

# MASK OF ULTI

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



*‘Why not start watching One Piece?’*

It was a suggestion that was often given online with the best of intentions, really. Typically it was one that was offered to a friend that might have been searching for a new anime to watch, *but* it could be offered arbitrarily from the ‘elitist’ One Piece fan types. Maybe it seemed like it was offered with good intentions in *their* minds in cases like that, but you didn’t really need to do it while putting down other shounen series, right? Anime fans could definitely be weird – it didn’t matter *which* fandom you were in at the end of the day, *those* people were always there.

Even if the suggestion of watching the One Piece anime was offered with the best intentions, though? There was *one* tiny problem with it. Well, one *big* one. The anime was *over 1000 episodes long* at this point in its run, with a comparable manga length. This was just far to much of a time commitment for *anyone*! Sure, it was a little more digestible to read the series. You could read a chapter in a fraction of the time that it might take you to finish an episode.

So was One Piece very accessible...? No! Absolutely not.

Was it worth the effort? Personally, I would argue *yes*. While I was caught up now, *I* had even been forced to play the catchup game about a year prior. I had read all of the manga and was just tuning in for the weekly chapters and episodes now, and the current Wano arc? At least in the anime? Well... At least the key moments were being well animated! The pacing was... Well, it was classic One Piece anime by this point.

I was tuning in for the weekly episode that day, or at least I was streaming it on my computer. **“Oh! Ulti! It feels like forever since she was last on screen!”** It was just an offhanded comment that I had made to myself. The woman in question I was referring to was one of the antagonists in the Wano arc. She was one of the Tobioppo, the six strongest warriors in Kaido’s crew, and throughout the arc? She clashes with the Straw Hat Pirates and their allies – with some particularly notable moments versus Nami and Yamato.

Because of the *unusual* pacing of the anime though, sometimes it felt like months passed between the recurring appearances of side characters. Particularly minor antagonists like the masked Ulti. **“I wish she showed up more often. She’s more interesting than the other Tobioppo.”** It wasn’t a serious comment so much as an idle musing. But evidently, a power greater than my own had seen this as a legitimate wish. And one that it wouldn’t quite grant in the way I had meant it. The first indication that this was the case? Well...

*Computers didn’t normally suck you inside them, right?*

---

**“Ow.”** The next thing I realized, I had been spat out onto my ass in an unfamiliar room. The light of day filtered in through a nearby window along with a breeze that carried a sweet, nature-inspired fragrance. It certainly wasn’t a smell you often caught a whiff of while living in the city like I did. **“Where the hell...?”**

I was in a bedroom, that much was plain. It was fairly spacious, but also was architecturally reminiscent more of Japanese build than the Western homes I was used to. Yet despite the Japanese look of the room itself? The furniture was the opposite. A canopy bed was in the room’s corner, and a dresser and desk set that took inspiration from more Western stylings were part of the room’s furnishings. The blue and pink sheets on the bed, though? They provoked the assumption that this?

*It was a girl’s room.*

**“I... should probably get out of here.”** Wherever *here* was. I didn’t know where I was, nor what would await me if I stepped out of the large, sliding door on the other edge of the room. But I didn’t want to stay in a stranger’s *bedroom*. I’d *definitely* get in trouble if I got caught! And yet I didn’t even make it all of the way to the door before something distracted me. A piece of pink cloth on the floor with a white, zigzagging trim. It was familiar. A little *too* familiar, honestly. Had I seen it somewhere before? Had I *worn* it? No, that couldn’t be the—  
**“MMPH!?”**

Deep down I wanted to think that things couldn't get *any* weirder, and yet time and time again I was seemingly proven wrong and my situation *continued* to escalate. In this case? My words were muffled because the piece of pink cloth had leaped at me almost like it was *alive*, and it had clung to my mouth and chin. "**MMPH!?** **MMPH!?**" I immediately tried with all my might to pull it off, but I couldn't slip a fingernail until the cloth, much less force it to budge.

**"What the hell!? Why won't this thing come off!?"** Eventually I seemed to discover how to speak and breathe properly with the cloth affixed to my maw – not that it was that hard after having endured a pandemic for years by this point. But that didn't mean I *wanted* it stuck to my face. I wanted it off! And I was sure as hell trying my damnest to remove it!

My eyes were wide with agitation, but that made the fact that something had begun to go awry all the clearer. After all, the colors of my irises had begun to change to something that wasn't *normal*. Speck after speck of the color that those eyes reflected were changed, the coloring ultimately overwhelming their biological color to become a dark pink that wasn't really *possible* without contacts. But I *wasn't* wearing contacts.

Nor was I wearing a wig, and yet my hair had begun to embody some unnatural colors while I continued to try to pry the pink cloth from my lips and chin. Strands of blue began to sprout midst the otherwise normal color, and not only did this blue spread from one strand to the next, but *pink* strands appeared here and there to highlight these locks. This design choice wasn't all that evident until my locks began to *lengthen* though. Blue and pink grew shaggy and ultimately cascaded against and past my shoulders. As it fanned out, the lengths of it took on strangely bulbous shapes – even bangs that were parted on the left side before being swept in either direction.

This hair tickled my neck and swayed to and fro as I continued my aggressive assault on the mask, but I didn't really think much of it initially. In fact, by the time I *did* notice there would already be far too many other issues for me to take note of. For example? Once my hair had grown out, my body began to undergo some substantial figural changes that redefined my overall build.

My *weight* was part of this, in fact. "**Was there superglue on this thing? But then how did it even jump to my face on its own-*arinsu*?**" Attention was still forced on my face though, so the fact that my weight was becoming something more *ideal* didn't really cross my mind. Not even as my clothing became increasingly loose with any extra

weight in my stomach and limbs slipping away, leaving me trim. My pants would have slid off if not for my hips, and my shirt?

Well, it was *very* baggy now. So baggy, in fact, that it concealed just *how much* weight I had lost in the end. I had become skinny, yes, but beyond that? My waistline had pinched in... and in... and in... Until it was *impossibly* narrow, only about ten inches in width across. It wasn't proportionally *normal*, especially not once my hips widened an additional few inches, making the jump from my torso to those hips quite significant. Had my stomach, internally, shrunk to match? It wasn't clear.

But I didn't feel unwell or that it was strange. Short of noting my clothes felt a bit loose, because with both hands on my mask there wasn't much room for my shirt to fall, I didn't notice much at all. **"I guess it's not coming off-*arinsu*... Huh? What am I saying-*arinsu*? What's that weird...?"** I finally allowed my hands to drop, not realizing that just as my feet were, those hands were both smaller and were decorated with narrower digits and manicured nails.

*Arinsu?* Why was I adding that to all of my sentences? It sounded kind of familiar... *Well duh! It's a way to add some style to my sentences!* Was that why I was doing it? *Maybe achiki would be better? Depends on how I'm feeling, really!* These thoughts were reassuring and confident, contrasting with the skepticism I'd held before. I even flipped some of my hair over my shoulder, noting its length but not seeing any issue with it.

**"Is something wrong with me-*arinsu*?"** I shook my head, a shrill and grating quality building in my voice as I spoke. It was girlish, with no deepness to its tone at all. *But wasn't it cuter that way? That made it better!* Even as I spoke my concerns aloud, you could make out the shapes of my lips swelling up against the inside of the mask. They were fuller and feminine, that latter aspect soon applied to my facial features on the whole.

It became clear that the mask had begun to cover more of my face, but only because the face itself was shrinking. My swollen lips stood larger contrary to this of course, but so did my eyes – which grew bigger and rounder in a way that looked very *anime*? But considering my impossible waistline and colorful head of hair, it was clear enough that my form had been stylized in such a way. A small nose was inevitable as the youthful look of a twenty two year old woman became the constant, but my bangs hid the fact that my forehead seemed a touch *wider* than it had been prior.

I shook that head of mine as if to clear it. My head was *pounding* all of a sudden, and my pink eyes were forced closed as I stumbled about the room with much more familiarity than I'd had before. "*Damn it...!*" Teeth grit, I was *clearly* pissed off. *How could someone as cute as me get a migraine!?* It was an important question! Or so I thought, anyways.

Grappling with the throbbing, which seemed to pulse on the sides of my skull in equal measure, I didn't quite notice the throbbing in *other* places. This was a painless sort of throb, the kind that signified swelling and not suffering. And you didn't need to look farther than my thighs and ass to see just what was meant by that. Both swelled delectably, with the ample space left in my pants from my previous weight loss finding itself fulfilled by the stretch of girth that saw my upper legs swell and flourish, and my ass take on a perkier heart shape in the back.

All the while, my height was slowly adjusted to 5'8" while the dick and balls that existed between my bloated thighs began to sing their final song. My dick grew erect for a moment as if it was about to sputter, but instead deflated and withdrew just a moment later. My cock and the balls that were attached folded inside of what became a *woman's* pussy, one beneath a short bush of blue and pink pubes.

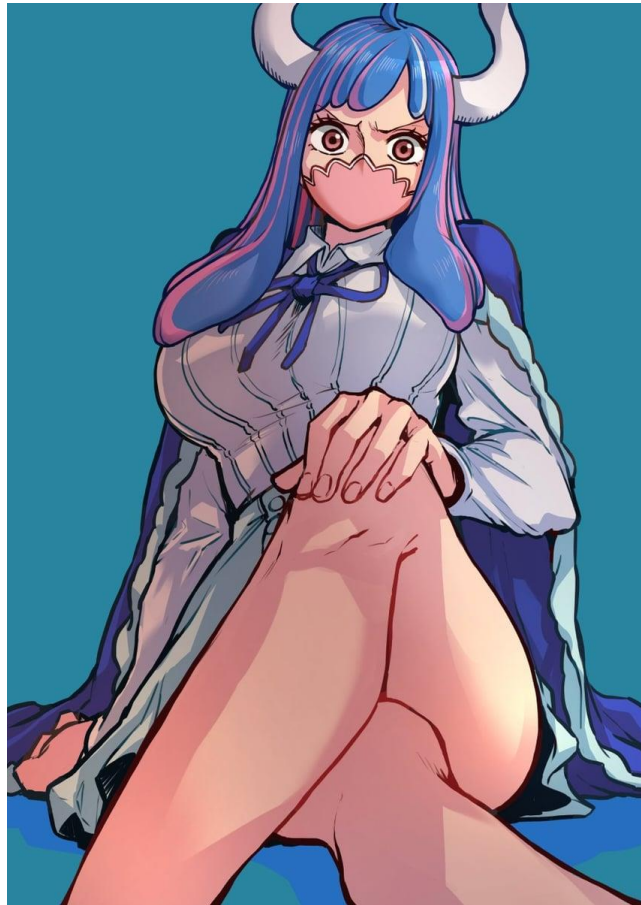
"*Grrr...!*" The vacancy between my legs wasn't as pressing as the pain radiating from my skull, a pain so great that I had lurched forward – or at least that was how it had *seemed*, but in part my posture had naturally leaned forward. It hadn't been given any choice, really. Because similarly to what had happened to my ass and thighs, weight had begun to accumulate upon my upper body. *Unlike* those two other areas, though? There hadn't exactly been a foundation to work with seeing as I'd been a man up until a few seconds before.

But I was a man no longer, and as such it wasn't all that out of place that I might grow *breasts*. They had started small, perhaps only enough to fill my hands, but over a matter of moments those handfuls had erupted into mountains, skin pulled tightly around E-cup mammaries while nipples stood erect to mirror my eyes in size. They completed what was a clear hourglass figure. One still hidden by my oversized men's clothing, but a clear hourglass figure, nonetheless.

I shrieked while recorrecting my posture, tits bouncing from the sudden jerked reaction upwards once again. It had felt like my brain was about to explode out of my head, and while that wasn't exactly the case? From the two pressure points on my skull, a pair of white horns curved about eight inches upwards. I was left gasping through *my* mask, my body sweating from the discomfort. Honestly? *I felt a little like I'd been hit by a... a... a carriage? Or a pirate ship, obviously!*

**“Ugh, another day of crap-arinsu...”**

Rather than bemoaning the discomfort of my transformation, because not only had that come to a close, but I couldn't even recall that it had happened whatsoever, I was instead fixated on other things as I have my exceptionally thin body a stretch, ample bosom bouncing a little from the motion. Not that I saw it as strange anymore that my body *did* move this way. I'd grown up with this body, and my curves added a little *something* to my twenty-two year old appearance. *Sex appeal!* **“But at least I'm still the cutest-arinsu!”**



Being the infamous *Ulti*, this

was to be expected! But why was I dressed in these huge clothes? Had I used them as pajamas last night?

I was trying to look on the bright side! Kaido had lost at the hands of Straw Hat Luffy and his allies, and my bedroom aboard his ship was all I really had with Wano now undergoing an era of change! What was going to happen to me, or my brother Page One? For the time being we were just laying low. Eventually someone would probably try and hold us accountable for everything we did, but we could probably scare 'em off if they tried!

After all, the remaining Tobiroppo still had Devil Fruit powers! My Ryu Ryu no Mi powers allowed me to turn into a dinosaur, which was pretty sweet, right? But in the meantime... **“GRAH! I'M SO TIRED OF WAITING AROUND-ARINSU! IF SOMEONE'S GONNA COME, THEN COME ALREADY-ARINSU!”** How had we had so much bad luck lately!? And it was all Kaido's fault, that bastard! Why had I put so much faith in him in the end? He'd just lost to a couple of brats!

Did *I* have a leg to stand on with that complaint, though? I'd lost to Yamato *and* Nami of the Straw Hats. It was better not to think about it, but whenever I *did* think about it... **“Those two...! I'm gonna give**

**them a piece of my mind the next time I see them-*arinsu!* Then they'll see that I'm not a woman to be trifled with-*arinsu!*"** They'd definitely fall for my charms, and then fall head over heels in love with me, and— "***Huh?***"

Why was I thinking about things like that!? It made my loins ache! Was I turned on just thinking about them? I didn't have a kink for being defeated, did I!? It wouldn't have even crossed my mind to think that maybe, just maybe, preferences from a *different life* had affected my perceptions of some of the people in this world. And now I was very romantically interested in Yamato and Nami, two people who had kicked my ass much to my dismay.