

EYE TO EYE

JANUARY 2019 REQUEST STORY

BY: CHALDEACHANGE



MINAMOTO NO RAIKOU -> SHUTEN-DOUJI SEMI-TWINNING

“Very well. Against my better judgment, I now declare the first Chaldea Oni Round Table discussion open.” Within the ruins of a pagoda that had been destroyed a year prior, a wooden table had been salvaged with several chairs littered around. Seated at them were the following: Minamoto no Raikou, Ibaraki-Douji, and Shuten-Douji. It seemed the invitations to the other parties of Tomoe Gozen and Benienma had gone unanswered, much to the concern of the other three that saw their presence as a stabilizing factor in a discussion that would, undoubtedly, be volatile.

They were only there in the first place because they’d been scolded. Tired of the petty comments and violence the oni of Mount Oei and Raikou threw at one another on the daily, their Master had demanded they do their best to work out their differences... Civilly. Of course, not a single Servant at the table was good with being *civil* with the opposing party, what with Raikou having been responsible for the death of Shuten-Douji and countless other oni when they’d all been alive and all.

“Kukuku! What a farce!” Leaning back in her chair, red feet resting casually upon the table, Ibaraki voiced the same thoughts they surely all shared with her golden gaze pointed directly at the big breasted oni slayer at the table’s head. **“We should just do the obvious thing and pretend to get along in Master’s presence! There’s no way in hell I could get along with the cow that caused the genocide of my people! She can’t even hold a conversation with me without calling me a bug.”**

“My, my, is that the chirping of a cricket I hear?”

“See!?”

“Now, Ibaraki. Surely we can come to some form of mutual understanding, hm? Or at the very least, as you said, a ceasefire in front of Fujimaru.” The calm and alluring voice of Shuten-Douji spoke next as she gracefully reached down beside her and pulled up a tokkuri of sake along with three ochoko cups. **“I find sharing a tokkuri of sake is the first step in finding common ground between enemies~.”** Ibaraki cocked her eyebrow up as she watched her peer gently pour two glasses of sake, before pushing the bottle over to Raikou to pour one for Shuten; in formal meetings it was impolite to serve your own sake. But did Shuten have a trick up her sleeve? To act so civil in a meeting where she was supposed to get along with her sworn enemy... surely Shuten must have a plan?

It seemed Raikou had a similar thought, as she eyed the oni suspiciously even after watching Shuten take a sip off her own ochoko. She was checking to make sure it wasn't poisoned, surely. Content after seeing it consumed by Shuten, she raised her own cup to her lips and took a sip. **"At the end of the day, it remains to be fact that we are wholly incompatible as human and oni. To seduce my dear Kintoki like that and lead him astray, I will never show you forgiveness for that, insect."** Her cup came down to hit the table with fervor. Shuten merely smirked as she reached up and massaged her own horn, glancing idly between Ibaraki and Raikou.

"Fufufu. That can be changed, you know? Thinking a little more like an oni won't exactly hurt you. Or have you forgotten that you're actually Ushigozen deep down?"

"SILENCE!" Whoops, out came Raikou's sword as she stood in a huff. Clearly negotiations had broken down. Ibaraki was quick to leap up as well, her bone blade materialized. But Shuten, again, maintained a calm demeanor and rose from her seat, casting an arm before Ibaraki to make sure she wouldn't do anything rash.

"Are you going to strike me with your sword, cow? Behead me once more? You raise your blade, but I'm sure at this point you can't bring yourself to bring it down on me, can you?" Shuten provided further lip service to her cause. There was an obvious twitch in Raikou's eye, and her hand seemed ready to strike at any moment, yet the blade never came crashing down despite her desire to do so. To drive this point home, the pale oni strolled over to Raikou's side and reached up to cup one of her hellishly large breasts with a small hand, leaving the Berserker completely flabbergasted as she still couldn't respond physically. **"Are you confused? Fufu! You know, it was difficult, but that fox has some pretty crafty tools at her disposal. We're of a similar nature, she and I, so it wasn't difficult to convince her to apply a curse to this sake."** Shuten took a sip of her own cup without fear of any harm. Eventually, she dug her claw-like nails into the oni slayer's breast and tore away a chunk of her bodysuit before waving the scraps around like a prize.

Raikou had yet to reply if only because she didn't quite understand what was happening to her. The fact that she'd been duped by the oni into drinking something cursed filled her with rage, but as much as she wanted to cut down that infernal woman where she stood that hand would not lower. It wasn't a thought so much as a feeling that held her back, that she shouldn't cause harm to Shuten in any way. That she couldn't bring herself to kill an oni that *outranked* her. That was bologna of course, she didn't count herself among the ranks of the oni nor did she respect their hierarchy, and yet...

She sheathed her blade and shot another glare at the smaller oni, covering exposed flesh on her chest with her right hand. The part of Raikou that cared deeply about public morals would not allow herself to galavant around so shamelessly. **"What are you going to do...?"** Her words were laced with venom as she spat her question at Shuten, accepting that she wouldn't be able to do her harm for the time being.

"I'm going to reform you." It was a powerful statement delivered in a dreamy voice as a confident smirk crossed Shuten's lips, a fang sticking playfully out from between her lips. Of course, while 'reform' would usually imply a correction of bad behavior, this was the opposite. **"If Master wants us to get along, that's fine. But I'll be making you our subordinate. Fufu. Isn't that wonderful? Embracing the oni nature you suppress? Of course, to make this work I need to use myself as a model, but it's fine, it's fine. Now... about your horns?"**

"I have no such thing, and what you're saying is impossible." Raikou's rebuttal was swift. The fox she spoke of was like Tamamo-no-Mae, a powerful Caster in Chaldea's arsenal. The Berserker herself held Magic Resistance, and so no such thing would be able to affect her. In the corner of her eye she could see the golden oni snickering to herself, clearly bemused by this entire ordeal.

"Or so you say, but if you could gaze upon your forehead at this moment you'd think differently!" Ibaraki was practically killing herself laughing. **"For my Shuten to ally herself with that fox on an endeavor like this, it's rather agitating, but the results are shaping up to be well worth it! Kukukuku!"** It would have been a Berserker 1v1 had the taller one been able to raise her hand against

the smaller, but the same feeling she had about Shuten applied to Ibaraki. *'One mustn't raise their hand against their superior'*.

Wordlessly, her free hand came up with the intention of sliding across her forehead, and to Raikou's surprise she found a pair of bumps taking shape. Now that she was aware of them, it only seemed to hasten their growth as the pressure of bone building built around either point. The snickering of the two oni around the table was all she could hear as the nubs took sharp points and stretched the skin around them beyond the breaking point, a trickling of blood rolling down her face as red-tipped horns parted her bangs and rose into the air, their coloring and bulbous base practically the splitting image of Shuten's own.

Raikou was exasperated as she ran her hand up and down the length of one of the horns, their sensitivity sending a pleasurable chill down her spine that brought her back to her seat. Woozily she reached for her ochoko and took another sip of the cursed sake as an impulse to consume alcohol took priority as a method for calming her nerves. **"Horns... How could you...?"**

Seeing an opportunity for mischief, Ibaraki wandered over to the now-seated Raikou and ran her tongue up and down the woman's face like an animal, lapping up the blood that had spilled from the growth of her horns. A shudder ran down Raikou's back from the contact, and as a woman that shied away from such oddly intimate contact on principle, she felt disgusted.

She *should* have felt disgusted.

And yet carnal desire seemed to be welling up inside of her. *A hunger. A thirst. A desire for satiation.* Living as a human she principled herself to avoid succumbing to worldly desires, and yet her grip on this mentality seemed to be slipping with each passing moment.

"What? No comment?" With Shuten taking a back seat now, Ibaraki climbed onto the woman's lap so that she couldn't move away, staring into her eyes with her own golden pair. This woman had been a menace to the oni. She'd slaughtered them, taken away everything they loved, and so for Ibaraki to have her in such a delicate state made her absolutely gleeful. She soon after glanced behind her and picked up the ochoko Raikou had been drinking from, pouring some into her own mouth. Lips went up against Raikou's own without resistance, and she used the kiss to force the remainder of the alcohol down her throat as tongues intertwined. Raikou herself offered no resistance and swallowed the booze readily despite knowing what it did.

She was just so thirsty.

"Ibaraki..." When the kiss broke, it wasn't Shuten that spoke her name with such a vapid voice but instead Raikou before her. That tone that suggested Shuten was intoxicated? It was carried by the cow's own voice. No longer did Raikou feel the need to cover her exposed breast, instead she left it hanging out, nipple and all. **"Could you bring me more alcohol? Fufu..."**

It was such a strange thing to hear from one's sworn enemy, so much that Ibaraki had to glance back at a smirking Shuten once more for advice on how to proceed. Shuten merely refilled the glass.

In the meantime, Raikou's eyebrows had taken a more circular shape as her facial features in general took on subtle change. Her nose became smaller, and red body paint tickled the corners of both eyes. She's looked slightly more like Shuten, but still retained most of her usual appearance. Shuten had no intention of turning her into a copy of herself, fitting as they would have been for a punishment. No, she wanted Raikou to notice that subtle change every time she looked into the mirror.

Her body temperature having risen, she clawed at her own bodysuit, tearing it here and there so that her skin could breathe. It was said that some oni had blood that boiled like the lava of a volcano, and while not quite at that intensity it was undeniable that a lesser version of that state seemed to be true. Nails sharpened on her fingers until they were almost claws, making the exposure of skin far

easier as she cut into her own clothes, and with Ibaraki atop her she'd almost entirely stripped her torso bare.

Ibaraki had become unsure of how to torture the cow next, but found herself the subject of Raikou's new, building desires. "Come here, Ibaraki. I know you're our leader, but please show your mother a pleasant time." Mother!? It seemed Shuten had chosen to retain that part of her personality? Or perhaps as a Berserker it was impossible to remove it? Either way, a cry of surprise left Ibaraki's lips as the woman that normally prided herself on her moral high ground suddenly hugged the oni close so that her mouth was buried in one of her massive nipples.

"Mmph!?"

"I think you know what to do. Fufu..."

Given little choice, Ibaraki wrapped her lips around Raikou's erect nipple, her enormous bosom a fitting meal for an oni that sought to pillage the biggest and most beautiful of bounties, she supposed. Red hands fondled her all the while, and the sound of Shuten giggling behind her could be heard. Was she enjoying watching such a sight? Surely, much to Ibaraki's embarrassment.

"What happened to your moral high ground, Raikou?" Watching Ibaraki wiggle on the woman's lap as she sucked Raikou's teat, Shuten couldn't help but pose a question to a now moaning cow. **"Surely such a thing is against your code as a human...?"**

A pair of fangs slipped out from between Raikou's lips as she let out a pleased moan of ecstasy. The wandering oni had a point. There was nothing moral about this, but... screw morals. **"There are no morals for an oni. Nn... You know this... better than anyone?"** She reached the height of pleasure the moment she finished her response, perhaps her body's way of telling her she'd done well by accepting this form's new absence of morality. Ibaraki could feel a wetness form around the material of Raikou's crotch as she finally came with a final moan of pleasure and took it as a chance to dismount her, tired from performing such an act.

Shuten's tiny body was a lot easier to deal with... Not to mention this was all just super weird, fitting punishment as it was.

Raikou's head was back against the chair as she lay spent, Ibaraki's drool dripping from her nipple still. When she eventually opened her eyes once more, they had an eerie purple glow to them. The supernatural sign of an oni. She reached up and gave her horns a light tap playfully, before returning her sights to the refilled ochoko and taking a long sip. She felt intoxicated, and that was fine. If she could keep this feeling forever, she could be okay with it.

"Ara ara, my cute Shuten and Ibaraki look so happy." She mused with her dreamy voice, eyes glossed over as she glanced between the two. Shuten was ecstatic, of course, and Ibaraki was the same. They'd created a cute little pet. An underling that would do their work and see to their pleasures if needed. What was left of the uptight Raikou had already been dissolved along with her humanity.

She leaned forward and her naked breasts sat atop the table. **"Now then, shall we commence this Chaldea Oni Round Table talk? I believe we were speaking of which village to pillage next, yes? Fufu..."**

Shuten smiled. **"Fufu... of course."**