

ONICURED

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Halloween was a peculiar time of year when it came to gacha games.

Whether or not a game celebrated it was really a tossup. Some saw it as something worth celebrating if only for a chance to push out themed units, while others didn't really care too much about it and pushed past without even a smidge of acknowledgment. Among the many, *many* gacha games out there, Fate / Grand Order leaned into the former *most* of the time. After having dedicated Halloween events every year there was a time where they decided to take a break.

Even then, their Halloween events were usually all that *Halloween-y* in the first place. Usually taking inspiration from other media, there was usually at most a coat of Halloween paint over top of everything. To the point where the season just felt like an excuse to toss the label on it to earn interest. But that didn't make these events *bad*, it just meant that they weren't always what you expected. Surely to some this was a good thing in of itself, because there was only *so much* that could be rehashed for a setting of that nature.

“I still think they should do a sequel to ONILAND eventually, as much as I love Elizabeth.” Personally I didn't really have any strong opinions about the whole thing. I was fine with the pattern continuing on as is, but there was no denying that the ONILAND event was special in its own right. After all, it was an event that had starred Shuten-Douji as its welfare Servant, and she was another fan favorite for good reason.

Of course, I wasn't talking to the thin air about my event preparations. A mischievous cat had appeared. Or, well, she was presently in the form of

a cat, but she wasn't actually a cat. A nekomata that had been created for the sake of transformations brought to life through a freak accident, she had a penchant for showing up uninvited. Trouble usually followed, but I was in a good mood and so I was willing to entertain her questions for a little bit.

“Hmhmhm, I see!” The black, two-tailed cat spoke back like something out of a 90s magical girl anime. A smug expression was worn by her feline face, teeth showing all the while. **“Then I can arrange that! But first we'd need a protagonist, right?”** Admittedly I wasn't paying all that much attention to what she was saying as I worked at my computer. I was simply responding as if on autopilot, and so...

“Well naturally that would be Shuten-Douji, right? The event one?”

“You're probably right!” This was the last thing that the cat said before mysteriously disappearing, leaving me to my work. It hadn't even occurred to me what I just had set in motion by saying that, even though I absolutely *should* have considered who I was dealing with at the time. Nonetheless it would take a significant event for me to actually take notice of it – and that event *did* eventually take place.

In fact, it had already begun to happen, it just wasn't happening in a way that was initially perceivable to me. So engrossed in my writing, I hadn't even taken notice of the fact that the cat had disappeared – nor was I looking inward at myself to take notice of some of the earlier warning signs. Such as? Well, my skin was among the first of the areas to change.

I was a naturally pale man, there was no denying that, but somehow my complexion was growing paler still. Ghostly so, in fact, to the point where the tint that typically should have been pinkish almost had a purple hue in its place. It didn't appear normal at all, and in fact? I was almost left looking *sickly* as a result. The only possible benefit was that not only did my skin somehow seem softer despite this, but all of the blemishes and freckles across my skin were wiped away as well.

But to say my complexion was where my color scheme worries ended would have been demonstrably incorrect, for it came from my head of dark hair next. Though in the case of my short locks? It wasn't quite a *loss* of color that plagued it so much as it was a *gain*. Beginning from the tips of my hair, a vibrant *purple* of all colors appeared to tease each strand, slowly working its way towards my roots where it would assure any future hairs would grow naturally with the exact same color.

This purple was a shade that looked like it only would have been possible through hair dyes, but that wasn't the truth of it. It was so natural, in

fact, that even my body hair and pubes had inherited – though in the former case it wasn't all that obvious since my body hairs seemed destined to fade into obscurity. As for the hair on my head? Well, the changed color evidently wasn't enough, for it *did* grow out some. I had been wearing it shaggier as of late, but even then it still grew into a bob cut that fell just past my chin, with bangs that were cut straight into a hime style.

“Maybe for this section, I should... *Haah.*” All I had really noticed thus far was just how groggy I felt. It was getting harder and harder to focus on my work even as my fingers continued to type away. With eyes fixed on the screen, my irises soon reflected a light purple color that was a stark departure from its usual shade. After all, this was once again a color that should have only been possible through something fake like colored contacts. Yet again? It was natural.

Just as the narrowed shapes of those eyes had become real. The corners of my eyelids pinched in, drawing the lids closer to my eyes themselves and creating the appearance of a set of optics that were clearly Eastern by design. But more specifically? *Japanese*. These eyes were fair and beautiful, and accommodated a series of related changes that unknowingly saw my face redefined.

And it wasn't exactly redefined within the realm of the masculine. In fact, every change that plagued my face saw it grow inherently more *feminine*, as my eyes now already demonstrated. My nose, for example, shrunk and took on a rounder tip, while my cheeks thinned and narrowed *substantially*. This was all topped off by my lips, which ultimately thickened a touch – yet they still seemed small against a face that *also* appeared small.

The sound of me smacking these lips together as I worked could soon be heard. I couldn't help it. There was something *tasty* on them, but I didn't think much of what. Nonetheless, that taste had everything to do with how my head was growing groggier still. It was the taste of *alcohol* after all. **“Maybe I should give up for the rest of today? …いや、もう少し。”** *No, a little more.* That was what I had said in English, but with a great deal of fluency and a softer voice that better matched my maidenly head, I had spoken it in *Japanese*.

My fingers continued to clack away against my keyboard, and I found myself leaning closer to the screen than I typically did. I was a heftier set guy, and so my belly often caused issues when it came to my posture. Yet unknowingly that weight was being lifted from my shoulders *quite literally*, for my body was thinning at an alarming rate. The front of my large shirt was hanging looser and looser without the gut to maintain,

and even my pants dangled chaotically while pinned to the chair by my ass.

But this thinness didn't exactly seem *healthy*? I was almost six feet tall, and so too much weight loss would have left me lanky. But this went even *beyond* that, to the point where I almost appeared as if I was all skin and bones. This was something that was soon helped, but not in the way you might have expected. “...え?” ...Eh?

It was the first change that truly drew me to realize just *what* was happening, and it was plenty obvious *why* this was the change to do so. After all, my posture on my rolling computer chair had been compromised in every capacity. My point of view was diminishing, making it harder to view my raised monitor, while my feet were lifting off the ground which in turn made it difficult to stand up straight.

“**Wait a second, here... This is interesting.**” Still speaking in Japanese (*albeit translated for convenience*), I commented confidently as I watched my body become swallowed up by my own clothing. Raising a hand, I could observe paled fingers shrinking while nails grew into slight claws, and feet kicking over the edge of the raised chair could be seen smoothing out in kind. It was something that I surely should have been shocked and upset by, seeing myself change without permission as I was.

And yet all I felt was *joy*.

It was a groggy joy, mind you, and one that might have easily been attributed to my growing intoxication. Nonetheless, I was left giggling to myself by the time my height finally ‘peaked’ at 4’9”. Despite being shorter than most adults my age, my face still reflected the maturity of an adult. And with this one change completed? I found myself wanting *more*.

Red paint found itself dancing across the corners of my eyes now as I stared down at my own self. Tiny hands reached to my chest. I could feel it. A warmth that was pleasant, radiating from this otherwise featureless segment of my body. “**Mmn...**” Yet idly I began to knead my chest with my fingers, almost like a cat. It brought my nipples to become erect, yet past that they grew even larger than they were before. A pair of nickels? No, they were comparable to a pair of quarters sticking up against my shirt – and their definition only became more obvious once my kneading produced a pair of A-cup breasts.

“**Small, but workable. After all, skill is more important than size, no?**” The calm and raspy way I spoke was lowkey seductive in its nature and based on my words it was evident that this was the growing

intention. I was fondling my own chest while seated on my chair, after all, and my seat ultimately became all the more comfortable as I did so.

This cause of this comfort was an additional padding that guided both my thighs and my rear into *much* fuller states. Having lost all of my body weight previously, these regions found new flourish (and with the vengeance at that), for fatty flesh saw them swell and round in ways that were exceptionally pleasant when you considered just how short I now was.

I wiggled my ass in place to better adjust to the *several inches* I'd passively risen thanks to how plump and pronounced my ass had swelled. I felt a *lot* of pride towards it, as I did the thighs that grew just as thick as my *very* narrow waistline. "*Hehehe...*" My pants still hid them since I was sitting, but I gave them both an energetic and playful slap – savoring the feel of their jiggling beneath.

From my point of view it was *obvious* what was happening. I was becoming a small woman – but not just *any* small woman. Her memories had been flowing into my head and reshaping how I perceived myself. It was *pleasurable*, really, yet the more apparent my new identity was, the farther along the final aspects of my transformation became.

Fingers reached up to my forehead, where I could feel pressure building. I moaned gingerly to myself as those fingers traced a pair of bumps that had begun to press forward, and needily I licked my lips. I giggled like a drunkard once more, and no sooner than I had? Those bumps grew enough that I could grasp them. They grew even *larger* than that, shaping themselves into horns that grew six inches from my skull. Pointed straight up, their bases were just as pale as the rest of my skin, while their bulk was a crimson red. Well, crimson red with sky blue heart-shaped prints on them.

The horns of an *oni*.

With a "*Hup!*" I no longer sought to stay seated and leaped off my chair into a standing position, essentially allowing all of my clothes to fall off my dramatically smaller frame. While nude for a moment, it hardly lasted long. Not before my attire erupted into a plethora of golden sparkles that spun around my room. Eventually they reconverged upon me, dressing me in a familiar outfit.

That said, it wasn't a very *covering* outfit. My ass, tummy, and thighs were all completely bare, while the rest was clad in purples, blacks, and reds that looked somewhere between a magical girl, shrine maiden, and stripper's outfit. A bright green, heart shaped jewel likewise appeared on

my forehead between my new horns. **“Festive!”** But I really *didn't* care about how much skin I was showing. I simply sipped from the huge, blue gourd that was at my side. Yum, sake!

“Ufufu... Well, I can't exactly complain about this, now can I?” Was I still mentally myself? Mm... Well in a way, I *suppose* you could say that. My worthless human memories remained, but I also possessed the more enticing recollections of a life long lived. Of a great, powerful, and *beautiful* oni woman. But wasn't that who I was? Albeit a little on the small side. **“Not that it makes any difference.”** I had given up on my computer, inconvenient of a device as it was. As I was in the first place, why bother doing any work on it?



My talents now lied elsewhere. Of course, the fact that I was exceptionally drunk despite only having taken a single swig from my new apparatus contributed to my lack of caring. With a shrug of my shoulders and a swing of my wide hips, a began to saunter towards the front door of my apartment despite my manner of dress, which was ill-suited for modern society. But what were they going to do? Arrest a Servant?

“Perhaps I'll find a suitable partner down near the local anime store. I'm sure *someone* would enjoy a quality evening with *the Shuten-Douji.*” A fan of the game would turn up eventually if I lingered there, that much was a certainty. And whether it was a man or a woman? I certainly did not care. A night of pleasure was a night of pleasure regardless of whom it was!