

# BIG RED

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**“Are you sure you wish to do this, Lady Sakura? As I said to you before, you would be giving up everything.”**

Rinkah was conflicted. Early that day, Princess Sakura had come to her looking for an easy way to grow stronger. According to her, she felt like a burden on the battlefield and desired to be better at taking care of herself. Naturally, it was an oni like Rinkah that idealized her fixation with strength, and so it was Rinkah that she had approached. But the oni had been firm with her. There wasn't an easy way to get very strong, very quickly – it was something that had to be worked at gradually over time.

But even so, Sakura had persisted in her asking. There *had* been something Rinkah could have recommended, but considering the costs required it wasn't something she had *wanted* to recommend. Because even if she explained all she could to the princess, the traditions of her tribe barred her from sharing the full extent of the price that needed to be paid.

**“I'm positive! If it means being more helpful to my siblings and less of a burden, then I accept any cost!”** Rinkah had eventually caved against her better judgment and had taken the child back to a large room in her estate that housed only a gigantic, black spiked club. One that looked far too big for even Rinkah to carry, the sole item in the giant room. **“Is this...? I don't think I'd be able to lift that no matter how strong I become!”**

Rinkah sighed. **“If your heart and motives are pure, rest your hand upon the club's base and your desire will be granted. But**

as I've warned you, my lady, I do not think you comprehend just how much you'll give up. Even so, I must take my leave until it's done. I'll be waiting in the hallway outside." Tradition also dictated that this ritual must be carried out alone, and so it would not work if she was present.

**"O-Oh! Okay! Thanks again, Rinkah!"** A small, curt wave was given as the oni disappeared, leaving the youngest Hoshidan royal alone with the massive club. Did she really want to do this? Was she *resolved* to do it? For as many times as Rinkah had told her there would be a cost, not once had the muscular woman spoken of what those costs were. Would she die? No, surely that couldn't be it! But the more Sakura thought about it, the more hesitant she grew.



Still, she closed the gap between herself and the club slightly, thinking she might at least get a better look. Except... she tripped, clumsy as she was. **"WAAAAH!?"** Fortune shone on her, and she caught herself before hitting the floor. The problem? She'd caught herself by grabbing the *club* with both hands. **"O-Oh no! Surely it won't work if I didn't intend on grabbing it!?"**

*It would, though.*

It hardly took Sakura any time at all to realize that something had *very* quickly gone awry, because all of the muscles throughout her body began to feel warm. It was a dull warmth that wasn't *too* distracting, but it was enough for her to realize that something was amiss. Instinctually she backed away from the club as if that could possibly prevent what was about to come, but it was much certainly too late.

**"Um..."** Despite the warmth that plagued her muscles though, it wasn't them that changed. At least not immediately. From Sakura's perspective she was simply and suddenly aware of two things: her sense of balance was off for some reason, and her ornate dress suddenly felt very *tight*. The latter was of a particular note seeing as it was an outfit that had been tailor made to fit the youngest princess of Hoshido.

Why did her clothing feel so tight, then? What was at first a mild inconvenience became something worth panicking over, for rips began to form in her ornate thigh highs and the gown itself began to unwind and tear wherever it could. Even her detached sleeves began to peel from her flesh, and given a moment the girl finally realized the cause. **“W-Wait!? Am I getting bigger!?”** The club that had appeared so big before now looked a little smaller to her.

Sakura had been right on the money, and when her tiny breasts tore through the fabric of her outfit she was quick to bring an arm across them to hide them from an imaginary audience. **“H-H-How!?”** She’d grown, but she was just a bigger Sakura. Her figure hadn’t changed at all, she was just *seven-feet tall* all of a sudden. At such a size it went without saying that she would burst out of her clothes, and short of some pieces hanging to her flesh for dear life, most of it had fallen to the ground to leave her mostly bare.

Body language as withdrawn as possible to hide as much of her skin as she could with arms and hands alone, the second her height appeared to ‘peak’ she began to grow taller still, but this round wasn’t similar to the first one at all. It lacked the consistency that her previous burst had, for it targeted something that Sakura lacked: *maturity*.

If what had happened initially was ‘growing’, in this case she was ‘growing up’. **“No... No... Stop!”** Limbs and torso lengthened, and her figure filled out in a way that looked like someone had stuck the girl into some sort of aging chamber. For her hips widened and both her thighs and ass filled in with a moderate amount of weight, and her chest puffed up from its lacking A-cup sizing to a much more moderate C. By the time she reached a full *seven feet*, even her face better suited a young woman than the girl she had been before, with a deepened voice to match.

**“Huh? Wait. I’m... Did I get older?”** She unfurled her body language once she realized the breasts she had been concealing had grown, and unlike the previous change there was a hint of earnest curiosity in her voice. At the very least becoming older was something that would certainly be helpful on the battlefield. That meant she was just naturally stronger, right? **“I guess that isn’t so— AH!?”**

Things seemed set on ruin her moment of acceptance by making the situation *worse*. Without much of a warning her breasts had grown just as warm as her muscles still felt, and a second later they surged forth with a mass that made Sakura instinctively attempt to catch them with her hands. **“WHAAAAT!?”** Mind you, her tits didn’t just swell a little bit. Her hands did little to hold back a bosom that not only dwarfed the

size of her head, but was almost *double* it... *per tit*. To say Sakura almost fell forward would have been an understatement – they were just *too damn heavy!* **“Wh-Why!? Big breasts don’t make you stronger!”**

Neither did a huge ass, technically, but her balance was becoming equalized by such an impossibility. Her rump swelled to an unbelievable size, rivaling her bosom in terms of ridiculous measurements. They jiggled and bounced, spanning meters in size when you took her eight-foot height into account. They were so big, in fact, that her hips stretched wide, and the excess thickened her thighs so that each one was broader than a tree trunk.

Sakura, on the other hand, was not physically capable of handling this weight *yet*. **“AAAAAH! WAAAAH!?”** Was she going to fall forwards or backwards? She couldn’t be sure, but she was ultimately saved at the last possible moment before hitting the ground. Because the warmth in her muscles? It finally culminated in a transformation just as dramatic as the sexy, bloated figure she now possessed.

All at once, that warmth exploded, and every single muscle on her body *swelled*. It appeared to be the most impactful on her arms, skin stretching and rippling as muscles swelled to the proportions one might expect of an amazon or a body builder. If her thighs were as thick as tree trunks, the bulge of her arms was just as broad. But as skin stretched to accommodate these huge guns? The color changed, first growing slightly rosy before taking on a full-on *crimson*. This was true of her entire body, for there wasn’t a single place that didn’t benefit for the overwhelming, raw strength that granted her earliest wish.

**“Holy... HOLY! This FEELS GREAT! I feel so STRONG!”** Even Sakura herself found little cause to reject this transformation, but in no small part this was because her mental state was enduring a high thanks to the rush of blood that came with it all. This rush numbed her memories, allowing them to easily escape as new ones settled into place. Memories of nurturing a body of this size and strength, of belonging to a different tribe altogether.

With her arms and legs so thick and strong, for but a brief moment her hands and feet looked out of place in their smallness. This was promptly rectified, for fingers and toes alike broadened as palms and heels did the same. The grip of her hands was bolstered by her new strength, and on the nails of both her fingers and toes a black paint spread across them while the skin beneath them reddened.

**“AHAHA! This feel so... So right!”** The woman allowed a deep laugh to bellow as her body continued to strengthen, back muscles defined enough to support her huge tits, and abs firming with such an intensity



that her belly might as well have been a washboard. With this level of strength, she'd be able to pick up huge boulders and trees with ease, let alone that tiny club featured in the room's center!

Red encroached upon her facial features, and as they were dyed those features broadened. They were still *feminine*, but Sakura's face overall appeared much more chiseled and statuesque, while eyes widened and took on golden hues. When it came to her mouth, sharp fangs protruded from between her lips even with her face in the most passive of expressions. And her eyebrows? Not only did they grow bushy, but their colors changed from red to purple.

Whether it was the pubes over her pussy or the hair atop her head, though, it all became purple. Her pubes became a wild bush, and the hair on her scalp rapidly lengthened to fall down her back in a naturally messy do. Even her bangs became long and wild, and yet pressure predated the growth of two things that popped up from behind her hairline: sharp, red horns. Indicative of an oni's blood, just as the long pointed shapes her now red ears took in the process.

About eight-foot tall and incredibly muscular, the crimson-skinned **oni woman** let out a hearty laugh. **“It worked! It really worked! Look how big and strong I am! Look how...!? On second thought, was I ever actually puny? What a strange thought to have, AHAHAHA!”** Her voice boomed throughout the room, and without even thinking about whether or not it belonged to her, the woman grabbed the club on the pedestal and began to wave it around with ease.

From Sakura's perspective, she couldn't remember being small. But she also couldn't recall being a princess *or* a human. Her memories told the story of an oni girl that had been smaller than normal as a child, only to bloom into the largest of her people in adulthood. Largest in terms of height, muscles, *and* curves.



It was thanks to these memories that she wasn't at all perplexed by her nudity, nor the fact that red and white cloth tatters were strewn across the floor. When you reached her size, trying on any outfit was enough to warrant tearing it into itty bitty pieces, and members of her tribe had grown accustomed to seeing her red flesh in all of its naked glory.

**“So you touched it the— Um... Lady Sakura? That’s a much more significant change than I was expecting...”** After hearing her new tribeswoman’s boisterous laugh, Rinkah had re-entered the chamber. She had never seen the club’s curse work before, but she hadn’t expected the changes to be so significant either. The last time anyone had used it this was had been *hundreds* of years ago, after all. **“Do you even recognize me?”** *And why was she nude?*

**“AHAHA! Of course I recognize you, Rinkah! We’re betrothed, are we not? How could I forget the face of my own fiancée!? Referring to me as ‘lady’, though? Is this some sort of new bedroom play?”** While what she was saying made perfect sense to Sakura, Rinkah’s facial expression told a different story.

**“Wait, we’re *WHAT?*”**