

DEMON STAYER

CH4: CORRUPTLY

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Kanao Tsuyuri wasn't necessarily concerned about dinner.

She was essentially an introvert to the extreme, a sixteen year old girl who had suffered so much trauma in her past that at times she could hardly even make decisions for herself without flipping a coin. But that was what a childhood of being seen as something little more than a slave could lead to. She was truly lucky that the Butterfly Mansion had taken her in when they had before that old life of hers had gotten even *worse*.

But she didn't have to worry about the troubles of her past life now, even if those experiences *had* shaped the type of girl that she had ultimately become. Everyone had been gathered for dinner, and Kanao herself hadn't even heard a thing about how Tanjiro and the others had yet to arrive. She had simply been laying on a futon in her own room, resting after Shinobu had taken her out for a training session early in the morning.

It had been rigorous and the girl herself had been left tired by it. Not that she didn't appreciate the training under Shinobu. She *loved* Shinobu like a big sister and would do *anything* for her. And Kanao also understood the threat demons posed and how they had been becoming increasingly aggressive as of late. But still, in the end? She was only human. She had also been taught that it was okay to be tired now and again.

And so she had lingered a bit before deciding to go down to get dinner. There was always plenty left over that would be served for lunch the next day, so it wasn't even like she had to worry about missing out on her portions. A rumbling in her tummy eventually overruled her desire

to remain on her futon though, and she finally got up to leave. Except the moment she opened her door? “...!?”



Kanao never spoke without purpose, and so it was her facial expression that expressed the shock she had felt in that moment. Upon opening the door, a thick mist from the hallway had rolled into her bedroom, clouding her vision and making the air just as thick. This was unusual for a number of reasons, but one of them was most certainly that... Well, could mist even travel inside like this? She had never seen it do that before!

Perhaps even more alarming? The girl found that she could not move her body. She was effectively locked into place with one arm outstretched towards the door and the other at her side. At most, she could barely manage to move her head a little bit. And even then? She couldn't really move it up or down. Was this some sort of trap set by their enemies? If so, did that mean the others had been caught up in it as well? Had she only not been laying down to rest, then maybe she could have noticed sooner...!

Something that Kanao certainly *didn't* fail to notice was that something had suddenly gone awry with her body – or at least that was what she believed to be happening with the limited motion she was allotted. Her body felt unusually *hot*, but even then? That wasn't what had tipped her off about it. What *had* was the fact that the top of the door frame she had opened was growing increasingly close to her face. Her feet were still grounded firmly on the ground, though her shoes felt a little cramped. Not *just* her shoes. Her entire outfit felt a little too tight.

Was she growing?

That was the only real explanation for what she could see and feel, and in this case it was actually quite on the nose. The sixteen year old's height was growing exponentially, inches applied to her torso and limbs until she was around 5'8". Since Kanao had naturally only been 5'1", this wreaked havoc on her clothing. Arms jutted out from the sleeves of her jacket while the base was lifted to show off her tummy, a once conservative skirt struggled to cover her thighs, and her footwear felt much too compact for enlarged tootsies.

Of course, this was all conjecture on the immobile tsuguko's part, but the sound of her sleeves ripping off her shoulders, because her shoulders were now wider to match that she was taller, was a pretty notable tip of the hat towards the idea that she was, in fact, correct. But

at the same time she wasn't *just* taller. It showed in her facial features – the idea that she also might have been *older*, for features had matured to give off the impression of a young adult rather than a girl in her mid-teens.

Kanao's *figure* certainly seemed to agree with the impression her face gave off. Or at least it quickly conformed to it. Much like how her shoulders had widened, her hips had done the same thing. Although they *had* grown even wider, allowing for plenty of room to grow. And that room was ultimately taken advantage of by the surrounding flesh.

Her thighs came into their own almost immediately. Once paltry in shape, their bloated into a fullness that still allowed a simple yet appealing gap to remain apparent between her thighs, yet flirted dangerously with meeting in the middle regardless. Their girth lifted the sides of her skirt to tease the base of her undergarments...

But even then, they were ultimately revealed to be rest much too *tightly*. It was something that Kanao could rightfully feel. Widened hips had already stretched the waist of her underwear, prompting cloth to grind into her crotch and the cheeks of her ass – but it was her ass itself that added further complication. Those cheeks were swelling exponentially, a slight jiggle to their weight by the time they reached their fullness. It forced her underwear to wedge tightly between the cheeks in the back though, and in the front? It ground into her mature loins.

And while it was uncomfortable? It also felt strangely *pleasant*.

Considering her social weaknesses and overall personality disorder, the woman had never actually experiences arousal or sexual desire in her sixteen years of life. But now, as an adult? She felt familiar with it. She wanted to *lean into* it. She could imagine what it would feel like to be fucked, and that moderate discomfort her panties brought her simply wished to be filled. Or at least *rubbed*.

“*Mm...*” She hadn't lost her ability to speak or make sounds even after becoming paralyzed, but true to herself Kanao had opted not to make any such sounds. She no longer cared about that. Her ego had begun to overflow with a confidence founded in how sexy she imagined her body to now look – and she wasn't even wrong.

After all, her chest found a bounty similar to what her ass and thighs had received. The buttons that had been struggling to keep what was left of her coat bound to her were forcibly popped off as her chest pushed forth, pale and perky flesh emerging like a pair of mountains upon her torso. They snapped even the buttons on her undershirt, and so inevitably they became exposed, dark purple nipples and all.

Kanao licked her lips. She was slowly finding herself able to move more and more, and she had *intentions* for when that control was properly returned. She yearned to explore her new form, to go hands on with her ample curves and her moist pussy. These weren't the thoughts of a girl though. They were the thoughts of a *demon*. Almost as if on cue, a long, black, and forked tail whipped out from the base of her spin, now swishing about behind her.

“Soon... I can feel it. It's almost done.” The woman's voice was deep and needy, and clearly her words cared nothing for the pressure building atop her head. Two black bumps eventually emerged from her skull, and they grew up and forward before hooking up again. Solid and sharp, what had grown from her head was a pair of inhuman horns. All of the hair that surrounded their bases were soon bleached white, until almost *all* of her hair was bleached. It grew, falling down past her plush ass. Some black remained in lengthened bangs, as if to harken back to her old self.

Fangs grew beneath lips that were swollen to a succulent plumpness, their shapes pulled into a mischievous smirk so that the fangs poked out. She had found herself able to move her body enough now that she had begun to tear the remnants of her old uniform from her body, caring not if anyone beheld her sexual form. Eyes soon glowed gold, pupils shaped like slits. But more than that? The shapes of her eyes lost any trace of her Japanese background. They certainly looked much more *Western*, as did her facial features on the whole.

“Hmhmhm. This body is much more suitable, I'll give it that.” With her full range of movement returned, the *demoness* wasted no time in allowing clawed fingers to caress the supple flesh of her new form now that she had been stripped naked. Her breasts were full, her ass large, and her pussy wet – for she desired the act of mating to recharge her energy. While she appeared to be a woman in her twenties, the truth was that her body was technically far, far older, as demons lived hundreds and hundreds of years.

She would never say how old she technically was, and even then? She understood that she had been born



from a human just now. **“Kanao? No, that name won’t do. I suppose I should pick something else.”** Admittedly she looked more like a demon from the West. She didn’t appear Japanese at *all*. And so, upon groping her big breasts one final time? She eventually settled on something she believed to be suitable.

“How about *Katherine*?”

It wasn’t as if there was anyone around to argue with her, but was that the scent of a Nurarihyon she smelled within the building? No, aside from her, a whole new slew of sexy demons had been born. **“I also suppose I won’t have to go without my needs met for very long. Surely someone else in this place is... desperate.”**