

DEMON STAYER

FINAL CH: SERVE-ITUDE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Huh! It’s kind of misty tonight, isn’t it?”

Compared to the many, *many* other demon slayers that fell to the power of the mist around the Butterfly Mansion that evening, there was one young woman that only didn’t seem to think anything of it. Mitsuri Kanroji, the Love Hashira, had been planning on visiting that mansion uninvited as she often did. She was close with the Insect Hashira, Shinobu, after all, and she loved surrounding herself with cute things.

The girls at the Butterfly Mansion were all *adorable*! Mitsuri had a lot of younger siblings herself, so she had something of a soft spot for those that were younger than her – even if she was still only nineteen herself. So of *course* she would make a habit of going over there whenever she wasn’t dispatched on a mission or otherwise relaxing! But with all of the movement on behalf of Muzan’s forces lately? She had been much too busy to stop by.

Now, she had gotten as far as the mansion from the forest without displaying any of the ill effects the others had exhibited upon immediately inhaling the mist, and there was a reason for that. While still being human, the young woman’s physical disposition was a little *different* compared to most. She had superhuman strength despite being such a frail looking woman, and that had a number of other effects such as increased resilience.

Or more plainly put? Her body had been naturally resisting the effects because the concentration in the air was too thin. She had arrived after the thickest of it had rolled through the outside. Did this mean that Mitsuri was *immune* to its effects? Well... *Not really*. But she did have a

level of resistance that the others hadn't been afforded. If only she had known something was wrong.



“Hello!? Woah, the mist is *way* thicker in here! How’d it even get inside!?” The girl had used the building’s side door, and in doing so had entered through the mansion’s parlor, which was more of a café than anything. She knew that Shinobu and the girls often used it for tea time, and was hoping to find them there. But all she found was an empty room with *much* thicker mist than what had been outside. It was obviously more concentrated because it was caught inside... *maybe*.

The mist was so thick she coughed on it a moment. **“Bleh! Why is it so... *Huh?*”** It took a moment, but Mitsuri found something *off*. Her movements were slowing down, which was actually still somehow *better* than what the others had been experiencing. It didn’t take long for her strength to lose out to the influence of the mist altogether though. **“I can’t move!?”**

She grit her teeth in a manner that was almost cute, trying to puff out her shoulders so that she could prompt herself to take a step. And yet? Nothing came of it. Though her teeth *did* seem to gnash together a little strangely. Mostly around her canines, which appeared a touch *sharper* through open lips? **“Nothing... Am I stuck like this!? Did this happen to everyone!?”** Was everyone else in the mansion standing around like statues? That wouldn’t be good!

Though Mitsuri didn’t realize that she probably should have been a little more concerned about *herself* past the paralysis. To begin with, if it had been *true* paralysis then she wouldn’t have been able to move her mouth – which she absolutely could. But it also wasn’t *simply* paralysis if you examined her body at large. Signs of it had already been seen in her teeth, but there were greater and more obvious indicators.

Even though she was super strong despite her arms not largely reflecting this, for example? There was still *some* built muscle to those arms of hers – and it definitely existed around her tummy. But the little strength that was visually evident was dissipating all at once, leaving her arms even more like noodles than ever, and her tummy soft (*though not in an unpleasant way*).

A direct result of this overall softening, Mitsuri’s figure was left looking a touch fuller because there was a little more fat to it. Which was actually saying quite a bit, because compared to most of the women her

age? The Love Hashira had an above average bust size and a matching ass and thighs that were highlighted by her uniform with its open chest and short skirt. Except... while all of these area initially grew only *slightly* bigger due to her change in build? Things promptly barreled towards the realm of the unnatural in that regard.

In the grand scheme of things, however? It was much more noticeable when it came to the woman's *chest* than really anywhere else, helped by how the front of her uniform was already open to show off the full center of her cleavage. **"Eh? Why does it feel a little tight all of a sudden?"** She was referring to the uniform in question, but she didn't have the movement range in her neck to tilt her head down to see.

The tightness could only really be caused by one thing, really. Or *two* things that fell under the same umbrella. Because the size of Mitsuri's already notably large tits? They began to swell towards the realm of the unfathomable, bearing more resemblance to the immense bosom you'd more likely find on a popular courtesan than anything.

The sides of her jacket were quickly forced to part even more significantly than they had before as breasts became fuller in weight but also rounder and more pronounced in size. **"Is something *like*, wrong with my chest?"** The woman, strangely, spoke her question in an unusually vapid manner. She felt like she could almost see the tips of her breasts looking down with all of her strength? This creamy flesh was completely exposed now, eye-sized areola and all, with each tit as big as her head and jiggling with every breath she took.

If you followed the curves of her waistline down to her hips, you could soon see that those hips were wider than they had been before as well. This wasn't random nor for naught, but a necessary change prompted by the swell of flesh in the surrounding area. Her thighs, for example? They bloated several inches in thickness, prompting the thigh highs she was already wearing to grip them with such an intensity that where skin met cloth was bulging gratuitously.

Whereas Mitsuri's *ass*? The sorry excuse for an undergarment that was common in this era tightened around cheeks that keenly blew up in mass, cloth tearing and her skirt lifting up so that her pale cheeks could be seen from behind without anyone having to lift it themselves. Scraps of these undergarments fell to the floor of the parlor, ultimately revealing her pussy and a bush of hair that was, strangely, *black*.

"Something's *totally* wrong, but is it? I *kinda* feels right too? *Weird!*" Her voice was already airy, but something about it felt even emptier than air. The way she was beginning to talk was like *no* way that anyone in this era did, and in fact? Her mind had begun to wander to

concepts that didn't exist in this era as well. Like what was a *bikini*? She was thinking how good it would look as part of her uniform! But not the kind of uniform she was wearing now.

Even her expression was a little sillier, with her fangs now poking out from lips that certainly seemed fuller than before this had all began. The moles underneath both of her eyes had already been in the process of fading, but now? They were completely gone – with her eyes themselves brightening up with a pink rather than their usual green. The skin of her face was both softer and cleaner, almost as if cleaning products that shouldn't have been available to her had been. And with a slightly smaller nose and higher cheek bones? Well, she didn't much look like herself any longer.

“Oh, I'm way sure I'm starting to be able to move again!” She could move a finger? That was good! But what *wasn't* good, arguably, was how the layered pink and green of her hair was darkening. It eventually took a consistent dark brown, yet the bottom layer had been dyed a bright pink. Another feat that should have been impossible in this era. Her braids unfurled, and all of this hair straightened to fan out behind her.

Mitsuri eventually managed to roll her shoulders, but a squeak of surprise jumped from her lips. **“AHHH!?”** Because she had been taken by surprise by a blinding light that had radiated from *all of her skin*, this pink eviscerating the clothing she was wearing and leaving her butt naked in the parlor. **“Oh, my power was just leaking out a second? Totally weird!”** But she just shrugged it off as if she understood. Despite her appearances, had she become something extremely powerful by chance?

Speaking to *whatever* that was, her body soon earned a number of new growths. Such as a pair of sharp horns that curved out from atop her head, or the thin batwings that fluttered out from beneath her shoulder blades. Not to mention the long, ropey tail that culminated with a point from the base of her tailbone.

“Hm? Hmhmm~!?” Able to move now, the buxom succubus danced around the parlor curiously – which prompted her big breasts and squishy thighs to jiggle around rhythmically as she did so. **“Hey! Is this like, totally a café!? It totes looks like one, but hmm...”** Naked and clearly uncaring about it, she crossed her arms beneath a chest that she sensually puffed out into the air. The mist was thinning now too, so her adept demonic eyes were getting a touch less use.

Her dialect was not ‘modern’ to the era she was in, but it was certainly much more ‘modern’ had she been in the future. But a demon from that era was what had been imprinted on the woman, who would now go by the name of *Mimi*. It wasn’t her *real* name, but it was a pet name for the field that she was in. That field? Customer service! She ran a maid café!



Of course, Mimi also had a loose sense of what was going on here. She’d been summoned because of some evil demon’s whims, and she didn’t really like that. But at the same time? She also didn’t really *care* so long as he left her alone. “**I bet I could totally set up shop here! Sell some drinks, get some girls...**” Because they didn’t just sell drinks at *her* cafés. They sold sex as well! What? She was a succubus! “**But who could I enlist to work here?**”

Fortunately for Mimi, there was an entire *mansion* full of hot single demons that might do just that.