

## Ann and the Beauty Transfer Machine

A shiver went down Ann's spine as she traversed the cold corridors of the mysterious lair. It wasn't the first time Mementos had put her in such an unusual place, but the mixture of stone and steel as she delved further inside brought its own, distinct flavor of foreboding. The sound of sinister cackling echoing through the halls made her stop. Taking cover behind one of the corners, she desperately wished she was with her fellow Phantom Thieves.

The troubles started when Joker picked up a strange envelope bearing a red marking. Upon picking up the letter and opening it, he vanished in a bright white light without a trace. For hours on end, Ann and the others had combed through Mementos to try and find him. Splitting up to cover more ground led Ann to finding a similar envelope with a dark green mark. Grasping the letter between her hands, she was transported in front of a spiral hill and an ominous cave mouth that she suspected contained their missing leader.

As the last of the cackling died down, Ann used her thieving skills to stealthily make her way down the corridor. The task was made all the more difficult by the crimson, leather outfit adorning her body and her pair of platinum blonde pigtails. Clacking her purple boots against the cobblestone floor, she tried to keep herself together. Sliding a purple-gloved hand against her cat-like mask, she reminded herself that she was Panther, a Phantom Thief that had been through worse situations before.

Ann's confidence dipped significantly as she heard lumbering footsteps running towards her. Preparing her whip, she got ready to face whatever monstrosity that came her way. So focused on the several directions where something could be lurking, she failed to notice the loose tiles beneath her feet.

Ann stopped at the sound of a mechanism clicking into place. The floor fell out from under her to send her sliding down a chute deep into the depths of the lair. Losing her whip as she plummeted into a pile of cushions, she was left in a daze as she tried to stand up. She didn't get more than a few inches away from her landing site before a set of bulky, green arms wrapped around her torso and picked her up.

"Let me go!" Ann shouted, her constant pummeling of the brutish, ogre-like creature doing little more than scuffing his white lab coat.

"Ssstop hitting Klungo," he said, a foul air clinging to his breath as he carried her down the corridor. "Jusst ssstay sstill and let Missstress Grunty take care of you."

Struggle as she might, Ann could not free herself from Klungo's clutches. Carried deeper into the lair, she could hear the whirring of machinery growing louder with each step. Shoving his body against a metal door, Klungo brought her to a large stone room that buzzed with the crackle of electricity. Located in the center were two large pods covered in brown steel, wires, and pairs of antennae. Over the sound of purple sparks erupting from the tips, Ann barely heard the sound of someone cackling in the corner of the room.

Turning her head as far as Klungo's grip would allow, Ann took in the sight of the obese lady with green skin and short black hair. Whipping around her purple scarf, the witchy woman shuffled across the floor towards Ann. The black robe adorning her body barely contained the blubber beneath and yet it was of no concern to her. Twisting her face into a wicked smile, she fixed her pointy hat and surveyed Ann with her big, yellow eyes.

"For someone who looks like a kitty," she began, her big, pointy nose mere inches from Ann's face, "you don't appear to be very sly, my pretty."

“Just who do you think you are?” Ann said, wincing at the abhorrent smell that leaked from between the witch’s teeth.

“Many a person hear my name and cower in fear, but you may call me Gruntilda my dear.”

“I don’t care who you are, let me go before-“

Gruntilda threw back her head to let out another bout of cackling. “Oh I’ll release you from my lair, only once I’ve taken things like your slender body and silky hair.”

“What are you talking about?”

Waddling up to the pods, Gruntilda slapped her hand against it. “With this precious machine, my intention was to give my body a new, glowing sheen. However, things went awry when that troublesome bear took his sister and said goodbye. Though I had hoped to give chase to claim what was mine, all because of that letter they disappeared in a shine.”

Before Ann could inquire further about the similar circumstances, Gruntilda shuffled back to her and grasped her chin between her grungy, green fingers. “While it was unfortunate that the letter took my prey, it wasn’t a completely worthless day. By mimicking the accursed letter with my technology and spells, into my clutches did a suitable replacement fell.” Turning to the side, Gruntilda gestured towards the pods. “Into the beauty transfer machine you will go, where my attractiveness by sevenfold will grow. As for you my little kitty, your fate I can’t help, but pity. While I will have to beat off suitors with a stick, people will take one look at you and say ick.”

“Ssshall we begin Missstresss Grunty?” Klungo asked, clutching Ann tight to stop her relentless squirming.

“Yes, get the lead out, you dolt, while I give my machine one last bolt.”

Lumbering towards one of the pods, Klungo pressed a button to open the door and tossed Ann into the chamber. Scrambling to her feet, she failed to escape before Klungo sealed the door. Peeking through the porthole on the front, she watched Gruntilda scramble to check her machines to ensure everything was ready. Showing off a malicious grin, the witchy woman waddled her way over to the other pod and opened it up.

“You better not screw this up,” Gruntilda began as Klungo shut the door behind her, “or else in a shallow grave you’ll wind up.”

“Klungo do hisss besst,” he replied, hurrying over to the controls.

At the push of a button, the pods pulsed with electricity. Ann got a glimpse of Klungo pulling down on a lever before her chamber was filled with a misty green gas. Losing sight of the exterior through the thick fog, Ann desperately searched for a way to break free from the machine.

Desperately attempting to pry open the panels gave Ann a chance to watch her dainty fingers plump up with added heft. Letting out a shriek, she backed away from the wall. Holding up her arms, she watched the leather around her limbs puff up with blubber. As the growth reached her shoulders, a rip formed in the seam of her suit. The sight of the dark green pudge that pushed through the hole did little to calm her nerves.

Ann stumbled forward as the heels of her boots snapped off. Hanging onto the wall with her meaty hand kept her from falling down, at the cost of letting her grungy, green fingers pop apart her gloves. Trying to pick herself up, she froze at the sight of her once shapely legs ripping apart the lower part of her suit. Her boots were torn to shreds by her swelling feet, her plump toes looking like miniature sausages covered in a heavy layer of rot. Free from the constrained leather, her thighs were free to be covered by the dark green pudge that had encased her arms.

Stomping back into a standing position, she winced at the feeling of her cankles and calves jiggling with each step. As both a blessing and a curse, she didn't have to spend much longer dwelling on the loss of her shapely legs.

The view of her lower body was obscured as a mound of fat began to swell out from her mid-section. Reaching a size similar to a woman pregnant with triplets, her stomach burst apart her suit. Free to hang between her plush thighs, her gut gave her a good look at the dark green tint that covered everything from her deepening belly button, to her cellulite-speckled fat folds. Another helping of belly fat let her body surpass 500 pounds in weight, alongside bringing her attention to a similar growth occurring near her torso.

A glimmer of hope sparkled in her eyes as she watched her chest swell with added heft. The moment was ruined the moment the top part of her suit ripped open to reveal her sagging breasts. While her boobs were definitely bigger, they lacked the same perk and shapeliness that had been crucial to her modeling career. Hoisting up the sagging mounds between her fingers, Ann couldn't stop a tear from rolling down her cheek as her fingers sunk into her charcoal black nipples.

Waddling her body over to the porthole, Ann began to bang on door. "Please, let me out!" she shouted, too hysterical to notice the added huskiness to her voice.

"Sssorry," Klungo replied. "If Klungo ssstop, Missstresss Grunty will beat Klungo until he uglier than you. Then Mrsss. Klungo won't want Klungo anymore."

Ann continued to slam her meaty fist against the door, her pleas falling on deaf ears. Through her tear soaked eyes, she shuddered at the image she saw in the window. Bringing her face right up to her reflection, she watched as the green tone that had covered the rest of her body consumed her face. Her perfect chin multiplied threefold with plenty of blubber spread between

them and her developing jowls. Right below her plump, dark green lips formed a bulbous wart to go along with the several others that popped up all over her chubby cheeks and drooping forehead.

The revolting image was blocked by her hair as it fell in front of her face. The veil of hair showed her shimmering strands lose their luster and silky texture in favor dark green, nearly black coloring and seemingly endless frayed strands and tangles. Pulling away the curtain of unkempt hair, she opened up her wide mouth to let out a puff of her rancid breath and see the yellow tint that had swallowed up her crooked teeth. The sight of her nose stretching out into a jagged triangle was the final straw.

Waddling back from the porthole, Ann came crashing down on her fat ass. Unconcerned with the way her wide rear split open the back of her suit, she sunk her face in her hands and began to cry. Heavy weeping echoed through the chamber as her hands clutched her fat face. So preoccupied with her self-pity, she didn't notice the machine starting to whirl down. It was only once the door swung open to let out the transformative miasma did she lift up her snot and tear soaked face.

Ann's reddened eyes were drawn to the dainty, lime green hand that reached into the chamber. Stepping in front of the pod with the very legs Ann had lost, Gruntilda struck a pose with her new, super model-like body. She shot a malicious grin at Ann with her perfectly sculpted face as she flourished her luscious, platinum blonde locks.

"I haven't felt this good in years," Gruntilda announced, holding her skinny arms aloft, "more than worth you shedding a few tears."

"G-give me back my body," Ann pleaded, crawling towards Gruntilda. She was stopped as Gruntilda pushed her down to the ground and sunk her foot into Ann's bountiful back fat.

“You must be crazy if you think I’d want to go back to being an ugly hag, with an ass as big as a pig, that gross, flabby belly, and breasts that sag.” Rolling Ann’s hefty form to the side, Gruntilda strode out into the center of the room continuing to admire her new body.

“What Missstress Grunty want Klungo to do with cat lady?” Klungo asked as he struggled to pick up the disheartened Ann.

“Just throw that sack of garbage back where she came from,” she replied, feeling up her shapely hips. “She’ll have plenty of time to figure out what to do with her ugly face and then some.”

Straining to keep Ann aloft, Klungo carried her off into the lair. Watching her lost beauty get further away with each step, Ann couldn’t stop the tears from flowing down her chubby cheeks. As she was haphazardly tossed into a pile of envelopes and blinded by a glowing light, she could only imagine the horrified looks on her teammates’ faces once they saw her loathsome body.

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“Status update?” Futaba spoke as she watched the Phantom Thieves explore Mementos from the safety of Necronomicon.

“Movement up ahead,” Makoto replied, signaling rest of the group to standby. “Do you have visual?”

“Yeah. Looks like three-no, four shadows. They’re similar to the ones you faced several floors up. They should be a piece of cake to take down with some fire.”

“Guess that means we got to pull out the big guns,” Ryuji replied, only to have a meaty fist whack him in the back of the head. “Sorry, didn’t mean it like that Panth-I mean, Witch.”

“You’d better not,” Ann replied, waddling past him and making her way around the corner.

Whipping about the four, tentacle-like, lavender scarves wrapped around her thick neck, Ann stepped forward to face the shadows. Tilting her brimmed, red hat up shifted the purple eye mask that covered up most of her face with a sizable hole for her crooked nose. Jostling about her obese form within the confines of her red gown, she raised her plump hand into the air and snapped her fingers. A whirlwind of fire appeared around the shadows to engulf them in flames. Dismissing the fire with another snap of her fingers, Ann let out a slight cackle at the sight of the leftover piles of ash.

“Your powers have definitely become quite impressive,” Yusuke commented as the others came up behind her.

“Thanks,” Ann replied, showing off her yellow teeth in a wide, crooked smile. “I’ve had plenty of time to practice since I can’t exactly go out in public in my current state.”

“How have your parents reacted?” Makoto asked.

“They’re never home anyway, so I just told them I’m away on a big modeling gig,” she answered, taking a moment to adjust her gown around her chunky rear and drooping breasts. “As for my agent, slipping in some fake doctor’s notes with the help of Takemi should give me some privacy for a while.”

“Are you...okay with this?” Haru asked.

Ann lowered her head and let her fingers run along her belly. “I’m still upset that I’ve been stuck with this body, but it does have its benefits. Futaba has been showing me some really great shows to pass the time and it’s so refreshing to eat whatever I want without the need to



worry about my figure. While I'm stuck looking like an ugly hag, might as well enjoy a long vacation."

"Put that break on hold," Futaba spoke up. "I've detected more movement around the next corner. It's not a shadow."

Getting into formation, Ann took her position at the head of the group. Peeking around the corner, her mouth went agape as she witnessed the sultry woman in a black evening gown around the corner. Most notable was the woman's light green skin and a pair of familiar, platinum blonde pigtails.

"That accursed Klungo!" Gruntilda shouted, loudly stomping her high heeled shoes against the ground. "When I find him he'll be donezo. How dare he let me slip on a puddle of water, just before my big date into that pile of letters did it make me totter."

A sly grin stretched across Ann's face. Letting out a cackle similar to the one she heard in Gruntilda's lair, she signaled for the Phantom Thieves to follow her. They may not have been any closer to finding Joker, but she was going to enjoy beating on Gruntilda until she got back what was rightfully hers.