

LITTLE DEMON ACADEMIA

CHAPTER 3: CULTURAL EXCHANGE

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There was a test in their potions class the next morning, and so of course Lotte Jansson had spent the evening studying her heart out. If anything, the young witch prided herself in her good grades, and there was little worth sacrificing them for – short of her friends, of course. If they were in trouble, Lotte would drop anything and everything to rush to their side.

Which, of course, begged the question of why she hadn't sought out Akko after her friend hadn't shown up for class. The fault mostly rested at the feet of Akko herself, because that girl had skipped class so frequently for this and that, that her friends had more or less grown accustomed to her just showing up again whenever she was available. If Akko was in trouble, Lotte trusted she would let her know somehow. That was the level of trust two close friends *should* have, after all!

In all honesty, she fully expected to return to their dorm only to find Akko sound asleep in her bed. That would be the most Akko thing imaginable. And now that she was done study – not by choice, mind you, but because the library was closing for the night – she was anticipating to encounter such a sight sometime soon.

“Let’s see. I believe I took this one from... Oh, here!” Before leaving, Lotte had a tried-and-true tradition of putting away all of the books she had taken from the shelves. Naturally this was normally a task that befell the librarian in the early hours of the next day, but Lotte

being Lotte? She felt bad thinking that someone else would have to clean up her mess, their job or no.



The ginger witch slid the last one she had been carrying into the appropriate spot – or so she'd thought. Because turning back to the table she had been using, another tomb was sitting there. **“Hm? Did I take this one too? ‘Art of the Shinobi’? It sounds like something Akko would read. Maybe it just got mixed in with the rest of my choices?”** It *had* been a pretty substantial pile after all, so she didn't really think much more about it and reach to pick it up.

Except the moment her fingers so much as grazed it, the book disappeared. No... Was that right? She'd felt it. A transfer of energy from the book *into her body*. **“That... wasn't magic? What was it? Is it harmful!?”** Common sense suggested getting the librarian, but she'd been left alone to close up. Lotte didn't like to toot her own horn, but that was just how trusted she was in the library!

...Not that any of that was relevant at the moment! She had an honest to goodness crisis to deal with!

Whatever the source of that power had been, it had already gotten to work stripping Lotte of the features that made her, well, Lotte. The freckles upon her fair cheeks were a notable example of that. Or, at least, the fact that they were fading away was. One at a time they were erased, all while the complexion beneath grew a little pinker than the young witch's was typically.

In the meantime, her ginger hair soon darkened. It began with her roots and swept through to the tips, color washing out to black almost like someone was removing a dye job utilizing magic. The issue? Lotte's ginger hair had been all-natural, and so was the thinner black that had settled in its place. In fact, the quality of this hair was might finer, just as her darkened brows appeared to be a little thinner.

“My face is all tingly... Oh gosh!?! It's doing something to my face!?” The realization struck the girl quite suddenly, and hands reached up to pat her cheeks with alarm. She had been right, of course. Her freckles aside, structurally that face was becoming slenderer and earning sharper overall figures. Her jawline was among them, giving her

a pointier chin while her nose followed suit. Otherwise, this sharpness plagued the shapes of her eyes as well. Gone was their European roundness, and in their place the shapes grew narrow and more reminiscent of an almost shape. In fact, they looked much closer to Akko's eyes than her own.

In the sense that they appeared *Japanese*, that is.

Not only that, but a strangely eerie purple began to glow from within the girl's irises, which seemed to provoke a further pair of changes atop her head. The first was a lengthening of her ears, drawing them into points not unlike those of an elf as according to popular pop culture. The other? It was a little more dramatic, for her now black hair spiraled out of control in terms of length. It cascaded as far down as her ankles in the back, while in the front her bangs became so ample that they both hung over her right eye and brushed around the side on the left.

Lotte, of course, noticed. **“And my hair? Is this some sort of transmogrification magic? I don't understand why something like that would be on a random book in the library, but... O-Oh!”** Plenty was happening at once now, which served as more than enough of a distraction for the girl not to dwell on her thoughts. Had she been, she might have taken notice of the fact that she'd started to process things in an entirely different language. Akko's native tongue, in fact.

What had stolen her attention at this juncture was a wobbliness that affected her legs. It took her a moment to stabilize herself, and yet it didn't take much longer for her to note the cause, either. After all, it was something she could identify based on the fit of her Luna Nova uniform too. **“I'm... growing? This is all a little curious, I must admit.”** Without thinking, she reached to push up her glasses, but... She ultimately pushed them right off her face. Her vision was now reflective of a perfect 20/20, if not even sharper as the dark corners of the library were becoming more alight from her point of view.

Meanwhile, it was becoming clear that the girl's uniform would not be able to withstand the rate at which she was growing. In terms of height, she'd only grown about five inches. That was enough to lift the bottom of her skirt to the peaks of her thighs and lower the peaks of her thigh high boots to just barely above her knees, not to mention her arms were left to protrude farther out of her sleeves. And if she'd only grown *upwards*, that would have likely been the extent of it.

But she was filling *out*, too. Her thin waist remained the only constant while everything else made sure to make quick work of the remaining integrity of her outfit. Her hips began this highlight reel of growth, for

they popped and resettled at such a width that the skirt of her uniform's gown was yanked up to show off her thighs along with the *huge* gap between parted legs. Not that this gap lingered for long, because the exposed thighs gradually grew meatier. Thickening with vigor, skin was pulled taut around pudgier legs that were just as firm as they appeared bouncy. Her skin was yanked so tightly around them in the end that you could see the dim library lights reflecting off them with a pleasant sheen.

Her skirt was lifted even higher by her ass, however. With plenty of room to flourish thanks to the way her hips had spread, they ballooned into a pair of hefty weights that forged an abyss-like crevice between them. Surely an entire hand could fit up there? Not that she'd do that! And yet... Lotte's mind was slowly drifting off to imagine things that were a little more scandalous rather than thinking too hard about her transformation.

“I bet with an ass like this, I could... Mm... E-Eh!? What am I talking about!?” Her voice had deepened to boot, not to mention her face looked far more mature than it had when she'd been shorter. Rather than a girl in her mid-teens, she was looking more like a proper adult.

This carried over to her chest, which pulled her skirt even higher to show off how her panties had been wedged in the back of her ass while cameltoeing a more matured pussy in the front. There had been no room for her chest to swell, really, and so it was only natural that as tits began to grow embellished, that the clothing she wore would ride higher thanks to fatty weight occupying more and more space within.

“It's... tight!?” The woman cried out, now in a language that *wasn't* English. In an attempt to procure the freedom of her tits and regain her ability to properly breathe, fingers dug into the front of the uniform dress with a strength she certainly hadn't possessed before – only to fully rip it in half so her tits could bounce out. Heavy yet pleasantly perky, they swelled several sizes bigger until they were as big as her head. And their weight? Well, she leaned forwards passively a moment while the muscles in her back tightened to adjust.

Once free, the woman couldn't help but give them a squeeze, pressing them against each other with no shortage of fondness. For a girl who hadn't possessed a sex drive to speak of before, it certainly seemed as if things had been kicked into overdrive on that front. Her desire to mate only grew stronger once scribbled, black tattoos ran both up her left thigh and breast, and a spaded tail erupted from behind her.

“I’m... I’m... a *monster*?” It sounded like a terrifying realization to make, and yet Lotte simply cooed it out. She was *into* it, because that was how her mind now functioned. More mature, rather than knowing anything about magic her head was filled with both sexual and ninjutsu techniques – like the sorts of things she might have found in that book that had triggered her change in the first place.

And with one final release of energy, her outfit changed. Gone was the tattered Luna Nova Academy uniform, and in its place she was clad in a kimono with open legs and cleavage. Dark purple in color, it matched her fishnet stockings, steel knee-guards, and otherwise traditional, Japanese ninja gear. A huge shuriken had even been placed in her hair to hold her raven locks into a long, flowing ponytail.

In a sense it was almost like she’d been forced into the most literal cultural exchange ever. In terms of appearance, the woman certainly fit the bill of a well-endowed, sexy, Japanese adult. Not only that, but her words and thoughts had been limited to the Japanese language as well. Those thoughts swirled with Lotte’s old identity at their very core, nothing more than a soft whisper that persisted for the sake of the woman remembering that she had once been a meek little bookworm.



It served as a reminder for her to thank and devote herself to the great and mighty Cthulu-chan!

“*ここはどこ?*” That voice grew quieter and quieter however, because *Rieko* the *Kunoichi* could hardly make sense of her surroundings. In fact, those surroundings were hardly much of a concern at all. Having become a niche type of succubus, thoughts of sex took a dominant priority while fingers rubbed at her slit through the front of her outfit. Perhaps she needed to find some willing prey to ease her appetite?

Fortunately for her, there was a horny vampire gallivanting around at that very moment.