

THIGH BY

COMMISSION STORY

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School wasn't as bad as Futaba had first thought it would be.

To be fair she had internally lowered the bar so that it was almost beyond simplistic to surpass. Having been a shut-in for so long after her mother's death, she had built up all kinds of thoughts and theories about what school might be like. Perhaps she would be bullied? Maybe she would be told that she had to remove the dye in her hair? It wasn't impossible that she would be picked last in dodgeball. Or maybe her homeroom teacher would eat her!?

...Okay, so perhaps that last one wasn't very likely at all. But these were the sorts of things that she had told herself why she remained a recluse to dissuade any of the reservations she'd had about shutting herself off from society. All of those things that she had told herself ended up crumbling, ultimately, when she eventually *went back to school* though. Not that doing so hadn't been an arduous journey in of itself.

It was the first semester after *all that* had happened. Joker had returned home with all of the charges against him lifted, and there was no longer a need to explore Mementos or deal with palaces, much less enter the Metaverse in general. Things were much more *normal* again, and with the support of all her friends she had finally been able to overcome what she had considered to be her greatest hurdle in returning to school.

And it wasn't all *that* bad. While she was understandably awkward? She had managed to make a few friends that were interested in the same shows and games she had. Little by little she was building herself back up, and it actually felt kind of good? There was no longer any fear when

it came time to go to class, and she was managing getting there and back all by herself.



But that didn't mean that this return to normal was without the occasional surprise. One had come earlier that day in fact, at the behest of her homeroom teacher. And *no*, it wasn't because said teacher had tried to eat her. It had been something much, much *worse*. **"I need to think about a career path... and then reach out to someone that does that career?"** Such a simple ask was actually a little more complicated for her than one might have first assumed.

Her *future* wasn't something that Futaba Sakura had honestly thought all that much about. A career path for herself? She had just adjusted to going to *school* again, she didn't really have any deep thoughts about things she might be able to do after that. It wasn't like she could take up a career as a professional hacker – well, not in the *legal* sense anyways. Could she do something with games? Maybe not traditional streaming, but VTubing? That felt more realistic, but it still isn't something that would earn her a pass on this assignment.

"Maybe I'm thinking too hard about it? I could probably just lie if I'm convincing enough." This *probably* wasn't a realization she should have been speaking aloud in the school library, but as always she was hiding off alone in her own corner anyways. So what could she put down that would be convincing? Did it really *have* to be realistic though? To be fair she *did* have several days to think the assignment over.

...And that realization devolved into the teen having a silly idea.

Taking a pencil so that she could erase it later, beside 'Career Choice' on the assignment form she wrote down the words 'Martial Artist'. It was the sort of career choice that no sane person would go with, especially a girl as small and fragile as Futaba. But she was drawing inspiration from all of the fighting games she had been playing lately. It was silly, but it made her feel a little better about things.

"...Eh?" But that relief was ultimately *very* short-lived, because her phone beeped with a familiar sound. The Metaverse app? And by the time she checked? *All* of her surroundings had become completely different. She was no longer sitting in the library, but on a bench in what looked like a fighting dojo with elegant, Chinese trimmings. It honestly

almost looked like something out of *Street Fighter*! **“Wait, is this the Metaverse?”**

She stood up from the bench she had been sitting on. The dojo seemed to be vacant aside from herself, and none of the usual signs of distortion that the Metaverse held appeared to be present. What’s more, her clothing hadn’t changed into that of her Phantom Thief costume. So was it *not* then? Had she simply fallen asleep at the library table and was dreaming... or something?

But her costume *would* change. Along with a plethora of *other* things.

In fact, it didn’t take very long for the former to manifest – but even then, it wasn’t like what she was used to. **“H-Huh!? Why am I naked!?”** A sudden yet brief chill had treated the girl’s barest parts, prompting her to look back down even after checking her clothing beforehand. And she had been greeted with the sight of herself in *only* her birthday suit. Though just as quickly as she had been stripped? She had been reclothed.

It wasn’t her usual outfit, not even anything she was really *comfortable* with wearing. Yet while it certainly wasn’t out of her own wardrobe, she could at least recognize its origins. **“Wait, isn’t this what Chun-Li wears?”** Like the character from *Street Fighter*, the game she had based her joke answer for the assignment on? This really *must* have been a dream if that was what she was manifesting! But then why was she still wearing her glasses? So she could see?

Though while she was dressed in the fighter’s usual blue and gold qi pao, black tights, white boots, and with her hair tied up in wrapped buns, it was clear that the clothes were much too large for her. **“That would make sense though! Chun-Li is older, stronger, and has a fighter’s beautiful figure! All things that I don’t have...”** She was really going along with this ‘this is all a dream’ shtick despite the fact that it felt so *real*.

Then was this not just a cosplay? It would fit her if it was a cosplay, right?

She tugged at her new outfit, trying to make it fit a little more comfortably with a few adjustments to no avail. Because she was distracted by these clothes though? She didn’t really notice the tingling sensation that washed over her face and scalp almost simultaneously, bringing about change that admittedly wouldn’t have been that easy for her to notice under her present circumstances anyways.

Like, take Futaba's *hair* for example. It was actually a little too long for the covers that held how it was tied into buns at that moment, and so the white cloth appeared disformed with some orange hair peeking out from underneath... *at first*. Yet before long? Those buns became more manageable and a better fit for how they were styled, the hair sticking out soon fitting much more snugly within their holders. *Because her hair had grown shorter*. Not only that, but her bangs were now messier as they swept to the right.

More than *that*, though, was the *color* of her hair. The teen's locks were undeniably dyed orange as was her preference, and her natural color was black like her mother. But in the end, the orange dye receded to reveal a color that was neither of these things. It was a very normal brunette color that wouldn't have looked out of place on *anyone*.

“Well if I look the part of Chun-Li...” Futaba had been *about* to say that maybe she should try some kicks, but ended up hung up on her phrasing. What about it was bothering her? *Why would I look the part of myself?* A question that, without context, made very little sense overall. But it didn't really make sense to *her* either.

Nonetheless, the subtle tingling across her face introduced changes of their own that were separate from her already changed hair. It mostly saw to structural changes, like giving her a face a much more almond shape. Yet the features upon it were slightly rearranged, with raised cheekbones and fuller lips giving her a more mature look, as if she were an adult woman rather than a teen. Her mauve eyes eventually glossed over with a brown that wasn't dissimilar to her hair color, but those eyes... Their shapes *also* subtly changed. Still Asian in nature, there was little point in denying that rather than Japanese, they clearly appeared *Chinese*.

Just as Chinese as the outfit she was adorned with.

She shook her head. **“Something is very odd about all this.”** Both the fact that she was speaking with a deeper voice and, of all things, *now in a different language* surprisingly went over her head. A head that was now processing her thoughts in the same Mandarin that she was speaking with, even though she could also speak Japanese and English now if need be. Why couldn't she place what was wrong?

Perhaps it was because her perception of 'correct' and 'incorrect' was swaying back and forth between two very different egos by this point? There was the ego of Futaba Sakura, the girl who had suddenly appeared in this dojo. But then there was the ego of the woman she was becoming, who saw this teenaged body as incorrect. And so these two points of view merely canceled each other out.

Which worked well in favor of the forces that were changing her as her build and figure undergone some much more *dramatic* changes than what had befallen her neck up, arguably. Although on the bright side? These changes certainly helped with the fit of *her* outfit! Beginning with the application of a full extra *five inches* of height to her body, from her spine to her limbs – until she was 5'5" and looking rather lanky as a result.

It was an astounding increase in size, but was it *incorrect*? For but a moment her *old* self rationalized that it *was*, but her *new* self immediately walked it back. *No, I'm supposed to be this height. What an unusual thing to think.* Such was how the internal exchange went. And so you could only imagine that everything that followed went roughly the same thing. As quickly as it was perceived as bizarre? It was soon seen as normal.

This included the bulk that very quickly piled on. Futaba's perception of the dojo that she was standing in had changed so that it was somewhere *familiar*. While stationed in Japan, it was still an establishment she ran and *trained* in, and the fruits of that training? It bloomed *splendidly*. Of course this came about in the usual places, with arms firming and her tummy toned with an eight-pack of glorious abs.

But the *main event* saw that the black nylon of her tights would soon tighten around widened hips and the surrounding area. She shuffled in place as strength presented itself in her thighs particularly, muscle enlarging and expanding along with a thin layer of fat that saw those thighs engorge to the point that each thigh was *larger than her waistline*. Even her *calves* grew thick and strong, and her ass naturally inherited similar traits.

Whatever was going on with her legs though? It was the product of decades of dedicated training. They were both intimidating *and* attractive, and anyone would be happy to be choked out by them, surely. And she now had the flexibility – and the knowledge to properly wield this flexibility – to make this happen with ease.

Futaba's body was now hardened by all of this raw muscle, but there was *one* place that benefited by newfound softness. With her pecs so firm, her small chest had briefly appeared even *smaller*. But now? Nipples were not only erect but they swelled so that they were bigger and puffier to boot. Before long her breasts expanded beneath them, readily filling out the top of her qi pao so that their E-cup shapes could be easily noted. And because even her back rippled with muscle, their new heft was not all that difficult to bear.

“Hm... I feel as if I’m forgetting something. Perhaps it’s too early in the morning.” Even as she spoke to herself, the attractive Chinese woman saw fit to begin stretching out her muscles. Well, if you could call *perfectly* doing the splits with those gargantuan thighs of hers simple stretching. But just as quickly as she dropped down so that her crotch was pressed perfectly against the wooden floor of *her* Japanese branch dojo, the woman rose back up into a standing position where she began to stretch her arms.



Chun-Li had a vague sense that something was inherently *different* about her circumstances but she was lacking the context of *what* that might be, which ultimately led to the uncanny perception that she was wielding in the moment. Futaba hadn’t realized when she had been moved to the dojo in the first place, but *time* had changed as well. It was just after six in the morning, and from what was now Chun-Li’s point of view she had only woken up about forty five minutes prior.

She woke up so early in the morning because the career path that she had chosen had ultimately led to it being preferable. Even though she was on the cusp of being considered a middle-aged woman now, thirty years of age, she worked to maintain this dojo as a talented martial artist, and that was *part* of it since she did have students to help oversee. **“I need to hurry and get my workout in before my next mission.”**

The words she spoke softly to herself alluded to her *other* job. That of an infamous Interpol agent that was a scourge on the efforts of villains and crooks across the world. Her strength was used to do good, to protect the people who could not protect themselves, and her dojo served as a way to pass on the talents to others so that they could do the same.

“But who knew I would end up this busy? Well... I suppose it was my decision in the end.” It wasn’t like she had any regrets, but why was she so fixated on her career path in that moment? She didn’t typically think so heavily of it, but at the same time it almost felt unusually *relevant*? Ultimately, she supposed it didn’t matter all that much in the end.

She simply continued with her stretches, displaying an almost *inhuman* level of flexibility with her legs as her body lowered and thighs crossed until she was in a crossed crouch only inched from the floor, chest jiggling as she allowed a strong exhale to leave her lungs. “**Still..**”, she murmured to herself while rising once more.

“**What am I forgetting?**”