

BLOOMING SHADOW

by Rack-Coon

Japan, 15th century – late Muromachi period

The torches flickered for a moment, before the wind calmed again. Guards with naginatas patrolled the outer walls of the castle, while archers stood watch, wary of any sign of an intruder.

Unknown to them, a shadow was already moving between them.

At every opportunity, it snuck past the patrols, slowly making its way across the outer to the inner walls. From there, it watched the courtyard, trying to find a spot where it could jump down without being seen. But in addition to soldiers guarding the yard, too many servants were running about, carrying plates with food, bottles of sake, and everything else needed for a large banquet towards. They were all heading for the tall palace in the center of the castle.

Finally, the shadow found an isolated place and hopped down. It made no sound as it landed on the veranda of a side building, built around a large tree. However, footsteps immediately alerted the shade. Beneath the blooming canopy, the sheen of a torch was shining from around the corner. Immediately the shadow looked around, spotting an open window. Just before the guard stepped onto the veranda, it jumped inside. The shadow listened to the footsteps getting louder, stopping for a moment before becoming quieter again as the patrol turned back around. After waiting for a moment longer, the shadow breathed the faintest sigh of relief.

“Phew.” Relieved, Hanaka pulled down the scarf covering her mouth. Though appearing calm and collected, a little wild even with her spiky black hair, the young kunoichi was on the edge. Pressing her back against the wall, she peeked through the window, careful not to lean her head into the frame. Despite being stretched a little across her chest, no curves showed on her sleeveless shinobi uniform, only an empty slack in the fabric void of visible breasts.

While making sure the coast was clear, she scanned her surroundings. It looked like the chamber of a woman, with a low vanity full of makeup utensils. There were also two hand mirrors on it, and a small box adorned with rose quartz crystals. In the corner stood a large vase, right next to a changing screen. Several women were painted on it, dancing for a daimyo. Hanaka glanced at the full bosoms of the emaki dancers in their half-open yukatas, then continued her observation.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Hearing footsteps she immediately turned to the door. “*Someone’s coming!*” She was about to jump outside when she saw the sheen of a torch around the corner again. Pulling back, her eyes darted around, searching for a place to hide...

A moment later, the door slid open. “-which is worse: The way the daimyo pouts his lips when leans in for a kiss, or his breath!” the voice of a woman complained, harrumphing as she entered the empty room.

“In my humble opinion, the breath is worse” a second woman said as she followed inside. “Eyes can be closed, however noses cannot.”

Both women wore simple, but elegant pink kimonos, stashed with red obis around their waists. Their hair was tied up in large buns, held in place by flowers, while their heavy makeup made their faces look white with spots of rouge on them. Both carried a candle in their hand, the only sources of light in the dark room. As the second, slightly older woman closed the door behind her, she paused for a moment. Her eyes inspected the room, as if something were amiss. But all she saw were the vanity, changing screen, vase and open window, so she shrugged it off.

“But even worse is when the lord starts fumbling” the younger woman said as she knelt in front of the vanity. “He’s got the finesse of an ogre but lacks any of their strength.” She wrapped her arms around her modest chest. “It’s like worms trying to massage your breasts!”

“Just keep pouring him sake” the older woman suggested as she knelt next to her. “A few cups and our lord’s hands won’t find the way near your bosom.”

Putting their candles on the vanity, the two women each picked up a hand mirror. While the younger picked out several make-up items, the older one opened the box. It was filled with a pink powder, as vibrant as the gems on the box. Both women took a handful of it and put it on their wrists. It lingered for a moment, before their skin slowly absorbed it.

The women tensed up but quickly relaxed. Then, an almost invisible movement went through their chests: Slowly, the slight bulge of their kimonos reached forth from their obis, gradually curving outwards.

“Sometimes, sucking up to our lord doesn’t seem worth it” the younger woman murmured as she picked up the eyeliner. While applying it, her bosom continued to swell, bit by bit growing more prominent as it stretched her yukata into a pair of rounding shapes. “So much pain, for so little gain...”

“No can do – he’s the daimyo, after all” the older woman said while applying the rouge. As she brushed up her cheeks, the slight slack in her kimono filled with her breasts. Pressing on a growing surface against it, two bumps distinguished themselves, spreading forth into hemispheres. “Not a great one, but still a daimyo.”

“But for how long?” the younger asked, putting more of the pink powder on her. A little faster, her breasts billowed her yukata, its small V-neck extending from her neck downwards as the fabric was pulled apart by the growing bulges. The further the bulges pushed forth, the more it was stretching from her neck and shoulders, while the bottoms of her breasts bent over her obi. “It’s only dumb luck the other daimyos haven’t obliterated him yet.”

“Luck may be his only skill, but our lord has plenty of it” the older one replied, also using more powder. All around her yukata latched on to her breasts, smoothing over their curves while steadily wrinkling on the edges. Like steadily larger apples growing out of her body, her breasts shaped the fabric, their sides swelling past her body. “Remember when a rival lord annihilated his troops, but then had to withdraw because another daimyo attacked his domain?”

While refreshing the white make-up on her face, the younger woman sighed. “It’s no use ditching him anyway” she said, her breasts casting a steadily darker shadow on her obi. “With all the wars, no place in the country is safe, even if the daimyo isn’t an idiot.”

“The irony is the incompetence of our lord is the very reason the other daimyos leave him alone.” The V-neck of her yukata had almost reached her chest, forming a long, sharp triangle pointing right at it. Around the opening, the fabric was peeled off her sternum as it slanted towards her breasts, crafting a space their crests were happily swelling into. “As long as he doesn’t provoke them, they rather fight each other.”

“Problem is, he keeps provoking everyone with his stupidity.” Her arms brushed her bosom more and more frequently while she applied her makeup. Steadily her upper arms were overlapped as her breasts bulged to either side past her torso, pulling the fabric up their flanks. “And with each battle he loses, his domain shrinks further. The fields can barely sustain the population anymore...”

Having grown into grand peaches, the breasts of the two women perkily rounded their yukatas, bit by bit opening them the further they surged forward. “But that may all change” the older one said while extending her eyelashes. The first bit of cleavage appeared on the tip of her V-neck, showing the steadily closing gap between her breasts. “The feast they are holding tonight, there are rumors it’s to celebrate the lord managed to steal a jutsu scroll from a shinobi.”

Also gaining cleavage, the younger woman raised an eyebrow. “Seriously? That goofball stole one of the legendary jutsu scrolls? How did he pull that off?”

The older woman shrugged her shoulders, making her bosom jiggle over her obi. “Who knows? But if it’s true, it may turn the war in our favor. The shinobis’ jutsu scrolls are said to infuse their user with the very powers of nature. Storm, wind, even the power of the seasons and the kami – with one of them, maybe even our lord can prevail in battle.”

The younger woman snickered, also shaking her assets. “Guess shinobi aren’t that scary if a doofus like our lord can steal one of their oh so legendary scrolls.” She was about to put on more rogue, when she saw the older woman reaching for the powder again. “Oi, isn’t that a bit much?” she complained, sticking out her growing bosom. “Don’t try to outgrow me!”

“Perks of seniority” the older woman said, smiling slyly. “Besides, this will keep the lord’s attention off you.”

“His fondling may be terrible, but it’s better than losing his favor!” the younger one yelled as she grabbed the box from her senior.

“Greedy minx!” Immediately the older one tightened her grip. As the women tugged on the box, their bosoms spread forth. Their yukatas continued to open across them, cleavage squeezing out between their arms as they pulled.

Suddenly, the box slipped out of the older woman’s grip. Both women yelped as they keeled backwards, the momentum causing the younger to let go of the box, too. It flew up in the air, turning several times before it fell on the vase, the open lid ahead. A small puff of pink dust blew out of the vase as the powder poured into it.

Slowly, the two women sat up. “Oh no!” the younger one gasped, putting her hands on her mouth. The long sleeves of her yukata partly fell on her breasts, getting pushed forth by their growing curves. “That powder is rare... and expansive!”

“It’s the distilled essence of a Sakura’s opulence” the older one said. While her V-neck continued to widen over her bosom, the gap of her breasts closed, squeezing against each other and out of her yukata. “To produce even a small amount, a shrine maiden has to harvest the beauty of a thousand cherry blossoms.”

“What now?” As the younger woman looked worried at the vase, the tip of her cleavage passed the middle of her chest, wandering down towards her obi. “If the lord finds out we wasted his powder...!”

The older woman was about to reply when she heard commotion outside. “The banquet is starting.” She quickly got back up on her feet. Just as the tip of her cleavage vanished under her obi, the growth of her bosom slowed down. “The powder will have to wait – not being on time will be a far worse offense to the daimyo.”

“R-right.” The younger one got up, her breasts also ceasing their expansion. Both grabbed a candle, then quickly scuffled to the door, breasts the diameter of their hand mirrors swaying with each step. The younger held the door open for her senior, then closed it behind them as they left. In the sheen of their candles, their silhouettes were visible on the paper doors for a moment, busts projecting from their frames, before they vanished down the corridor.

Once they were gone, Hanaka plopped out of the vase.

The open box on her head she took a deep breath, before coughing from the pink powder lying all over her. “Shinobi... are no doofuses” she mumbled, covering her pouting mouth with her scarf.

After climbing out of the vase she grabbed the box from her head. “*What is this stuff?*” she wondered, inspecting the glittering powder on her. She hadn’t seen anything from inside the vase, but heard the women talk about outgrowing each other. She was about to brush it off when the glitter suddenly disappeared, as if being absorbed by her body, even through the gloves covering her arms up to her elbows. “*Wha-?*”

A jolt went through her. Startled, she looked down on herself. Although formfitting, there was a slight slack in her shinobi outfit. And inside that slack, she felt the miniscule swells of her bosom were slowly bulging, pressing against the bindings wrapped around her chest.

“Huh?” Dumbfounded, Hanaka stared at her chest. After filling the slight slack, Hanaka watched the fabric billowing into two little bumps, her bosom growing against the bindings while puffing up her uniform. First the wrinkles simply bent over the rising curves, before the fabric slowly smoothed across the growing surface, bit by bit tenting up around her breasts.

“T-this can’t be!” Being in enemy territory she spoke quietly yet barely kept her voice calm. Her hands jittered as she grabbed her breasts, hoping to be hallucinating. However, as her hands lay on her nimble mounds, she clearly felt their bulge spreading out underneath her fingers. Gradually, their shape was perking up, swelling from little protrusions into round bumps that stood off her chest. As their angle to her body gradually grew sharper, the fabric around her chest was pulled up their slopes, slowly stretching on the surface getting rounder and more voluminous by the second.

“Urgh...” Hanaka quickly let go of her breasts, frowning at them. “*How did that fool of a daimyo get his hands on a magic item like... this?*” Steadily, the bump of her top was reaching forth, elevating the fabric from her chest to her belt. Underneath, her bindings were also lifted, creating a free space between her breasts into which their inner curves were growing. After watching her breasts swell into fistfuls, Hanaka shook her head. This was inconvenient, to say the least, but it couldn’t affect her mission. She had to get that scroll back, or her honor would be forever tainted – and worse, she would be the laughingstock of her clan!

Pulling her scarf further up (also to hide her blush) Hanaka snuck towards the door. With each step, her breasts were growing closer to the shape of full fomes, protruding as perfect hemispheres against the bindings. Those hemispheres continued to bend out of her body, like molds of clay that were being formed and peeled out of a lump into spheres. As Hanaka stood at the door and listened to footsteps in the corridor, her breasts

gained a slope at their base that lapped over her body on all ends, also slowly closing the gap between them. *“Hopefully, this will stop soon...”*

When she was sure there was no sound except for the festivities in the distance, Hanaka opened the door. Carefully she tiptoed her way towards the source of noise, while her black top continued to bulge over her chest. Smooth spots spread over the front of each breast, the fabric tightening more prominently by the second. At the same time, wrinkles were forming on the sides of her breasts, growing tighter the further they were pushed aside by the flanks spreading outwards. Steadily, each breast popped from the fabric, causing the thick rim of her top’s left side to become nestled more and more clearly between them. Though modest in size, around as big as large apples, her breasts were already causing Hanaka discomfort, her bindings pinching her the further they pushed forth. Trying to ignore this Hanaka moved forward, approaching a turn in the corridor.

Tap. Tap.

She stopped when she heard footsteps. From around the corner, the sheen of a flame was shining into the corridor.

“Shoot!” Wasting no time, Hanaka pulled out a scroll from her belt while pressing her back against the wall. Holding the scroll in front of her it turned into a large screen that looked just like the wall. Hanaka’s flattened her body, blending perfectly into the wall with the scroll in front of her.

A moment later, a guard walked around the corner, carrying a naginata in one hand and a candle in the other. As he walked through the seemingly empty hallway, he stopped for a moment. Raising his light, he saw two bumps on the wall, spherical in shape, slowly bulging.

After inspecting them for a moment, he walked on, shaking his head under his helmet. *“This place is falling apart – the moisture is so bad, it’s making the walls dent!”*

Once he was gone, Hanaka put down the wall scroll, grumbling under her scarf. *“At least my cover didn’t blow...”*

Being a lesser scroll, the wall image dispersed, before the scroll vanished in a quiet poof. *“It would have been better to use it to get the scroll, but this must do.”* Quietly, Hanaka continued. Though she was careful not to make any noise, the constant swelling of her breasts hurried her steps. The larger and rounder they became, the more they were pulling on the fabric around them. Little by little, as the sides of her bosom gained a more globular shape, the sides of her top drifted apart, opening from her neck downwards. In addition to a V-neck slowly growing towards her bust, the fabric was rising off her sternum, also growing tighter as her protruding bosom pulled it against her shoulders. At the same time, the bottoms of her breasts pressed their form into the fabric. Gradually they hung over her ribs, crooking the wrinkles that bent up her bust.

“This is getting... bothersome.” Trying to ignore the steadily growing peaches on her chest, Hanaka reached an open door that led back into the courtyard. Back against the door, she peeked outside. There was a little pond with a bridge, and on the other side, the inner palace. The entrance was enlightened by torches, with two guards protecting it. Silhouettes of servants were on the paper doors, and she could hear laughter from inside.

“This must be it.” Pressing her shoulder against the door, Hanaka looked for a way through the courtyard, careful her head wouldn’t stick out. She didn’t notice, however, her breasts were slowly swelling towards the edge of the frame, sticking millimeter by millimeter from her. Just when they were about to reach into the open Hanaka realized and quickly pulled back. Despite lying tight in her top, her breasts jiggled, their bulbaceous form rocking on her slender body. In addition to their flanks swaying towards her shoulders, the wrinkles framing them jittered, growing tighter the further her bust protruded from her. At the same time, the V-neck of her top kept splitting over her sternum – from above, Hanaka could already see the bindings under the fabric, slowly riding down alongside the tip of her V-neck. *“Damn it, how much bigger will my breasts become?!”*

Though stressed by her growing bosom, she knew she had to finish the mission. She watched for the lines of sights of the guards, waiting for an opportunity to sneak past while making sure her bust wouldn’t give her away. When one guard yawned and the other watched a moth circle around the torch, she rushed into the courtyard. Like a blurred shadow, she raced across the lawn, skipping over the bridge and aiming for a tree. Just as the guard stopped yawning, she hid behind it, pressing her back against the stem.

Her breasts swayed from the momentum, clapping against each other. Their bumping got weaker though as they squeezed together, their gap closing and lying more tighter under her bindings. Their growing squeeze pushed their sides fully beyond her body, forming gradually rounder bulges that stood off to either side towards her shoulders. At the same time, their bottoms were pulling the fabric against their curves as they fully hung over, her top slowly pocketing their shape, while their crests were bulging against the fabric lifted off her sternum.

Under her scarf Hanaka gritted her teeth, but she kept her focus on the guards. Again, she waited until they were looking somewhere else, then jumped towards the building. With quick steps she walked up the wall, leapt over the pagoda and landed right on the roof. However, while she usually had no trouble standing on a slant, her breasts, each size of a ball formed with her hands, made her fall over. Luckily, she managed to stem her hands against the roof and stop her fall without making a sound. She breathed mentally, then turned around, pressing her back against the tiles. While she was scooching along the roof towards the entrance, the tip of her V-neck reached the top of

her bosom. A sliver of her bindings poked out from the front as they were steadily stretching over her steadily tighter breast gap. Taking a glance at her chest, Hanaka suppressed a groan at the sight of her top gradually splitting over it. While her cleavage expanded, she made her way over the roof, quietly knocking against it to hear for a place where she could slip in. As she approached the door from above, she could hear one of the guards sigh.

“Sounds like they’re having fun” he murmured, turning towards the shadows on the door.

Inch by inch, Hanaka crawled towards them, while little by little, her rack stuck from her.

“Our shift is soon over” the other guard tried to cheer him up. “Besides, the others promised to safe some sake and food for us.”

Bulging larger, the swelling fronts of Hanaka’s breasts widened the V-neck across the top of her bosom. The bindings lay onto the shape of her breasts, creasing slightly over the sink between their billowing slopes. Steadily, the crests of her breasts pushed the thick rims of her top apart as they cambered up her body towards her collarbone.

“Sure hope so” the first guard mumbled. “The coin we earn barely is enough for a bowl of rice after duty!”

“Hey, my wage is just as lousy, and it needs to feed me AND my family!”

When she was above the door, Hanaka heard a hollow sound under the roof. While she silently removed the tiles behind her back, putting them on her foot and carefully storing them on the edge of the pagoda, the surface of her bosom spread out under her face. The tip of the V-neck approached the peak of her mounds, even though it was steadily rising higher. Similarly, she could watch the sides of her bust stick out beyond her, bit by bit towards her shoulder width.

“Let’s hope this shinobi scroll is really going to turn tides in our favor... though it’s unlikely we will see any of the loot.”

After removing just enough tiles to get under the roof, Hanaka attempted to crawl up the wall to get inside. Suddenly, her foot slipped on one of the tiles. Normally, she would have easily caught her balance. But the extra weight on her front made her slide down, eyes bulging like her breasts as she fell off the pagoda. Just in the nick of time she grabbed the edge. She didn’t have enough momentum to swing herself back up though, only to slide under the pagoda above the guard’s heads. Upside down, she was clenching the edge of the projecting roof while pressing her feet against the wall above the door. Like a spider she hung above the guards, her breasts jiggling above their heads.

“The scroll probably won’t be of use, anyway” one of them said. “The guards at the lord’s chamber said they could hear him cursing all day, even crying when he tried to use the scroll’s power.”

The edge of the ceiling was just high enough the guards couldn’t see her. But although the jiggles of her bosom calmed down as the fabric tightened around them, she realized they would reach into their vision if they kept growing like this. Stretching her arms and hunkering her legs she tried to pull them further up.

“Tsk! In the end, it’s gonna bite us if the shinobis attack us to get it back” the first guard murmured.

Suddenly, one of Hanaka’s hands slipped, causing the other to let go, too. Panicked as only her feet had a hold, she flapped her arms, keeping herself in the air like a bird.

“A shinobi wouldn’t attack us directly” the second guard said while Hanaka struggled above them. “They’re graceful assassins, swift like a hawk, and just as deadly. One of their kind would sneak into the castle and take the life of everyone in their way without any trace of their presence. Who knows? One of them may be standing right behind us, and we wouldn’t notice until they slice our throats open.”

“Yeah, right” the other guard said as Hanaka’s breasts swung just above his helmet. “I bet there is a shinobi hanging above us right now.”

Luckily for Hanaka, neither of the guards took this serious but only laughed. Finally catching her balance, she quickly grabbed the edge of the roof again. Pulling her legs against her, she swung over the pagoda, rolling back onto the roof. Her breasts slapped her face as she landed, pushing down her scarf and revealing her bright red cheeks.

“G-get it together Hanaka! An elite kunoichi can’t screw around like that! These... these stupid lumps of fat... they absolutely will NOT get in the way of the mission!!”

Once she had composed herself, Hanaka slowly pushed herself up. While she moved above the hole, her breasts, each nearly the size of her head pulsed under her breath. As her top opened to the middle of her chest, forming a sharp V-neck, the bindings stretched so far, a bit of cleavage poked out above the highest, gradually growing deeper as her breasts puffed up and pulled them down. When she was above the hole with her legs Hanaka slipped through, squeezing a bit to get her breasts into the palace.

The space between ground and first floor was narrow, Hanaka just being able to cower. Light shined through the cracks between the boards, while people celebrated below her. From her belt, she pulled out a small drill. It was finicky to use it with her breasts in the way, but Hanaka managed to drill a small peeping hole into the ceiling. She pressed her breasts against the wooden plates and hunkered over it.

A grand table was set in the middle of the hall, with all kinds of foods and drinks on it. The daimyo's highest-ranking retainers were sitting around it, laughing jovially as they feasted. Countless servants poured sake into their bowls and refilled their plates, with guards standing at the walls. While Hanaka memorized their positions, her breasts swelled against the ceiling, slightly spreading into her armpits as she lay on them, before rebounding when she sat up to crawl forward and bore more holes. During her reconnaissance, the tip of the V-neck reached past the front to the lower slope of her bosom. As the growing swells pushed her top apart, her V-neck widened across her rack, steadily revealing her bindings. At the edge of her breasts and torso, wrinkles ran up the tight fabric, slowly sliding up the flanks of her rack as the armholes were dragged up her curves, unveiling more of her bindings.

"My breasts will not hamper the mission – not when my target is so close!" Hanaka moved forward, ignoring her breasts growing between her arms and squishing the ceiling. While they were spreading against the boards, squeezing against each other with growing strength, the edges of her V-neck curved, slowly turning into a U-shape. The bandages started riding over the peak of her breasts, gradually uncovering the top of her breasts as they were swelling out of them.

Eventually, Hanaka made her way to the head of the table. After drilling another hole, she finally was right above her target: On a large pillow the daimyo sat, wearing a disgusting smile. Everything about him reeked of feigned status: His yukata appeared regal, while in truth cut and ornaments were cheap and poorly crafted. He barely had enough hair to form a topknot, even his goat beard and twirly mustache appearing thin.

"There's the scoundrel!" Her top groaned as Hanaka squished her breasts against the ceiling to get a better look at the daimyo. Under each of his arms, he was holding a concubine, who were snuggling up to him with their large bosoms, while he was holding a cup of sake in his hand. After drinking the sake, the daimyo raised the cup.

"Samurai! Servants! Loyal retainers who swore an oath to me!" Everyone at the table went silent, turning their attention to their lord. He spoke with a boisterous voice, full of confidence and conceit. "Today is a great day for all of us! The era of the Ashikaga is nearing its end. The shogun is weaker than ever, and the time has come for a new one to take his place."

While Hanaka listened to him, her breasts continued growing against the ceiling. Steadily, their fronts flattened against it, causing their mass to shift to the sides, as well as out of her suit. Oozing over her bindings while pushing them down their frontal slope, her breasts slightly spilled over, further widening her U-neck.

"In these turbulent times, destiny will favor those fated to rule! But it won't just hand them their fate – instead, destiny sets the chosen ones challenges they have to

overcome.” Grinning with his crooked yellow teeth, the daimyo reached into his sleeve. “And indeed, this day, your lord has earned the favor of destiny!”

The whole table cheered as he pulled a scroll. Hanaka pressed her eye against the hole, squishing her bosom even more. In addition to spilling out of her cleavage, it was flowing down her body, wrapping her top around the bottoms of her bust until the fabric perfectly latched on to their shape. The wrinkles running up her breasts steadily were pushed aside as the sides of her top split across the bottom of her rack, reaching into the edge under her body. The armholes also spread further over the sides of her breasts, bulges covered by bindings seeping out of the fabric. Hanaka didn’t seem to notice any of this, fixated on the scroll in the daimyo’s grip. It was sealed by the crest of her clan.

“On a ride through the countryside, your lord has come across one of the accursed shinobi! After a long and tiring battle, the shadow demon finally fell to my great power. The reward was the secret of the shinobi’s strength – one of their jutsu scrolls!”

While the crowd in the hall cheered on their lord, a vein twitched on Hanaka’s forehead. *“You dirty swine peeped on me during a bath in the river! And then shamelessly stole my clothes with no clue the scroll was among them!!”*

“With the power of the shinobi at our disposal, no other clan will be able to stop us!” The paper wrinkled as the daimyo clenched the scroll, his eyes radiating his thirst for power. “So drink, eat! Enjoy life to its fullest!! Soon, the whole country will fear and revere the name Itachi Oda!!!”

His retainers hollered and raised their fists. Satisfied, the daimyo put the scroll on the table, before shifting his attention to the concubines at his sides. “So, how does it feel being with the future shogun of the country?”

“Wonderful, Itachi-sama!” the younger one cooed, cuddling the daimyo’s shoulder. “Why, we do not deserve such luck!”

“We are deeply grateful to be your humble servants” the older concubine said, softly wrapping her arms around his.

Judging by their voices, Hanaka assumed they were the ones that had surprised her earlier. From above, she had a clear view at their cleavages, their yukata being half open and off their shoulders. She watched as the concubines rubbed their breasts against their lord, before focusing on the scroll again.

“Now how to get it without anyone noticing?” She tried to get a better look at the surroundings of the daimyo, but had trouble keeping her eye on the hole as her breasts pushed her up.

Hanaka froze. Only now realizing the pressure under her, her eyes widened in horror.

“*W-what-?*” Immediately she sat up, so fast her scarf flopped down. Jaw dropped she stared at the huge mounds dangling from her chest, each larger than her head. They reached from her neck past her ribs, projecting more than half an armlength from her. Visible from behind they were standing past her shoulders, the armholes of her top dragged so far up the slopes, swells of her breasts were pushing out of it, straining the bandages across them.

“*My... my breasts! They have grown THIS huge?!*” The fabric stretched under her fingers as she grabbed her breasts. Although having opened on the entire length of her bosom, the halves of her top continued drifting apart, fully retreating in a gradually wider U over the sides of her breasts to show the bandages tightening across them. The entire top of her bust was exposed, steadily reaching out of the bindings so her tight breast gap loomed towards her face, while the bandages slowly restrained the growth forward. “*There’s no way breasts can get so big! This... this is impossible!*”

While she held her growing bosom, she heard the daimyo talk below her. “But why so modest with the bloom powder?” he asked his concubines. He leaned closer to the younger one, more specifically to her cleavage. “There was a full box at your disposal, but this is merely the result of a handful!”

From bright red, Hanaka’s face turned pale. A handful? The concubines had grown this large from a handful? Then, considering the entire box had been unloaded on her, how much bigger would she...?

“How kind of you!” the older concubine said, embracing the daimyo’s arm with her breasts while trying to pull him away from the younger one. “But Itachi-sama, that box represents is a year’s supply – shouldn’t we be modest with it?”

A year’s supply? In her breasts? Her bosom shook in her palms as Hanaka trembled. “*But... but this means it’s only temporary, right? They, they will shrink back down, probably in a matter of hours, if it even takes so long! And once they are back to normal, stealing the scroll will be a child’s-*”

“Nonsense!” The daimyo brushed the objection aside, sake dropping out of his cup. “That powder is made to be spent! Besides, it will take *months* for the effects to wear off, so why be humble?”

All life drained from Hanaka, the shinobi only appearing alive by how her breasts squeezed out of her cleavage and stretched her bindings. “*Months... months!*” As the bindings thinned and drifted apart across her swelling bosom, a small hole of cleavage appeared in the center, steadily expanding. “*It’s all over. With breasts like these, it’s impossible to steal the scroll! My honor will be forever tainted... my life as a kunoichi will end... my clan will banish me as a fat-titted shinobi who lost a sacred scroll to a perverted daimyo, and...*”

Creak...

In her lament, Hanaka almost didn't hear the creaking beneath her. Tilting her torso to look past her breasts, the busty kunoichi saw the wooden boards she knelt on were slowly denting. "*N... no way...!*"

Meanwhile, the daimyo pulled his concubines (and their breasts) closer towards him. "Concubines should be rich and healthy, just like their daimyo." His fingers twitching, he reached around them, lecherously eying their cleavages. "And their breasts should be just as grand as the daimyo's power – there is no way these will suffice!"

Both concubines clearly flustered, the older one cleared her throat. "H-how big exactly does our lord have in mind?"

"How big? Hm, let's see..." As he looked up and pondered, his eyes caught a dent in the ceiling. At first, he thought the wood was bending from age, until realizing it was visibly bulging into the hall. "Eh?"

CRACK!

The ceiling broke apart under Hanaka. She couldn't suppress a screech as she fell breasts ahead into the hall. The daimyo stared at the massive knockers approaching him, not comprehending the situation until they were right above his face. His eyes bulged like Hanaka's breasts as the cleavage between the binding engulfed his nose. The weight of the breasts dropping on his face crooked his back, pushing down his head until it was smacked into the table. The plate tilted while his chin smashed his plate, food splattering all around. The two concubines shrieked and pulled out from his arms as Hanaka smothered their lord with her breasts.

"T...those are perfect" he coughed before losing consciousness.

The whole hall was deadly silent. The concubines, retainers, servants and guards, they all stared at the dizzy stranger lying on top of their lord, suffocating him with her breasts.

"W-where did that woman come from?" the younger concubine asked, her yukata almost fully slipping off her bosom as she slid back. "A-and what's with her breasts?!"

As the older concubine looked at Hanaka, she realized her breasts were slowly bulging around their lord's head, burying the smashed shards of the bowl and spilled food. "Wait a second... did she get a hand on our-?"

Groaning, Hanaka raised her head from the swells pushing against her chin. Her bust wobbled under her, swelling between her arms as she stemmed her hands against the table. Still lying on the daimyo, she looked around. When the first shock faded, the guests at the table scooped away from her, while the guards started pointing their naginatas at her. As her hands fumbled through the bowl's shards and smashed food lying around her, they suddenly graced the paper of the scroll.

Immediately Hanaka came to her senses. Grabbing the scroll she jumped to her feet, pulling up the daimyo's head between her breasts until he plopped out. His face fell back on the table as Hanaka stood on top of him, holding the scroll above her. Although the guards tightened the grip on their weapons, their eyes were drawn to the slopes of cleavage bouncing around as she straightened her torso.

“Servants of Itachi Oda!” Hanaka declared, trying to sound boisterous as she balanced on the knocked-out lord, while balancing a pair of jiggling assets wider than the plates on the table. “Kn-know that your daimyo is a rotten liar and thief, who has cowardly taken this scroll from my clan! Now, witness the true power of a shinobi!”

With a flick of her hand, she opened the seal. As the scroll unrolled itself, she let go of it. Her bosom tucked between her elbows, she quickly formed the secret finger signs, using the falling scroll as a cover.

“O spirits of nature
Grace of bloom and gentle winds
hear your servant's plea!”

Once she had finished the incantation, the ancient scroll glowed brightly. As the paper continued to unfold, it spiraled around Hanaka, floating all on its own. The two concubines held their sleeves in front of their faces as Hanaka hovered between them in the air. Everyone in the room gasped as the light of the scroll shined on Hanaka, surrounding her in a pink aura. The guests closest to her retreated further, while the guards stepped forward, but didn't dare to attack. Floating above the daimyo, breasts swinging from the pulse the scroll sent out, she felt the power surge into her.

A shockwave suddenly went through the hall, several bowls toppling over. As sake and food spilled over the table, Hanaka's spiky black hair turned pink. Fragments of light fell from it, like luminescent cherry petals. Hovering in the middle of the sacred scroll, Hanaka cast a bright aura, her scarf fluttering while cherry petals of light dropped from her hair.

But as she mystically floated in front of her dazzled enemies, her breasts suddenly grew even faster.

“What the-?” Hanaka staggered in the air as the swells of her cleavage pushed even further up her neck. Like mochi stuffed into a teacup, their swells were overflowing her bindings. As lips hung over them, gradually pushing them towards the equator of her bosom, they made them stretch and drift apart even more. Spots of skin and cleavage showing between them, also increased by her top retreating over the sides of her breasts. The fabric was throwing wrinkles as her billowing mounds pushed through the opening, even the bindings standing off the rim as her top squished the shape of her assets. “Why...why are my breasts...?”

“Ahh!” A scream made Hanaka look down. Sitting in the light of her aura, the two concubines bent over, clutching their chests. “My breasts... they are... GAH!”

As the concubines thrust out their chests, their breasts suddenly exploded in size. Their yukatas were blown away by the force of their bosoms surging forth, the women moaning as their breasts swelled and bounced. Free from all constraints, they flapped down on their ribs, quickly rolling down their midriffs. As the petals fell from Hanaka’s hair on them, the concubine’s breasts exceeded their heads in size, pushing past their shoulders while their squeeze of their cleavages increased. Flustered the two women tried covering themselves, only for their breasts to steadily flow out of their grip.

“Is... is this the power of the scroll?” As Hanaka looked down on the concubines, the backside of her own breasts evened around her, her top creasing across as they pushed into her shoulder. *“Does it... does it somehow interact with this bloom powder? B-both embody the power of spring, but still... this is ridiculous!”*

Everyone in the hall stared with open mouths at the three women and their rapidly growing bosoms. “D... don’t just stand there gawking!” one of the retainers, a high-ranking general suddenly declared, his finger shaking as he pointed at Hanaka. “This... this kunoichi, she attacked our lord and stole the scroll – get her!!”

Though still in shock, the guards closed in on Hanaka, raising the blades of their naginatas. *“T-time to get out!”* Hanaka grabbed the scroll from the air. it automatically rolled back up and sealed itself. The daimyo “oomphed” as she dropped on him, her aura fading while her hair remained its mystical gleam. Unfortunately, the growth of her breasts continued, rapidly swelling down her abdomen as she jumped off the daimyo over the table. The guests leapt back as she crossed the table in three large jumps, leaving a trail of glowing cherry petals behind. *“The scroll increases my speed and agility – with it, getting past the guards and out of the castle should be a breeze!”*

However, just as she was about to make the last jump for the door, her foot slipped on spilled sake. Even with her increased agility, her breasts, each reaching from her chin to her navel, proved too much to balance at her speed, sending her falling forward. Everything on the table jumped as she dropped breast ahead on it. Her face buried in the cleavage swelling out of the bandages she slid over the table, leaving glowing cherry petals in her path. The friction of her breasts slowed her down until she stopped at the edge. But her cleavage slowly swelled over, looming off the table until her breasts suddenly slid down like an avalanche. Hanaka gasped as her torso fell off the table, before wobbling on top of her massive bust. The jiggles fully made her breasts strip out of her top, its sides bunching up around her bosom. Only her bindings covered her chest, with skin poking out all around, more so the further the surface swelled underneath and stretched them.

Again, everyone stared at Hanaka, unsure how to react. This time however, it didn't take long for the guards to recover. One stepped forth and thrust his naginata at her. Luckily, Hanaka reacted just as quickly: Grabbing the edge of the table, she pushed her torso and her breasts back up. The blade of the naginata just missed her scarf as Hanaka jumped to her feet, cutting through the petals that dropped from her glowing pink hair. Stumbling around the table, she spotted more guards coming at her with their weapons.

“D-damn it! Even with the power of the scroll, getting away won't be easy with those.” As two of the guards tried stabbing her, Hanaka pulled back. But again, as she leaned out of harm's way the weight of her bosom made her fall backwards. She caught her balance, just as one blade went under her bosom. Some of the bandages were cut up, creating one huge gap out of which under cleavage lolled. With sliced bindings hanging off her bust, Hanaka was still catching her balance when another naginata came at her, this time aiming right for her breasts. *“Shoot – it's gonna stab me!”*

Helpless, Hanaka closed her eyes. But although the blade hit an exposed spot on her breast, it didn't cut. Instead, the soft flesh dented like a pillow, her breasts only getting squished by the tip of the naginata. Opening her eyes again, Hanaka stared at the weapon in confusion, just like everyone else in the hall.

“Eh?”

Suddenly, her breast rebound. While more bandages snapped across her chest, expanding the display of her bare skin, the naginata was catapulted back. It rushed through the guard's fingers with such force it cut up his hands.

“Gah!” While he dropped to his knees and held his bleeding hands, the other guards took a step back from the shinobi stumbling on the table. When she regained her balance, cherry petals falling from her as she stumbled, she looked at the swells wobbling up her face.

“The scroll, it... it gave my breasts magic properties!” Though she made a serious face, she pulled her scarf up to hide her blush. *“This may be the most shameful way of fighting, but if it's the only way to escape, so be it!”*

Using the power of the scroll, she jumped forth. Two guards broke out of their stasis and got in her way, one thrusting his naginata at her. Instinctively, Hanaka bounced her breasts in midair. A pulse of power surged out of them, the shockwave sending her higher upwards to evade the blade. Cherry petals were spread in a circle as she gracefully summersaulted and landed on the shaft, then smacked both guards with her bust. More bandages ripped around her breasts as they knocked the helmets off their heads. While the guards fell to the floor Hanaka jumped past them to the door, the ripped bandages flying around her bust like streamers along the cherry petals. In addition to overflowing them, her breasts were swelling out between the bindings, pushing them aside as bubbles

of skin billowed into the open. A few bandages lay isolated on her skin, visibly cutting into it as her flesh bulged around them.

When Hanaka landed in front of the door, the rest of the guards were already coming at her from behind. Thrusting out her chest, Hanaka jumped into the door. Her bosom first dented, then broke the wood and paper, more bandages getting cut by the splinters as Hanaka burst out of the room.

“What the-?!” The guards outside jumped as Hanaka flew through between them, looking bewildered at the shinobi with her giant rack. While the shredded door and cherry petals whirled around her breasts, the bandages drifted so far apart they almost revealed her entire cleavage. A few still crossed her breast gap, digging deeper into their skin by the second while getting enveloped by growing lips of flesh.

Landing in the courtyard Hanaka stumbled for a moment, the momentum of her breasts carrying her. Jutting an armlength from her, they wobbled within their much looser constraints, bouncing up her nose and down to her lap. While she dashed across the courtyard, away from the guards chasing her, she grabbed the remaining bandages. Pulling them together she quickly adjusted them, until they lay concentrated around the equator of her bosom, forming a tight stash. As such, a large under cleavage swelled out both above and below the bindings, the bare swells slowly rolling towards her legs. Similarly, as her breasts reached to the sides and away from her, their backsides spread around her shoulders, gradually embracing her torso in the vast fields of bulging flesh. From top and bottom, the bindings were squeezed together, the overflowing flesh causing them to bunch up at the middle line of her bosom. *“Even if this mission succeeds, my dignity will forever be tainted...”*

A trail of petals soon went over the bridge up the wall as Hanaka jumped on a side building, her bust hitting her face. Alarms were bellowed as she landed on the roof, spreading through the whole castle. Being in the most inner ring of the castle, she had to get to the outer walls to escape. As she skipped over the buildings, careful not to lose balance on the slopes, she caught archers taking aim at her. Though she ran as fast as she could, the arrows just barely missed her. One graced her chest as it swung to the side, killing even more bandages. With each that that ripped, her swelling cleavages pushed the remaining bindings further together, while still making them cut tighter into their surface. Lying around her bosom like a belt, they were steadily overflowed by the swells escaping under and over the bindings. Over the bare top of her bosom another arrow flew, scratching her skin – not so deep it bled, but she definitely felt it.

“Urgh, the arrows are too fast – my breasts can’t repel them!” She tried to spot the archers, but with each second, more of her sight was filled by her breasts. As she pushed them down, she suddenly saw an array of arrows flying right at her from the front. *“Shoot! What now?!”*

In her panic, Hanaka slipped on the roof, almost falling on her back. Her breasts wobbled in front of her, the top of one bulging over the other and vice versa, causing an asymmetrical shift of her breast gap. While Hanaka tried to regain control of her breasts, the arrows pierced through the air at her. However, by a miraculous force, they aligned with the motions of her breast gap, one by one diving right between her mounds. As the sharp edges ran antiparallel to their curves, they didn't cut her. The friction with her growing flesh slowed them down, stopping before they reached her body.

"D-did that really just happen!?" Hanaka didn't have time to think about her luck though. Tightly grabbing both breasts she shook the arrows out of her under cleavage, then jumped towards the archers. Before they could pull the next arrow on their strings, she smacked them off the inner walls with her breasts. At the same time, however, she spotted guards storming the outer walls. Their naginatas raised, they steadily filled the perimeter, blocking Hanaka's escape routes.

"Now or never!" With her breasts still swelling, she jumped towards the outer wall. Her bosom was aiming for her knees while the valley of her cleavage rose to her eye level. Her breasts reached so far to each side she could barely move her arms behind them. Only where the bandages cut into their surface, she could somewhat reach around them, the line growing thinner the further her breasts were bulging over, hiding the tight bandages. But despite her restricted sight, she kept her eyes on the outer wall of the castle.

"Get her!"

"That shinobi's got the scroll!"

"Don't let her escape!"

All around, Hanaka heard the guards yelling, while more appeared on the walls. Additionally, although her breast expansion showed no signs of slowing down, she felt the power of the scroll starting to fade, the vibrant glow of her hair dimming. Using all strength she had left, she leapt for the last hole in the guard's formation. Her knee pressed into her bosom, effectively making her blind on one eye. The guard hurried to fill the gap, while arrows were shot at her from behind, cutting through the trail of petals.

"This is my chance!" Like before, she bounced her bust to jump midair. The arrows flew past her at the guards, who quickly leapt to the side. Hanaka landed in the new hole, standing on the outer wall with breasts that covered her torso. Though she couldn't see it, she knew the forest was spanning all around the castle. *"Yes!"* Her heart beating in her throat, she pushed her foot on the edge of the wall, about to jump into freedom.

Shrip!

Just before she leapt off, a loud rip suddenly emerged from her bust. Overflowed by her cleavages, the bandages fully ripped in the center. As the torn threads raced across and

were catapulted off her curves, her breasts bounced forth, exploding into spheres the diameter of a temple gong.

“Wah!” Thrown off-balance, Hanaka flailed her arms behind her breasts. However, she couldn’t keep her body from tilting forward, toppling right over the edge of the wall. The guards stormed after, watching the shinobi fall the steep wall down, dragged by her humongous bosom. With each inch she fell the trail of light cherry petals she left grew thinner, Hanaka feeling as the scroll’s power left her.

“So, this is how it ends... my boobs will splatter on the ground, and the rest of me be thrown into a dungeon.” Closing her eyes, Hanaka braced herself for the impact...

Boing!

Her eyes shot wide open. Instead of splatting on the ground, her breasts were squeezed like mochi between her and the ground. The guards leaned over the wall, eyes wide as the shinobi sunk into the mellow flesh of her breasts. Squeezing them with her body, immense pressure building up inside her breasts.

“Eh?”

FWOOSH!

The guards flinched as Hanaka’s hyper-elastic breasts catapulted her past them in the sky. Though growing thinner, they could see the trail of petals leading up into the night, and hear her scream her lungs out. Her shrieks got quieter though as she vanished into the sky, blinking like one of the many stars.

“Wha... what was that?” one of the guards asked.

“That” another one said with a solemn voice “was the true power of the shinobi!”

Another guard raised an eyebrow. “Was it really though?”

Several hundred meters above the ground, Hanaka spun around herself. Despite their massive size, her breasts were wildly flopping about, while her scarf fluttered around her face. It took a while until she pushed it out of her eyes and steered herself into a stable position. From her belt, she pulled out a piece of cloth. It unfolded into a kite black as the night, Hanaka grabbing the bamboo poles that carried the cloth as she soared through the sky.

“Tha... that was close!” she coughed, her hair turning black again as the last petals of light perished from its tips. With great effort, she tilted her body to steer, fighting against

the ballast of her naked breasts. Luckily, she felt them squeezing each other apart with decreasing force, their swelling slowing down. “Thank goodness!” She clenched the scroll in her hand. “With this, my honor will be restored! ...more or less” she mumbled, peeking over the rim of her scarf at her chest.

However, as she looked down, she noticed something: While it was pitch black save for the swells of flesh obscuring most of her sight, she saw past the horizon of her bosom the forest’s canopy was rapidly approaching – no, it was vice versa: *she* was rapidly approaching!

“Oh no! My breasts are weighting me down!” Panicked, she tried to steer upwards. But the weight of her rack still increased, causing her to descend faster and faster. Unable to control her flight, she dived towards the trees, until her breasts were grazing the canopy. Leaves flew off all around, followed by twigs as her bosom dipped deeper. At the same time, the bamboo sticks of the kite bent, while the cloth flapped as it lost its updraft. *“This won’t end well...”*

When half her bosom was inside the canopy, the kite snapped. With a loud shriek Hanaka dropped into the forest, her breasts breaking through branches. She didn’t fall far though, getting stuck between the largest branches with her breasts. Twigs cupped their curves, poking her skin while the rest of Hanaka fell past them, hanging as an attachment from her bosom. She rocked forth and back, more twigs breaking off. Still, the branches held her tight, creaking slightly from their burden.

Stuck in the trees like this, Hanaka limply dangled on her breasts. On the forest floor, a trail of broken leaves and twigs drew the path she had broken through the canopy, with a large pile right below her. Loudly, the branches were bending as her breasts flowed over them and against the twigs around them. Finally, their growth stopped, leaving her with mammaries that would have reached from her knees to her forehead if she had stood.

Though everything was spinning around her, Hanaka tightly clenched the scroll in her hand. “M... mission... accomplished.”