

DEMON STAYER

CH6: ARE DRAGONS DEMONS?

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Shinobu Kocho had been returning to the Butterfly Mansion from the nearby town when she had sensed that something was awry. At first it had been little more than a bad feeling that had prompted the Hashira to hasten her steps. How could she not be concerned? She was a cool-headed woman, but everyone that she considered to be her family essentially lived at the Butterfly Mansion, and the town had been far enough away that she had been given plenty of ground to cover to return.

When she was about five minutes away, however? Obscured visibility prompted her not to cover her eyes, but instead cover her *mouth*. There was a mist in the air that, while thin at the distance she was at, was immediately suspicious. There was something *abnormal* about it that paired unfortunately well with her bad feeling.

The Insect Hashira was a master of poisons, after all. It was the crutch she had been given no choice but to wield in order to compensate for her deficiencies in combat. Against demons, she wasn't as strong as many of her peers physically. But she was *fast*, and when you paired that speed with poison that acted *just* as quickly? Well, you had a recipe for a warrior that did not need raw strength to quickly strike down her opponents.

This wasn't irrelevant to the situation at hand, either. Because she had spent so much time using poisons, she had naturally studied them in much greater detail than most. And not *merely* their effectiveness. Methods of *transmission*, as well. This mist was off in color. It wasn't *normal* mist. And you could transmit poison in tiny droplets of moisture. That was effectively all mist was. Which meant that there was a high

possibility that this mist was not *normal*. Either it was poisoned, or it was composed of something completely different altogether.



Covering her mouth with her sleeve, Shinobu hastened her movements. It was a delicate balancing act, because that sleeve could only provide her with so much resistance to the droplets. It was only a matter of time before she inhaled some even with this makeshift filter between the air and her lips and nose, and since she was moving faster? She was breathing heavier than normal, too.

Who was behind this? Did it extend all of the way to the mansion? That meant that the others were in danger, and they likely didn't have the same sensibilities to avoid it that she had! She had to move faster, which meant she had to breathe even deeper, which meant, eventually... **"No!"** The woman gasped for air

as her arm fell limply to her side suddenly, her legs now still. **"Paralysis!?"**

Her movements had effectively halter. The young woman couldn't provoke any sort of movement from her limbs, and at best could roll her neck to the sides. That meant she could look around herself slightly, but she also couldn't look up or down. And up and down was where all of the *good stuff* was about to happen. Well, subjectively at least.

It all began with something that Shinobu wouldn't be able to perceive through feeling alone, because well, how exactly did you *feel* a changing of your natural skin tone? Tanning was a different beast because it was a change born from *cooking your skin under the sunlight*, but there was no sun in the sky any longer. And even if it *had* been, it wouldn't be strong enough to prompt the tingling and change so quickly – lest the woman burn alive.

Yet a sun was not needed for a change that was so *fundamental*, since it wasn't a temporary color change. It was a permanent one attributed to the amount of melanin in her skin cells, and the amount was significant enough that she turned extremely tan, essentially copper. It applied to all of the skin on her body aside from her nipples and pussy, which instead turned a darker brown. And when it came to her palms and the bottoms of her feet? The skin there *was* a touch lighter otherwise.

"I need to move! I have to... protect...!" The Hashira grit her teeth. What good would she be if the people she cared for were killed? If *she*

was killed, then how would she take revenge upon *him*? There was too much on the line for her, and the thoughts of losing it brought a passion to burn in her chest. A passion that ultimately materialized in a pink glow within her eyes that permanently changed not only the colors of her irises, but also the shapes of those eyes so that they appeared *significantly* less Japanese.

Which was actually part of a wider, sweeping change to the young woman's face. It was soon rendered longer with raised cheekbones and a sharper chin, with a longer nose and thinner brown. Her lips also rose to the occasion, so to speak, plumper to the eyes and softer to the touch. Though as they opened and closed you could see something a little more *unsettling*. Namely a row of completely razor sharp teeth where normal ones had sit before.

A narrowed gaze displayed less concern than it had before, exclusively because Shinobu gradually felt a weight lift from her shoulders. The weight of responsibility faded as her ego began to shift towards something a little *freer spirited*, even as the weight upon her literal shoulders seemed to grow heavier. Almost like the weight of her head had changed?

And it had! For two different reasons. The first wasn't as alarming as the second, even though neither or them were particularly *good*. Still, the weight of her hair was growing heavier because there was simply just *more hair* in the first place. It slithered like a sea of tiny serpents down to her shoulders, and while it looked as if it *might* have stopped there, instead after lingering a moment it began to slither even *faster*, rolls of hair falling down past her ankles and pooling on the ground below her. Once it had? Silver streaks manifested amongst black and purple, and before long *all* of Shinobu's hair had been dyed that color.

All of it, not just what was atop her head.

The woman's grit expression had softened somewhat, but only because she found her concerns to be increasingly less... *concerning*. **“Then again, why would I care what happens to some humans...? No, what am I saying? Why am I talking like I'm not a human?”** It was a question promptly answered by a pair of sharp yet painless jolts that erupted from the sides of her skull, the end result weighing them down. The product of this discomfort? Black, barbed horns that reached about eight inches out to either side before curling inward.

For all she was paralyzed, Shinobu was not unfeeling. The heft of these horns was immediately known to her, and she internally questioned it for a second. Yet something in her mind flipped and she abruptly tossed any concern aside. *Those are my horns, why would I find them strange?*

What she most certainly *didn't* find strange was a warmth that had begun to spread throughout her flesh. *Because it was very pleasant.* But before she could reap any benefits of that pleasantness, there was still something else that had to be prepared first.

Her stature.

Had she been able to move, the demon slayer certainly would have wobbled and perhaps even fallen due to the perceived tremors that wracked her posture, yet the hakama pants of her uniform revealed the cause – because they no longer completely reached down to her footwear, nor did her haori completely hide her arms. There was also the *small* issue of her jacket and white button-up undershirt untucking from her pants so that you could see her bellybutton and beyond. Her coat was tight around her shoulders, as her hips were around her pants.

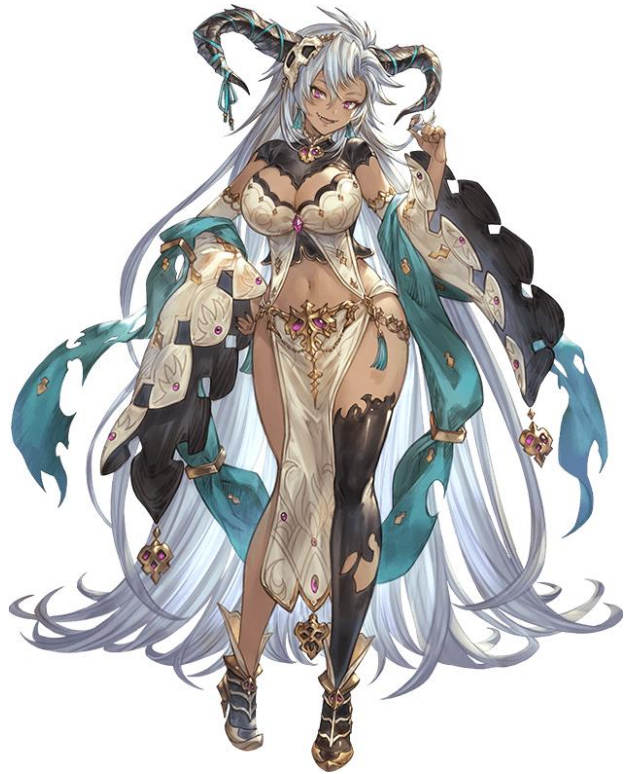
And Shinobu's point of view? It had jumped *dramatically*. The young woman's frame had grown up to an *astounding* 6'10", a height that was dramatically past what even the tallest of humans could aspire to reach. Peering down though? She didn't find anything wrong with it. She felt *powerful*. It felt *right*. And she'd feel even more powerful with a few more notable adjustments.

She could tell what they were, and practically purred an "*Mmm*" thanks to how the warmth in her loins and breasts built. Beginning with the latter, it was easy enough to see the *already* ill-fit upper wear tighten around what was clearly ballooning beneath them. Before long *all* of her shirt and jacket were encasing her bosom, and even then it seemed incapable of containing mass that had surpassed her head in size. "*Oh!?*" was all she gasped as tanned flesh essentially forced the front of her outfit to explode, *U-cup* breasts by a human skill bouncing and jiggling, savoring the cool of the night air.

They were *huge*, but since she was such a tall individual now they also didn't look stupendous.

That benefit was applied in equal measure down below, for hips that had already pushed her hakama's limit ultimately began to cut through the cloth at the behest of both her ass *and* her thighs. Cloth tightened around them in an attempt to restrict the growth that was occurring, but might like her top? There was a limitation that gave out all at once, and eventually tatters fell from taut, tanned skin that was incredibly shiny and appealing. Each thigh was wider than any human's entire body, and if she were to sit on anyone with an ass that big? They ran the risk of getting caught in her cheeks.

“Hmph. Is this what mortals refer to ‘outgrowing your past self?’” Shaking her arms, the bombastically ‘large’, tanned woman watched as tatters of clothing she couldn’t quite recall putting on fell to the forest floor beneath her. To be fair, *Fediel* did somewhat grasp her circumstances. She understood roughly that she had just filled the shoes of another, thus the wording of her comment. But past that? It wasn’t all that concerning to her. She forgot merely a moment later!



While she was tall and had horns though, could she *truly* be seen as a demon? She certainly had the proportions of a succubus and the horns of a soul-sucker, but in truth? Her visage was that of a great dragon, one that was usually shrouded in darkness. But hey! What was a dragon if not a monster? Demons were monsters too, and were they not one in the same? Fediel herself certainly didn’t care about the semantics. Nor the fact that she was nude. Her mind followed only a single track.

“**I hunger!**”