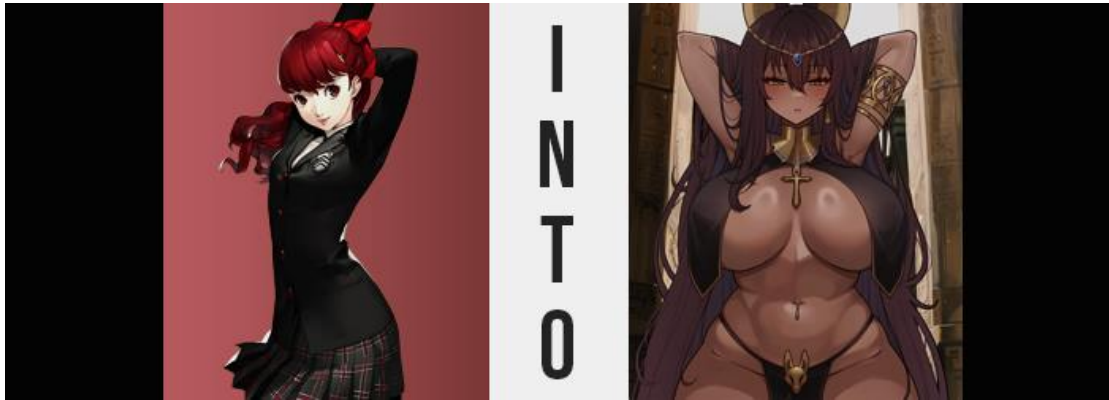


# POST-COGNITIVE IDENTITY II.

BIWEEKLY STORY #118

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“And then the Phantom Thieves just *disappeared*.”**

Kasumi Yoshizawa, while not technically her *real* name, had been recounting a number of incidents within one of Tokyo’s many libraries late one afternoon. The Phantom Thieves were a group of individuals that claimed to be able to change the hearts of corrupt adults. Something that had *supposedly* been shown on several occasions in the past. The police had gotten up in arms about it as everyone waited to see who their next target would be and if they would manage to change their hearts.

But there *never was* another incident. The group of thieves had been so active prior to July of that year but it was already October without any sign of them having reappeared. Were the authorities keeping their activities a secret? Maybe this wasn’t something that Kasumi should have bothered with. It hadn’t affected her in the first place and she hadn’t even agreed with their methods, and yet... Very recently something had happened to her.

On October 3<sup>rd</sup> she had awakened her Persona, Cendrillon. It was a power she didn’t understand nor did she really understand how the Metaverse worked. But something like that, she thought, could it be related to the Phantom Thieves? Was their disappearance related? *That* was what had brought her to the library. She was researching any old newspapers she could find that mentioned them.

**“Maybe if I find the Phantom Thieves I can find out about the Metaverse... and this Persona of mine.”** Her intentions were stated in a hushed voice, the Japanese teen reminding herself as to why she was putting so much effort into what she was doing. Kasumi had already combed through about twenty papers. Since the Phantom Thieves were such a hot topic months ago there had been a *lot* of mentions – and there were even more after they went silent.

## YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE PHANTOM THIEVES ARE? ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU.



A chill ran down her spine and she stood. Looking around, no one else in the library appeared to have heard it. The voice of a woman that she didn't recognize. Within the pocket of her bag the Metaverse app on her phone had lit up too. And seconds later? Her surroundings distorted, ultimately transporting her into a different setting entirely.

Kasumi immediately noticed the change in temperature. Even though she was in a dark room with a light filtering down from above, that light was *hot*. Was it from the sun itself? **“Wh-Where am I!?”** This place. Was it the Metaverse? It had the same *feeling* to it. She was correct, but she didn't know that she was in a Palace. A Palace that had grown a *lot* since the Phantom Thieves failed to conquer it back in July.

**“In my court, of course. You were looking for the Phantom Thieves, correct? And you have... a Persona.”** The voice came from nearby. Torches lit a path up some stairs to a throne. A throne where a dark-skinned woman dressed in ancient Egyptian garb could be seen holding a scepter. She was barely dressed and that was distracting enough, but there were also numerous scantily clad women hanging off of her. Licking her. Fondling her. **“Here they are! And now it's your time to join! I've really been in need of a guard dog.”**

Those were the Phantom Thieves? There was no way, right? And what was that about joining? Becoming a 'guard dog'? Kasumi wanted to yell back at her, to claim that this was all nonsense and that she was lying. But she couldn't say anything. If it involved raising her voice to that woman... the words just wouldn't come out! **“What? Do you think I'd let a dog speak back to me? And hm... Let's start with your clothes.”**

A snap of the pharaoh's fingers freed Kasumi's body and hair, for everything she *had been* wearing disappeared the moment the snapping sound was heard. The hot sun seeping through the hole above was beating down on her bare skin directly... largely. Yet the weight of new materials and accessories made her pointed aware that she was simply dressed in something else. "**EEK!?**"

She'd found her voice again just in time to squeak at the sight she was greeting to when looking down. While she was *technically* still clothed it... wasn't in much. A single cloth dangled between her thighs and down her ass crack, suspending by a spaghetti strap that wrapped around her back. It had a golden Anubis head on top and writing in a language she didn't recognize in gold down the front. It was so skimpy that her hips, thighs, and the rest of her legs were completely exposed.

...Not that Kasumi's upper body had fared much better. Matching black cloth was draped down across her breasts, tickling her hips. It was loose so the slightest breeze could lift it up, and the space *between* her breasts was entirely exposed. There was likewise a gold, Egyptian collar around her neck with a cross like ornament hanging from it, a golden bangle around her upper left arm, and a circlet with a blue gem atop her head.

"**Ow!**" A sharp pain in her belly button had her cry out and look down to discover... not just a piercing in her navel but a gold, teardrop stud. This had all appeared without warning. Was it the true power of the Metaverse? She just didn't have enough information to work with, but could she use her phone to escape? Her phone...? Wait, had it disappeared with all of her clothes!?

The pharaoh wore a smirk as she watched the Japanese teen's expression contort into one of hopeless. "**Have you resolved to accept your fate, dog? We're doing more than simply changing your clothes to get you prepared for your new role you know.**" Another snap of her fingers led to a strange scent filling the air around Kasumi. No, not just a scent. Her body felt *wet?*

With much of her body exposed it wasn't difficult to get a sense of what had just happened. The fragrance was exotic and earthy and it was wafting up from her own body. The girl's skin was exceptionally shiny as if she had been rubbed down with oil. But it at least helped her weather the sun's heat a little more easily. But why? Why get her all... oiled up, for the lack of a better term?

*It was simply because Pharaoh Hathor liked seeing her women all shiny.*

As she was already examining the sheen of her skin, an additional and related change didn't escape Kasumi's attention. "**M-My skin!?**" At first it almost seemed like a plethora of freckles were spreading across her skin beneath the earthy-scented oil. They were appearing everywhere on her body from her face to her back, and yet simultaneously? One by one the strands of her red hair were darkening to a richer brown than the almost chocolate tan these freckles resembled.

They *weren't* freckles. They continued to multiply before the girl's very eyes, the gaps between them filling in with more dark spots until it was all an even skin tone. Her flesh was beyond rich with melanin now – even her nipples were a *very* dark brown beneath the flaps she was wearing. Of course, her red hair was now entirely dark brown as well; the same color as her nips in fact.

**"Wh-Why did you...? I'm a completely different...?"** A different race? Saying it aloud, was it that shocking? *Her pharaoh* had mentioned that the women attending to her were the Phantom Thieves and they were all dark-skinned beauties themselves. Though the change of racial features hadn't even been isolated to her hair and skin colors alone. Her face, well, it didn't look much at all like a Japanese girl's any longer. It also didn't look a thing like *Kasumi*.

The maiden's lips inflated so that they were *far* more pronounced for one. Their swollen and upturned shapes begged the question of 'how had she not fumbled when speaking before?' but the answer was simple. Her mind had adjusted to accommodate their weight. Just as she had been programmed not to think much about how thin and slender the sides of her face had become, giving it a more angular feel with widened eyes. Widened eyes that showed off golden irises. She looked like a natural born Egyptian *woman*.

*Woman*. Not a teen. Her face suggested she was a woman of *thirty* or so.

**"No, I'm not... *I am your dog, pharaoh— That's exactly what I'm trying not to say!*"** Whether it was thinking it or blurting it from her lips outright, she couldn't resist the growing feelings of love, admiration, and *lust* that she felt for the woman sitting up high on her throne. There was an increasingly large part of Kasumi that wanted nothing more than to heed *her pharaoh's* every beck and call. Acknowledging that it was wrong was doing very little to resist.

**"Mmm... You're looking *beautiful*. But I'm looking for a *little more*."**

Speaking of, the woman snapped her fingers once more. Every time she did something new happened. Her changing clothes, her altered race. This time was no exception because she immediately felt herself begin to *grow* in more ways than one. The victim had initially wondered. She was wearing so little, but it had felt oddly ill-fitted? Apparently she'd been right on the money at the time, but she had since forgotten the thought had even crossed her mind.

Kasumi found herself continuously adjusting her posture. The cause was obvious and she could understand it, but she had to focus on keeping the thought in her mind else she might lose it to this 'new self' that desired not to question anything *her pharaoh* did to her. She was growing taller, bone and flesh alike stretched and reinforced so that she peaked at 5'8" – a height that would have been seen as *very* tall for a teenaged Japanese girl.

*...Something she no longer was anyways.*

Dark brown hair had grown outwards as she had grown upwards. It fanned out behind her, reaching all the way down to her ankles in the back while touching the top of her breasts at the side. "**Oh...**" On that subject she felt very *warm* but also very *full*. It was a strange matter of arousal that left her sensitive and aching in all of the areas that you would expect her to. Evidently, when *her pharaoh* had asked for 'more' it wasn't just height and hair she had been referring to.

The flaps hanging across her bosom were lifted up with haste – not by her hands or anyone else's, but instead they were pushed up from underneath. Dark colored breasts were bloating at an alarming rate, oiled flesh bouncing and jiggling about from the sudden growth. She wanted to touch them *so badly*, but she understood that *she could not do such a thing unless her pharaoh gave her permission*. Dark chocolate nipples expanded to about six inches and were incredibly puffy beneath the meager cloth, and with the space between her tits exposed it was easy to see just how ample and firm they had become. Her tits were bigger than her head!

"**Mmn...**" Kasumi felt so horny. Her huge breasts ached and so did her loins, and that wasn't at *all* given relief by the area around her loins expanding in equal measure. Once narrow hips were stretching wider to give her a wider gait, something that was capitalized upon by an ass that, while hidden by her long and thick hair, continuously expanded both backwards and out to the sides. It was inevitable that this tanned flesh would jiggle, protruding about eight inches from her arched back when all was said and done. She shuffled in place a moment, each movement spurning a bounce of ass cheeks and tits alike.

Mind you, with the rest of her body so thick it would have appeared *very* strange had that weight not appeared elsewhere. Her belly was a little thicker for one, but muscle that hadn't existed prior could be perceived midst the softness. More notably were her shiny *thighs* which expanded like sponges filling with water. Even with the woman's hips significantly wider they ultimately rubbed up against each other even while standing. Hopefully they didn't chafe.

What the Egyptian woman was wearing left little to the imagination now that she was so... *abundant*. Her nipples, pussy, and messy bush of dark brown pubes were all that were realistically hidden since you could make out most of her tits, legs, and ass otherwise. But it didn't *bother* Kasumi? She felt sexy. She felt *strong*. "**My pharaoh, I...**" Her pharaoh? She had been thinking that for a while now, hadn't she? So it was true?

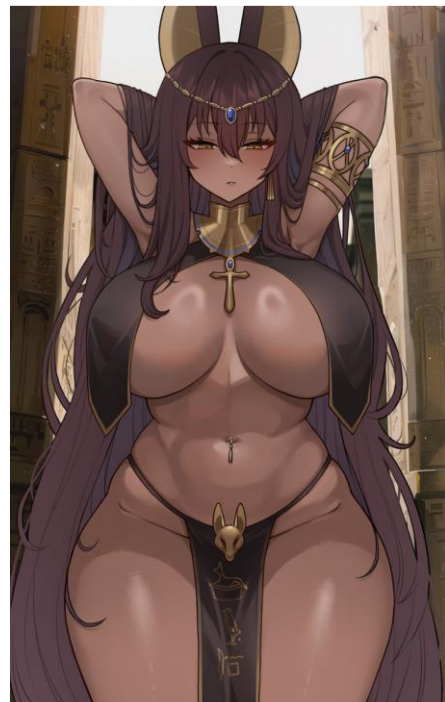
## ***SNAP!***

One more snap of the pharaoh's fingers provoked the final change, which was quick to unfold. Her human ears slid up the sides of her head and lengthened into a pair of brown-furred Anubis ears with golden innards, sticking up straight atop her head. The moment they twitched any doubts that the woman had about her identity, and who she served, melted away... for now. All she could think about was serving her pharaoh and just how *horny* she still was for some reason.

All of the pharaoh's servants grew horny at the sight of her.

**"My Pharaoh Hathor, what are your orders for me?"** The tall, buxom, and athletic Egyptian woman could no longer resist her desire to serve the pharaoh sitting upon the throne high above her. *Sumiya* understood her position. She was Hathor's private guard, the one who was meant to protect her under any and all circumstances. And yet there was a tinge of jealousy as she watched all of those beautiful women touch and tongue her master. Their relationship also had a more *sensual* aspect to it when the nights grew late. Yet it was the middle of the day.

Hathor smirked down at her guardian, changing the position of her legs so that they were now crossed in the opposite





direction. **“Take half of my retainers back to your quarters and have a pleasant afternoon. Once you’re done, come to my chambers.”** Holding out her left hand, the women attending to her on her left side let go and began down the stairs towards Sumiya.

The pharaoh knew that there was still a chance Kasumi’s old personality and memories might surface if her new life wasn’t *stimulated* into prominence. A day of distractingly pleasant sex with beautiful women would have been enough, surely. Tomorrow she could put her to more serious tasks, but for now? She had to make sure Sumiya would not turn.

**“...Yes, my Pharaoh.”** The guard bowed, her big tits bouncing from the gesture on to be squeezed by one of the consorts who had come to attend to her. She shuddered but did her best to hide her arousal even as the other two woman came to hang off of and fondle her. **“I will take my leave.”** For what reason would the pharaoh lend her these beautiful women? She didn’t understand.

But she didn’t really need to.