

DISGUISE DUALITY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. Watch it, Pudding!”

“S-Sorry, Pie...”

It had taken some time, but the two succubi that had been ‘summoned’ by the Tabaxi witch, Smooth Cake, had gradually been adjusting to their new lives and living conditions. The day-to-days of Pie, the short and haughty succubus, and Pudding, the taller and sexier of the two, was often filled with brewing potions or helping create spell scrolls – things that were all done in service of their cat woman master. But if they had one complaint, it was...

Well, it was related to why the two of them were practically *on top* of each other in the small atelier window. Both of them were staring through the glass at the fantasy city outside. It was a place occupied by those that feared demons... which was funny in a way when you remembered they had both originally been humans themselves as Gillian and Dana before Smooth’s magic had gotten them. Regardless, they yearned to go outside.

But they had been banned from doing so. A couple of succubi, especially an inexperienced one like Pudding, walking around as they were would only cause *problems*. Smooth wanted to *avoid* any of those problems, at least until she had perfected the spell she was working on that would hopefully make things easier. Succubi could usually borrow the appearances of others after sharing a kiss with them, but Smooth didn’t necessarily want them walking around looking like her.

Besides, their contract with her meant they *couldn't* copy her appearance, and the other two in their group didn't appear anymore 'human' than the rest of them. It wasn't like she could just set them out onto the street to kiss and copy random humans, either. That was a headache waiting to happen. If her atelier was outed for housing demons, then there was no doubt in her mind that they would be kicked out. Or worse.

"This is so frustrating! Come here!" Pie, whose head had practically been used as a *shelf* for Pudding's huge tits as she stared out the window, was annoyed and hungry for *mana*. She grabbed her taller, more buxom counterpart and spun her around, pressing her *against* the window before standing on her tiptoes to steal Pudding's lips... and her tongue. This 'mana transfer' technique was a fairly common sight for the two of them, and they were both *very* clearly into it.

And yet, mid-make-out session? Their eyes both went wide and they pulled away with a trail of saliva trailing and breaking between them. **"Did you feel that? It felt like master's essence."** It was once again Pie that spoke up, but only because Pudding was still on a high from being kissed. **"I wonder if we could copy her now. Hehe... Only one way to find out..."**

"W-We should ask first! Master!?"

"YOU NARK!"



As it turned out, Smooth had been completely okay with them trying these new disguises out. She had a theory that they wouldn't end up looking like she did *now*, so there was no harm in trying. Her only condition was that they activated their magic in different rooms so that they could be surprised when it was finished! The ever-buxom Pudding was using their shared bedroom in the atelier. **"Hum... To use disguise magic, I need to cast *this*, right?"**

Succubi wielded magic differently than the proper races did, so she had to trace a glyph in the air with her index finger quickly. That glyph would linger in front of her until the magic had completed itself. Its effects weren't simply instantaneous, either. There was a *process* that had to unfold. And Pudding had never experienced it before as the more inexperienced of the two. **"I hope it doesn't hurt..."**

Either way, it was too late for regrets now.

Pudding wasn't sure what to expect. Would it be quick? Would she notice what was happening to her? The answers to those questions were *no* and *yes* in that order, but she noticed something else before she noticed anything with her body. It wasn't something physical, but instead a conceptual connection – the contract that she shared between Smooth and herself. Something in it had *broken*, and she immediately noticed. Not that she would betray the Tabaxi regardless, but it was certainly something worth noting. **“Is the spell supposed to do that, or... Oh!?”**

Not that anyone had been around *to* answer her question, but she was interrupted by the realization the spell very much *was* working. As a succubus, she was perhaps for more attuned to the shape of her body than any mortal was. She knew every curve of it very intimately, but she probably didn't need to be *that* familiar to realize what had just happened. After all, she both saw *and* felt the immense weight of her breasts *regress*.

It would have been hard for her *not* to notice with how she was dressed. She was basically *only* wearing a black bikini that had been very tight around her tits, that had been as big as her own head. The issue was that they were now *smaller* than her head and were continuing to shrink further, at a rather astounding pace. **“I see...”** Even though her tits were regressing, the very sight of her body changing was *incredibly* arousing to her.

Pudding couldn't stop herself from groping at them the moment her nipples slipped out from beneath the loose cups, and by doing so she could tell that the skin around those mounds was tightening as they shrunk, and by playing with her nipples she could tell that they were getting smaller too. **“Are nipples usually more sensitive when they're smaller...?”** Or was that just unique to *her new* ones? But once her tits dipped beneath a certain size, she became understandably confused.

“Wait! These are smaller than master's!” Wasn't the point to turn her *into* Smooth? So, then why would her breasts be smaller? Come to think of it, shouldn't she have started to look more like a Tabaxi? Where was her fur? She wasn't growing any feline features at all? Before long, her breasts had finally stopped shrinking, but they couldn't have been any larger than *B-cups*. They were perfectly perky and exceptionally sensitive, but they were *much* smaller than her old pair *or* Smooth's.

In the end, Pudding only removed her fingers from her chest because she had found a reason to explore elsewhere. Her bikini bottom had begun to slip and *did* eventually slide right down her legs, which was fine by her because it gave her easier access to her butt. **“Even my ass is shrinking!”** And much like her breasts, it was becoming far smaller than her master’s own behind.

What had once been a full and voluptuous heart-shape had been condensed into a tight but pronounced bubble behind her. The woman’s hips had ended up narrowing, which in turn had helped make it stand out all the more. The same couldn’t exactly be said for her *thighs*, which had basically halved in girth while leaving a fairly sizable thigh gap between them. With no bikini bottom down there, you could even see the skin above her pussy getting bumpy before thick, purple pubes grew in. **“...Purple?”**

The succubus was practically naked by this point, so there wasn’t much to disrupt when her eye level suddenly *dropped*. Pudding had been surprisingly tall, but very quickly dipped down until she was only 5’2” at most. Well, that explained why her curves needed to shrink, but had they needed to shrink *that* much? She could only lament their fate, even though she was feeling hornier than *ever*.

“Mmn... Now what?” She could hardly fight how *needy* she felt, and that was distraction enough from the change of color that washed through her hair. The entire length of the black lightened to the very same dark purple that had been observed in her freshly regrown pubes, and while the length of this hair didn’t change very much? It *did* thin and straighten a little with some of it dangling over the fronts of both ears towards her shrunken chest, while her bangs were cut pretty straight. **“Am I not becoming... master?”**

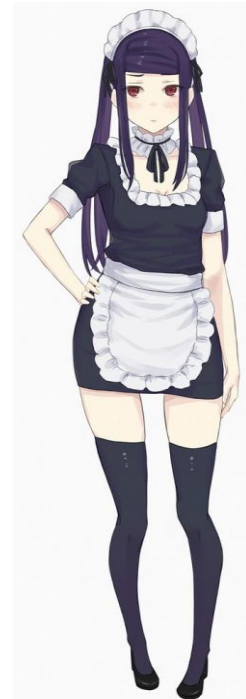
She could definitely hear it in her voice. Her tone was becoming *drier*, and her voice even sounded a little deeper. This occurred in tandem with her face changing though. She didn’t necessarily end up looking younger or older, but her lips did thin, and her eyes narrowed as well. Those eyes, now possessed by a red above a smaller nose, appeared to be increasingly tired even though her cheeks were stained with a needy red. **“I feel like I’m starting to get it... I think.”**

Was she? Not really. But a different name was beginning to surface in the back of her head. A name belonging to a *human*. As there was no denying that this was very much her fate, she wasn’t *surprised* to feel her wings, tail, nor horns shrinking away until her body had fully absorbed them. Then again, it was funny to remember that she’d been a human originally but had long since forgotten that fact.

“So, what? I’m just a naked human now...?” Well, maybe she wasn’t exactly *naked*. An exasperated sigh of disappointment escaped her lips as what should have been the comforting hug of new attire pressed down upon her skin. It was a fairly *skimpy* maid uniform that had been corrupted by Pudding’s own desires, with a very short skirt and tight thigh highs that left the little weight to the thighs between them bulging out. It had a deep, frilled neckline, while her hair was pulled into tails behind her new headdress.

She was sighing because it made her breasts and loins a little more difficult to access.

“Does this body belong to master? Hm...” It was clearly a *human’s* body, right? The name *Julianne Stingray* came to mind, too. Evidently, it was influencing her personality a little bit based on how she stood and spoke, but she still felt... frisky enough. Maybe it was because of her inexperience, but she wasn’t very adept at keeping her succubus nature concealed, and the transformation had left her feeling distractingly aroused.



And then there was the fact that she couldn’t stop thinking about Smooth. She’d always believed the Tabaxi was attractive, but now she felt *very* attracted to her. Was it a side effect of the transformation? Was it *love*? Just thinking about her master in that moment was making her wet. **“...Maybe I should take a moment to myself before I head back outside.”**

That was *probably* for the best.



Even though she was the more experienced succubus between the two of them, Pie had never actually cast disguise magic herself. She *knew* the spell, but Pudding did too, so that wasn’t much of a brag. Smooth had ushered her off into the surprisingly spacious bathroom of the atelier where she was left to cast it, but still... **“I still can’t believe she did that...”** It would have been way more fun to surprise Smooth by showing off that they could shapeshift without her permission!

But all the fun had been sucked out of it now that they were actually *allowed* to, so with a sigh she cast the same glyph in the air in front of her that Pudding was at roughly the same time. She had braced herself to grow fur and all that if

she was going to become her own master, but as Pudding's fate had already demonstrated? Smooth was only allowing them to use the magic because she'd already realized that *wouldn't* happen.

Did that mean Pie's fate would be similar?

In a way it would practically be *identical* as her hair had already begun to show. The young woman wouldn't express much shock at her body transforming, obviously because that had been the intention behind casting that spell in the first place. She could feel her normally short hair tickling the nape of her neck and then past her shoulders. There wasn't a problem with this from her perspective. Smooth had longer hair, so naturally her hair would grow.

But because she didn't check, and her bangs went straight across her forehead, she missed out on a warning sign that something was *off* about things. Namely the fact that her hair had grown longer than Smooth's, and the color wasn't even the same. It had lightened to the exact same dark purple that Pudding's had inherited while becoming *much* straighter. But that certainly wasn't the only place there were similarities.

“Wait.” In the meantime, Pie was left to grapple with the realization that her connection with her master had been severed all of a sudden. *That* wasn't supposed to happen, but at the same time? Her *voice* wasn't supposed to sound like that, was it. **“Testing, testing...”** It did sound somewhat similar to Smooth's, she supposed, but it was still a little off. Were was the cat-like *purr*? Where was the cat-like *anything*? While pondering these questions, she was left unaware that her eyes had brightened ever-so-slightly so that they were colored a familiar *red*.

Of course, the shapes of those eyes narrowed until they were nearly identical to Julianne's, with her nose lengthening and lips growing a little plumped to better match those shapes as well. While Pie had remained an adult despite her small size, in the face she absolutely *appeared* more mature now. Like a woman in her *late twenties* instead of someone that had only recently entered adulthood.

“Why aren't I growing fur...?” The woman felt like it was a fair question, just like she was confused about why she hadn't grown a tail or big paws. She wondered if maybe there would be some sort of motion when she felt the cups of her black bikini begin to tighten, because Smooth had a much larger bust than her, but even that didn't amount to much. Instead, they only grew a singular cup size at best. They still didn't even come close to rivaling her master's own tits!?

All the more confusing, her ass didn't grow either. In fact, as the most pronounced element of her body despite her short stature, she was a little distressed to find her bikini bottom feeling looser much in the same vein as what had happened to the top. Her ass *was* flattening, which only continued to make no sense when she knew for a fact that her master's ass was fatter. ...What? As a succubus, she'd naturally take notice of things like that!

In fact, had her feelings regarding Smooth always been so *strong*? Was she beginning to fall in love with her? Was it part of the transformation? She didn't really have any answers to these questions, but in the first place her transformation was effectively over anyways. It ended with the expected loss of her succubus features, effectively rendering her human. Because she hadn't been tall or voluptuous in the first place, there wasn't really all that much that *could* be done compared to how much of a change it was for Pudding.

But even so, the change of clothes came with a realization. Shouldn't she have been *grumpier* about this? It was like the edge had been completely taken off of her personality, just as it was taken off of her *fashion*. Because while she was also dressed in a maid uniform, it wasn't quite as *risque* as her (now) body double's. It had a long, flowing skirt, white tights, and an all-encompassing apron with long sleeves. It was a *proper* maid costume comparatively.

Her fate *had* almost been identical in the end. Perhaps it was because Pie was better at keeping her succubi instincts in-check, but the maid uniform that had wrapped around her body was much more conservative than the one Julianne was dressed in. Not to mention that while otherwise identical, looking more like a twin sister than anything, she preferred to go by *Jill Stingray* instead of Julianne. **"This doesn't make sense. Was that really master's essence? Hm..."**

Had something gone wrong? Neither of them could have possibly realized that while they *had* used their master's essence, it was the essence from her *previous* life – which was something that Smooth had still been vaguely aware of after a bit of discovery of her own. She had also suffered from the same 'side effect' that raised her affection level for Smooth. Was this... love? Perhaps in a sense, but succubi didn't feel 'love' in the same way that most humans did. It was far more *carnal*. And it was going to manifest with a vaguely flirtier personality.



Still, she wasn't as susceptible to her impulses as Pudding was, so she was able to walk out into the main room where Smooth was waiting, who in turn gave her a once over. **"Hm... Just as I thought. Even your mannerisms are largely similar."** It seemed like she really *had* been expecting what had happened to her, but Jill was trying to hold her tongue. She *really* wanted to flirt with the cat woman.

"Well, you're a lot more than just a thinker. You're beautiful as well." No one said she was going to be a *good* flirt if something finally slipped out, which it finally did. **"Erm... Did you notice that the control pact is gone?"** It kept both of the succubi bound to Smooth's orders as familiars, so she could prevent them from doing things that she didn't want them to. Which was about to be very relevant.

"What do you mean it—?" Before the Tabaxi could even finish her sentence, the door to the bedroom swung open and a somewhat disheveled, blushing Julianne stormed out. Smooth once again recognized her as a mirror of her past self, but she didn't have time to react. Jill also took advantage of the chaos and, before long? The two Jills had tackled Smooth into a hug and pinned her to the ground. With no means of getting them off of her...

She supposed she would have to get them *off* in a different way.