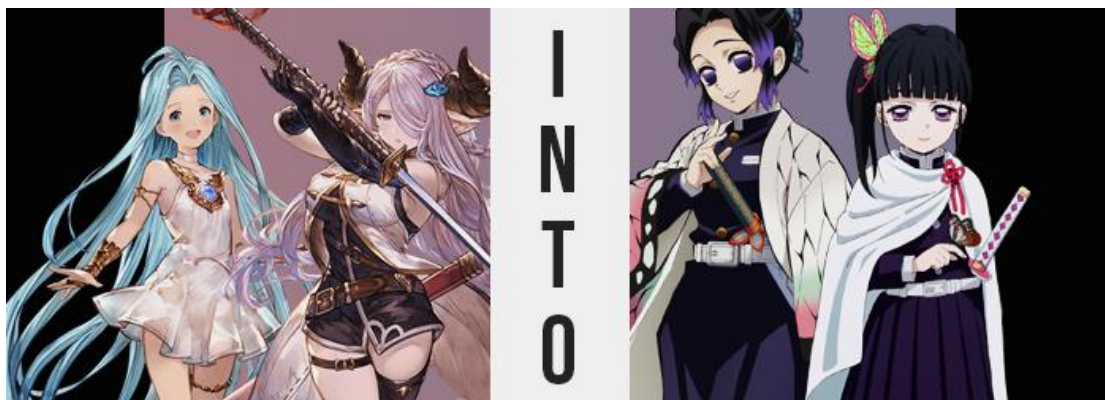


# DEMON SEASON II.

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Nezuko Kamado was lost, both literally *and* figuratively. Her mind was still a jumble, a mix of memories of a young woman named Djeeta and the ‘memories’ of the demon girl she had been transformed into (*see: DEMON SEASON I.*). Any sense of direction that *should* have been preserved from her time as Djeeta had been shot by the far most instinctual impulses Nezuko possessed as a girl turned demon. The halls of the Grandcypher looked both familiar and strange at the exact same time, and to make things worse?

Mitsuri Kanroji, who had once been Djeeta’s friend Io, had disappeared entirely. Had she run off somewhere? Had they gotten separated? Nezuko both knew that Demon Slayer and hardly knew her, making her unsure about what the cause might have been. All she knew now was that she was alone, lost, and honestly? A little afraid. Because she still didn’t know why she had transformed, much less why it had transformed Io as well.

**“Nezuko? Why are you on the Grandcypher!? Shouldn’t you be with your brother!?”** A voice that was both familiar and un—Wait, no! Both parts of her identity, the part that was Nezuko and the part that was Djeeta, recognized this voice. Spinning around, the demon’s pink eyes went wide once they caught a mane of familiar, blue hair. It was Lyria! Oh, how Nezuko was overjoyed!

**“Mmph! Mmmmmph! MMPH!”** Without thinking, her tiny, demon legs went to work, and she lunged across the short distance between the two of them, ultimately landing in Lyria’s arms. Lyria was *warm*. Lyria was *safe*. Lyria was *friend*. And Nezuko? She *really* felt like she needed a friend right now. But, in doing so? The demon girl hadn’t realized at

all, but she'd transferred the very same effects that had transformed both herself and Mitsuri onto Lyria, all but ensuring her doom. Well, okay, not doom. But doom in the 'you gonna get twinned' sense.

Lyria, not suspicious about the situation at all, naturally wrapped her arms around Nezuko the moment she'd been hugged. "**Hey, were you scared? There's no need to be! You're among friends after all!**" She knew of Nezuko's condition *and* that she was harmless, so she had no qualms helping to ease the maiden's anxieties. She didn't understand why the demon was here, but if she could help in any way, then that was enough for Lyria!

...It was just a shame that she'd be forced to help in the most unexpected way imaginable.

Well, unexpected for *her*. You readers know what's up.

Nezuko herself had gotten so caught up in the hug *she'd* initiated that it wasn't until she spared a random glance towards Lyria's mane of bright blue hair that she realized she had made a mistake. "**MMPH!?**" For, dancing among that bright blue, was a darkness that did not belong. No... not even just darkness. Strands were turning black en masse, but the tips of her hair? They appeared a lighter *purple* that was not dyed. Was it a natural effect? Nezuko recalled that her own hair had a strange discoloration – wait, this wasn't the time for that!

"**Huh!? What's wrong?**" The demon girl was wriggling in her arms now, so Lyria naturally let go to give her space. She couldn't tell what Nezuko was trying to say as she grunted through her bamboo gag, but it seemed to be important... *maybe*? In the meantime, more of Lyria's hair had darkened, and not only that? It was shortening quite rapidly, each piece like a measuring tape being withdrawn as it whipped side to side on approach to her shoulders. That was the length that it rested at, purple tips straight and soft, but nowhere near as soft as Lyria's hair *used* to be.

It was the light in Lyria's eyes that become the next victim, for while her vision actually sharpened to the point that she blinked with surprise for a moment as it all adjusted, her irises expanded, lost their sparkle, and darkened to a purple that hardly resembled their old coloration at all. The absurdity merely continued as sharpened angles beset their designs, giving them a similar Japanese appeal to Nezuko's own.

It was happening *again*, and Nezuko couldn't stop it *again*!

Lyria blinked once more. "**Hm? Did something happen? My eyes felt unusual for *just a moment*...**" Not apparent to the speaker

herself, her voice was dipping in and out of a deepness it didn't typically possess, while her verbiage was... It was hard to describe, but there was a maturity to it. She was speaking calmly with a more advanced vocabulary, and her thoughts were reciprocating that as well. **“And why does my dress feel so tight!? Dress...? Why would I...?”**

She sounded perplexed about why she would even wear a dress. Something so thin and revealing... Why, she could even see her nipples sticking up through the white cloth! It was much too indecent for a *woman of her age*.

And so, it began to pour on. It wasn't a liquid pouring freely, but instead the concept of age itself, seeing itself settle into her body at varying stages. Her noted nipples and discomfort were only one of those stages, for the front of the dress grew tight first. Nezuko could be heard trying to point out that this was strange, but it was to no avail – for because even though Lyria could watch her body changing, it was *impossible* for her to recognize it as unusual.

A plumpness beset them. Her nipples engorged, and that was part of it, but it wasn't the plumpness in its entirety. That settled in beneath them, seeing what were once the *beginnings* of a pair of breasts begin to flourish into a more complete form. Fat bubbled up, rounding out her flesh and molding a pair of orbs that weren't excessively sized but were still around a B or C-cup, their weight clenched and flattened beneath a dress that was far too tight. Nipples could plainly be seen propping themselves up against the material, and the integrity of the outfit looked as if it couldn't take much more.

Southward, similar but different difficulties had arisen. Lyria's skirt had lifted from her hips, and the cause? Well, her growing breasts had been part of it, for they occupied much more room and hoisted things up. Much more of her hips were left on display, and that was something bolstered once... well, once there were more *of her hips* to look at.

They'd certainly swayed wider, pushing out the sides of her skirt and revealing the white panties below – panties that struggled to straddle her greater hip breadth, and whose integrity came to be tested much as the dress' top did. Evidently, the back of her underwear had found cause for blowout. Or *blowup* in this case. The cheeks of her rear were swelling, not only filling the panties out but peeking up and over the waistband at that. It was a miracle that the straps didn't snap, as black pubes poked out from behind the cameltoe in the front.

Even her thighs rounded, taking a more mature girth as they pudged out, but not in a way that appeared unhealthy. Rather, Lyria's height had diminished two centimeters, but her body on the whole? It was still

weak in appearance, but somehow she felt more agile than she ever had before. But she also did not *look* like Lyria anymore – nor did she genuinely think of herself as such. Eyes aside, her facial features spoke to a traditional Japanese beauty, and that of a young woman around the age of eighteen at that. Her figure certainly supported as much.

Before long, it was only her dress that stood to reminisce about who she'd once been, but that wasn't longed for this world either. The material seemingly bloated and grew, colors dyeing the whites in some places as material parted in others. Before long what was once a simple, white dress had become an elaborate black jacket with hakama pants, a butterfly haori thrown over her arms with a white belt around her waist. Continuing the insect theme was a butterfly hair decoration that also bound her hair in the back. A modified Demon Slayer uniform.

**“Hmm? Nezuko, dear girl? How did we end up on the Grandcypher? I thought we returned home.”** As if a fog had been lifted from her mind, *Shinobu Kocho* tilted her head both to the side and downwards, to look directly at the demon whom she was addressing. Nezuko appeared both confused and panicked, and Shinobu didn't have the foggiest idea why without her resident translators around to explain.

Naturally, the muffled *MMPHs* the girl responded with did not answer any questions. She had no choice but to press on with the demon in tow, the duo ultimately traversing empty halls for several minutes until they came across another person. A young woman of extraordinarily short stature, with long, lilac hair swept across her left eye. Were that not unusual enough, there was also the matter of her big horns and pointed ears. Had Shinobu not known better she might have assumed this was a demon, but she was a *Draph*, was she not? A race of this world.

**“Excuse me!”** Shinobu called as she drew closer, sparing a glance over her shoulder to make sure Nezuko was still following properly. **“I'm afraid we are 1— Oh! Is that a spectral butterfly I see? How remarkable.”** Remarkable in the sense that it had appeared from nowhere, landing on the *Draph* woman's shoulder. As the leader of the Butterfly House back home, it inspired Shinobu somewhat, and she took the other woman's hand eagerly. **“Do you like insects, miss?”**

The *Draph*, *naturally*, was confused. She did not recognize these two, nor was she adjusted to people reaching out to touch her so suddenly. **“...Narmaya”**, she did *eventually* reply, but her visible eye blinked with confusion. In no small part because something had struck her as awry the moment she had been touched. Narmaya was attuned to most things, particularly her own body, so for something to bring this kind of unease... **“Yes, these butterflies tend to follow me around...”** They were born from her abilities, after all.

**“I see... What a handy trick, Kanao.”** It was Narmaya’s turn to be confused once more. Kanao? Who was that? The stranger’s eyes appeared to have glossed over as well, with the smaller girl beside her tugging Shinobu’s sleeve with worry. **“Well, we should find the others, should we not?”** *Others?* What *was* she going on about?

Narmaya hadn’t the foggiest idea, attention instead shifting to the girl that had come at this woman’s side. She seemed to be rather distraught about something, and why was she gagged? Well... she’d seen a woman around the Grandcypher with a soother in her mouth, so she supposed there were just all types of people at the end of the day.

It went unnoticed by Narmaya herself, but a loud thumping noise fell to the Draph’s left side, evidently alarming the child even more. The Draph’s head... it felt lighter somehow? Surely because what had fallen to the side had been *her leftmost horn*, smacking against the wooden floorboards like a glorified paperweight. One might have expected the rightmost horn to do the very same thing, but that ended up *not* being the case. Rather, the second horn shrunk and then flattened, fanning out into bright greens and pinks, until it resembled a pair of butterfly wings. Those wings embraced a chunk of her hair, binding it into a right-directed tail that hung exceptionally long. Her horn had become a hairpiece.

And whatever had done that, it was spreading its influence into her hair itself. Violets were overcome with a black not unlike Nezuko or Shinobu’s, although without the colored tips at the very least. Before long, her entire mane was not only extremely black but, by contrast, incredibly *short* as well. Going the same way Lyria’s hair had gone only minutes prior, it only hand past her shoulders in length and, even then, all of the excess had been collected into the side ponytail, while her bangs had something of a rudimentary hime cut to them.

**“Sorry, you called me... You said I was... Kanao-chan...?”** In the meantime, while Narmaya had not noticed what was happening to her, she was still strung up on Shinobu calling her by the wrong name. But even as she repeated it? She wondered why she had thought that maybe this was wrong. It just felt *right*, in a way. However, as she attempted to reason this out vocally in the first place, her voice was growing softer. Narmaya was typically chatty enough, but she was just simply getting quieter.

Blinking with confusion, her eyes narrowed, and her irises likewise changed in color, this time to a purple that was lighter than Shinobu’s own as her resting expression contorted. Facial features growing cuter, she could not help but present a small smile passively despite her

distress, that smile looking more forced than anything. It came across upon shrunken lips that made her eyes appear far larger by comparison, and the fact that she was now Japanese like the two girls she had been talking to was absolutely undeniable. Even her pointed Draph ears had regressed in their entirety, becoming round and human, fringes of her raven hair tucked around them.

Shinobu, on the other hand, appeared amused. “**Of course you are. Kanao-chan is Kanao-chan, right?**” Kanao – wait, no! *Narmaya* supposed she had a point. That name did sound correct. Even if it wasn’t. Was it not actually, though? Despite being confused, that resting smile upon her dainty lips persisted.

Energy depleting still, at least socially, all *Narmaya* could muster in response was an “***I suppose...***”. Her voice sounded as cute as her face now looked young, and she might be mistaken for a noticeably short, *very* well endowed fifteen or sixteen-year-old. At least briefly, as incidentally...

When *Lyria* had grown older to become *Shinobu*, she’d likewise become a little shorter. *Narmaya* had become younger on the other hand, but the form she was taking? Even though she was younger, she was much taller by nature for she wouldn’t be a Draph. This was something that became readily apparent thanks to her bones beginning to stretch. Her spine, her arms, her legs; they all blossomed when it came to height, seeing her entire figure stretch from a height of 134cm all of the way to 152cm – a height that was just a little taller than *Shinobu*’s own (*and incidentally, Lyria’s original height*).

“**...?**” The girl herself had taken notice of the growth but didn’t quite understand that she was growing. If anything, she was more aware of how the fit of her attire felt against longer limbs, with the greater height showing off her black undergarments and the entirety of her thighs. Speaking of, though, her figure did not grow along with this height.

Rather, it all settled, weight better distributed against her upper legs, for example. And even then? Much of it disappeared entirely, leaving thighs with a girlish appeal, but certainly not sporting that appeal in excess like a Draph might. The same was tragically true of her breasts, and the greatest reduction of *all* was found there. Fat bled free, eviscerated into nothingness as *Narmaya*’s once immensely sized and shaped badonkadonks became far more realistic in both fields, tits little more than a pair of B-cups in the front of an outfit that was basically accommodating Gs.

She felt weird, but she did not speak as much. Speaking at all just felt like something she didn’t want to do. A waste of energy? Maybe. But

what she found strange wasn't her body, but her clothes. Fortunately, within a matter of moments it all changed color and shifted around into a uniform that matched Shinobu's own, with some differences. She was wearing a skirt instead of hakama for one, and instead of a haori, a white cloak rested upon her shoulders. Aesthetically, she looked to be a match for Shinobu altogether.

And that was intentional. She, *Kanao Tsuyuri*, was Shinobu Kocho's Tsugoku, or apprentice. They both lived and aided with the Butterfly House, thus the butterfly hairpiece. All of these memories had flown in, each replacing her old identity – the identity of Narmaya. Much like Mitsuri had earlier though, Kanao had never been to this world. There were no memories of a Grandcypher to draw from. Quietly, she was merely *confused*.

Kanao Tsuyuri blinked wordlessly, for she was not one that often spoke without being prompted to do so first. Looking around, she could recognize both Nezuko and her mentor, Shinobu. But these halls? Both the look and the scent of them struck her as unfamiliar. **“Where...?”** She needn't ask more than that, even though Nezuko appeared extremely distraught for some reason.

That was because, naturally, the part of Nezuko that was still Djeeta lingered even now. She'd just watched two more friends become other people from that world, and she had no means of communicating with them to help them recognize that fact! **“Mmph! MMPH! MMMMPH!”** She flailed tiny arms around to no avail, cheeks puffed up cutely with agitation. She was super happy to see Shinobu and Kanao deep down, but the part of her that was still Djeeta? She was panicked!

The only attention it earned her was a head pat from Shinobu, which... actually helped a little. Nezuko ended up practically sparkling after the fact – what had she been worried about again? It'd come back to her in a few moments. **“I'm not sure, Kanao. Well, I know where we are. But how...? In this case, I haven't the foggiest. Shall we go find someone to ask?”** Despite the fact that, until just now, Kanao had *been* someone they could've asked.

How many would fall before they finally got answers? *Nezuko was worried.*