

THE ONI CLUB

DECEMBER REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



"Haa. Isn't this the best, Master? A quiet evening with little more than good company and a warm drink. Now, now. Have a sip, hmm?" Shuten-Douji, a Servant of the Assassin class, pushed a small cup of sake across the small, wooden table that rested between the two at the second, Master Ritsuka Fujimaru. The new year was upon them, and the Master had been surprised to find himself invited to Shuten-Douji's personal quarters before the festivities began that evening.

Yet... **"Eh... You know I'm not old enough to drink, Shuten."** If anything Ritsuka was well-behaved. He wouldn't drink until he was legal, or that was his intention. The last thing he wanted was to be scolded by Mashu or da Vinci anyways. But despite his protests, the tiny oni still pushed the cup towards him with small, elegant fingers and a smile across her face. **"Well... Just a sip, alright? Is there something special about this brew? You're not usually this insistent."** Calloused fingers of his own grabbed the drink by the rim and tugged it away from the oni.

He wasn't going to drink more than a sip. That was what he was telling himself.

"Special...? Aa, I suppose." As per the course for Shuten-Douji, she spoke with a certain hum and honey to her words. Her voice was very comparable to the bright colors some predators used to attract potential prey -- it was designed to lower one's guard so that she might pounce. Not that she had any intention of pouncing upon her Master. Not yet, anyways. She was merely pleased that Ritsuka had accepted her offer. After all, a single sip was all that it would take. **"Ibaraki stumbled upon it in a Singularity. They say it can turn a human into an oni, but surely that's just superstition, hm?"** That 'hm?' was accompanied by a rather mischievous smirk.

One full of all the more amusement as Ritsuka practically choked on the sip of sake he'd indulged in for her sake.

"I-I'm sorry!?" The cup was put down immediately. Honestly the sake didn't taste too bad. It was sweet, almost enticing. He almost wanted more. But a drink that could turn others into oni? **"That's just a superstition, right?"**

"I mean, probably. But... I wonder..." Shuten actually knew the answer. She'd gifted him that drink *knowing*. Things in Chaldea had been terribly boring in 2019, and so she'd thought to spice things up a little. But she was selfish, and in the end only Ibaraki and herself would find these circumstances 'interesting' to say the least. Purple eyes flickered up to Ritsuka's bangs, or rather the skin of his forehead beneath them. The skin had gotten rosier, and there were signs that the skin was beginning to raise in two points. Not to mention his ears... they, too, had grown brighter so quickly, and the curvature of their design was looking much more pointed.

Like an oni.

Ritsuka didn't really notice much on his own though, which also pleased Shuten. The single sip had made his head a little groggy and dulled his senses overall so that by the time he noticed he'd already be too far gone. The extent of his changes was relative to how much of the sake he consumed after all. Meanwhile, her words did him no favors in making him think she'd given him some sort of spiked beverage. **"Are you sure this is just normal sake? I already feel a little dizzy..."** But despite his supposed concern, he'd idly drawn another sip to his lips without thinking. The more he drank the more he'd crave the drink. That was the trick.

Now that the boy had begun his metamorphosis, the changes that accompanied even that little sip came on even faster than the last. The nubs on his forehead stretched out higher much like his ears did, and the very same red that painted them possessed the overall pale of his facial features as it slowly began to bleed down his neck as well. Facial features looked inherently softer while retaining their original identity, the most prominent change being how round his eyes had become and the subtle emphasis on lips that had become cherry red. Shuten, of course, watched on with interest. **"Of course it's normal. Do you think that da Vinci would let me bring in anything that wasn't? She's such a prude."**

Now *that* Ritsuka believed. Da Vinci made a point to check over everything brought into Chaldea. But what was it about Shuten's words that he was finding to be much more authentic overall? It was almost like, deep down, he was respecting her more than he had before. Naturally he would as an oni, considering both she and Ibaraki were at the top of their hierarchy. Shuten had wanted to instill that process in his mind as he changed, though she had no intention of robbing him of his true identity nor his position as Chaldea's Master. She was just... *tweaking!*

"I guess you have a point." Another sip, though this time Ritsuka licked his lips after to make sure not a single drop was squandered. Shuten reached over to refill his dish, all while keeping her eyes trained on his own. The boy's eyes were typically a bright blue that reflected the sky itself but that color seemed to darken towards a bright-less gray more and more with every sip, the lashes that framed them becoming longer. The red skin tone that had stopped at the tip of his neck last sip began to progress downward once more, ultimately smoothing over his Adam's apple in the process.

But Shuten also took note of the fact that red was beginning to spread in other places as well. It was quite clear that Ritsuka was becoming kin of the Red Oni variety, known for their size and overwhelming strength. She might have preferred he take a form that was small and charming like her own, but this could be worked with as well. Most notably she could tell that her fingertips were reddening, the nails atop them sharpening and bearing more dirt than one might expect. That said, even as his hands were completely consumed by the sea of crimson they did not lose their worn skin from years of fighting. After all, his deeds would not be undone, the perception of others regarding the person whom did them would ultimately change instead.

She'd been sure to think this through.

Likewise, she was sure that if Ritsuka's hands had been changed that his feet had succumbed as well, and she wasn't incorrect in that assumption. The boy had begun kicking boots against the ground beneath them because they'd gotten uncomfortably tight, and before long the sound of material tearing saw each toe, red as can be, pierce the fronts of these boots thanks to how sharp his nails were.

But Ritsuka himself? Didn't even seem bothered. He'd already downed another dish of sake to deal with the discomfort. **"This is really good actually. Why wasn't I -hic!- driinking it again?"** Words were becoming slurred as intoxication settled in. He wouldn't be a calm drunk like Shuten, but a bouncy one befitting of his Red One background. Slurring aside, his voice had also climbed to a much higher pitch that better befit the fact that his face now looked far more like a woman's than a man's, the horns protruding from his forehead reaching maximum height.

"Haah. You said you were too young, but that isn't true at all, is it?" The Assassin sought to speed things along and wondered just how far Ritsuka's mental changes had progressed, and so she pitched this query. She was emboldened in the assumption that he would answer how she expected because of how his form was occupying more and more of the table between them, his body swelling not only in matters of height, but it became quite obvious his muscles had practically doubled in size.

This was more noticeable in his arms of course, their forms bulging against the sleeves of the black jacket that so clearly did not fit anymore, but as growing height slid the jacket up past his navel it became much easier for Shuten to see how his

abdominal muscles tightened and swell. Although the curvature of his stomach itself took a very prominent slant in the process.

“Old enough? Since when did oni care about that!?” Ritsuka very quickly unfastened his jacket the moment things felt a little tight, but the fact that his body had begun to sweat and burn from heat he assumed was coming from the room provoked him to even peel the black undershirt from his body, long ebony hair spilling out and against his bare back. His red torso completely exposed, he moved to unfasten his belt as well and allowed trousers to drop, although his boxers remained clinging to notably redder and wider hips. **“Phew! It’s so hot in here... so hot...”**

Shuten-Douji couldn’t help but chuckle. This boldness was not characteristic of her Master, but it was an attribute of what he was becoming. He sat back down, but when he’d stood to remove his shirt it was very clear that his height had jumped a lot. He was about six foot five, and that was without the horns reaching higher. His muscular form glistened with sweat that bore a strong odor -- she’d have to force him into the baths were her when he was complete and maybe have some fun with his new body. But he wasn’t done yet. He was far too androgynous in design. His stomach and hips bore feminine sway, but she could still see a large bulge in the front of his boxers, not to mention the only things bulging on his chest were muscles. The bottle of sake only had one more pour left in it, so she assumed the rest would be taken care of with that.

Ritsuka didn’t even wait for Shuten to pour it though, and instead greedily took the bottle from her hands and pounded it back on his own. Lips swelled again, this time around the top of the bottle as he drank, and when he was done he enthusiastically slammed the bottle against the table. **“More, Shuten! I know you have more, right!? A great oni like you definitely has a pretty big stash!”**

“So bossy, so bossy. But I suppose I have one. It’s on that shelf over there. Too high up. Do you think you could reach it for me?” She wanted Ritsuka to stand once more so she had a full view, and once he did she could *immediately* see the bulge in his boxers deteriorate.

“O’course! Anythiiiiing fer ya!” It seemed, slurring aside, a strange accent had beset Ritsuka’s words now too. But *she* stood, and turned, and that was enough to properly display just how thick she was growing in her torso. Thighs grew pleasantly plump on top of the muscles, red skin glistening as it was strained around this new mass. But Ritsuka’s ass? That was what really blossomed down there. Her boxers could be heard tearing as both cheeks ballooned into an impressive set that jiggled with every step the Red Oni took towards the shelves. Of course she reached the bottle of sake on the shelf with ease, and quickly brought it back to the table. She took no note of how much more cushiony her seat was, or that how her cheeks couldn’t even completely be contained by the chair anymore. **“So? Ya gonna pour me ‘nother? -hic!-”**

"A moment. Just a moment." The oni of red leaned her vast height across the small table, and as she did Shuten gave the woman's chest some extra attention. The movement had seen some of those pectorals jiggle, the weight she expected ultimately pouring on as nipples became erect. Beads of sweat crept downward across the taller woman's chest, but as they did they suddenly found themselves attempting to crawl across a more expansive terrain. The workings of a small pair of breasts started things out, but very quickly Ritsuka's body lurched forward even farther than she was leaning as an unexpected weight caught her off guard, a pair of tits that were larger than Shuten's head each smacking against the wood below. A smirk played across Shuten's features again. They certainly were huge. She'd be sure to have some fun with those later. **"Ah, yes. You wanted another drink, right? Ritsuka-Douji?"** She wasn't even being coy about it anymore.

This Red Oni named Ritsuka-Douji ultimately managed to pull her tits up and off the table and lean back against the chair, though the suddenness of the movement saw fatty tits bouncing against her before idle posture saw them still and firm once more. **"Ya! 'nother round, Shuten! Izz been a hard year, y'know? Savin' all these humans ain't all izz cracked up t'be!"** Ashen eyes were rolled as she slammed a fist against the table, the sound of wood splintering under her strength provoking a quick glare from the tiny Assassin across the table. **"...Sorry. Don't know m'own strength sometimes."** Of course she didn't. This was her first time using it, but she felt as if she'd been an oni all her life.

"It's fine. But shall we move our New Year's drinks to the hot springs? You're looking awfully sweaty, and I feel a little left out fully dressed. Some sake there might be refreshing, hm?"

Ritsuka-Douji practically leaped to her feet, those tits bouncing again. Shuten almost felt they were mocking her with their size. How would Raikou feel about their Master now? She could only wonder. **"course! Lezz go! Lezz go!"** Almost like a puppy learning to walk, she stumbled over to Shuten and plucked her up in her strong arms -- much to Shuten's surprise. Of course she grabbed the sake bottle as well, all before barreling out into Chaldea with Shuten pressed against her breasts.

"Haah. You're such a difficult oni, you know?"