

DEMON TUM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“What’s interesting on the internet today. Hm... Hmm...”

Hisa the nekomata mused to herself as she scrolled through multiple feeds at once on a single computer. It was a feat that no normal computer use could accomplish, but being an all-powerful being, she was naturally *using* those powers to do as she pleased. If you wanted to be technical, there was actually no ‘today’ for her. Time wasn’t a concept that applied in the space that she occupied, but she was basing that time on the time of her creator. Or, well... of *me*.

The cat girl had kept herself entertained by preying on my friends for the past few weeks of time, but it seemed that she had turned her sights back on me again. **“What could really take Axel off-guard? We always do the same old song and dance, so maybe picking something he really wouldn’t expect? Or maybe I could set up the transformation to unfold in an unexpected way?”** She just need the right outcome. The perfect final form. Something that could be embarrassing *and* sexy at the same time?

“Uhuu... Now *that* might work.”

It had been quiet the past few weeks. Probably a little *too* quiet, all things considered. I was accustomed to Hisa’s antics, but she had been a little *smarter* with them recently. She relied more on memory wipes to take people off-guard, and the fact that I hadn’t heard all that much from my friends online suggested that she had been toying with them. That, or they’d just been busier than normal – and I had hoped that this was *all* that it was.

As for myself? It was a pretty normal day, more or less. Wake up, write some stories, do a little bit of research, go out for a walk, maybe even do some shopping. There wasn't anything too exciting about it, but that tended to be the case. Aside from the rabid nekomata that set my life off-track every do often, there was nothing particularly exciting about my day-to-day. Which meant that I was probably overdue for a little bit of a mix-up.

“Heya, papa!” And there she was, right on cue. Sometimes she approached me only a disembodied voice, while at times she didn't bother to communicate with me at all. Either way, she'd opted not to take *either* of those approaches on this occasion and had instead decided to show herself in person. But that didn't make the situation any less bizarre. There was, after all, a girl in my bedroom now floating there with cat ears twitching and two tails swishing. **“I've got a surprise for you~!”**

And that smug smile on her lips didn't exactly inspire confidence that I wasn't in for a somewhat *bizarre* experience.

On the bright side? I was more or less used to her antics by this point in my life. She'd been messing with me for *years*, so I more or less understood her thought process by now. I knew it so well that I'd employed countermeasures at one point, but she hadn't taken too kindly to having her powers turned back on her, so I'd more or less been forced to give up on that angle.

At times her efforts *could* be distressing, but there was usually one underlying silver lining that I could rely on. *Whatever* she did, she usually didn't do it in a way that would disrupt my life permanently. Typically she would teleport me into another world where my new form fit in, wipe my memories so it wasn't as jarring, or otherwise remove me from my everyday existence so that things could return to normal when she'd had her fill.

I seldom remembered the specifics of the time I'd spent *as* other people after that time was over, though. Mostly just the transformations themselves. **“And here I was just thinking it had been a while since you last gave me a ‘surprise’...”** My reply made the cat girl giggle while she did a forward spin in the air. Knowing her, she wasn't going to give me even an inkling of a clue about what was about to happen.

And I was correct. **“Oh, I know~!”** Yeah, she *would* know. I'd long since figured out that she could read my thoughts. Oddly, she couldn't read the thoughts of my *friends* though. It must have been a side effect

of our bond as creator and creation. Either way, it wasn't exactly going to help me in this case. **“Sure isn't! Why would I give you a hint? If you figure it out beforehand then there'd be no fun in that!”** Such was the Hisa way, which was why I hadn't considered that it might be any other way.

“Yeah, yeah. So, are you just going to get on with it, or are you just going to float there and stare at me?” Hisa didn't tend to be *present* when she was doing her thing. Was she mixing things up by lingering? Was it to throw me off? Trick me into letting my guard down? There was no point in thinking it through when she could tell that I was doing just that. The smile on her face had grown even wider as I did so. **“No... It's already started, hasn't it?”**

I had been rubbing my arm nervously and had felt it plainly enough. My skin? It felt softer, but I also wasn't feeling the usual resistance from my arm hair either. Looking down, I could easily see that my arm hair was gone – and so I had to assume that the *rest* of my body hair was missing as well. Hisa liked to shave me because ‘pretty girls aren't hairy!’, so it was often that not even my armpit hair remained by the time she was done. Whether or not she allowed my pubes to remain depended on who I was being transformed into.

“What are you— *Brat.*” I looked back up at Hisa as I spoke, or at least I had *tried* to, but she was missing. Whether she had teleported away or just made herself unperceivable to me, I didn't know for sure. Either way, this was her way of saying that she didn't plan on telling me anything else for now. **“Weird, though... Why is my voice already changing? She usually saves that for later.”** It had always been my assumption that she had wanted to see me thinner and more feminine before I sounded like a woman.

But as it turned out? It was because she was transforming my *face* before anything else for a change. With any potential stubble gone, my softened face was growing rounder – almost like the weight that had given me my chubby cheeks wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. My lips didn't waste any time in getting plumper *and* glossier, while my nose shrunk and my eyes began to... *narrow*? My eyelids did so with so much vigor that it gave off the impression that I was *Japanese*?

No, the subtle yellowish tone that had begun to emerge among my pink skin was suggestive of it too. That my race was changing so that I was no longer Caucasian. Not that it was a symptom of this, but my eyebrows shortened *and* became rounder above my eyes just as a dark blue began to seep into them just as the same blue painted my irises as well. **“My, my. Something must be really strange!”** Like *how* I was talking? But that was to be expected at this point.

“Oh!” That was all I could really bring myself to say when I felt myself dropping a head’s length all of a sudden. I’d been a pretty tall guy that stood at a full (almost) six feet, but I must have slipped down to 5’7” or so instead? But still, I hadn’t really lost any weight? That was definitely strange, wasn’t it? **“Pfft! Pfft!”** My hair was definitely growing, though. Growing and *changing* color, because some of my bangs, now dark blue, had fallen between my eyes so that I had to blow upwards to move them away. This hair fell well past my ass behind me, just as thick as it was blue and heavy.

And then *it* must have finally happened. No, could definitely *feel* it happening between my legs. My manhood was stripped away from me in what was practically an instant, with my cock and balls both shrunken and consumed by the pussy slit that opened beneath a bush of pubes that not only spread but had become just as thick and blue as the hair on top of my head. I was most definitely a *woman!* But that just tended to be how things went with Hisa.

“Well, that seals the deal with that, I suppose.” Had there every been a time that she had allowed me to retain my masculinity? If there were, they had been so few in number that I couldn’t remember. But this order of operations still felt *strange*, especially when I could tell that elements of my body were beginning to *fatten* instead of thinning first like they tended to with her transformations. Even though I’d lost height, my pants hadn’t slipped because my hips and waist had remained the same size so far.

But when they were finally pushed down to my knees where they finally slipped down to my ankles? It wasn’t because anything had become any *thinner*. In fact, they had been pushed down because my hips had been widening, forcing them off their holds until they were pushed down to my thighs. But they couldn’t *even* rest there, because those chubby thighs of mine began to grow even *chubbier*, yellowish skin soft and plump, forming a suppler shape that saw each one grow just as wide as my belly until the waistband had no choice but to slip.

Even *if* their combined efforts hadn’t managed to do this, however, my ass definitely would have accomplished the task. My ass had been bigger than normal just because I’d been an overweight guy, but... **“There go my pants...”** It would have been too burdensome to bend over and pick them up, so I just let them slide as the back of my shirt, which had been hanging lower since I was shorter, was lifted up by the weight pooling in my cheeks that would *definitely* have made bending over all the more difficult. This ass was *huge*, playing into the massive weight of my jiggling thighs as I waddled about.

“At this rate, I’m liable to believe that I’m not going to be losing any weight...” It was probably a reasonable conclusion to draw, all things considered. Not only was my lower body thicker than before, but I could see the front of my shirt begin to stretch forward courtesy of a pair of *tits* that were being fashioned from my pre-existing man boobs. I could feel my nipples aching as they became larger and more sensitive as the skin stretched around them. The upper portion of my shirt pushed so far forward that my breasts must have eclipsed my belly, each half of my new *H-cups* just as jiggly as they were full.

This entire time, though? While I had been under the impression that I *hadn’t* lost any weight? That was actually untrue, it just hadn’t happened in a way that was particularly noticeable, especially once my tits had become so fat that they were sagging against it without anything to support them. My belly lost about... an *inch* of size. It was still protruding about six inches from my torso, which felt even larger now

that I was shorter, but realistically? How *would* I notice that.



I hadn’t even noticed the fact that my ears were lengthening, pushing out from behind blue bangs until they were long and pointed, almost like an elf’s. Well, I didn’t notice until I felt a weight suddenly forcing down my chin, at least. **“Hm?”** It was quick and painless, but didn’t it feel like something had just pushed out of the top of my head? Both of my hands reached up, both of them slightly chubby with fingers that were shorter and decorated with long, manicured

nails now.

And they grabbed onto a pair of *horns*.

“Oh my!” I couldn’t see them, but somehow I knew they were made of a shiny, golden keratin. They pointed up and forward, while a streak of

pale purple emerged on the left side of my bangs beneath them. Whatever form Hisa had in mind for me, it had seemingly reached its conclusion. Because in one final flash of light? I was reclothed in something that suited my new body. It just wasn't... much?

A blue dress formed to the fit of my tummy beneath my tits, which had been pulled up by white clothe bound to a black collar. There were detached kimono sleeves with yellow on their bases, which matched with thigh high boots that were purple with golden highlights. A white shawl was wrapped over my shoulders, and my hair was pulled into a high ponytail by a band made of pink flowers. An ornate fan appeared in my right hand, but what was surprisingly absent was... any hint that undergarments were being worn at all.



“**Um... Wait! My name is...**” *Higan Zesshosai*? I didn't have any new memories aside from that name, but I did vaguely recall it. Wasn't she a character from *Disgaea*? But recalling what I knew about her, things didn't quite check out as neatly as they probably should have. Putting aside the fact that my hair was blue when I remember Higan's being red, but... Thinking about it, my hands eventually found my belly and dug into it again before giving it a jiggle that rippled into my tits as well.

The Higan that I knew of wasn't *fat* like I was. She was actually a muscular warrior that was always raring to pick a fight with anyone willing to clash with her. My figure was the polar opposite of that. I almost looked *pregnant*, but my belly was far too soft for that to be true. And my personality? “**...I don't really feel like fighting at all!**” But it wasn't *my* personality, so it must have been Higan's – or whatever version I had transformed into.

“**Surprised, right~?**” I had forgotten that the one that *could* answer all of my questions was still floating in the room with me. I turned to look at Hisa, who was wearing a cat-like smile. “**This is a new Higan alt from that Japan-only Disgaea RPG mobile game! I bet you totally didn't see that coming!**” Well... she wasn't wrong about that. “**Yeah, I'm not wrong about that!**”

“I see...” But what was her angle here? It didn’t seem like she was about to send me anywhere, but my room was untouched to indicate reality hadn’t been changed, either. **“Don’t tell me you’re planning on just leaving me like this? No one is going to look at a demon and accept that!”** I was going to get hunted by a church or something! That thought of mine seemed to make her laugh.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry! No one will see you that way! I cast an illusion so that they won’t perceive your demon features! ...Though being an older, plumper, Japanese woman is still how you’ll appear to them. I’ll change your IDs at least, but why not struggle without a serious reality change for once?” I couldn’t even argue with her. If that was what she had planned, then there wasn’t anything I could do about it.

“That’s right! And since I bet you’re super good at cooking if you’re *that...* jolly... then I’m sure you can give me some whenever you cook too!”

“...Eh!?” For some reason, I *really* didn’t want to share my food like this!