

Anju - War Stories

Content Warning: **This story does not contain meaningful amounts of fetish content.** It does, however, exist in a setting which contains extreme breast expansion (Universe+), hyper lactation, and a single instance of human to kitsune TF. If this offends you, the adjoining stories might not be your cup of tea.

Also- **This story is very fundamentally different from Ascension.** If a more serious lore-focused story isn't something you're interested in, this won't be for you.

5000 Years Ago...

Clouds loom overhead. A throng of ragged cloaks dotted with matted fur and pointed ears navigates through a grassy field made swamp-like by the pouring rain. There is little chatter among the somber folk. The monotonous march is only broken by cracks of thunder and the protests of the occasional fearful child. In the distance is the silhouette of a town- though its skyline is jagged with the signs of battle. Throughout, however, lie various tents and strict formations of soldiers. The marshy field is littered with fallen warriors and tattered battle standards, the pristine white-and-gold armor of one faction contrasts starkly with the pure black of the other.

A small boy weaves through the crowd. His gaunt and small stature allows him easy passage through the crowd of people. While the occasional bystander may look concerned, nobody here is in the condition to put too much energy into catching a wayward child. He steps clear of a black-robed corpse, a cut from a blade still smoldering with the remains of a fire. The embers' glow catches his violet eyes as they track across it, before quickly averting. He'd been flitting throughout the crowd for several hours now, an anxious energy underpinning his every move.

It wasn't too long before the group reached the camp. Many of the soldiers came over to control the flow of people. Their white bleached leather was trimmed with trace amounts of gold. While it would be austere and pristine

in ideal conditions, many simply couldn't keep their equipment totally free from the omnipresent mud. The boy's two tails flick beneath his cloak as he shies away from the soldiers. Soon however, a voice carries above the mumblings of the throng:

"Heed your instructions, everyone! My troops will make sure you're situated, so keep calm and orderly, please!"

The boy tracks the loud voice to a particularly striking figure. Standing out amongst the soldiers, a woman with dark red hair began calling out orders. Tied in a short ponytail, her scarlet bangs nonetheless frame amber eyes on a face that radiates a hospitality many of this number must have hoped for. Despite the gloomy conditions, her smile is broad and toothy. Once she is satisfied that her subordinates understand where to move the refugees, she starts mingling with and appraising the crowd. It isn't long before her eyes alight on the boy.

"Hey, little guy," she coos, "where are your folks?" The boy's gaze drops and he starts to back away. "Ah, don't worry! I'm not going to hurt you, and you're not in trouble!" She raises her hands and crouches down to his level. "I just want to make sure you're safe. That's all."

The boy mumbles a reply, before eventually finding some volume.

"I... I don't know." His eyes finally meet hers, and he's met with a look of concern. "When... when all those people came to my village..." he stammers, "I lost them. I don't know if they're okay!"

"Shh..." She lays a hand on his shoulder. He flinches, but doesn't resist. "I'll help you find them. What do they look like?"

"Like me..." he mumbles. "It's just... They're not with this group. I've looked all over!" The woman's brow creases, and she nods.

“Then I’ll just have to look after you for now, is that okay?” She smiles at him. “I’ll make sure you get a warm meal and a nice place to rest. Your parents will move this way sooner or later!” The boy shakily nods. “My name’s Seika. I’m a captain, I’m basically in charge here. I’ll get us something to eat, how does that sound?” She offers him a hand, which he takes, with slightly more confidence. Seika’s four crimson tails wave gently as her smile broadens.

After explaining the situation to her subordinates, she leads him past the standing soldiers, taking him to a large dilapidated building near the center of town. The sign that once hung above the door is face-down in the mud, but once they enter, the refurbished remnants of a former tavern are clear. Several kitsune sit around crudely-hewn tables with small bowls of rice and shabby cups. Some chat and laugh amongst themselves, some are paying attention to their food, and some have clearly been dipping into their liquor ration. The overall atmosphere is surprisingly lively given the conditions and fare. Seika’s arrival elicits a number of enthusiastic welcomes from the off-duty troops, and the captain waves back with similar vigor. The boy hides among her tails. She shepherds him toward the bar, and pulls a couple slips of paper from a pouch at her hip and sets them before a brown-haired barkeep.

“A bowl of rice and some water, please.” She says.

“Captain, you know the Vice-Commander says it’s not necessary for you to use these for basic foodstuffs.” He says, swiping the papers and stamping them.

“That doesn’t feel right. We’re all soldiers, I should follow the same rules as the rest of you.” She offers a grin to him, which doesn’t quite reach her eyes. He nods, before turning to prepare the food.

“All the same, Seika, you probably need more than the rest of us anyway.” He says, three tails swishing over the floor as he works. “I’m told you were a sight on the battlefield yesterday.” Seika laughs loudly, and waves him off.

“Nah, Kenji, I was just doing what I always do. The Vice-Commander was who won us the day!” She brushes a hand across a slightly blackened patch of armor on the side of her chest. “She handled the enemy magus one-on-one! I know the boys like to talk me up, but without her, I wouldn’t be here right now.”

“All the same,” he says, passing a bowl heaping with rice and a large cup filled with water. “The heroics of those of us without nine tails shouldn’t be understated.” Seika shrugs, before passing the bowl down to the boy.

“See that table over there?” She says, pointing to the table near the back door. “You go get a seat and enjoy, I’ll be right over.” He nods, and after a mumbled thank-you scurries over as directed. “I guess taking down a seven-tail battle mage is nothing to scoff at, huh?”

Her voice carries, but the boy loses her in the din of the tavern as he finds his seat. He devours the rice ravenously, only pausing for drinks of water. As he eats, a figure in a white cloak enters the tavern, sitting at a table near the door. They raise a hand to catch the barkeep’s attention, but pause as their gaze sweeps over the boy. Their purple eyes lock with his, but a barmaid steps between them. The boy’s eyes go wide, and he gulps down the rest of his water before slipping from his seat and out the back door. He weaves his way through some back rooms, past rooms with bags of rice and various barrels. Eventually he finds a room whose far wall had collapsed. He swiftly scrambles over the rubble and into a small alley. His ears flick and twist as he presses himself to the wall, but the only sounds are the distant stern shouts of soldiers over the soft drizzling rain. He slips through the back alleys of the ruined town, keeping clear from the occasional soldiers walking around the encampment. Eventually he circles away from the bulk of the tents and heads off toward a hillier area that should lead into the mountains. As he does, shadows move in the deep distance, and a purple eye tracks his movements.

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A few hours of foot travel later, and the terrain grew steeper. The rain stopped, though the clouds remained. The boy pulls back the hood of his cloak, and looks around the lightly forested hillside around him. Letting out a shaky breath, he closes his eyes. Soon, deep purple flames run over his form, and his form changes. The gaunt and small boy stands taller, and takes the form of a lean but capable young man. His tattered clothes ripple into a neat black robe, though his cloak remains.

“You can come out now.” He calls out. “You’re not as stealthy as you think you are.”

A figure steps from behind a tree, clad in light gray robes of her own. Her short black hair is kept in neatly trimmed bangs that encircle her face and lead back to her deep purple eyes.

“I was wondering how long it would take for you to drop the act, Anju.” She says coolly, throwing aside a dark cloak which flickers white as it falls into a heap.

“And I don’t know why you bothered pursuing me if you knew who I was, Momoko.” He sneers at her. “Shouldn’t you have fought me while we were surrounded by your troops?” He rips away his cloak, and his two apparent tails pulse with violet fire and unfold to nine. “Or is the lauded Vice-Commander of the Golden Sun so arrogant?” Her own mass of tails flick as she meets his gaze.

“And risk the casualties you’d no doubt wreak?” She says, gesturing around the area. “In a place like this, I can focus on subduing you and not defending the lives of my men.” Anju laughs sharply.

“Subduing me?” He cackles. “I know full well your *Lady Inari* sent you to kill me. Don’t think I’m stupid, sister. You should know better.” She doesn’t flinch.

“If you *surrender*, maybe I won’t have to.” She states plainly.

“I don’t know what that *witch* has told you,” Anju hisses, “but I’m not trusting her to show me mercy, and I’m not allowing YOU to shackle me!”

“We can’t defeat her, Anju.” Momoko pleads. “Our only choice is to obey. For our clan’s future...”

“What future?!” Anju roars. “Our lands are ruined, our people are dead or dying, and their blood runs through their homes like a river!” He points at her, his fingers crackling with electric arcs. “If you think I’m going to listen to her poison anymore, you’re dead wrong!” Momoko sighs, raising a hand that shimmers with a light-purple light.

“If you won’t listen to reason—” She starts, before violet lightning cracks between them. It ricochets off of a pink energy barrier and reduces the tree Momoko had used as cover to a hail of blackened splinters.

Before Momoko can counterattack, Anju is gone in a flash. He rematerializes mid-air, firing several more lightning bolts that slam into more energy barriers. He repeats the maneuver, striking from every angle. She holds firm, tracking his movements and timing her blocks. She stomps the ground, and pillars of sharp stone shoot up, causing Anju to avert course and leap off a spike that nearly pierces him through. Frost coalesces around Momoko’s hand, and she sends forth a flurry of icy spears, which Anju dodges by flying through the newly rugged terrain. The sky opens, and vortexes spiral down on Momoko. She dashes to an outcrop, and rolls as a lance of lightning explodes off of a rock face near her. She presses a palm to the pillar, and sends it careening towards Anju, who glides over it and fires another lightning barrage. Momoko’s shields come up once more, though the repeated battering is taking its toll. The energy fields buckle and crack as punishment rains down from all sides. The skies open once more, and a massive tornado envelops Momoko’s enclosure. She kicks off, and is lifted into the air in her cracking and flickering magical sphere. Anju laughs and fires a bolt into the clouds.

Flashing and roiling skies tear open with light as countless bolts hammer into the tornado-bound sphere. Momoko flinches as a current arcs to her outstretched hand, and she pulls her arms in. Her eyes and tails shimmer with a pink-purple flight before the sphere explodes with a resounding bang. The tornado is ripped apart from the blast, and the airborne Anju is sent tumbling. Now in freefall, Momoko outstretches a hand and casts a curtain of ice, gliding down the fragile slope as it crumbles apart behind her. With her free hand, she resumes an icy barrage as Anju turns and resumes his lightning bursts. The attacks collide in a dazzling explosion, and Anju rolls neatly to his feet as he reaches the ground. Momoko likewise skates to the dirt, her boot digging in as a shockwave of rocky spikes sequentially pierce towards Anju, who flickers and flashes away.

Momoko closes her eyes for a moment, and her ear flicks. She weaves to the side and turns fully around, thrusting a glowing palm... straight into Anju's stomach. Her eyes snap open as the wind is knocked from his lungs, an outstretched hand augmented with claws of lightning fizzling out inches from her head. Momoko stomps, a rocky crust snaps up around Anju's body, locking his hands to his sides. With a motion, she sends his bound form skipping over the ground and into a pillar. The enclosure shatters and Anju cries out with a gagging cough. Momoko flashes through the distance, and conjures a large chunk of ice, which smashes down on Anju's skull with a resounding crack. Anju's legs buckle, and he falls limply to the ground.

Purple flames ripple across Anju's collapsed body, his features losing their definition. His short hair grows out, long locks covering his body and obscuring his face. Momoko stands, panting. Her eyes are locked intently on her fallen sibling. Her ragged breaths eventually slow, and she limps over to the pillar Anju laid near. A small indent is pushed into the rock from where the impact took place, but Anju's sides rise and fall slightly with feeble breathing. Raising a hand, Momoko's discarded cloak hovers to her side. Throwing it over an arm, she goes through some inside pockets before extracting a large, faceted amethyst and letting the garment fall. She presses the gem into the rock face, which swirls and bends around her hand as if liquid. Several minutes pass as she diligently molds the stone,

before giving it a weary smile. In her hands is a statue of a nine-tailed fox, with the amethyst nested in its chest. She turns to Anju, and holds out a hand. Circles of pink-purple light flash, and characters in an arcane script spiral through them. Soon, a dark purple mist rises from Anju's body, which is slowly drawn into the circles. The blob of darkness grows until it's about the size of the Vice-Commander's fist before it disperses into a stream and rushes into the statue's crystal heart. The circles break apart in a sparkling rain, and Momoko appraises her work. The amethyst glows dimly with magical power.

"One day..." She whispers, "I hope you will forgive me, Anju." She waves a hand over the stone fox, and it shimmers pink-purple in reply. She carefully sets it into the divot the stone had come from. A rough grinding noise resounds as the article descends into darkness. As the pillar sinks into the earth, the stone fox's last sight is Momoko's pensive face.

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Present Day

Sunlight filters through the drawn blinds of a woman's bedroom in the early hours of the morning. Stone eyes watch from atop a shelf as the condo's occupant goes about preparing for her day. Her golden hair shines in the streaks of light, her ears flicking with annoyance as she tries to pull down her shirt. Serene blue eyes flash a dark purple as the tank is eventually brought down over her chest: two mammoth orbs reaching nearly past her thighs.

"Phew..." she exclaims, "You girls are feeling big today. I could reign you in, but I'm feeling exciting, why not?" Kioko laughs as she goes about pulling on her thigh-highs, her bending and stretching causing her over-ample bust to practically pour out of the outmatched neckline of her top. Her tails wag happily as she makes for the door. "After all, it's good to be big on milking

day!” Her cheery hums grow more and more distant, and eventually the front door thunks shut.

The statue on her shelf sits impassively, its features incapable of reacting to the display it had seen. The cracked amethyst at its heart, however, begins to flicker and pulse. A deep purple light glows forth from within the gem, and a film of pink-purple light peels away from the statue and shatters. A shadow pours from the crack in the gem, forming into a figure in the middle of the floor. Slowly, the mass coalesces into a tall, lanky form, their hair falling all around their body. Nine ebon tails wave from the base of their back and they chuckle lowly.

“Finally.”