

ONI THICCNESS PROGRAM

COMMISSION STORY

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“I need to get into shape...”

When you were someone who worked at a computer desk, this was probably a thought that you’d had at least once in your life. It was way too easy to fall into the dangerous cycle of not keeping your body up to par when all of your hobbies on *top* of your work involved little to no movement. Toss in the fact that most foods that were good for easily keeping yourself up – sugary snacks, coffee, energy drinks – always led to weight gain if not used in moderation, then it was really the *perfect* recipe for gaining weight.

I... had let myself slip for *way* too long. I was obese even though I was tall, and that much was incredibly obvious. It still *could* have been worse. There were definitely people out there that were *much*, much heavier than I was, but that was no excuse. It was becoming all the more important to consider taking care of myself considering I was getting older too. I was no longer a teenager who could eat or do whatever he wanted and be fine, *sadly*.

“Starting out is so tough...” I mumbled to myself as I navigated the aisles of my local pharmacy. It really *was* difficult in the beginning. Your body isn’t used to any dietary changes you’ve made, and so you’re hungrier as a result, and it *definitely* isn’t used to exercise. Sore muscles were commonplace even if you started out with light work, and I *had* to because my body wasn’t able to do more just yet.

So, was it *wrong* to be looking for something to help? I had specifically gone to the pharmacy to search for some type of weight loss aide. In terms of over the counter items, I wasn't really expecting to find *that* much. At most I'd probably find a meal supplement or something that claimed to help *with* weight loss. I wasn't going to find a cure for obesity or anything, but maybe I could find something useful.

It helped that I had gone through this song and dance before. I'd started and dropped diets numerous times in the past, so I could weed out some of the things that I knew *didn't* work. But then I saw something I'd never even *heard* of before. It was a sizable container that seemed to contain protein shake mix or something of that nature. **"Oni Weight Loss Program?"** The product's name was on the label, and it *was* a shake powder. There was a cute anime-style drawing of an oni, alongside some text that read 'Product imported from Japan'.

"No dice. I can't find anything about it online." If the anime oni girl on the label had been designed as a marketing tool, then it had *definitely* worked on me. I had purchased the protein shake mix and brought it home, vaguely excited to try it out. But as anyone in this digital age would, I first turned to Google to see if I could find any reviews. There *weren't* any, which made me a little concerned. **"Is the product *that* new? Not like it's going to kill me if I try it though..."**

That wasn't so much of a *hope* as it was a commonsense conclusion to come to. They wouldn't sell something that could kill you, and the labels were in English. The only warnings were about not taking it if you fit into a neat little health box where you were having heart or liver issues. I fortunately didn't have these particular issues, and so I decided to mix the powder then and there. Water, milk... **"Why does it say you could mix it with *sake*? Is that a Japanese thing?"** Maybe it was a cultural difference? Did they mix protein shakes with booze? No, and that should have been my first sign that there was something *wrong* with this.

But I wasn't thinking that critically about it and made the drink *without* booze involved. I wasn't much of a drinker in the first place, so it was unthinkable that I'd make some kind of *health* drink with it! **"Why would you even have an alcoholic *shake*? The flavor wouldn't match the texture at all..."** Then again, some people liked *bacon* milkshakes down here in the states, so maybe I wasn't living in the best country to judge what should or shouldn't flavor a shake, protein or otherwise.

The shake only took about a minute to mix in my blender. It had thickened nicely by the time I poured it into a tall glass, though it didn't really have much of a scent to it. **"Well... Bottoms up, I guess."** From my past experiences with protein shakes, I had concluded that they didn't really *taste* very good. I'd learned to just drink them all at once and pounded it back as quickly as I could. It was still slow enough to get a sense of the flavor. Very... *floral*? But I couldn't place the flower.

Although, as I was drinking it? The label on the mix seemed to *changed* somehow. What had once read 'Oni Weight Loss Program'? It now read something else entirely.

Oni Thiccness Program.

Whatever *that* was supposed to mean. I didn't exactly turn back to check because why would I ever expect the label of a purchased product to just *change* like that? **"Ah!"** I merely gasped with relief when I finished the glass and slammed it onto my counter. **"That could have tastes worse."** It also could have tasted *better*. How many days would I have to drink it to see any results, though? Probably for at least a week or two. My body had a different reaction *immediately* though. My stomach gargled unpleasantly.

"Great." It would *not* have been the first time my stomach had negatively reacted to something I consumed almost immediately. I instantly just dismissed it as my stomach doing *stomach things*. This usually meant I was on the cusp of having to make a very sudden trip to the *bathroom*, but fortunately for me that outcome was avoided. The sensation went away just as quickly as it had been onset, leading to me breathing a sigh of relief. Little did I know that things were about to take a very *strange* turn.

They already *were*, in fact. Just not in a way that I could really notice while standing in the kitchen. I didn't have access to a means of checking my own eyes, so I couldn't possibly have realized their lighter colors had been compromised by a color that under no circumstances should have naturally colored a human's irises. A *crimson red* that was reminiscent of the color of blood had possessed those eyes, and that red *glowed*. This was paired with a creeping change to my ears.

Cute and round like any human's might be, they had slowly inched backwards in shape until they were roughly four inches long... and *pointed*.

A pair of physical traits that you should have only found in *fiction* now existed upon my person. **"I guess I should put the mix... away?"** It wasn't until I turned around and reached for the powder that the label

finally caught my eye. “...Did this always **say** thickness? Why would **you** buy a powder to get **thicker~?**” It was a valid question, but I was internally wondering about my *voice* too. Even as an adult I still had voice cracks now and again, but *three* over just two short sentences? I cleared my throat with a cough. “**Is this any... N-No? Now that’s just what my voice sounds like!? I sound like a sexy lady~! URP.**”

I even had to put the *sound* of my voice aside, because why did I keep talking like *that*!? Like an exaggerated older *woman* with a sensual voice and personality. Mind you, I still didn’t understand even a smidgen of what was happening. I couldn’t see that my face had thinned, nor that its shape was in the process of being distorted in varied ways. Such as my cheek bones lifting, my jawline narrowing, or my brows shortening into a pair of tiny ovals above my eyes.

One of those brows was raised. “**S-Something is wrong here!**” I had become certain of this because of my *hair*. I usually kept it in a buzz cut so that it was easy to maintain. Yet, I noticed brown bangs now dangled between my eyes. And those eyes looked different beyond their change in color to crimson, too. My lashes grew longer, and my eyes both became monolid *and* pinched in within their corners. My face appeared far more *Asian* than Caucasian before long, and the swollen pout of my lips led to the natural conclusion that I looked like an Asian *woman*.

Japanese, in fact. I didn’t even need to reach a hand back to grab some of my changing hair. It was growing out like a series of wild snakes, wriggling out in every direction as it spilled over my shoulders in an ashy tone. The ribs were all cut straight, giving it all a lacier look. “**This is so much hair! I wonder how gorgeous it makes me look—? Stop it!**” I just couldn’t stop myself from blurting out strange things like I was some kind of charlatan!

I *had* reached a hand up though, only to be given pause once it occurred to me that the hand was *different*. The beauty mark I normally possessed on that hand was gone, and *both* of my hands appeared to be *smaller* with daintier fingers and elongated, manicured nails. Little did I know that the fact that they were notably smaller was merely a glimpse into my *immediate* future.

And that future was pointed *downwards*.

“**Oh my~! Now I’m getting smaller!?**” Every time I spoke, it was as if my will was being communicated through two very different personas vying for control. This occasion was no different, but it didn’t take away from my observation. I was a tall man who had towered over his kitchen

counter, but now that counter was *much* closer to my eye level and was getting even closer as the seconds ticked by. **“I’m shrinking!?”**

It really seemed like, for a supposed weight loss supplement, it seemed to be doing everything to me *except* making me lose weight. My protruding belly might have shrunk slightly so not to seem *too* egregious upon my smaller form, but it *continued* to protrude even as my pants slipped off and the base of my shirt reached my lower thighs. By the time the shrinking phenomenon came to an end? My eye level was *barely* over the countertop. I had to have been around 4’11” – nearly a *foot* of height lost overall.

“But for what reason would they make me so short? From the sound of my voice, they must want me to be attractive~!” That was, *somehow*, the conclusion I had come to. I couldn’t stop myself from speaking so strangely any longer, and why would I? It made me feel oddly *powerful*. What *didn’t* make me feel powerful, however—**“Mmngh!?”** –was a sudden sensation that felt akin to being punched in the dead center of my gut. I keeled forward for a second and brought my smaller hands to stroke the front of my belly...

But that was when I realized something *new* had gone awry. **“Ara? Ara ara?”** I unintentionally questioned what I was feeling in *Japanese*, a language that I was now *thinking* in. My gut was no longer a perfect orb. It was as if someone had taken a ruler against it horizontally and had pressed down extremely hard, parting that tummy into an upper and lower half. How did it not *hurt*? For what purpose could it have even happened? I didn’t have a clue until I was plagued by the sudden sensation my belly getting *pushed* in two different directions. This ultimately left my tummy soft, but trim in the wake of this parted weight.

“Oh dear. What now!?” My stomach had evidently been divided into an upper half and a lower half for a *reason*. A mysterious force had taken the weight and *pushed* it into opposing directions. Take the lower half, for example. Kind of like toothpaste being pushed through a tube, the fat from my tummy’s lower portion was squeezed down into my pelvic region. I could *feel* my ass filling out behind me as much of this fat settled into place, giving me a bubbled, heart-shaped rump that felt all the larger considering my shorter stature.

While the rest? It was pushed even lower. I grunted again in response to my *cock* finding itself strangled by my *thighs* of all things. I was certainly lucky that my pants and boxers had already slipped off, because those thighs took *all* of the leftover weight – and even seemed to swell with additional mass beyond that. **“Well, I suppose the label**

does say ‘thiccness’ now. Is this what they meant? But does it really require undergoing an impromptu sex change?”

With one hand lowered down to grope at a *single* thigh that was now thicker than the gap between my shoulders, I had caught onto a related change without much prodding. The cock and balls, that had been so easily smothered between a pair of thighs that were so thigh that they’d parted my hips several inches and *still* rubbed up against each other, no longer ached. In fact, I didn’t feel much of anything there until a sensual gasp escaped my lips. What had remained had inverted, becoming a moist and needy pink pussy beneath a now otherwise shaved crotch.

I was indisputably a *woman*, but I could only feel as much. I couldn’t examine my pelvis with my own two eyes because— **“Hm... It appears I will need to figure out a trick to seeing past these.”** The upper half of my stomach’s weight had lifted *upwards*. It had been squeezed into my chest, which in turn had lifted my shirt as that weight was packaged into a pair of sizable, G-cup tits with nipples as big as my eyes. Much like my thighs, however? They were blessed with *extra* beyond that repurposed mass. Those already gigantic orbs lifted and bounced while mass continued to surge. Before long, each orb was *larger* than my head, both tits compacted into a t-shirt that had now been lifted to show my pussy... seeing as my bust protruded *eight* inches out from my chin!

“Hm~!” My plump lips were licked with understandable need. I could tell just how *voluptuous* I was. In fact, how could I not help but fondle myself in the moment? My sensitive nipples erect and pushing against my shirt’s underside, so I gave one a playful twerk and guided another hand down to give my own ass a playful spank. There was just something so *enticing* about this body that not even *I* could resist.

Just as I weighed pulling off my shirt so that my *K-cup* bosom could spill free, whatever had blessed me with this form in the first place saw it fit to adjust things *for* me. The shirt I was wearing practically *disintegrated*, leaving only a strip of cloth that hung directly over the front of my pussy that was bound to two haphazard kimono cups that altogether left my supple ass, thighs, and tits more or less *entirely* exposed. It was very evident that I *wasn’t* wearing underwear, but I *did* come to wear loose, floral kimono sleeved, fingerless gloves, and black, toeless thigh highs that gripped the ample pudge of those thighs keenly.

“Ah, this is certainly a much better fit. Why have such an attractive body if I’m not going to show it off?” My crimson gaze was narrowed, and my lips were upturned into a lustful smirk as I continued to fondle my flesh. But this *much deserved* moment of bliss was interrupted by a vaguely aching pressure building at the top of my forehead. **“What—?”** My question was answered *fairly* quickly. Two

horns that were hard as bone erupted from these spots, parting my bangs in the process. The right horn was fully formed with a crimson point, while the left one was *broken*. I could tell as much with my fingers.

And my fingers were good for *so much more* now. If you catch my drift~?

This finally guided my hands to my ears. On some level I'd realized it already, perhaps. That I was no longer human. "**I am an oni. Just like on the label.**" Well, I was a *much* more attractive oni than the cartoon on that packaging. I couldn't help but *smile* at my fortune, revealing my canines had developed into sharp, monstrous *fangs* at some point as well. I was ultimately accessorized one final time by a decorative chain that ran from one horn to the other and a red string collar.

"Mmm... Well, this is certainly a much more enjoyable form."

I made no effort to stifle the subtle *moan* that slipped through my luscious lips, and in fact even licked them sensually after the fact. Keeping my hands off of myself just felt *impossible* to do when everything was so *soft* and *sensitive*. My voluptuous tits and thick nipples were extremely fun to tease, and I couldn't help but think of how *fun* it would be to have my full ass spanked by someone willing. Off course, my *thicc* thighs were equally enticing. Even while I fondled myself in place, the slightest movements brought them to *jiggle*~!



Funnily enough, I was the same weight as I had been *before* taking the mix. That weight had just been given to my tits, ass, and thighs instead. Even though I was significantly shorter

To think that a protein mix would transform me into such a *sexy* individual? It had essentially made me a *monster*, but who cared? I was beautiful, I was powerful, and I'd have no problems blending into this modern society when I could hide my oni traits through my potent shapeshifting techniques. In fact, I could alter my appearance to match the preferences of a potential partner. "**But would I, though~? I'm already the complete package.**"

Something I, *Shima Saki*, would take advantage of! What? Do you not like that name? I'd become a Japanese woman, oni or not, and so it seemed fitting to give myself a name from that culture – especially when my own preferences now tilted towards the Japanese too. *Saki* was a perfectly pretty name! Did I go with that name because it sounded a little like 'sake' and I was extremely thirsty for a cup?

Perhaps~!

“A shame that the *old* me wasn't keen on drinking, else I might have something to wet my whistle...” The desire to drink had been invasive throughout my transformation, and now I completely embraced that desire. The thought of being intoxicated was just so... *intoxicating!* **“Ara, ara! I suppose I'll have to go to the store and buy some! But maybe I could pick up a little *something else* on the way? An American stud? Or perhaps a 'babe'?”** I wasn't picky.

So long as I was able to scratch the itch that was my growing sexual urge.