

# Oni Woman (Man to Oni Demoness TGTF)

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A Commission for throwaway7464

*James is enjoying his vacation in Japan after dealing with a bad breakup. But when he comes across a remote shrine in the countryside and talks to a mysterious shrine maiden, he is surprised to receive an ancient looking oni mask. Intrigued, James decides to put it on. Little does he know that in doing so, his body, gender, and entire lifestyle will change radically for good. The Shrine Maiden has determined that the world needs a powerful oni demoness on the side of good, and James will become her whether he likes it or not!*

## Oni Woman

James took a deep breath, sighing as he released it again. The young man opened his eyes, taking in the gorgeous sight of the dozens of islets off of the coast of Japan. The view from the top of Miyajima Island was spectacular, the city of Hiroshima sprawled out upon the mainland coast in the opposite direction. After taking the cable car up the blond-haired American had relished the actual hike up, finally arriving at the viewing platform after a further hour. But the numerous tourists there, along with one particularly irritating drone operator, had convinced him to find his own quiet space off of the track. The island was not small, and there were plenty of warning signs to avoid the steep hillsides, but he wanted a space to be alone with his thoughts more than anything, and so he had thrown caution to the wind.

This wasn't James' usual way. In fact, the twenty four year old man was far more likely to be overly cautious, indecisive, and anxious about making pretty much any major choice in life. He agonised over what flavour of ice cream to get at the store, for goodness sake! And picking a restaurant had just about killed him the last time he was pressured to do so. Which was not to say that James was some blubbery mess: in fact, he'd been in quite a loving relationship with a woman named Sasha until just recently, and his own features were above average, bordering on handsome. But as she had learned across their year and a half long relationship, James was simply too unwilling to get outside his comfort zone. Sasha had wanted to travel the world, to take risks with her career, to move in together. James had preferred that they kept things as they were: living separately but sleeping together when they both desired it, and staying firmly rooted to one spot. In the end, this growing conflict had resulted in a bad breakup, one in which his now ex-girlfriend had rightly accused him of being a "total worrywart and scaredy cat!"

Well, she'd used less kind words, but he preferred to censor those out in his mind. The thrust of them had been true, however; he *was* a coward. He'd prefer to stay in his comfortable little box then leave it for the wider world. And with Sasha gone with the wind, he decided to take in what she'd said and work on fixing himself.

Now he was here, in Japan, overlooking its natural beauty, so far out of his comfort zone that you couldn't find it on a map. It had been an anxious thing, booking the flights and accommodation for himself, learning as much of the language as possible, and then not only going through with it but learning to enjoy it. It had all been worthwhile though, because for the first time in his life he felt truly free. It was funny, actually, because it had taken him travelling to another country in another continent to feel like he belonged.

That feeling only increased when he moved through the thick plantation and found something entirely unexpected: an elaborate shrine that was pristine in condition, its orange-painted wood carefully maintained, its kanji immaculately painted, various wooden carvings and paintings placed carefully around its two bases, depicting gorgeous images of ancient Japanese mythology. Nearby, a careful garden had been curated, and several small bonsai trees as well. A sakura tree bloomed entirely out of season, its petals falling in an almost painting-like image.

"Wow," James said. "This is something else."

It truly felt like stepping into a fantasy world, and he realised that the sense of peace he'd been feeling had actually, impossibly, *guided* him here. The man knelt before the shrine. He didn't know how it could be so preserved: he was possibly two hours or more off the track by this point, thick in the natural environment. And yet . . .

"I could stay here forever," he sighed to himself. "There's this magic in the air. I never want to leave it."

"Is that so?"

James spun on the spot, confused as to where the voice had come from. For a moment there was no one, and he was genuinely wondering if the heat of the day was making him delirious. But when he turned back around to face the shrine again, suddenly a woman was standing right before him.

"Gah!" James exclaimed, falling backwards onto his rump.

The woman giggled, leaving him a bit embarrassed. She was Japanese, with pale skin and a thin white kimono, and a height that couldn't have been any taller than five-six at best. Her features were beautiful, and her expression showed a calm elegance. She was as neat and prim as the shrine behind her, though a wide grin soon overcame her face, making her seem much more relatable. The woman's hair was black and likely long enough to fall down to her lower back, but was done up immaculately with a bun at the back of her head and two flowers woven into her hair on either side of her face. This left two long trails of dark

hair at the front and the remainder to go down to her shoulders at the back of her neck. The effect was lovely, and looked like it came from a different time.

“S-sorry,” James said, scratching the back of his head. “You sort of caught me off guard there. Um, that was you, right? Do you speak English? Um, *watashi no namea wa, nan desu ka?* Wait, that’s not right. *Anata no namea wa nan-*”

“My name is Sakura,” the woman said in a sweet accented voice. She indicated to the cherry blossom behind her. “Like the tree.”

“Oh thank God, you speak English. I’m, well, I’m James. Are you from around here?”

“Good to meet you James,” the woman said, before bowing. James awkwardly bowed back. “And yes, I am very much from around here. I am the shrine maiden of this place.”

James’ jaw fell for a moment. He didn’t expect to meet an actual shrine maiden on his vacation; it seemed such a throwback to a more interesting time!

“That’s incredible!” he exclaimed. “Being a shrine maiden must be amazing. Are you responsible for taking care of it? And the garden?”

She grinned yet wider. She had a very cute smile, in fact. It had a mischievous quality that he could only describe as ‘vulpine.’

“All of that, and more. The shrine is dedicated to the many spirits and gods of this land, and of other lands. It brings peace to this island and the many islands beyond this coast. I maintain its garden to give offerings to local spirits, and keep the shrine in good order so that its power does not fade. I must also perform the proper rites each day, and travel to other distant shrines to do the same. I also . . . defend the shrine, you might say.”

James looked at the shrine and the elaborate area around it.

“Defend it from what?”

“Think of them as corrupting forces. Bad spirits. Darkness. It is difficult to describe, and I don’t know all the words in English, I’m afraid to say.”

James smiled warmly. “That’s okay, your English is amazing. Much better than my Japanese. Are those oni, on the shrine? And a kitsune?”

The woman turned, looking at the carvings and paintings. She actually seemed to vibrate a little with joy.

“Yes! I’m so glad you recognise them. I made these carvings and paintings to replace the old ones.”

“You *made* them!?”

“*Hai*, I did.”

“They’re incredible! Are the kitsune and oni battling? Is the oni there to destroy the shrine in the image?”

Sakura indicated for him to come closer to the depictions, and she walked him through the tale.

“This is the ancient story of the shrine. Dark oni came to destroy the shrine’s light, and the kitsune was there to defend them, her white tails ready. But she could not outlast them all, and for days and nights she fought, growing tired and weak. A red-skinned oni came, the spirit of a woman, to finish her. But instead, here you can see, they fell in love, instead. The red oni used her strength to defend her lover, and fight against the other oni. Together, they defended the shrine, keeping it safe for many ages.”

“And what happened after that?” James asked, fascinated.

“The oni had to leave, to make things right with her kind. The kitsune waited for her to return, but eventually perished. The lovers never saw one another again, though legend has it that they will one day be reincarnated to defend the shrine again.”

For some reason, the tale seemed to reverberate within James. In the wake of his bad breakup, such themes hit harder than he previously would have thought.

“That’s . . . so sad. And now here you are, doing all of this by yourself!”

“It is quite hard. I sometimes hope another will come to help me with my duties, but this is a secret and sacred place, and only those who can be connected to its power can find it.”

James chuckled. “Yeah, I don’t think that’s me.”

Sakura raised an eyebrow, her hands folded neatly before her. “Are you sure, James-san? Why did you find the shrine? Why did you come here?”

The young man scratched at his blond hair again. “Well, my girlfriend left me because I wasn’t willing to change and try something new. So I decided to finally get out into the world. And I’ve always thought Japanese culture was amazing, and I’ve been trying to learn the language. And when I came here, I felt this strange desire to go for a walk off the track, until I found this place. I guess . . . I guess I’m just looking for something new. A new kind of life I can be proud of, with a purpose that’s clear to me. Something bold and different.”

The woman bowed slightly, showing respect for his story. Slowly, she went to the shrine and picked up a mask hidden behind one of the paintings upon its wooden slate. It was an oni mask, red in colour, and with pointed horns jutting from its top. It looked almost female, James thought.

“If you are willing to trust me, James, I can show you a new kind of life,” she said, passing him the mask. “All you have to do is put this mask on and embrace it. But it is permanent.”

James held the mask in his hands. Despite not believing in the supernatural, his heart beat faster anyway. “What do you mean?”

To his surprise, Sakura placed her hand upon his. Her touch was so soft that it almost made him shiver. He was trying to ignore how beautiful she was.

“You are the first person I have ever seen drawn to this place other than myself. I can sense an energy in you, a possibility. It is hard to express in your language, but I sense that you are meant to be here, and to help me with the shrine. If you are willing to try, you can put on the mask and embrace what comes.”

James frowned. It all seemed so crazy, and yet . . . it wasn't. The mask seemed to thrum with power in his hands, like it *wanted* to be placed upon his face. And he did want that too; something about it just seemed *right*.

“I - I think I'm meant to do this,” he said, slowly raising the mask to his face. He had never been a confident person, always been hesitant when talking to women, but he couldn't deny the chemistry that seemed to already flow between him and Sakura, and how easily he already trusted her. Almost like he had known her in a past life.

With a confidence he didn't know he possessed, James placed the mask over his face. For a moment, there was nothing. He could only see through the eye slits and hear his own muffled breathing. But then . . . something changed.

There was a flash of light across his vision, causing him to step back. The form of Sakura flickered, and for several seconds he saw another form of the woman, one that was utterly fantastical. Her hair was no longer black but pearly white and shimmering in the light, falling all the way down to her thighs. Jutting from her head were two tall fox ears, coated in similarly white fur, tinged with pale blue at the very top. She now possessed eyeshadow and lipstick with that same colouring, making her appear much more sensual and otherworldly. But the most shocking thing was the large, thick fox tails. Not tail, singular, but tail, *plural*. Six of them curled out behind her, three to either side, and they shifted slightly, confirming that they were real extra limbs. Each was immensely puffy, white-furred but for those same pale blue tips, as if they had been dyed to provide a sense of style and beauty; qualities this woman certainly had in extraordinary abundance. Only one conclusion could possibly be drawn from this image.

“Kitsune,” James said, his voice barely a whisper through the mask.

“Welcome home,” she purred, her form flickering more, her human illusion shattering away. “I have waited so long.”

Her words were now in Japanese, and James realised he could *understand them completely*. But before he could even take in that fact, his vision glowed further, the mask heating up and suffusing him with power. It *melted* into his skin, causing his hands to fly up to his face and try to remove it in a panic. But it was too late: the mask was part of him now, and with each passing second was becoming one with his skin. There was no pain, and in fact the sensations were surprisingly pleasant and natural-feeling.

“*Nani!?*” he cried, now speaking Japanese himself. “What is happening to - ohhh!”

Everything seemed to change at once, the mask’s spiritual energy suffusing his entire body now. He regained control over his face, but that too warped and shifted, his jaw reshaping like claw. It was still slightly square, but had a more rounded quality. His nose grew, becoming more aquiline in shape, and his ears began to extend out from his head, gaining longer points like an elf’s.

Or an *oni*’s.

“Am I b-becoming - !?”

The answer came quickly as the horns of the mask fused with his scalp. They burrowed into his skull, becoming proper bone. They were red, extending upwards even all the way now that they were organic in nature. He gripped them, briefly trying to tear them off, but the longer they became the more a sense of power and purpose came over him. Soon they were nine or ten inches long each, with a very slight curve backwards.

“Ohhhhhh, God! Holy sh-shit, I’m transforming! And I s-sound like - like a woman!”

His tongue flickered in his mouth, gaining a slight fork even as his canines jutted out more, giving him a sharper set of teeth. His eyes shimmered, and in that moment he knew he had to see himself. He stumbled away from the kitsune Sakura and moved to the *actual* Sakura tree, where a calm pond lay. Muscles bulged, and his limbs and spine ached and stretched, increasing his height and bulk.

“Nghhhh! I’m getting b-bigger. B-bigger!”

His clothing ripped as his shoulders expanded, his hips too - the last dramatically so. His thighs swelled, burning with muscle growth, and the same was true for his arms. He had been rather fit before, but now he became positively athletic, then impressively strong, then utterly *built*. Even as this occurred, his skin burned. It was not a painful burn, but instead one that came with a sweet release. It made him tingle, and he saw why this was the case as he gazed at his reflection in the pond.

“I’m ch-changing colour!” he declared, voice even more womanly, sounding like a gorgeous husky contralto. He was turning red, not from embarrassment or anger, but from a literal transformation that left his hue crimson. With his clothing ripping to shreds this was true for his midriff and now-bare thighs, but the changing pigmentation swept up to his face even as it finished remoulding, looking like a powerful demoness beauty. His eyes were golden, his eyebrows well-defined and beautiful, and his blonde hair extended out from his scalp, getting longer and thicker and lustrous, shimmering just like Sakura’s hair, but with a golden warmth instead of her own silver sheen.

New pressures rose: his fingers developed claws with darker red nails, and the same was true of his feet as well, which burst open the shoes he was wearing. His hips widened yet again, tearing his shorts to pieces, and this only made another change more obvious: his

member was slowly shrinking, his entire body taking on a tall, powerful, but undeniably *female* shape.

“A w-woman!?” he gaped, moaning from the pleasure that rose within him, a pleasure concentrated between his legs and upon his chest. “Ohhhh, ahhh! Why am I b-becoming a woman?”

Sakura’s voice carried to him, now possessing an almost musical sweetness to it.

“Because this is the new life you are meant for, James-*san*,” she said, his mind now easily following her Japanese. “The mask could not change you if this was not so. You must embrace it. You are *her*, do you not see? The oni shrine maiden, alongside her kitsune.”

James turned his head, taking in the gorgeous and strange kitsune. Her tails ruffled behind her, shifting about like an impressive dress, curling around her legs. One even seemed to curl its tip at him, as if beckoning him to embrace the transformation.

“I - I don’t know if I c-can,” he grunted, feeling his hips widen yet further. They were now a pair of absolute babymakers, as he would have thought of them, and this was complemented by his waist becoming thinner, albeit incredibly muscular; a powerful and well-defined six pack of abs burned into existence, years of hard exercise forming in seconds.

But Sakura drew nearer to him, placing her soft, pale hand upon his reddened shoulder. “You can, James-*san*. You can embrace this. You wanted a change, a new life. The mask’s power calls to you. The shrine needs its kitsune and oni, and I . . . I need you. I knew it from the moment we met. We have only known each other for minutes, but can you not feel the pull of another lifetime?”

James did, *God he did*. The woman’s beauty was undeniable, but that sense that he’d embraced it once before swept over him. He had no idea if it was genuine reincarnation, or just a metaphysical connection, or if the mask was imbuing him with spiritual knowledge or the past, but it didn’t matter. Sakura’s presence calmed him completely, and it anchored him in a way his previous girlfriend never had.

He *needed* to change.

He *needed* to become something new and confident and beautiful.

He *needed* to take that final step.

Slowly, James settled before the shrine, going to his knees. He extended his hands up and outwards as if in worship of the spirits the shrine was dedicated to, and accepted its power.

“Change me,” he said. “Make me an oni.”

The power, held back purely by his fear and anxiety, now flooded through James once more. He grit his sharp teeth and moaned, now overwhelmed by the raw sensuality and bliss of the transformation, all pain but a memory.

“Agghh! Yessssss, ch-change m-me! Make me the oni w-woman! I embrace it!”

His manhood pulled back inside his body, and the delirious ecstasy that followed marked his transformation into a full woman. His labia formed, a tunnel burrowing into him and connecting to the inner workings of a very female body. His thighs swelled a second time, incredibly muscular but maintaining the softness of a curvaceous female body. James’ horns protruded just a little further, and this seemed to mark a set of mental changes, because in embracing this change so too did James embrace no longer being a man.

No, now *she* was a woman.

An *oni* woman.

The ultimate obvious markers of such now began to make themselves known. Even as she grew yet further to an incredibly standing height of seven feet, the still-kneeling oni woman’s breasts began to fill in. This happened slowly at first, her flat chest blooming and dark red nipples throbbing as they extended. Her areolas expanded, making her shiver in delight as the last of her clothing gave way, revealing her naked form.

“Mhmmm! It f-feels so right! Like I’m meant to be!”

“You *are* meant to be this, *James-san*.”

“C-call me J-Jaime! Or Jun! Ohhhhh, I like both!”

The kitsune giggled, her eyes locked upon the full bosom that Jamie/Jun was growing. “I like both too. Jun for your shrine name, Jamie for when we are not so . . . official.”

Jaimie couldn’t help but grin, her cheeks blushing - though with her red skin no one else could tell - as she noticed the way Sakura was looking at her. It was no longer just with connection but clear and obvious lust, and Jaime herself felt that attraction - was Sakura’s cleavage a bit more on display in that kimono than before? When had she gone barefoot?

The questions were lost in her mind as she gasped, eyes shutting as her bosom expanded yet again. They surged forth, filling her palms and then overflowing them, becoming colossal - though thankfully not ridiculously so - in size. Each was easily the size of her head when they settled, larger than any natural woman’s size proportionate to her giant form and yet impressively pert and full on her chest. They obviously hung a bit lower simply because of all the flesh, but this just produced naturally sitting cleavage that Sakura’s eyes were locked onto. The woman bit her lip, revealing her own fox-like canines.

“You are so impressive,” Sakura said.

“Th-thank you, I didn’t expect them to be so - ohhh!”

There was one last rush of pleasure as the transformation finished, and with it came another blinding light, one that when faded, left her clothing repaired and changed upon her form, suiting her new nature as not only a shrine maiden but a defender of her new kitsune connection. She had a fine black skirt with a slit to reveal her powerful red thighs, and a

white top that left her midriff entirely bare. Upon her forearms were white-banded wrappings like those of a fighter. Her legs though, were entirely bare.

The new oni woman stood to her full height, and was shocked to realise how completely she dwarfed the beautiful kitsune. She was easily seven feet high and dense with muscle, all while having incredibly impressive curves, particularly her prodigious bust, of which a great deal of cleavage was hefted up thanks to the low cut of her top.

“What do you think?” Jamie said awkwardly, flexing her muscles and feeling her biceps. She cupped her chest also, admiring its weight and sensitivity.

“I think . . . you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen,” Sakura said, drawing closer to feel Jaime’s ab muscles.

The new oni woman shivered just a little at the kitsune's touch.

“I . . . I feel beautiful. I feel amazing, actually,” she said, Japanese now her natural tongue. “And strong. And confidence. God, I don’t feel anxious at all anymore.”

“That was all your doing,” the woman said, smiling up at her. “You banished your darkest parts, and embraced who you truly wanted to be, just like the oni woman of the past. Just like I left my old life behind when I found this shrine’s calling.”

Her tails curled around Jaime’s red legs, feeling warm and comfortable, but also a little bit feisty. Perhaps even *flirty*. Jaime went to scratch her long golden hair, only to stop. That hesitation, that nervousness was gone now. She had an oni’s confidence now, and she could tell that Sakura was waiting for her to make the first move.

“You know,” Jaime set, placing her hands around Sakura’s waist and easily lifting the kitsune up, much to her clear delight - the tail wagging gave it away, “in that ancient past, the oni woman and kitsune were not just shrine maidens and protectors, but lovers.”

Sakura gave a very appropriately vulpine grin. “I have heard that history often repeats,” she said. “And I had hoped that this might be so.”

“Let’s find out, shall we?” Jaime set, and with that, she locked Sakura’s lips into a passionate kiss, holding her elegance in her own feminine strength. The sensations were wonderful, the connection between them only strengthening, and the way her new female body reacted was wonderful; her heaving breasts squashed against Sakura’s smaller chest, producing all sorts of pleasure. She held her protectively, and when they parted, the pair of them were panting; two fantasy women dedicated to a common cause, and each other.

“I think I’m going to like being an oni woman,” Jaime said.

“I think I’m going to like that too,” Sakura replied.

And then the passion began again . . . though a bit further from the shrine this time, out of respect, of course.

**The End**