

DEMON SEASON I.

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Djeeta wasn't sure what it was, but as of late the drops they had been receiving from their monster kills had been diversifying. Perhaps it was worth wondering why items even dropped from the corpses of monsters in the first place? But it had always been the rule of this world. When you killed a monster, a treasure chest popped out. There wasn't really any rhyme or reason, and there didn't really *need* to be any either. It was just *kind of how things were*.

“Doesn't this knife look kind of like the ones Joker used? Huh...” Sorting through their latest haul alone in the ship's warehouse, she was amused seeing how many objects she could recognize. The knife aside, there was also a tiara that looked suspiciously like the one Pecorine wore, and a gadget not unlike something she might have seen Lelouch using back in the day.

They'd really met so many interesting people over the course of their travels, huh? It was easy to reminisce – they were good memories! Djeeta *loved* meeting new people, and she knew that was a sentiment shared by at least a good chunk of the crew proper. With time she came across an interesting looking accessory. **“A headband?”** It struck her as familiar, with its bamboo front and white rope wrapping around the back. She really felt like she'd seen it before but had forgotten where exactly.

Probably because she was misinterpreting what the bamboo accessory's purpose was.

“This will look pretty good with my ninja gear set though...” As she still thought it was a headband, Djeeta was quick to tie the bamboo

stick to the front of her forehead as if to test it out. Had she examined it just a little closer? She might have noticed all of the bite marks along its length. **“Hm... It could probably prevent a blade from cutting my head, but it isn’t amazingly comfortable.”** To be fair, no one said tying a bamboo stick to your forehead *would* be.

Still, she left it there for now. Maybe it’d feel better once she got used to it? Besides, she’d just finished her current box of goodies to sort through, so she needed to grab the next one from among the ranks of the Grandcypher’s storage shelves. To those ends she hopped up and onto her feet and skipped to the nearest shelf among the dimly lit labyrinth, each step seeing the headband loosen and loosen until finally? It slid down her face.

“Ow!?” Flying past her eyes, it eventually bonked her on the nose which caused a few tears to well up. **“Did I not tie it tight enough?”** Djeeta reached up to pull the bamboo up onto her forehead again, but by *chance* it slipped from her grasp and fell even past her nose. Even now, she couldn’t properly explain what had compelled her to do it, but she immediately opened her mouth and caught the bamboo with her teeth. **“MFF!?”**

...Only to find she couldn’t let go.

“WHAFF!? I CANFF GEFF IFF OFF!” Both hands had wrapped around the bamboo and tugged with all their might, but her strength wasn’t enough to dislodge it. She couldn’t even unhinge her mouth from biting down, but then again... Her canine teeth were aching, and Djeeta had yet to realize the cause was their shapes lengthening and sharpening, digging even more deeply into the bamboo. A similar phenomenon was present on her hands, for as she tugged on the wood, the nails of the fingers wrapped around it were lengthening and sharpening as well, to the point that even though they were fingernails they had becoming undoubtedly sharp enough to cut up flesh and even bone. **“MFF!?”**

On top of it all, while she could grit words in the human tongue through the gag at first, it was becoming increasingly difficult to do so. She wasn’t mff-ing because her words were muffled, but because instead of spouting actual words she’d begun to *growl* into the wood instead. Even though she could think rationally? Communicating those thoughts seemed far too difficult, like that part of her brain had just been turned off.

In the meantime, additional changes were turning the young woman’s appearance awry. Most noticeably? A trend of darkening strands plaguing her hair, darkening them to black and seeing them lengthen

without any regard for her usual style. They fell past her shoulders and down her back, curling towards a wavy texture that would ultimately cascade all the way past her ass. Oddly enough, as the length rounded out? The darkened tips once again lightened, this time towards a dark orange that made up for roughly one quarter of the length of each strand.

Djeeta could feel it. Something bubbling up from deep within her that wasn't quite right. At times it felt like a low growl, at others she felt like her humanity was being chipped away in real time. Her memories? Well, she felt groggy. It was hard to think, and even harder to recall the events of her past. She had grown up on which island again? She'd lived there with her family? And then they'd all... and her brother? No, were these memories even correct?

There was no way to say for sure. They all blended together, and the *demon blood* that was being mixed within her veins was the sort to make any turned by it forget their past in the first place. As that blood grew stronger, the color of her eyes began to swirl and Djeeta's eyes dilated. Before long, though, those pupils extended into inhuman slits that brought a bright, pink light to her irises temporarily, dyeing them in that very same color.

On the other hand? That wasn't all. Her eyes seemed rounder and more expressive by nature, but they'd also become more angular and almond shaped, much like those of the many visitors Djeeta had seen come from another world called *Japan*. If the warehouse had possessed a mirror she might have been able to tell that her face now resembled that of one such guest, and one she had encountered recently. For as cheeks rounder and her nose flattened, she looked identical to—

Nezuko Kamado. The thought struck her not because she had realized, but because it had turned up in a newly surfaced memory. *Tons* of memories, actually, where her brother referred to her as 'Nezuko'. That was who she was becoming? Djeeta could fondly remember that adventure and the girl with the bamboo gag. How had she not put two and two together earlier!?

But it was too late now, and the fact that she'd suddenly been plagued by the feeling of falling indicated her situation was only worsening. Rather, in the end, the final nail was being put into her coffin physically. Because Djeeta? She diminished in size at an astounding speed. Her height fell, and both her breasts and ass shrunk away until they were smaller than she could even remember being at the young age her face had come to reflect in its youthfulness. When all was said and done her body reflected that of a twelve-year-old Japanese girl that stood at only

five feet tall, and fortunately her clothes had changed during the process to match else she might have had malfunction to deal with.

Gone was her signature pink dress, but that color hadn't been forgotten. It had merely been redistributed among a pink kimono with a hemp leaf pattern with a lighter pink lining. A dark brown haori dangled overtop, and a white and pink checkered obi bound her waist. A single, pink ribbon was tied to the left side of her bangs as they were parted to both sides, and zori sandals and white socks both covered her feet.

The zori in particular caught her attention, amusing a more childish brain immensely as they clicked and clacked against the wooden floor of the warehouse as she walked around. Djeeta wasn't typically so easily distracted, but Nezuko *was*. In fact, it was difficult to hold that girl's attention for a long period of time at all. She was always getting into trouble, doing what she wanted to do as long as Tanjirou was okay with it. But after a few moments of playing around? Something else in the back of her mind appeared to snap her out of it.

Nezuko was at a loss. Her memory was fuzzy, but she still knew she was Djeeta. She was just... also Nezuko. A Japanese girl that had been turned into a demon, a monster that often relied more on instinct than proper reason. Her intellect had suffered a hefty blow too, and she acted more like a girl of her age mixed with an immature demon, and yet... Since her mind hadn't completely gone, she'd yet to have earned any of Nezuko's powers yet. Strength, speed, shapeshifting – she could remember having the potential to do these things, but they weren't things she could pull off as she was.

Which made things all the more alarming when she bumped into the back of a nearby shelf and all of the contents it housed suddenly fell onto her, burying the young demon alive.

“MFFFFFFFFF!?”

“Hello? Djeeta? You're in here, right? Rackam sent me with another box of drops we found!” About forty minutes later, the young and wide-eyed Io entered the warehouse with a box in her hands. She was surprised to find the big room empty. Djeeta was supposed to be on duty today, and if she went on break she had to leave a note on the door, but...? **“Hello!?”**

“MFF!? MFF!!!! MFFFFFF!”

Faint, the muffled sound of someone trying to get her attention could be heard from nearby. Io was quick to spring to action, and the second she turned the nearest shelf? She found an unfamiliar girl buried beneath a bunch of boxes. On her belly, her hands were outstretched, and she was flailing in a way that was rather adorable. **“Wah!? How did you get in there? Are you okay!?”**

Io was quite quick to run up to the girl and grab her hands, noting the elongated nails on her fingers that looked convincingly like claws. Still, she pushed that thought to the back of her head and pulled with all her might, the girl’s tiny form eventually freed from within. The second Nezuko had been yanked out, the release of tension sent Io flying back where she landed on her butt with a yelp, and the demon? She crawled over to her to check to see if she was okay.

“MFF? MFF MFF MFF!” Nezuko was happy! She was thankful to be saved, but the part of her that was Djeeta was relieved to see a friendly face. The problem? How could she possibly communicate that something was wrong with her? She wasn’t even confident that, if the bamboo were removed from her mouth, she would be able to talk in the human language. A part of her believed she could only growl and roar like the little monster she was.

Of course, Io didn’t have the foggiest idea who this was. All she saw was an unfamiliar girl her age, and one with a gag on for some reason? So after standing, she reached down towards Nezuko’s face. **“Why do you have that on? Let’s take it off so you can talk!”** The second her fingers even grazed the wood, though? She immediately pulled her hand away. It was like something had just told her *‘don’t take that off, you know why it’s there’* even though she really *didn’t*.

That wasn’t all that seemed off though, and Nezuko could tell that something was wrong with Io even if the child herself had hardly come to terms with the realization. After all, she could see a change in Io’s hair color. It had always been multi-colored, with the tips being blue while the main body was blonde, and while this multi-colored tier aesthetic remained? The coloring wasn’t very *consistent*.

The blue tips? As if yellow dye had been mixed in, they very quickly leaned in color towards a *very* bright green. These ends then began to twist and thin, braiding in the process as that green overtook some of the blonde. And yet, the *rest* of the blonde? It was in jeopardy as well, a pink not unlike the same color as cotton candy was sent aglow, much of it in the back and on the sides braided as well. While that on the top wasn’t exactly re-styled, as it pinkened it did grow thicker – there was just something fluffier about her hair on the whole. And the green from

earlier? It wasn't done, for it bled into her bangs and saw them parted into squared, stringy cuts.

“MFF! MFF!” Nezuko started reaching her hands up towards Io's head, trying to get her to notice what was going on. Somehow that hair almost looked familiar to her, even though she had never seen it before in her life. No, maybe she'd never seen it in her life as *Djeeta*? But her memories had been blended with Nezuko's. Was something there? Was Io being cursed the same as she was?

The possibility was seeming incredibly likely. **“Huh?”** Even as she blinked in confusion, looking down at Nezuko, Io's eyes changed in color irreparably from a dark blue to a *bright green* that matched the shade of her bangs and braided tails. From Io's perspective she felt like she'd just been drugged, with this and that feeling out of place when it came to both her thoughts and body. **“What's wrong, Nezuko-chan? Do you want to be picked up? I-I mean... huh? I never learned your name...”** She had blabbered on without thinking, calling Nezuko by name.

Even though *Djeeta* was still essentially in control, Nezuko couldn't stop her eyes from sparkling at the thought of being picked up, though. She felt a little guilty about it, particularly as she held out her hands now as if she actually *did* want to be picked up.

In the meantime, Io's own transformation had hardly been put on hold. Nezuko looked to be getting farther and farther away from her ever with her hands outstretched, and the cause? Well, Io was growing *taller*. It should have been a big issue considering the tight fit of her costume, but fortunately just as had been the case for *Djeeta*, her clothes were transforming at the very same pace as her body.

Her shorts fluttered out into a pleated skirt right on time as wave of growth hit her legs and tackled her hips, seeing them pop wider. Her panties even grew in anticipation of what was to come, and it was truly fortunate that it did. Because her ass and thighs? Boy, did they swell up nicely.

Io's rear in particular bubbled with soft, supple fat that saw cheeks round and bulge, filling out her undergarments nicely while the thighs around her crotch better overcame the gratuitous thigh gap that had been left by widened hips. Had she been skirt-free, through the small gap between thighs that had left you undoubtedly would have been able to see her butt peeking out fully from the other side. Though, above her crotch a fluffy mane of pink pubic hair ended up erupting where none had been before.

Getting a hold of herself, Nezeko started pointing up wildly again. “**MFFFFFF! MFF! MFF! MMMFFFF!**” If only she could talk, but with this gag in her mouth...!

“**Okay, okay! I’ll pick you up!**” All Io could see was a girl that wanted to be picked up, and she chimed as much with a voice that was both softer and deeper than it had been before. She certainly sounded older, and that was reflected in her face just as much as it was in a body that had sprung up to 5’5” in height. Her face was narrower, her lips plumper, and her eyes? They bore sharper angles that were more similar to Nezeko’s own than what they used to be. Even as she reached out to pick the demon girl up, the remaining changes bled in.

Her arms had already lengthened thanks to her height sprouting, but with her clothing continue to change, they were largely concealed by the large, white sleeves of a haori while the fingers that reached out of the end were decorated by long, delicate fingers. Even though her body was so slender, Io somehow felt she was far stronger physically than she’d ever been. Something told her that she would hardly even have to make an effort to lift the girl up, when it might have been impossible before.

The collar of Io’s jacket, which was typically open, closed around her neck and darkened to black as the jacket’s front propped open so you could see her cleavage, small as it was in the beginning. In time it became evident why because Io’s girl came *busting out*. Breasts surged forward in size and shape, spreading the gap even wider and exposing more as it was clear her top was becoming a black, Japanese uniform that would have been familiar had Io participated in the incident with Tanjirou Kamado. It was a Demon Slayer’s uniform, one meant for a young woman, and now Io filled it perfectly.

Her hands wrapped around Nezeko and she pulled the girl up into a hug, holding her tightly against her bosom. It immediately calmed the demon girl, who felt right at home with the nurturing *Mitsuri Kanroji*. Wait! No, her name was... It was... *What was it?* Djeeta’s memories still hadn’t completely disappeared, but she couldn’t remember Mitsuri’s old identity! “**Don’t worry, Nezeko-chan! We may be somewhere weird, but I’ll keep you safe!**” *Mitsuri*, on the other hand, didn’t realize anything was amiss at all. Her old memories? Gone.

This was a big problem.