

GETTING SERVED

JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Joker? How are things on your end?” The usual words from the usual source were beamed directly into the mind of the leader of the Phantom Thieves as he navigated the casino of Sae Nijima’s palace. Oracle was guiding him as she always was on this reconnaissance mission, a quick in and out operation with the intention of scoping out the palace depths before they staged a proper infiltration. It was about time for Futaba to check on in him it seemed, and so he hid himself behind some of the slot machines that lined the casino walls.

“Everything seems to be fine so far”, he whispered back, eyes peering around the corner of the machines to look out for any approaching shadows. **“Surprisingly there aren’t as many Shadows around as I thought. I’ve only seen two or three. There are a lot of areas that are gated off though, Nijima-san must have her treasure buried very deep.”**

“So it’s not gonna be a quick in and out operation, huh? Well as long as you recorded any areas of interest we can analyze them when you get back. Just be careful Joker! I don’t wanna have to send Skull in there to pick up your beaten butt!”

“Hey now, how weak do you think I am?”

“Not really. I’m just saying, be safe!” Sibling banter between Joker and Oracle had grown more common as of late. The two had become closer as a family in the cognitive world, and that bond was showing brilliantly. Regardless, the communication cut off there, leaving Joker alone with his thoughts. His exit wouldn’t be a difficult one; because of the many locked doors and closed gates he hadn’t been

able to dive too deep into the construct. As he'd noted to Oracle as well, it wasn't exactly teeming with Shadows either.

But that in itself kind of struck him as suspicious. Every Palace they'd infiltrated so far had possessed a higher density of Shadows even early on, at least two or three patrolling each corridor. Here, however? Surely Joker hadn't traveled very far, but he'd seen less than that across several rooms. Was Nijima just not guarded? According to Makoto's explanation that truly couldn't be the case. She was a detective, there was no way she wouldn't keep her secrets close to her chest and ultimately protected subconsciously.

At the end of the day however this seemed like a question better posed at their strategy meeting, which meant escaping in one piece.

Joker slipped from behind the slot machines the moment he was assured the coast was clear, taking aim at an air duct on the other side of the room. With a bit of fancy footwork it didn't take too long, and before he knew it he'd pulled himself up and in. Cramped as it was, it would take him to the room with the exit point so there was no need to voice any complaints about it. Kicking out the vent on the other side, he dropped into the small room was the joining vent to the outdoors when...

Something was slid atop his head. Reaction time was swift as he spun around, whatever had been accessorized atop him dancing back and forth from the sudden motion as he pointed his blade at the culprit. Or would-be culprit. There was no one there, he was completely alone in the small safe room. There was merely a table and chairs within its confines, the exit vent on the other... *Wait*. Where did the vent go? He was certain he'd come in this way, and yet his escape route seemed to be missing.

Frustration took hold, and he reached up to yank whatever had been placed atop him off his head... yet it didn't move. His hand slid up its height, pulling down a hot pink appendage that dangled in front of him. It looked like a bunny ear? A fake one, off the kind of set you'd find on a stripper (presumably) or a casino attendant. Actually, between the two Shadows he'd caught sight of, one had been adorned with such an accessory. A busty, bunny girl Shadow whose appearance seemed to make mockery of a woman's body with how tastelessly curvy it was.

Despite how hard he pulled, it didn't seem to budge even an inch. In fact it felt more like it was fastened to his scalp at best, or *a part of his scalp* at worst. "**What the-- get off!**" But even pinning it against the table with his hand and yanking his head back as far as it could go didn't eliminate the menace.

Then, all at once, his Metaverse costume disappeared. Not to be replaced with the school uniform he wore in the cognitive world either. He was left completely cold, bare as a baby in the chilly safe room aside from the bunny ears. Joker could only imagine how ridiculous he looked, and that thought spurred awareness of a security camera in the room's corner. Was he being watched? Had he walked into a trap?

Unable to see atop his head he couldn't perceive the fact that the color of his hair was beginning to lighten. Always a raven black, curls looked gray and then platinum before a rich blonde took hold, locks lengthening to tickle his neck. The tickling merely enticed him to shake his head from side to side, the added weight going unnoticed even as bangs thickened and bounced, the scent of hairspray weighing heavily around him.

The boy's body was, in the meantime, plagued with chills that brought him to crumple into one of the lounge chairs scattered around the table in the center. **"Oracle? Hey, Oracle? Are you there?"** Attempting to reach his navigator seemed to be a fruitless endeavor, which left escape on his own the only option. But before that he needed to find something to *wear*.

Joker attempted to stand, body shaking and eventually falling back onto the chair once more in response to the chills worsening. Rather, instead of chills it felt more like his body was going numb. It was a sensation he felt not only in his fingertips but also his toes, pelvic region, and chest. Looking down was all he could do, and what he saw was shocking.

Darkness. The white of his skin was being claimed by darkness, and not the sort of darkness created by an abundance of melanin either. It was a pitch black dark void of any light whatsoever, a color so unnatural it didn't belong on the skin of a human.

Toes were noticed first as nails seemed to fuse with his toes proper. Numb as they were, he could only wiggle them a little as the black ran up the length of his foot and towards his ankles. It was fortunate he'd been sitting down at the time, because accompanied by a soft throbbing his feet shrunk several size, definition narrowing in the process. Joker couldn't even feel his feet against the ground although to be fair they weren't against the ground for long. The black pulled up his leg, body hairs sucked in like a vacuum as his feet began to rise off of the ground. The boy could feel toes crunch as the same hot pink that was on his bunny ear headband begun to wrap around them, heels themselves rising several inches off the ground as a pair of high heels appeared.

This was bad. It didn't take a genius to *realize* this was bad. He'd been turned into a rat before thanks to the effects of a Shadow, but that was a status affliction that came instantaneously and could easily be dispelled. This on the other hand? It almost looked like he was becoming one of the Shadows that lurked in this Palace.

His stomach dropped. **"Oracle!? Oracle!?"** More attempts to reach Futaba, this time his voice sounding stranger and stranger. Not only was it noticeably higher, but there was an almost supernatural quality to it. It was beginning to sound somewhat metallic, a far cry from normal human noises.

Feeling dizzy again, he had no choice but to rest his fingers on the table to keep his shaking body upright. Much like his toes, what rested against the wood was not a

normal human hand but a shadowy mockery, although unlike his toes his fingernails still remained. In the corner of his eyes he could see nails elongate to the point they appeared fake, the same hot pink brightening them against black, thinning finger and rounder palms. Wrists crunched inward, and it wasn't long before his arms were completely victimized by this strange condition. The muscle had completely drained from his arms, leaving a pair of black limbs that looked and moved in a way that seemingly defied physics with out loose they were.

Yet Joker's legs fared no better in that regard. His thighs lost their built muscle as well, but unlike his arms they didn't shrink and turn scrawny. In fact, he could feel them begin to dig into the seat of the chair even with the numbness in effect as thighs began to bubble, doubling and tripling in size as a comical ripple ran through their squishy bodies. He became very aware of why these limbs felt unusual, their femininity aside. Pressing changed fingers into changed thighs, he had to assume his *bones* were gone. They remained upright as if bones existed, but finger sank right through the center to touch the chair beneath them.

“No, this isn't... Heehee...!” He couldn't even stifle the metallic giggle that uncharacteristically bubbled up from within the depths of his psyche, a natural reaction to the sudden sensation of his ass cheeks lifting him up several inches into the air as almost like a blow-up couch they suddenly bounced outward. Big as his ass was, and despite how much it sunk into the chair as its mass spilled over the side, it was little more than a piece of eye candy meant to entice those that infiltrated the Palace. A Shadow had no need for an asshole after all, and so beyond the crack it was eventually sealed.

An emptiness in his crotch was the natural followup to this change, dick receding backwards as if the boy was sporting a reverse boner. It slid inside of him, all but guaranteeing a change in pronoun were one to properly refer to her, a pair of black pussy lips taking shape beneath a bare, charcoal pelvis. It wasn't a proper pussy though, merely a pair of lips created to mock human biology.

“Heeheehee!” Joker couldn't stop laughing in her high pitched, inhuman voice in response to her bouncy butt or her new slit. She was rightfully terrified, but the more that changed the less concerned she felt by it all. It was almost like she was intoxicated by the changes, body swaying from side to side, providing bounce to luscious locks of blonde that spilled down her back. **“Ora... cle...”**

Her shoulder softened and moved inward like putty as their bones, too, were removed. Definition was erased from the woman's neckline as black approached her face and chest at the same time. Eventually it bled in and around her nipples, which puffed up in an almost comedic fashion with how dramatically they grew, before a bosom took shape in a very similar manner. Weight surged forward, growing tits slapping against the table painlessly as another giggle escaped lips that were turning black as change traveled upward as well. They reached a fair size and then just continued to press the envelope, each breasts swelling like a sponge and rocking her body back and forth in the process.

Black took her stomach and, all at once, her waistline shrunk in to a cartoonishly small width, so small that one could easily wrap a single hand around it. Paired with how each tit alone was practically four times the size of this waistline, her boneless body suddenly drooped towards the ground like she were made of rubber. Even so, little attempt was made to correct this posture, and instead she idly played with her superbreasts a moment.

It wasn't even her own will that placed her torso upright once more, but the appearance of bright pink plastic that emerged from her body, covering her clit and squishing gigantic breasts together as the bunny suit covered what was needed and held her squishy body in an appropriate shape.

Fake fingernails couldn't help but poke at her own fake a moment. She felt like it hadn't completely changed yet and was right. A smaller jaw and fluffier cheeks, however, would merely go obscured as Joker's mask returned... just not in the form she was familiar with. Bright blue and hard, her vision was momentarily obscured as it slid over eyes that had began to shine an empty red, leaving not Joker the Phantom Thief in her place, but a run of the mill Shadow of Nijima's Palace.

"Hmm~?" The Shadow herself thought something was amiss. Speaking with words was a benefit she had lost, and could only pose noises as she looked around the room through her hole-less mask. Oddly enough she could still remember being Joker, but at the same time she'd become subservient. She was here to guard this palace for her mistress Sae Nijima. Any that wandered in with ill-intent would, with all certainty, meet the same fate as herself.

Standing naturally in heels, she reached for a drink tray that had appeared on the room's table. Her break was over, and she had to return to her patrol. Patrol, patrol, patrol. Forever and ever, at least until Nijima passed away, this would be her task. For the guests she would always make a sensual, high pitched sound and show off her big, dark boobies, but life would never, ever, be more exciting than that.