

AURA'S LACKEYS

BIG STORY #24

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How did things end up this way?

It was all Stark could think about as he sat quietly on the bench of a prison cell. Both bound and gagged by chains and cloth too tough for even him to break free of, he was unable to protest and instead could only watch as two demons painted what seemed to be a relatively large magic circle on his cell's floor. Something that he was assuming was likewise being done to the cells of his companions, having seen multiple demons travel to deeper floors in the small yet vertical prison building.

For a time it had seemed like things were, well... Not going *well*, but there had been hope. Having come to Graf Granat's Domain they had encountered demons that appeared to be in talks of a ceasefire with the humans that lived there. Frieren had attacked them and thrown her into jail, but she had escaped just as things had begun to escalate. They had split up, with Fern and Stark tackling the lackeys in the city while Frieren escaped to do something else.

Perhaps in another timeline things would have worked from hereon out without much of a fuss. Maybe the gang would sustain a few non-life threatening injuries, but they would defeat them in the end, be rewarded, and then eventually set out on the rest of their journey. But things didn't pan out that way. Stark didn't have any issues taking out his own opponent, but Fern and Frieren...

The demons had *Magic-Nullifying Crystals*. Something they didn't carry on themselves but had planted in the town during their stay. With the knowledge of where they were it had been easy enough to best Fern, and with her life threatened Stark had been given no choice but to turn

himself in and wait for a moment to try and escape. Apparently the magic circles were needed because the stones had been implanted in the lower prison levels too, but Stark didn't know what they were for.

“You should feel happy. Soon you'll be serving Lady Aura rather than simply being killed.”



Well he certainly didn't like the sound of what one of the demons who had been *drawing* the circle had said as she walked out, closing the cell door behind her. It was only then that the circle began to glow a bright pink and, oddly, the bindings that had been placed on him evaporated. **“Alright!”** He had been waiting for a chance to stage his escape and this seemed like as good a time as any, though he still didn't know what the magic circle would do.

Unfortunately for him, he didn't get a chance to act on anything. Stark managed to take two steps before the magic circle's powers held him in place. It was like he had run into a wall. **“I can't walk outside of its perimeter?”** That seemed to be the case. The invisible wall ran around the circle's exterior. Meaning that he was trapped inside of it. For what? Until when? **“I don't like this...”**

The light beneath the young man intensified and while his knowledge of magic was little, he could feel it *piercing* him. Not in a painful manner, but it was like it was pushing into his skin from all angles – yet that same energy *didn't* leave. **“Grk!?”** The warrior momentarily fell to one knee, terribly confused about *why*. Well he *knew* why. He had suddenly been overcome by a feeling of weakness. Was the spell draining his strength? Were they trying to turn him into someone so feeble he'd have no choice but to serve Aura?

Not quite. But he also wasn't entirely wrong. His *physical* strength was being sapped away but *only* in a visual sense. At the end of things he'd actually find that he wasn't all that much weaker, but he was definitely *looking* it. Beneath her baggy pants and top his muscles were jading away, leaving not even a layer of excess fat in their place. It was like he'd just suddenly become *very* scrawny. He struggled against these changes without understanding exactly what had happened, eventually pushing himself back up and onto two feet again.

...Only to find his balance a little *off*. Why did it feel like he was falling? **“What the heck's going on here!?”** If Fern or Frieren were nearby they probably would have been able to tell him in detail, yet he could

only rely on his own two eyes and whatever he *felt*. Like clothes that already felt looser than normal becoming looser still. The cell he was trapped in likewise appeared *off*. Had it always been so spacious. **“It’s almost *like*... I’M GETTING *SMALLER*!?”**

Maybe it wasn’t all *that* surprising that his voice was cracking when you considered the sight of his body being swallowed more and more by his outfit. Pants had grown very baggy around his knees before they eventually slipped and fell off along with his underwear, though fortunately his shirt was now big enough to act as an appropriate censor for his crotch and behind. Bandages on his body unraveled and slid off where they could, and Stark’s *face*...

He had eventually plummeted down to a meager 4’7”. Not only was he short but he was thin, without any observable muscle mass. But his face had taken on a youthfulness he hadn’t seen in maybe five or six years. Even then there was something *off* about it. Everyone looked more androgynous when they were younger, but hadn’t those features begun to lean a little too much into the feminine? No, more than that... They didn’t look much like *Stark*, did they?

It was as if his old identity had been bleached from a face that was both shorter *and* rounder. Lips were small but puffy, his nose was like a button compared to how pronounced it had been before, and his eyes? Well, they seemed the *most* effeminate. Not only had they enlarged in shape, but their lashes had grown several inches longer. A bright blue color had likewise stirred within his irises. **“What even is happ... I sound like a girl!? That’s kind of... *Kekek*—!?”**

A hand was raised up to stifle a *laugh*, but his sleeves were so much longer on his shorter arms that the hand wasn’t even visible. Had it been, he might have noticed how petite and girlish those fingers were. Or how they had nails trimmed to almost resemble claws. But he was focused on that *laugh*. Why had he been on the verge of cackling? Because he sounded like a girl? No, that wasn’t it. He was smaller and visually weaker, but he was beginning to realize that he felt strong. Not just physically strong but... he could recall how to wield mana? And where *had* all of this mana come from? It almost made him want to do something with it.

Something violent.

“N-No, I don’t want to hurt anyone...?” As red and black hair began to lighten towards a silver color and spill out all around his head, however, he didn’t sound so certain of that. Would he have felt *bad* about hurting a human? No. He could feel any guilt? *A human is like an*

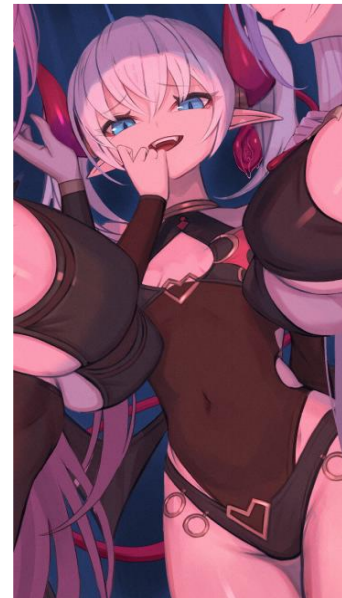
insect to me, so why would I care? But when did he start feeling that way? Silver hair had fallen the way down to his ass now.

Just in time for the sight of the back-bottom of his jacket to push out a little bit. Stark hadn't adjusted his posture whatsoever, but his *body* had changed. His rear end had bloated, sharing its gains with his thighs to increase the plushness of them while simultaneously forcing his hips wider. His clothes disguised it all, but he certainly had a feminine lower body. Or, well, *she* did.

Her sex had undergone a very *stark* change, presenting her with a young woman's equivalent – not that this was at all surprising considering her current body shape otherwise. Once thing had changed *down there*, she'd even developed the smallest pair of breasts that were hardly larger than her *ears*. Her ears? Well, they *had* drawn into long, sharp points. Just as sharp as the *crimson horns* that pushed and curled out of her skull, lifting her hair into tails.

She could feel it. She wanted to giggle again. She wanted to hurt. Her morals as a human were gone, surely because she *wasn't* a human anymore. And as the light of the magic circle finally faded it left her with one final gift. In a flash the spell erased her old attire and left her clad in a black, translucent leotard that was only opaque around her nipples and pelvis. Yet there was a cutout to show her small chest, and her thickened thighs were entirely bare.

“**Kekeke...**” The tiny demon woman couldn't stifle the sadistic giggle that had been welling up within her for a short while now any longer. “**So that's what they meant? They weren't wrong! I do feel quite happy!**” Long and pointy ears, horns... there was no doubting that Stark had become a *demon*. But because she'd had almost non-existent mana beforehand, that had affected the form she had taken. She was petite, with a body type not all that different from Frieren's aside from her thicker thighs and plumper rear. She even had the same hair and eye colors!



Did that mean the demon she had become was *weak*? No, *Stallia* was now the highest ranking demon in Aura's army aside from Aura herself. The spell had corrupted her body and mind and had bestowed upon her a wealth of mana. Her sense of morals and values were both decrepit now. “**Does this mean I can leave? Killing some humans sounds fun~!**” And while she *wasn't* a child but instead a 400 year old demon, she did have a childish

playfulness to her in that moment. No, at all times. But seemingly, Stark's physical strength had remained in her shrunken form too.

All it took to break out of the cell was a simple push of her hand against the bars. Which then *snapped* like twigs.



A transmutation spell? Magic circles weren't Fern's forte. She'd seen them in history books that Frieren had given to her over the course of their journey, but it was *because* of those books that she knew they had long ago been retired once more conventional magic methods had been discovered. *It must be because of the Magic-Nullifying Crystals.* Their singular use was being immune to the effects of the only thing that could cancel magic out.

Fern could only quietly observe from her bench as demons drew this circle on the floor of her cell. How deep down was she? Three floors? Five? All she knew for certain was that they had taken Frieren even deeper – probably because she was the most powerful. They hadn't bound her, probably because she wasn't physically strong like Stark. But they'd been ignoring everything she had been saying and so she'd long since given up on a dialogue.

Once the circle was complete, spanning the entire cell, they left her silently. **“Is this to transform something? Aside from its nature I can't really gleam much from it...”** She didn't really need to *understand* it though. It began to shine with a pink light, immediately trapping her within its perimeter since the demons had drawn it beneath her bench, too. **“That's probably not... good?”**

No sooner than she had uttered as much did it then come true. The mana the magic circle emitted focused itself on her body, and she could feel it flowing into her person at an alarming rate. **“So the thing being transformed is *me*?”** Wasn't that rather cruel? A terrible concept only a demon could pull off. At least these were things Fern likely *should* have believed and yet...

Cruel? I wonder what that word means.

“Huh? I should know...?” How did cruelty feel? Why was it a problem? She felt... *confused*. All the while the magic began to work its effects over the young woman's body. It could be seen predominantly in her hair early on. Not only was it growing even longer than it had been before, cascading down as far as the base of her thighs, but the coloration

was lightening to a silver not unlike the color Stark's hair had taken on during his own transformation, with Fern's straight bangs growing choppy in their own style. "...**What?**"

Was something wrong with her hair? It felt like it was, but she couldn't really say for sure even though silver strands were hanging before her very eyes. The demons had been cautious with Fern and the magic circle had an additional effect weaved in. It made her more or less ignorant to what was happening to her. She might express a little confusion, but she would never understand what she was confused about.

A more striking example of this came as the base of her dress began to rise. Not because anything had been happening to the lower half of her body at all, but because more and more room was being taken within the dress *much* higher up. It was Fern's *breasts*. She had an impressive bust for a woman of her size, yet that doubled – no, *tripled* over a meager ten second period. They ballooned until they were larger than her head, taking up the entirety of the torso of her dress while simultaneously lifting her skirt up until her *thighs* were exposed.

"**This is *uncomfortable*.**" Tugging at her gown, her commentary ended with a sensual growl. Despite how much bigger her tits were, Fern didn't seem to think they were out of place. In fact they made her feel *strong* and *powerful*, like all of her strength had always existed in the sexual nature of her body. *I've never been good at magic and my mana is weak.* Such a thought had been instilled within her.

In the end her dress was hoisted up further, exposing thighs that tripled in size themselves. Her dress had lifted because of her *ass* though. It had exploded in its mass, not only wedging her panties in between her cheeks but chewing them up until loose tatters dangled. The combination of all of this had shoved her hips into a widened gait to accommodate, pulling the skirt so tight around them that you could make out the shape of their bones through the cloth. Contrastingly? Her waistline had narrowed significantly until it was hardly thicker than her neck.

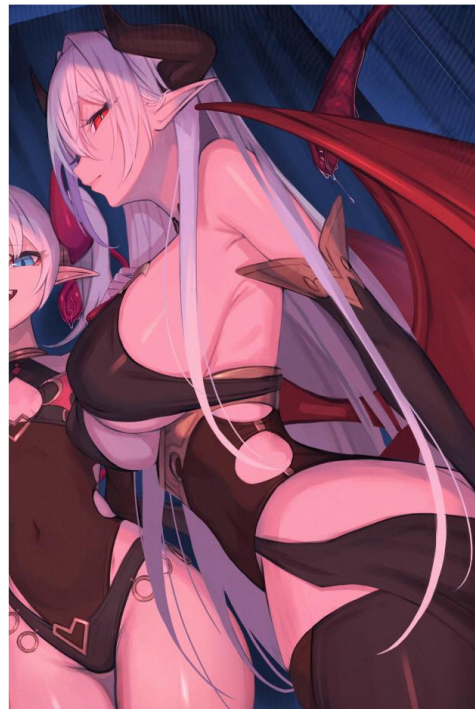
Unable to take it anymore, lengthened, manicured fingertips tore into her outfit and ripped it all away until she was butt naked, nipples that were bigger than her gaze both erect and exposed, tits jiggling with each breath she took. "***That's better. If I had it my way I'd never wear anything.***" *It's much easier to seduce stupid humans when I can expose all of it.*

Her view on humans had clearly shifted like Stark's had. She saw them as simple. She saw them as *food*. And it made sense when you factored in how her ears were pulling out into points. She didn't bat an eyelash at the sensation of black horns pulling out of her skull and pushing forward

either, nor could she have noticed her own eyes glowing crimson. That was ultimately part of a broader shift in her facial features that gave her a longer, sharper facial structure with thick, slutty lips and luscious lashes.

A pair of crimson, bat-like wings were spat out from beneath her shoulder blades just in time for the spell to work its final magic, now dressing her in a revealing ensemble that resembled a black bikini with long gloves and thigh highs. As much skin as possible was exposed to highlight how sexy she was and, while it still bothered her to wear anything, this was more agreeable to her than the old outfit.

“Mmn...” The woman slid long fingers down the sides of her body, eventually fondling her own tits and pinching her own ass with sensual moans. Demons were seldom beings that lived for physical pleasure, and yet *Felisa* was a demon that understood human desires a little too well. She was a low ranking, low mana demon who preyed upon them by using her body to seduce – a demon’s equivalent of a whore. Her magic was even one that increased her own figure by consuming human semen.



Tall and buxom with long, silver hair, Felisa didn’t really talk much unless she was hunting, creating the impression that maybe her baser personality hadn’t changed all *that* much. But her mind was full of lewd and provocative ideas, and most human emotions were now lost to her. She felt nothing when killing and consuming, knowing only that it was what she had to do to survive. It was what her master, Aura the Guillotine, wanted her to do. And she had been doing so for about 400 years by this point.

“...When do I get to hunt again?”

Unlike Fern, Frieren could see *exactly* what the demons were doing with their magic circle. **“You want to turn me into a demon? I don’t know why you think that will work.”** She’d tried belittling and getting them to talk, but Aura’s lackeys were surprisingly diligent in ignoring her. Not surprising, seeing as they’d had the tenacity to ambush her with those crystals when she’d been on route to face Aura herself. How many had she killed before they had finally taken her down? She

knew that demons didn't feel the companionship to care how many she had killed anyways.



They left without much fuss and the circled whirred to life on its own. If not for the crystals embedded in the walls then Frieren would have been confident she could have cancelled it out. But unfortunately she was trapped within its barrier without any way of counteracting its effects. **“...I supposed I’m about to test that theory in the end.”** She’d been hoping Stark might break free in time, but alas.

The magic circle began to glow and Frieren eyed it wearily. There were no mistakes in the circle itself that she could perceive, and the fact that the mana it emitted began to turn itself into her person more or less confirmed it. **“Well...”** She could only hope that Fern was faring better at this point. Frieren would never panic, not even about this. She just had to trust that her disciple would succeed. *If only she had known that Fern had already succumbed.*

Signs of the spells effects were immediate. Her long, elven ears retained their pointy shapes, but they shortened and narrowed a little to be closer to a demon’s. Her chin bobbed down and up again not because she was nodding but because a weight had built atop her head. Curiosity got the better of her and, while standing, she reached up to touch them. **“Horns. They’re heavy.”** *And exceptionally beautiful, I might add.*

A voice? No, those were her own thoughts. **“I see, it’s corrupting me within too.”** Frieren couldn’t deny that she truly believed that her horns were *beautiful*. And there was a growing desire within to be as beautiful as could be. A desire that was immediately granted within her hair. Silver locks grew longer and longer while, unlike the other two the color *departed* from silver. A bright pink spread through her mane instead, and by the time it had fallen to her *ankles* even her twintails had come undone. **“My hair... is gorgeous!”**

Something deep down had clearly rejected the very emotional end to that comment. Her eye had twitched (and it was a bright blue now) as she’d displayed a little bit of happiness, her lips curling up to a smirk once fingers began to fondle pink strands. That smirk became more defined with the seconds ticking by because her lips were puffing up to *porn star* levels of plushness, part of a greater change that matured her face into something that didn’t resemble her previous appearance whatsoever.

“**Hmm... This is getting good!**” It was getting harder and harder for Frieren to think logically about her changes. Emotions were building and were expressed, and she felt a distinctive *joy* at the sight and sensation of her body becoming increasingly more attractive. Her smirk widened as she next became aware that her point of view was rising. Her body’s height was stretching, affording her the growth the elf had always lowkey desired.

It was a pretty *substantial* growth, too. Her tights were pulled down and eventually fell to her knees, while her traveling tunic was lifted higher and higher until her pelvis, undergarments, and all, were completely exposed. She’d sprung up to 5’9”, dwarfing Fern’s height by more than a few inches even after her own transformation (because her height hadn’t been affected). “**So tall!**” Which just added to her growing elation.

The happier she became though, the less moral she became. Frieren had *not* noticed her sensibilities changing. Humans in her eyes had shifted from something to be protected to something to be killed and consumed. Prey in the eyes of a predator. And she felt nothing about the idea of killing them. Did you care about killing a spider? It was the same thing.

Frieren could *sense* what was about to happen and took action to prevent it from being more difficult than it had to be. “**Off with these!**”, she gleefully shouted as she tore off her tunic with a surprising level of physical strength that the elf shouldn’t have possessed whatsoever. Nonetheless, exposing her bare body to the cell revealed that it had already thickened considerably.

Her hips were not only wider, but they widened further, pussy dotted with bright pink fuzz above an aching pussy that was surrounded by thickening thighs. They bloated until they dwarfed her narrow waistline in width, long fingers sinking into their plush shapes as curiosity prompted her to lean forward. Of course, this posture highlighted the shape of her ass – something that ballooned out behind her until it was even thicker than Felisa’s. But *unlike* Felisa this demon was not one who used her body to prey on humans.

Well, aside from using her hands to tear them in half.

On the subject of *ballooning* though? By the time she decided to stand upright again there was an abundance of resistance trying to weigh her torso down. Breasts that had been small and perky when she had first stripped had compiled an excess of mass very quickly, and beneath engorged nipples the shapely weight had developed to the point that they could not be ignored, complete with even a new beauty mark on her rightmost tit. They *dwarfed* Frieren’s head and Felisa’s own bust, perhaps *J or K-cups*. Her muscles were quick to adjust to their weight.

Just as they adjusted to the black, bat wings that escaped her shoulder blades. **“Perfect! Perfect!”**

She clapped in excitement. She was so beautiful! So sexy! This was everything she had ever wanted! Of course as a demon she had developed at a young age. Not every buxom demon got to that size by slurping up sex like Felisa did. Giving a cute little clap seemed to prompt the magic circle to finish its work, giving her a scandalous outfit that resembled Felisa’s, yet it showed even more of her bare ass, hips, and thighs.

“Hmph. Lady Aura was quite cruel, locking beautiful little me in a cell for all of this?” From *Flita*’s point of view it was a waste to imprison someone as strong and beautiful as *she* was. Reborn as a bombastic, pink-haired demon who was self-absorbed and had a penchant for theatrics, she cared little for the past she had lost and embraced the newer, more beautiful her. Even if she was the *youngest* of the three demon women that occupied the prison at a mere 200 years, she was still the most beautiful *and* not that much weaker than Stallia.

Still, her mana *paled* in comparison to what she had lost at her transformation’s beginning. Somehow the excess had been transferred to Stark during his transformation ten floors above. Not that Flita thought nor cared about that. Her nature, like the others, had been corrupted and her old memories were but an echo in the back of her mind. She belonged to Aura now as one of her new generals.

With a single kick she shattered the prison door and stepped out. Being naked was, of course, an issue. But there must have been clothes on the upper floor. **“Maybe I’ll pick up Felisa on the way. I’m sure she’d attend to me.”** It was true that demons seldom cared about physical pleasure. But Flita was oddly one of the ones who savored it.

