

STARTING LIFE IN ANOTHER ISEKAI

CH4: BUFF ONI

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“This is a quaint, little village, *I suppose.*”

The Spirit, Beatrice, presided over a rather breathtaking view. Standing atop the tallest building she could find, dawn’s first light draped itself across a village she did not recognize – and could not fathom how she had arrived at, all things considered. She had remained in the Forbidden Library of Roswaal Mansion as she often did, when out of nowhere a mysterious force had pulled at her cute little drill twintails.

Well, okay. The force had pulled at her entire body, but at the time it had felt like her entire hairdo had been in jeopardy! Unlike Roswaal himself, Beatrice wasn’t at all aware of the dangerous item he had been keeping among his treasures, but that didn’t mean a Spirit of her intellect couldn’t put two and two together.

“It seems he was keeping something rather dangerous on the manor grounds, *in fact.*” And now? She’d found herself *spirited* away. Pardon the pun. This was not the world she knew, even though there were some similarities in its makeup. There were particles in the air, invisible to the naked eye, that bore fundamental similarity to those that helped compose magic in theirs for one.

Finger raised to her chin; the supposed child tilted her head to the side. **“But if this is truly another world, my presence will not be treated very kindly, *I suppose.*”** That simply made sense. People did not typically jump from world to world uninvited, and in the case that

they did? It was likely that the world they jumped to might treat them inhospitably.

“If not swallow me up outright, *in fact*.”

Unfortunately, this comment came from a place of *awareness*, not conjecture. She could already feel a force bearing down not on her body, but on her very existence. It spelled trouble for her, but Beatrice could likewise acknowledge when something was futile. **“I’m going to have to let it take me, then.”**

Beatrice knew she didn’t have much of a choice in the matter, her powers weren’t enough to compete with those that threatened her. If anything, she only wished the best for her companions that likely found themselves in the same situation *without* the context she’d pieced together. **“And here it is, *I suppose*.”**

She could feel something tickling her core, altering her fundamental nature as a spirit. This was no clearer than when she felt much of her power begin to manifest in the center of her forehead, and she only know of a single race that processed magic this way.

SCHLINK!

Like a nail impaling wood, a long, black horn erupted from between the girl’s eyebrows, curving skyward. It wasn’t painful – at least not according to her perspective. Nor was she at *all* shocked. **“An oni, then?”** A good guess, but she was only making assumptions off of the races she knew while tiny fingers ran along the horn. It was actually the horn of a *Kijin*, something not unlike an oni but not exactly the same either.

Purple soon became a very pronounced color upon the Spirit’s body. Like her blue eyes with pink floral irises, for example. The blue abruptly turned violet, and the flowers? They darkened to black as the petals folded in, until only regular irises remained in their place.

On the other hand, the tips of her long, blonde drills saw their hues take on the violet of a gentle lilac. And yet, the curls naturally unwound in the process, creating the impression that her hair was a composed of a pair of propellers for a brief, comedic moment. She could feel it slapping against her neck and cheeks as it unwound, even, but Beatrice was trying her best to maintain her indifferent expression and take her transformation with as much grace as she could muster.

Something that was becoming rather difficult with how her blood burned and her mind had begun to go a mile a minute. Typically one to

keep a level head in every situation, she found her mind wandering off topic. What was Roswaal doing? How sharp was her horn? What was that delicious scent the wind was carrying?

...As you can see, those thoughts were becoming less and less relevant to her circumstances.

It was almost like the more purple her hair became, the dumber she grew. And there was a *lot* of purple. The violet locks that had unfurled had become inherently messy and wild, the twintails themselves unbound as an excess volume made its way throughout to the point that her ribbons slipped free and were stolen by the breeze. Atop Beatrice's head, purpling bangs became just as wild and free as the excess that hung loose behind her, though her bangs were sideswept in either direction so that her new horn remained unbothered.

“Ugh, I can feel myself getting stupider.” And not even *just* a little stupider. Like, *excessively* so. Forget reading complicated words in a book and knowing what they meant, because she couldn't even think of any five syllable words off the top of her head now. She hadn't even considered the fact that her verbal tics had disappeared from how she spoke.

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

“Hah!?” Without any notable choreography to predict as much, the maiden suddenly shot up like a weed. A full foot of height was applied over roughly ten seconds, and the abruptness of it all was not something her pretty little dress could handle, particularly since she grew outward proportionally as well. Not that say she'd gotten curvy, more like she was a taller, broader version of her present self... that quite simply *burst out of her clothing*.

Tatters of pink fell to the rooftop she was standing on, some stolen away from the wind. Dress, leggings, boots, underwear – all of it was gone, like a child had just gone Hulk all of a sudden and turned into what appeared to be a tall, young woman.

She sighed. **“That's simply great... My voice too?”** It was deeper, more befitting of a body that was evidently in its 20s at minimum. The way her facial features had aged like a fine wine while her body had grown more or less sold that idea, though eyes had likewise earned a more Eastern appeal with how their shapes had slanted.

Her bare skin, glistening beneath the rising sun, looked to be hardening and softening in all the right places now too. Arms that had once been

thin like twigs were rippling with raw physical strength, muscles bulging here, there, and everywhere. Her chest, her belly, her legs? She appeared rather ripped – but with her intelligence loss, was she playing more into the *dumb muscle* trope? It wasn't all firmness fortunately, for a woman of her age should have some sort of sex appeal, *no?*

Fortunately, she gained that in spades. To call her 'voluptuous' when all was said and done might as well have been the most dramatic understatement of the millennium, at least as far as her chest was concerned. An A-cup showing, paltry as it was, downright ballooned with no shortage of enthusiasm. They bounced and jiggled around in all of their G-cup glory almost like a pair of slimes with minds of their own, but she resisted fondling them by principle.

Though, speaking of slimes... **“Why do I keep thinking about that blue one?”** Forget 'thinking about', her feelings were closer to reverence. A name had yet to come to her mind, but she couldn't stop picturing a blue slime that Beatrice had never seen before. But, then again, it wasn't really Beatrice who was in control her anymore. She couldn't remember much if anything about the world she'd come from. It felt more and more like a dream.

At the very least, it distracted her from playing with herself?

Her expansion hadn't ceased though, even if her breasts had filled out. Next up? Her buttocks. Firmed cheeks found bloating of their own, flesh spilling out in a perfect bubble shape that re-firmed the moment they'd reached peak volume. There's certainly be a spring to her cheeks as she walked, that was more or less undeniable was a rump of that size. To sweeten the deal, her thighs thickened similarly – grossly thicc at their peaks, the closer one looked to her knees, the lither those legs became.

An awkward silence hung over the rooftop as she shifted her weight onto her opposite legs, and one of her butt cheeks sprung up as a result. **“What was I thinking about? Hm... Rimuru-sama? Why was I thinking about...?”** Did she know who that was? The name sounded familiar. It sounded important. But it also felt somewhat foreign for some reason. The more the woman thought about it though, the surer she became.

They were an especially important person to her! They were the one who had created this great monster town, upon which she stood atop its greatest peak. Actually, along those lines...

“EEEE!?” Why am I up here, naked!?” The morning breeze had already taken away the scraps of pink and white that had been shed from her voluptuous body, leaving the Kijin confused about where her clothing might have gone. In her mind, she was extremely lucky that it was so early in the morning that no one was out and about just yet!

Shion was, by nature, an extremely clumsy person that acted more by feeling than she did common sense. So it was no surprise that she leaped from the building’s roof, only to land on the stone path below with such force that she created a large crater – as well as slapping herself in the face with her own breasts. **“Ouch!?”**



Her home! It wasn’t far from here! She just had to make it before anyone noticed! Before Rimuru-sama noticed! She didn’t even want to think about the expression the slime might have on their face if they saw her like this, in broad daylight! And so, with all her might? Shion ran.

And ran, and ran, and ran.

CRASH!

Until she finally made it through her door, only to find another, pink-haired Kijin resting on her couch. There was an awkward moment where both women, frozen, simply stared blankly at one another. Before the pink-haired woman rose and shuffled towards the door, sleeve raised to her hand. **“I’m telling Rimuru-sama.”**

“SHUNA, WAIT!”