thankfully, but it made such a difference his clothes looked like they would have been loose.

The worst thing to change about him to happen was this morning. When he woke up this morning and went to the bathroom, he saw he had a beautiful female version of his face. He gasped and his body shook as he studied his female face. His nose was smaller, his cheeks were higher, his lips a little plumper. The features were still him, but it was as if someone had molded his face to make it as beautiful and womanly as possible. In combination with his body, he looked like he could have been mistaken for a girl and wondered if this series of transformations were turning him into a girl.

The only thing he was missing before he was completely a girl was the curves. The feminine young man shivered at the thought of what he might look like when the transformation was finished. Everything about his changing body screamed feminine and made him closer to looking like an ideal woman. He could imagine wide hips attached to a huge round butt which stood out like a lighthouse, and a pair of breasts that would be impossible for him to hide, no matter how much he bundled up. Thoughts of what his completed female form might look like filled him with terror as the size of his new curves kept growing larger and smaller in his mind. He only hoped when it was done his body's curves weren't too big.

What made it worse, was none of his friends pointed out his changes and he was worried about bringing it up to them. If he did, they would probably think he was going crazy, or the stress of what they were doing was getting to him. The possibility of them talking with Sojiro and giving him an abridged version would lead to him asking questions or setting him with a psychologist terrified him. It made him feel like he was alone again, back when he first came here and didn't really know anyone.

When class started, he paid full attention to what he was being taught, but even so, the thought of what he might look was in the back of his mind and whispered, almost tauntingly what he would become. Moments after an image of a fully girl version of him in a cute or naughty outfit would flash in his mind and he would shiver. What disturbed him more was the fact he had no idea how and why it was happening, and that terrified him more than anything else. Some sort of explanation with tangible proof would have been welcomed by this point, no matter how outlandish it was.

The lunch period finally came, Ann went out to speak to some of her other friends, while Akira stayed in the classroom, eating the food he brought with him. The food did little to take his mind off his current situation but made him feel physically better. Now that his mind wasn't occupied on a lesson, the whispers and images that plagued him grew stronger. He looked around the room to see if there was something that could distract him. He noticed a group of students, which consisted of two boys and a girl were looking at him with narrowed eyes, almost as if they were seeing something familiar.

"Can I help you?" Akira asked. Despite the months he had been here, he still heard people gossip about him, and sneak looks at him, when they think he wasn't looking. It had long since stopped bothering him, and some of the stuff he heard was even positive, but the look they had looked more like they were trying to figure something out.

"Sorry, it's just that you look like this character this artist, called Ori created," the taller male student said.

“Yeah the more I look at her the more I see what you mean,” the other male commented.

“The only thing missing is the curves, and you would think we’re looking at the real-life version,” the girl of the trio commented.

Akira blinked, wondering what they were talking about. He wanted to ask what they were talking about but couldn’t get a word. Frustration welled in his chest, and his face grew sterner. He never liked being the center of attention and this only made matters worse for him. Still, he noticed how they spoke about some artist and how similar they looked. It might be his best hope for getting the best of him, but maybe it could be a lead.

Hakuno stopped his drawing and looked up. He saw people in the class starting to run over to them and quickly shut the notebook and placed it in his bag. He didn’t want any of them to see what he was working on, out of fear and embarrassment, and in case someone recognized his work. Some people would no doubt rag him about his work, while others would probably hound him to do some artwork for them. He didn’t mind making some extra cash, but he didn’t want them to hound him about doing so in his personal life.

Hakuno blinked when he saw the person in front of him wasn’t Akira. The hair looked the same shade of black as the transfer students but was longer and went down to their shoulders. The artist got out of his seat and slung his bag over his shoulder. He worked his way through the crowd. All the discussion about how the person looked like his character made him more curious. When he finally got through the crowd, he blinked when he saw the person did look like a less curvaceous version of his character. He leaned closer, so the person sitting there could hear them and said, “Excuse me, there used to be a guy who looked like you sitting there, do you know where he is?”

Akira’s eyes widen as his mouth dropped. He quickly stood up and grabbed Hakuno’s arm and dragged him out of the room. “Can we talk privately?”

“Uhh sure,” Hakuno said, his legs already moving so he wouldn’t fall over. His stomach lurched, and an ominous feeling came over him. Akira looked around for a moment and then started pulling him to the men’s washroom, along the way they noticed they were getting odd looks from some students, who whispered about them.

The two blushed from the attention they were receiving. Hakuno looked at the ground to avoid their gaze, while Akira ignored it. They went into the largest stall, and Akira locked the door. The transforming boy sighed. For the first time, he felt like he had a lead for why he was changing, and he intended to learn everything he could. “You said that you remember what I looked like originally.”

“Wait...you’re Akira?” Hakuno questioned, looking the distinctly female looking young man over.

“Yes,” Akira groaned.

“What...how...why?” Hakuno gaped.

“I don’t know I just started changing one day,” Akira answered tiredly. “The fact you actually remember what I look like is a huge relief. Everyone else I talk to who knows what I look like originally thinks everything’s fine, so I’ve had no one to talk to about it. Anyway, the people in the class said I look like

this character that an artist has been doing lately. You wouldn't happen to know who they are talking about would you?"

"Uhhh yeah they mean me," Hakuno said. "You look like a character that came to me a while back. Ever since then I have been using her for pictures, dressed up in various outfits and poses. She's become quite popular, more so than I expected. Hold on a second, let me get my phone out and show you her, I'll go to the first picture."

Hakuno avoided the somewhat lewd pictures and went straight to his first work of his...he wasn't sure what to call it if it was somehow connected to Akira's transformation. When he found the first picture, he showed it to his fellow student.

The moment the Phantom Thief saw the picture he could see the resemblance between the two of them, the only major difference was the curves like his fellow students said. He looked at the date on the picture and his eyes widened when he saw the date. It was the day after they went into Mementos and a Shadow got a lucky shot in. He said quietly, "That's the day it first began. I felt off that day, but nothing else, there wasn't any actual sign or something."

"Okay, but how could this even happen?" Hakuno asked, perplexed, his mind trying to think of any solution that made a lick of sense. He thought Akira might be playing a joke, but the reaction Akira had seemed genuine and looked honestly shocked by their resemblance. Not to mention the money needed to look as feminine as he did now would be something no high schooler would be able to afford.

Akira was quiet, thinking about what he should do. If he was going to get any help, then he had to tell him everything. "Look I have an idea, but I need to tell you in private, more private than where we are now."

"Okay," Hakuno said, wondering what he was going to tell him, that they needed even more privacy. If this was some elaborate joke, then Akira would have sprung it when they were in the classroom.

Akira opened the stall door and peeked outside to make sure there wasn't anyone else outside. He was pleased that there wasn't and grabbed Hakuno's hand and led him out of the bathroom to the stairs to the roof. The Phantom Thief grabbed the handle, but it wouldn't move.

"Right they locked it," Akira sighed. He went through his pocket and pulled out a lockpick. The feminine young man shrugged as he began picking the lock.

"Why do you have a lockpick?" Hakuno asked, wondering if there was more truth in those rumors than they all thought.

"That's going to be part of the explanation," Akira said, already figuring out what he would say. He pushed the door open and moved to let Hakuno go up the stairs. The young man walked up to them and Akira shut the door behind him and locked it behind him.

Now that they were on the rooftop, Akira told him a short-abridged version of his adventures. It was strange to tell him about the other world, though he did leave out the true identities of his teammates. He hadn't told anyone outside of their group, about the Metaverse and everything connected to it. Eventually, he got to his feminizing transformation.

“And so now that I know what I do, I think your art might be why this is happening to me,” Akira said. The gut-wrenching mist which made everything seem so bleak earlier felt like it was lifted. He still wasn’t happy about this, but the fact he finally had an explanation made everything seem so much better.

“Because it runs of...cognitions, right?” Hakuno asked, getting a nod. “Well, I guess it makes sense. If my art is becoming more popular, and the character is actually you, I guess it could lead to you becoming more... womanly.”

“That’s what I’m thinking, still how are we going to stop it?” Akira wondered. Despite how long he had been going down to Mementos he still wasn’t sure how everything worked. He never had to reverse a cognition that wasn’t down in Mementos or a Palace. He wasn’t sure if Morgana thought it was possible either.

“I guess we would need to...usurp or flip the cognition over in people’s minds and have them see you as a man again.”

“How?”

“I guess the same way it started. Through my art,” Hakuno heaved, feeling as if he was in a tub of ice water. He still wasn’t sure what to make out of this whole situation, since it sounded like something out of a book or videogame, but he would do what he could to help. Still, the fact nobody seemed to have gone on about how much Akira had changed was insane to him. He would have noticed sooner if he hadn’t been so busy working on his art. “We know that the more people like my art the more it causes you to change. So, if I made artwork of you as you originally were then maybe people will see you as a guy again, thus changing you back.”

Akira was quiet as he thought over Hakuno’s words. On paper it made sense, and it sounded possible with what he knew about the Metaverse. Still, he wasn’t sure if it would work that way, after all, Morgana was a cat that could change into a bus, because of people’s precognitions. He would rather end up stuck as a girl then stuck in the middle.

The warning bell for students outside of their classrooms told them they had a few minutes before classes began. They looked down and saw the students in the courtyard moving around like a swarm of locusts, rushing to get back to their classrooms. It wouldn’t be long before the teachers would as well.

“Well now would be the best time to try and sneak out,” Hakuno said, his mind wondering if he did just said that. “Do you want to go out now, or wait until after school?”

“Let’s go now, the sooner we start the better,” Akira replied. Suddenly his eyes widened and realized he had left his stuff in the classroom. “I need to get something from the classroom first. I’ll wait for you by the front gate.”

“Okay.... Oh, I can’t believe we talked this long and didn’t properly introduce ourselves. My name is Hakuno Hashiba,” Hakuno said.

“Akira Kuresu, a pleasure,” Akira said, and quickly rushed down the stairs.

Hakuno sighed as he went downstairs to their meeting place. His heart pounded through his chest as he carefully looked around, wondering if someone was watching him. He was nervous and hoped no one

would see them, and question why they weren't in school. If his parents learned he had skipped school, he would be in so much trouble.

As they went to the subway station, Hakuno swore he heard angry meowing, and looked around, wondering where the cat was, but no matter where he looked, he couldn't find it. He shrugged it off, thinking it might just be a nearby stray. His mind ran a mile a minute, thinking of what the picture could be, the pose, and clothing involved. He wasn't sure if he should include a background, and if it mattered. It might help if Akira was posed in a more normal environment. Then again, his art didn't have a background at times.

The artist almost didn't notice they had arrived at the subway station. He took the lead and told Akira where they were going. There weren't too many people on the station, and they could get some seats to themselves. The subway ride over to Hakuno's home was the coldest and most tense ride the two teens ever had. They didn't know what to say to each other to break the ice between them after the reveal earlier.

Hakuno was still processing everything and trying to get it all sorted in his mind. It sounded so farfetched, so unbelievable that his first reaction was to say Akira was lying. What stopped him from doing so was Akira's form. The more he looked at the transfer student, the more he found himself attracted to him, despite the fact, Akira was still a guy. There was the fact he was bringing someone over to his home, something he hadn't done in years. He wondered if he cleaned his room before he left and was relieved, he cleaned it the other day. The rest of the house was in a respectable state of cleanliness. He thought of what snacks he could give Akira and what the Phantom Thief could do while he worked on the picture.

Akira patiently waited for the train to arrive at their stop. He slowly breathed in and out, almost as if he was about to steal a Palace's treasure. He ignored Morgana's cries for answers and demands to get back to class. Since they got on the train the cat had been quiet, but moved around in his bag, agitated. He didn't need to see Morgana's face to know the cat wanted answers for what he was doing and knew he would ask at the perfect moment.

When the train arrived at their stop, they stepped out, doing their best to look casual, just like when they left school earlier. They didn't want to get any trouble from the police or any passing authority figure. When they arrived at Hakuno's family's apartment, Hakuno quickly unlocked the door and stepped inside, Akira stepping in after him.

"So welcome to my family's home," Hakuno said. "It's going to take me a little bit before I finish the picture...so if you want to watch something, or play a game go ahead. I'll let you know about my progress when I finish the sketch, then you could tell me anything I got wrong and we can fix it. If you need to use the bathroom, it's the second door on the left and feel free to grab something if you want from the fridge."

After saying that, Hakuno immediately went to his room and pulled out his sketchbook and got to work on a basic full-body pose. As for clothes, he would put him in a white polo shirt and jeans. His mind was filled with determination and desire to make things right. He felt horrible about what he had done, even if he had no idea this would happen. He made every stroke of his pen carefully as if the misplaced line

would mean the end of his life. In his mind, a mantra began, that everything had to be perfect and there was no room for error.

Akira looked around, wondering what he should do. It was almost like when he first arrived at Sojiro's and had no idea how to pass the time. Hakuno did give him permission to watch TV or play one of his games. He turned on the TV and started looking through the channels. His phone buzzed and Akira looked at it and saw it was from Ann, asking him where he was. He sighed as he responded that he had to leave to take care of some personal business. She asked if he was okay and if he wanted to meet up later, and replied he already had plans.

Hakuno sighed as he swiped his brow. He was having far more trouble with this than he thought he would. He had been drawing for years, and rarely drew men, only doing them when he wanted to do a romantic picture. This would be the first time he ever did a picture of a guy solo and was being much more critical of his work than he already was. If Akira was going to have any chance of changing back to his original form, then he needed to be as correct as possible.

He had to stop himself from adding a slimmer waist, and plusher thighs. He had to restrain himself earlier when he was working on the frame of the body and almost added breasts to it. This was going against everything he did and he felt like it was showing. This piece felt like a chore with how precise he was making everything, like it a project for school he needed to be perfect. The more he worked on it, the more he felt his heart pound and his head started to ache because of how he wanted to make it perfect.

After a few minutes, Akira opened his bag, and Morgana poked his head out. He looked frazzled, annoyed, but most of all worried. The cat stepped out of his bag and stretched. When he was done, he looked at Akira worried. "Joker, what's going on? You wouldn't leave school unless something happened. Why did you go to this guy's house? You've never met him before now? Does he have some dirt on you or something?"

Akira sighed as his mind sorted through all the questions he asked. "No, none of that. He doesn't have anything on me or anyone else. As for why I left school, this is really important and couldn't be pushed off. Trust me, Morgana, everything's fine."

"Joker is something going on?" Morgana asked. "You know you can talk to me, or the Phantom Thieves about anything troubling you."

"I know I can, but this isn't something you need to worry about. Why don't you just explore the neighborhood or something and come back later," Akira sighed.

"Are you sure, you'll be alright by yourself?" Morgana asked.

"I'm sure, if he wanted to do, he could have done something earlier," Akira answered.

His partner stared at him, no doubt trying to see if he was lying. The brunette wasn't lying, because everything was going fine now. The major problems that he was dealing with were essentially dealt with. He felt much more ease now that he knew why this was happening. He didn't mind his feminizing body, that much, all things considered. Considering what else he could have turned into becoming a girl wasn't bad at all.

“Okay, I’ll be back later in a few hours. Please stay safe Joker.”

Morgana went to the door as Akira grabbed the handle and opened it for him. Morgana left the apartment and Akira shut the door behind him. The moment the door was shut, the young man went back to the living room and sighed. Now that Morgana was gone, they could talk freely. It hurt to think Morgana thought he was hiding something from him, but he couldn’t tell him. Hopefully, things would be better soon if Hakuno’s idea worked. Then they could move on with their lives and focus on their work.

Hakuno breathed as he added more definition to the lines, and reached the cleanness that he strived for when he was making the base for his art. By making the lines as clean and precise as possible. It would make the next phase of the creation easier to color it. When he finally finished the picture, he dropped the pencil and flexed his hands, as he looked it over. He stood up and stretched, now that this part was hopefully done, he felt a lot better.

“Akira, I finished working on the sketch,” Hakuno sighed as he gave the transforming boy the sketch. This sketch took a lot more out of him than he thought it would. He chalked it up to the fact it was probably a mixture of the pressure to get it right for Akira’s sake and his lack of experience drawing men. He went into the kitchen and got himself a glass of milk, which he chugged down. “Point out everything wrong with it, and I’ll fix it before I get to work on coloring it.”

Akira bit his lip as he looked it over, trying to find the smallest error from his original form. The picture was basic, and it did look accurate to his original form, but he wasn’t sure if he was being critical enough of it enough. It made him wish that Yusuke could notice the changes and was here. It wasn’t that he doubted Hakuno’s abilities, but his friend was much more of an artist than he was. He could tell when someone’s art was talented and the effort they put in his work, and even as a sketch he was impressed by how finely detailed it was.

He sighed, “I couldn’t find anything wrong with it.”

“Okay, this part won’t take too long. Don’t worry this will work,” Hakuno said, his voice more confident than he felt. He didn’t know if this would work but wished it would.

“...Do you need a break, you’ve been in there for some time,” Akira said.

“No, I can continue working. I’ll grab something to eat after I finish working on this,” Hakuno answered and went back to his room. He sighed as he sat back down at his desk and cracked his fingers. This part would be easier since he just had to use the original colors he had been using for the female artwork and could just use Akira as a reference for any slight adjustments. He didn’t have to worry about a background since it would just slow him down. He scanned a copy of it and afterward began coloring it.

Unlike when he was drawing, he felt far more relaxed as he colored it. He didn’t feel the same strain on his head, or the pounding in his heart as he worked. The pants were easily finished and shaded, and then he moved on to the rest of the subject. He felt a steady groove come over him as he worked, just like when he was working on a project he loved. This might not have been a pretty girl, but his love for coloring his artwork made up for it. It wasn’t long until he finished the piece and looked it over to see if he had missed any spots, and much to his satisfaction, he didn’t.

Akira stepped into the room and asked, “Hey how is it coming along?”

"I finished it and think it's ready," Hakuno said and gave the Phantom Thief the picture again.

"W-Wow," Akira gaped, staring at the picture. The final product did look like his original form. "This is just...amazing."

Hakuno gulped as his face started to blush. He might have gotten so much positive feedback on twitter and everywhere else he posted, but it was one thing to be complimented in person. It was nice, especially since he didn't rave about it to people, he was close to. His parents didn't have any real interest in his drawings, and he wasn't sure if they even had a twitter. None of his family asked him about his work, so he could only assume they didn't know either, which he was fine with. It would have been weird talking with his family about his talents drawing busty girls in sexy outfits. They probably would have thought he was wasting his time or talent when it should be put to more productive things.

"Thanks," Hakuno said. "Now all that's left to do, is upload this to twitter and let this do the rest."

The artist placed the finished picture on the scanner, and it scanned it onto his computer. He uploaded the picture to twitter and made a quick explanation that he wanted to see how well he could do guys and expand his skills and might do more in the future. It could take more than one picture for Akira to change back, and if so then he would do it. He had to make things right as best he could.

"There it's finished," Hakuno breathed.

"Thanks for doing this," Akira said gratefully. The feminine young man looked out the window and saw it was dark outside. He blinked, he had been focused on what he was doing, waiting patiently for him to finish that he never noticed how much time had passed. "It's getting late, I better head back home."

"Nah with how dark it is, probably be for the best if you just stayed here for the night. You never know what kind of people are out there, and what their intentions are."

"Are your parents going to come home soon?" Akira asked. "Don't you need to ask them for permission."

"My parents are on a business trip they won't be back for a few days," Hakuno answered. "What they don't know, won't hurt them. You can just borrow the guest room...You know this kinda works out in your favor if you do stay the night. We get to see if there is more of a correlation and having a bit of an easier time talking to each other."

"Thank you, and true," Akira nodded and pulled out his phone and called Sojiro. "Hey, Sojiro. Is it okay if I spend the night at a friend's house?"

"Fine, but you better be at school tomorrow. If I hear that you weren't, you're going to be grounded."

"I promise I'll be at school tomorrow," Akira promised, smirking. Despite what he said and how he acted at times, the man was a real softy once you wormed your way into his heart. She really should get him something, as thanks for all he's done or something since he's arrived. The leader of the Phantom Thieves pocketed his phone and looked back at Hakuno.

"So, what now?"

"We got some school stuff that we need to do," Hakuno said. "We can't just ignore it can we?"

“No, we can’t,” Akira said.

They went over to their dining room table and got to work. They helped each other through their work when they needed help. The heaviness they felt on the train returned but wasn’t as heavy and prevalent, almost as if it was a bad smell. There was something here they could focus on that made it easier to deal with. Their discussion during their work was clipped, measured, and focused more on what they needed to do. Neither of them were angry about how the other was talking and focused more on what they needed to do. It didn’t take them long to finish their work and both were happy about having it done.

“And with that, our work is done for the day,” Hakuno said as he placed his finished work in his bag. “So, what do you want to do now?”

“Well why don’t we get to know each other for a little bit,” Akira said.

“Sounds good,” Hakuno replied. “The only thing I know about you is that you’re a transfer student and what you told me was going on. Why don’t you tell me a little more about you or this...Metaverse? It doesn’t seem all that safe if this whole situation is anything to go by.”

Akira thought about it for a moment to figure out how to say it more in-depth. Looking back, he had only said the specifics and didn’t go as in detail as he could have. After he went over what he said earlier, he knew what he needed to say and talked about his adventures and why he moved her, how he discovered the Metaverse and his adventures. He left out his friends’ identity and still called them by their codenames and avoided anything about their personal lives. It might clue Hakuno in on who they were and those were private moments, something he was sure none of his friends would be happy if they knew they were shared. He finished when he got to the start of today and the revelation.

When Akira finished the story, he saw Hakuno looked uneasy, amazed, and filled with many other emotions he couldn’t quite place. Saying it aloud made the former realize just how crazy it was since it sounded like something that belonged in a video game. Especially when he described what some of the shadows looked like.

“I still think about that night,” Hakuno sighed. “The first dream I had where I apparently saw you.”

It was strange admitting this, and even more so to talk to his inspiration and the key to his success. He very rarely talked about his feelings to anyone. It had been a long time since he felt like he had a person he could confide anything into. He had responded to his watchers when they asked and answered as honestly as he could. This was different though, and a lot heavier doing so face to face.

“I’ll bet,” Akira remarked, with how long he had been doing this it felt normal for him to go into Mementos. It was hard to imagine what they might have looked like from an outsider’s perspective.

“After that night, everything just seemed to change for the better. I was doing bad in school, was barely scraping by at times. I was honestly afraid of what would happen next since I didn’t have a clue about how to get there or what I would do. After that night, things just started getting better for me. I found it easier to work, my focus was better, and everything just seemed like it was getting sorted.”

Akira didn’t say anything, letting him say what he felt he had to. The Phantom Thief thought about the Shadows they fought and wondered if the ones they had destroyed, the people connected to them had

changed for the better. He never stopped and thought about what could happen if they killed them. It showed how little they truly knew about the Metaverse, despite how often they have explored Mementos and Palaces.

“Well I’m glad I was able to help, even if it was unintentional,” Akira said.

The two heard a scratching at the door and looked at it in surprise. After a moment they heard another scratch and it continued. They grew louder as they got more repetitive as a meowing started to follow.

“What the heck,” Hakuno muttered and stood up from his chair.

For a moment, Akira was just as confused as him, before realizing it had to be Morgana. He stood up and went to the door. He opened it and saw on the floor Morgana. Morgana looked up at him and gave off the impression of a smirk.

“What is it?” Hakuno asked as he followed her.

“Oh, Hakuno this is my cat Morgana,” Akira said as he picked the feline up.

“What’s he doing out here?” Hakuno asked.

“I...I usually bring him with me to school. He stays inside my bag during the day.”

“So that’s why we keep hearing cat noises in the classroom at times. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone. I can keep a secret,” Hakuno said. He stared at Morgana and cleared his throat. “Is it okay if I pet him?”

“He won’t bite,” Akira said.

Hakuno tentatively reached out and scratched Morgana behind his ear. “So, is he like a support animal?”

“Yeah, he is,” Akira answered, smiling. Technically it was the perfect explanation, but the support they had in mind was no doubt vastly different. Still, Hakuno gave him a perfect explanation and he was going to use it. “Knowing he’s close by I just feel a lot safer than I would normally.”

“We’ll be staying here for the night, Morgana. Make sure to behave yourself,” Akira ordered.

“Got it,” Morgana answered, his voice coming out as meows to the artist.

“Does he need something to eat, I could get him a bowl of milk, and maybe some fish?” Hakuno said.

“We have some leftovers in the fridge we could eat. We were having Spanish food.”

“I would love that!” Morgana declared, licking his lips.

“He would like that,” Akira replied.

“I’ll get the plates,” Hakuno said.

Akira pulled out the contents as Hakuno went and got the bowls and plates they were going to need. When he got out enough, he set up their places to eat, as the feminine young man continued to eat their dinner. When they were done, Hakuno placed some of the leftover salmon on the ground in a bowl, along with another filled with milk. He smiled as Morgana instantly ran up to it and started eating the fish. He went back to the table and started eating his food as Akira started making his plate. As they

ate the heaviness, that plagued them ever since they arrived lifted somewhat as they talked about simpler things.

By the time they finished eating they spent the rest of the night watching movies and playing games. The more they played; the happier and relaxed they felt as they talked about the quirks of their teachers and what they liked. The sense of normalcy slowly, but steadily returned as they talked more about what they liked. It was interesting to hear their takes and what drew them into certain things, and what they disliked about others. By the time they started to feel tired it was late in the night.

"We better get to bed if we want to get to school on time tomorrow," Akira said.

"You're right, if I'm going to get through any of Mr. Ushimaru's lessons tomorrow, I'm going to need a full night's sleep. Do you want to borrow any of my nightclothes?" Hakuno said.

"Nah, I'll just sleep in my clothes," Akira answered.

"Alright then, good night," Hakuno said as he turned off the lights.

Akira went into the guest room and hopped into bed, pulling the covers over himself. The wild card stared up at the ceiling, feeling strange. For some reason, the bed and pillow felt off, despite how soft they were. As he laid there, he suddenly realized that this would be his first time staying at another place, instead of Le Blanc. It was nice and reminded of old times with friends from his old town. He was thankful he could talk to Hakuno about his life with the Phantom Thieves while having some semblance of normalcy despite the transformation. He would love to hang out with him more, in between heists, school life and the rest of his friends.

When Akira woke up the next morning, his heart was heavy, and a pit filled his stomach. He got out of bed, and he didn't feel any different. The Phantom Thief slowly went to the bathroom and stopped before he crossed the doorway. He was nervous about what he might see in the mirror. For the first time in a long time, he was afraid.

Akira sighed in disappointment at what he saw in the mirror. He looked just like he did yesterday. There wasn't any further indication he had changed, but that didn't mean much. Considering how quickly they were happening. It was weird to have his appearance remain the same, considering how much he had been changing. A knock at the door caught his attention and made him look at it.

"Akira are you awake?" Hakuno asked.

"Yeah, I'm awake, you can come in," Akira sighed.

Hakuno slowly opened the door and stepped inside. He stopped when he saw the transforming raven-haired boy looked the same.

"It didn't work," Akira moaned. Still, he didn't mind the fact he looked less feminine. He was honestly getting used to his developing body and the way it was changing. He didn't know how he would have felt if he was suddenly sporting a pair of breasts. "Did you check the picture?"

"I checked on the picture. It received a lot fewer favorites and likes than they usually get, but I did post it rather late. Maybe throughout the day, there will be more," Hakuno answered despondently. "It will probably take a few more before there are any actual changes."

Akira nodded, understanding where he was coming from. There was no way one picture would compare to the multiple ones he already posted. Not to mention the art he had been making caught the attention of a specific group of people. He wasn't a genius, but he knew art with women caught the eye of more people, at least from what he saw. Partially because of how they were posed or proportioned, in the picture something he was guilty of from time to time. Sometimes when he was browsing the web a nice picture of a curvy girl caught his attention and he would save it for later.

"What's the time?" Akira asked.

Hakuno pulled out his phone and double-checked the time. "We don't have too long before school starts. I'll make another piece after school, I promise. We can go to the café in Shibuya afterwards and talk about ideas. For now we should get something to eat. We can't work on an empty stomach."

"Your right," Akira sighed. He would have liked to take a shower, but with the time they had, and lack of fresh clothes he couldn't do it.

Hakuno had cooked bacon and slices of toast for them to eat. Akira grabbed a glass of orange juice along with a slice of toast and bacon and prepared a bowl of cereal to eat. It was basic, but it was nice to have something in his stomach. The moment they finished eating, the two rushed out the door and went to the subway station and hoped they would be able to make it on time. If they missed the subway, they didn't know how long it would be before the next one but were sure they would end up being late. They didn't want to start their day late.

They made it school on time and the day seemed to quickly past by until it was over. After they packed their things, they headed to the café and talked for a little bit about what they could do for pictures. It was nice and good to bounce some ideas off them. After a little bit, they relaxed and move onto other topics. They had fun and cracked jokes. When it was getting dark, they went their separate ways. Akira decided it would be best if they didn't spend the night together, especially since he come back the night before. When he got back home, Sojiro looked visibly relieved and welcomed him back. He went up to his room, and spent his time on a crossword puzzle, and read a book for the night, as Ms. Kawakami made him some coffee.

Akira calmly walked to school. It had been two days since Hakuno posted the first male picture of him. Hakuno told him, the night before that he had finished another picture and posted it. Akira was glad, Hakuno was doing everything he could to keep his promise. He could only imagine how bad things could have been for him if it was someone else

The first thing he noticed when he woke up was that he didn't feel any different. He walked into the bathroom and saw his reflection looked the same. The transforming leader of the Phantom Thieves didn't feel any remorse or disappointment as he stared at his reflection. The only thing he felt was calm acceptance. He moved without any hesitation as he got ready for his school day. After saying goodbye to Sojiro and getting on the train, he was able to grab a seat on the train and spent the time finishing a book.

When he arrived at his stop, he got off went to school and saw Hakuno standing by the gate. He frowned heavily as he walked over to him, looking guilty as if he had just done something guilty and about to confront someone he hurt. He greeted quietly; his voice filled with disappointment. "Hey, I see it didn't work."

"It didn't," Akira confirmed. "It's alright, don't beat yourself about it. You're doing your best."

Hakuno shuffled more, as he looked even more downtrodden. Akira reached up and grabbed his shoulder. "Don't worry Hakuno I'm not mad, sad, or anything. I'm grateful you're doing what you can."

The last bell rang for them to get to class. Hakuno took a breather and said, "We better get to class."

They entered the class at the same time and Ann shot the two of them a curious look but didn't say anything as the two of them passed her. She quickly looked ahead as their teacher started talking and taking notes. Her mind was curious about her leader's relationship with him.

As Ms. Kawakami talked, Hakuno had to stop himself numerous times from pulling out his phone and checking twitter. He had turned off notifications from twitter because his phone would have bombarded with so many of them. The fact that Akira's appearance hadn't changed much, or at all told him that it wasn't working, at least not yet. He wanted this to work for Akira's sake, he couldn't imagine what it must have been like transforming, without a clue as to why. He would have been terrified, scared, and desperately trying to find out what was wrong and how to stop it.

When it was time for their break, Hakuno checked the response to his latest work. He was disappointed to see the second picture of Akira's male body still didn't get anywhere near as much as his more recent female pictures. The number of likes and favorites was not even half of the first male picture he posted. It was just like when he was first starting on some other sites, he would get a decent response, but it would quickly die off and be almost nothing in comparison in the end. He gulped and mentally berated himself. He should have known it would have taken longer than he originally assumed. His pictures had been geared more for a demographic who wanted pictures of cute pretty girls in cute or sexy poses. Suddenly, switching to a guy wouldn't be as accepted or wanted by his audience.

When the class went on break for lunch, and to do what they needed, Akira turned to Hakuno and said, "No luck huh?"

"Not too much of a change number wise," Hakuno said. "The numbers are way lower than I thought they would be. Do you feel any different?"

"Not at all," Akira sighed. "What have you been doing?"

"I've been thinking about what to draw," Hakuno sighed as he pulled out his lunch. "Next one might be the one that gets your transformation rolling back."

"Maybe," Akira said as he pulled out his lunch. The two of them ate in silence, deciding it would be best to focus on their meal, so no one would overhear them. The transforming young man finished his drink and stood up to fill his bottle. As she was going out to fill her water bottle, she saw Ann walk toward her.

"Hey Ann, how are you doing?" Akira greeted as she filled her bottle with water from the fountain.

"I'm doing good, had fun with some friends last night. So, who is he?" Ann questioned, leaning over a little in excitement.

"He?" Akira questioned looking at her curiously as she put the cap on her water.

"The boy you have been walking in with," Ann clarified. "You two have been getting chummy lately, despite never really talking to before."

“He’s a friend I met recently,” Akira answered. “His name is Hakuno and he’s my friend. He’s a pretty cool guy. We talked for a little bit and had some fun.”

“Really? Then why did you suddenly pull him out of class the other day?” Ann questioned. “Seemed like you guys had a pretty serious discussion with him.”

“I had to talk to him about a really important matter and needed to do so privately. We went over to his place afterward and talked for a while.”

“You went to his place?” Ann said, blinking in surprise.

“Yeah, we watched some movies, played some games. I learned he also does art too. It’s different from Yusuke’s style, but I like it. We’re going to hang out some more after school.”

Ann continued to drill Akira for more information about his time with Hakuno. Akira blinked and explained everything, leaving out the reason why they started hanging out. When it got to him staying the night at his place she listened with keen interest. Akira didn’t see what the big deal was about, they were just having some fun together. He and Ann did the same as well, so why did it matter.

“Is he anything more than that?” Ann asked with a smile.

“What? Wait what do you mean?”

“Well you have been spending time at his place, from someone else’s perspective it looks like you two might be becoming an item. That’s at least what it looks to someone like me. You seriously didn’t think that when you were over there?”

Akira blinked at what she said and blushed as he realized what she meant. He hadn’t considered how it would look, and mainly focused on changing back. He opened his mouth to respond but couldn’t think of anything he could say. The only thing it would do would put him in a bigger hole, especially since they were going to hang out afterward. It would just add more fuel to the fire. The only mercy he had was that it was only Ann questioning him, and not the other girls.

“That blush tells me otherwise, well let me know if things do go that extra step. I want to hear about all the fun times the two of you have,” Ann remarked.

“It’s not a date,” Akira grumbled, as Ann walked off to finish her meal and talk with her friends.

Akira went back into the room and finished his meal. He looked over at Hakuno who was writing in a small notebook as he ate his meal. He couldn’t deny that he was handsome and certainly a nice guy with how he put him above his own desires. As nice as he was, he didn’t feel anything like that indicated more pounding in his chest or his face darkening. Still, he did find his company enjoyable and wanted to spend more time with him.

When their next class began, he put his feelings aside and focused on his work. It was good to do so, but in the back of his mind, he thought over his interactions with Hakuno and what they were like. The feminine young man snuck looks at the artist during their time, using a mirror hoping he wouldn’t notice. Throughout their lessons, Hakuno focused more on writing the notes the teacher had written on the board and their words.

The moment the class ended, Akira and Hakuno packed their things and left the school. As they left, Akira had to hold back a groan as Ann sent him an encouraging smile with a thumbs up. It made him want to say it is not a date, but it would only serve to give her more teasing material. Instead, he kept quiet and pretended not to see her.

They got on the train and found seats next to each other. As the train moved, Akira noticed a few of the younger guys shot looks at him, checking him out. Akira gulped and turned away, blushing in embarrassment about being checked out. He had never been checked out by anyone before, always having been the one who had checked out a girl. Now he knew what it was like to be on the receiving end for once. He wasn't sure if he should feel flattered or be a little unnerved he had reached that point.

Hakuno moved a little closer and whispered into the Phantom Thief's ear. "Sorry if this is a little to close, but maybe if we pretend to be together, it'll get them to stop."

Akira gulped and found his face darkening again. It didn't sound ideal, but if it would get them to stop, then it sounded good. He grabbed Hakuno's hand who flushed for a moment and lowered his head. The Joker looked at the people who had been looking at him and to his satisfaction saw they look disappointed and depressed as they went back to doing their own thing. He grinned and looked at Hakuno who returned his smile. When they arrived at their stop, they let go of each other's hands and got off. They cut through the crowd and finally arrived at Hakuno's apartment.

"Hey, Joker, can we talk? I need to ask you something?" Morgana asked.

"Can you give me a minute to deal with Morgana?" Akira asked Hakuno.

"Of course," Hakuno replied. "I'll be in my room, just come in when you're done."

"Hey, do you plan to head back to Sojiro's tonight. I want to know in case we're going to spend the night here again."

"I plan to head back," Akira said. "Why don't you wander around to kill some time."

"Sure, I'll let the two of you have your time together."

Akira opened the door to let Morgana out. The feline thief left the room and the Wild Card shut the door behind it. By his computer, he picked up his bag and quickly went to Hakuno's room.

"So, I had written down some ideas for possible pictures during the break and lunch," Hakuno said as he dug through his bag.

As he did, Akira took note of how he moved and the way he spoke. His movements were a little slower and his voice tightened, just like when he spoke to his parents before he left or a difficult subject with them. He thought about the way Hakuno acted before, and the way he spoke about his work that made it clear the love and care he put into the work. When he was working on that male picture, he treated it more like a job that he had to put up with. If he enjoyed what he was doing, he would have been fine with it. He wouldn't look so tired or exhausted as he did, almost as if he was performing after a full day of no sleep.

When he found the book, he held it out for Akira to take. Akira took the book and read over what he had. The poses sounded simple with him in gym wear, a swimsuit by the beach, and cosplaying a

character like Sebastian from Black Butler. It sounded fine and would no doubt look well, but it felt off. He looked back at Hakuno who was patiently waiting for him to say something. He looked tired, depressed and couldn't help but think about him during the time he spent creating his art.

"Hakuno, did you have fun drawing your character?" Akira asked. The moment he asked, the stress Hakuno had seemed to vanish as his body loosened and he smiled happily.

"You bet, drawing her was a blast! My mind would be filled with all these different ideas about what to put her in and I couldn't decide. It never got boring with her, no matter what I did, and it made me want to get better. She was a perfect muse, like a star or a fountain,

" Hakuno said. The moment the words left his mouth, his face sobered and turned into a frown. "But I won't draw her anymore because it's hurting you. I already messed with your life enough, I don't want to make things worse for you than I already did."

The Wild Card user felt his heart skip a beat and his stomach flutter. He was touched by his new friend's honest consideration. He cleared his throat and said, "I don't mind if you draw her, I'll even pose for you and you can post them if you want."

Hakuno eyes bulged out of there socket. He wondered if he heard him right and wasn't messing with him. "Are...are you sure you want to do this? Are you certain? I don't want to do it if your anything less than that. Akira...You do know that by letting me post them, it's only going to make your transformation continue right?"

"I know, but I don't care. The way I see it, I'm going to become a girl no matter what with how popular your older pictures are. At least this way I can control how it goes and help out a friend."

"If you're sure about this," Hakuno said as he grabbed his drawing book. "I'm going to need a little bit of time to think of something."

"Alright, don't be afraid to give her some extra curves. I know I don't have any at the moment, so feel free to take some liberties."

Hakuno blushed at his words and cleared his throat as he started thinking. He hadn't been planning to at first because he didn't want to offend Akira, but if he said it was okay then he would do so. He thought over what pose he should draw the male in. He couldn't think of something that was focused on the front because Akira currently still had male anatomy and lacked breasts. He could do that, but his mind would remind him of that issue, and he might lose what drive he had. So, he decided he should focus on her backside and have her show off her butt.

That led to the next issue, what should she wear. It needed to be something that would hug her lower body. A bunny suit sounded nice, but the front angle would be better to show off her cleavage. Perhaps tight sweatpants were what he should use. They would be able to hug her buttocks perfectly and would be good for any pose he thought of. It was simple but sometimes simple was best when it came to clothing and decided it would be best to just go with them.

"Alright, I figured it out. Could you turn around, so that your back is facing me."

Akira moved into the position Hakuno wanted, feeling a little weird doing so. He had never modeled for anything before and had only the faintest of ideas from seeing Ann's modeling sessions and art. He

gently encouraged him and prodded him to move in ways that sounded weird to him, especially since he was still male. He took solace from the fact Hakuno wasn't asking for any nudes like Yusuke did when he first met Ann. It showed that as much as he liked art, he was still considerate of him. If he did, then he would have left and criminally insulted.

When Hakuno was happy with how he was positioned, he had to stay like that until he finished the outline. Akira struggled not to move more than necessary and hold his position. Despite how long he had trained to fight, he struggled not to scratch. The moment Hakuno finished the outline for the picture, Akira let out a breath and relaxed. He scratched his body and relaxed on the bed as Hakuno continued to work on his art until he finished refining the outline. He didn't think being a model would be as strenuous as it was.

"Alright, that's done with for now. I'll finish it later," Hakuno said

"Do you usually draw something until your hand hurts?" Akira asked.

"I finish working on the outline for something usually and then I get to work on the school stuff. If I had my way, I would work on them until they were done, but with how long it can take I learned not to do that. My grades started slipping because I would get so wrapped up in what I was working on, but I couldn't stop myself because it made me feel better. After...you did your thing, I kept it in mind and decided to make it a goal to strive for, almost as it was a reward."

"That's good to hear."

"It's easier at times than others depending on the piece."

"And here I thought you loved all of your pictures with her," Akira smirked.

"I do, but some are just more stimulating than others. Now enough banter about my art and tastes, let's get to work on the boring stuff."

The two got to work on their homework and this time things were warmer between them. They would crack small jokes with each other and tell small stories about their past. They told each other about their school years in middle school. When Hakuno was having trouble, Akira showed him how to solve the problems he had trouble with. The same went for Hakuno when Akira was having trouble with a question. They easily made it through their homework and finished it far sooner than they did previously.

"So now that our work's done are you going to finish that picture?" Akira asked.

"I will if it isn't any trouble or insulting to you. I don't want to just leave you hanging," Hakuno said as he stretched. "What time is it anyway?"

Akira pulled out his phone and checked the time. To his dismay, he saw that it was almost eleven at night. This was the second time they had lost track of it. He didn't want to keep pushing his luck with Sojiro if he could avoid it. If he got grounded, then there was little he would be able to do for a time. He wouldn't be able to strengthen the bonds he had with his friends, go into Mementos and more. He sighed, "We got to start paying more attention to the time."

"Do you want my room, or do you want the guest room again?"

"I'll just take the guest room, and let you have your room tonight," Akira said.

"Do you want to borrow a set of my pajamas for the night?"

"No thanks, excuse me I need to make a call," Akira said. He went off to the living room and called Sojiro. He braced himself for what his response might be and thinking of things he could say.

"Hello?"

"Hello Sojiro," Akira started. "Sorry about not calling earlier. I lost track of time again."

"Really?" Sojiro said, sounding exasperated. Hearing him like that made Akira feel guilty that he was doing this again at the last minute. He didn't mean to stay out so late, but he was having so much fun and needed to get stuff done that he just lost track of time.

Akira ended the call and wondered what he should do, as Hakuno continued to work on his next piece of art. After a little bit, he decided to make some more lock picks, and as he did, he wondered what the final piece would look like when it was finished. He had only caught a glimpse of Hakuno's art and the way the lines were drawn looked well. He could only imagine what it would look like when it was done. After a little while, and managing to make more lock picks, he couldn't stay awake anymore and decided to go to bed. He went into his room and went to bed.

Hakuno woke up the next morning feeling more refreshed than he thought he would be. He got up and started his morning routine to get ready for the day. After he put some food in the microwave, he checked the time and was surprised Akira wasn't awake. He went into the room, he was staying in and listened for a moment to see if Akira was awake. He heard movement going on inside and sighed in relief. Considering Akira's lifestyle and what he had to do with, he wasn't sure how he would react to suddenly being woken up.

"Akira you awake?" Hakuno asked, knocking on the door.

"I'm awake, you can come in," Akira said.

Hakuno stepped inside and saw Akira stretching on the bed. For a moment he couldn't help but think of him as a girl. With how feminine his face and build was, it would no doubt be the first thought people had if they saw him. If anyone else had noticed the change or could they would probably think the same thing.

"Sleep well?" Hakuno asked.

"Yeah I slept good," Akira said.

"You look the same, guess the transformation stopped," Hakuno remarked.

"You're wrong there. You'll be able to see for yourself what changed," Akira remarked with a blush. He got out of bed and stretched. The moment he got out of bed the first thing Hakuno noticed was that Akira's thighs were larger. It looked as if he had suddenly gained some weight and it had settled on his thighs. His thighs looked as if he had suddenly gained weight, but the way they moved told him it wasn't because of any fat. The plush thighs he had now added more to his frame and would no doubt have driven men mad to see what they looked like without clothes covering them. Ideas came to him of Akira

in different pants, skirts, and other outfits and mentally started making a list of ideas for later use. He turned to his side, exposing how much his lower body changed.

The artist's eyes widened when he noticed the transforming young man's rear had grown much larger as well. Despite how appealing his legs were now, his buttocks was what would catch everyone's attention. It was so large it looked like someone could use it as a pillow to sleep on. It was a huge round thing that would bounce no matter how hard he tried to stop it. He could feel his tool starting to awaken and forced himself to look up so he could see Akira's face. Still, the image of Akira's engorged behind was burned into his brain and could imagine it perfectly as if he was looking right now. He breathed in and thinking about some of the more romantic pieces he had seen in his spare time and was thankfully able to suppress the boner that wanted to show itself to the world.

"Oh, my," Akira blushed as he looked at his bloated posterior. He knew it had become a large toned booty from how it felt when he woke up, but he didn't think it was this big. It was larger than any girl's he had ever seen and would have been tantalizing to look at. Especially if it was a pair of tight form-fitting pants that hugged his lower body. He placed his hands on it, and squeezed them, letting out an erotic moan that made them both blush.

Hakuno blushed and turned away, trying to get the image of what he had just seen out of his mind. Akira's moan was repeated on loop in his mind and he tried to suppress the sound or replace with it something else. He could feel his tool hardening at the thought and immediately thought of things he could do to prevent it from rising. He didn't want to add to the increasing awkwardness by getting turned on by it. Who knows what it would be like if he got hard? He thought of some of the most depressing scenes from video games and anime and could feel his lower body relaxing.

The feminine young man quickly removed his hands as he did his best to fight the blush. He couldn't believe what he just did. The brunette had simply been curious about what it would feel like and couldn't resist. He didn't think it would feel so good. He would have to study it more when he was alone to truly understand the feeling of what it was like. After all, if he was going to go into more Palaces and Mementos, he had to understand what his body was capable of and what it would feel like.

"How do your pants feel?" Hakuno couldn't help but ask. His first thought was they had to be tight, because of how visible the curvature of her butt was. "Do they feel a little tight on you? If you want, I could probably find something in my mom's closet that could work."

"My pants feel fine," The Phantom Thief said. It was a little surprising how well they fit. It had to be because of the change they were able to fit without issue. Well, at least he was getting clothes that could fit and didn't need to spend money to do so. If he did, then all of the money he set aside for equipment would have to dip into, something he didn't want to. Sojiro might wonder where he suddenly got all this cash, and think he was part of a gang or something.

A thought suddenly struck with Akira that reminded him why he suddenly had much more curves. He pulled out his phone and went to twitter and saw the female version of him dressed in yoga pants. He smiled and laughed as he saw just how large the girl's butt was. It was a huge round thing that made him imagine seeing it on someone else. "After this picture, it makes sense why my butt grew so much. I guess I should expect my boobs to be just as impressive. Well, we both know what type of girl you must like now."

Hakuno couldn't help but laugh sheepishly as he turned away. "I'm not picky, all I really want is a nice pretty girl. Being curvy would just be a nice bonus. Is that a bad thing?"

"Maybe not," Akira smirked.

They entered the kitchen, where a simple western meal of eggs, bacon, and toast was. Akira thanked Hakuno for the food he had made and did his best to get ready for the day. When they were finished eating, they left Hakuno's home and walked to school. They got on the train, sitting next to each other. They heard some of the people whispering about them and ignored them mostly. They heard one old woman talk about them as if they were a couple. It made them look away from each other as an awkwardness between them formed.

"So, do you want to hang out after school?" Hakuno asked, trying to fight a blush that wanted to come and ignore the woman's words. "Grab a bite to eat somewhere."

"That sounds good," Akira said. It had been a while since he had gotten any sweets. The last time he treated himself was when he and Ryuji went out to that ramen shop. It would be nice to go out and get something, especially with a friend.

When their train reached their stop, they stepped off and cut through the crowd to get to school. They entered the classroom at the same time and Akira saw Ann blink in surprise. She hummed in thought and looked like she wanted to question Akira. Before she could, their homeroom teacher entered the room, making all the conversations in the classroom stop.

The two students quickly took their seats and opened their bags, as they did, Akira blushed at how much more cushion she had. They focused on their professors, and again, Akira found himself drawn to Hakuno and snuck looks at him. Unlike yesterday, he seemed much more relaxed, just like when he was working. It made him smile and think that he looked much better than yesterday when he was trying to think of pictures for him. It made him feel better the artist wasn't trying to force himself to do something.

When class ended, they went to Akihabara and visited the arcade he met with Shinya. Just as he expected, it was a little busy, with some younger kids playing. They played several racing games, did some rounds of ski ball, and fighting games. When Hakuno said they should do a shooting game, Akira smirked as he showed off the skills he learned from Shinya. Hakuno's mouth dropped at his display of skills and people nearby cheered for Akira's success. The leader of the phantom thief's smirk grew as he blew at the end of the gun when they reached the end of the level.

When they were finished, they stopped at a cake shop, they had passed by when they were going to Hakuno's home and went inside. The moment they stepped inside, the smell of freshly baked cakes of different variety-filled their noses, making them hungrier. They looked over the menu, trying to decide what they should eat. It was filled with a variety of cakes, pies, ice cream sundaes, and more. When they finally figured out what they wanted, Hakuno ordered a small slice of key lime pie and a soda to drink, while Akira ordered a piece of strawberry cake to eat with a glass of water. Hakuno paid for everything they ordered, something that flattered Akira.

When they received their food, they sat down in an empty booth away from people and started to eat their food. As they ate their meal, the Joker couldn't help but think that they looked like they were on a

date. The moment that thought crossed her mind it immediately put her on edge. She had never felt this way about a guy before. He liked a few girls over the years and did think of possibly asking out one of the girls in the group if they were interested in him but didn't for one reason or another.

Hakuno was the first boy he had romantic feelings for. He was so nice, and put his feelings first above his own, even if it would make him sad. He didn't call him crazy when he explained what was going on. He listened and believed him almost immediately, no doubt in part because he was actually able to see the changes. He was passionate about his work and what he did. It all endeared the artist to Akira and made him more pleasing to be with.

Hakuno noticed that Akira became slightly more guarded as time passed and seemed to think more about what he was going to say and act. He felt a little disappointed and wondered if he did something wrong. Did he make him feel like he was treating him like a woman? He didn't mean to, the woman's words came back to him, and he wondered if he had overstepped in some way.

When they were finished eating, they headed back to Hakuno's home, Akira wanting to walk him home. They talked about small things, other shows they liked and the games they had played. It was small things, but there wasn't the warmth or ease going on like previously. His mind was still mulling over his feelings and the thoughts he had earlier. He thought over all the information he had gleaned ever since this started as if he was trying to figure out a puzzle in a Palace.

"Thanks for walking me home," Hakuno said. "I would love to spend more time with you sometime. Have a good night Akira."

"You to, see you tomorrow," Akira said and left, a part of him wishing to do a little more.

He forced it down and quickly went to the train station, his mind going over his feelings and trying to make sense of what to do. He would be lying if he said, that he didn't like Hakuno, and was curious if their relationship could work, but with how quickly he had gotten romantically interested in him he was worried it might be something else. He didn't feel anything forcing him to be with Hakuno. He thought of his friends and some people he had found attractive. The time he spent with friends was pleasing and made him happy, but it didn't spark the same foreign emotion that panged his heart. He could easily admit certain people were attractive, but none of them drew him romantically.

The leader of the Phantom Thieves was so lost in thought thinking over his feelings he almost didn't notice when he arrived at his stop. He continued to walk down the street, still questioning himself as he arrived at Le Blanc. He stepped inside and saw Sojiro cleaning a pot of coffee.

"Oh, I was wondering if you were going to be home tonight. For a moment I was expecting a call from you saying you were going to be staying there," Sojiro said. He looked annoyed but was genuinely relieved he was here.

"We were able to keep track of the time tonight," Akira answered.

"Look just make sure you don't rush into anything with someone. You never know what people are really like until you spend enough time with them, but even then, you got to pay attention to the small stuff. You got to be careful and make sure they aren't crazy," Sojiro lectured.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Akira replied. The defensiveness he was exuding was different, from when he was a guy. It acted more like he was his daughter or niece, rather than a girl. The moment the thought crossed his mind, he realized that must have been it. Sojiro was seeing him more in that light, then as a young man and wanted to make sure ‘she’ was safe.

He entered his room and got ready for bed, his mind still a mess. He laid down on the bed, staring up at his ceiling. As much as he liked Hakuno, he wasn’t sure if these feelings were really his own and not ones these pictures prescribed. He pulled out his phone and looked through the pictures, wondering if he would find something that would indicate why he was romantically interested. No matter how long he looked he couldn’t find anything that indicated if something was adding to it. They were just sexy pictures of his female form posing in cute and sexy outfits. The expressions on their faces weren’t necessarily romantic, more flirty than anything else. None of the pictures he had were her with anyone else.

Still, even if he was romantically interested of his own accord, he wasn’t sure Hakuno would feel the same or would want to try it. Partially because of how odd the situation was and worry that it could be another side effect of the Metaverse’s cognition of him growing. He wasn’t sure how he would convince Hakuno to see it wasn’t because of that and was genuinely interested in him. The idea of getting rejected by Hakuno who took his feelings into account before he did anything made his heartache in sadness and unconsciously grip the sheets of his bed tightly.

As he laid down in his bed, he smiled as he realized he really did like Hakuno that way and these feelings were his own. He wondered how he could start something, and what would be the best way to show if he was truly interested. Going for a subtle path wouldn’t work if Akira’s past experiences were anything to go. Before he developed his skills as a thief a girl had to straight-up admit they were interested in him before he would notice. Not to mention they didn’t have to deal with the fact their relationship was formed based on the powers of another universe. That alone would make whatever feelings they had harder to talk about and approach. The more the trickster thought over what he should do, the heavier his eyes got, until he finally fell asleep.

When the leader of the Phantom Thieves woke up the next morning, he immediately noticed his chest felt odd, as if it was irritated. The transforming boy prodded his chest and noticed there was a bit of puffiness, which wasn’t there before, and his nipples felt larger. He also wasn’t feeling anything against his thighs like he usually did. He hesitantly reached between his legs, his fingers, slipping underneath his underwear. The Persona user gasped as his fingers collided with a pair of warm lips.

Akira gulped and looked down her pants to see with her own eyes that her masculinity was truly gone, her hand still where it was. It was strange to see, but she didn’t mind it as much as she thought she would. It had to be because of how long she had to get used to the idea, and that she was already willing to think of herself with feminine pronouns. Her eyes were locked on where her fingers were and the opening to her new organs. For a moment the idea of going to the next step flashed in her mind and she bit her lip as the temptation grew.

After a moment she blushed as she shook her head and reminded herself, she had to get ready for school. It would be her first experience pleasing herself as a woman and didn’t want to rush it. She wanted to explore and see what it would truly be like. If she rushed it, she would lose herself in her self-

pleasing and be late. Not to mention there was a certain cat in here who would get a free show if she did.

The new young woman went to where she kept her clothes and saw her underwear had changed into bra and panties. She looked at where Morgana stayed and saw he had dug into her bag, no doubt to give her some privacy. She grabbed a simple set of undergarments to wear and put them aside as she stripped out of her clothes. She slipped on the underwear, still finding it weird she was wearing panties now after years of wearing boxers. When it came to the bra, she was able to put it on with remarkable ease and wondered if it would be just as easy if she was bigger.

When she was finished putting them on, she looked through her clothes and saw her school pants had been replaced with the school skirt. She put it on and marveled at how well the skirt did to hide her immense behind, but even so, she could tell she had quite the lower body. She slipped on her shirt and attached a pair of suspenders to her skirt and put on the school's jacket. Despite being fully dressed she felt as if she was missing something. She looked through her clothes again and saw a pair of red stockings. For a moment the new girl stared at them, unsure if she should, but the more she looked at them, the more appealing they became. She slipped them on, shivering in delight as they stuck to her sexy legs.

Now that she was done getting dressed, she grabbed her bag and went downstairs. She saw Sojiro working behind the counter, cooking a batch of curry. There were a few people in the restaurant eating. The moment he finished serving the next customer, he looked at her and sent a warm smile and said, "Morning Rin, you want some curry and a cup of coffee to start your day?"

Akira blinked, wondering why he called her that, but then chalked it up to more of the changes. She put on a practiced genuine smile, and said, "Yes please."

He made her a bowl and placed a cup of coffee next to her. As she readied her cup, the young woman kept calling herself by her new name in her head. The more she thought of herself by it the more natural it felt for her. She continued until it felt natural and took a bite of her warm curry that killed whatever sleep she had remained. She thought, *'It's not a bad name.'*

"Set aside a large batch for Futaba?" Rin said

"Yeah, Futaba is still asleep, but the moment she wakes up she'll have a large batch ready for her," Sojiro chuckled.

Rin continued to eat her meal and when she was finished, she said goodbye and went to school. She got to class and saw a nervous Hakuno waiting. He waved at her with a shy smile as he looked her over, no doubt trying to see what changed. Rin smiled happily at him and sent him a delighted wave. The moment he saw her return his body loosened up and his smile grew. She took her seat in front of him and said, "Morning, did you sleep well?"

"Morning and I did," Hakuno replied. "Anything happen?"

"Yeah, learned my name is Rin now, and let's just say I'm now on the other team," Rin said, making him blink.

For a moment he didn't have a clue what she was talking about. After a second, he understood what she meant and his face turned scarlet, making her giggle. He opened his mouth to say something, but before he could say anything, their teacher entered the room. He grew quiet and pulled out his school supplies.

They focused on their teachers as they explained about their material, making notes for later use. When Ms. Kawakami asked her a question, she was able to answer it correctly, astounding the class with her knowledge. She flushed a little as she listened to the whispered from her classmates. No matter how many times this happened she couldn't help but be embarrassed about how big of a deal they made it. It made her wonder if the rest of her class studied or waited until it was time for a midterm or final, something she was guilty of before she came here.

When class was over, she packed her stuff and looked behind her. She saw Hakuno packing his stuff into his bag. The thought of spending more time with him flashed in her mind and made her heart pound a little faster at the fun they would have. A small mischievous part of him wanted to have some fun with him as well at his expense. She turned around and waited for him to finish packing.

"Aki-Rin is there something you need or want to talk about?" Hakuno said.

"Come with me, there are some people I want you to meet," Akira said and took his hand.

Hakuno let her lead him to where she wanted and saw a few people talking together. He recognized Ann Takamaki from their class, the student council president, Makoto Nijima, and the blonde-haired male as Ryuji Sakamoto who was on the track team. He wondered if these were the other members of the Phantom Thieves. Despite what she had told him, he still didn't know their identities, something he didn't mind. The blonde looked at Rin, and then at him curiously.

"Oh, Rin, who's this?" Ryuji said.

"This is my boyfriend," Rin said happily. "His name is Hakuno Hashiba."

The Phantom Thieves gaped at her revelation, and Hakuno looked just as stunned as they were. His mind went over her words as if they were on a loop, trying to comprehend what she said. He could tell the former track star was scrutinizing him, and it took all the artist had not to squirm under his gaze. He suddenly realized that he was being introduced to Rin's friends.

Ann seemed to be doing the same as well, though she seemed nowhere near as intense. She had a smile on her face. "Oh, nice to meet you Hakuno. I wondered when you guys would finally get together."

"We're actually going out later tonight," Rin informed.

"Oh well then I hope you enjoy your date," Ann said encouragingly. "Give me all the details when it's over. I want to know everything."

"Same," Makoto smiled.

"Hope you have fun," Ryuji said and then whispered. "Let us know if he tries something, and we'll set him straight."

"I'm pretty sure she could kick my ass herself if she did. I mean, after all, I'm just skin and bones," Hakuno said, getting a chuckle from the group. The group jumped from being overheard, but quickly laughed it off when they saw he was smirking.

"Anyway, talk to you later guys," Rin said as she led Hakuno out of the room. When they were out of sight Joker giggled and leaned her head against his shoulder.

"W-Was that a joke to mess with them?" Hakuno asked. He couldn't tell at all if it was just to mess with all of them and wanted confirmation, so he didn't get any ideas. He didn't want to make things more awkward for Akira then they already were.

"No," Akira answered, still leaning her head against his shoulder. "I really did mean that. I want us to be more than just friends. "Do you want to be a couple?"

"I..." Hakuno started as his face burned brighter. He struggled to gain his bearings. He never thought he would be asked by a girl, and always thought he would have to be the one to ask. The fact one was, especially one with their history made him wonder if he was dreaming, which would make sense. He found his voice and answered, "I do."

Akira's face brightened as her smile grew. She placed a gentle kiss on his cheek, which made his face burn to the point it matched his hair. "That wasn't too much was it?"

"No," Hakuno said, slightly dazed but happy. "I...I liked it."

"That's good to hear," Akira said. "Now that we're an official couple where do you want to go."

Hakuno breathed in and out and tried to think of where they could go. On a first date, he would have taken her to an arcade or a nice little restaurant, but they did that the other day. He didn't want to just repeat something they have already done. He scrambled to think of something and was suddenly reminded of a nice place they could go to. "There's a karaoke bar not too far from my home. We could go, sing for a little bit, and get something to eat and drink there or somewhere else. That sound good to you?"

"I've never been to one before," Rin answered.

"I've been in there a few times, but never took part in singing myself," Hakuno replied. "So, we're both going to try something new out. At least we're both going to have no idea what we're getting into."

Rin giggled and let Hakuno lead her to the karaoke bar, eager and nervous to see what it was like. Her heart pounded in her chest and she felt warm and happy. She couldn't stop smiling and tightened her grip on his arm as if he would disappear or walk away if she let go. This felt so much better than all the other times they spent together, there was so much more meaning. It was almost as if she was finally got what she wanted or living a dream. If this was a dream, she prayed she wouldn't wake up soon. She wanted to see where this went.

When they arrived, the place was busy and was made primarily of people around their age. Some looked a little older, and others looked younger. When it was their turn, they were seated not too far from the stage. After they were seated and ordered their drinks the two went up and got their numbers to sing.

They sat there waiting patiently for their turn, talking to each other more, Rin talking about her, and her group's adventures through Mementos. It marveled and fascinated Hakuno to hear about such a world and the monsters that resided in there. He tried to imagine them, as best he could, but with how crazy it sounded, he doubted he had their appearances right. It made him wish he could see what they looked like, even though he couldn't do anything.

Eventually, Rin's number was called, and she took her place on the stage. She cleared her throat and the music she chose started to play. She had listened to *Last Surprise* sung by Lyn Inazumi dozens of times and it would always enter her head when she went into a fight. It had to be a coping mechanism to deal with her nervousness before she sang but she forced it down and thought of it as if it was another fight. When it was time for her to sing, she recalled how the original singer's voice sounded and the way she controlled her pitch and tone. She tried her best to imitate it, even though their voices were different and thought she was doing a decent job.

A sense of exhilaration went through her as she sang. She could hear herself through the speakers and knew her singing was decent. It was nothing to ride home about, but she did sing in her younger years when she was in the chorus during middle school. She doubted anyone would scout her for her singing talents, but she was having fun and noticed the invested looks people were giving her that made her feel like the star of a show.

When she was finished singing, she walked off the stage with a confident swagger. As she got closer to her booth, she added a seductive sway to her hips that made her boyfriend blush. She slid into the booth and sat across from him and asked. "So how did I do?"

"You were great," Hakuno said honestly and then sighed as his number was called. "Looks like it's my turn."

"Don't worry you'll be fine."

Hakuno slowly walked up the stage, breathing heavily in and out to calm himself. When the song started, he tapped his foot, getting a feel for the rhythm. He listened to the song dozens of times but even so felt his nerves jump. His mind kept telling him he might be the one singer so bad that he would earn the animosity of the house. He shook his head and refuted if he did, the most important person here wouldn't hate him and that filled him with confidence.

As she watched him sing, Rin struggled not to laugh. It was clear that unlike her, he had no actual singing experience. He tried his best to keep up with the arrow and hold a tone, but his voice would raise an octave too high or go too low. His face burned as he realized how bad his singing was but he continued. When he got halfway through the song, he seemed to have found a well of confidence and sang without fear. His eyes were shut, but he knew the pace of the song and the lyrics.

Just like when she finished, the onlookers cheered for him. He blushed and quickly walked off stage, heading back to their booth. He looked down at the ground, clearly trying and failing to hide the blush on his face as he did. He slid into the booth and ran his hands down his face. He groaned, "I can't believe I did that."

"Don't worry you did great out there, better than some of the people we saw perform earlier. Do you want a drink?" Rin asked. "Water, soda, alcohol?"

Hakuno blinked at the last option and replied. "Water would be good, and I doubt you could get any alcohol here at this time. The moment they see any ID they won't give you any."

Rin frowned, feeling a little insulted he thought she couldn't get any booze. She knew it wasn't a challenge of any sort, but for some reason, she felt as if he was doubting her thieving skills. The young woman wanted to prove him wrong and show him she could get some booze. Her eyes wandered

around, taking note of everything around her and her objective. Her mind calculating possibilities as she went over to the bar, where a woman dressed in a low-cut top that exposed the top of her chest and wearing a baseball cap. She had long brown hair done in a ponytail poking through the back of it and brown eyes. She had a mole under her mouth and was focused on the patrons sitting there.

For a moment she considered seeing if she could sneak behind the counter but immediately discarded the idea. With the number of people around it would be impossible to sneak behind there without being seen. In cases like this, it would be best to go for the direct approach. If she was calm and collected enough, she could give off the impression she was old enough. If she asked for any physical identification, then she could make a good argument and convince her.

Rin moved to an open section of the bar and waited for the bartender to get to her. As she waited, she went over her words in her head, preparing for every scenario. When the bartender finally came to her, she asked, "Can I have a drink?"

"Sure, what can I get for you?"

"I was hoping I could get a bottle of alcohol, whiskey or gin."

The moment she said that the bartender's face frowned. "Could I see some form of id?"

"I'm here with my boyfriend and wanted to show my legs off to him. I didn't think to bring my ID with me."

"...Are you sure, you're an adult?" The bartender said. "You look a little young."

"I wouldn't ask if I couldn't have one," Rin said confidently. "Do you really think a kid or teenager could have a face as mature as mine?"

The bartender stared at her, no doubt trying to figure out her age. Rin didn't flinch and kept her cool. She didn't want to look even slightly guilty or nervous, knowing if she did then she wouldn't get what she wanted. After a moment, the bartender sighed and gave her a bottle of whiskey along with some shot glasses.

"Thank you," Rin said as she took them. As she walked back to her table, she stared at the alcoholic drink in her hand, a little surprised she was given this. She didn't think she would be able to get any alcohol so easily and wasn't sure if it was a good thing or not but was happy, she did. The look on Hakuno's face when she returned was going to be amusing. When Hakuno saw her, his mouth dropped and eyebrows rose in surprise, earning a giggle from her. She placed the bottle and glasses down and slid into the booth.

"How did you get that?" Hakuno questioned. "Didn't you need an ID or something?"

"She did ask, but I was able to convince her I was old enough," Rin said proudly, thrusting her chest out in pride. She opened the bottle and poured a little alcohol into the shot glasses. "Don't doubt my abilities Hakuno. You'll go much farther if you believe in my skills."

"Trust me I never doubted them. You ever had any alcohol before," Hakuno asked cautiously. He took a sniff of the glass and was surprised by the smell.

"No, but with my life, it never hurts to try out new things," Rin answered.

He slowly raised the glass and took a light sip of the drink. He found the taste odd as it went down his throat and the liquid burned as it went down his throat. He licked his lips as he thought over the taste. It was almost iron, and as it settled in his mouth it felt cold. A low growl escaped his throat and he forced himself not to cough. Luckily, he was able to stop himself and was happy for it because he knew she would tease him for it if he did.

He watched Rin took a cautious sip from her glass and hummed as she took a more confident swig of her drink. She took a larger one and looked even more pleased as she started to drink more, surprising Hakuno, and making him look down at his glass. He knew without a doubt there was no way he would be able to drink at the same pace as her and wouldn't even try. He would continue to go at his own pace and enjoy the drink, wondering if it would get better the more he did. It was how he heard some food and drinks went and thought booze worked the same way.

As they listened to more people singing their favorite songs, with varying degrees of success. They continued to drink more of the alcohol in the bottle and eat their meal. Rin finished her first glass easily and poured herself another, almost as if it was water, she was drinking rather than alcohol. The moment she finished one glass of booze, she refilled her cup to the brim and drank it down in moments. Hakuno was slower in his sips, the taste wasn't quite as appealing to him, as it was to her, but could see the appeal. He would have preferred something a little sweet or fruitier but didn't mind this. He sort of liked how it burned as it went down his throat, but he wouldn't go hunting for it at every opportunity.

Hakuno's head thumped slightly as he felt the start of a migraine form. He rubbed his head as the loud beats of the music agitated his head. His body felt heavier as if something was weighing it down. He flexed his fingers and decided he had enough booze for now. He pushed his glass away and swiftly drank his glass of water. It was gone before he knew it and wished he had more. He didn't know how long this pain knocking against his head would last but would be happy when it was gone or something. He didn't have any medicine on him, so he would just have to eat and drink as much water as he could.

He looked around, hoping to catch a waitress and asked for a refill. The employee took his empty glass and looked back at his meal. He wished he had a little more to eat and considered getting a dessert. It would be good for him, considering how much his head hurt, and would dilute the alcohol in his system. He looked back at the former man and wished he asked for a pitcher instead.

Rin had a drunken smile on her face and a dark noticeable blush that highlighted her facial features. She stared at him with a faraway look in her eyes as she licked and bit her lips. She breathed heavily in and out and tilted her head cutely. She scooted closer as if she was trying to get a better look at him, earning a blush from the young man.

Suddenly, she pulled him into a deep passionate kiss. He could do nothing as her tongue dominated his own. His arms locked up as if ice had formed between his joints. After a moment his arms moved of their own accord and wrapped around the small of her back, pulling her closer. He returned the kiss with an energy he didn't have at first and relaxed more into it the longer they did.

In the back of his mind, he marveled at how his first kiss was going and wondered if he was dreaming this right now. Knowing his mind, it wouldn't be the weirdest thing, and there were times where he did feel something in his dreams. He wanted to stay like this or do it numerous times over again with her. Rin was the only person he could see himself having the confidence to kiss. She was everything he

wanted, everything he could have dreamed about having in a girlfriend. They had only known each other for a short time but wondered if he was in love with her. If it was, then he cherished this feeling.

They continued to listen to the music, eating, drinking, and cuddling with each other, sneaking kisses throughout. It might have been their first real date, but it felt so much more than that. As if they had found the missing piece, they needed in their lives to be whole again. By the time they finally finished eating and drinking, both felt lighter and their bodies felt heavier, though only Hakuno was truly aware of what was happening.

Rin was giggling like a small child that had just pulled off a prank and eagerly recording the results. Hakuno had to hold her close so she would keep her balance and follow him. As he did, she pushed herself against him and hugged his body as close as she could. Her hands roamed his form, and her fingers slipped under his shirt and his pants. He blushed, squealed, and moaned and quickly grabbed her hands to stop her.

If anyone they knew saw them like this, the rumors that it would make would be the things of legends. Not to mention the reaction of her friends would be terrifying and they would probably blame him for her condition. The way schools were about their reputation and the stuff he heard made them think that they could get suspended or even worse expelled. He didn't want them to think he was a bad guy, and their scorn would have been bad enough. If they told her guardian, then that would be the end of what they had going.

For a moment he pondered taking her back to her place, but the thought of her guardian seeing her like this, made him uneasy. He knew where she lived, and who her guardian and the place to call. She had told him bits and pieces about the man, and the thought of meeting him like that made him uneasy. He was probably nicer than what he was thinking, but it would be the equivalent of meeting her parents. Not to mention that if he wanted to push for an alcohol test it would show he was buzzed as well.

In the end, he decided to take her back to his place. It wasn't that far, and they would be able to stay there and get some medicine or stuff quickly. He gently took her arm and led her back to his place. Along the way back she nuzzled up against him as if she was a cat, her fluffy hair tickling his chin. She would peck his neck and cheek with light kisses that made him shiver in delight. It made him want to give in, but the more rational part of his mind told him to stop in case it made her want to take another step. A step that could potentially ruin what they had, and something he wouldn't let happen.

When they finally made it back, he placed his bag next to the door, and Rin dropped hers. The cat inside let out a muffled screech in shock, making him wince. He reached down and opened the back and saw it shake its head. The black and white cat looked around the room and saw Akira swaying side to side. It looked back at him and meowed, almost as if it was asking for an explanation.

"She had a few too many drinks," Hakuno answered, then tilted its head and looked at him curiously. "I promise on my artbook that I didn't do anything. We just went out to a place and she got a bottle. By the time we were done, she was drunk, and I wasn't sure what to do. I thought coming back here would be better and...and I'm talking to a cat. I must be really worried about what could happen if I'm venting to a cat."

"Mona is a very smart cat," Rin chirped happily. "He's more than able to understand what people are saying. He can always find his way back home, no matter where he is."

"I'm sure he can," Hakuno sighed as he scratched the cat's head. The cat preened under the praise and seemed to radiate a smug aura. When he was finished petting the cat it moved to the door and watched Morgana scratch the door. He went over to the feline, "You want out for now?"

Morgana looked back at him as the feline continued to scratch at the door. It nodded its head, surprising Hakuno that it understood him. The young man gulped as his confusion about what he should do grew. He didn't want to find out how long Rin's cat could hold its bladder and he didn't have a litter box or anything it could use.

"Alright, but please come back later, or head back to your home," Hakuno said as he opened the door.

For a moment the cat looked at him and could have sworn it nodded its head at him as if it understood him. The cat stepped into the empty hallway and he shut the door behind it. He stood there for a moment questioning his sanity and common sense. Normally he wouldn't have let the cat leave, but there was something about the way it acted that just told him it was smarter than the average feline. His mind wandered to what Morgana would do and worried about someone finding him. He could be taken away somewhere, get hit by a car, or any number of things that could result in the cat getting a lot forever. He stiffened as he felt someone slip their arms around his neck, and then relaxed when heard a soft melodious giggle. He turned his head and saw a smiling Rin and couldn't help but smile in return.

"God please let this cat be able to find his way back," Hakuno prayed. He didn't want to get in trouble with her for believing her drunken words. It would only add to the trouble he would go through with her guardian.

"Don't worry Mona can take care of himself, just fine," Rin laughed. "Now why don't we go into your room and relax in there."

Hakuno blushed as his mind envisioned the two of them so close on his bed, watching something. He wished it stayed that way, but with the way she spoke, he doubted she would keep it that way. Rin led him to his bedroom and stumbled onto his bed. She started moving around on the bed, trying to get comfortable.

As he watched Rin move around, an idea struck him for his next piece. With the way she was moving around and the dark blush on her face, it would have been perfect to draw a sexy picture, or maybe even a little comic strip. The desire to get to work came to him and he grabbed his pen and paper and tapped his pencil against the paper, however, the image informing his mind wasn't the initial one.

"Oh, got a new image in your head?" She asked curiously, a noticeable slur in her voice.

"Just got hit with some new inspiration," Hakuno said, stopping his pen strokes to help her.

"Anything I can do to help? Make a cute pose, as I lie down on the bed, or in a chair."

"Just relax and do what you want there."

The image coming to him was cuter and had heard sitting down in her chair, though with a happy blush, as if she had received good news. The alcohol had finished running through his system, so his hands were just as coordinated as they always were when he drew. He didn't feel anything messing with his senses, but even so, he was careful. When he was finished, Hakuno saw Rin had fallen asleep in his chair and was letting out small snores. He gently pulled the covers over her and she snuggled into them with a

content smile as if she was a cat. He couldn't help but smile as the urge to sketch her came to him but was too tired to pick up his pen and paper again. There would be plenty of time for them to make more art or do something else together when she woke.

The artist looked over her sleeping form, studying his girlfriend and comparing her to his work. She looked so much like the art; it would have been concerning if he didn't know the truth. There was only one thing left, before she looked just like his work, or rather a pair of somethings. A stray thought whispered into his ear about how this would be a once in a lifetime opportunity. He would get to see something that turned him on in real life, with a girl he really liked. He sighed and gave in to the whispers. He went into his parent's closet and pulled out a tripod and camera his parents used when they went out on vacations. He set up the tripod and camera and checked to make sure it was angled correctly and seeing that it was he pressed record. He hoped the camera would still have enough room for film by the time he woke up and got everything.

The young man quietly grabbed his nightclothes and stepped into the bathroom. He brushed his teeth and finished everything he needed to do. When he was finished, he entered his room and saw her chest gently rising and falling. She looked like she could have been a princess in a fairy tale. He muttered quietly, "Good night Rin."

Hakuno went to his parent's bedroom and climbed into the bed. He pulled the covers over him and closed his eyes, waiting for sleep to claim him. He wondered what Rin would look like tomorrow, and how she would take the camera being set up.

Hakuno's eyes opened and he stretched in place, hearing his body let out small cracks and pops. When he was done stretching, he went over to where Rin left her bag and picked it up. The young man quietly entered the room and looked over at his sleeping girlfriend. He blushed when he saw her chest had grown magnificently and her new size pushed the covers down. His bedsheets were pretty thin and made it easy to see how much she had 'grown' since last night. The sight of those melons made him wonder what her new cup size was.

His fingers ached and curled of their own accord, wanting to squeeze and feel them but he restrained himself. They might have been an actual item, but he respected and adored her too much to do anything like that without her consent. The thought of a make-out session made his face burn brighter. He turned around and started quietly slapping himself to try and suppress the perverted thoughts in his head. His face's glow started to die down and the whispers were suppressed by him mentally singing his favorite songs, and images and scenes of his favorite games and soon they were completely gone.

The artist blinked when he saw the camera and wondered why it was there until he remembered he set it up last night, because of Rin's transformation. Suddenly the whispers returned and told him to check the video, and this time he obeyed. He grabbed the camera and hooked it up to his computer and hit the full-screen button. He put the video at max speed the video up and waited to see when the process would begin. With how long the video was and how much footage was there it would have taken a while to see any progress. At the sped-up pace, he could easily see her chest rising higher as if they were loaves of bread in the oven. He could feel a certain piece of his body rising in attention to salute the sight he wished he had been awake to see. Still, the video was more than enough for him.

Rin yawned as she opened her eyes. She wanted nothing more than to stay in bed but immediately noticed her chest had an immense weight on it. She looked down and saw a pair of large circular spheres resting on her chest which could only be her breasts. She blushed. They were huge, massive, far larger than any girl she ever met. She could try as much as she wanted too to fully grasp them, but her hands and Hakuno's would never be able to fully hold them. She unconsciously grabbed them and gasped as a surge of her pleasure went through her body that made her shiver, "Oh my."

The former young man wondered what her new cup size was as she got out of bed. She pulled the neck of her shirt out and looked inside to see the black bra she wore underneath had changed to fit her new bust. She was able to see the tag of the bra and saw her breasts were an immense DD-cup. It was certainly fitting since it looked like her boobs would be able to put some medium-sized beachballs to shame. She giggled at all the fun she would get out of them, especially with Hakuno.



The sound of a chair moving, and an embarrassed cough got her attention. The fully converted young woman looked up and saw a blushing Hakuno. Her blush intensified as she realized he had seen her grope herself. She whispered, "Good morning."

"Good morning," Hakuno said. He cleared his throat. "Did you sleep well?"

"I did, your bed was nice," Rin gulped. She tried to look anywhere else so she could gather her thoughts. She blinked when she spotted the tripod, that she was sure wasn't there the night before. "Why is there a camera set up?"

"Well...It would be better if I just showed you," Hakuno started, his face continuing to darken. He already had a feeling how she would react, but the idea seemed too tempting at the time to pass up. He put the video back at the beginning and pressed play again. As the video started, he breathed in and waited for the punishment he was sure to come.

Rin blinked when she saw it was her sleeping on the bed. Her boyfriend sped up the video and she leaned closer to the screen to get a better look. She saw something happening on the bed, specifically around her chest. After a moment she blushed when she realized her chest was growing larger in the video. She could only watch in mute embarrassment as she watched the video of her bust growing larger by the second. Halfway through the video, her bust had grown to be the same size as Ann's, but even so, it continued to swell larger to sizes which her old self wouldn't be able to help but stare at. By the end of the video, her chest had finished growing into the massive rack she had currently.

"Oh my god!" She squeaked as she started lightly hitting his shoulder, her face darkening even further. "I can't believe you did that! Why did you do that?"

Hakuno laughed weakly, as he scratched the back of his head. "Sorry, booze was part of it, but the idea of actually seeing it was a bit too tempting for me to pass up. If you want, I'll delete it right now and purge it from the trash."

"You aren't deleting it," Rin ordered.

"What?" Hakuno blinked, wondering if he heard her right.

"Consider it a gift," Rin smirked and started giggling at his blushing face. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. She looked over the room and grabbed one of the pictures. "I look like I could be the real-life version of her."

"Well, you did serve as the inspiration for her," Hakuno reminded. "It's only right that she looks like you. Though she's nothing compared to the real thing."

"Flatter," Rin smiled. "What time is it anyway?"

"It's a little before ten when I last checked. It's a good thing we don't have school today, or we both would have been late. Last night was a good fun night," Hakuno said.

Rin pulled out her phone and frowned at the numerous messages and calls she had. There were over a dozen calls and just as many messages. All of them were from the same person, Sojiro.

"Oh boy," Rin sighed as she looked at all the messages and calls, she got from Sojiro made her nervous. She could feel irritation and worry behind them grow as she read one message right after the other. The

last one said Futaba told him about the date she had with some boy and wanted an explanation about why she hadn't been answering her cell. She wasn't looking forward to this talk.

"Should I pray for you?" Hakuno asked.

"It wouldn't hurt," Rin said. Her heart pounded faster in her chest as she thought what her guardian might do. She snorted as she realized she was more afraid of what he might do, then when she invaded a Palace or went into Memento with her friends. "Just hold my hand while I talk to him. I need a little more strength and comfort for this."

Rin breathed in and out as she pressed the call button and heard it start ringing as Hakuno took her free hand. After the first ring, Sojiro picked up the phone. "Rin there you are! I was getting worried. What happened? Where are you? Why didn't you call last night?"

Rin winced at every question he asked, feeling guilty that she hadn't contacted him the night before. Looking back, she shouldn't have let herself get as drunk as she did, and certainly wasn't going to say to him that's why she didn't. Not only would it look bad on her and Hakuno, but also Sojiro if the proper authorities knew about it.

"I'm alright, I just had a long day and lost track of time, I went to bed early," Rin said, with such calm assurance and certainty that Hakuno would think she was telling the truth.

They could hear a few muttered curses on his hand before he sighed tiredly. "I'm just happy to hear that you're okay. Still, we're going to talk about how you're staying out so late. I want to meet him and see what he's like."

"Alright," Rin said. "I don't plan to be out tonight so I can bring him over and you two could meet."

"That sounds good. I want you back here with him before noon, got it?"

"Got it, see you then Sojiro," Rin said and hanged up.

"Are you going to tell him we're a couple?" Hakuno gulped, feeling nervous at the prospect of meeting her legal guardian. The closest thing she had to a parent now wanted to meet him when they spent the night together without calling him. So, it wasn't the best of impressions. Still, he could make this work and would be as honest as possible with him. If he tried to lie about other stuff and what they were doing, then it would be bad, to say the least.

"Might be for the best," Rin sighed.

"Great," Hakuno sighed. "Well, we better get something in our stomachs. I can make you an omelet if you want. Does that sound good?"

"Sure," Rin thought as she went into the kitchen to help him make the table and get ready.

As he cooked, Rin realized that this was the third time Hakuno had cooked or paid for her and she was starting to feel a little guilty that she hadn't done anything in return. One day she should give him a meal to make up for all the hard work he had done. A nice homecooked meal from her would no doubt be the perfect thing. If she made it extra big then they could share it at lunch together. The ideas were coming to her about what she could make like Sojiro's curry that sounded perfect.

The two ate their meal with gusto, and Rin telling her boyfriend more about what Sojiro was like and what to expect. She wasn't fully sure what he would be like, now that she was a girl, but she would do her best to prepare Hakuno for their meeting. When they were finished eating, they placed their plates in the dishwasher.

"Well, we better get going, before if we want to make it to your place on time," Hakuno said.

They packed their bags and quickly went out the door. When they got downstairs, Rin grabbed his hand and smiled. Hakuno blushed but squeezed her hand with a smile. With her supporting him, he knew he could face Sojiro.

Epilogue

Hakuno was watching TV in his room, waiting for something to happen, his mind thinking over how much his life had changed. He received a message from her saying he would want to watch the TV tonight. Earlier Rin had sent him a message saying he should watch TV tonight and that it didn't matter what channel he watched.

It had been a few months since their relationship blossomed into what it is now, and things were great. They kept going out on dates, had study sessions with the group at times. He would hear updates on everything they were doing and be amazed and a little envious. Rin did say she could bring him and see it personally, but he knew better. As cool as it might be if something were to happen, he knew he would freeze and be a hazard. He didn't have the stomach for any source of fighting and doubted he would be able to keep his cool in a situation.

Then came the day she told him about the Thieves plan, and despite how much he trusted her and how skilled she was, he worried something could go wrong. No plan survived and the possibility of losing her, the mere thought made him want to stop her. It was different when it was her and the rest of the thieves going into Mementos because she wouldn't be alone and would have the full team supporting her. This plan relied almost solely on her, and their enemies acting as they hoped.

When the report came out that she was captured his heart stopped as if someone held it in a vice grip. He followed the news religiously and the moment he heard she died, he froze and felt as if something had been ripped out of his being. He prayed that she was okay and waited desperately to hear from her, checking his mail and messages constantly. He couldn't bring himself to do anything else and could only eat a small amount.

When they saw each other, he had been so relieved to see she was all right and pulled her into a tight hug. She returned his hug after a moment and then they started kissing. They stayed like that holding each other for an unknown amount of time, only breaking the kiss when they needed to breathe. They found a safe spot and she told him everything. He listened as she told him everything that happened from Sae's palace to her capture. It terrified him to hear that Akechi had shot her but filled him with such rage he wanted to find him and beat him to an inch.

Every day he was worried she would be found out and taken again and thanked every god he could that they didn't. The thought of losing her was too much to bear, especially when he doubted, they would drag things out. They would no doubt go right for the kill and just shoot her or something and be done with it.

He jumped when the TV suddenly changed and showed the emblem of the Phantom Thieves. He changed the channel, but no matter what he turned it to, it was the same thing. Suddenly he remembered Futaba's threat about exposing his history and getting him in trouble and frowned. He didn't think much of it at the time, but what had to be her work happening made him reconsider just how serious he was, and a lot more mindful of what he looked up.

He listened intently to everything they had to say. Rin had told him about her adventures with her group and everything they discovered but was still horrified by it. He could only imagine what it must sound like to someone who had no idea about any of this. He could tell the speech reached its climax when Joker stepped out of the shadows, revealing what she looked like. Joker declared. **"Yes, before that happens, we will take this county!"**

"Go get him, tiger," Hakuno said and lounged in his chair, wondering how long it would be before he would hear back from her. As the screen went dark for a moment before it returned to its original programming. He went back to his work drawing an image of her in her Phantom Thieves attire with the rest of her crew in the background beating Shido. It might not be anything like what happened, but he was sure she would enjoy the picture commemorating her victory.