

# NINCONVENTIONAL

## COMMISSION STORY

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Sasuke Uchiha was tired and frustrated. After another long day of classes and training, he couldn't help but wonder how fruitful this system truly was. He wanted to be out doing missions constantly like the more experienced ninja of Konoha, and yet at their rank they were all relegated to what was essentially a slice of life setting where sometimes something serious happened. It certainly didn't help that Kakashi was always looking over his shoulder at the boy, undoubtedly because of the history the Uchiha name carried.

But Sasuke? He was getting tired of it. He wanted action. He wanted to grow stronger more quickly. But he also knew it would be impossible for that to happen unless something threatened Konoha, and he wasn't yet so far gone that he would think about causing anyone unnecessary trouble for his own sake. **"If only I was older, I'm sure there wouldn't be so many limitations."** Because it was so late at night there wasn't anyone around to hear his babbling, but that didn't mean that his words had fallen on deaf ears.

Turning the next corner, he was surprised to find an unlikely object laying on the ground, and quickly picked it up. **"A katana?"** It was sheathed, but Sasuke could tell from the sheath alone that it was a quality blade. No one would ever fathom storing a lackluster sword within such a well-crafted container, and even then, the blade's hilt was decorated with care as well. At a glance, it certainly the kind of thing someone would leave sitting in the middle of the street on purpose.

Was it a lost or stolen item? That seemed likely, but who in Konoha wielded a katana? Swords weren't a quite common ninja tool, but they likewise weren't the type of tool to go unused. If he turned it into the

proper authority, then it wouldn't take long for them to track down the owner. Sasuke wasn't a bad guy, even though his demeanor suggested the opposite from time to time. Doing the right thing here was a no-brainer despite how his day had been going so far. He couldn't turn it in right now, though. It would have to be done in the morning.

No sooner than he'd resolved to turn it in, however, did the blade begin to emit an unusual light. **"What!?"** He could feel it in his bare hands: the light wasn't born from naught, there was a strange and unfamiliar warmth that trickled into his body through where his skin contacted the blade. Crap, was it cursed!? **"Damn it!"**

He allowed the katana to fall back onto the ground, but the moment he had, *he regretted it*. Not because anything had happened – it was something more akin to an indescribable instinct. Like he needed to have that blade on his person at all times, even if he didn't know how to wield a katana. Was that really true, though? *Somehow, he felt like he could wield it as if it were an extension of his own body?* It didn't make a lick of sense, and yet there was no denying it.

**"Wait... Something is happening...!"** Sasuke wasn't terribly far from where he was saying, and so after scooping up the blade once more he ran at max speed towards his living quarters, slamming the door behind him once he'd gotten inside and throwing the blade to the floor once more against the will of his instincts.

His heart racing and his head spinning, he'd ultimately taken no notice of an anomaly that had transpired over the course of his run – a lengthening of his head of hair, which now dangled past his shoulders and was continuing to slide down his back. The color? It was hardly affected in a way that could be considered drastic in any sense of the word, and yet there was a dullness to its saturation, retaining its darker color while also turning several shades lighter. By the time it had finished growing out as far as his ankles and as lusciously as Kurenai's own man, 'manageable' wasn't an adjective that could likely be used to describe its length.

But Sasuke? His heart was still thumping, his body growing clammy as he felt too rattled to move from just beyond the door he'd rushed in through. He inhaled and exhaled, and all the while the instrument that allowed him to do so experienced an irreversible shift. His mouth widened ever so slightly, sure, but it was actually his lips where this adjustment appeared more pronounced. The boy was bestowed with a natural, resting pout as lips glistened with pink and bulged outwards discreetly, inciting a much more feminine appeal that only spread into his other facial features.

For example: his nose. At the end it seemingly became more pointed, and yet the remainder of the nose on the whole? Flatter, rounder, and noticeably tinier, freeing up more space between his eyes that was ultimately filled by, well, *more of his eyes*. They definitely grew a little bigger in size, and the trade-off was that they likewise became far more expressive. Whether Sasuke's personality or personality-to-be would make use of this expressiveness remained to be seen, but hey! The possibility was there if anything! Incidentally even his irises seemed softer, and much like his hair the coloring had dulled just a little without changing significantly.

Had anyone been physically present to witness things at this point, they might have wondered about the boy's gender. His face was extremely feminine and his body? It was still that of a boy of twelve to thirteen, which wouldn't have been particularly developed even if he *were* biologically female. "**Ngh!?**" Based on the sensation between his legs though, carrying an intensity to make him keel forward, it appeared there wasn't going to be much room for doubt on that issue for very much longer.

From Sasuke's perspective it was the combination of the pain one might expect from having his junk kicked in, paired with what could only be described as an unyielded suction that pulled at his dick and testicles alike. That which hung on the outside was pulled into a newly formed vacancy on *her* inside, with the old organ bonding and fusing with the inner lining of the new one. "**There's no way!?**" Or so she *said*, but even her voice betrayed any hope to the contrary.

As if to add insult to injury, and yet not entirely unexpected, the general shape of the girl's body began to bend and fluctuate as well. Her waistline pulled in vigorously while hips widened a little, and narrowed shoulders framed a pair of budding breasts that matched a relatively round bottom. Through and through she looked like a girl, but a girl that hadn't aged in the least.

"**I'm a girl...**" Fingers grasping at her crotch, she finally released them when she wondered if it might be too indecent to continue. However, even her fingers looked different. Her fingers were still calloused, but they were distributed in a way to better reflect the way of the blade – longer, properly trimmed nails were of more considerable importance though. "**This is a problem, but at the same time I suppose this could be seen as a learning opportunity. As the leader of my shinobi team I must...**"

She trailed on but caught herself blabbering calmly to herself about something that wasn't consistent with Konoha rule. She certainly wasn't the leader of her team, Naruto would never be happy about that even if

she were far more composed and talented than he was. But as the big sister figure in his life, it fell on her shoulders to— “**No! That doesn’t... That isn’t...**” She wasn’t even significantly older than him, for one!

Or, er, *never mind.*

Age poured on as if to align itself properly with her changing memories, seeing her height spring up at the cost of her outfit’s integrity. Growing to a height of roughly 5’6”, a stretching spine saw her tummy exposed with more of a torso to cover than physically possible, while shorts both rode up on her thighs and clenched around her hips as they flared outward. Maturity became the overall theme, carried largely by an expansion but otherwise being reflected in her face where features began to reflect a more advanced age – as if she’d both hit *and* gone through puberty in a matter of moments.

That puberty? It was reflected heavily in her figure at the cost of what remained of her outfit. Her ass swelled, for example, and as buns grew plump into the shape of a ripened peach, the fabric of Sasuke’s boxers were both slurped up by the cheeks and crushed against the front of her pussy until her underwear were evidently cameltoeing the hell out of them. This caused enough problem with her shorts on its own, what with the tips of her cheeks prodding up and over the waistline and the additional girth popping the button in the front open, but thickening thighs merely added to her woes. The beige legs of the shorts clamped around abundant, taut flesh, undoubtedly leaving a mark once she removed them if the accompanying discomfort were any indication.

Waistline pinching in further against a bare, toned tummy as if to imply her ultimate shape would be reminiscent of an hourglass, swelling breasts were happy to oblige when it came to selling that image in its entirety. *Sasikaruga*’s nipples stood at full attention, pressing distractingly up against the now ill-fitted, navy blue top that could hardly cover her chest and lengthier arms as is, but the emergence of her tits basically put a nail in its coffin once in for all.

It was inevitable that tears would eventually rip down the center of the shirt as an A-cup chest rapidly approached a Japanese breast size of 93 – a sizing that was absolutely bombastic and not at all possible to accommodate with the clothing of a thirteen-year-old boy. As fat poured into them, they pushed against the cloth with greater intensity, the shirt now like an uncomfortable binding that made it difficult to breath. *Ikaruga* truly had no choice in the end, and she dug her longer, prettier nails into the tears that had already formed with all of her might, splitting the top in two and allowing her sizable tits to spill out. “**HAH...!**” The gasp of relief that called softly from her mouth was all

the indication one needed to reveal just how uncomfortable it truly had been.

**“What... What just happened to me? Why am I home dressed like this? Did something happen during training today?”**

Wasting no time, she reached down to pick up her nodachi and unsheathed it, and with a single swipe all of the clothing on her lower body was cut into smithereens without cutting her supple body even once, a testament to her skill as a shinobi.

The light of the moon danced across the eighteen-year-old’s body as she walked through the hall towards her bedroom, her memories slowly straightening out. Not one could explain her outfit, but as new memories and old memories intermingled, a sustainable reality at least took form.

She was Ikaruga Uchiha, a jonin that was helping Kakashi with Team 7, an illustrious shinobi of lavish descent who was as skilled as she was beautiful. Naruto and Sakura could both be a handful, but she cared about the both of them as if they were her own siblings at this point. She wouldn’t train this life for the world, even if they thought her a little strict at times.

Especially Sakura! She was so cute! Even when Ikaruga would lecture her about being a better ninja and friend, and she got all pouty? Absolutely adorable! And Naruto? They’d had a rough relationship in the beginning, but now he was just like a little brother to her. He was something of a rascal, but there was a lot of potential hiding behind his eccentric personality. She could relate plenty to his personal struggles as well.

Though, speaking of struggles? Looking through her wardrobe, she was confused. It was full of clothing meant for a young boy – there wasn’t a single uniform that would fit her among them, even though she definitely remembered filling these drawers with women’s clothing.

**“Oh my...”**