

DEVIOUS IN DUNGEON

CH5: (ONI) FANS

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“Hmm... Doesn’t seem like I’m going to get much more off of it before it disappears.”

Senshi, the dwarf and chef that had been serving as a guide for Laios’ party as they searched for the red dragon, stroked his beard after triple checking the carcass of that very dragon. It had been a hard fought battle, and as they say? To the victor go the spoils. It would have been in poor taste to not take as much of the creature’s meat as he could, especially with their destination now being the surface.

Not only would the party need nourishment over the course of that trip, but he’d be able to procure some additional ingredients to cook with the dragon meat. Ever curious about flavors and nutritional combinations, it was worth the hassle of trying to bring as much as he could with him. He’d just been working against the clock because of the Dungeon Cleaners. Those microscopic monsters would devour the dragon’s corpse eventually.

And it seemed they had already begun just as he began to pack up. **“An entire bag of meat might be a little difficult to carry. Hm... Maybe I can ask Laios to share the burden?”** Senshi had filled up a rather sizable pack with rolled up meat. It wasn’t so heavy that he couldn’t carry it, but it *would* be exhausting over an extended trip if he didn’t share the weight with someone else. He couldn’t ask the girls, and Chilchuck... Well, there was no way *that* was happening.

After patrolling the dragon’s perimeter one last time, he set over to pick up his pack without much more incident. **“Strange, though. If we killed the red dragon, you’d think the ecosystem here would**

thrive. We should have seen more monster activity by now.”

The dwarf had lived in the dungeon long enough now to understand what kinds of changes led to increased monster activity. The death of an apex predator like the red dragon *definitely* should have wrought some kind of change, but the castle town felt even quieter than when they had first arrived. **“Hopefully that isn’t a bad omen.”**



If anything, he’d share his theory with the others when they reunited. Laios and Marcille would surely hear him out. Maybe even the sister, but he didn’t know her well enough to say for sure. **“But before any of that, I need to get all of this yummy smelling meat over to my tribe!”** That statement hung in the air for a moment before it finally struck Senshi that he’d just said something *very* out of character. **“HM!?”**

He didn’t have a ‘tribe’ to return to, and he certainly didn’t find the odor of the red dragon meat as is to be ‘yummy’. It was still fresh enough to be cured and cooked, but it carried a rancid scent that would go away during the cooking process. To say it smelled ‘yummy’ was like admitting uncooked meat smelled good. Well, there were *some* monster races that happily ate things uncooked.

It *had* been odd, but Senshi wasn’t exactly the world’s most critical thinker, either. He ultimately shrugged off any of the vague concerns he *might* have had, and instead decided to... *strip*? Speaking of things not occurring to him, why had this not at all struck him as odd!? Before long, he was standing beside the red dragon’s corpse while only wearing a pair of makeshift, white underpants. Yet, as he’d pulled off the tunic he wore before?

Something had seemed increasingly odd about the man’s thick, long beard. It appeared to be growing *thinner*, and as he lifted the tunic up and over his head some of that hair was pulled out, indicating that it was becoming much looser. **“Hm?”** Before long, the man was rubbing at a perfectly shaved face. Well, not really *shaved*. Most of that beard hair was on the ground in front of him, gently blowing away by a light breeze.

Ultimately, it might have been for the best that his body had been stripped of *most* of its clothing. The cloth wouldn’t have held as the short man’s body began to... *spring up*? **“I suppose I should get going soon...”** That *springing up* appeared to be the least of his worries, even though it *should* have been *extremely* obvious considering how short he was under normal circumstances.

Nonetheless, his short and stout body underwent an *extremely* dramatic vertical shift. His short limbs and shorted torso stretched and stretched, eventually bestowing upon him a level of bodily proportion that was on par with some of the taller races like Tall-men. Those proportions were just a little *odd*, especially if you were assuming his bulky build would be preserved as he grew. The issue was that it *wasn't*. The dwarf's waistline was rendered very narrow, making his hips seem quite large by contrast. The muscle he had didn't *disappear*, but it did seem thinner along longer limbs.

If any part of his body provided any clues as to why these proportions were *off*, however, it was Senshi's face. Already smooth from the loss of any facial hair, its short and chiseled shape was smoothed away further. It was almost like someone was rubbing sandpaper against it, scrubbing away any of the masculinity upon it in favor of a gentler, feminine aesthetic. No, not just *feminine*. Younger, too. Full lips, big eyes with long lashes, a button nose...

He appeared closer to the age of a teenager. And a teenaged *girl* at that.

“Do I have everything?” With his *big* Adam's apple smoothed away, questions about his sex were made more apparent by the sound of his voice. It was *definitely* higher, and he looked around without a care in the world for the fact that it *did* sound that way. The black hair on top of his head didn't *really* help any. It reached past his shoulders in the back, straightening and becoming messier overall as the color lightened to a dark red near the roots, but it gradiented into a dirty blonde near the tips.

Senshi's underwear had already struggled to adjust to his height increase, but something else shifted to make it even more tedious to continue wearing even that little bit of cloth. His muscular lower half appeared... softer? No, that was doing the phenomenon a disservice. His ass and thighs were bloating *splendidly*, forcing the undergarment to floss between the cheeks of his burgeoning ass that became full and slappable, just as his thighs surpassed his narrowed ass in girth.

Sniff, sniff! **“That dead dragon sure does smell delicious though!”** *She* almost contemplated taking a bite of the corpse rather than acknowledging how the front of her underpants seemed to gain some much needed slack. The huge 'sausage' that was always bulging out of the man's underwear shrunk more and more the bigger her ass had become, until ultimately the slit of an *eighteen year old girl* crept up in towards a newly formed womb instead.

And if she really *was* a woman now... Well, it was hard to say that her appearance was complete as she was. True to form, those final

adjustments were made in the form of pools of fat forming beneath her bare nipples. Those nipples became erect, goosebumps forming around them upon what was clearly forming a very apparent pair of *tits*. They jiggled as they surged, swelling up into *E-cups* without a second thought. And at this point? You might have assumed that her transformation was *complete*.

It wasn't.

“**Hm?**” She tilted her head to the side again as several things began to happen in tandem. The first, and probably most obvious of them, was her body's size. She'd grown to match the proportions of a taller race prior, but now it appeared she was *growing again*, this time in a way that preserved her current proportions. Her underwear could no longer handle this much mass and *snapped*, revealing an unkempt bush of dark red pubic hair above her new pussy.

As she grew though, her complexion moved away from its usual pinkish pale. Not towards a tan, nor towards pale. But to a color that wasn't possible for mortal races. A dark evergreen. Whatever skin greened also changed in quality, becoming a little rougher and even *dirtier*, like she didn't abide by the same bathing standards as the other races did. Her own body odor become overwhelming, and hairy pits were sweaty. But as she was now, Senshi saw all of this as *normal*. The stronger her scent, the more desirable she was.

She gave a big stretch, allowing her tits to bounce once she'd *stopped* growing. Proportionally, she was still a thicc young woman. But in terms of verticality? She had to be about *seven feet tall*. Her green skin explained this in part, but more monstrous changes made it abundantly clear. Like two short horns erupting from her forehead above smaller bumps, or her ears stretching into thick points before numerous piercings were etched into them. Sclera were turned from white to yellow around reddened eyes, and... she even lost her pink fingers in exchange for four fingers that were much thicker than before!

Despite how hefty the pack of raw dragon meat was, the *oni youth* slung it over her shoulder like it was as light as a feathered pillow. She may have been the tender age of eighteen, but that was still *plenty* old enough for a monster of her age and strength to hunt efficiently. “**Noooo idea who took down the dragon, but the spoils are mine~!**” Oni also had no problems pillaging from the mortal races. They always raided dungeons like these, so they deserved to be raided when they left perfectly good meat laying around!

“Hup!” *Suzuha* jumped from the ground to the nearest rooftop in a single bound, demonstrating just how much stronger and agile oni were compared to orcs without batting an eyelash at the fact that she was still naked. She wasn’t the type of ‘oni’ that was considered a mortal race outside of the dungeon. She belonged to a monster tribe that lived within them. Or, at least, lived within this one *now*. She knew that she had come from a different world. Her entire tribe had. But now that they were here? They needed to settle and do whatever they could to get by. She would wear clothing if available, but she also had no shame going naked. It wasn’t a concept that monsters abided by!



With her strength and speed, she quickly disappeared from the scene – leaving Senshi’s pot on the ground. Had even a sliver of the dwarf remained within her, Suzuha would have taken that with her. Yet, the green skinned tomboy hadn’t even seen any worth in it. The dragon meat smelled yummy, and so she’d eat it raw! One of the benefits of having a monster’s digestive system! **“I wonder if there’s more yummy food laying around? Weird I didn’t see any signs of any mortals aside from what was left behind, though.”**

Yes, that was very strange indeed.