

# REAL LIFE MAKIMA

## COMMISSION STORY

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When it came to working at an office in Japan there were a couple of things that you needed to accept.

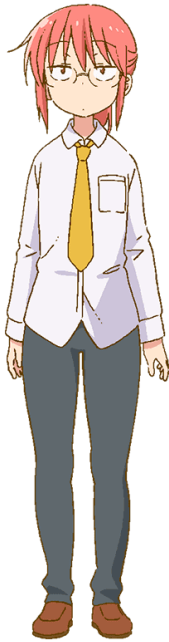
You had to work a *lot*. That was the first truth and while it could be a hard pill to swallow it was more or less the standard when it came to businesses of that nature. It wasn't unusual to be 'asked' (otherwise known as 'expected') to work overtime. Sometimes every day, and sometimes even into the *next* day. That was something that Kobayashi had been coerced into doing a number of times. She *hated* it more than anything, but you know?

Ever since Tohru and Kanna had started living with her? She hadn't minded it as much. It didn't matter *how* late she ended up staying at work. There was always someone up waiting for her when she got home. That sort of thing was nice in its own way for a woman who had been a relative loner in her life up until that chance meeting with a dragon.

**"I see, I see..."** But the *other* thing you needed to accept about working an office job in Japan? Well, it was that you were more or less expected to socialize with your coworkers sometimes. The most common way was to go out to a bar drinking when all of your work was done. It was something that Kobayashi had been doing less and less as of late for the same reason that it was so much nicer to come home. She had just wanted to go home to the others, to her little 'family'.

And yet that night she was in an almost empty bar, nodding with feigned interest towards the ramblings of her coworker, Makoto Takiya. It wasn't like she had anything against him. It was the *opposite*, really. She saw him as one of her few friends even though he was her coworker at

Jigokumeguri Systems Inc. It wasn't a problem to go out for a few drinks with him and she had done it plenty of times in the past, even if he *could* be a little bit weird sometimes.



He was drunk already while she was still more or less sober. So much so that he was ranting about anime and other otaku things without even adorning his glasses. Again, Kobayashi didn't really mind hearing him out on these types of things but she wasn't an otaku herself. Those were subjects that she basically, really had a *passing* interest in and so she couldn't offer too much feedback. **"You look so much like her, y'know? I don't – HIC! – argue!"**

A sudden outburst on Makoto's end pierced through the woman's act. **"H-Huh? I look like who?"** As she'd only been partially paying attention it was inevitable that she would zone out eventually. She had managed to that around the time he had been talking to *her*, evidently. Was he saying she looked like someone else from work? No, considering the topic it was much more likely that he was referring to—

**"MA-KI-MA! You totally look like Miss Makima from this manga I'm reading! Chainsaw Man! You know? Chainsaw Man!?"** He really *was* drunk if he was throwing these names at her like she absolutely *should* have known what and who he was talking about. Then again it was highly possible he had given context elsewhere in the conversation and she just hadn't been paying attention. Whoops!

In the end Kobayashi waved his ravings away. When he got like this it was better to just move the conversation along in whatever way she could. Plus she really had to *pee*. **"I need to use the toilet. Order me another one while I'm gone, alright? I'm not gonna stay out too much longer."** And she got up and moved to the bar's public restroom, wholly unaware that a mischievous little spirit had tailed her.

One that had overheard Makoto's Makima comparison and not only *agreed* but was extremely *enthusiastic* about it.

Kobayashi didn't spend *too* long in the stall before she finished up. She hadn't had much to drink yet so it wasn't like her need to pee had been *dire*, but give her an hour and that *was* likely to change. Next came washing her hands and stealing a glance of her reflection in the mirror in order to make sure that she was at least *presentable*. **"Makima, huh? Wonder what kind of character he was comparing me**

**to? Better not have been an evil chick or something.**” She wouldn’t let Makoto live it down if that were the case.

As she turned to leave the sink though? A hair out of place caught her eye. Not only did it seem a little too long even with her mane so messy, but the color was a little darker too? **“Huh? Did I splash something on my hair at some point? I guess hairs can grow longer without you even noticing...”** With a click of her tongue and a sharp tug she yanked it out and dropped it into the sink, thinking this would solve the issue. But then she found another. And another. **“What the hell is going on here?”**

Kobayashi leered at the mirror. There was no point in pulling these strands out individually since they were *already* growing much more quickly than she could remove them. But *why* were they even growing in the first place? Her first thought was that Tohru or someone else dragon adjacent might have done something to her. It wouldn’t have been out of the ballpark for one of them to, say, put something odd in their shared shampoo without telling her. Knowing Tohru she very much could have added an ingredient that was harmless to dragons without thinking about how it might affect a human.

**“Nn... If it’s just a matter of my hair getting a little longer and a little darker I guess it isn’t really that big of a deal.”** There were worst things that could have been happening to her, and Makoto was drunk so she could probably just play it off as a trick of his imagination. It would only be a problem if she walked out while it was still happening, although it seemed like the process would conclude shortly.

*Most* of her hair had already fallen victim to it after all. Her shoulder length ponytail in the back, now a vaguely darker pink like the rest of her hair, now reached past her ass. Her bangs were also more even now, and the strands that framed the sides of her face reached past her shoulders. **“Okay, I *think* it’s done? So I can go back out now.”** This was because she was assuming that *whatever* was happening was only affecting her hair, after all. But once again, when she went to turn? Something *else* about her reflection prompted her to turn back. **“What *now*?”**

There had been a lot of *aggression* behind that question. Enough that the typically complacent Kobayashi even furrowed her brow at it. **“Maybe I need to have *more* to drink if I’m getting this testy about a slight hair change.”** Then again... was it *really* unfounded? Squinting at her expression it became much more apparent to her what had caught her attention. **“Were my lips always so... dense?”** A fingertip gently rubbed them. They were fuller than she recalled them

being, right? She wasn't misremembering? The more she stared and fondled them the more she became certain that they *were* different.

Although it certainly helped that her attention was being drawn to other aspects of her face. She didn't recall her nose being so *pointed* for one, and had her eyebrows always been so thin? There was even something about the contours of her face's *structure*. She traced a cheek with one of her finger. "**No, this isn't right either.**" Her face was definitely *longer*. The woman squinted and leaned in closer to the mirror.

Just in time to see her brown eyes *literally glow* with yellow, their new permanent color, prior to numerous black circles etching themselves around her irises. She took off her glasses, finding that she didn't need them. "**Even my eye— Grk!?! My voice now, too!?!**" The eyes that stared back at her in the mirror now... there was something uncomfortably *eerie* about them. Kobayashi couldn't really find a more appropriate word for them than that, but looking at them filled her with both a sense of strength and *dread* simultaneously.

They were the eyes of a *cunning predator*. But they were also *her* eyes.

There was a feeling eating at the pit of her stomach that she couldn't shake. "**Should I just excuse myself now in case it gets worse? It should be easy to manipulate— er, convince Makoto that I need to leave.**" *Manipulate?* Why was that the word she had gone with? She was making herself sound like a bad person unintentionally for some reason! Or maybe it *was* intentional. Something was corrupting Kobayashi's morals... and her very personality bit by bit.

In the end she lingered too long debating on what she should do about things, because much to her *delight* dismay whatever had changed her head had seeped into the rest of her body. "**Urp!?!**" The woman jumped with surprise, feeling something *bounce* upon her chest when she did so. The top two buttons of her dress shirt had flown off in the process, revealing that Kobayashi *wasn't* wearing a bra underneath. She'd never *needed* to with how flat her chest was, and yet... "**B-Boobs!?!**"

She was left gawking at her own *cleavage*. The office worker had jumped in the first place because the mass of her tits had suddenly exploded, and that was what had popped the buttons off her shirt. She could hardly contain herself and slipped a hand beneath the open shirt to grope at one of her *D-cup* tits. They were soft and firm. Not anywhere near as big as Tohru's, but... "**Maybe this isn't so bad...**" The woman had always been insecure about her flat chest. Having big breasts *was* an *enticing* benefit.

And those ‘benefits’ were bestowed upon her in other forms as well. Kobayashi was lucky that she wore pants that left some slack, because that bit of slack *did* prevent the worst case scenario from happening. Not that the scenario that *did* happen was much more comfortable, but it did prevent any tearing from happening. Rather? There was a lot of *bulging* and *stretching* courtesy of her ass exploding in mass suddenly. Her panties were prompt in their digging into cheeks that burgeoned past their original sizing, not at all designed to fit an ass and, ultimately, a set of hips that were as abundant as they became. Her panties wedged her deepened ass crack and ass cleavage pushed up and over the upper hem. And the added weight soon applied itself to thickened thighs to boot.

**“I’m pretty hot..”** Giving her own ass a squeeze, Kobayashi gave a little twirl in the mirror. Acknowledging her own sexiness filled her with more confidence and power. She couldn’t help but think about what being this attractive could *let her get away with* if she used her good looks on the right person. The bulging of her tits and ass were so distracting that the woman hardly even paid attention as her height stretched an additional three inches so that she then stood at 5’6”, sleeves and pants now too short and her tummy bare.

The woman posed in the mirror more. She was becoming increasingly comfortable in this new body of her courtesy of new memories bleeding in not to replace her old ones, but to largely exist overtop of them simultaneously. This left her in a peculiar predicament where a new personality and sense of self existed in tandem with the old one. And the more dominant persona was the one that was taking charge. So little by little she came to recognize what had happened to her, where she was, and what that *meant*.

**“Oh? Now this is interesting. I’m not supposed to exist in this world, am I?”** It certainly seemed like an unusual conclusion to *immediately* draw, but the woman wasn’t theorizing. She was *certain* of this fact – just as certain as she was that her name was *Makima*. **“Kobayashi? What a boring life this other me was living. Working in an office? I imagine the living with dragons part might be amusing however.”** It seemed that Kobayashi’s memories still persisted beneath the surface, but only existed as a guide for Makima to adjust to this new environment.

The woman smirked at her own reflection, exploring her ‘new’ body vigorously to make sure that nothing was out of place. This included a few gratuitous gropings of her tits and ass as she did notice *some* flaws with her current





predicament. They just weren't *technically* issues with her *body*. **“The fitting of her clothes is going to be an issue though. Should I sneak out without being seen?”** She *did* have a sexier figure than Kobayashi and recognized how handy of a tool it was. It was so easy to manipulate men and women with sex appeal after all.

It was clear that she had *too* much appeal though. If she ran she'd risk *something* falling off. Did it matter?

But until she better got her bearings better there was no point in leaving a mark on this society. She needed 'friends' before she could do anything there, an acknowledgement that led to further good news on her end. **“My powers are still intact as well. It seems there won't be any long term issues that I won't be able to solve.”** This only deepened her smirk, filling it with a menace that seemed to be surface level but went *much* deeper.

Makima wasn't one to reveal what her powers *truly* stemmed from, just that she held an overwhelming strength within. **“I suppose if someone sees me, I can just...”** Do *this* and *that* to them. What could she do with her powers with a dragon? There were at least two presently waiting for 'her' at 'her' home. This certainly opened some possibilities. Possibilities that were inherently evil by design, but when it came to good or evil? She didn't really care anymore. Why *would* she care?

She turned to the bathroom door. Kobayashi had come with someone to this bar and he was waiting outside. It would be too suspicious for her to slip out that way. But the narrow bathroom window? She could probably *just* fit through it if she really pulled her plump ass through. She loathed to lower herself to such standards, but... **“Here goes nothing, I suppose.”** It didn't take her long at all to slip through the window and make a run for it, leaving behind her a fairy that had been hiding in one of the stalls. It had originally all been done for her own amusement, but...

**“I may have made a little mistake here...”**

A *big* one, probably.