

LITTLE DEMON ACADEMIA

FINAL CHAPTER: SMITTEN

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Diana is so cute when she's sleeping!

Such was the thought of one Atsuko Kagari as she peered over the edge of Diana Cavendish's bed with no shortage of mischief in her extraterrestrial gaze. She *wasn't* Akko anymore of course, not really. She was the host for an evil from the depths of space that had been unleashed upon the mortal realm. Her personality had been retained, but she had undoubtedly been corrupted.

The state of Luna Nova Academy at this juncture was proof of that. Whether they had been her peers, teachers, or even care staff; they had all been transformed into monsters and demons that were running rampant throughout the campus and beyond. Well, most of them were probably asleep *or* fucking at this point?

But a singular human remained. Diana had been left alone until this point because she wished to savor her transformation at the very end. Of course, she would spread chaos far past the borders of Luna Nova once Diana had been corrupted and transformed, but changing Diana would be a fitting end to the chapter of her abandoned youth.

Cthulu-chan couldn't help herself any longer. As much as she wished to savor Diana's cute sleeping face until the end of time, she'd soon wake up on her own and ruin it all. She had been very careful in choosing her partner's form – something that would remain loyal to her, and

something that enjoy the throes of passion just as much as Akko was now finding herself to be. They could still be together forever.



And in fact, there would be no way for Diana to even *want* it to be any other way.

The eyes of the girl in question fluttered open not long after, after feeling what felt like a kiss upon her lips. “**Hm...? What a strange dream.**” Had she been dreaming about Akko again? It had been happening so much lately that she wouldn’t have been surprised if that really *had* been the case. Pushing herself up in her bed she found that her room was empty. No mysterious kisser? A shame.

It wasn’t at all surprising to her that her room would be empty at this hour though. Despite having the best grades out of her friend circle, she didn’t really subscribe to getting up *too* early. Clad in a pair of light blue pajama shorts that were cut above her thighs and a simple, white tee, she sleepily pulled herself up onto her two feet and stretched. She felt a

little warm though.

At first she didn’t pay this warning sign any mind at all. It wasn’t at odd at all to feel a difference in temperature after just climbing out of bed in the morning, right? “**Is potions class first this morning? I suppose Hannah and Barbara must have marked it on the calendar.**” Because the daily schedule rotated, it wasn’t uncommon for Luna Nova students to accidentally go to the wrong class once in a while. The three of them kept a calendar beside the open window in the room’s corner, and Diana shuffled over to check.

While doing so, though, her hair appeared to be graying? At least that was what it looked like initially, because silver strands stood unusually apparent against the irregularly colored layers of blonde that was passed down through her family tree. At first they were little more than the off glint within her mane, but slowly but surely they overcame her natural color to claim her entire head. It was only once the color was complete that it was evident that it wasn’t exactly *silver*, but more of a snow white.

And it looked just a fluffy as fresh fallen snow to boot. Shorter in the back than it was originally, there was an appealing *pomf* to how it looked. It *wasn’t* actually a sheep’s wool, it was much too soft for that,

but it definitely elicited that aesthetic visually. The fact that the style changed was actually much more obvious on the front of her head, because long bangs had shortened, and the hair that frames her face dangled down to her shoulders in a very straight fashion before developing fluffy tips at the base. The white had spread into her eyebrows and pubic hairs too, and both areas had become just as fuzzy as the top of her head had.

This all happened in the time it took Diana to reach her calendar. **“Potions. I was right. I should make sure I have the right books then...”** While her finger trailed the days on the calendar something *appeared* on her head. Not literally *on* it, but it floated about an inch away from her head. It was a bright red heart, almost cartoonish in design. The very moment it appeared, her line of thought was completely derail. **“...I wonder if I wore a white t-shirt and spilled a potion on it, would anyone—? EH? What am I...?”**

What was with that depraved line of thinking!?! Never in her life had she ever had such indecent thoughts! But she couldn't exactly deny that she'd had them, not when she'd spoken those thoughts aloud! Things were even worse than the witch had realized though. Her pupils had expanded within her eye, yet they didn't retain their shapes whatsoever. Instead they looked like little, black hearts... at least until their colors inverted into white. Her blue irises around them also changed, turning an eerie, supernatural crimson that better matched the white of her hair.

As well as the *three* hearts that were now floating around her hairline.

“If I bent myself over in class for every— STOP it!” While Diana herself couldn't see the hearts in order to draw this conclusion, it certainly seemed that the number of hearts correlated with her level of depravity. The witch felt downright *horny* now, and she couldn't wholly stop her mind from wandering towards the idea of putting herself into provocative scenarios intentionally. Of course, she was only a teenager, and so—

Oh, scratch that. The assertion that she was a teenager was one that was being corrected at that very moment. It was made simple enough to see by the fit of her bedwear at any rate. Diana was actually growing *taller*, with her limbs and torso alike stretching so that she was roughly three inches taller by the end of this spurt. It was enough to pull her shirt up so that her bellybutton was completely bare, and after trying to pull it down, not thinking much about *why* it had happened, she just gave up. Not because she no longer cared, though.

The more skin I show the better, right? I could get pounced at any time...

A fourth heart appeared over the young woman's head – facial features now more befitting of the adult age her height was suggesting. This face was still very much *Diana*, but the subtle wear indicated she was in her early to mid-twenties at least. With her thoughts growing more depraved, she found herself passively biting her lower lip as the image of being penetrated became more vivid in her mind. But beneath the pressure of her bite, those lips swelled to proportions that were practically porn-star degrees of thick.

RIIIIIIIP!

Speaking of *thick*, or *t h i c c* in this case, the sound of her pajama shorts tearing at the sides was accompanied suddenly by the waistband of the garment snapping. “*Oh!?*” The voice with which the witch cried out with was deeper and airier, almost sounding a little turned on? Well, she was *lot* turned on. Enough so that the band snapping against her hips awakened a rather strange kink within her. *Pain isn't so bad once in a while!*

Perhaps it was a little strange that she was more fixated on that rather than the fact that it seemed her shorts had just exploded (*even though they were still holding on despite their tears for now*), but as Diana now saw it? Shorts were only just getting in the way anyways! The cause of the clothing malfunction was certainly blatant just looking below the young woman's waist. A waist that, mind you, remained just as tiny as before.

Everyone south of it, though, had done the exact opposite. Her hips had bulged *inches* wider, and while that might have appeared rather excessive initially, they presented a great deal of opportunity for her ass and thighs to swell. They were actually the greater proponent when it came to bursting her shorts in the first place.

“*Mmn...*” A moan jumped from Diana's lips thanks to cloth tightening around her loins. It rubbed into her pussy, and from the exterior of the shorts not only could you see her cameltoe, but a wet spot was beginning to soak through as well. With her ass bloating so vigorously that a tear formed downward directly in the back to reveal the depths of her crack, and with short legs squeezing thicc, juicy thighs until they looked like water balloons on the verge of bursting, it was no surprise that the strain was too great.

And so she just ripped them off with a single pull. Which really *shouldn't* have been possible. Diana's natural strength wasn't that great before. *But now it was!* The cool morning air teased a pussy that was

still moist, and a hand firmly teased the full cheeks of her ass with delight. Seven. There were now seven hearts above her head. The woman could hardly contain just how aroused and ready to go she was. But she still didn't plunge fingers into her pussy. Something instinctual was telling her *not yet*.

The reason? She needed that hand free if the pressure building within her chest were any indicator. "**Oh, yeeeeees!**" A bead of drool leaked from between her lips and soaked into her short below. Said shirt was growing incredibly tight because her breasts within were expanding keenly, nipples that were rock hard from her arousal looking even fuller, to the point that it looked like they might tear through the top all on their own. They didn't get the chance though, not before Diana tore the shirt off of her own volition, allowing breasts that were already D-cups to bounce about like wild beasts that had finally been freed from their cage.

At what point had her strength grown so inhumanly strong? Looking at her now, it might have been better to question whether or not she was even still human, actually. So wrapped up in pleasure, the eruption of a pair of horns from the peaks of her head had gone unnoticed. They weren't particularly long, but they were sharp and black – kind of like those horns you could get on a headband for Halloween costumes, but real.

Although those horns weren't exactly alone either. Since she was buck naked, and now enthusiastically playing around with her fully expanded, E-cup bosom the area around her waist was completely exposed. That made it easy to see the skin around her tailbone darkening to black, which then led to that patch growing, and growing, and growing. It flickered back and forth the very moment there was enough control to do so, ultimately gaining a fork at the tip.

"**Mnn... Nn... OH...!**" She eventually fell back onto the lowest bunk of the nearby bunkbed, making the unholyest of noises while fingers grew even more chaotic in their fondling and grabbing. Her body, now rivaling any great porn star in figure, wriggled around with glee while eight hearts bounced around her head. Each heart was just as bright crimson as her face!

To say it was hard to keep her hands off of herself at the transformation's end would have been an understatement. While in most cases a new costume had appeared to replace the ruined remains of the transformee's old outfit, no such thing appeared in *Modeus'* case – at least not on her body. Instead, all of Diana's drawers had been filled with the same suit, skirt, and crimson turtleneck combination several times indicating that it was the *only* outfit that she wore.

It was just more convenient to leave the *demon* naked considering she was massaging and fingering herself so violently. Her bare body shone in the morning sun with her sweat to reflect all the light, and she was moaning and panting almost violently. **“Want a hand~? Or, I guess, a tentacle!?”** The voice of a young woman accompanied the feeling of a number of *things* rubbing up and down the demon’s body.

Modeus was stimulated further by what she recognized as tentacles, and shuddered and moaned some more. **“O-Oh! Yes, Cthulu-sama!”** The one fondling her flesh had come into view, a woman with green skin and tentacles straddling her pelvis while her appendages got to work groping the demon’s breasts, ass, as well as probing her pussy all in tandem with each other.



This was the monster to whom she owed a debt of giving her this supple, sexual form. This was the monster that had chosen *her* to be her partner for all of eternity. It wasn’t a bad deal, right? Through Cthulu-chan’s powers, she could be given *any* form, do *anything*. She could experience all kinds of crazy sex, even the unthinkable and impossible! For a nymphomaniac such as herself this was the ultimate existence. She had truly found someone she could love with all of her being in—

“Actually, feel free to call me Akko!”