

My Oni Love

Chapter 5

Written by Princess Kay

“Look,” I began, “I’m not an alcoholic.” Because that sort of declaration was definitely the best way to start any conversation! “I mean, half the time I drink, I don’t even get drunk. There’s just something about the act of drinking that feels... I don’t know. Right? Like... Almost ritualistic...”

Like I was *meant* to drink. It was hard to explain and had fucked with more than one of my past relationships, but there was just something about drinking that resonated deep within my soul. I wouldn’t have been surprised if it was why I’d gotten reincarnated as an oni, even.

“It is fine, Joana sama,” Akari told me, with a tired sigh. “I have no intention of standing between an oni and her alcohol. I merely ask that you don’t get *too* drunk. As you may have gathered from Haruka, I have had bad experiences with it.”

“*Haruka?*” I grinned at her - which... probably looked pretty horrific, considering how sharp my teeth were, but thankfully (for my self esteem) she didn’t even flinch. “No honorifics, when she’s not around?”

“You’re surprisingly perceptive,” Akari replied. “Is it not stranger to use honorifics for your childhood friend, though? Truthfully, if she were not so prone to get carried away, I might have even...” She shook her head. “It doesn’t matter.”

“You like her,” I realized, tilting my head. “Is that why you want her in the harem?” I paused. “Wait. Is that why you *want* me to have a harem?”

“It might have been part of it,” Akari admitted, a faint blush touching her cheeks. “But I stand by the reasoning I presented you. Just as I stand by my decision to make you my mistress.

“Yeah, about that...” I hesitated a moment, before taking a bit swig of liquid courage, before pointing one of my claw-tipped fingers at her. “What the hell made you think *that’s* a good idea?”

“Does it not benefit you?” she questioned, arching a brow. “You are in need of food. Food you do not seem to want to get through standard manners - which makes me question how you’ve survived thus far, by the way.”

“That’s complicated,” I said. Because yeah, I wasn’t in the mood to get into the whole ‘I got turned into an oni’ thing. Or maybe I was just avoiding the ‘I got turned into a girl’ thing? Including thoughts about how that should really bug me more! I mean, I’d heard from my trans friends how sucky being in the wrong body could feel, but I honestly felt more comfortable than... Wait a second... “Hey! You never answered my question!”

“Why I want you as a mistress, you mean? Other than the fact that I find you attractive? And kind? And surprisingly easy to push around for your size.”

“Hey! Haven’t you ever heard that some things are better left unsaid? Because that’s one of them!”

“I think it’s best to be upfront with drunkards,” Akari replied, with a shrug. Her words sounded like criticism, but her smile looked nice. She had a really cute smile.

Wait. Did I say that aloud? No? I really should. “You have a really cute smile.”

“Thank you. But I think that’s the alcohol talking... Haruka wasn’t kidding when she said it was strong, you know? I’m pretty sure there’s magic laced through it. You aren’t the only one around here with a high tolerance, after all...”

“I’m not drunk,” I protested. “I’m tipsy. Big difference!”

“Differences such as...?” she prompted, gesturing for me to continue.

“Differences like being able to tell you’re still avoiding the question! If I’m your mistress, then... Then I order you to tell me why you picked me! And don’t think I haven’t noticed how you’ve been all... Not deferential, ever since Haruka left!”

She sighed. “Everything I told you before was true, Joana-sama. You are a kind, and strong individual who was willing to die to rescue me. You’re also rather cute, and generally willing to listen to reason... The closest I have come to a perfect mistress.”

“But why do you *need* a mistress?” I demanded, taking another sip from my gourd. It was a lot lighter than I thought it would be. Like I’d drunk... Uh... Half? More than? How heavy was it supposed to be, again?

“I’m not entirely sure you’ll remember if I tell you, considering how much you’ve drunk,” Akari replied, shaking her head.

“Try me.” I took another sip - just to drive the point home, y’know? Like, hey, I can drink and still remember shit! I could even remember most of my own death, and I was drunk as a skunk for that!

“I suppose you’ll find out from Haruka soon enough...” She sighed, and for a moment I thought I saw a flicker of sadness behind her eyes. “I need a mistress because everyone expects me to have one. Because I was raised to serve...”

“Raised to serve?”

“Uh-hmm. It’s sort of a family tradition, you could say... The Tanaka family has raised prestigious servants for generations. Ones who serve people of power. Lords, and ladies - even the imperial family, from time to time. And though we’ve fallen on hard times, of late, my father insists that climb our way back up to prestige. But when it came to me... Well, I didn’t want to serve the man Father chose for me. And not just because he was a man - I think Father could have accepted that... Just not the fact that I didn’t want to serve *anyone*. That’s why

banned me from coming home. until I could find someone I wished to serve. And that was five years ago.”

“That’s...” I wasn’t sure what to say. It was horrible, obviously! And mean. And I didn’t like it. She shouldn’t have to serve anyone if she didn’t want to! Which is maybe what I should say? “You shouldn’t have to serve anyone if you don’t want to.”

“Shouldn’t and don’t are two very different things, Joana-sama,” Akari replied, a soft smile on her face. It wasn’t sad this time, but it *was* a bit distant. Like her mind wasn’t entirely here, in the present, with me. It only lasted a moment, though, before her eyes flicked back up to me. “Serving you will allow me to see the rest of my family, again. It will stop Haruka from constantly suggesting that I serve *her*. It might even let me form a proper relationship with her, one of these days. Assuming I can keep her under control. And as the first of your harem, I’ll be able to express a modicum of control over my own life. But, even more than that...”

“More than that?” I questioned.

“Well... To be honest.... When you ate me out? It felt so good, that for a moment, I actually thought it wouldn’t be bad to serve you.”

It was a good thing my cheeks were already red, because-

“You’re cute when you blush, you know?”

Gah! She could tell! She could totally tell! Just look at that knowing smile on her face! How the hell could she tell?!

“They get a deeper red when you’re embarrassed. Did nobody ever tell you?”

“No!” I grumbled. Because I hadn’t ever been around anyone as an oni, obviously! But I couldn’t tell her that, because.... Because... Uh... Why exactly? Because I was afraid she wouldn’t believe me? Though I wasn’t sure if that really mattered. She had a reason to stick around me, after all... And it wasn’t like this wasn’t a world with magic - why couldn’t there be curses that turned you into oni?

Though there was also the fact that I didn’t want to even think, let alone talk, about the fact that I used to be a guy. Or was that I didn’t want to think about the fact that I was currently a girl? I was pretty sure most people in my situation would think the latter... I should have thought the latter... I mean, if I was a guy in a girl’s body then I was basically trans, right? Except it didn’t feel bad at all...

Maybe I was just one of those trans people who didn’t feel dysphoria? I heard there were some like that... Or maybe it just hadn’t kicked in yet? Maybe I just hadn’t had time to appreciate how much my form had changed.

“Ugh. I need a mirror, or something...” I muttered.

“A mirror?” Akari questioned. “We have one in my home. Or we did, five years ago... But I’m fairly sure the blush will be gone by the time we reach it, and

you'll be in a disguise, regardless. May I suggest a pond, instead? There's one nearby - it's relatively small, but more than serviceable for showing one's reflection."

I hesitated a moment, before nodding. "A pond sounds like a good idea..."

"It's on the way to Kyoji in any case," she told me, gesturing for me to follow. "And I think we could both use a wash, after everything."

I grunted, noncommittally. Mostly because I wasn't really paying attention to what she was saying. My brain was too preoccupied by the whole 'girl' thing. The whole 'going to see myself as a girl and probably freak out' thing. The terrible idea that I really wanted to back away from. But I couldn't. Even if it cost me the delightful feeling of belonging in my skin, I needed to see what my body looked like! Otherwise I might randomly see myself in a mirror, and start crying! Which would be super embarrassing!

I mean, I hadn't done that since puberty!

"It's right through these trees," Akari told me, after about a minute of walking. Which was... Really quick? But I guess she did say it was nearby... But gah! I hadn't had time to steel my resolve! My crumbling, paper thin resolve! But I couldn't just run away with Akari looking at me...

Ugh. I took another sip of my alcohol - which I was, like, fifty percent sure was still at least fifty percent full! - closed my eyes, nodded to myself, and strode through the trees. I was going to do this. I was going to...

My foot landed on something smooth and wet, shooting out from underneath me. My arms spun, like crazy, utterly useless. My body began to tilt forward, my eyes finally opening, all too late.

I was going to fall.

I was going to fall into the water.

Was I going to hit my head again?

Would I die?

Or would I wake up as a guy, back on Earth?

Why did that thought scare me so much...?

“Joana-sama!” A hand grabbed hold of my shirt, yanking me backwards and back onto my feet. “I know you are eager to drink more, but I really do not recommend diving into the pond to do so!”

I didn't respond. I was too busy staring at my reflection.

“Joana-sama?”

The face I saw in the water was so different from what I was used to. Her nose was smaller, her cheeks nice and round. Her eyes were orange instead of brown, and her hair was white instead of black. Maybe that wasn't too abnormal in

this world, considering Akari's blue hair, but her red skin definitely gave away her inhuman nature. And it wasn't just that, either!

I mean, she had horns, for one thing. Long, thick things, with a slight curve to them, that started out as the same shade of red as her skin and slowly lightened on the way up, until they were almost as white as her hair at their tips. And she had sharp sharp teeth, clearly meant for tearing apart flesh, with a singular tusk jutting out of the left side of her mouth. Something I hadn't even noticed. It was sort of cute, though? Much like the tiny orange crescent moons on her cheeks.

Still, cute or no, there was no mistaking this girl for a human. Just as there was no mistaking her as a guy.

"I'm a girl..."

"Yes, and?" Akari asked, as if I'd just said the most obvious thing in the world.

I couldn't help myself - I burst out laughing.