

CUPRUPTION II

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hey! Let go of me! Where’s Wendy!? Answer me!”

A pair of Tartaros soldiers pulled a cat-like being into the prison of their home base without addressing the animal’s cries for answers. They had merely done as instructed, not at all caring for the creature’s rights nor feelings. Tartaros just, quite simply, wasn’t that kind of guild. They were evil through and through, so very much so that their plans involved blowing up the continent itself regardless of the loss of life it may bring.

Her tiny body thrown to the ground, the cat scrambled up onto her paws before running to the bars. **“What are you doing!?”** Despite looking like a white cat that stood on two legs with an exceptionally large head, this girl was actually a member of the Exceed race. Hailing from a parallel dimension, her kind was quite rare even in this world. But this girl, Carla, had made herself a home alongside the Sky Dragon Slayer of Fairy Tail, Wendy Marvell.

A girl who had been missing for some hours now. Carla had been looking everywhere for her, flying across the battlefield (*for Exceed had wings*) while clinging to the hope that they would be reunited. Tartarus had sadly found her first and shot her out of the sky before dragging her to this place. Now she was in a prison with no apparent means of escape.

Teeth grit together, she’d been about to try and squeeze through a gap in the bars before a magic circle suddenly appeared beneath her. **“Huh!?”** Before the Exceed could even react, magic power burst up from the circle and berated her body. No, it wasn’t magic!? It was a curse! It acted quickly, and Carla’s point of view suddenly shot up dramatically until

the paws that had been holding the bars? They were full on human hands.

“W-Wait!? What happened... I’m a human!?” Carla stared down at herself, noting her previous outfit had been refitted to match her current proportions. Long arms with hand that sported four fingers and a thumb each. Slender legs, and what looked like a smaller bosom protruding against the underside of her top... Even her face was soft and fleshy, a head of white hair complimenting feline ears and a tail. **“Who did this!?”**

Had this timeline been allowed to develop as intended, Carla would actually learn the magic that would allow her to shift to this form at will in the near future. But in this case? In this erred timeline? It was a form that had been forced upon her. **“That’s easier to work with. Changing you from a cat would have been too much work.”**

Both her cat ears and the human ears on the sides of her head registered the sound of a man’s voice speaking from nearby, but she couldn’t tell exactly where that voice was coming from. Furthermore, the curse circle beneath her was glowing once more, robbing the feisty girl of her voice. The man, on the other hand? He continued to speak. **“I didn’t want to go to the effort, but if Seilah requested it, then...”** He certainly sounded *tired*. Yet he didn’t say much else after the fact. Instead, Carla could feel the intensifying burn of the circle’s influence.

“G-G-GAH!? WHAT IS THIS!? TORTURE!?” The Exceed couldn’t tell if the one who had cast this curse upon her was there anymore. All she knew was the pain and discomfort of having this power reverberate through her very being, promising to twist not only her body, but her very ego as well. Carla just hadn’t prepared herself for the possibility that either case was in the cards, based on what she’d seen of Tartaros’ demons thus far.

But whether she expected it or not, that did not change the fact that the curse power of the demon who’d conjured this circle, Necrosis, was already beginning to affect her in meaningful ways. One need not look much farther than her feline ears to see that. Then again, one might have instead noted that the second, human pair on her head’s sides had grown pointed long before any of those signs became apparent.

It was green fur that plagued the cat ears though. Not at all a typical color for a cat, but perhaps one might find on an Exceed (*if Happy’s blue fur were any indicator*), the white was quickly swept up in this leafy color – and just as quickly, the snowy tone of her hair was lost among it as well. In fact, green permeated throughout every hair upon

his body. Be it her the fur of her tail, her eyebrows, thin hairs upon her arms, or even the hair above her crotch.

Were that all it did to her ears and hair, however, it might not have been nearly as alarming. But the shapes of Carla's ears lost their perfect, perky, triangular shapes and began to sag a little down either side of her head. As they drooped more and more, they actually lengthened with the tips stretching farther from the base until they were practically double the length. And the fur that lined them? It was shaggier, with the green of the undersides a little lighter than the tops.

“What’s happening... to me...!?” Forced to hold the prison bars to keep herself from doubling over, Carla couldn't make heads nor tails of her situation. The fluffiness of her hair, now green, was completely lost as it all straightened and took on an edgier styling that jaggedly darted around behind her, as bangs ended up pulled straight behind her. In doing so, they revealed feather-like markings in the corners of her forehead, contributing to an increasingly demonic appeal that strayed from her Exceed nature. **“It hurts, damn it!”** Without realizing it, her verbiage was even growing rougher.

The Exceed's tail had been allowed to bask in the glow of green that had decorated the rest of her hair, but apparently its inclusion most certainly had been for naught. For, before long, the sound of its bones cracking like a whip could be heard, its length diminishing so quickly that it looked to snap against the back of her leg before disappearing into obscurity.

If Carla had assumed her transformation to be jarring thus far, then she truly hadn't been at all prepared for what came next. The fingers that were laced around the bars began to quiver with such an intensity that she instinctively let go, and by turning her palms to meet her eyes something terrible was revealed to her. The flesh of her palms and fingers alike, it was all *hardening*.

“AH!?” The fleshier features of her human hands diminished, the pink of her skin dulling into a silvery gray that did not appear to hold any water to speak of. There was no softness to them at all, almost appearing mechanical. **“My... goddamn hands!?”** The joints between her palms and fingers looked artificial, and the hands themselves became heavier and heavier in the back – forcing her to turn them over. On the outside, steel fingers almost looked like claws, jutting long, and curling into sharp claws without nails to speak of, hands looking like ornate combat gauntlets rather than biological digits.

Carla exhaled sharply. **“I’m becoming a monster!? Stop it!”** That made the most sense, right? Only a monster could have hands – claws –

like these. And she could feel it swirling around inside of her, something sinister, something... *sadistic*. Because other than fear, the only thoughts she had regarding these claws were *how she could use them to bring others pain*. Somehow such a thought *excited* her.

Feeding on this excitement, bumping scales soon spread across her feet. She could feel her toes swelling as the scales consumed up to her knees, but she was likewise powerless to prevent it as a pair of gigantic, bird-like feet erupted from either shoe.

A blueish purple swirled among her irises, the corners of these eyes pulling wider and given her resting expression a much more sinister look. Well, sinister and *mature*, for the girl's facial features rapidly catapulted themselves into a presumed age range far more advanced than her body suggested. Coated by a purple gloss, her lips grew succulently sized, and her nose a little sharper in angle. Toss in a more worn complexion, and one might assume she was a woman in her late twenties if not for, well, *everything else*.

But if you've read the first entry of this series, you'll know that *everything else* falls in line eventually.

“Ugh, why does everything feel so damn tight!?” The transformation's pain was dulling as her body became more accustomed to the curse power that had made itself a home within her flesh, yet now she was struggling with a different problem: her clothes didn't quite feel like they fit. That was truly of no surprise to hear, not if one took a quick look at her.

...And then *looked up a little* because she wasn't as short as she had been just a moment before. As if puberty had been piled onto her all at once, Carla was springing up like a weed during a spring shower. The white undershirt beneath her open jacket had already forcibly been untucked from her red skirt, her spine several inches longer so that her clothes no longer covered everything they should. Her belly was left bare, but lengthier legs also yanked her tights down to her knees so that her thighs were equally bare as well.

“I'm growing? Heh, as I should be.” After a back and forth where her voice's pitch had jumped up and down, it eventually settled on something that was *deeper, older, more powerful*. The Exceed – if she could even be considered one any longer – was increasingly confident in herself and less concerned about her transformation. In fact, it was through her own will that she ran her claws across her body, allowing her ill-fitting attire to fall to the ground in tatters.

Fundamentally, she understood what was coming. Her body had already matured in terms of height, but in the face of the figure her memories had begun to anticipate, she would have been asking for trouble were she to remain clothed. Not that her old outfit would have lasted much longer.

Carla's hips suddenly swung out with gravitas, adding a sway to her eventual steps that would be utterly undeniable. Even more so with oncoming weight that would be swung from side to side *as* she walked. For, her ass? With an enticing jiggle it promptly blew out behind her. The skin around her cheeks was stretched to their absolute limit, a firmness still kept to their design that meant they wouldn't bounce all over the place unprompted. But even so, each cheek was roughly the size of her head, and she'd be an absolute treat to watch walk from behind.

“Ooh...” What was once pain had now turned to pleasure as her flesh was continuously reworked to flourish. Her ass looked like it wouldn't stop growing until it burst, but before it reached that point? Any further excess slithered downward into her legs. See, widened hips had left a fairly sizable gap between her legs, one that needed to be filled. And her thighs? They keenly obliged, bulging out until they touched one another in the center. Rubbing them against one another felt good, so much so that she returned to bringing a claw to the prison bars to keep herself stable.

All that remained of her old self was her lackluster bust size, something that didn't exist on Carla's Exceed body anyways. The human form that had been given to her was a direct equivalent of what she would have looked like were she born a human though, so that teeny bust was authentic. *Was* being the key word.

Nipples had already hardened from her arousal, but that growth expanded until it even their roundness and coin sizing became engorged. Nips that were once the size of a dime at best suddenly found themselves taking after a large gold piece, and this was to speak nothing of the fat that amassed beneath them.

“Finally! Complete me!” Carla couldn't even fathom resisting the change now. She wanted to feel powerful, to feel sexy – she was drunk on such concepts now, to the point that she was willing to throw her old self away and embrace a more demonic lineage. Answering her commands, her breasts soon swelled, bouncing with each surge of weight that saw them round and balloon, slapping against her rib cage and meeting the gingerly touch of her free claw.

But no, this wasn't the time for this. Impressive as her F-cup tits were, she could tell she was being watched. And by a *man* no less. Gross.

As if to put an end to that, the woman clapped her claws together. In response to the curse power that was emitted, a purple leotard that revealed ample cleavage took shape, while a striped jacket that only covered her neck, shoulders and arms overlapped. Black bands wrapped around her knees, concealing the point where her regular legs turned into birds' feet, but the piece de resistance? It was the white helmet that encapsulated her long, green hair. Complete with a mask that concealed all but her mouth and eyes, it created an air of mystery.

An impressively sized bosom heaved as the demonic-looking woman it belonged to attempted to steady her breathing. The process through which her body had been reshaped had not been one without stimulation, and whether it was the sensitivity of her bosom, the twinge of her loins, or the rubbing of her thick thighs together, she'd become rather hot and bothered by the entire ordeal.



Even with her clothing reformed as it had been, little was left to the imagination. Much of her breasts were exposed even with the straps holding cloth to their bases, and her thighs were amply revealed. If anything, there was an eerier appeal to the woman created by the large, green ears that poked out from under her head gear, as well as the monstrous claws that extended from beneath either sleeve.

Kyouka wasted no time putting those claws to work, and with a single slice completely dashed the bars that trapped her within her cell. On some fundamental level she comprehended her circumstances. That she had not been *Kyouka* until just moments ago. But the original? She had been felled by Erza Scarlet of Fairy Tail, and so her own legitimacy at this juncture could no longer be challenged.

“I can tell that you’re there, Seilah.” Two presences lurked within the shadows of the hallway that led into the prison chamber, and from said shadows another woman eventually strut, before breaking out into a full run and leaping at *Kyouka* with the expectation that she’d be caught. Begrudgingly, *Kyouka* did so, if only to feel the softness of the other demon’s breasts against her own. **“This is your doing? You were...”**

“SHHH! Don’t say it! We don’t need to think about those days anymore, right?” Before Kyouka could finish that thought, Seilah lifted a finger up to her lips to shush her. Past lives could be recalled, but as they felt so powerful, so sexy, so in love – neither of them truly had any desire to return to being a pair of goodie two shoes’ brats. Being demons simply the best, and Kyouka could not deny that as her desires as Carla dwindled further. **“It doesn’t matter as long as it’s just you and me!”**

Seilah leaned in for a kiss, something Kyouka returned in kind. Before they could get any farther, however, another demon stepped forth from the shadows. Necrosis, the one whose curse had transformed the pair of them in the first place. **“I don’t mean to be pushy, ladies, but it seems Tartaros is doomed. What are our plans?”** Mard Geer was fighting Natsu Dragneel and Gray Fullbuster as they spoke, and Necrosis had no loyalty to speak of for Tartaros’ guild master.

Then again, it appeared neither of the women before him did either. Knowing Fairy Tail had already bested their originals made the decision all the easier. It was Kyouka that would give the answer after giving one of Seilah’s breasts a squeeze with her claws. **“It’s obvious, isn’t it? We flee. Tartaros can fall with Mard Geer. We’ll live to fight our battles another day.”** As if to agree, Seilah nodded.

“I see. A very astute decision, ladies. Let us be off.”