

# Shuten-douji's Greatest Hunt

By Halcyon

Commission for moomishii

f/f, same size, soft vore, digestion, disposal

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The assassin demoness Shuten-douji narrowed her eyes as she hung outside the fortified villa's top floor window. Peering in, she scanned bedroom and located her target sleeping in bed, laying nude on her back.

Shuten-douji smiled. Though she hated to admit it, she had as of late become entranced by the generous, voluptuous physical form of the spirit berserker Minamoto no Raikou. She hated Raikou as much as she envied her. Not only was the latter's physical form more curvaceous and lustful than her own, but she never hesitated to remind her of that fact; every time Raikou called her a "bug" or an "insect" or some variation of that, Shuten-douji found herself longing ever more for a chance to exact her revenge.

The tension between the two escalated until, one day, the oni decided to take matters into her own hands. Now, perched outside of her bedroom window, she realized that the moment of reckoning was near. Shuten-douji drew her tongue across her thin lips and swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Not only was she going to permanently remove the nuisance that was Raikou from her continued existence, but she intended to steal everything that made her superior in the process.

Shuten-douji carefully slipped the window open and entered into the bedroom. Raikou was a trained warrior with honed senses; the slightest sound or disturbance would have awoken her from her sleep and ruined everything. But Shuten-douji was the perfect assassin. She moved in absolute silence.

The demoness moved to the foot of Raikou's bed and grinned. Her eyes traveled up and down Raikou's naked form. Her body was that of a perfect woman, and her figure was accentuated by the ideal balance of toned muscles and delicious-looking curves where it mattered. Shuten-douji, in contrast, possessed a body that was supple and lithe in figure, like that of an acrobat. It was ideal for what she needed, sure, but in that moment, she craved Raikou. She wanted to take everything that she was, consume it, and digest it, and in doing so assimilate her. She wanted to eat her.

Shuten-douji acted. She took a pinch of magical powder from a pouch hanging at her side - the only thing she carried on her otherwise scantily-clad body - and sprinkled it over Raikou's face. The powder was both a powerful anesthesia and knockout agent. If Raikou didn't wake up by the time it touched her skin, she wouldn't until she was already inside of Shuten-douji's stomach. She didn't.

Shuten-douji moved down to Raikou's feet. She gently removed the blanket from her body, leaving her lying entirely nude on the bed. The magic had already taken hold, and nothing, the assassin was confident, could wake her up until it wore off in a few hours.

The demoness moved down to Raikou's toes and took them into her mouth. She closed her eyes and exhaled softly over them; they may have been feet, but they were human flesh nonetheless and were both a rare and delicious treat.

*Sluuuurrrp~*

Shuten-douji's mouth expanded open as Raikou's toes and feet pushed in, followed by her ankles. She closed her eyes and hummed as her tongue swirled around the berserker's delicious flesh. How badly she wanted to enjoy her slowly, to take her time devouring her! But the assassin was a true professional. She knew that every second spent enjoying herself was a second she could be caught.

The oni slurped Raikou's legs up to her hips. As she wrapped her lips around her waist and forced that down as well, her saliva began to dribble onto the sheets. That alone,

Shuten-douji realized, might be enough evidence to pin her as the killer... but she didn't mind. Once she had Raikou inside of her stomach, all she needed to do was escape~

*Gluuurk!*

Shuten-douji gulped again. Raikou slid down in up to her chest as her feet poked out into the demon's stomach. She kept swallowing until Raikou's head was pushing past her lips, her sleeping face framed by her pulsing throat as she swallowed that down too.

Shuten-douji started to stand up as she slurped Raikou's arms into her gullet. As her hands entered her mouth, she had already begun to head back over to the window. She let her tongue slide around Raikou's fingers, playing with and sucking on them, before pulling them into her throat and swallowing the last of her.

*GULLLP!*

With the last of Raikou slithering down Shuten-douji's throat toward her stomach, the demoness licked her lips and shut them tightly. Then, without lingering a moment longer, she stepped out of the window and vanished into the night.

~ ~ ~

*Grrrrrn...*

Raikou slowly stirred awake to find herself with a pounding headache, and in a place far different from the bed she had fallen asleep in. As she slowly came to, she discovered that she was curled up in a fetal position in a tight, fleshy chamber of some sort, with no room at all to move or stretch. Light shone dimly through the stretched walls, barely illuminating her body inside.

"What..." Raikou began, her voice hoarse as her senses returned to her. "Where... where am I? Have I been captured?"

“That’s one way to put it~” Shuten-douji announced with a twinge of excitement in her voice.

“That voice...” Raikou continued a bit louder as she nearly choked on the acrid air around her. “What sabotage is this?!”

“Relax, berserker~” Shuten-douji cooed. “Or should I say... meat?” After devouring Raikou, she had escaped back to the oni palace with her target tucked away inside of her. She carried her into one of the castle’s lavish bedrooms and stripped naked before sitting down into a cushion-lined pit. Surrounded by pillows and hoisting her massive, distended belly, the demoness decided to settle in and wait for her food to wake up.

“Explain this madness at once!” Raikou shouted as she started to struggle. The tight stomach walls held her firmly in place.

“I consumed you, berserker,” Shuten-douji explained. “You belong to me, now. If I were you... I’d get used to my fate!”

“What?!” Raikou gasped as the situation slowly made itself clear to her. She wasn’t just kidnapped - she was in a demoness’s belly! “Elaborate, immediately! And... let me out of here!”

***UOOORP!***

In response, Shuten-douji let out a tremendous belch, causing the stomach walls to ripple and squeeze down on her prey.

“It’s simple, meat,” Shuten-douji began. “I just decided that I couldn’t let you continue to exist as you were. I decided to take you for myself. Which means that, next... I’m going to digest you, and then absorb you into my body~”

***glt glt glt...***

Before Raikou could respond, the fleshy walls around her - what turned out to be Shuten-douji's stomach walls - began to spurt out a slimy yellow liquid onto Raikou's skin. The foul fluids coated her skin and ran down her body before pooling around her butt and feet.

“Urgh!” Raikou retched. “What foul, evil magic is this?”

“Oh, it's not magic~” Shuten-douji cooed as she began to stroke her bloated belly. “It's all natural! As my stomach settles with its meal, the walls will produce an enzyme to soften your skin and make you easier to digest.”

“To... digest?” Raikou began, her voice showing its first signs of unease.

“That's right,” Shuten-douji answered as she felt a grin turn on her face. “It'll take me twenty-four hours to digest you fully. Then, I can absorb you into my body. And after that...”

Shuten-douji paused as she felt more stomach enzymes pump into her belly. Raikou remained quiet.

“Then, I'll squat down and shit you out into the toilet~!” Shuten-douji answered, her face blushing with excitement at the lewd taunt.

Raikou let out an audible gasp. Sure, eating, digesting, and disposing shouldn't have come as such a shock to her, but hearing it applied to her, a living person, was grotesque and revolting.

“Damn it! Release me, disgusting demon!” Raikou shouted as she began to struggle. Her ferocious shouting caused Shuten-douji's stomach walls to wiggle and vibrate, though despite her superhuman strength, she found herself unable to gain any purchase.

“It’s that mouth of yours that got you in this situation to begin with,” Shuten-douji insisted, pressing her hands into her belly as if willing it to relax. “Besides, you’d might as well give up. It’s impossible to escape from a demon’s belly once you’ve been swallowed... don’t you know this~?”

Raikou continued to struggle anyway. Yet even as she fought against Shuten-douji’s belly walls with everything she had, they continued to bear down on her with continually stronger and renewed energy. Meanwhile, that sticky yellow fluid continued to spurt out onto her skin. As much as she tried to wipe it off, more seemed to coat her, as if Shuten-douji’s stomach was claiming her for itself and wouldn’t let her go. As the enzymes covered her, meanwhile, they seemed to sap her strength away, and before long, her struggles grew weaker and weaker.

*glerrrrn...*

“Settling down a bit~?” Shuten-douji asked as she pressed on her bulging tummy again. “That’s good. My stomach needs to settle before it can start to digest you~”

“Fuck... you...” Raikou cursed as she found herself inexplicably short on energy, as another spurt of fluids hit her face...

*Urrp~*

Shuten-douji leaned back, closed her eyes, and sighed. For the next two hours, she laid there and relaxed with her stomach churning away down below. At first, every few seconds, she pushed another quiet belch up her throat and past her lips. But as time went on and her stomach got more acclimated to its meal, her burps became fewer and fewer.

*Glrrrrrgle...*

The time passed by as the weakly squirming berserker stewed inside of the assassin’s belly. About two hours later, Shuten-douji’s stomach let out a low, deep growl, noisier

and more active than it had been yet. The demoness opened her eyes and looked down at her stomach to find it actively pumping in a new liquid - one much more caustic and acidic than the enzymes from before.

As Shuten-douji pressed her hands into her belly, Raikou groaned and stirred back to full consciousness. "What's going on...?" she asked as the steaming fluids spurted out onto her skin.

"Just some... URP! Just the next stage in digestion, dear~" Shuten-douji said. "Just relax and let it happen~"

It wasn't quite that simple, though. As the fluids sloshed onto Raikou's skin, they made contact with the flesh that had been soaking in enzymes for the past few hours. Without much fanfare at all, her flesh slowly but assuredly started to melt off of her body.

"Damn... you..." Raikou cursed as stomach acids pumped in and began to pool around her legs.

*Gluuuurgle... glorp~*

"Mmh~ That's right, melt down and become one with me~" Shuten-douji cooed as she leaned back again, touching her belly with one hand and groping her chest with the other. "I'm not moving... I'm going to sit here all day until I feel you pumping through my intestines~"

"No! You can't... this can't..." Raikou complained as she struggled some more. Her efforts against the digesting demon's stomach culminated in something of a last grasp at her own life, but she was too late.

She was several hours too late, in fact, and Shuten-douji stroked her digesting stomach, her prey's struggles gradually became weaker and weaker over the passing hours, until they stopped entirely. The assassin drew her tongue slowly across her teeth in satisfied delight as she felt her meal slowly fall apart into mush inside of her stomach.

“Delicious~”

*Glrrrrrn...~*

~ ~ ~

Minamoto no Raikou slowly faded back into consciousness. Rather than the tight, uncomfortable stomach she was packed inside of when she had fainted, she now looked around to find herself solid no more. She had become a meaty soup, unable to move as she watched herself slosh around what she could only assume was still Shuten-douji’s belly.

*“I’ve been digested...”* Raikou realized as she found herself unable to move on her own as she recognized the sight of Shuten-douji’s fleshy tummy walls. *“What fate is this that awaits me...?”*

*Glrrrg... glug glug glug...*

If Raikou had been listening to Shuten-douji’s taunts, she might know her fate already, that she still needed to pass through the rest of the demoness’s digestive system before ultimately being disposed of. At that moment, the former berserker could feel herself being sucked downwards as her remains began to exit Shuten-douji’s stomach and fill out her intestines. Outside, the demoness cooed in delight as the large belly she had been cradling for the past few hours began to round out as her lower tummy filled with a satisfying new weight.

*“Where am I?”* Raikou thought as she bubbled down into Shuten-douji’s bowels. The space of her stomach was replaced by the tight tubes of her intestines, lined on all sides by hungry villi.

“Down you go~” Shuten-douji teased aloud, although whether it was in response to Raikou’s thoughts, or just for the sake of teasing, was unclear. The demoness planted her hand on her lower tummy as the last of her stomach flattened out, sealing her prey



in her bowels where she was spreading out and pumping through. “Turn into shit for me... and you’d better not give me a hard time on the way out!”

*Glurrrrrgggrgle...*

~ ~ ~

Several hours passed as Raikou explored Shuten-douji’s intestines. Yet for the former prey, it might as well have been an eternity of being noisily pumped through hot darkness deep inside of the demoness’s body.

As she sluiced through, Raikou found herself steadily transforming. Biology, not magic or any other sort of arcane process, dictated that the meaty mush she left Shuten-douji’s stomach as gradually turned into something else. As the demoness sapped nutrients and essences out of her former body and assimilated it onto her own, Raikou took on what would become her ultimate form. Throughout the whole process, her consciousness remained, forced to follow her physical form as it passed through the demoness’s intestines and gradually solidified into her waste.

By the time Shuten-douji felt the call of nature, she had been sitting and digesting Raikou for nearly twenty-four hours. In all of that time, she hadn’t moved from her spot, content to feel the slow passage of her former adversary through her body.

*Frrrt~*

Shuten-douji sat up with a start as a surprising burst of gas escaped from her behind. She grinned in delight as she reached back to squeeze her butt - only to find it a size larger than it had been the day before.

“Oh!” She began aloud. “It would seem that I’ve finished assimilating your body... simultaneously, as your remains reach the end of my digestive system.” Shuten-douji began to stand up as she felt the pressure building up inside of her lower tummy much

stronger than before. The demoness reached up to stretch, and looked down with surprise at the two, clearly larger breasts sitting on her chest.

“Not bad, berserker~” She said as she squeezed her chest. Down below, her butt squeezed out another fart.

*Frrrt~!*

Raikou had tried to keep her spirit strong as the demoness digested her, but the more she sunk through her intestines, the harder it became to do that. As she piled up inside of Shuten-douji’s rectum, and as the demoness teased her about her newfound assets, her spirit broke entirely. She was done for.

“I’m going to enjoy squeezing you out,” Shuten-douji explained, “though I’ll be keeping all of this!”

A few minutes later, Shuten-douji was in her private lavatory deep inside of the Oni Castle. She had removed her clothing and positioned herself overtop of her latrine, which was built into the floor. Squatting, she lowered herself down and relaxed.

*PHRRRRRT~*

Shuten-douji expelled a tremendous burst of gas as the contents of her colon shifted and pushed down towards her exit, her slowly relaxing anus. Inside, Raikou watched in horror as she slowly began to descend towards the opening... pointed towards a hole in the floor beneath her.

*“What? No... this... this can’t be happening...”*

*PHLRRRT~!*

“Ngh... thanks again for... hnnngh...” the demoness tried to tease as she grunted and pushed. She worked her abdomen to force Raikou’s remains downward, letting her

pushing and her body's natural peristalsis culminate in her bowel movement. "Hah. I mean, thanks for a good... ngh... meal. I'm gonna enjoy... shitting you out~!"

*Plrrrt... plop!*

As she said that, Shuten-douji pushed out the head of a thick, and what turned out to be incredibly long, log of smooth shit. The warm stool slid out of her ass along with more than a little bit of extra flatulence, before breaking off and dropping cleanly into the latrine beneath her.

"Ngh... oh, fuck, that's satisfying..." the demoness huffed as she released the hold on her bladder, and urinated clear liquid into the toilet below. "We're just getting started. Hngh..."

*Pblrrrrt~!*

What followed was nearly thirty minutes of grunting and pushing as Shuten-douji relieved herself of Raikou's remains. The berserker had been quite a large meal, and the demoness's large intestine was absolutely chock full of steaming solid remains to push out.

Raikou, meanwhile, got to watch as she was slowly defecated out of Shuten-douji's ass. She slid out of her anus bit by bit, slowly populating the septic tank underneath her. She was hot and fresh after being pushed out of her ass, but eventually began to cool a bit.

Eventually, with one last puff of gas, Shuten-douji was finished. Her anus twitched over the hole. There was nothing at all left behind, and no need to wipe. Her innards were empty, completely voided of Raikou's remains.

"Thanks again for the meal," she said as she stood up, her voice echoing distantly. "Oh, and by the way... did I mention that souls digested by demonesses don't get to go to the afterlife? Enjoy the rest of eternity as my shit, berserker~!"

With that, Shuten-douji left her former meal behind in the toilet. Thus began Raikou's new eternity. Her soul lingered behind in Shuten-douji's septic system, unable to leave her remains after they were expelled from the demoness's body. Instead, she inhabited the toilet from that time forward. Every so often, Shuten-douji returned to relieve herself again, dropping more waste onto her former meals underneath her. For Raikou, this was her new normal - her new existence as demon poop. She wasn't going anywhere.

