

LESSER LUCY

COMMISSION STORY

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The land of Fiore was one rich with guilds.

Guilds that attracted the mages of the continent to them, overseen by a government organization that bestowed upon them grants and jobs to do whatever they liked. It was a thorough and effective system, but as was the case with *most* societal systems? There were those that stood as stark opposition to this system. It didn't matter what manner of society had been formed structurally, there were always those that slipped through the cracks.

And in Fiore? Those who slipped through the cracks didn't always do so for *no* reason. To have an official guild on the continent, you *needed* the approval of the higher ups. This was to make sure that no *troublesome* groups ended up gaining government support, and that was ultimately what had given rise to Dark Guilds. Guilds that worked unofficially, often to the detriment of the much more *official* guild offerings.

One of these Dark Guilds was *Monster Haven*. They were a Dark Guild that had collected mages that wielded magic that revolved around monsters, whether it was becoming partially like them, or controlling them, or otherwise. There were few out there that despised the current guild system like Monster Haven did, and they had a particularly large amount of loathing for the guild stationed in Magnolia, Fairy Tail.

“But with *you* in our guild now, we can finally incite some real change... at Fairy Tail's expense, of course!”

They had just brought on a new member with a rather amazing magic.

“Aaaah! A hot bath is the best way to start the day!” Lucy Heartfilia fanned her own face with her hand as she stepped out of her apartment bathroom with a smile on her face. It was still *very* early in the morning, so much so that it was still vaguely dark outside, but the blonde haired woman didn’t really mind. She was *used* to getting up at random times, and it had really been her own fault for going to bed way too early the night before.



She’d had a good reason for it, however. Team Natsu of Fairy Tail had only *just* got back from a quest that had forced them away from home for nearly a month now, and Lucy had been eager to *finally* get some shut eye in her own bed instead of in a sleeping bag on the cold, hard ground. The Celestial Spirit mage had gotten *used* to the camping with time, but nothing beat the comfort of a bed!

“Hm?” Passing by her window, what she *thought* was movement past the pane tricked her into looking over at it with concern. But there was no one there. **“Maybe I should go back to sleep. That’s a *second floor* window, I’d be more concerned if someone actually *had* been there.”** Of course, they could have flown up using magic. But then they would have been watching her in her living room without any clothes on!

Not to say that she was *naked*, mind you. A white towel was tied around her body, tucked over her breasts while showing her cleavage. But Lucy *liked* to show off her cleavage to an extent. Even if she denied it, her outfits *did* have a tendency to show off the valley of her above average bust. **“It’s a little early to get dressed, and I don’t really feel like putting on my dirty pajamas again...”** And so she sat on her couch in only her towel. It wasn’t like anyone could spy on her anyways.

She was confident in *that* much. But that confidence was misplaced, unfortunately for her. Monster Haven’s new mage *had* been watching her, having taken the form of a monster with wings to watch her through the window as he pondered the perfect ‘solution’ to the problem that his guild master had provided to him. He wanted to discredit the official guilds so that the organization fell apart, and if a guild as grand as *Fairy Tail* fell, well...

This young woman seemed like the perfect place to start.

“She doesn’t care much about showing off her body like this, hm?” He had definitely come to the *wrong* impression about what type of woman Lucy was. He had come under the assumption that she was much *bolder* and *horny* than she actually was. Which gave him an idea. **“If that’s the case, then perhaps *this* form will...”** From outside Lucy’s apartment, the mage uttered a spell and allowed his mana to flow into the building.

The effects of which were *immediately* felt by Lucy, although she didn’t really draw the conclusion that she was under the effect of somebody’s magic. She was a young woman with wants and needs, so time and time she *did* feel this way. *Horny*, that is. **“Uh... Is this really the time?”** Her loins definitely felt all warm and tingly, and her body heat was on the rise.

“N-No, it isn’t! I literally *just* took a bath, and I’m not making a mess of myself so soon!” She’d have to clean herself again, and the sun was about to rise. Sometimes Natsu liked to show up randomly at her apartment in the earliest hours of the morning, and she was *not* going to risk that if Happy flew him up to the window. **“I’ll just ignore it.”** It would go away on its own. It usually did as long as she didn’t make matters worse.

But it didn’t.

Lucy’s cheeks pinkened as the urges grew beyond her control. Well, she had enough control to continue to *not* act on them, but she couldn’t cool them off? **“G-Go away, would you!? I’m not interested!”** Not that yelling at her own erect nipples and burning crotch would *fix anything*, but it was just a sign of how desperate she had become about it all. Rather, the intensity of the sensation was simply growing, and as a result her body temperature was rising as well.

The more she burned, the more distracted the mage became from anything else. She always found it hard to focus when she was even a little bit aroused, but with the intensity of it she was practically wobbling back and forth with her towel still affixed to her body. She bit her lower lip with need as she wobbled to and fro, fingers twitching at her sides as she used all her strength to stop herself from ‘putting them to work’, so to speak.

But aside from this? There was *other* visible movement upon her body that shouldn’t have been happening – largely because it was happening in parts of her body where they shouldn’t have even been any movement in the first place. A twitching of her ears was perhaps among the first of

the signs that what Lucy was presently being subjected to was something more than an ‘innocent’ bout of arousal.

Twitching, wriggling; it was subtle, but those ears of hers were moving. Some people had the innate talent to wiggle their own ears, but Lucy was *not* one of them. And even *then*, it wasn’t an act that was being performed consciously, much less at all. This movement was merely an optical illusion created by those ears *growing* and *changing* shape. Their angles were pushed outward so that they peeked out from behind Lucy’s hair, the cartilage curling and the ends pulling into points. They remained relatively short, but there were certainly too long to be a pair of human ears.

Not that their changed shapes added any benefits to her auditory benefits. Her hearing was more or less the same. But they definitely presented her with an almost *inhuman* look that was only capitalized on by her eyes. Aside from her lashes growing slightly longer, the *shapes* of those eyes didn’t really change at all. Rather, it was how the brown of her irises brightened into a red that almost shone that helped contribute to her increasingly otherworldly aura.

“*Mmn...* But I could... N-No! Not the time! Not in the mood!” A lie. **“But I can only deal with this for so long!”** She bit her lower lip again, not even noticing that it was just a *tad* fuller to make her appear a touch ‘sexier’. Mind you, her face would remain otherwise the same throughout now – she wasn’t due for a departure from her present identity by any means. But the reason for *biting* that lip, well...

Lucy’s body felt sensitive to the touch. *Too* sensitive to the touch, in fact. Just the mere act of her towel rubbing up against her skin was building the arousal she felt to uncomfortable lengths. It was something that she could lessen the effects of by stopping any unnecessary movement. But the problem was that things were moving that she didn’t *intend* on having move. Her *breasts*, for example.

“A-Am I going crazy or do they look... *bigger*?” Putting aside the fact that she had practically purred that last word for a moment, her assertion wasn’t really off the mark. The mage knew that her breasts were always above average in terms of size, and in fact her figure was quite gratuitous in general. But looking down at her own cleavage? It felt a little *too* deep.

She had more to work off than just a gut feeling, mind you. When she had gotten out of the bath, she’d been sure to tie the towel around her body so that it hugged her body comfortably without the risk of it sliding off. That had been the case thus far, but now she could *see* the cloth beginning to dig into the fronts of her tits. As if the towel’s contents

were pushing it out, which was in fact that case. “***They’re definitely larger...***” Unable to resist any longer, the woman purred and brought both of her hands up to grab breasts that were now a full cup size larger. “***Mmn...***”

The act of kneading them and pushing them together was a welcome departure from the resistance she’d been putting up thus far, but it wasn’t enough. She needed to be *filled*, but not by herself. “***W-Wait, I want to fuck someone!?***” Usually, merely masturbating would be enough for something like this! ...But what she craved might not have been *just* the fulfillment of an orgasm. Lucy just didn’t understand *what* she desired just yet.

Her form continued to become more lustful, and as it did? While the *style* of her hair remained the same, its color certainly didn’t. Several strands of her usual blonde were dyed a strawberry pink. And then more. And more. The color jumped about until *all* of her hair was dyed the same, and that included her eyebrows and even her bush of pubes – which had incidentally been growing thicker and messier beneath the towel.

“***But who could I even...?***” Natsu might have been the most asexual person she had ever met, but even then, her teammates had to be off limits, right!? But could she really uphold that standard forever? Her mental state was degrading, with inhuman instincts taking root in her body and soul. This inhumanity was eventually portrayed even *further* visually, with two silver growths protruding from her head. They started above her ears, sharp points with a grooved surface forming a pair of horns that had to be at least eight inches long.

The horns of a *demon*.

Natsu was pretty attractive, wasn’t he? He was muscular and fit, and she *had* seen his huge dick in the past. The very thought of which was causing drool to pool in the corner of her lips beneath canine teeth that had sharpened into fangs. All the while, the *back* of the woman’s towel seemed to end up compromised in terms of fit next. Lucy’s already full and perky rump was pushing and pulling into a heart shape that was just *asking* to be slapped. And she would have preferred nothing less. “***Smack my ass and grope my thighs, big boy...***”

Why was she saying that? She wasn’t even sure. But thinking of things aside from sex had essentially become a nonstarter. Her mind was just a fuzz of arousal that didn’t even question how those thighs she was thinking of had grown fuller and spongier like her ass. Although, above her ass... There was a strange, translucent purple lump sitting above her tailbone.

Or so it had *started* that way, but the lump soon pushed out further, and further, and further. It became ropey and developed a spade-shaped tip, forming a tail that pushed her towel away once and for all so that woman's voluptuous body was as naked as could be no. Two more growths emerged from the backs of her hips, and they formed what were bat-like wings of translucent purple... *kind of*. They weren't fully developed, as if they were the wings of a baby chick.

Or a newly reborn monster, perhaps?

And this particular newborn monster shuddered. How could she not? The sensitivity of her skin had risen so high that even the sensation of her towel sliding across her skin made her all the more lustful. Lucy's increasingly pitiable attempts to resist the call of her new demonic nature as a *Lesser Succubus* had proven themselves to be fruitless, seeing as drool was pooling in the corners of her lips just *thinking* about bouncing on a man's cock, or eating another woman out. She didn't really seem to care about which sex she engaged with all that much anymore.



Traces of who she had once been were only really visible in her face as she stumbled across her apartment floor. “**I want to fuck... I need to fuck...**” It wasn't just a matter of desiring pleasure. She now recognized it as a desire for *sustenance* just as much as anything else. The cum and sexual energy of others was what her body craved to feed upon, and it was the means through which she could recharge her magical energy.

Her boney wings fluttered, and her forked tail rubbed against her own pussy to continue stimulating herself. She probably could have *masturbated* with that tail with ease, but she didn't. The monster subconsciously recognized that she would be denying herself the satiation she required by treating her urges herself. That was why she fumbled with the door, glowing eyes almost like she were in a trance.

Lucy stumbled down the hallway and then the stairs, making it out onto the street just in time for dawn to crack. She was naked, sure, but that was really the *last* thing on her mind. She just wanted to have sex no matter the cost, but the streets were still basically empty since it was too early. That was when she noticed *him*. A man shrouded in a dark cloak standing at the side of her apartment. She couldn't make out his face,

but she *could* tell he was smiling. **“Poor monster. You’re hungry, aren’t you?”**

This offer prompted the Lesser Succubus to lunge at him while licking her lips, but he dodged, and she fell right on her tits with a groan. **“Now, now. I don’t plan on becoming your meal. But I’m a monster of sorts myself. I’m sure I can find you something to ‘eat’ if you just come with me.”** The tiny bit of humanity that remained in Lucy’s heart protested. This man must have been *why* she had transformed. But at the promise of sex? She was unable to resist.

“Okay! So long as you provide me with *nourishment*.”