

Spirit of the Harvest



Autumn's chill danced in the air, and with it, the prickling scents of sage, drowsy trees, and creeping hibernation. The moon's silvery glow illuminated the somber grotto surrounding a humble shrine. Cloaked in blankets of gold and amber, the fall glow warmed the wooden structure. Although only a few generations old, its appearance was weathered and tired.

Within, a maiden stared from a window. She shivered at a clutching breeze and pulled her ceremonial robe tighter around her body. It was nights like this she wished her skirt were longer.

"The harvest is here already..." Mako sighed.

Once a time of celebration, the blustery season now only brought anxiety for the approaching winter. The village's harvests hadn't been fruitful in three years, with every year ending worse than the last.

CLINK!!

Coins tinkled into a collection box in front of the shrine. Peeking around a corner, Mako saw an elderly farmer bowing at an altar. His hands were rough and worn as if he'd plowed a field with his own fingers. It was likely his ox had perished.

"Please bring prosperity to my family this winter, Spirit... Our food is low and the garden has little to give..."

Mako approached and stood beside the altar. With a bow, she promised, *"Thank you... I will make sure it is passed onto the spirit."*

He glared at the maiden. "Baah..." he grunted, waving a hand to dismiss her.

His prayer offered, he rose with an aching back and began the trek back to the village at the bottom of a hill. A ruckus could be heard, no doubt in preparation for the approaching harvest ceremony.

Mako frowned. Her heart went out to the tired farmer despite his ill will. He, like many others in the village, was frightened for their future. Most of the crops were withered. Others struggled to stay perky and green. Few had borne any fruit, and many blamed it on the maiden.

"This year is looking to be the worst yet..." she worried, seeing her own small garden dried and brown.

The wind whistled through the shrine. It would be a chilly night in the small back room that served as her living quarters. It hadn't always been so frigid; Mako could recall a time when the shrine's walls were warm and inviting no matter the weather. Her mother had always seemed to excuse warmth itself. Many in the village blamed Mako for the dwindling crops after the maiden's mantle was suddenly thrust upon her.

Frustration flashed through her. Turning her head toward the shrine's interior, she called, "Are you even trying??"

The shrine stayed lifeless and dark. Mako gripped her staff to muster courage.

"Spirit!! I know you're there!!"

Slips of paper rustled on the walls despite the still air. The maiden pushed.

"Do you even care?? People's lives are at stake!" Mako chewed on her bottom lip.

"They rely on you! They rely on us!! Am I alone in our responsibilities?!"

Several bells chimed from a corner and a chill ran down Mako's spine. She was not alone. Never had she addressed the spirit in this way, nor had she ever seen the shrine's spirit in person.

She cast her eyes about. "You should be ashamed of yourself! I... *I could do a better job than you!*"

"Mmm, is that so?"

Shivers brought her hair to stand on end when a sultry voice breathed behind her. A daunting presence looming behind her. Like creeping frost, four fingers caressed the nape of Mako's neck.

"S...Spirit...??" she squeaked, struggling to stay brave. "Who's there?!"

"So fearful! And after such bravado... You don't recognize me, little maiden? After all these nights we've spent together? It's me..." Frozen, Mako could feel the spirit's mouth next to her ear. "*Kirei...*"

Certain of her presence, Mako steeled herself. She'd summoned the shrine's protector, now it was time to do her job. "W...Why do you shirk your responsibilities?!"

"Are spirits not allowed a time to mourn...?"

"*The village is suffering! There is no food! You have a duty!!*"

"I've watched you for years, little maiden... You have a good heart, but don't get cocky. You're still *just* a shrine maiden; hardly someone in a position to order *me* around."

Mako stood still when something floated into view. Like an elegant piece of living artwork, the spirit drifted through the air with astounding grace. Mako was immediately taken aback by her beauty. She'd seen depictions of the spirit in art, but none did her justice.

She was a spectral embodiment of beauty. Voluptuous and sultry, Kirei boasted the well-endowed frame of a woman in her thirties. A kimono as light as air hugged her body and accentuated the hourglass figure below. Proud cleavage sat heaped in an open neckline, created from ripe, bountiful breasts. Plump, bare thighs teased themselves into the open from slits in her gown. Flowing in an ethereal wind, the clothes drifted silently. Her body glowed like moonlight and manifested in ghostly transparent blues. Prominent fox ears adorned her head like awards. Behind her, three elongated tails flourished and flowed with luxurious plush fur.

Mako was at a loss for words. She'd certainly seen the woman in her dreams, but never did she think them so accurate. Now was not the time to be intimidated, however.

"You're the shrine spirit!!" she repeated. "You're supposed to watch over our village! Make sure our crops grow! Protect us!" Mako stepped forward, brandishing her staff. Metal hoops clanked from a hook on the end, causing Kirei to wince at their sharp sound.

"Mmm, fiery like autumn leaves..." The spirit drifted, aloof. "Tell me, maiden; do you know why spirits inhabit shrines such as this?"

"The prayers..."

"Indeed. You humans pray to us, giving up strength and vigor... In return, we tend to the ethereal well-being of the village. Your health, your fortune, your precious crops... When the prayers wither, so too does our will to serve."

“But they haven’t!! People have been praying to you every day for weeks! They need help! They--”

Kirei came before her and stroked Mako’s chin, lifting her head. “Oh, to be so innocent... It’s not so easy for me to simply fulfill the prayers of those with so little faith in their maiden.”

Tightening the grip on her staff, Mako growled, “Then find a spirit competent enough. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn’t turn my back on those who depend on me.”

Frustration flashed in Kirei’s eyes. Mako had struck a nerve. “Careful, little maiden... You shouldn’t challenge a spirit so lightly.” Floating to come face to face, the fox woman loomed with intimidating mystic power. Mako fought to keep her eyes from the ghost’s excessive cleavage. “*Your overconfidence could be your downfall.*”

CLANK!

CLANK!

Mako waved her staff, the sharp noise driving Kirei back. “I’m only doing my job. As you should be.”

A glare sat upon Kirei’s face. Staring at the maiden, it soon turned to a sly smile. “Very well. If you believe it to be so simple, I shall grant you the ability to serve them yourself.”

The offer caught Mako off guard. She lowered her staff, staring at the spirit with wide eyes. “W-What?”

Kirei glowed pale in the moonlight. Floating to the center of the room, she opened her kimono and bared herself before Mako. Kirei’s hand reached into the center of her chest, vanishing inside as she grasped at her essence, before withdrawing a dancing orb of blue flame.

“This harvest shall be your responsibility, little maiden.” She smiled at Mako’s astonishment. “That is, until you deem it too taxing. When that time comes, I’ll be there to accept your apology.”

Mako narrowed her eyes. “I will apologize for nothing.”

“Very well!” Coming close, Kirei lifted the flame toward Mako. She blew gently, scattering the flame’s tongues into elongated tendrils.

“*What is this??*” Mako gasped, feeling their heat. Her chest glowed as the energy entered her.

There came no answer as Kirei continued blowing the flame. Mako’s body tingled and sang with energy.

CLANG!!!

She dropped her staff when dizziness washed over her mind. Stumbling against a wall, she slid to the floor in a gasping heap.

“*What... What are you doing...??*”

Kirei mused from above. “Accepting your challenge, little maiden. *Let me see that you can uphold my duties.*”

As her vision blurred, the last image she saw was of Kirei’s knowing smile before darkness took her.



The floor was cold when Mako roused from her slumber. Thin rays of approaching dawn reached through the windows overhead. Sweat coated her body and soaked through her robes. Fabric clung annoyingly to her frame and the front had splayed open, revealing her nakedness below.

“Ah!! Oh, goddess!!”

Frantic, she sat up, straightened her skirt, and pulled her robe closed over her chest. She feared someone might have come in to see her in such an exposed state.

She paused when her garment refused to close. Perplexed, Mako glanced down as her hands continued their attempt.

Two bulging masses of flesh blocked her garb from closing. Reminding her of honeydews, her breasts stood full and plump from her otherwise frail torso. Skin squished against her fingers and fabric, her nipples compromised and erect in the chilly autumn morning air.

“My... M-My breasts...?” Mako blinked, wondering if exhaustion was tricking her waking mind. “My chest is... I-It’s...”

She grabbed herself, immediately jolting from the tender sensitivity left over from extreme swelling.

“Oh goddess!!! Oh goddess!! What’s happened to me?!”

Panic overtook her. Gathering her bust in one arm, she scrambled to her feet to run for her room.

The top of the doorframe tickled her head. Thinking it a bug, her hand swatted at the annoyance.

“H-Huh?”

Mako paused in the middle of her room, one hand on her chest and the other on her head. Something soft, furry, and warm was protruding from her scalp. Her heart raced as the night’s previous events came rushing back. Kirei’s laugh echoed in her mind. Cautious, she approached a mirror.

The sight made her weak.

Two fox ears stood from her head with crimson fur like fire. Every twitch caused her eyes to widen. Frightened to inspect herself any further, Mako forced her eyes lower.

The cleavage made her breath catch in her throat. Having grown from flat to rivaling the most well-endowed women in the village, Mako gawked at the two soft teardrops pulling at her shoulders. Plump nipples stood fat and thick as if ready to feed a babe.

She took them in her hands, finding comfort in their surprising warmth. “W... What happened to my--*Mmgh!*” She shook, her thighs quaking. *“They’re... I-I can hardly touch them! My chest is on fire!”*

WHISH!

A flash of red caught her eye. She stared in the mirror.

WHISH WHISH!

It was bushy and long, causing her skirt to flutter around her hips.

WHISH WHISH!

Her eyes watered upon seeing a fox tail rise behind her back.

“AH!!!”

She grabbed it, spinning around several times trying to wrestle the appendage. It wiggled in her grasp with a mind of its own.

“I-I-I’m...”

“Part fox?”

“AH!!!”

Startled by a sultry voice, Mako jolted and spun around. Kirei hovered there, watching with amusement as the maiden’s robe fell open and slid down her arms.

Mako wished she had her staff. “*Get back, spirit!!*”

“After I gave you exactly what you wanted...?” Kirei pouted. “So ungrateful. Do you know how many girls pray for a bosom like that?”

Mako gathered her chest in her hands. “*What did you do to me?!*”

“I gave you the power to give your village the harvest it so desperately needs! The powers of a shrine spirit, to be exact.” Kirei brought one of her tails around and petted it lovingly. Its transparent form shone faintly in the rising sunlight. It was much harder to see the ghost without the aid of darkness. “The powers manifest quite exotically, wouldn’t you say?”

Mako was trying to catch her breath. “*And my breasts?! Why do they feel...so full?!*”

A smile glimmered on Kirei’s cheeks. “They come with the job.” Looking down, she admired the maiden’s enhanced bust. “You were so small before... Those are certainly more fitting for a shrine maiden, wouldn’t you say?”

Glaring, Mako pulled her robe back to her shoulders and tried to cover herself.

“Don’t be so modest.” Kirei laughed lightly. “Soon you’ll be--” The specter’s ears twitched. “Oh! Did you hear that?”

Mako listened. “Hear what...?”

“Your first visitors.”

CLINK!

CLINK!

Two coins fell into the coffer. Not decent enough to greet the guests, Mako peeked from the shrine’s interior. Two young boys stood at the altar with their hands clasped. Her chest grew warm as they spoke.

“Please let father’s crops bloom...” one whispered.

STRRTCH

Mako winced, grabbing her chest at a sudden sensation. “*Ah! W...What?*”

“And watch over mother so she gets better...”

STRRTCH!

“Ngh!!”

Her robe fell to her waist. Mako stumbled against a wall, arching her chest with heaving breaths.

“And please let there be fireworks tonight.”

STRRTCH!!

“*MMGH!!!*” Mako stifled a cry as her breasts forcefully engorged. Her skin tightened and plumped over her arm. Flared, her nipples thickened to match her enhancement. “*W-What’s happening to me?!?*” she squeaked breathlessly. Her fox ears drooped from fear.

Kirei watched intently. The two boys remained visible through her buxom form. “You’re reacting to their prayers. It’s your magic trying to leave your body to bring them comfort and fulfill their desires.”

“*My what???*” Mako’s mammaries burned with energy against her fingertips. Not since puberty had her nipples felt so hot. “*Why do I grow?!?*”

“Not grow, little maiden... *Fill.*”

“*Haahhh... Hahhh...!!*” Mako gasped as she struggled against the sensations swirling within her bust.

Kirei floated behind her. “We spirits are like mothers. We nourish the village... Give it life and a part of our very essence.” Ghostly hands reached around Mako’s torso to grope her breasts.

“*Mmgh!!*”

“It’s only natural for such life-giving blessings to flow from that which nourishes life itself, don’t you think?”

“*B-But why--*”

One of the boys clapped. “And please bring back our dog.”

STRRTCH!!

Mako cried out, her legs weak. Within the span of a minute, she’d gained an inch in girth. The stress tightened her skin slightly. “*NNGH!!! W-Why don’t they get smaller?!?*”

“Therein lies the challenge. Magic is a fickle thing, little maiden. Unreleased, it can build and build, manifesting itself in strange ways...” She released Mako as she gazed down, panting at her rising bust.

“*E-Every prayer...?!?*” she rasped. “*Every prayer will do this to me?! I’m the shrine maiden!! I-I can’t avoid their prayers!!*”

Kirei laughed as she faded. “You wished to give this village the harvest it needed. You now have that power.” Her delight echoed as she vanished from sight. “I wish you luck, little maiden. Do let me know when you’ve had enough. I’ll be waiting.”

Mako was left alone with her transformed body. Chest swollen and dazzling with beads of sweat shining in the morning sun, she watched it wobble with her frantic breaths. Her tail whipped behind her: a visible sign of her distress.

The harvest ceremony was to be held that night, and with it, an annual mass offering of prayers. She would be expected to lead the festivities until the full moon reached its peak.

Mako worriedly took her mounds in her arms. Come dusk, the shrine would be engulfed in a storm of prayers and requests, and with it, her chest in a flood of magic.

Outside, the boys looked up as they heard a helpless whimper escape the shrine's depths.



BANG BANG BANG!!

“Elder?? Elder Hana?? I’m sorry to wake you!!” Mako stood outside a humble cottage on the outskirts of town. Not only the village elder, but also her great-grandmother, Elder Hana was the only previous shrine maiden Mako could approach for help.

“I-I’m sorry but...I...” She glanced at her chest, hidden inside a larger robe and wrapped under a layer of fabric bindings. A simple scarf hid her ears from view while her tail remained stuffed between her legs and under a cloak. “I-I need help!”

Slow shuffling came from within. The door creaked open moments later to reveal an old woman aged like tree bark.

“Oh, Mako...!” the woman smiled, happy to see her kin. “Such an early hour, my dear... You’re going to miss the villagers’ morning prayers! It’s the shrine maiden’s duty to attend such--”

Mako couldn’t bear to hear another prayer. “I’m in trouble, Elder!” she interrupted.

Looking into Mako’s eyes, Hana could see the distress. “I see... Come in, come in...”

The cottage’s warmth was surprising given the building’s outward appearance: a welcome change to the frigid walls of the shrine.

“Sit, sit!” Hana insisted. “I pray you’ve been in good health?”

STRRTCH!

Mako whimpered when her chest strained and added pressure to the bindings. The air shimmered behind Hana as Kirei’s ghostly figure faded into view.

“Come to tattle on me?” the fox woman chided, floating around the retired maiden.

Mako ignored her spiritual partner. “Y-Yes, I’ve been fine... Perhaps too good,” she trembled with relief as her breasts came to a stop.

The strange response brought the elder to frown. “Hmm? I’m afraid I don’t understand, child.”

Palpitations brought Mako’s heart to flutter. Throat dry, she removed the scarf from her head. Her fiery ears stood up, alert with her anxiety.

“Oh...!” Hana stared, not nearly as surprised as Mako expected.

Kirei laughed. “You should take off your robe as well! Show her how big your chest has gotten.”

Paying the spirit no mind, Mako explained, “I met Kirei last night... I yelled at her for doing such a poor job these last few years and--”

Soft chuckling from the old woman made her pause. Looking off pensively, Hana sighed. “Aww, Kirei... Up to her old tricks!”

“W-What??”

“She used to be very timid, you know. Clueless even!” The elder’s eyes gleamed with the memories of a time lost to the ages. “Over the years as we spent time together and she grew into a true shrine spirit, she sure developed into a trickster! Looks like she’s still at it.” Hana leaned forward for a closer look at her great-granddaughter. They wiggled when she played with them. “I must say, they are very cute on you!”

“*E-Elder!!*” Mako clamped her hands over her fox ears. “*What do I do?! She left the village’s prayers up to me!! The harvest moon is tonight and the village is expecting a spirit to help them! I-I can’t handle her magic! I-It’s making me--*”

Mako bit her tongue. As frantic as she was, she couldn’t bring herself to reveal the most worrisome aspect of her curse. Kirei smiled, knowing Mako was too shy to discuss such intimate details.

“Now now, child...” Hana poured a cup of steaming tea. The scent already helped to calm Mako’s nerves. “Kirei may be a handful, but she wouldn’t give you something you couldn’t handle. You are the shrine maiden, after all. You two are partners, and partnerships come with challenges. These past few years have been hard on her as well...”

Mako lowered her eyes. “I don’t think she likes me yet... She doesn’t trust me. I wasn’t ready to be maiden, Elder...”

Kirei leaned on Hana’s shoulder. “How are your breasts doing, *partner*? Ready to pop with all the magic yet? Or are you still enjoying how good they feel?”

Deep pink blushed Mako’s cheeks. The sight brought Hana to laugh. “She’s here, isn’t she? That little fox.” Projecting her voice to the cottage’s general interior, the elder teased, “Kirei, you go easy on her! You can have your fun, but don’t forget your duty.”

Rolling her eyes, Kirei groaned, “Always with the duty...”

Hana smiled and focused back on Mako. “She didn’t like that, did she?”

The maiden shook her head.

Hana chuckled and stared off into space. “She never did like being told what to do. I’ll bet she’s still as beautiful as ever... Few things can match a shrine spirit’s beauty.”

Staring at Kirei, Mako had to agree. Several angles allowed the ghost’s wispy garments to flutter out of the way, revealing intimate secrets as she floated.

Hana took Mako’s hand and led her toward the door. It opened to a brisk early fall morning. “Stay strong, child. The spirits test us in mysterious ways. I believe you can overcome whatever test she’s given you.”

Though she wasn’t leaving with any answers, Mako felt slightly better about her situation. “Thank you, Elder...”

They embraced, their bond battling the chill. Her chest felt more in the way than ever as if squished between them.

“*Oh my!*” Hana gasped, releasing and stepping back. In awe, she extended a hand to pat the top of Mako’s breasts as they bulged under her robe.

“*E-Elder!*” Mako hugged herself.

“Perhaps stop eating so many sweets as well...! Your robe won’t fit you much longer at this rate!”

More right than she could have known, Mako blushed as Kirei laughed at her old friend’s remark.



Desperate grunts came from the shrine. Many who came to pray heard the noises and quickly fled after offering their prayers, assuming them to be from an angry spirit.

“*Nnngh!! Haah!!!*”

In truth, it was Mako sitting in her room. Dim light shrouded her in concentration as she knelt on the floor, looming over a withered potted plant.

“*Hah... Hahhh... Please grow...*” she rasped.

The village’s prayers were coming heavier by the hour and the harvest festival would soon be upon her. Before lunch, her breasts had engorged larger than her head with pent-up magic. Their sheer size proved to be uncomfortable in her bindings, forcing Mako to rewrap her assets after every prayer she heard whispered in front of her shrine.

Sweat dripped from her face and ran into her cleavage. Her focus was intense but so far fruitless.

“*Come on... Grow!!*”

She held her hands out at the plant, trying anything to expel some of her magic. Pressure throbbed in her breasts. Her ears twitched and her tail thumped on the ground behind her. The magic wanted to flow. It wanted to erupt from her aching nipples. And yet, she could not make it so.

Kirei’s amused laughter hardly ever stopped. “This is a sight! You look ridiculous, little maiden!” Resting her head on her hand, she observed Mako’s attempt. “You remind me of myself when I was inexperienced...”

The maiden flashed frustrated eyes at the drifting ghost. “You could help me!!”

“And miss watching you struggle as your bust swells even larger? I think not! It’s too comical!”

Mako pursed her lips and inspected the current state of her breasts. Full and tight, they looked as though she had a newborn and hadn’t fed it in several days. They were far too large.

“Magic can’t stay cooped up forever... Not to mention you’re still human, even if you own some spirit magic. There’s no shame in admitting defeat. Just how big do you think you can stand to become?”

Unwilling to swallow her pride, Mako steeled herself against the tingling pressure. She could still take more. “I’m fine,” she mumbled, returning to her plant. “I just need to learn how to use it to make plants grow...and then I’ll outdo you, the village can finally have a good harvest and--”

Crunching footsteps on the dirt path made her bristle and fear for her mammaries.

“Oh!” Kirei gasped. “I think I feel another prayer coming your way...! Might want to loosen those bindings, little maiden.”

Peeking through a window, Mako was elated to see her friend approaching.

CLINK!

Outside the shrine, a girl tossed a coin. She bowed, already dressed in her kimono for the approaching festivities.

“Please, spirit...” she whispered. “Make my br--”

“Akina... P-Please don’t...”

Startled, the girl looked up from her prayer. Mako stood in the shadows, leaning from behind a corner. “Mako??” she called out.

“Please don’t finish that prayer...” Mako pleaded again.

Sensing worry in her friend’s voice, Akina straightened her back and came closer.

“What’s wrong? No one in the village has seen you all day! Are you getting ready for the harvest festival? A lot of people are worried... H-Has the spirit said anything? Can she help?”

Mako glared at Kirei from the corner of her eye. “I know, I’ve spoken to her... There’s a...uhm...a problem.”

“Problem? What kind of problem?”

She wasn’t ready to leave the safety of her shrine. Keeping her back hunched and motioning for her friend to come forward, Mako bid, “Come into the back.”

Akina followed, squinting in the low light. She crossed her arms in concern. “Mako? What’s wrong? You sound--”

“Promise not to tell anyone?”

“I... Sure...?”

Mako removed her scarf. Twitching fox ears made Akina’s eyes bulge. Seeing the bushy tail slide from under her skirt caused her to step back.

“M-Mako!! Y-Y-You’re a--”

“Shh! SHH!! It’s only temporary!!” Mako hushed her friend in case any other villagers had come to the shrine. “I got in a fight with the spirit and she turned me into this!”

Akina’s eyes sparkled. “So you’re like...magic now?! Are you a spirit?!”

Embarrassed, Mako hugged her tail. “Kind of. But there’s something else...”

“What else could there possibly--”

STRRRRTCH!!

Mako straightened her back to thrust her breasts into her bindings. Past due for a rewrapping, they creaked around her heaving mass. Flesh bulged from the split in her robe to display fantastical cleavage marbled with faint veins.

Akina’s jaw fell to the floor. “M...M-Mako... Y-Y-You got--”

“--bigger...” she finished for her friend. Wincing at the tightness of her binding, Mako explained, “They’re swelling with magic... Every time I hear a prayer, my magic wants to leave my body but I can’t figure it out!”

Child-like wonder shone on Akina's face. Desire made her cheeks blush. "So... whenever you hear a prayer?"

"Mhm, I can't help but--"

Akina quickly bowed and burst out, "*Please bless me this harvest!!*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh assaulted Mako's robe and bindings. Swelling visibly, the fabric strained and popped. Her nipples flared angrily at the prison squeezing her so tightly.

"*A-Akina!!!*" Mako gasped, hugging her bust. "*Akina, what are you doing?!*"

Kirei roared with laughter. "I like this girl!!"

She watched in awe, mesmerized. "They really do grow...!!"

"*Yes!! And I would like for them to not grow any larger! I can barely stand up straight as it is!*"

Akina stared as the growth slowed. "You're so lucky..."

"*Lucky?!*"

"What I wouldn't give for a few extra inches like that!" Akina absentmindedly rubbed a hand across her own bust, hopelessly small compared to Mako's new girth. "I just had to see what it looked like..."

"Well I hope you got your fill."

"What are you going to do? Everyone is going to be praying here tonight! And you're the shrine maiden! You *have* to be here!"

"I know! *I know!* Even if people don't have faith in me..." Mako returned to her plant and knelt, disheartened.

"I have faith in you..."

Akina's words helped heal her heart. Even in the worst of times, she could always count on her friend for comfort. Mako returned a weak smile. "I've been trying to figure out how to release the magic to help plants grow." Frustrated, she scratched at her head. "All I've managed is to produce this little bud."

Akina hummed and sat across from her. "Maybe you just need some encouragement? Try again. Let me see your form."

"Uh... Sure, why not..."

Mako held her hands aloft. Focusing on the plant, she felt heat rise in her bust once again. The magic wanted to be free.

"*N-Nngh...*"

Her friend leaned forward to inspect it up close. "Try moving your hands in little circles maybe?"

"*That... That sounds stupid.*"

"Hmm..."

Mako labored with effort. Eyes weary, she opened them in hopes to find any progress on her subject. There was none. It remained withered and brown.

“You’re right,” Akina whispered, “I can *almost* feel something wanting to happen, but it’s not.”

Mako’s eyes drifted upward from the plant. They fell upon Akina’s chest. Leaning forward, her loosely tied kimono had fallen away from her bust. Two pert breasts lay below like two apple halves. A gentle valley of darkness formed between them leading to her abdomen.

They are pretty small..., Mako thought. No wonder she wants them bigger...

In the darkness of her kimono, Akina’s breasts appeared to shift. Their curves plumped and swelled. Slow enough to be mistaken for a trick of the light, Mako watched as Akina’s cleavage began to creep closed.

“*Mmgh...!*” Mako gasped, feeling her chest throb. Her eyes stayed locked on her friend’s exposed bust.

Their development continued. Within seconds, Akina’s breasts were pushing against the inside of her garment. Flesh became stressed for space. Soft and pale, the two mounds collided and squished together. Their owner’s breaths brought them to squeeze firm and full against the fabric.

Deep pink colored Akina’s cheeks. “Hey, w-what are you staring at...?” she asked. Becoming privy to the strange tightening sensations across the front of her kimono, she caught Mako’s gaze and followed it toward her chest.

Cleavage met her eyes, bulging her kimono across the middle.

“H-Huh?” she squeaked.

Mako swallowed, lowering her hands. “O-Oh no. Akina! I’m so sorry!”

THUD!

Akina fell back, scrambling as if to escape from the two bloated mounds on her torso. “*Ah!! Mako!! W-What did you do?!*” She grabbed them, each mammary large enough to overflow her hand.

“I was focusing on making the plant grow!!! A-And then I saw down your kimono and the next thing I knew...” Mako’s eyes watered with frustration. She didn’t want to admit she’d only wanted to give her friend what she wanted. “*Akina, I’m sorry!! I’m so sorry!!*”

“*Sorry?!*”

An excited giggle from her friend calmed Mako’s heart. “W...What?”

“Don’t you dare be sorry!” Akina grinned. Elated, she leaned against a wall and pulled the front of her kimono to splay it open. Two gorgeous breasts the size of ripe melons dominated her ribcage in pale teardrops. For a girl of her stature, they bordered on disproportionate. “*I’ve dreamed of having breasts like these! Prayed for them even!!*” Akina grabbed them, marveling at their pristine features. “*Mako! They’re incredible!!*”

“Y-You mean you’re--*Oof!!*”

Akina attacked her with an ecstatic hug. She clung with arms empowered by gratitude. Their chests pressed tight together, fighting between the two girls.

“*Thank you!! Thank you thank you thank you!!! Oh they’re PERFECT!!*”

Still stunned by the development, Mako held her friend as she jumped for joy. Kirei floated by, smiling knowingly. “I like this girl!!” Her tails flicked through the air with interest. “*Do it again...*”

Akina released the maiden and stood back, looking downward. “And look!! You’re a little smaller now too I think!”

“*I am?!*” Mako pulled her robe open with rising hope. Though still bloated, the bindings were looser around her chest. At some point, somehow, she’d expelled magic to make her friend grow. “*H-How did I do that?! What did I do?! I don’t know what I did differently!*”

“I have no idea!!” Akina ran to a mirror and let her kimono fall from her arms to sit around her waist. Fully exposed, her breasts made her eyes widen with love. “Goddess... They’re beautiful...” she whispered, posing from several angles. “*Eeek!! I can’t wait to show them off at the festival!!* I don’t know what you did, Mako, but keep practicing! I think you might just have a knack for this spirit thing!”



The time had come. Despite Mako’s best efforts, the day flew by in a blur of her battling her encroaching magic with only Akina’s enhancement to show for her efforts. Kirei’s taunting echoed in the back of her mind non-stop. Trying to control the size of her breasts had been anxiety-inducing enough without the need to find some method to conceal her ears and tail.

In the end as the sun approached the horizon, she was forced to bind her chest as tight as she dared. Her excessive growth was plainly visible through her robe, but not obscenely so. A trusty scarf hid her ears from view despite the occasional wiggle. Her tail, on the other hand, proved more challenging. Its long bushy form would never stay beneath her skirt long term. In a desperate attempt, she managed to wind it up and around her hips to her torso. From some angles her robe appeared lumpy, but for the most part she considered herself presentable. Once it became dark and the drinking started, it would no longer be an issue.

Mako stood under the eaves of her shrine. Ceremonial decor hung from the roof and walls. It was one of the most important celebrations of the year: a time to reflect and pray for the coming winter and what may come after. The harvest was more than fields and fruit; it was people’s wishes for a future amid a time of approaching uncertainty.

Gulping, Mako watched as a procession of villagers marched up the hill in a line of lanterns.

“Here they come... With all their prayers...” Kirei whispered behind her. Dexterous hands reached around Mako’s torso to gently weigh her breasts. “Feel like you have enough room for even more magic, little maiden?”

“S...Shut up.”

Mako couldn’t have felt more unprepared. After hours of toiling, her friend’s chest had been the only thing to grow. She didn’t dare admit defeat to Kirei, not at this point. Fulfilling

Kirei's duties was something Mako had to do for herself. She would not let herself fail. The responsibilities of being shrine maiden weighed heavier than ever.

"Welcome, everyone! Welcome!" she greeted as villagers filed onto the shrine's grounds. "Happy harvest!"

Many glared at the girl, unhappy with her job over the last several years. Their trust in her was low, especially as the village's well-being worsened by the day.

Lanterns warmed the autumn golden hour. As conversing began, people started to line up at the shrine's altar in front of Mako. She felt sweat run down her back upon seeing the length of the queue. Already her chest felt ready to blow beneath her robe.

CLINK!

The first offering fell into the coffer.

"Please let our supplies last through the winter..."

STRRRRTCH!

"Ngh!" Mako twitched. It was only the first growth spurt of many.

Kirei floated over the line, unseen. "Steel yourself, maiden... The night is young."

CLINK!

"I pray my melons will fetch a high price at market."

STRRRRTCH!!

"T-Thank you," Mako said to an old man as he turned away.

"Maiden...? Is the spirit here with us?"

Mako looked down to see a small child addressing her. She held her mother's hand, each dressed in a matching kimono.

"Yes, she is!" Mako nodded with blushing cheeks.

Her face beamed. "Then I pray for a lot of snow this winter!" The mother's face said otherwise.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Nngh!!" Mako whimpered and shifted her position. She'd drastically underestimated how tight her bindings would become.

The mother leaned down and whispered, "What else?"

Pondering, the child said, "Oh!! And please watch over my grandma..."

STRRTCH!!!

"Ah! I-I'll be sure Kirei hears your prayers!"

"Thank you, Maiden!!"

The child smiled before being led away to find any of the delicious food available nearby. Meanwhile, Mako could hardly breathe. Her bindings were squeezing the life from her watermelon-sized breasts. Her robe threatened to burst at the seams if she weren't careful.

"K...Kirei...!" she squeaked, feeling her nipples throb. Fear laced her voice.

"Oh my... Already so full...!" Kirei caressed a long nail along the curve of her bust. "It's not too late to give up!"

Mako refused.

CLINK!

“Please let the winter be warm.”

STRRRRRRTCH!

“Nnngh!” The maiden shifted in place, tortured by her role to attend the altar. *“Kirei...! The pressure!”*

Sighing at Mako’s distress, the ghost offered, “I’ll make you a deal. If you admit defeat, I’ll take my power back and grant this village the most fruitful harvest it’s ever seen. How does that sound?”

“N...NO.”

“You maidens are always so stubborn. Fine by me...!” Drifting behind her, the ghost teased Mako’s chest to the point of making her tremble with nervousness at its firmness. “I think we both know you can’t handle many more prayers... All that magical pressure... I’m sure it’s overwhelming. Why, your breasts feel more engorged than a mother’s with a newborn refusing to latch! How plump do you think your nipples have grown?”

CLINK!

“Please don’t let our wood run out this winter.”

CRREEAAAAAAK!

“Eep!” Mako gasped when her bindings groaned in protest. It felt as though a nipple were fighting its way through the straps.

CLINK!

“Please watch over my family.”

CRREEAAAAAAK!

CLINK!

“Please bring my marriage new happiness.”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

Mako bit her lip and clenched her arm at her side when her hidden tail flailed from her struggle. *“Mmgh!! T-The pressure...!”* Throbbing brought her breasts to beat with fullness. Mako was certain they would be traced with veins if she were to undress. Her areolas beat like tiny hearts, doming with stress.

CLINK!

“Please let our crops flourish before the harvest.”

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!

POP!!!!

“AH!”

Mako clamped her hands over her mouth when she cried out loud enough to draw attention from all nearby. A strap had burst, sending wobbling sensations through her bust. One of her nipples sang as if it had been slapped.

“I’m...I’m sorry...” she apologized to the crowd. “Kirei is a handful tonight.”

Several villagers laughed, but most stared intensely at the struggling maiden. A large majority of the village still did not trust her when she’d taken the maiden’s responsibilities at such a young age. Traditionally she would have been well into her twenties before her mother would have passed the torch.

“Nnngh... Kirei...” Mako groaned. “Kirei, my chest...!! Goddess, what’s happening to it??”

“Ready to give up?”

Mako considered the question with a pursed lip as her bosom trembled. “W-What happens...if they get too big??”

The spirit smiled in amusement. “Well isn’t the mystery part of the fun?”

Mako wasn’t so sure. Looking out among the crowd, she could see countless faces smiling as they tried to forget their worries. Elder Hana sat on a bench near the shrine, smiling lovingly at her kin. Near the back in a group of girls stood Akina, staring in disbelief at Mako’s bust. Given how far Akina’s kimono was opened down the front, Mako had to believe she was loving every second of her new breasts. She’d gone to extra lengths to put them on display and stuff them into her smallest kimono.

CLINK!

“Help our oxen to stay strong. Our feed runs low...”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Ngh!” Mako had to stop her hand halfway to grabbing at her chest. “That’s... T-That’s enough...” she groaned. Not only was her growth weighing too heavy, but so too were the villagers’ needs.

CLINK!

“Please let my wife forgive me.”

CREEEEEAAAAAK!!

“Ah! N-No...more...!”

CLINK!

“Please help me find love this winter.”

CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!

“AH!”

Mako’s robe was beginning to split down the middle. Given her outbursts, more people were starting to take notice of the swelling shrine maiden. Cleavage bulged her front in a manner most unbecoming of a girl in her position. Breathing rapidly, she stared down as her chest bulged as tight pale mounds into the chilly air.

The festival quieted down. Many found themselves taken aback by the bewildering sight.

CLINK!

“Please bring my heart peace.”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“W-Wait!” Mako rasped, leaning back. Her abdomen fluttered with her wiggling tail. Her bust shook with pressure and tension.

CLINK!

“Please let me breasts grow like Akina’s and--”

“T-THAT’S ENOUGH!! Please stop before--Ah!!!”

SHHHRRIIIP!!!

All fell quiet at Mako’s scream. Fabric tore beneath her robe as her bindings failed. Engorged and bulbous, her breasts heaved in anger. She stumbled back and fell upon the altar, cradling them in her arms as pressure bounced around her mounds. They tingled and heaved, pulsating against her hands.

Mako’s eyes widened as her cleavage continued to swell and bloat. Her chest distended, rapidly gaining weight. *“Kirei!! K-Kirei!! What’s happening to--”*

GUUUURGLE

Her breath caught in her throat. Eyes wide, she pulled a hand away to see it dripping a thick white substance. The front of her robe was warm.

“AH!!! KIREI!!”

Kirei floated by, intrigued. *“Milk... The magic is desperate, and your body is at its limit. Your breasts don’t know what to do with themselves, little maiden. You’re full.”*

CLINK!

Mako panicked at the sound of yet another offering. *“W-Wait!! Don’t--”*

“Please help my husband quit drinking.”

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“A-Aahhhh!!!”

SHRRIIIP!!!

The robe tore open. Mako couldn’t contain herself any longer. As her clothing failed, so too did her concealments. Her scarf slipped as she fell against a wall. Writhing beneath her clothes, her tail squirmed for freedom. Within seconds, all fell silent as Mako’s secrets were laid bare for the village to see.

The air stood still as she stood at the altar. Fox tail waving behind her as her bloated breasts leaked down her front, the villagers’ eyes widened. They didn’t know whether to ogle her ears, bust, or tail.

Kirei floated close, whispering, *“Uh oh... All these desperate people; what do you think they’ll do when they see a spirit girl walking among them?”*

Desperation was in their eyes: deep seeds of worry for an approaching winter they weren’t prepared for.

Mako's heart skipped a beat when they advanced toward her. They crowded the altar in moments, scrambling to reach the apparent spirit girl.

"Please help my son!!"

"Our dog is missing!!"

"Bless my garden!! The bugs are everywhere!!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

Mako panicked at the sudden wave of magic rushing into her chest. *"N-Nngh!! Please!! P-Please stop!! It's not...what you think!! I'm no spirit!! I-I can't!!"*

SPLRRTCH!!!

"MMGH!!"

Milk sprayed from her bust to douse those nearest her. They rubbed her milk into their skin and over their head.

"Bless me too!! Bless me!!"

"Bless us with your milk, spirit!!"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"NNGH!! My chest!! M-My chest!!! MY CHEST CAN'T HOLD IT!!"

Mako huddled against a wall as she was surrounded. Her mammaries heaved, growing inches at a time. If not for her remaining bindings and robe, they would have reached her belly button.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Nngh!! H-Haaahhh!!! Get away!! I can't!! You're making them too full!!! I-I can't take the pressure!!"

Mako's head spun. Her own shrine wasn't safe anymore. Villagers were everywhere, bombarding her breasts with prayer after prayer. Fearful and desperate, she sought any refuge.

The woods beyond the shrine called her name. Clutching at her body as hands grabbed all around, she raced from the mob and into the tree line. Milk coated her front to help her escape with slippery fabric and skin.

"Spirit, please!!"

"Help us!!"

Mako yelled, *"I'm no spirit!! I can't help you!! I'm sorry!! I'm sorry I've failed you!!"* Tears welled in her eyes. She was not ready to be shrine maiden.

Aged trees flew by in a blur. Having walked the grounds for years, she knew every stump and branch. It was her only advantage as villagers gave chase. She could still hear their prayers as she managed to distance herself.

"Please!! We need our harvest!!"

"Give my family health!!"

"Why have you forsaken our village?!"

Mako didn't dare look back. Tears welled in her eyes from their pleas. Although she knew the woods well, she did not know her new body. She stumbled with the weight of her bust in her arms.

“Too heavy!! They're too...heavy!!”

Her foot caught on a branch. She fell forward, catching herself on her hands before scrambling back into a falling run. The sun's light would soon be gone. Twilight was heavy in the forest at this hour as she managed to find her way into its depths.

THUD!!

“Nngh!!!”

A small clearing opened, embracing her as she tumbled forward. A crooked tree provided shelter as she leaned against it to catch her breath.

Fall was thick here. As if the woods were on fire, orange and red leaves circled around the maiden in the breeze. An orange moon, swollen and full, loomed on the horizon to herald the harvest. Fog crept over the ground in a thickening blanket. Dusk would soon set upon her, and with it, the village's pleas for their harvest would peak.

“My my... All this to win a silly little bet.”

“Ah!!” Mako clutched at her chest. Leaves rustled in the tree above her. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Kirei hovering there. Her spectral form glowed in the dim light, silvery and flowing. The fright caused milk to leak profusely.



Kirei chuckled. “Startled by every little noise? Afraid it’s another prayer? Or...Maybe scared it’s the sound of something...*popping?*”

“Go away, spirit! I--”

SPLRRITCH!!

“AH!!” Milk gushed, soaking her as it ran down her front.

“Stubborn to the very end.” Kirei placed a hand on Mako’s shoulder. “Little maiden, it’s time to admit defeat. Your breasts cannot stand to swell anymore. Your milk is overflowing. Your magic is ready to erupt. It’s not worth proving a point. *I can sense your pressure.*”

“I’m not...” Mako sniffled as her eyes grew hot and moist. Emotions wanted freedom as much as her magic. “I-I’m not...”

“There’s no shame in failure. Simple apologize and--”

Beginning to weep, Mako screamed, “*I’m not doing this to prove a point anymore!!! I don’t care about beating you!!!*”

Kirei pulled back, shocked.

“I-I... *I WANT to do it!!!*” the maiden wailed.

Emotion brought her voice to shake. Wracked with sadness and sympathy, Mako started to cry. Her chest ached with pressure. Heat brought it to throb against her arms.

“I pray for rain!!”

“Please help my cat find its way home!!”

Prayers danced through the trees, reaching her ears.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Augh!! T-The pressure!!”

Concern filled Kirei’s voice. She reached out. “Maiden... If your chest aches so, it is time to--”

“It doesn’t ache because of the magic!!” Mako hiccupped at her sorrow. *“It aches for them!! For their pleas!! Nnngh, goddess!! I just want to help them!!”* She paused to catch her breath as flesh bulged out of her robe. *“I-I’m their shrine maiden!! I’m supposed to help their prayers find answers!!”* Staring down, she watched her chest rise and fall with every breath. *“I-I have the power within me to help them! I feel ready to burst with it!! I only wish...I knew how!! I--Mmmgh!!”*

A pleasurable wave of tingling stimulations washed over her. Mako closed her eyes, leaning back against the tree as she moaned and her bust lurched. Upon opening her eyes, she saw the foliage around her flourishing.

“Look at that...” Kirei whispered, impressed.

The sight invigorated the maiden. Rising to wobbly feet, she started toward the edge of the forest.

“M-Maiden...! You must--”

“Leave me alone!” Mako demanded. *“You’re not going to help them, but I will do everything I can until I can’t anymore!!”*

Chest heavier than ever, she came upon a hill: her final obstacle. She climbed several steps before slippery leaves stole her footing.

“A-Ahh!!”

THUD!

The ground met her without tenderness. Her chest ached with her weight resting upon it as she clawed at the dirt. Tight flesh bulged around her torso, propping Mako up.

“They... They need help...” she cried. Her ears drooped in defeat. *“The village needs us... to survive...Kirei...”*

Mako tried pulling herself forward. Mud covered her front. The forest pulled at her clothes, tearing them down her form. Try as she might, the looming hill stretched forever onward. Her heart ached as her body trembled, tired. Her tail fell between her legs, limp with exhaustion as her chest dragged across the ground.

“I... I-I can’t...” Tears streaked her dirtied face. *“I can’t... It’s too heavy!”* Mako teetered on the verge of sobbing. The forest had never felt so dark and cold. Its air was crushing, sucking the energy from Mako’s limbs. Her chest didn’t feel capable of withstanding another prayer, no matter how small. Sadness streamed down her face. *“I... I really miss you, mom...”*

“Little maiden...”

Bleary-eyed, Mako looked up in the rising twilight. Kirei stood over her with a warm smile.

“Take my hand, little maiden. You’re almost there.”

Their hands clasped. Mako pulled herself up with a painful groan. Her legs didn’t want to work.

“Step by step...” Kirei encouraged.

The hill started to pass beneath her. The pressure within her bust was great, but her determination was greater, even as prayers continued to drift through the woods. Ahead, the moon rose over the top of the mound.

Finally, they crested the hill. Below them stretched the village’s farmland. Huts, fields, and rice paddies quilted the landscape. To one side sat the flickering lights of the village, alight with lanterns celebrating the harvest.

Mako fell to her knees. Her bosom ached, demanding relief. Prayers rang around the woods and her shrine. So desperate for relief, they were willing to throw themselves into the forest. Her heart wanted to give itself to each and every one of them.

STRRRRTCH!!!

“A-Ahh!!!”

SHRRIIIP!!!!

The last of her clothes tore asunder. Falling around her waist, they left her chest unsupported. Enormously engorged breasts slumped down her abdomen, reaching to her lap. Full and plump, they had adopted a fattened teardrop shape lined with gentle veins. Her areolas shone in the moonlight with tight pink surfaces.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“Aahhhh!!! Aaahhhhhh!! Kirei!! K-KIREI!! I...I can’t!”

A hand grasped hers. An unseen voice urged Mako in a soft, soothing tone. “You can...”

Her breaths came faster and faster. The time had come. Leaning back on her arms, the maiden arched her body and offered her chest to the moon overhead. Her chest was ready to erupt with magic and sympathy for her village.

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!

“MMGH!!! MMMMMMMGH!!!! AAHHHHH!!!!”

Milk sprays reflected the moon’s light when she reached full engorgement. Mouth falling open, Mako could only scream as the magic finally departed her being.

The woods went silent.

A fine mist flowed from her bust. Sparkling like moon dew, it dispersed through the air in a fog. The substance fell over the farms below like a gentle layer of ethereal snow.

Plants started to shift. Life moved through their roots. Withered crops became lush and green. Buds sprouted and bloomed. Malnourished fruits and melons suddenly found themselves bloating with nutrients to the point of their rinds bursting open.

The harvest had arrived.

Unbridled pleasure shook Mako's body as the magic departed. Clawing at the dirt, she felt her breasts retreating in size. Their warmth burned like a hearth until finally the last of her efforts were completed. The fog faded away to give rise to the harvest moon.

"K...Kirei..." Mako rasped.

She collapsed, falling into the spirit's waiting arms.

Sounds of joy rose across the village like birdsong. Through the forest and shrine, the overjoyed villager's rejoiced in the miracle harvest.

"Are they... Are they happy...? Do they have their harvest...?" she asked, gazing up at the glowing specter.

"They have their harvest, little maiden..." Kirei smiled and moved fallen strands of hair from Mako's face before comforting the girl. "They have that and so much more." She couldn't understand why she'd ever let her responsibilities fall into such disrepair.

Placing her hand on Mako's sternum, Kirei closed her eyes. Ghostly flames rose from her chest as Kirei recalled her spirit. As the moon shone on the spirit, Mako was shocked to see tears in the spirit's eyes.

"K...Kirei? Are you alright...?"

Kirei wiped her face. "Yes... Yes, I'm fine, little maiden. You just remind me so much of her..."

Together, the two sat in each other's arms and watch as the village celebrated below.



Epilogue

In time, Mako and Kirei returned to the shrine. Although the village enjoyed a rich and plentiful harvest, questions remained about their shrine maiden's transformation. Some thought she was cursed and insisted she was continuing to hide her ears and tail. However, Mako held firm that her transformation was simply the shrine's spirit manifesting itself through her in order to defeat an evil plaguing their land. This proved to be a good enough explanation for most.

Mako the Shrine Maiden would go on into legend, passed down through the village. With her close relationship with Kirei, the village saw decades of prosperity. Although her fox ears and tail vanished after the night of the harvest, her bust would remain large and prominent: a gift from the shrine's protector. Tales of the topless maiden's ever-flowing milk spread across the land. Many traveled solely to gather a bottle of the blessed fluid. While unofficial, the shrine became a mecca for girls wishing for larger breasts. Few requests ever went unanswered.

Kirei watched over the maiden until Mako's time came to an end. Although the seasons would change, people would come and go, and the village would transform, Kirei continued her duties at the shrine. That night in the forest would stay with her always. Mako's heart-breaking desire to help her village inspired the spirit. It seemed only a few harvests ago that Kirei herself was thrown hopelessly into her role as shrine spirit.

That, however, is a story for another time.