

RECAST

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Being this close to Konoha didn't necessarily bring Sasuke the fondest of memories. There were certainly fond ones mixed in, but on the other hand? He had plenty of regrets as well. The ninja couldn't really claim they were because of 'the mistakes of his youth' when he was still young in the first place, but there were things that would probably haunt him his entire life. Things he'd have to make right sooner or later, if his past didn't come back to haunt him in the most tragic of ways.

But the forest surrounding Konoha was familiar, and that familiarity allowed him to better concentrate. Considering what he was attempting? That concentration was important, for one small move would likely lead to his own death. One might ask, then, '*why attempt such a dangerous activity if you could so easily die?*', but Sasuke Uchiha? He didn't really have an answer for that.

The technique he was trying to accomplish? If he could do it successfully, it would change things for the better. That was just what he thought.

Now, as for the technique in question? It was a jutsu that had once been used by Kaguya. A technique that allowed interdimensional travel for the user, allowing them to traverse both time and space alike. Exceptionally complicated in execution already, there were of course risks to its use as well. Sasuke had gone back and forth on whether or not he should even try it *because* of these reasons.

To begin with, it was a very taxing technique. Physically, mentally, and in regard to how much chakra it utilized. If he was forced to push too hard, then it was possible he would be stuck in whatever world ended up becoming his destination until that chakra recharged. *If* it could

recharge in the first place. What if the world operated on different rules? What if chakra did not exist as a concept? He could be trapped there forever, if using the technique didn't just off him on the spot in the first place.

But did the potential benefits outweigh the risks? He certainly thought so.

From what Sasuke could tell, things had gone off without a hitch. His surroundings? They very much weren't what he'd expected. Before he realized, he was standing in the center of a busy... street? He was sure that this description fit what he was standing upon, but the sheer breadth and aesthetic of the world was throwing him for a complete loop.

The area nearby was crowded, towers of stone and glass reaching towards the sky all around him. The world Sasuke himself knew wasn't that backwater, but he could tell with only a few seconds of intentional lingering that this place was more advanced than the Konoha he knew. Even the fashion was indistinguishable from what he was used to, so much that he quickly realized he stood out like a sore thumb.

Wherever he looked? People were staring at him. Was it just because of his clothes? Had they seen him appear within this space? It was hard to say for sure, especially since most looked away and walked on once he made eye contact with them. Evidently, he needed to escape the public eye until he could better understand his situation, and so he ducked into an alleyway.

At least this world still had those.

“So the traversal was a success, but what about the return?” Sasuke mumbled to himself, jotting down notes in a notepad he'd brought along with him. It would take ten or so minutes for his chakra to recharge enough for him to use the return technique, and thankfully he had a reference point to guide him back to the world he was familiar with. Realistically, he was counting his lucky blessings that he'd come out of the transferal unscathed.

Should he bring something back with him? No, he had to. There was no way Naruto would believe him if he didn't— *Okay*, so Naruto probably would have, but no one *else* would. Even if the temperature of his relations with the village had improved, there was still a great deal of people that did not trust him. Sasuke didn't blame them for that distrust was born of his own actions, but it meant that in a situation like this, his word alone was not enough to go on.

As he pondered his return trip though, Sasuke didn't first realize something of import. The fact that he was being observed. Even if he searched for a source, he wouldn't have found one though. There were no eyes nearby to stare at him, and the entity perceiving him wasn't even utilizing camera. No, it was far more fitting to say that what was observing him was the world itself.

A stopgap presence meant to keep things in order, so that if anything that ever didn't belong found its way into this realm, the normalcy of said realm would be preserved. Sasuke had just warped onto hallowed ground and didn't have the foggiest idea that this was the case. Well, at the very least, until he felt an intense presence weighing down upon him.

"...What!?" All at once, the freedom Sasuke Uchiha had been allowed was suddenly stolen from him, for his ability to move was pointedly seized. It wasn't as if the ninja had been paralyzed, but it was more like an intense pressure was keeping him pinned in place. Was this someone's chakra? No, it was a little different. It wasn't an energy he recognized, and it felt as if it was burrowing not only into his body, but his soul as well.

The very world itself was treating the young man's presence as a virus, and in doing so had sought to enact a cure. It was fortunate that this cure did not involve killing the man outright, else someone might have stumbled upon an unusual blood splatter in that alleyway later in the day, but from his perspective the solution might have been *worse*.

In the beginning, it manifested in a way that was difficult for him to even notice. Unless he was expected to be able to witness a change in his hair color? Typically that was hard enough for most, but in Sasuke's case it was currently concealed, largely, beneath his hat. As a *ruby red* discoloration began in his roots, he wasn't really in any place to take note of it even as it swept out further, threatening to consume all of the way up to his tips and, certainly, finally reaching that goal.

Not content with stealing away *just* the color however, that hair not only appeared to take on a far fluffier volume, but in slight grew longer as well. He'd been growing his hair out regardless, but in this case it grew so ample that it knocked the hat straight off his head, allowing the prettier locks to spill out to the sides and rest just above his shoulder. Sasuke had felt it, of course. How could he not feel the hat being forced from his own head, much less hear it hitting the ground behind him?

"What the--!?" Sasuke reached up with both of his hands to touch his hair, absolutely confused about its length and texture. With bangs

having become sideswept, he could make up the color in front as well, but that wasn't even the most shocking of the things the ninja had come to realize in that moment. After all...

Sasuke had lost one of his arms in his final battle with Naruto, how was it that he was reaching up with *two* hands?

Putting the matter of his hair aside for a moment, he pulled both hands back down and before his eyes. There were certainly two of them, but the difference between the pair was as different as night and day. His right hand, the one he hadn't lost, looked as he remembered. Nails dull, skin calloused... But the other hand? Aesthetically, it better resembled a *girl's*. The skin of its fingers was completely clear, void of any blemish and each digit far daintier than that on the opposing hand. Each fingernail jutted out an inch past the tips of his fingers too and was done up in pink polish.

“This is impossible! I need to get out of here, it's doing something to me!” Even as he'd stared at the two hands, the feminine aesthetic of the left hand had begun to seep into the right as well. The fingers on his proper hand thinned and softened, and palms grew petite and smooth while a creamier skin tone dominated and began to flow into his wrists, which narrowed in kind as well.

It had been long enough. He had to try utilizing the return technique before it was too late! Sasuke got into position to cast it, and even signed the various finger motions meant to set it off, but... Nothing came of it. **“Damn it!”** He couldn't gather the necessary chakra!? No... He couldn't feel any chakra in the first place!? It was a fact that was reflected in his eyes themselves, for his Rinne-Sharingan had completely faded, leaving in its place a pair of eyes that were a bright violet... and increasingly girlish by design.

Femininity appeared to be a trending factor in regard to what was happening to the ninja, for it was something that plagued his face in its entirety. There was the matter of his eyes for one, and other than color? In terms of shape, they grew wider – better for expression, something Sasuke was typically terrible at, and yet as his transformation wore on his facial and body movements alike were becoming far more intertwined with his mood. Naturally, narrowed, red eyebrows helped in that regard too.

Still, regarding her face, there were other tweaks to be noted as well. His cheeks had rounded dramatically for one, taking a youthful softness that appeared squishy, yet not so much that it suggested any issues with weight. His lips pinkened, and likewise bloated as well, until they rested with a natural pout beneath a cute, button nose. When all was said and

done, paired with the red bob of hair that swept all of the way around his girlish face, it was clear he didn't look much like Sasuke anymore.

Then again, that was a fairly consistent trend in general. What had affected his hands had bled up into his arms, stripping the young man of all of his built muscle mass and leaving limbs not only spaghetti thin, but shorter on the whole as well. Were this not enough, it was something that found ground elsewhere in his frame as well. His legs in particular suffered for it, muscle there evaporating at a similar pace to his arms as the same creamier skin tone settled into place. As it bled into his feet, too, those toes grew far too small for his footwear, and a single step saw bare tooties freed from their boot prison.

“Now I'm shrinking...!? Even my voice!?” There were a number of things that suggested as much from his perspective. His point of view diminishing was a good one, judged by the fact that a brick he'd been eye level with on the wall nearby was now higher than it had been before. But there was also the matter of his clothing, which was increasingly big? Hefty? Both the fit and the weight were growing problematic, as even the muscles in his torso were reduced to more or less nothing.

As opposed to holding those clothes up, though (*his pants had already fallen to the ground*), he was instead rubbing his neck. The pitch of his voice had jumped dramatically, so much that he might get mistaken for a teenaged girl. But then again? There was *much* more than his voice at work that might support such a thing at this point. Even disregarding the signs that could be seen without taking a peek under his robes, his shrinking stature and girlish head were all that were needed to make one believe *'this is a teenaged girl'*.

If you were to peek beneath the robes, you'd see even more signs of this fact though. His waistline had narrowed – or was it that his hips had widened? Both ended up being true in the end, for it gave his body a gait that suggested there was further growth to come in the future. Not immediately, but as he grew older from his now regressed age. Further supporting this was, well... *his chest*.

Sasuke's body had always been lean but muscular. There was never any excess fat upon his body, yet now? Some had taken form. Beneath nipples that had grown plump and erect, rubbing up against the material of the underside of his top, the beginnings of a pair of tits had taken shape with thanks to fat deposits shaping themselves underneath. They swelled larger, their mass enhanced as the fact that *he* was becoming a *she* became more or less undeniable, and before long he was sporting a B-cup bosom. Not eye catching, but absolutely *present*.

“*Eep!?*”, *she* squeaked in response to a tugging sensation between her legs – one that ripped her manhood right from her body, while the folds of a girl’s genitalia sprouted on top, and the workings burrowed into the depths of her flesh to recreate the necessary organs for a young woman in the process. “**I’m a girl!?** **I’m... huh...?**” She’d briefly been shocked by the fact, but then her mind numbed and she quickly questioned why she’d questioned it in the first place. ‘*Haven’t I always been a girl? Why would I find that strange?*’

As if to seal the deal, a fatty weight found itself into her lower half as well – stealing away indefinitely the last remaining bastion of the masculinity she’d possessed once upon a time. Her thighs were the initial focus, for the skin around them became taught as a slight jiggle saw them bloat and round, while the excess found the cheeks of her ass. They jutted backwards, full and bubbling, but even then there was nothing about her new figure that was remarkable. It was all rather standard for a girl of the tender age of *fifteen*.



“**I’m... uh... why aren’t I wearing my uniform? Where...? Who...?**” Mentally, a number of irregularities popped up all at once. There was a dissonance between how she viewed herself and who she was now, and piece by piece the world itself sought to correct that. The moment she’d blinked after noting her clothes, for example, she was suddenly wearing a blue Otonokizaka High School girl’s uniform; jacket and all. It fit properly and seemed right, but had she put it on before? Not to mention... Her name? Why couldn’t she remember her name? It was... It was... Wait, it was on the tip of her tongue!

Maki Nishikino blinked with surprise. Her mind felt like it was a jumbled mess, a tossed salad if you will; even as it cleared up, there wasn’t a whole lot of sense to be made. For example, *why* was she in this alleyway of all places? As a high school student, her teachers were always putting pressure on her to avoid places like these, especially after school (*and looking down at the dainty watch around her wrist, that appeared to be the timeframe*).

Even on that note though, she couldn't remember leaving class in the first place. Or going to class for that matter. Where did she *live*? It was a question that hung in the back of her mind for a few moments, but like a computer lagging as it searched its hard drive, she eventually came upon an answer. In fact, that was very much how her mind would end up working for the rest of the day. At times she'd forget something important or have a strange recollection about some sort of weird ninja world, only for her mental state to resolve it after a moment of lag.

This was, of course, the world's way of making certain her mind would adjust – and *stay* adjusted. Her assimilation needed to be complete, which meant there couldn't be a single loose end. It didn't recognize the realm that Sasuke Uchiha had come from, nor did it matter. For he was Maki Nishikino now, a high school student and school idol. She had no need of remembrance regarding that old life, and considering the position he had been in when he'd arrived?

That was most likely for the best.

“Maki-chan? What are you doing back here? Practice is starting soon, is it not?” Midst one of her mental laggings where her memories were at work realigning, a voice called out to the red head from the alleyway's maw. It was a young woman that looked to be just a little older than herself, with fluffy looking, purple hair and big, green eyes.

Maki recognized her, but what was her name...? **“Nozomi...?”** The younger of the two girls didn't need to think too hard, because the correct name jumped from her lips as if it were completely naturally, like she'd said it a million times. But she had, hadn't she? After all, they were both in the same idol group. They were both parts of *Muse*. Thinking about the group, and what Nozomi had said, everything else finally just clicked into place.

“R-Right! I was heading there, and then I heard a beautiful singing voice down this way. Guess there's no one here though.” This wasn't true, of course. It was a lie her mind had concocted, one that was now part of Maki's reality. But it was enough to get her going, and Maki's shoes clacked against the cement alley as she ran to her senpai's side.

“Let's go though, I don't want to hear it from Nico if we're late!” That girl... she was certainly something.

Nozomi merely giggled.