

LITTLE DEMON ACADEMIA

CHAPTER 9: FUR AFFINITY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Barbara was the second of Diana Cavendish's roommates to wake up that morning, not at all perplexed by Hannah's absence. She knew her closest friend's habits well, and she was no doubt already at the shared baths soaking in her early morning routine. Barbara Parker was also an early riser, but it wasn't for the sake of bathing.

A good witch needed to make sure that her body was in good shape as well, so she usually went down to the track to run some laps before hitting the baths. At times she bumped into Amanda down there, but dressed in some loose fitting gym clothes it appeared she was alone. **"Strange. Whomever used the storage room last night didn't close it after leaving."** Should she report that to one of the professors the next she saw one?

Well, there weren't any professors left in this academy now. Barbara just quite simply didn't know this yet.

It *was* strange. Normally on such a beautiful morning there would typically be at least ten girls down at the track running laps, and Barbara herself was actually a little later than normal. But it was utterly vacant, not a trace of a singular soul short of herself. It had been that way in the halls on her way down to the field, too. Perhaps she was just overthinking things? What was the worst that could have happened, really? Everyone was turned into horny monster women at the behest of a cosmic entity? Hah!



Pushing these ‘irrational’ worries in the back of her mind, the witch took off down the track with all of her strength. She wasn’t among the fittest of girls in the academy, but that was part of the reason she was training herself! If she wasn’t strong then she couldn’t expect to stay at Diana’s side forever, right? Not to mention Hannah, whose affections she secretly desired. This all crossed her mind as she ran.

And unbeknownst to her, those thoughts were being read by a hidden observer. **“So she wants to be stronger, huh? Well I’m sure that can be arranged! There’s plenty of strong looking monster ladies across time and space!”** Akko was clearly having *far* too much fun by this point. It didn’t take her long to find the *perfect* form to inflict upon her classmate.

It wasn’t even something that Barbara even initially noticed. Instead it felt more like she’d just received a second wind when she was on the cusp of nearing exhaustion. **“Wow. I kind of feel like I could do ten more laps!”** Which was surprising, Barbara would normally feel like she was ready to pass out at this point.

Continuing to run under the belief that it was just a runner’s high or something akin to one, the girl’s body had begun to change without her notice. This was, in part, due to Akko’s own preferences. She thought it might be interesting to watch someone change while running, but Barbara would definitely stop if she *noticed*. So she’d forfeit the reaction in favor of a more dynamic-looking show.

Barbara didn’t merely have the energy to continue running, but she found herself bolting faster without any additional fatigue applied. It was a mysterious enough phenomenon to warrant investigating, but because of Akko’s tempering she couldn’t bring herself to consider it. From an outside perspective, on the other hand, the cause was utterly and undeniably obvious.

The muscles in her body had all begun to bulge with a vigor that likely shouldn’t have been possible for a teen of her build. Arms rippled beneath the short sleeves of her white gym top, those sleeves feeling binding briefly before they tore clean off with arms swinging back and forth. Considering her limbs had been like *twigs* before, it was a very dramatic change overall.

A change that carried on into her chest and tummy. Pectoral and abdominal muscles alike tense up as they swelled, an irrefutable eight pack forming against a torso that just appeared to broaden overall. This broadness brought further complication to the situation with her shirt, and almost like she was Hulking out, that shirt tore and tattered thanks to the enhanced broadness of her torso. This wasn't so much a testament to how big she'd gotten as it was a testament to how small and tightly fit the shirt had been, however. Barbara's figure was still *obviously* feminine.

This was all without touching on the part of her body that grew the *most* muscular, and in fact that strength that would soon be applied to her legs was so great that change was forced upon her hips before it could even take root on its own. A strange burst of almost inhuman balance prevented a fall as both of Barbara's hips popped out of place and into wider gaits, leaving a sizable, six inch gap between her thin thighs and tearing the sides of her blue gym shorts. "**Whoa!?**"

Hands flew forward as the hip popping compromised her running posture, but the strength of her legs alone was enough to pull her back into an upright position. The six inch gap between her legs was being put to good work, for the breadth of those individual thighs swelled with powerful muscles that pushed them to sizes that were thicker than even her own head. Not only raw muscle, but some more sensual, fatter tissue made its way into them. Were she standing idly, they would have rubbed up against one another.

Adding to her increasingly bottom heavy boom, the cheeks of her rear soon danced about with just as much vigor and glee as her thighs had. The combination of the two not only shredded her gym shorts, leaving tatters to fall against the track behind her, but her panties were ultimately wedged between muscular cheeks – and remained rooted there even after her waistband snapped. Much like with her thighs, despite how strong her ass cheeks had become, there was still a gentleness to their glow that was contributed by a more sensual, mature fat.

With the strength to match her steadily increasing level of energy, Barbara ran even faster through the track. What would once take her three or so minutes to run in its completion could be done in a single minute, and that was despite the tatters of her clothes continuing to rain down from her body and the fact that a top-heaviness had begun to beset her to better match her lower half.

The girl was already as muscular as could be when it came to her upper body, and so of course this could only be in reference to the tiny breasts that looked even smaller with how hard her pectoral muscles had

become. It didn't take long for that to change, though. Her nipples puffed up and the flesh beneath them did the same, ultimately rendering any remnants of her white top that had clung to her chest moot as breasts became full and bouncy. Very, *very* bouncy as a matter of fact.

By the time they had grown to C-cups they were already jiggling about, free as could be. But they weren't content with stopping at such a meager size. Jiggling turned into outright bouncing as they evolved past any reasonable weight, swelling just a size smaller than Barbara's own head as they flopped about with each step of her run. Nipples hard as could be, when one tit bounced up, the other fell down. Again, and again, and again. It was quite rhythmic, actually.

“Whee! I'm going so faaaast!” It was no secret that Barbara was entirely caught up in the high of her transformation. She felt so fast! So strong! The wind blowing in her hair as she bounded through the entire track in forty-five seconds felt amazing! Although, on a related note? Maybe the wind was compromising its natural color? For a bright pink swept through it, not only corrupting its blue but seeing it lengthen to her ass and restyle itself as well. This hair was just as thick as it was pink, and instead of her forehead being entirely open, bangs hung down with a straight cut across them.

An urge to go faster possessed the maiden as eyes took light with a bright purple, pupils pulling from tiny dots into feline-looking slits in the process. That was just it, though. From the fact that her ears were swelling and pulling up the sides of her head into a pair of fuzzy brown triangles with white tufts in them, to the lengthening and *parting* of her tailbone into a pair of brown, fluffy tails with white tips, she was evidently beginning to look more catlike. Even her smile had pulled into a cute little :3 while her features came to better resemble a young adult to match her more bombastic figure.

Her need for speed ultimately manifested in the strange desire to run on all fours, and before Barbara knew it she had collapsed onto her hands and feet and was continuing at the very same speed. But it became easier to push herself even faster, for hands and feet alike were swelling and flattening. Her fingers and toes not only thickened until they were almost comically large, but sharp white claws were forced from her fingernails and white fur coated her hands and toes.

On their undersides, pink toe beans provided cute looking patches that allowed for enhanced feeling beyond the fluff of her new fur. That fur, though, spread farther. Brown coated the entirety of her huge, monstrous feet – feet that had lost their pinky toes – and it spread up to the bases of her thighs. While on her arms? The same brown ran from her thick, white hands to just past her elbows.

It had been nearly ten minutes since she had started running, and now the *Felyne* woman just couldn't stop. Her body supple and muscular, all four of her big paws trampled over the scraps of her old uniform while her bare tits and pussy took in the morning air. She cared little for her lack of clothes. Life was better if it could be experienced bare and free, right?



“Nyahaha! Run! Run! Run!”

There wasn't even any *reason* for her to run; she just felt like doing it. Her muscles were so toned for a reason, and it was because she was *always* on the move. In a way she supposed she had Cthulu-chan to thank for this glorious form, and she couldn't wait to show it off. To whom? To one very specific person – thanks to feelings that had carried over from her old self.

“I bet if I found Lala right now, even she'd blush at how sexy I am!”