

# My Oni Love

## Chapter 4

Written by Princess Kay

“Okay, first off, I have no intention of starting a harem!” Establishing that was absolutely essential! That’s why I tried to make myself look as determined as possible when I said it - teeth bared, arms crossed, brain definitively not focused on the fact that said arms were squashing my new boobs, the whole nine yards!

“You musn’t refer to Joana-sama by first name, Haruka-san. It’s disrespectful.”

“Oh come on! Just because I find that straight-laced attitude of yours hot doesn’t mean I want to emulate it!”

“Chiba-san. Your true feelings are leaking out...”

“Gah! Noooooooooo! No going backwards! I’ll call her Joana-san, alright? So at least call me by Haruka-chan!”

...They were totally ignoring me!

“Is something the matter, Joana-sama?” Akari asked, tucking an errant strand of her blue hair back behind her ears as she tilted her head up to look at me. Her smile was polite, but unyielding - like the smile of a receptionist who wasn’t going to let you see their boss no matter how much you begged or pleaded. Even though *I* was meant to be the boss, here...

“N-No, it’s just... Um.... Why are you so determined that I get a harem?”

My teeth were no longer bared. One of my toes was now nudging the dirt. My arms were... still crossed over my chest, actually, but was it weird that it felt sorta *nice* to have boobs?

Basically, I was about as far from a firm stance as I could get!

“Joana-sama. As pleasurable as your tongue may be, I do not believe myself capable of feeding an oni of your size.”

“Okay, but can’t I just eat other stuff?!” I demanded. “Like, rice, or... I don’t know! Whatever you eat?”

I was pretty sure ‘each other’ wasn’t on the average person’s menu!

“I’ve never heard of an oni living off rice...” Akari replied, clearly doubtful. “And I doubt I could get you enough food to eat through normal methods, anyway... I mean no offense by this, Joana-sama, but you *are* quite large.”

Ugh... I didn’t really have an answer to that one! But... No! There had to be something! There was no way I was just going to accept a harem! I was a... Well, I wasn’t exactly a one girl sorta person, because polyamory was a thing and I was fine with it, but a harem? What was I, an isekai protagonist?

...Don’t answer that.

“What if I just ate enough to supplement my diet? I mean, we don’t know how much I really need to eat, right? It’s still possible that just eating *you* out would be enough for me!”

“And if I’m not available?” Akari questioned me, her professional smile slipping. “Do you intend to have me constantly at your beck and call? Always ready for your tongue, no matter my mood?”

“That’s...” I opened my mouth, then closed it, trying and failing to come up with a counterpoint. Or, really, anything that would remove the taste of ‘foot’ from my mouth.

“Our contract is sacred,” Akari declared, pretty much outright ignoring my failed attempt at arguing. “If you wish for me to devote myself to your tongue, then I will have little choice but to to agree. But if you see me as a person, and not a meal, then please respect my wishes to have compatriots in service.”

I didn’t say anything. Or more like *couldn’t* say anything. I mean, what was there to even say in the face of that sorta logic? I’d been taking it for granted that she’d be available...

“Besides which,” Akari continued, after a moment, “Having Haruka-san serve you will come with many benefits! Her tails, for example, are super fluffy. Your head will know no better rest than laying upon them! And her illusion magic is quite powerful - living in a human town should be more than possible for you, so long as you stay by her side. What’s more, she’s well tapped into the gossip network when it comes to yokai activity in the area, making her an ideal source of

information when making journeys out of town! All in all, a great addition to any harem!”

“Why does it suddenly feel like you’re trying to sell me a used car?!”

“Akari complimented me...” Haruka giggled.

“And she likes it?!”

“Of course, you do have to be careful not to let her get too big of a head,”

Akari added, holding up a finger in warning. “She’s also a lazy, degenerate trickster who relies upon her powers to get what she wants. But if you can learn to properly incentivize her, she’s quite useful!”

“You’re going to make me cry for her at this rate!”

“...Akari complimented me...” Haruka repeated, wrapping her arms around herself and giggling, her five tails wagging back and forth.

“...I need a drink,” I muttered, pressing a hand against my forehead. I could already feel the beginnings of a headache. One that would likely make my wake-up here feel downright gentle by comparison. “Hey, Haruka? Didn’t you say something about having alcohol?”

“Huh?” the kitsune blinked at me, for a moment, before nodding. “Right! Follow me, Joana-san!”

“Ella is fine,” I replied. “I might not be able to argue about needing more than one girl to... feed me... But that doesn’t mean I’m going to act like some high and mighty harem mistress.”

“No can do, Joana-san!” Haruka replied, walking at a hurried pace through the trees. A pace I could casually match, thanks to my long legs. “Akari will yell at us both if I speak that casually!”

“I would never yell at my mistress!” Akari protested, from beside me. Her movement was sort of like a swan’s - her legs were obviously moving fast, to keep up with us, but her serene smile didn’t show any sign of fatigue. “I would simply educate you both on the importance of maintaining a proper hierarchy within a household. Especially when it comes to certain perverted foxes who are in strict need of discipline.”

“Replace someone’s panties with a transformed leaf *one* time, and suddenly you’re a pervert,” Haruka complained, shaking her head. “I’m telling you, Joana-san, this girl doesn’t play fair!”

No, that seemed pretty fair to me!

“Ah! Alcohol’s over here!” Haruka said, angling a little over to the left and sticking her hand *through* the trunk of a tree. An illusion, maybe? Probably? There must have been some sort of hollow on the other side, because a moment later her hand emerged with a long gourd in its grip. “Sake!”

I snatched up the gourd, turning it about a little to get a good look. It had a bulbous base, and a long stem, with a cork at the tapered end and a vine tied tight about a natural indent in its form, to create something of a sash. I decided not to bother with the second half of that for the moment, simply yanking out the cork and lifting the vessel to my lips.

The liquid came out easily - slightly sweet, very smooth, and utterly delicious as it passed my lips. Just as good as I remembered - no, even better than most alcohol I'd drunk in my... Past life, I guess? I wasn't going to think about that, though! All that mattered in the moment was the sweet, sweet taste of alcohol as it worked its way across my tongue and slid down my throat. "That's the good stuff... I can feel my headache fading already..."

"I'm glad you like it, Joana-san!" Haruka said. "Because I'm pretty sure I can get more out of my folks, so long as you let me join you and Akari..."

"We can buy it just as easily," Akari countered. "Though I admit the fox has her uses. I was unaware she could make illusions last in her absence... It opens up several possibilities."

"Wait! No! That's only for small stuff!" Haruka protested. "Big illusions won't last more than a day without me, okay? Don't think you can just send me away for weeks at a time and everything will be okay!"

“I would never dream of doing such a thing, Haruka-san,” Akari promised, with a *way too sweet* smile on her lips. “Though it’s good to know we can send you away for a day if you misbehave too terribly...”

“Gah! I was too honest, dammit!”

I took another sip of sake. A very *long* sip. And then another. And another, until I’d drunk maybe... a fourth of the gourd? Y’know, just enough to get a quick buzz on! It was the only way I was going to work up the courage to get in the middle of... Whatever the hell this was that they had going on! Though uh. It looked like they’d stopped arguing, in favor of staring at me...

“Did you want some...?”

“I had heard oni were fans of alcohol,” Akari murmured, “but to think my mistress would be such a drunkard as to empty an entire gourd...”

“Aren’t you drinking a bit much, even for an oni? I hope Akari doesn’t expect me to carry you if you pass out!”

“Hey! What sort of lightweight do you think I am?” I demanded. “And I only drank a quarter of it, alright? Maybe edging on a third!”

“Really?” Haruka asked. “Usually just a bit of that stuff is enough to make me tipsy, though... Half the stuff I’ve pulled on Akari came to me, like, two sips in!”



“Look! I could drink more than this when I wasn’t even half as tall as I am now!” Of course, I’d been human at the time, but I was pretty sure that only added to the point! “And where would you even be carrying me, anyway? We haven’t even decided on a destination, yet!”

“I believe that’s an argument for remaining sober, Joana-sama,” Akari pointed out. “Though it is also a valid point. We should discuss our next steps.”

“Huh?” Haruka tilted her head to the side. “Isn’t it obvious? We should head to Taeko. I mean, she’d stand out way too much in a small town like Kyo!”

“Agreed,” Akari said, nodding. “However, there is the small matter of our respective parents... While I might not get along with my Father, I wouldn’t wish him to think I’d disappeared down an oni’s gullet. No offense.”

“None taken,” I replied, waving away the concern with another swig of delicious sake. “I mean, it almost happened to us both...”

“So we stop by your house, then go to Taeko,” Haruka suggested. “I still don’t see what the big fuss is...”

“The big fuss is that a certain *someone else*’s parents would undoubtedly notice the incoming presence of an oni. Even under their inauspicious daughter’s best illusion.”

“Ah...”

“Unless, of course, that daughter was to warn them, first. Preferably *after* putting the oni in question under a temporary spell, in case we ran into travelers while following after her at a more sedate pace...”

“Alright,, alright, I get it,” Haruka sighed. “Yeesh... I’ll go ahead, okay? But I expect to be officially inducted into this harem of yours as a reward when we’re done! And I want headpats! From you, not Joana-san!”

“That could be arranged,” Akari replied, with a soft smile. “Assuming you get going... *Now.*”

“On it!” Haruka called - and suddenly, instead of a woman, I was staring at a five tailed fox, scurrying away through the underbrush.

Without bothering to lay down an illusion.

...Well, at least I still had the alcohol to keep me company...

“Joana-sama,” Akari called out to me, a smile on her face. One that didn’t quite reach her eyes. “Why don’t we have a discussion about the nature of our relationship going forward, hmmm? As well as how alcohol will play into it...”

...Ah. Maybe I should have finished the whole thing, after all...?