

ONI NEW STORY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



December and January could be *rough*.

Or at least that was the case for Joseph. Not much of a partier in the first place, every year since reaching adulthood he was forced to grapple with, well, *adulthood*. But his concerns and fatigue weren't exactly aimed at the adulthood things that you might assume. That is to say they weren't linked to work nor fatigue as much as they were linked to *pleasure*. Or at the very least things that were absolutely *supposed* to be pleasurable to 'normal' people. And 'normal' was very much used in the sense of how society saw things, not quite the reality of it all.

It was the number of *social gatherings* and *parties* that could be a real pain in the butt. Because unlike plenty of people, not only did he have to worry about Christmas and New Years, but also his birthday in early January as well. This meant that even when the holidays ended he didn't get immediate relief from his family, and ultimately there were even more gatherings for him to attend – on a smaller scale at least.

At the very least the former two events had already come to pass. Christmas and New Year's had been fun as always, but that fatigue was still lingering. So when a birthday party eventually came into the mix, well... He certainly didn't *show* that he was bothered, but deep down he was beginning to feel pretty exhausted. As the kind of guy who didn't really drink much it wasn't like he often cut loose at events like those anyways.

“But maybe it would be a good time for a change?” Joseph idly and harmlessly remarked to himself while huddling near the refreshment table in his friend's home. Friends and family alike had

gathered, but the refreshment table was in his friend's kitchen and everyone else was out in the living and dining rooms, chatting it up idly in a way that he wasn't sure he exactly had the energy for at that very moment. But a touch of liquid magic could certainly help with that, right? Or, well, at least *theoretically*.

This 'liquid magic' in question could only be one thing, really. *Booze*. But again, the man wasn't really all *that* much of a drinker. He might have had a drink here and there on special occasions, but he never drank to get drunk and actively tried to avoid that outcome whenever he did. But looking at the selection of alcohol on the table...

Something stood out to him. **"Wait, is this sake? I've never tried it before..."** Standing with a notable sheen on the table was a bottle with Japanese writing on it beside a small, red sakazuki cup. Sakazuki cups looked a little more like a bowl than a glass, but it was a traditional way to drink sake. **"I'm a little curious."** Not that he knew *who* had brought the sake. It felt like something that *someone* would have mentioned to him considering his love of Japanese media.

The sake *had* in fact been brought by someone who was aware of this. In fact it was a gift meant for Joseph himself. But all wasn't as it seemed. To begin with: the only people who could even *see* it were Joseph and the friend who had brought it. There was no risk of anyone unintentionally consuming it, which was ultimately for the best seeing as it certainly wasn't any ordinary drink.

"Huh. It's crystal clear. Almost like water." After pouring some into the crimson sakazuki cup the man found himself interested in the beverage's appearance. He couldn't tell if it was high quality or not, and he didn't really have a benchmark to go off of anyways. The amusing thought of 'maybe it really just is a bottle of water' cross his mind, but upon tasting it was clear that wasn't the case. It had a subtly fruity taste while the typical alcoholic bite could be felt on his tongue. Before long he had downed pretty much the entire glass. **"That was pretty — HIC! — good!"**

It wasn't all *that* strange to hiccup after drinking so fast, but Joseph soon became aware of the fact that something was rather *odd*. Was he dizzy? From just a single glass? The world was spinning around him and, after a moment of thought, he came to the conclusion that this in itself was weird. The world was spinning and yet he wasn't off balance at all. Surroundings blurred until he could no longer make them out — aside from the table that housed all of the drinks. **"Uh...?"**

He finally stumbled but not because he himself was having problems nor was he disoriented. His spinning surroundings almost felt like they

were moving closer at times, putting him on edge. “**Could I get some help in here maybe?**” Hoping someone in the living room could hear him, he called out. But no one could hear him. At least not *now*.

Ufufu... I don't need any help~!

Joseph didn't *need* any help? That was so demonstrably untrue that it was baffling such a thought would cross his mind. So much of this felt surreal. *Supernatural*, even. But as made evident by the fact that no one had come to his rescue any of these concerns must have fallen on deaf ears. To be fair though? It was difficult to say. His surroundings were spinning so much that he could no longer make out any defining features.

“**HIC! This is not the time!**” Another hiccup brought the taste of the sake he'd consumed back into his mouth, and while it shouldn't have been the sort of reaction he'd given all things considered, he soon probed around his inner mouth with his tongue in search of more. Was he *craving* it? Why? And perhaps it was just because he was becoming increasingly tipsy but it felt like his canine teeth were significantly sharper all of a sudden? Weird.

Because everything continued to spin if was hard for Joseph to get his bearing straight. He was also much too focused on what was going on around him when he probably should have been focusing inward – because a pair of discerning eyes would already have begun to notice a few striking *issues* of note. The first being the *color of his skin*. Of on olive complexion naturally, skin seemed paler and paler as the seconds ticked by. It turned pinkish yellow for a singular moment before the issue escalated further. In the end? He was nearly as *pale* as a porcelain doll.

That said, this wasn't all when it came to his skin specifically. Everything seemed *tighter*, and at a cursory glance it might have been difficult to discern. Had he not been wearing clothes? That would likely have been a different story. Because all of the extra weight to his frame had been trimmed away. Skin was tighter because he was leaner and yet, at the same time he couldn't be considered muscular either. “**Am I going to – HIC – die? Is this what you see when you're about to die?**”

All the while the poor guy's anxiety had already settled on the worst case scenario! He certainly wasn't *dying* but that wasn't to say his physical condition wasn't worsening... at least aesthetically. His hair soon changed color like his skin had, but rather than pale it shifted from dark to darker – a darker *purple* in fact. This color was likewise reflected in

his gaze, adding an almost *otherworldly* appeal to his overall aesthetic. After all, it almost seemed like those eyes were *glowing*.

“Ufufu... Gack!? What am I laughing about!?” And in the *manner* to boot? It almost sounded like a menacing anime character’s laugh. Though this assessment was a little more on the mark than Joseph actually realized. His purpled eyes were narrowing now, taking on more East Asian – specifically Japanese – shapes. It wasn’t long before the rest of his facial features followed. Smaller, softer, more delicate... *prettier?*

Yeah, there was no point in trying to deny it. This face appeared far more *feminine* and that wasn’t helped by his hair growing out to his shoulders while bangs resembled a hime cut. They hung low enough that, finally, he realized something was very wrong. **“Nani? What’s up with my *kami*?”** A peppering of Japanese words had emerged and that would only get worse with time. His mind was being changed so that he thought in Japanese – English was slipping away from him quickly.

But it was odd. Now focused on himself, was he really all that different? It probably didn’t help that he was getting drunker and his thoughts foggier, but his skin did seem *odd* yet it was right, right? So was his hair and his... *height?* **“Ara?”** Nowhere *near* enough of a scene was made as the spinning world around him grew greater. The man’s body *plummeted* in stature, nearly six feet of height undone in the time it would have taken to do a little hop. It left him unsteady and much of his outfit, aside from his shirt, had fallen right off.

“私は子供と同じくらいの大きさですか？” *Am I the same size as a child?* The question had been asked in *perfect* Japanese. He couldn’t remember how to speak English now and so everything from this point on would be translated. Joseph *was* correct though. He’d regressed all of the way down to about 4’9” – not quite the size of a young child, but perhaps an older child or a small teen. Nonetheless, his face retained a curve of maturity that left you questioning just how old *she* was.

...*She?*

Joseph licked *her* lips, the fact that they were fuller in volume than she was accustomed to not something she exactly addressed. She ultimately had other things to focus on, namely the sensation of her sex changing to better suit the overall look she was earning. Her dick and balls had gone the way of the dinosaurs, leaving her loins without a bulge and instead bestowing upon her a crevice. One that was shaved as if to suggest she often wore clothes within which a bush of pubes would not help her. **“Ah, to be a beautiful woman. Aren’t I so charming? Ufufufu— N-No!”** Try as he might to reject it, this new personality was

far more powerful than he was. It was becoming harder to resist and question than ever before. But this was because her memories were changing in tandem with her body.

Beneath the loose folds of her shirt, which now dropped down to her knees with how much shorter she had become, her figure changed next. Her waist pinched in so that it was *incredibly*, almost *impossibly* narrow. This already rendered the sight of her hips much wider comparatively, but the swung out *additional* inches so that they were much wider than slender shoulders. From there? A peach shape ass swelled to push out the back of her shirt, far greater in size and weight than you would have expected of a woman at her height.

Joseph knew full well that a shake of her ass could entice the right people.

“HIC! Manipulation is important... for an oni.” An *oni*? Had she just referred to herself as an *oni*? That probably made a whole lot of sense, because if the woman had still had her previous wits about herself she likely would have recognized herself by this build and a soft and seductive voice that could only be provided by Aoi Yuuki. She seemed to spin around as if trying to match the spinning room next, her chest erupting into a set of tiny, *A-cup* tits in the meantime. Was it truly still a *room* spinning around her though? The air smelled fresh and the light was dimmer. Almost like she was in an outdoor location.

The cloth of the tiny woman’s shirt next tightened, clinging to her body and changing in fit, style, and color. Before long it was a purple kimono that didn’t *quite* cover her full rump, sporting decorative sleeves yet open fully to reveal her torso. Otherwise? A black, almost bikini-like garment covered her loins and tiny breasts. In the back it did very little to cover her ass crack, and it was all tied to a collar around her neck. Red paint touched the upper corners of her eyes beneath brows that were now small and round. There was also a headpiece with a teardrop ornament that appeared on her forehead...

...Between a set of *nubs* that erupted from Joseph’s forehead. Not that they were tiny for long. Colored the same as her skin at the base, these *horns* parted her bangs and stretched up about eight inches where they culminated in sharp, reddish, monstrous tips. Beneath the stylings of her purple bob cut the shapes of her ears *also* shifted so that they were a little pointier. Not the types of ears you’d find on a human. Then again humans didn’t have *claws* like she did now, either? She was undeniably a monster.

An oni.

“Haaa... That’s better. I don’t know why everything was spinning so... violently.” It wasn’t often a symptom of *Shuten-Douji*’s intoxication. Dizziness, that is. As an oni woman who was perpetually drunk she had long since become accustomed to the ins and outs of being absolutely, one hundred percent plastered at all times. But the more she thought about it, hadn’t it been more like the world itself had been spinning?



Giving a shrug of her small shoulders, the woman decided she didn’t care any longer. It hadn’t been an issue for long and she couldn’t quite remember why she had felt so uppity about it in the first place. And so tiny digits reached up onto a nearby wooden table to grab a large, translucent gourd that was about half the size of her body. Incidentally it was in the exact same spot that the original sake bottle had been, as was the table. Even the red sakazuki cup was still there.

But the oni’s surroundings had changed. It was a lavish, lived in cave midst a mountaintop – something that could be readily observed as she took a few steps closer to the nearby opening. This was the base erected by the oni of Mt. Ooe and while Shuten didn’t stay there *all* the time, especially when she had recently *almost* found herself executed by Minamoto no Raikou, she had decided to take a short reprieve among her people. **“Ufufu! But where is everyone else? Shouldn’t we be partying!?”**

That was a mentality that the woman *always* possessed. But she wasn’t really wrong in this situation either. The moon was high in the sky, casting an ominous glow over the rolling trees of Heian era Japan below. It was the perfect environment for oni to party, and party was all she wanted to do. Shuten-Douji lived to enjoy life to its fullest even if it meant stealing from and harming others. There was no nobility to her code, but it was *absolutely* always a good time. One could say that compared to her life as Joseph she had *really* let loose.

“Mmn...” She licked her lips before drinking straight from the huge gourd and, once again, smacked her lips with her tongue once more right after. **“Where is I-ba-ra-ki? She should be out here**

partying with me! She's the leader! That would get everyone else in the mood!" It seemed like she'd have to head back inside to search for the more youthful blonde. She had a temper and could be childish, but Ibaraki was more responsible about her position as the leader of Mt. Ooe's oni than you likely would have expected. And so Shuten did just that, stumbling inside.

Unaware of the fact that the Ibaraki she'd find was actually another partygoer from Joseph's birthday party...