

TWO OHTORI FOR ONE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“The one day I have off and I’m back here again...”

A twenty four year old Akira Tendou flashed his credentials to the door of a familiar office building so that he could step through its iron maw, absolutely zero enthusiasm in his voice. How *could* he be enthusiastic, though? He had once been a boy optimistic about his future. He’d studied hard throughout his schooling, buying wholly into the promises of the adults at the time that a bright future awaited him on the other side of all of his effort.

They had been *wrong*. He ultimately had come to work under a *certain company* within their offices. It didn’t take long at all to occur. What? The grinding down of that optimism, his burning spirit, and even his *will to live* was prompt. He was buried under an unending pile of work, all of his free time was taken from him, and worst of all? It was all generally accepted work culture. It didn’t matter how much he complained; *nothing* would change.

So perhaps it wasn’t all that surprising that he had shown up to the office in his casual clothes that day. He wasn’t there to *work*, rather someone had requested he come in to sign a renewal of his work agreement quickly. He had *really* been debating just *not*, but he needed the money. He was already a cog in the wheel and it wouldn’t let him out so easily.

And so he made his way through familiar sights, giving half-waves to familiar faces for the sake of being polite or averting eye contact with people he could tell were glaring at him for wearing a white shirt, green jacket, and black pants in a professional setting. He was in a rush to get

home, but he was also no rush to step into the office on the upper floor. Rather than choose the elevator? Akira took the stairs with more enthusiasm than he had shown in the office in *years*. **“I could cancel my contract, but ugh...”**



He was buying time for himself. This would be his only chance for another year to quit on his own terms, but his financial situation wasn't great. Not to mention there was *another* reason he kept this job. His infatuation with a single, beautiful woman named Saori Ohtori. She was just as kind to him as she was beautiful, and in his opinion? She was the only good thing in that hellhole!

“Oh. Here already, huh?” Before Akira knew it he was at the door of the room he was supposed to go into. He removed one hand from his jacket to turn the doorknob and *sighed* before opening it to step in. But what met him on the other side wasn't quite what he expected to see. **“O-Ohtori-san!?”**

Behind the was the girl of his dreams. Was she dealing with the paperwork? That made sense – she was close to the boss and had been doing more for him lately for some reason. She was too far away to hear him and instead smiled and waved. Akira blushed, and an intrusive thought ran through his mind. *Isn't this my chance? I can confess, and if she says no then I can just quit! It wouldn't matter, right!?* He very clearly wasn't thinking this through properly, and yet...

He arrived at the desk and stared her dead in the eyes. **“O-Ohtori-san! I like you! Would you go out with me!?”** And then he *bowed*, in part because he was scared to see the reaction reflected in her red eyes and plush lips. He had clenched his eyes clothes as he awaited her reply, but it felt like it was taking *forever*. Until all of a sudden? He felt something cold smeared against the nape of his neck. He jumped to find Saori giggling. **“Wh-What?”** Was this her way of letting him down?

“I'm sorry, Tendou-kun~! I can't return your feelings, but if it's my body you're interested in then I can give you the next best thing.” She was sitting on the edge of the desk, making him more or less eye level with the peaks of her thighs. And she was holding a jar of *cream* of some kind? Was that what she had smeared on him? None

of that mattered though! Interested in her *body*? *Next best thing!*? Was she going to sleep with him in the office!?

Before he could *ask*, however? A sensation spread through his body like a lightning bolt. The point of origin? The spot on his neck where Saori had spread that cream. **“I think it’ll work out for the both of us! After all, it means we’ll both have less work to do! I’m sure the boss will love it as well~!”** It still felt like the woman was speaking in riddles. Who cared about the boss in that moment!?

Well if the boss is in a better mood then that means less work for us, right?

“Huh?” That was probably true, but why did he think it? He didn’t care about their boss! Especially right now! Akira’s crush appeared to notice his confusion though and, all of a sudden, leaned forward on the desk to press her soft lips to his own. **“MMPH!?”** He hadn’t expected it, but she was kissing him! Was that her *tongue* probing in his mouth, too!? But she withdrew seconds later, leaving him feeling strangely... *calm*.

No, not *just* calm. He was at full mast! **“U-Uh, um... I can explain?”** He’d only thought to even make that comment because he could see Saori’s reddish-pink gaze fixated on the bulge in his pants. He’d expected her to freak out or something, but she merely licked her lips and smirked before sliding off the desk and embracing him in a kiss once more. But this time? Saori slid a hand down his pants and began to stroke his cock.

Akira was far too caught up in the motions to protest. On some level he had always *wanted* this, but the effects of the cream that had been smeared on his neck were making him more susceptible to his personal desires as well. It was just a shame that this cream had *other* effects. For as his tongue danced with Saori’s? It began to shrink to look more and more like her own. His teeth made similar adjustments in shape *and* cleanliness, and the lips that were pressed up against the woman’s own? They slowly puffed up as if they had been stung by a bee until they completely mirrored the lips that they were locked with.

He could feel Saori’s strength overcoming his own. Every so often he stumbled back a little, though each stumble somehow seemed to be *smaller* than the last. Caught up in the sensory overload that was kissing and being jacked off, it had completely escaped his notice that while his eye level had once been slightly above Saori’s own, it had now dipped a little beneath. Technically he was the exact same height as her but he was lacking the *heels* she had on to make up the difference.

The woman was actually beginning to find it difficult to stroke Akira's dick – but that too was expected from her perspective. The man himself hadn't noticed, nor realized that he probably *should* have cum by this point. He was much too focused on Saori's beautiful face as they kissed, utterly unaware of how that beauty was gradually being replicated overtop of his own, average, male appearance.

He'd already gained the office lady's *lips*, but more of her facial features were imprinted upon him with time. Her smaller nose, her slimmer facial shape, and even her bigger and brighter eyes were passed onto him with time. Saori witnessed them with glee, her own cheeks blushing more as that same blush was passed on to Akira himself. Eventually even his irises expanded and lit up with the same pinkish red as her own.

Saori broke the kiss again so that she could pull back and get a better look at her handiwork. Yup! Akira was definitely looking more and more like herself! “**MMN!?**” And as promised her victim didn't seem to even be aware at all of what was happening. If *she* had, then *she* might have realized that she'd just let out that feminine moan because one of Saori's manicured fingers had slid up into her new *pussy* while pushing the shrinking remains of her old cock up inside. Instead? Akira immediately rationalized it as being *fingered* as if it were something she'd experienced a number of times in the past.

“**How do you feel?**” Testing something, the original woman posed a question to Akira. She received no response, but the saliva pooling in the corners of her increasingly identical *twin*. “**Hehe! Guess you can't answer right now? I'll wait then!**” She had been told that this would likely happen. Not only was the ex-man's body being changed but her brain was as well, adjusting to the memories that Saori had in mind for her.

She loosened Akira's pants and pulled them down for her so that her thighs and pussy were revealed, preparing for what would *likely* flourish next. Or well, at least once whatever was going on with her hair came to fruition. Akira's mane had inherited the very same dark blue undertone as Saori's locks, and their length soon bled in as well. Soft strands fell past her shoulders and snaked down to her presently bare ass. While in *front* of her ass? A mess of pubes were dyed and trimmed to match what existed above Saori's *own* pussy.

The original pushed Akira back closer to the far wall while gingerly rubbing one of the changing woman's thighs. Her legs were already silky smooth, no doubt shaved early in the transformation. But under delicate hands (hands that were now mirrored by Akira as well) she could feel those thighs growing even more ample. Flesh thickened beneath

stretching skin that gave her upper legs a healthy and enticing sheen, their girths doubling while hips seemed to part a few inches so that a tight gap remained between those thighs even after their burgeoning.

It was fortunate that the changing woman's pants had already been tugged down after all, because if she had still been wearing her boxers? Their fabric *definitely* would have been wedged between the perky cheeks that formed in tandem with her widened thighs. Those cheeks jiggled to life as they lifted up the back of her shirt and jacket, memories of having that ass violated over and over bleeding into her mind and making her moan again in kind.

“You’re only really missing *one* thing now. Well I guess two~?” She helped guide Akira closer to the wall, assuming that she might collapse soon while her gaze was fixated on the changing woman's chest. It had remained flat all of this time, but now? A familiar pair of lumps had begun to press up against the men's clothing that she was wearing. Familiar because, of course, they were the same mounds affixed to Saori's own chest.

Nipples were already erect from the stimulation of her body changing and Saori having both stroked her off and fingered her beforehand, but they became infinitely more pronounced as weight was even applied to puffier areola. Feeling a little playful, Saori couldn't help but tweak one of them through Akira's clothing just to hear her moan – and ultimately watch the flesh beneath them jiggle once those F-cups finally reached their ultimate form beneath her thinned waist. They *really* had to watch their diets to keep themselves in such good shape. Well, that and hit the treadmill after work every night.

The new woman could remember this clearly as well.

Saori suddenly pinned Akira to the wall, groping one of her tits and sliding her knee between the new woman's thighs in tandem. It was a rather lewd sight, especially now that the two looked like *twin sisters*. **“How do you feel~? Great, right! Could you tell me your name?”** These were difficult questions for Akira to answer, namely because her transformation had felt so overwhelmingly sensual and her mind had been a fog.

Her name, her name...? **“Saori Ohtori! Oh! But that's your name too~!”** Her words were as light, airy, and vapid sounding as the original's, though a needy moan sounded midst her reply with Saori giving her tit another squeeze. Was... that her name though? Hadn't it been something else? She couldn't really *remember*. All of the motions she was going through felt natural, from the way her thighs squirmed and pussy twitched, to the way she bit her own lower lip.

Even though her clothes didn't fit.

“True! Hmm... Sayuri-chan! Your name is Sayuri-chan!” Even though this was all Saori's plan, she supposed her new identical twin couldn't use her name. She was so happy that the cream she'd purchased from that shady lady on the street had worked! This would make her job even easier than it had been before from sleeping with her boss! She was the only one that could even recognize that anything had even changed, supposedly.



And that was true of *Sayuri Ohtori* as well. Hearing this new name? It replaced 'Saori' in her memories. She could recall coming to this company with her twin sister and how much work it had been at first. But she could also recall the two of them figuring out a way to alleviate that burden. All they had to do was sleep with their boss here and then – sometimes separately, sometimes *together*. But they would do anything to survive this corporate hellscape.

Saori eventually backed away from Sayuri, who couldn't seem to stop herself from digging manicured nails into her sopping wet pussy once it became clear she wouldn't get relief anywhere else. **“Oh...! Oh...! Ohhh...”** She had been so aroused from the transformation that it didn't take long at all for her to climax, collapsing into a slump against the wall surrounded by attire that seemed better suited for a man. Bathed in ecstasy, Sayuri sat there quietly for a moment.

A moment that Saori made use of by removing an outfit *identical* to her own from a desk drawer. She brought it over to her twin and crouched down. **“Here! You'll need to get changed and sign the papers to renew your contract, Sayuri-onee-chan!”** Sayuri nodded quietly. She wasn't going to be able to move for a few minutes, and she'd definitely need to clean herself up and apply makeup first.

“And then the boss wanted us both tonight. Are you up to it~? He'll probably take us to an expensive restaurant just for giving him head!” Possibly a little more than that. It depended on what their boss was in the mood for, but both women were up for it if it meant being able to get away with more at work.

“Yay!”

And so one shameless woman had become two.