

MEME DEMONS IV

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh? Where did Almeida go?”

Io Euclase was right to be worried, for the Grandcypher’s foray into the Tower of Babil thus far had been one full of disconcerting events. It hadn’t been exceptionally long since the entire tower itself had shaken, making the child wonder if the entire structure was on the verge of toppling.

Considering she and Rosetta were exploring closer to its base than any other party, there was the natural fear of everything above coming toppling down upon them. The implications of that were even more tragic though, since it meant their companions would end up caught in it long before they did.

The two had also been travelling with a third person. A Draph by the name of Almeida who was a reliable friend. With all of the twists and turns on the floor they were on though, it appeared that she’d been separated. Considering all of the monsters about, this left Io understandably uneasy.

Once she stopped to look around the dimly lit hallways, though? She realized there was another problem. **“R-Rosetta? Where are you!?”** The woman of flowers had been with her up until just a moment ago, but where was she now!? Was this some sort of prank? It wasn’t unlike the older woman to be playful in the least, but...

She also felt like someone was watching her.

Rosetta's appearance *had* been intentional, and for the very reason Io had first assumed. She'd been planning on hiding away in a nearby room with the intention of giving her younger companion a mischievous startling (*a plan Almeida was supposed to be in on, thus her absence*), but her attempt at this childish prank ended up backfiring significantly. For while they hadn't seen a single door on this seemingly endless floor of halls and rooms, the moment she had parted from Io's side, the doors of the room she'd gone to hide in had closed without prompting.

"Oh dear..." The door had fallen from above, and the small room she was in didn't appear to hold any mechanisms of note for her to trigger its rising once more. **"Is this why Almeida didn't pop out earlier?"** She had thought it weird, actually. The plan had been for them to get Io to loosen up, but Almeida had lingered for far too long. But Almeida had shown up, actually. Rosetta just didn't know that Io was on the verge of reuniting with her. Just, *not as herself*.

Then again, the next Rosetta met with her would follow similar circumstances, for a golden orb of light suddenly apparated and exploded from the room's center, light flowing through the woman's body like a flurry of needles. Immediately, she could tell that something had been put into motion. She needn't look any farther than within herself to realize that.

At her core, Rosetta was actually the Primal known as the Rose Queen. Those powers were something she could access whenever she liked on one level or another, but all of a sudden? That link had been severed, and the woman could no longer feel that other part of herself. **"Oh?"** This woman was not one to be needlessly alarmed, but this *was* alarming.

"My nature has been changed. Am I a human now? No, that isn't quite it..." There was a new power forming in its place, and as it did? Rosetta found herself at a loss. No, not in the sense that she was *'at a loss of what to say'*. There was a very *literal* loss, one that attack the woman's adult figure.

The front of her strapless dress had begun to empty with gravitas, her ample, heaving bosom the first to go. While her figure certainly *was* abundant, the Primal had never weighed its importance that highly. Once in a while she could use it to sway men to do her bidding, but other than that? It was simply her form. So she felt no sadness nor anguish as her breasts disappeared. Instead, she was more confused by it all.

Delicate fingers reached up to hold her dress in place as what typically did faded into obscurity, proud orbs dwindling away as if the fat within had been absorbed by an invisible entity, leaving her chest puffy but

otherwise without shape. Her nipples fared no better, their cherry-colored buds regressing in a similar fashion until they were no bigger than a pair of small coins. **“I see... So the very fabric of my being is being rewritten? Then Almeida’s disappearance was related? Oh, Io...”** She couldn’t help but lament that her child companion would undoubtedly suffer a similar fate, not that she fully comprehended *what* was happening to herself.

Her breasts weren’t alone in their regression, for the skirt of her dress emptied in a similar fashion. Succulent thighs might as well have let out a sad deflation sound as, while they once rested against each other as she stood upright, the gap between her thighs grew exponentially as their meat faded away. ...Only for that gap to close, for her hips were forced closer to one another. It was something that happened in tandem with the fact that the back of her skirt was flattening out, without any significant junk in the trunk to keep it propped up.

Rosetta might as well have become an adult woman with the curves of a preteen. She was struggling to hold her dress up, something that became even more crucial because without any ass or thighs to her name, she could feel her undergarments fall to the ground below her. **“I can’t really make sense of what my existence is being rewritten into, however, *plip!*”**

She paused. **“Plip? Did I just end my sentence with plip, *pyun?*”** Pyun? A different noise this time? *Why?* Rosetta assured herself that it wasn’t intentional, but then again she didn’t seem to have much control over what was happening here. Case in point? **“I’m falling, *plip!?*”** The woman’s grip tightened on the hem of her dress and held it to her chest, for out of nowhere her height had begun to plummet.

The loss was dramatic, and it felt incredibly *weird*. Her point of view was grinding downwards, bones shortening and figure crunching inwards even further as her womanly stature was shaved away. The hands that held her dress fumbled, for fingers regressed as well, and as a direct result the black gloves she wore across them were bunching up and sliding around. It was inevitable that she’d eventually slip and drop her hold, and that very thing did end up happening.

“*AH!?*” Rosetta’s once deep and mature voice had given way for a somewhat grating squeak that sounded when her dress finally collapsed, and her gloves slid right off shrunken fingers and shortened arms. This left her briefly exposed as she dipped below five feet in height, but she was quick to reach back down and grab the dress to pull it back up with shorter, stubbier digits. **“I’m going to be so tiny, *pyun.*”**

She wasn't wrong. It wasn't until she was just shy of four feet that her height regression finally came to an end, leaving her with a stubby, child-like body that was now swimming in a dress that once fit her perfectly.

Though, it wasn't simply child-like. Puffier cheeks framed her face, and all of the maturity had been essentially wiped from her features. Eyes big and round shone with new light, a tiny nose wriggled after adjusting, and her lips hardly any weight to them at all. For all intents and purposes: Rosetta was now a child without any real weight to her body. Well, maybe her thighs? But only thanks to the compression of her frame.

And not even one that bore resemblance to her old self. A bright pink found its way into her irises, while a golden blonde decorated now-circular eyebrows and the locks of her hair alike. That hair, which was now pooled on the ground behind her thanks to how short she had become, quickly unraveled until it rested at her shoulders, straight as can be.

“Mm... What's this, plip? I really want... something, plip.” Regarding this thought, her tummy gargled. Was it food that she sought? Either way, another golden orb of light erupted behind her, and this time it reverberated through the child's clothes. Rosetta's dress was extinguished, and in its place came a white leotard and black pantyhose beneath a yellow jacket with furred cuffs and a matching skirt. Bunny ear earmuffs covered tiny ears, selling her new look as a *wererabbit*.



All of the girl's other worries inevitably faded away in the face of the craving that now overwhelmed both her mind and senses. **“I would really like to eat some curry, pyun!”** Usalia's tone was polite, but it was clear that she was growing desperate for curry of all things. Was it strange for a demon of the Netherworld to be so obsessed with curry? Maybe if one was cursed to eat it else she risks going berserk, yes.

But much to her dismay, she couldn't see any in this room! The wererabbit's tiny heart was beating with a difficult to gauge intensity. This couldn't be! What was she going to do!? What was she going to... **“I need to find someone quickly,**

plip! Before it's too late!" The big door in front of her would be her first victim.

Back in the main hallways, Io was dealing with *complications* of her own. "**Ow!?**" From out of nowhere something had suddenly pricked her arm through her clothes, forcing the girl to recoil from shock a moment. Looking down at the point where the pain had radiated from, however, yielded no clue as to what had struck her. But Io? *She had been shot.*

Not by a regular bullet mind you, but by an energy bullet infused with the same energy that had been corrupting the bodies and minds of all of the Grandcypher's crew members.

Someone had seen fit to add Io to the demonic ranks that were taking over this tower, but she'd been given the short end of the stick compared to the others. In terms of the Netherworld's hierarchy, her fate was not one of any kind of *real* power.

"There's no wound? What was thAT!?" Her measured assessment of the situation deteriorated into a surprised cry as a pulling sensation suddenly plagued her, and Io's point of view gradually raised itself. Everything suddenly felt like it was stretching – no, it was actually stretching! Her body was *growing!* **"Wh-What!? How!?"**

Io would have been lying if she said that she wasn't in a hurry to grow up, but she certainly hadn't expected it to happen *this* quickly. Her original height of 4'3" blossomed up to around the 5' mark, but this also left her limbs looking incredibly lanky without any weight to them, and it also left her costume both tight and disheveled. Her thigh high boots, for example, now only reached to her knees, and her top had been tugged up to reveal her belly in its entirety. Sleeves were likewise yanked up her arms so that her forearms were completely bare.

"I grew really tall! Could this actually *not* be a bad thing?" Because she had always wanted to be taller, Io wasn't sure how it could be seen as anything other than a win. And these wins would keep on coming... for a time. One of them was something she couldn't even see without a mirror, but her face was reflecting the advanced maturity her newfound height suggested.

These features made her look like a woman around the age of *twenty*, certainly, but they weren't excessively pronounced in any way, shape, or form. She just looked like Io, but older. This was then reciprocated by her curves, but by doing so it made her costume situation all the more dire. Her thighs, for one, grew rounder with fresh meat so that the gap

between her legs wasn't so plentiful – but only for a moment before her hips were forced to swing wider.

For Io's ass cheeks had swollen, forcing those hips wider all their own, and testing the fit of her shorts until they reached their limit. It began with the front button of the shorts blasting off so that it ricocheted off the nearest wall. "**Ah!?**" Tears could be heard forming in the cloth, and no shortage of ass cleavage could be seen muffining over the waistline of the garment. It was fortunate that they stopped before growing much larger, but her butt was still so huge that she had to reach behind herself to try and pick the massive wedgie born from her child-sized panties getting caught between her adult-sized cheeks.

Not to be outdone, her top dragged her back from wedgie picking. "**My chest too!?**" Admittedly, her top didn't leave much room for growth. It was already form-fitting to her torso but widened shoulders had already begun to see that top constrict. An additional two cup sizes to her breasts saw to it that the top couldn't take anymore, but rather than ripping it just seemed to bulge there as her bosom remained restricted, crushed beneath it all so that she couldn't breathe. "**Uh... I can't...!? OW!?**"

The sound of a gun firing could quite clearly be heard ringing out this time, as another magical bullet struck Io in the arm. And this time? A voice accompanied it. "**If you're going to be my maid, you can't go dying here! Well... I guess you will anyways, but not like this!**" *What?* Whose voice was that? What was that about *dying*? Io had many questions, but they were all cut short as her ability to breathe returned promptly... for her costume had disappeared, only to be replaced by what could best be called a maid's ensemble.

A white apron, a short, black skirt, white leggings, armbands, and headdress? Throw in her black maryjanes and cuffs, as well as the fact that her twintails were now held up by a pair of blue scrunchies, and she really *did* look like a maid. "**But I'm not a maid!**" Faced with this reality, this was somehow all Io could muster in retort despite the strangeness of it all.

Was she *really* not a maid though? Somehow it sounded... *correct*? But it totally wasn't!

In the meantime, the length of Io's hair was darkening to a much more mundane brown – at least when compared to her golden locks that turned blue near the ends. Rather, this color was consistent, and her hairs themselves almost appeared to be frayed as if she didn't properly maintain them, or as if the hairs themselves were *dead*. Her twintails

looked much more voluminous either way though, appearing much more plentiful.

Throw in the absurdity of her ears pulling into points, and her irises becoming golden in color, and there was some real cause for alarm here. But even though it was alarming, Io was finding it difficult to think about her situation. No... *to think in general*. “**Huh? Why do I feel... so... slow?**” Her voice conveyed this slowness splendidly, but so did the beating of her heart. In the beginning, her heartrate was normal. But it had been slowing, and slowing, and slowing, until finally...

THUD!

Io’s body hit the floor without a sound, not because she’d tripped. Not because she’d fallen unconscious. But because, for a brief second, she had *died*. Her heart had simply stopped beating, yet after a restart of her consciousness? The woman’s golden eyes fluttered open as if nothing had happened at all. Was she laying on the ground? It took her almost thirty seconds to come to that conclusion, the rate at which she processed information even slower.

Not to mention she was staring at her outstretched arm, and she could see her tanned tone turning *blue*? Her fingers and arms were all she could process, but from head to toe she was dyed in this same pastel shade. Against it, her dark veins stood out in a creepy way, and her eyes had dilated to the point that they almost looked eerily vacant.

“***Uuuu?***” The only sound she could make was a haunting moan, even though she could still think – and communicate. But this was what just instinctively came out as she finally pushed herself up and onto her feet once more, ignorant to the stitches on her left arm and on her inner thigh. Long, brown bangs swept across her right eye to hide that it was gruesomely damaged as well.

It took until she got up onto her feet again that the color of her skin finally clicked. “***Blue...?***” Almost like she was dead. Almost like she was some kind of *zombie*. But while she didn’t know much, while thinking of anything else would take a long time to think through, the moment she reasoned her existence as that of a zombie? She immediately acknowledged it as fact.

What else would a living corpse be called?

The *maid* was having a tough time processing what had just happened, but she was having a tough time processing much of *anything*, really. The undead weren't exactly known for their keen intellects, which left the typical zombie maid archetype in the Netherworld to be seen as polarizing. They weren't exactly the most proficient of maids, but their mindless loyalty was also seen as endearing to many. At the very least she didn't smell like she was rotting?



“**Master...**” Io moaned with glee as a blur of pink fluttered into view. Why was she calling this woman master? Deep down, she didn't know. But it felt right, and even if she actually felt differently, she was still powerless to resist. It was the Princess Overlord Seraphina that had appeared, a playful smirk upon her face as she admired her work.

In fact, minutes ago she had been Almeida.

The woman's feet clacked upon the ground, and she did circles around the still, confused zombie maid. “**Mhm! You turned out pretty cute! Too bad we can't do much about your complexion, but... Anyways!**” Planting her hands firmly on her hips, she leaned in quite theatrically. “**Your new name! Let's see... Let's call you Tsundereia!**”

There was no question in the zombie's mind, for her master's words were absolute to her. Her name was now *Tsundereia!* But what had it been before, actually? With how slowly she was sorting out her thoughts, it might have taken her hours to remember. Not that she would. “**It is... a good name... master...**”

Seraphina had been about double down and say ‘*of course it is, I came up with it!*’, but a door behind them suddenly flew open, and a familiar, yellow wererabbit flew out. “**I NEED CURRY, PLIP!**” The pink Overlord, startled, let out a brief cry before she realized it was a familiar face. Usalia? And it looked like she was on the verge of her curse taking hold. So the pink-haired woman promptly turned to her zombie maid.

“**Quick! Get Usalia some curry! This is a level 5 emergency!**” Tsundereia nodded slowly at the request, and with rotting legs shuffled

off into the depths of the Tower of Babyl without considering much of anything else. She had her orders, she had to follow them.

But about ten minutes later? She came to an awfully slow realization.

“...Is there a kitchen here?”