

It was easy to forget herself at times. After so many years living among regular mortals, Makira's own connection to the Netherworld occasionally slipped from her own mind, it being so irrelevant most of the time that her brain apparently decided it wasn't worth keeping in active processing. It only really made itself evident whenever someone who'd never met her felt the need to ask if she was an oni, at which point automatic reactions kicked in and she provided one of the several snippy comebacks she had in store for whenever anyone decided to ask a stupid question. Not *too* mean, but after years in the human world, sometimes she wondered whether anyone would stop to ask themselves if they should really pose that question or simply accept the obvious; I mean really, what else would she be? Did people regularly go around dressing up as monstrous versions of themselves for fun? Still, this was mostly a rare occasion nowadays, especially given how most of her time was spent travelling from place to place, doing her best to see as much of the world as she could, even when she knew she'd never be able to take in its full breadth. It was vibrant nonetheless, a wondrous journey that Makira never once regretted undertaking; though her home back in the Netherworld wasn't exactly *boring*, there was something special about those little humans, scurrying about trying to make the best out of their ephemeral lives and sometimes stumbling onto something truly genius while they were at it. The depths of their ingenuity never failed to amuse her, especially when it came to the creative arts; while humans did have an unfortunate tendency to design things whose sole purpose was to send others of their kind downstairs to the gates of the Netherworld itself, there was a literal world of manifested imagination waiting for Makira to stumble upon it. Certainly, it may range from the downright mundane and occasionally offensively boring to the utmost sublime and mind-boggling, but it was precisely this sort of discrepancy and spectrum that made her travels all the more worth it... especially when it came to *food*. To say that humans had something of a creative streak for what they ate would be an understatement big enough to smother the entire world, because if there was anything those mortals did just as well, or even *better* than creating tools of destruction, it was coming up with new and inventive ways to *cook*. The variations between regions, or even between individual towns within a single geographical area, were so great that Makira often found herself walking from place to place precisely so she could experience what she was told was a "local specialty", and very rarely was she actually disappointed by it. Quite the contrary, in fact, which was why she was on the road again after a particularly heavy meal the previous night; it was during dinner that one of the cooks, a portly old lady who decided to strike up a conversation with her on account of there being no one else in the inn, told Makira that if she wanted to try out some truly spectacular confectionery, she should head to the next prefecture over, where an annual festivity was about to be held in a few days. Bakers from across the country were known to travel hundreds of miles with their kitchen on their backs just so they could have a chance at impressing the aristocracy, in the hopes that they may be elevated beyond their station and land a cushy position as a personal chef for the rest of their lives. While most wouldn't, and indeed never had a chance to begin with, it was the perfect opportunity for those wanting to taste the best their nation's culture could offer to do so on a relatively affordable budget. For Makira, nothing else was needed; as soon as she woke up

that day, the first thing the oni did was pack up her things and get back on the road, which she'd been on for so long that her feet were starting to hurt already. She didn't usually walk that much in a single stretch, preferring to stop along the road whenever she spotted a village, a town, or any random building that she could crash in for a while; not that she had any difficulty in "convincing" folks to lodge her, even if it wasn't an inn or anything of the sort. While Makira wasn't wont to make her figure be *as* plump and curvaceous as some of her acquaintances in the Netherworld (at least, not usually), she did keep herself possessed of enough shapely contours that she could easily worm her way into whatever bed happened to be around if need be, regardless of who was on that bed to begin with. That day, however, seducing a random stranger for a heavy meal was the last thing on her mind; she just wanted some place to *rest*, because walking for several hours straight, while not exactly exhausting to the point of her wanting to collapse, was certainly tiring enough that Makira wanted to plop down somewhere soft regardless. Unfortunately, that long stretch of road she was on seemed oddly deserted, as if the human world had simply forgotten about it; miles upon miles of nothing but a line cut through woodland, leaving the oni gal wondering just how much she'd walked, and, at times, if she'd walked at all. An odd sentiment, to be sure, but there was something in the back of her head telling her that something wasn't right, that she should've reached *somewhere* by then, rather than still being stuck walking in a straight line; in fact, just how long *had* she been walking? It felt like hours on end, and yet, on looking up, the sun appeared to be in the same position as it had been when she first got out of bed and left the inn; had she walked straight through the night and just not realized it? Instantly as soon as Makira began wondering this, however, the glamour was dispelled; she was in a theater, and the curtains were just pulled open, revealing the pleasant and unmoving scenario she'd been staring at was naught but an illusion meant to lull her into a sense of calm before the real show began and the true actors walked on stage. A blink, that was all that was needed, before the whole world vanished from around her and was replaced by a very familiar sight indeed: the Netherworld. Or, rather, Makira *assumed* that was where she was; the ambient energy felt like it was close enough to it, and the overall oppressive colour scheme was certainly evocative of it. But, rather than feeling at home in the plane from which she'd been birthed, the oni gal instead felt... off. In a way, it was almost as if she didn't belong there, not unlike those few times she knowingly walked into private property even when she knew no one was around to stop her; it was a fundamental sense of *wrongness*, almost like her presence, by continuing to be, was transgressing on some sort of divine "No Trespassing" sign that she couldn't quite *see*, but could definitely *feel*. Not only that, but Makira couldn't help but shake the feeling that she was being watched, though by whom, and from where, she couldn't at all tell. Figuring that all these red flags put together meant that her priority should be to find an exit, the oni turned in her spot multiple times in an attempt to find any way out of... wherever she was. It *looked* like the woodlands she'd just left (assuming she left at all, of course), but just slightly different, enough to make it clear that she wasn't in the mortal realm anymore; despite this, there was one key difference, one that Makira very quickly came to understand: the *air* tasted different. Hell, just the fact that the air had a taste at all; she wasn't an alchemist, but she was

decently certain that you weren't supposed to be able to savour the air you breathed in, doubly so considering that had never been the case even when she resided within the Netherworld itself. Then again, it wasn't... bad, per se. Though her mind was telling her that she should definitely be concerned over the fact that the air was thick enough that she could practically swallow it, there was something soothing about it, a quality that permeated each lungful that almost left Makira lightheaded, more receptive to the idea that she was being filled with something that should've been there from the very start. Soon enough, her steps became erratic, before stopping altogether; she couldn't move anymore, not when a very familiar sensation welled up inside her and made it supremely difficult to think about anything other than using her hands in a very familiar and intimate manner. Perhaps, as she came to think after first touching herself, this had been her body's way of warning her that something was off about the entire experience, by forcing its owner to feel what had just happened to her; unbeknownst to Makira, the air around her wasn't simply strange or unnatural, but rather *proactive* as well. As noted, she'd never been flat-chested; indeed some time living around humans had taught her to keep her figure at a somewhat curvier form than she normally would have it, purely for the sake of convenience. She hadn't, however, ever gone so far as to deliberately attract attention just by moving her chest from side to side, which made it especially surprising when one of her hands moved upward and found her tits far before it was supposed to. It immediately drew Makira's eyes downwards, at which point the aura of apathetic acceptance was dispelled once she saw that her shirt, once baggy enough to make it look oversized, now fit almost perfectly on her figure, courtesy of a pair of tits large enough that they risked spilling over from either side of her torso. Worse (better?) yet, they seemed to be growing still; in just a few seconds of observation, they expanded several inches in every direction, pulling her clothes up even further and even managing to tear apart a few seams in the process... along with dragging the oni gal's mind straight down into a hole that she couldn't crawl back out of so easily. It was too strong, stronger than her if she was to be honest; resisting pleasure had never been her strong suit, and whatever was happening to her body was sending so many signals into her pleasure centers that it felt downright *heretical* to even want it to stop. How could she, when it was the single best thing to ever happen to her? Makira could barely keep standing as she held her bust with both hands, moaning throatily when she felt the *weight*, the *heft* of them continuously rise, tugging ever so gently at her back as her tits blazed through cup size after cup size; soon enough, the cloth holding them back and keeping her decent began to loudly rip open, at which point there was no real turning back. If ever there had been a chance for Makira to want the growth to stop, there stopped being one when she heard her clothing being torn apart by the unrelenting advance of her breasts; she *needed* to see it, needed to *hear* it, needed to witness the moment her upper body wear was completely destroyed by a pair of tits that were inexplicably growing larger than they ever had been before. One seam at a time, the oni gal watch as her bust spilled forth, bulging through the holes in the stretched-out shirt and begging for someone, *anyone* to come caress it, with Makira herself having to hold back her hands to keep them from going out of control; even still, she was using them for another goal entirely, that being to feel as her tits overflowed from between and over

her fingers until she was buried in breastflesh all the way up to her wrists. It was only a matter of time, then, before it all went over the tipping point, no more than a couple of minutes before her poor shirt, brave as it may be, could take no more of it: with a deafeningly loud *rip*, its structural integrity ceased to be, fully unleashing the oni gal's tits onto the world... and onto herself. Whether it be because she underwent a final growth spurt, or her shirt just possessed some unknown quality that hid away the true weight of her bust, Makira didn't expect the full impact to be as hefty as it turned out being. As soon as her breasts slapped her chest, finally free from the constraints of clothing, all air was knocked out of her lungs for a second or two, with her very nearly tipping forward before readjusting. Only after straightening out her back and jutting her chest forward did the full "damage" to her form become evident: her tits were *colossal*, each one, despite maintaining a perfect teardrop shape and minimal sag, covering her entire front all the way down to, and even *beyond* her waistline; indeed, if she held her arms to her sides, the very bottom of her bust's curvature would hang just below her fingertips, providing for some truly scandalous amounts of sideboob as well, more so, when put together, than the full width of her torso. Waving her chest from side to side caused enough wobble that Makira genuinely felt like she was going to faint from overstimulation, and she was just about to wonder what was happening downstairs when the transformation decided to spread out far enough to answer that question for her in the most delectable way possible. She barely had time to savour her new spectacularly oversized pair of tits when she felt something poking at them from below, smirking to herself that, of course, her cock would want to get in on the fun. What other way could things have gone, if not for that exact one? Hell, if her dick and balls grew nearly as much as her breasts did, then Makira didn't really care about the obvious questions of mobility or whether or not the process was reversible; at that point in time, all she cared about was *sensation*, the pursuit of further pleasure regardless of how much it would end up being her downfall down the line... and thus, she figured, the best thing she could do was stop holding her power in check. She was, after all, still holding back somewhat, presumably as an instinctual reaction to the sudden and unexplained changes; thus, it only made sense that she should... stop. Just stop, and let the powers-that-be do with her whatever they wished. Just stop, and feel as her cock swelled, gaining length and girth in delightfully proportional measure. It only made sense, once she stopped to think about it; if her tits gained that much mass out of nowhere, then she only *deserved* to have a dick that could service them whenever she damn well wanted, and the only way to accomplish *that* was to have her shaft grow to match her new bust for size. Did it make sense? Was it merely the deranged product of an even more insane mind? Hard to tell, given the pleasure overload playing merry hell with Makira's ability to produce coherent thoughts; as far as she cared, being on her knees, on the ground, with the bottom of her breasts smushing against the warmth beneath her and her cock growing to fit into her cleavage was the best place she *could* be in at any given time. As soon as she saw the tip of it break through her cleavage, almost poking her in the bottom of the chin, that's when she knew her body had reached... a good middle ground. An interesting thought to have, and not one the oni gal ever believed she would have, but as she struggled to get back on her feet and took a long look at herself, she wasn't thinking of it as a

“final form”, of sorts; perhaps it was the ambient atmosphere making it difficult for her to remember what self-restraint was, or maybe it was her true self, the real temptress hiding beneath the surface, finally getting to assert herself over the normally more moderate, everyday Makira. Even feeling her nuts against the ground didn’t phase her (at least, not for long); it just felt natural that, even while standing up fully, her two overproductive cumtanks should still be capable of grazing whatever was underneath her, providing ample stimulation whenever she took a step. It complemented her new cock perfectly, especially with how *leaky* it was; certainly, it wouldn’t be enough for it to throb and pulsate visibly with every heartbeat, it *needed* the extra punch, needed the constant dripping of pre onto both itself and the top of her tits, a near-permanent glazing that gave her excessively-proportioned body the kind of sheen it truly deserved. Sadly, looking back, her ass seemed to have completely missed out on the fun... but she was in the Netherworld, her mind had been warped to see size as its top priority, and she was a damned oni; it was piss easy for her to draw on the ambient energy surrounding her and will it to focus entirely on her rear, bringing it from being merely shapely, to plump, to face-smothering, to so positively immense that she could easily sink her hands into it all the way up to their wrists (which, indeed, she did, and with plenty of gusto at that). This had the rather fortunate side-effect of extending plenty of extra fat to her thighs, turning Makira’s form from a top-heavy one to a perfectly balanced, hyper-sized hourglass, one that she could only *wish* she had a mirror to admire. Still, the mere presence of it was enough to get her hot and bothered, so much so that her mind fully disengaged from the notion of being watched; it had never truly gone away, it just being that the sudden transformation was powerful enough to keep it on background processing rather than on the forefront. But with such a well-endowed set of curves to focus on, it was so, *so* easy to simply forget about it completely... coincidentally allowing the very-much-real presence to use this moment of weakness to pass straight through the oni gal’s defences, finally having an opening to exploit. Makira, for her part, failed to notice this happening; she was either busy smushing her tits together to give herself a titjob, or finding new ways of grinding her immense, fat thighs together to make her body go haywire with pleasure overload; she failed to realize that the air around her had begun to coalesce in a way, growing thicker and more... present. She failed to notice when the presence, once little more than a vague idea of being observed, made itself known, speaking directly to her through her mind; at that point, Makira was ready to accept anything, so long as it helped to prolong (and, hopefully, enhance) the sense of overwhelming pleasure she was experiencing. So when this voice began communicating, using mostly sensations and thoughts, emotions and feelings rather than words and sentences, the oni didn’t stop it, nor did she even try to put up a barrier; the entity “spoke” of a great many things, passing along notions of motherhood and fertility, of dominance and regal power, of herself, of *Makira*, as the inheritress to its power. It spoke of itself, locked away in that corner of the Netherworld, unable to speak or interact with anyone outside it until Makira stumbled onto it; it spoke of its powers, its abilities, and of the oni gal’s *destiny* as so much more than she had been so far. And the oni, too far gone to consider the implications of this, chose to hear it; she chose to “listen” and welcome the “words”, chose to stare ahead, wide-eyed and

ready to do whatever was necessary to further heighten the experience. She chose to nod along, at times audibly asking what she was supposed to do, never quite getting an answer until she decided to change her approach; as the voice was “saying”, she was destined for greater things, was she not? So why was she asking what she *should* do? There were no “shoulds” in her life, not if she was truly in control of it; if she was to be a goddess, there were only “woulds”, depending on whatever it was she *wanted* to do, not *had* to. And, well, if she was supposed to be a goddess, then the first thing she wanted was to demonstrate her power in the most direct way possible; granted, Makira had no idea what that might be, but luckily for her, the disembodied entity was more than happy to provide an idea of its own: *motherhood*. The oni gal was destined to become not just a deity, but a deific *broodmother* as well, her progeny themselves destined to spread across the Netherworld and beyond as extensions of her power... and besides, had she not delighted in her body’s transformation? Had she not adored every moment of it? What better way to extend it than to give it a reason to bloat and swell and sculpt itself further by turning herself into a mother, thus causing her already-wild energy to grow increasingly uncontrollable? This made perfect sense as far as Makira herself was concerned; in her horned-up state, there was very little she wouldn’t do in order to further extend her ongoing state of near-climax, and if she was meant to rule, then, well, she was meant to rule, end of story. Didn’t take long before another wave of pressure hit her, this time very much from within a specific spot in her body, one that let her know that merely accepting this truth had already led to her form changing further to prepare for the incoming onslaught. Looking down, the oni gal watched with bated breath and wide eyes as her belly filled outward (even if she had to part her tits to get a good look), swelling as new life was created within, growing to incubate the first of what would be a magnificent and numerous brood. More and more it distended, more and more it grew heavier, more and more Makira felt the new soul forming within, absorbing just a fraction of the Netherworld’s power in order to fast-track it from the boring initial years of its life. And, just as this new life grew to the state it was destined to be in, so too did Makira realize that it was her turn to shine again: but first, her body in general. Curves were nice and all, but they had a limit; after a certain point, it wouldn’t be enough for her to merely have tits the size of her torso, an ass to match, and a cock bigger than most males’ if she had it all on a frame that barely broke five foot ten. No, she needed to be bigger, needed to *loom* over everyone around her, and to that end, the oni gal snapped her fingers, inviting the entity into her... though not necessarily with the latter’s consent. Perhaps, in some way, this disembodied being believed that it could manipulate Makira into doing its bidding; perhaps it was convinced the oni gal was a malleable puppet that, some time in the future, it could commandeer. But Makira herself didn’t particularly care for machinations of any sort; her mind was focused on the present, on the *now*, and right *now* the only thing she saw, that she *felt*, was this extremely powerful and aetherial being that so eagerly informed her that she was supposed to be a fertility goddess of purest chaos, if only she took her throne with her very own hands. Really, this creature should be *glad* that it was being used as fuel to further her ascension; what else was it going to do, stuck in this corner of the Netherworld and unable to leave? Best that it be reprocessed like the magical energy that it truly was, used to

further augment Makira's form so that she could rise to the occasion... and quite literally so. Six feet were broken in under a second, heading to seven, then eight, accelerating briefly until it broke ten and only then slowing down; the oni gal let it carry on for a while until she reached something she considered to be the "correct" height for a goddess such as herself: a good twelve feet tall, with all her proportions maintained to keep her excessively curvaceous figure. But that wasn't enough, was it? Even when her belly had reached an apex and the first of her many children began to push out, it wasn't enough; indeed, as soon as Makira felt the firstborn of her progeny make its (her?) way from within her womb, already fully-formed and ready to spread the good word throughout the land at her best, the oni gal *knew* for a fact that she could be *so much more*... and this, of course, meant pushing her size out further. There was no one to stop her, after all; the entity had been consumed to turn her into a statuesque amazon, a miniature giantess whose form, on its own, could strike fear, awe and lust in equal measure at a mere glance. With it gone, there was nothing left to stop Makira from simply repurposing its entire domain for herself, and with ample stores of energy to draw from, it didn't take long before the oni goddess was sitting on her ass and drawing it into herself. Granted, most of this was a deliberate attempt at making her birth go by as smoothly as possible; in any other circumstance, she would've been overwhelmed by how quickly things turned out, but even as her first daughter was brought into the world, the now-mother goddess couldn't really think of it as anything other than perfectly natural. Yes, she *should* have done such a thing; it was the natural order, the way the world worked, that she, as the newborn Goddess of Chaos, should be able to accomplish such feats and think of them less as mind-bending acts of impossibility and more simply a reflection of her true nature. Did it make sense for anyone else's firstborn to already be a completely formed adult with a mind and a seductive streak of their own? Probably not; but Makira wasn't most people, and thus, neither would her daughters be. They were extensions of her as much as they were her children, seeds of chaotic energy from whence further domination would bloom; indeed, the firstborn barely spent two minutes giving their mom a great big hug before cleaning themselves off and vanishing into the aether, presumably to find the first person they could jump and make good use of in their own, rather *unique* way... thus, making room for another daughter of Makira's to begin forming within her womb, with oni giantess already starting to weave further alterations to her body to better fit this new godlike aesthetic she had developed for herself. Before long, her prodigious ass would be seated upon a throne of purest gold and resplendent marble, reflecting the gloomy, colour light of the Netherworld; before long, her already bountiful and ample chest would be larger still, spilling onto her lap, her legs, her sides, even threatening to reach to the floor itself if Makira wasn't careful. And before long, so too did her shaft *swell* and *thicken* to lengths and girths that had once been thought impossible by the oni herself, yet now were seen as little more than her birthright. Of course she was owed a cock that massive, why wouldn't she be? Of course she *needed* a pair of cumtanks so stuffed that the pressure within them allowed the two orbs to serve as beanbags upon which her equally-full breasts could rest, what else could she have done with herself? Every inch of her new body was a reflection of her power, her dominance, her ability to snap her fingers and make reality bend to

her whims and wishes, regardless of what they might be. And that, Makira thought to herself, was the truest essence of divinity.

Control.

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Some time passed. It was hard to tell how much of it, given how the Netherworld had a difficult time keeping track of the same at the best of it, but certainly enough that Makira was no longer recognizable compared to her old self. Maybe one day she would return to the mortal world, to put herself on display, that the humans might see what they were missing out on. Granted, getting through doors with her body-sized tits or similarly-oversized rump would be a challenge, not to mention how her cock would probably end up covered in a dozen or so suitors all desperately clinging onto it, while still leaving enough room for a couple more. Or maybe her eternal baby factory, continuously pumping out her endless brood of blessed daughters, would be somewhat of a bother for local populations; that is, unless they wanted to have themselves fully replaced by oni gals.

Whatever the case, she was certain she'd find her way back eventually. As much as the new Goddess of Chaos was certainly enjoying herself, it was one thing to rule over her domain with no one there to serve her, quite another to have a slew of worshippers ready to throw themselves at her feet (and promptly get crushed by her tits). After all, she was a deity, was she not? And she *wanted* to do it.

So why shouldn't she?