

ONI FANS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



As of late, there had been an unsettling amount of quiet throughout Chaldea.

Or, at least, this was the opinion of the more mischievous of the organization's oni Servants, who loved to stick their noses into trouble whenever they could. The end of summer was nigh, and barring a summer event that they essentially had no role in (*barring a cameo by Shuten-Douji*), they had not really been all that involved. And now? They were *bored*. Naturally the duo of oni in this case included Shuten, but the excitable and childish Ibaraki-Douji was the one whose whims were being stoked by her sworn oni brother.

When was the last time Ibaraki had been involved in *anything*? It seemed like she was little more than an afterthought after making a couple of appearances long ago in Halloween and summer events of distant past! **“Why am I always excluueded!?”** Kicking and screaming as she drank sake with Shuten, it had evidently been something that had been on her mind a while now. **“Why do these foolish humans not respect onis properly, anyways!?”**

All the meanwhile, a smirk had been playing upon Shuten's lips. She was happy as long as she was amused, and seeing as how she was always wasted? Well, it wasn't exactly all that hard to do, seeing as she was incomprehensibly drunk off her little ass during every second of the day. But Ibaraki was a constant source of amusement for her, too. **“Hey, I-ba-ra-ki? Do you really want them to appreciate us more?”** An honest question was posed, but it was also one with a fun little plan in mind.

“Of course!”



“...There’s no way anything good comes of this, right?” The Master of Chaldea, Ritsuka Fujimaru, had planned on having a leisurely day helping out around Chaldea after a few days straight of farming. She supported the community in this way, of course, but she liked to free herself up to help with some of the other issues that the staff and Servants might have been facing.

After returning to her room after a quick lunch break, however? She found a rather suspicious card marked on her door. She had a bad feeling, and so she brought it into her quarters before *actually* opening it. The contents? It was simply a card with the words ‘Become an Oni Fan!’ scrawled on it in Japanese. This was *evidently* the work of one of the Japanese oni Servants, most likely Ibaraki-Douji considering how chaotic the writing itself was.

“What... does this even *mean*?” It was a fair question. She could have seen it as an invitation to something, but there was no date, no time, nor a location. A decoration? Then what was the point? She knew Ibaraki could get up to some confusion things, but wasn’t this a little *too* confusing even for her? “Oh well, maybe I’ll just hold onto it for now and ask her about it later?” Or Shuten-Douji, for that matter. The more mature oni probably had a better sense of what Ibaraki was up to than Ibaraki herself.

About to leave with this card in tow, though? She suddenly found herself stopped at the behest not of her own will, but due to a bright blue light that flashed between its color and pink – both radiating from the card in her gloved clutches. “*Erm!?*” Unsure of what was happening, she tossed the card onto the floor.

But it was already too late, and the ‘damage’ had been done. The card was enchanted with a magic-based cursed, and the light was little more than an indicator that its influence had jumped from its ink to the body of the young woman who had been holding it. While Ritsuka herself didn’t take notice of it, some of that influence could be seen in her hair of all places.

At first it was just the color, but it was fairly obvious even with a glance. The bright orange that the young Master's hair so typically sported had become a mess of three different colors – that orange being only one of them. The other two? Cotton candy. Both blue and pink, mixed together with the blue seemingly the dominant color, while the pink would better be described as highlights in comparison. What's more, the length soon grew longer, strands thickening until her hair almost looked to fall in goopy bunches – yet despite how they *looked*, there was nothing goopy about them at all.

“It stopped glowing? Why is— *MMPH?* Whath the!?” The change in her hairstyle going unnoticed, hands reached up to try and pull off something that had suddenly begun to muffle her words. A piece of cloth was over her mouth and nose? **“A mask!? Why won't it come off?”** She had gotten used to talking with it on rather quickly, but no matter how much she tried to pry she just couldn't manage to remove it.

Made of pink cloth with a white lace trim, it impeccably hid most of her face along with the changes happening to it. Mostly when it came to the shapes of her nose and lips, with the former growing slightly longer and rounder on the tip. When it came to the latter, her lips? They actually ended up looking quite large – swelling with a heft that were naturally pouty and feminine. Less dainty was the change that came to her teeth though, because they in term came off as somewhat sharper than normal, human teeth.

“*GET THE HELL OFF-ARINSU!*” She pulled and pulled to no avail, but eventually her frustration peaked at such an uncharacteristic point that she shouted her annoyance aloud, also ending her sentence with a strange word in the process. The outburst ultimately sobered her though, and Ritsuka managed to calm herself down. **“God, what's getting into me?”** It wasn't like her to lash out like that! Nor was it like her to visually have eyes with long lashes and violet irises.

The anxiety that this pushed onto her practically made her feel like the room was spinning around. No, wait, wasn't she actually off balance? **“*Woah!?*”** Hands were thrown out to the sides to hold herself upright in tandem with the sensation of her clothes hanging off her in an uncomfortable way. Her point of view, likewise, was a little higher than it once had been. Almost like... **“Did I get taller-*arinsu!*?”**

She had, in fact, done just that, with her overall height bumped up from 5'3” to around 5'8”. It was only a five inch difference, but it was enough to lift her jacket and undershirt away from her skirt, leaving her belly slightly exposed. There was something unusually *lanky* about her limbs when all was said and done, too, with her legs seeming strangely long

for a person... or at least a person of *Earth*. Almost like she'd been pulled through a spaghetti machine or something.

And while this strange aesthetic did not change, it was at least *helped* a little by changes that came proportionally to the rest of her body. **“THESE CLOTHES DON'T GODDAMN FIT-ARINSU!”** Perhaps this was the thing she should have been focusing on the *least*, but it was what had once again ticked Ritsuka off, forcing her to shout her frustrations in a voice that was increasingly more grating in tone. Even with her skin paling some, and the fact that the construction of her face appeared to be slightly longer vertically than it had been prior, she was more fixated on how her outfit was no longer suitable for a woman of her size.

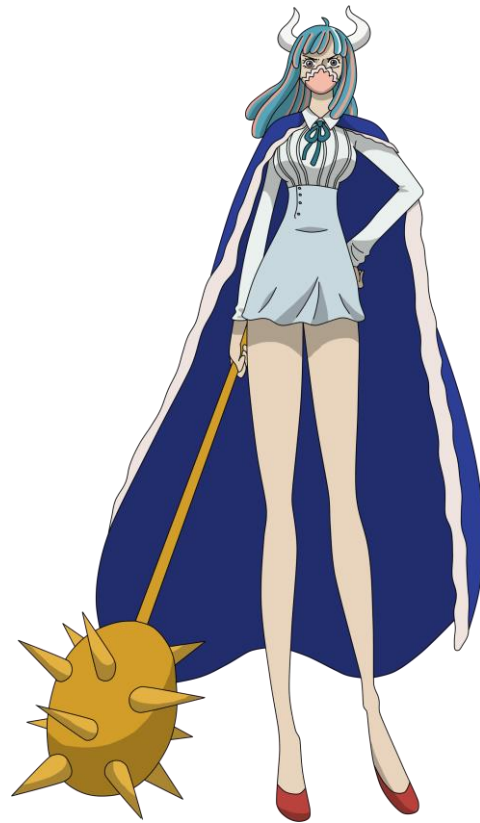
And that included *more* than just her height. The fit of her clothing had become a more widespread struggle than that, such as with the increasing tightness around her chest. Her bra just didn't seem to fit properly on her breasts any longer, and in fact were pulling down on them with a discomforting tightness. There was no denying the cause of this was the size of the breasts themselves, which were swelling with gravitas as if to meet a quota established by her heightened height. Rather than exclaim with shock as she watched them yank down the zipper of her jacket and felt the strap in the back snap, though? She seemed to marvel at them with some degree of glee.

A glee that was not her own, but of the personality being forced upon her along with her changes in body.

It reveled in the idea that she was becoming more attractive, and so she had nothing negative to say even as she tore off her clothes with her bare hands – a feat that was only accomplishable because her natural strength had increased tenfold despite there being no indication of that in terms of muscle distribution. **“Aah, that's better-arinsu!”** She worked on ripping off her skirt next, where her thighs had grown noticeably riper and her ass had blown up into a peach shape that was sucking up the cloth of her panties. Which she in turn ripped off, revealing her pussy and a bush of blue pubes.

Ritsuka winced at the very end, for a pair of white horns had erupted from her skull and curved up towards the ceiling. Lengthier fingers fondled them a moment, but any shock she had towards them was basically gone. There was only an uncanny level of acceptance towards what had happened to her. Because wasn't she *better* like this?

“What the hell!? Just where do the two of them get off, changing me like that-*arinsu!*? I mean I am waaaay cuter, and a lot stronger, but...!” Without a care for her own room whatsoever, a fit of anger had provoked the tall, well-endowed, and horned woman to bash her skull against a nearby dresser – completely destroying it with a single headbutt. It was evident based on her words that she could recall *being* Ritsuka, but nothing about her appearance nor behavior suggested that she still *was* Ritsuka.



She had an understanding of what had happened, too. She had been turned into an oni – or, well, not really. It was more like she was a *dinosaur* woman, and had the ability to transform *into* one. But her name, body, and personality had been ripped from an alternative ‘Onigashima’ according to a special ink Shuten had gifted Ibaraki. If she wished for oni to be better appreciated, why not spawn more of them? Or oni-adjacent individuals in *this* case.

Shaking her head, *Uti* clicked her tongue. Her two identities had swirled together with her new one dominant. She felt one part agitated with the oni that had transformed her, but her new self’s arrogant side was also *thankful*, too. After all, who *didn’t* want to be her? “**Augh. I guess I’ll get over it-*arinsu!* I’m still going to give those two a peace of my mind!**”

The big, horny dinosaur woman needed to find some clothes that fit her first, though.

“**Yup... Definitely suspicious.**” Mashu had been of like mind with her Master when she had returned to her room later in the day to find the exact same envelope containing the exact same card stuck to her door. She’d spent a lot of her day helping train other Servants, and it definitely showed in how sweaty and tired she looked, but it was still a worthwhile experience, nonetheless. “**I wonder if I should ask senpai about this...?**”



There was no doubt in her mind that Ritsuka would know how to deal with this situation, but at the same time? She wasn't aware that Ritsuka Fujimaru had already fallen victim to the piece of paper and didn't exactly exist in the form she had originally any longer. There was no way that Mashu would be able to deal with Ulti's more abrasive personality, that much was a certainty.

Either way, still in her battle suit she realized she needed to get changed before she could find Ritsuka. **"I guess I have a little ti— HUH!?"** Or at least that had been the plan, but sparks of green and blue light had begun to flash from the card in her hand. Evidently, it only activated after being held for a specific amount of time.

"Woah!" Having a good head on her shoulders when it came to potential danger, Mashu was quick to drop the invite onto the floor. Even though the damage had *already* been done, as she had felt something flowing *into* her, she had decided it wasn't worth the risk to have anything *else* do just that. But nonetheless? She was privy to its effects basically immediately.

For but a moment she had wondered if the exposure to that light was bringing on a headache, seeing as how the sides of her head ached almost like she had developed a migraine. But as the pain peaked, forcing her to wince? The almost nauseating feeling of something *erupting out* of the two focal points forced her to both cry out with surprise and reach both of her hands up to touch what she could only assume were a pair of growths based on the new weight present. **"Horns!?"**

Since she didn't keep a mirror in her quarters, it was hard for Mashu to *see* them, but she could most certainly *feel* the smooth, shiny surfaces that curved in towards one another atop her head. Unlike Ulti's horns though, they had yellow bases and were largely red in color. *Much* more like the horns of an oni, if you were to ask an expert! Something that our favorite Demi-Servant was becoming on merit of existence alone.

Looking at her eyes, for example? They began to appear much more comparably Japanese, with corners pinching in and taking on smaller shapes overall. They began to shine with an almost otherworldly gold, all while the rest of her face appeared to look somewhat smaller and squished together vertically. But this didn't mean everything was *shrinking*, not with how her lips became thicker and much more luscious.

“This can’t be happening... *But it’s pretty cool though!*” Shock promptly turned into a confusing amount of optimism from Mashu’s perspective. She hadn’t had any thoughts about how growing horns might have possibly been *cool*, and yet she had undeniably shouted that out despite it. Almost like something deep down was keen on the idea, or at least was much more easily excited than *she* was.

Nonetheless, this blurting out came with a prompt change to her hairstyle as well. Much like in her Master’s case, her locks had begun to lengthen and had spilled down her back like a plethora of snakes, much of it binding together in plumper strings. But *as* it grew? The mauve color it had always sported changed, lightening near the roots and all of the way down to her shoulders, while everything past that? Either turned green or blue. These layers of color helped add to the unnatural look her body was sporting.

“Whoa, my chest is getting all big, too!” Truthfully, Mashu had meant to lament the fact that tension had been born between the bra and tank top, and her flesh around the chest. Her breasts were quite evidently growing *larger*, and that was scary enough that she had reached up to grab them with shock. But the words that had escaped her lips did not communicate any of that concern. It wasn’t even the voice she normally spoke with!

The more she spoke like this though, the more she began to buy into it. Wasn’t it *actually* cool that her tits were getting bigger? That her sports bra had been snapped and her tank top had been hoisted up to expose her entire tummy because those breasts had doubled in size? But while she saw it as cool, she also didn’t have many feelings about those breasts. She seemed to be becoming fairly indifferent to the appearance of her body whatsoever.

And this extended to the lower half, too. Hips had widened considerably, pushing panties to their limit when it came to her waistband. But that limit-pushing paled in comparison to how full the cheeks of her ass became, quickly shredding the shorts she was wearing while panties were flossed between her cheeks. **“This isn’t very comfortable, though!”** Did she even care that she was transforming any longer? It didn’t really seem to be that way, but this came with the fact that she wasn’t quite as intellectually sound as she had been.

Mashu had become much more prone to doing stupid things.

Such as ripping off her own clothes, which she then did without hesitation with a strength that seemed far too unnatural for her. It was probably for the best though, because no sooner than she had did her

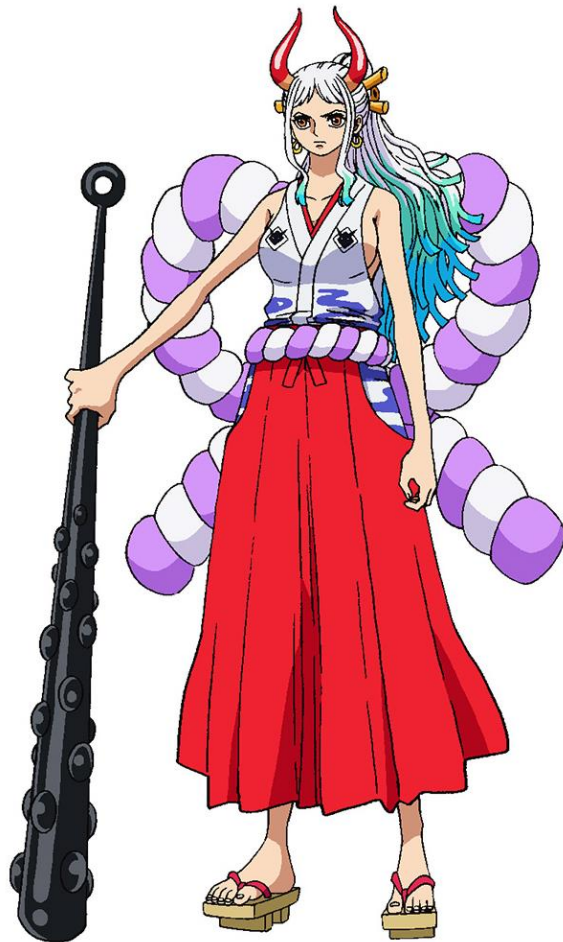
body begin to grow in general. That is to say it began to grow *vertically*, her spine and lengths lengthening as she grew taller. It wasn't just a *little* bit taller, that said, and before long she was forced to lean forward to avoid hitting her head off the ceiling. When all was said and done, she stood at the staggering height of 8'8". So even if she'd kept her clothes on, she undoubtedly would have exploded through them. Much like Ulthiel, there was a strange, lanky appeal to her figure even if her new curves were highlighted.

Or *his* new curves, as he internally now saw himself using masculine pronouns while still presenting female.

"Whoa, this is crazy!" Unlike Ulthiel, who had given a very *angry and violent* response to her transformation, *Yamato* greeted it with enthusiasm. He felt *free* somehow, both from the things that shackled him as Mashu, and as the things that had shackled him to Wano – two different areas of thought that had come about thanks to his memories being blended together. Tall as he was, he had to lean forward as so to not hit his big horns off the ceiling again. **"I was transformed, huh? That's pretty cool!"** How many people could say they had been *transformed*?

Beaming like an idiot, he desperately looked around for some clothing that might fit his ample curves. While he identified as a man and had for a long time now in pursuit of his desire to be like Kozuki Oden, that didn't change that he had a very voluptuous, feminine body. In Yamato's case he *was* actually of oni blood. But he was far taller than any of Chaldea's oni now. **"I should go talk to 'em about this, huh?"**

Them being Shuten and Ibaraki, because the magic that had changed him had also made him aware of who he had to thank. But perhaps they would be a little surprised to see *how* their little trick had turned out? On both accounts, really. And while Ritsuka and Mashu were



inseparable? Yamato and Ulti had a very *different* kind of relationship, and not in a good way.

Oh well!