

# CSJETELAND

## NODE 3: ONI



**"So whoever the culprit is, what exactly is their goal?"** Standing outside of the gate to Csejte Castle along with the others, Robin Hood took a long drag of his smoke. He'd reunited with the girls alongside his new Pharaoh Master, only to find they weren't the only ones that had fallen victim to whichever curse had changed Gudao into Cleopatra. The two reborn Assassins had trailed behind the unchanged, exchanging information about their own transformations.

**"And so you turned into that pitiable form? You're barely a child! Still, one less rival to my beauty I suppose."**

**"Be quiet! We'll kill you if you get in our way on the road to being a child killer idol!"**

But their discussion had devolved into this unusual argument. Robin could only watch over Jack with caution, knowing that the small girl that was wrapped snugly in her cloak was once the boisterous idol that had caused him so many headaches. Not to say she wouldn't still.

**"Mister Hood, let us ride on your shoulders!"** Like so, as the Assassin tugged on his mantle annoyingly.

**"I said no!"**

**"Still, I can't believe brother isn't brother anymore."** Reaching out, Gudako ran her hand across Cleopatra's cheek. A tinge of blush on the Pharaoh's face only served to remind the ginger that her brother, shy as he was to physical contact, was still in there somewhere.

**"Remove your hand! You're making me uncomfortable!"** Cleo barked, averting Gudako's gaze with embarrassment before returning to the topic at hand. **"And yet it's so. I don't feel unusual in this body, but without a way to return us to our normal forms we have little choice anyways, correct?"**

**"Right."** Raising her index finger into the air Mashu was next to speak up. **"Considering I can't get a hold of the Shadow Border and the path back closed up, it looks like we can only proceed forward. But we need to be cautious. If this keeps happening who knows who could be next?"** In a worst case they could lose themselves and remain in those forms forever. Being someone else... having her identity fade away? The thought sent a chill down Mashu's spine. She'd essentially been ignoring Cleopatra to those ends, not wanting to look the woman that was once her dear senpai in the eye. She was afraid of having to acknowledge that he wasn't all there.

**"So then... the gate."** Robin gestured to the giant, wooden structure before them. It had once been guarded by the mighty Vlad though that no longer seemed to be the case. But the door wouldn't budge no matter how much effort they put into pushing or pulling it.

Gudako surveyed around the door's exterior. Perhaps there was a secret entrance? No, wait... Was that a doorbell? A slender finger reached in to press it and once done, a loud *GONG, GONG, GONG* sounded. The door opened wide, but... **"Wait."** Jack spoke up as soon as she noticed, staring at where Gudako should have been standing. **"Where did mother go?"**

A trap door beneath the doorbell slowly closed itself before anyone else noticed.

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**"Attattattatta..."** Gudako rubbed her behind after stumbling up and onto her feet, her other hand pressing up against cold stone. The fall had been unexpected and painful, but thankfully it hadn't been far enough down to cause any real damage outside of maybe walking funny for a few minutes.

The space she'd fallen into was pitch black and, upon closer inspection, it seemed the hole she'd tumbled in through was no longer open. It was cool and damp, the smell of must overpowering much else. Deciding there was little option otherwise she kept one hand against the wall and used the other to feel out in front of her. It was definitely possible this was a trap designed to pick them off separately, and she could only wonder if she'd end up like her brother and Elizabeth. Not that she'd lost hope that they could fix their situations, but they really wouldn't know if it was reversible until they got hold of Da Vinci.

Thinking about Gudao in particular; she could only wonder what it felt like to not only be a different person, but to be a *Servant*. The two of them were paltry in terms of skill as far as magi were concerned. They'd only joined up with Chaldea based on

chance, they had no real strength outside of their ability to support others. But sometimes she wished she could do more for the Servants that were desperately fighting on the front-line.

Downcast gaze turned upward when a light shone in the distance. It illuminated the path before her enough that she felt comfortable running, and when she finally reached its glow she was... confused? Candles were strewn out around what looked to be a dakimakura of the great oni, Shuten-Douji. *Weird*. Looking around, the barrels lining the walls gave off the impression that she'd actually dropped into a cellar.

A pink mist hung low in the room, the sweet smell of cherry blossoms accompanying it. This, too, was familiar. It had been present during the Rashoumon incident where she'd first met the two oni. Alcoholic in nature it had made quick work of Mashu back then but had thankfully had little effect on both Gudako and her brother since at the time they were minors then. *Not anymore*. She could only assume this was the case but it was still troublesome. The source back then was...

"**SHUUUUUTEEEEEEEN...**" The wailing of a banshee within the aisles of alcohol nearby send a shiver down the ginger's spine as she slowly, shakily turned to look at the source. Golden eyes shone in the darkness as they drew closer and closer still, groaning the same thing. "**SHUUUUUTEEEEEEEN...**" Stepping into the light, relief washed over the human girl as it turned out to be a familiar face.

"**Ibaraki? ...What are you doing...?**" It was an earnest question pointed towards a stumbling oni with golden hair and red, inhuman hands and feet. Dressed in a beautiful, yellow kimono that was dishevelled likely from actions she took while wasted, there always was something of a gap moe appeal with her. She *was* a heavy drinker though, and it wasn't like her to become this out of it.

But that mist, of course. She'd been affected during Rashoumon as well. At least this put the weird, Shuten dakimakura seance into perspective. How Ibaraki ended up in this cellar was a complete mystery to Gudako, but at least she wasn't alone anymore.

"**Shuten! Ah! I missed you, Shuten! Where did you run off to!? I've been down here all by myself!**" Was she *that* out of it? Gudako merely assumed she was talking to the body pillow behind her at this point. The oni ran with outstretched arms, presumably to the pillow's side, and yet... she ended up clinging to Gudako's waist, rubbing her face into the young woman's stomach in a ticklish manner that made Gudako giggle briefly.

"**Hey! I'm not Shuten, come on Ibaraki!**" she managed to choke out through laughter, trying to push the smaller woman away in the meantime. Against a Berserker though that was a little difficult to do, and she quickly found herself overpowered as she was pushed to the ground by a woman that was well under five feet in height. As she hit the ground the pink mist scattered, and for the first time

the Chaldea Master had gotten a full inhale as she sat in the thick of it with an oni rubbing up against her affectionately.

Ibaraki practically mounted the recoiling human as red hands held onto the shoulders Gudako had raised as she propped herself on her back. The panic and excitement made Gudako's chest pound, which in turn increased her rate of breathing. She was feeling a little woozy too, no doubt because of how she'd been knocked to the ground.

The oni looked into Gudako's eyes for a moment with weary eyes and, for a second, a speck of clarity seemed to show. **"Haah... You're right. The Shuten I know gets her horns polished by me every morning, yours aren't even polished at all..."** Naturally Gudako had no such thing as horns, she was a human after all. **"Kuhaha...! Let me fix it, Shuten, same as always..."** The right hand of the oni removed itself from Gudako's shoulder and suddenly began to rub the top of the right side of Gudako's forehead. It was quite the painful ordeal.

**"Stop it Ibaraki! I don't even have horns!"** She protested, but it seemed to fall on deaf ears as the oni continued to rub and pull at her hair line, gaze focused on that very spot. But while the blonde should have had nothing to grasp at, it suddenly felt like she was actually pulling on something. A bump? A nub? Ibaraki began to rub whatever it was with her sleeve, spitting on it occasionally to lessen the friction. Gudako panicked. It felt foreign, but it no longer hurt. It actually felt... *good*. ***Erotic***. Despite reaching at first to push Ibaraki away her mind suddenly filled with bliss and that hand dropped, drool forming in the corner of her mouth as Ibaraki continued for a few more minutes, Gudako collapsing completely against the ground.

And by the time she'd regained her senses the oni had already finished her work. The smell of alcohol on her breath, she leaned in beside Gudako's ear. **"All done, Shuten! Your horns are all shiny now... Hahaha!"** She didn't dismount the ginger but merely sat atop her lap looking proud of what she'd done.

Gudako's own hand reached up, running across the base of her forehead for a moment before climbing to find a pair of protrusions that did not belong. Even touching their base was enough to send a shiver down her spine, but for the sake of understanding the extent of what had happened her fingers continued upon until they reached a point. She couldn't see them to know that they were red at the top.

This was just like with Liz and Gudao. Well, the situation was somewhat different, but the context was the same. *Something was transforming her*. A strange tingling throughout her body seemed to suggest something was toying with the very fabric of her existence. She could sense a great deal of mana welling up within her. Or maybe she was becoming the mana. Servants were existences composed of magical energy after all.

An advantage she had over the prior two transformees was that she knew what was happening. If she could overcome her surprise it would be possible to take countermeasures... *or so she thought.*

But a cloud loomed over her mind.

She thought she'd been free of the mist's effects but ever since Ibaraki had climbed on top of her she'd found herself becoming more and more disoriented. Her movements had grown sluggish and the new protrusions atop her head, when touched, rendered her barely mobile. She almost wanted to have a taste of that pleasure again.

**"Ibaraki, listen."** Gudako finally spoke up, slurring the Servant's name in slight as she did so. She wiggled her ass a bit under the oni's weight to no avail. Ibaraki had been swaying back and forth while sitting, clearly still too forgone to reason with. **"I'm your Master. I'm Gudako, right? Take a good look at me."**

**"Mm..."** Ibaraki stared once more, eyes drawn to the noble horns that shot up from from the woman's skull. Gudako still looked very much like herself with Shuten-Douji's horns parting her hair, enough that one wouldn't normally be able to confuse the two. Ibaraki had already jumbled both identities when Gudako had likewise appeared completely normal, though. **"Shuten... that's no good. Your ceremonial markings have faded... Let me..."** Of course that attempt to reason didn't work! The smaller woman leaned in again and ran a finger up Gudako's cheek, pressing against the corner above her left eye with her index finger, and then moving over to the right.

Red markings appeared and came to an outward point before her fingers ran across Gudako's eyebrows, which reshaped from their usual lines to a small dot of purple hair above either eye. What accompanied the physical changes was a surge of energy in her eye nerves that caused the human woman to crunch her eyes shut painfully. When they finally shot open once more her irises had shifted from their usual orange to a bright purple. They'd been surrounded by darkness aside from the light of the candles, and yet suddenly everything seemed much clearer to Gudako. She could see beyond the darkness as if she were standing in the light of day. The only thing continuing to cloud her sight was that mist.

Playfully, Ibaraki touched Gudako's horns again, provoking her legs to squirm together as a short gasp escaped her lips.

The purple from her new eyebrows seemed to seep into her scalp as her roots darkened slowly at first, but inevitably hastened its encroach and completely consumed the orange. The curtains had to match the windows after all. **"Ah~ Shuten! You're looking beautiful as always."** One hand reached down beside them and lifted up the tokkuri flask that contained the sake she'd been drinking and she took a big gulp before leaning in and giving Gudako a kiss upon the lips.

It wasn't something Ibaraki would normally do. She was obsessed with Shuten, more than she showed publicly, but she'd never make a move on Shuten without permission were she not so wasted. And despite knowing she should resist like she resisted all advances from her Servants, Gudako practically leaned into the kiss and received the sake Ibaraki transferred over, savoring the flavor for a moment before swallowing. Her lips shrunk during the contact, becoming cuter though more upturned into an almost permanent pout, and the rest of her facial structure had begun to shrink in kind.

Practically in a trance until that moment, her eyes went wide and she finally found the strength to push Ibaraki off her before clamoring to her feet. "**Off already!**" Or rather, *she now had the strength to do it*. The Saint Graph that was being forced onto her body was quickly taking root and the changes were merely being exasperated by outside interference: namely Ibaraki. She hadn't even noticed that her voice no longer sounded like herself, but rather held a wispy maturity.

With her eyes able to see through the darkness now, Gudako was able to pinpoint a mirror a few feet into the darkness before a door that undoubtedly allowed them out of the cellar. But it was the mirror that interested her, and with a stumbling stride she managed to move herself before it. The reflection that stared back was unusual. For all intents and purposes it was the very same reflection she saw every day, though purple eyes glowed menacingly, matching the colour of her hair and circular eyebrows. The horns rose quite a ways above the top of her head, though she didn't even feel their added weight. Reaching up she touched them again, bringing forward the crimson in her cheeks again.

She had to stop this before anything else changed, but that desire was quickly being overcome. *Sake*. She wanted a drink. She needed a drink. The pleasure of being intoxicated seduced her like a junkie. "**Ibaraki.**" Her gaze shot back to the oni that seemed to be sulking in the corner after being pushed away by the 'woman she loved. She practically jumped to attention. Gudako's finger pointed at the tokkuri in her hand. "**Bring that to me. Please.**" Naturally Ibaraki was happy to oblige, and once in Gudako's own hands she elegantly poured some into her mouth. It would have been best enjoyed drunk from a sakazuki, but she could only use what was available.

"**Shuten? Are you not hot dressed like that?**" She usually wore her kimono open after all. Gudako finished her gulp and looked down at the little oni. In fact she did feel rather warm, and yet why waste energy derobing herself when Ibaraki was right there?

"**Haaa...**" She sighed. Ever so discreetly for the past few moments, her mannerisms had begun to change. She seemed more adjusted to the feeling of intoxication and each sway seemed fully intended. Gudako hated being seen in less clothes than necessary, but she supposed if she was going to feel this warm... "**Help me then?**"

Ibaraki practically jumped for joy. She reached for Gudako's skirt almost immediately. *'It's strange for Shuten to be wearing something like this'* was a passing thought she held, but she slowly slid it down the girl's legs until she could step out of it, leaving white panties visible beneath her thin, black leggings.

Red hands crept up to tug on the three black belts that kept Gudako's jacket nice and snug, removing them with ease before guiding her to allow hands to pull the material off her arms. Next her black undershirt was pulled up over her head with some difficulty considering Ibaraki's short stature, her breasts practically spilling out after being lifted out and dropped, contained only by her lacy white bra. It was hard to tell with her jacket on all the time, but the Master's bust was more than ample. Clawed, red hands then slipped in between her panties and the seam of her leggings before Ibaraki slid them down her thighs and legs and, after removing Gudako's white boots, off of her feet entirely.

So Gudako was left standing there in only her lingerie. The heat had subsided somewhat now that her body was free to breathe, and despite being dressed the way she was she oddly felt no shame. **"The more time passes the more different I feel. It's nice."** Was this how Gudako had felt upon transforming? Were they, possibly, being affected more strongly because they were humans? To give them a taste of superhuman power... she could almost get drunk off of the strength she felt alone.

**"But you're the same old Shuten, right? Shuten never changes!"** That's why Ibaraki adored her. They had been together since they were young, and while Shuten had pursued the life of a wanderer Ibaraki never once doubted the strength of her feelings for her. Gudako felt happy that she'd say something like that. **"Though I did notice you seemed a little tall. Hm... Maybe it was my imagination."**

On cue, the *'human'* if she could be even thought of as one anymore, suddenly stumbled. She idly rubbed one of her horns to bring about the pleasurable calm she'd been feeling as inertia paired with a lowering line of sight. Shuten-Douji was a respectable 4'8" tall and Gudako was over 5' herself. Still, it didn't take long for her to drop beneath that five foot mark as her limbs contracted and torso shrunk. As she lost length of her legs, thighs proportionately thickened and became soft but supple, the flesh around her ass becoming tight and firm. Naturally her panties slipped down her leg and her bra fell down her shoulders as the sizes changed, and even ample bosom was brought down to a more reasonable size.

Reasonable being lacking. A **"tch"** escaped Gudako's lips as she noticed that they'd shrunk. It was a curse being such a short woman, but that was merely how oni were.

*'But I'm human!'*. That thought surfaced suddenly, but like all of the previous attempts of her old self to retain control, it was quickly swept away on a whim as other thoughts fogged her process. Glancing down with a bored expression she watched the lingerie that had fallen to the ground wriggle like snakes for a moment as pure white fabric reshaped into impish black rubber, expanding in places to

become a one-piece, all purpose piece of 'clothing' that wrapped around her neck and would trail down to cover her nipples as well as functioning as panties.

This was, of course, the most Shuten-Douji ever wore aside from the elegant kimono she usually threw over her shoulders. Looking back at the pile Ibaraki had made with her clothes, it seemed to have become just that along with the proper leggings. And speaking of Ibaraki she seemed to be enamored with Shuten's naked form. It wasn't the type of convention buxom beauty most thought of, but it was a humble beauty that was made all the more-so by her eerie nature as an oni. Her skin, with the regressing size, had lost its healthy human coloring had become something more pale and porcelain.

Gudako's hand reached up to her hair as she felt it begin to recede into her scalp. Or rather, she reached for the scrunchy that usually tied tied her hair to the side before pulling it off. In her hand it reshaped into the decorative hairpiece Shuten usually adorned, complete with the large blue gem that dangled from its core. She returned it to its rightful place just as her hairstyle finished restructuring itself.

**"Well, Ibaraki? You wanted to see Shuten, and here I am."** Gudako - no, it felt right to be addressed as *Shuten-Douji* - spoke with buzz as she leaned down to pick up what would serve as her attire once she could bother getting changed. She stepped over to a bashful, drunk Ibaraki and pressed her finger against the lips of the oni that she was now roughly the same height as. With each step she took, her body swayed seductively.

Shuten-Douji was a drunk, a seductress, a pleasure seeker. That was who Gudako now was. Thoughts of returning to normal? They could simply perish. To remain like this in a state of eternal bliss was far more appealing.

Her finger traced Ibaraki's lips once, twice, the other hand playing with her hair. **"My cute Ibaraki... Fufu! You were so frisky earlier. I find myself, too, dealing with a bit of pent up frustration. So before we return to the others..."** She slid her knee up and in between Ibaraki's legs, making her coo gently. **"Let's see to that, shall we?"**