

DEMON STAYER

CH5: MEOW MEOW MIX

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“What? Did that dumbass go off and get lost too? What the hell is taking him so long?”

It wasn't like Inosuke Hashibira to be nervous, and honestly? He *wasn't*. Tanjirou and Nezuko had been late for dinner and Zenitsu had gone out looking for them, simply to *not* return either. He knew where that training spot was too, so it shouldn't have taken all that long to go there and back! But Inosuke wasn't exactly the sharpest tool in the shed, even though when it came to combat there were few at his level that could be considered stronger than him.

So rather than be worried, or think that maybe something had *happened* to his friends? The boy's brain had gone somewhere else instead. **“Are they off having fun without me!? Leaving me behind!?”** Of all the places his mind could have wandered, and of all the theories he could have possibly crafted, that certainly had to be the *strangest*. Which might as well have made it the most Inosuke theory ever.

And thinking that this might be the case? It really boiled the blood of the pig-head wearing kid. How *dare* they just leave *him* behind? While he had been patiently waiting for them to return before eating! Well... *Okay*, he had already snuck down and had a bowl of soup before the others returned, but he also hadn't been planning on tell them that in any capacity.

“AUGH! I'm gonna go chew them out!” Broody stomping of his feet eventually turned into a full on run as he sprinted down the stairs, heading, for some reason, towards the Butterfly Mansion's front door



rather than the back. Unknowingly passing closed rooms containing demons that had already been turned outside reaping the bounties of their changes. Or, well, more crudely put? They were fucking. But had Inosuke really not noticed the mist in the building? Considering his mask, his vision was always slightly askew. It was also helping him avoid inhaling it, seeing as it was relatively thin inside the building.

But because he was running? By the time he had stepped outside he had already inhaled quite a bit. *Enough*, in fact, that his movements had largely locked up. “**Huh!? What the!?**” He couldn’t really

understand *why*. In fact, he didn’t have the *foggiest* idea! “**Is this poison!?**” In a way it reminded him of when they had fought the spider demons all those moons ago, but it wasn’t quite the same either. There wasn’t any pain.

In fact, it didn’t wholly feel *unpleasant*. Quite the opposite.

“**This sucks!**” He had actually wanted to use a courser word, but it had both been substituted with a different word altogether and suffered a voice crack that had momentarily made it sound much, much higher than normal. Of course, his boar mask muffled it somewhat. Just as it concealed that a number of changes had begun to plague his face and what little masculinity it possessed.

Because beneath that mask was a face that was shockingly beautiful, almost girlish all on its own without any changes needed. But the little doubt in that matter that might have been expressed would be soon eroded by the effects of the mist that he had inhaled. A thinner jawline led the charge in this regard, prompting a newfound fullness to see his lips rise and pinken. Flowing upwards, Inosuke’s cheekbones thinned and grew rounder, and his nose shrunk significantly.

While his eyes? They essentially *grew* in size, already lengthy lashes growing longer still, and losing whatever it was that made them seem passively *fierce* all the while. This meant that his gaze was softer now, almost demure, and if the mask wasn’t in the way it would have made it much easier to see how the green of those eyes were also robbed of the

little blue they held in them, transforming them into a yellowish gold instead.

“I need to... move...” The boy’s voice was softer and seemingly permanently higher pitched now, but that wasn’t even the strangest thing about his words. Where had all of his energy gone? Why did he sound so *calm*? Inosuke was basically *never* calm, so it was understandable why this might be concern. Even though so much had changed beneath his mask, though? Things were *still* being shifted, shuffled, and recolored.

Although by this point it was largely his *hair*. Black locks were already long enough to reach his shoulders, and if they grew it was only slight enough to see them slip past that point. His bangs might have become a bit bushier, but on the whole his hairs *did* seem a touch thinner. They were layered too, with those on the top now a touch higher than the rest. But at the same time? Its color transformed, a shimmering silver taking the place of the natural black. Some of these silver locks actually peeked out from underneath his mask, tickling his shoulders and the peak of his chest.

He knew something was *off*, but that was all he knew. He couldn’t look down at himself, *especially* with his boar mask on, and even if he could something deep down would have reassured him that it was normal. Despite the fact that maybe *all of his muscle mass dwindling away* probably wasn’t a normal thing whatsoever. Still, his body had begun to appear physically weaker as abs and pecs faded into softness, arms and legs thinning out.

Except he didn’t really get weaker. He might have even grown physically stronger?

“This is a hassle...” Rather than any of his once boundless energy having returned, it felt like the opposite was true every time he spoke now. He sounded more tired and less interested in talking each and every time. What was even a hassle again? He couldn’t really *remember*. **“Huh!?”** Something did eventually provoke some emotion from him, though. The sensation of his center of balance changing.

The mask continued to be a hindrance, preventing him from properly gauging what was happening. But his body? It was *shrinking*. Thinner now with his muscles faded, his waistline pinched in further still as shoulders crunched in towards each other as well. But that wasn’t really what was relevant here. His height was quickly being shaved off, peeling him down to 4’6” from 5’4”. Eight inches was a pretty dramatic height loss, and his pants only held on because his hips hadn’t changed in size. If he took a single step though? They’d definitely slide off.

Hands and feet were both equally small now too, and there was an effeminate daintiness to their appearance even as they remained frozen at his side. One of the fingers eventually twitched though, revealing that movement was on the verge of returning to him. A few little areas needed to be tweaked first. And these areas were only little because, well, they wouldn't amount to all *that* much in the end.

There was no denying that his destiny was to be a girl in the end, and based on his hidden face and his height, a girl that wasn't physically all that old. The changes to his proportions that followed essentially confirmed this, because while weight was applied in all of the places that were necessary for a young woman? They were still lacking. Like her bare chest that puffed up into a pair of A-cup, barely noticeable aside from the fact that they were just *there*.

Otherwise, his bum became a touch perky, and his thighs a little plump. But the only *truly* dramatic change in this lower area was, well, *her* sex. Her little Inosuke had been robbed from her, and it wasn't even obvious until she finally managed to move a foot forward – because her pants slipped right off and revealed her bare, plush bottom. Along with bare *everything* else. **“What am I wearing?”** And with movement restored, she was much more fixated on pulling off the boar head.

“...Hm? What is... this place?” From *Koneko Toujou's* point of view once she got the head off and threw it to the ground, it was like her mind had just been lifted from a fog, and her awareness had returned. It was just... she wasn't all that aware of her circumstances. Had she not just been back home clinging to Issei's arm? And now she was in a place that seemed far more... antiquated. Or at least that was the impression she got from the very limited view she had with how foggy it was.

But didn't she have some sort of understanding? The mist was the reason she was here? She had actually been someone else a moment ago? Someone smelly, loud, and crude? **“I don't know if I can really believe that...”** It really *did* sound unbelievable. In what world would that happen to her? Though it quickly became a fleeting concern anyways, since when she looked down at her body?



She realized she was completely naked. She was standing in what looked like a pair of fuzzy pants that looked too big for her. And what was with the boar's head? It was a little creepy! **“Maybe I don't *want to know what happened here. But I definitely need something to wear.*”**

And preferably before someone found her.