

TWO PIECE

COMMISSION STORY

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“Did you read the newest One Piece chapter?”

Every week, there was at least one conversation that started in a manner like this between Axel and Kay. Well, not vocally but through Discord, seeing as they lived in completely different parts of the world. Nonetheless it was a conversation that happened, especially with the Wano arc ramping up towards its inevitable conclusion. There were just so many interesting characters and intriguing turns of events throughout the series altogether that it was hard not to share your thoughts with other readers.

It was a trend that was only shared between the two of them, but someone a little more mischievous had also taken notice of this weekly trend. The nekomata, Hisa, one of Axel’s creations, was an all-powerful being that had been created to change others... in fiction. But apparently when you give a fictional character too many powers, there’s a chance that they might come to life. Which was exactly what had happened with her.

If she wasn’t transforming others for a chuckle, to appease her more sadistic personality, she was turning her intentions on her creator and his friends. She had more or less made a game out of it, although as of late she had been growing more and more tactful about how she went about it. Because her creator had gotten wise to her antics, it was a hard to get a reaction out of him that was fun – and the reaction was half of the fun!

But maybe she had it all wrong? Maybe if she changed around the order of things...?

“HUH!? What? Where? When? Why? How?” Evidently the young man named Kay was full of questions the moment his eyes fluttered open, and it wasn't really all that surprising as to *why* that was. He had just been at his computer in the middle of his conversation with Axel when it happened. Almost like he had been knocked unconscious, everything had gone dark and his eyes had closed.

Except he *hadn't* fallen unconscious, had he? Else he would not have come to in a standing position as he most definitely had, although his footing still felt off. **“Is the floor rocking?”** It certainly *felt* like it, like he had to adjust the way he was standing against the unfamiliar floorboards every so often. Hadn't he experienced this sensation before, albeit in a much more dramatic way? Like he was standing on a *boat*. But not a small, fishing boat. A *ship*?

“Actually, doesn't this space look a little familiar?” Now that he had his bearings a little bit, it definitely felt like he was in the cabin of a ship. There were books strewn about with some obvious care, but what really stood out to him were the outfits he could see hung in the nearby closet. They were certainly outfits designed for a woman, but he couldn't fathom what kind of body type would fit into them. A woman who was tall, yet impossibly thin, yet also impossibly busty?

Like Nico Robin?

“Wait, did I get caught up in one of her schemes again?” Of course, Kay knew about Hisa. But while he expressed the slightest bit of concern, he didn't actually *mind*. In fact, maybe he was excited? Just a little bit, anyways. There was always a heaping helping of serotonin for him whenever Hisa was involved, which was perhaps the exact opposite of her creator's reaction. **“Oh, yup! I can feel it already. Her magic!”**

Who or *what* was he becoming? Well, he already had a pretty good idea if his assumption about the room was correct, but that didn't mean he was being transformed *into* the character! It could be an article of clothing to be worn, for example! He just had to wait and see, not that it took especially long for him to realize.

In the interim period between his realizing that the magic had begun to affect him and when he had first taken notice of his changes, a few difficult to sense phenomenon had already taken place – changes that played upon the color scheme of every facet of his body. For example? Everything brown in his body became increasingly *less* brown.

Of these areas was his hair which, while short, length did not deter the sudden change in color. Whether it was the hair atop his head, within his brows, or in his underwear, the brown darkened and darkened to a black that almost felt too impossibly dark to be natural. Almost like it had been drawn in with pencil or marker, even though it *was* wholly natural. While his eyes, that were just as brown? Soon glossed over with a blue.

On the other hand, while more subtle, the color of his skin was altered as well. It changed evenly from its usual pale, darkening ever so slightly so that inherited a very subdued, natural tan. It was evident that his natural melanin levels had been increased, but the skin came off looking much smoother and well-kept at the same time. Not to mention the scent of soap that wafted off of this skin somehow smelled more *floral*.

It wasn't until the shape of his body proper began to undergo repurposing that Kay ultimately took notice of it. But then again? He was hardly even surprised. "**Here it comes...**" A hand pressed down upon the front of his shirt, feeling the mass of his slight tummy beneath gradually flatten more and more, until there wasn't a shred of excess mass on it at all.

Because he was okay with it, there were no shrieks of confusion even as his limbs began to stretch to increase his height – and they most certainly didn't do so in a particularly subtle way. He could feel his own bones growing and the skin around them stretching to accommodate as new skin was created to properly coat them. In the end, his arms and legs were left extremely thin, particularly the arms. While his torso? Much of the stretching occurred just above his tummy, leaving an abundant gap between his bellybutton and chest.

It looked *wrong* structurally for a regular human being. Proportionately inaccurate. But for an anime character? Well, it likely would have been disregarded as a stylistic choice. This was made even clearer by the fact that the sides of this gap had pinched inwards impossibly to present his tummy, now utterly exposed thanks to his jump in height hoisting his shirt high up. He had to be about 6'2" now, which was a three inch jump from his original height. It felt much more dramatic seeing how thin and stringy his frame had become, though.

"**I really am becoming *Nico Robin!***" As if to confirm this fact, his voice had begun to swap between its usual sound and that of the deeper, feminine voice of that character in question, the voice of seiyuu Yuriko Yamaguchi. Not that his face really *matched* this voice... initially.

But just as promptly as everything else had confirmed, so too did Kay's facial features. His lips swelled and engorged, becoming exceptionally

pronounced while the face of his skull overall slowly shrunk. This left his eyes, now blue, to look bigger than ever, while his forehead? It became exposed as his black hair began to lengthen and spill down his back, bangs split to reveal a bigger, exposed forehead. The more remarkable change upon Kay's head as it became fair a beautiful, however, might have been the growth of his nose. The tip stretched and grew extremely rigid, with the bridge taking a very flat surface all of the way down to its tip. It really stood out, but not in a way that was distracting. If anything, it was a key feature of the older woman he was becoming. His glasses hardly sat upon it properly, though.

Or *she* was becoming, anyways.

It was a feeling that the woman had been anticipating, the changing of her sex. And there was no denying that her cock and balls had just pulled inside of her, paving way for a woman's pussy and all of the organs associated while the hair above was shaved away. "**And now I've become a woman.**" Which felt like a strange thing to even say aloud, because Kay's memories were slowly altering along with her body. Speaking such a statement aloud triggered the thought internally that '*I've always been a woman, though?*' because Nico Robin's memories and personality were becoming more dominant.

Her tall, lanky body ultimately found some substance no sooner than her sex had changed, because she came from a series where the women characters had notoriously fanservicey designs. Perhaps it was just natural that 80% of the women that lived on the ocean would become a tall bombshell in the world of One Piece, but the cause didn't so much matter as the end result.

With Kay's torso already curved inwards so nicely to suggest an hourglass figure would ultimately appear, the fact that it *did* was hardly much of a surprise at all. Hips stretch with such vigor that the sides of her pants tore, and from that point on that could only slide down thanks to the swell of her thighs and ass, both in different yet excessive measure.

Her ass made very good use of the space allotted by torn pants, with slightly tanned cheeks bloating ripe and full to the point that they peaked over a waistband that fell lower and lower. Before long it was stuck on the middle of her ass, clenched around the newly formed canyon and incapable of falling any lower. While her thighs? As she rocked back and forth on fairer tootsies, they burst with such weight that tiny tears began to form in the side of the cloth that remained.

"**Oh!**" Not to be outdone, her chest ballooned soon after, inflating in an almost cartoonish way while the nipples that accented them swelled into

sizes of gold coins. With heaving jiggles, tits flourished to the point that they were larger than the woman's head, and their jump in size had forced a big tear down the front of her shirt's neck to show off her new cleavage.

'I'm really Nico Robin. But... who else would I be?' She felt somewhat disoriented for a time as her memories completed their readjustments into those of a talented, scholarly woman of the age of thirty. With her clothing in tatters, it was ultimately rectified in a comical burst of smoke that, once cleared moments later left her glasses changed into orange-tinted shades that now rested on her bangs, with her long hair pulled into a ponytail.

With her outfit being the last thing to change, *Nico Robin* tugged at it idly as if she had just put the ensemble on. Consisting of what looked like a dark blue, long sleeved top with vertical grooves and a matching swimsuit bottom, the cutout of its chest showed her bountiful bosom aplenty. **"We should be arriving shortly, I'd best gather my things."** From her perspective she had *just* gotten dressed, and there was no longer any recollection of the ill-fit ensemble she had carried over from her past life. Because what past life could that be, exactly?



All she knew that was that the Straw Hats Pirates were on vacation for once. A much needed break between conflicts, and one that had shockingly been Luffy's idea – with a little egging on from Usopp and Nami, at least. They would be spending a week at a beachside resort, but knowing their luck? It most certainly wouldn't be all that peaceful. Nonetheless it would be a good time to soak up some sun and get some reading in.

And so, with her bag packed, she started out of her cabin. **"I suppose I'll go see if Nami needs a hand?"**

“Hisa!?” Elsewhere aboard the Thousand Sunny, Axel had immediately honed in on what was going on, as well as the cause. He was in the bathroom, not personal quarters like Kay had been transported to, and while it was a spacious area for taking care of oneself? It was absolutely not the place he had *wanted* to be. This wreaked of the nekomata’s influence through and through, particularly due to the conversation he had been having prior to finding himself there.

Yet while he had been so certain he knew the cause at first? He was gradually beginning to question who he had been calling out to in the first place. How had he ended up here? Wasn’t this the bathroom of the Thousand Sunny? *She came here every*— **“Wait, I’m not a woman!”** He was a man, and he wasn’t from this fantasy place! Or so he wanted to believe, but... Were his memories being afflicted already? That wasn’t usually her method? But who even was *she*?

Axel’s mind had been sent into an early tizzy, leaving him to hold that head in his hand and shake it while Hisa’s magic was quick to get to work in seizing on his disorientation. He might not have reacted terribly much using this method, but it was certainly *different*, and that was entertaining enough in its own way.

With his head in his hand, it essentially masked some of the earliest changes, which quickly affected his head. His face became thinner for one, with its features still softening and smoothing to present him with a complexion free of a single blemish. Lips swelling up against the hand that was holding it, forming a natural pout while the nose became smaller and fairer. When it came to Axel’s *eyes* though? They grew several sizes as their natural color darkened to a brown, lashes fluttering long in the process. It was ultimately a face that had become naturally gorgeous and eye-catching, and that was without the use of any makeup!

In the meantime, his hair had not been spared from the enchantment’s ire. He always kept it very short, but it had began to wriggle and grow like a plethora of slithering snakes. It ultimately spilled far past his shoulders, locks thickening and mingling to take on natural waves that would be brushed to the left in the front. But just as dramatic was their change in color, which were highlighted by a bright orange rather than the darker color that he had been born with. Not that his memories agreed with that recollection any long. As far as the man now remembered?

‘My hair has always been a beautiful, bright orange!’

“Something’s... wrong. Is something wrong? Why do I feel so weird?” Axel didn’t even notice just how his voice had become higher, or how he was speaking in a much, much peppier manner. The

memories and personality of the character he was becoming had quickly toppled his old self, and instead he was left confused about how everything felt rather than why that might have been. For example? Why did he feel so *heavy*?

Axel remembered his body being thin and light, which it absolutely *wasn't* so long as his figure remained unchanged. And so, to match the new memories he had been bestowed, his body began to shift. It quickly thinned, erasing his ample gut and the extra weight around his limbs from a life of little exercise. Which, in the end, ultimately left his shirt and pants feeling *pretty* loose. While not as dramatic as in Robin's case, even his tummy pinched in cartoonishly.

That said, the strangeness of it was offset by the fact that he had begun to shrink. "**Woah!?**" He *had* been thinking that maybe he was a little too tall, but that thought dwindled along from his height as he fell from almost six feet down to 5'7". Once *that* had happened, everything felt correct. Even if *she* had been a little dizzy during the perceived fall.

The woman's sex had changed, and she hadn't even reacted to it. The sensation of her dick being absorbed into a new pussy wasn't really registered beyond a 'weird tingle', because as far as she knew... hadn't she always had a pussy? One with a neatly trimmed bush of orange pubic hair right above it! Although anyone who saw that would be getting fined a boatload of Belly.

"Ugh, why am I dressed like this? I didn't realize it was tomboy hour." And it didn't take long for Axel's new personality to find an issue with the oversized outfit she was wearing. It looked like it belonged to an oversized man, not a fair young woman such as herself! Although, to be fair, it wasn't fitting *quite* as loosely now that her sex had been altered.

When it came to her shirt, for example? The ample space within was plenty to accommodate the sudden swell of her chest, with skin that had rested flat just moments before soon being pulled tight around jiggling, bouncing tissue that saw that chest erupt into a pair of J-cup tits. The same size as Robin's actually, though they looked even bigger thanks to the fact that she was a shorter woman.

Farther down, her pants remained in place thanks to widened hips, but they had been so big already that no tearing took place even as her ass and thighs bloated to absolute perfection. Her rear took on an enticing peach shape that would rise and fall with a bounce with each and every step the woman took. And her thighs? They made good use of the space allotted by widened hips, just barely touching each other beneath a tantalizing thigh window.

“I really need to stop staying up so late counting Belly.” The ship’s navigator, *Nami*, had been uncharacteristically speechless for most of her transformation – only to find her voice once again after becoming clad in a bikini with pink, orange, and blue stripes. Without her shirt, the characteristic tattoo of the character on her left arm could even be seen. As it should have been. **“If I’m seeing illusions like being a man, I must be having some weird dreams.”** She could clearly remember everything that had transpired after her memories had been altered early on, but was quick to write it off as seeing things thanks to a late night. Which was pretty typical for her, really.

“If I was some old guy like that, I wouldn’t be able to manipulate people into paying me with my body.” That sounded more indecent than it actually was. She just meant when people accidentally caught a peek of her and she charged them. Something she was expecting to happen at least once with the crew heading out to this resort.

Hearing the door open, she stood from the bag she had crouched before to shove beauty supplies, and peered over her shoulder with a flip of her long, orange hair. **“Nami? Do you need any help with your bags? I believe we’ll be docking soon.”** It was Robin – the only other woman in the crew. Because of that they were quite close despite Robin being quite a bit older than herself. Plus her Devil Fruit power was super handy for things like this.



“Oh, sure thing! Thanks Robin!”