

Fire Emblem: Kaiju Awakening

The raid on the bandit camp had gone off without any problem. While the work seemed a bit beneath The Shepherds, their duty to protect the people necessitated it. Over the course of the operation, they soon discovered that the criminals had managed to get their hands on a sizable treasure hoard hidden within a temple. Hearing from the locals numerous different rumors that surrounded the building, the order was given to bring the stolen artifacts together in order to examine them for any ill side effects.

Pacing around in her commander's tent, Robin took care to keep her eyes on the mound of gold, jewels, and other trinkets that had been recovered. Turning between the pile and her collection of books sent her long pigtails of white hair flapping about. The black and purple coat she had worn through battle had its share of scuff marks and stains but served its purpose while she went about her work. Placing a finger on the page before her, she focused her grey eyes on the closest things she could find to an actual explanation of the artifacts. Just before she could decipher the mess of ancient languages, she heard a light thud against the tent's exterior door.

"Come in," Robin called out, having grown accustomed to the specific way one of her comrades made her presence known.

Slipping in through the flap, Olivia looked as stunning as ever with her pink hair styled into a mix of twin front braids, a long ponytail, and the rest being held in place by a white hand band. Despite having recently come back from the same battlefield as the tactician, she was still adorned in her dancer's attire. Though the silky, white top and black, baggy pants were meant to be alluring to friend and foe alike, they contrasted against the concerned look in her rose-pink eyes.

“What are you doing here?” Robin asked as Olivia stepped through the tent. “You need to get some rest. Especially since we owe our victory to your skills.”

“Something just didn’t feel right to me,” Olivia answered, glancing between the tactician and the treasure. “I’ve talked to some of the other entertainers from this area and they told me stories about the old rulers.”

“That’s a relief,” Robin replied, momentarily putting away the tome and turning her full attention to Olivia. “Any information you could give me would be a big help.”

“Well, the old tales tell of tyrants monstrous in both actions and appearance,” Olivia began. “Anyone who dared to oppose them would feel the full wrath of their fearsome power. Monstrous to be more precise. The myths go even further to exemplify just how massive and bestial these rulers were. I doubt that even The Shepherds would be able to fight back against them.”

“That is completely ridiculous!”

The sudden, offended voice came from a feminine figure making her way into the tent. Adorned in a frilly, pink and white outfit, Maribelle looked more prepared for a tea party rather than battle. Whatever impression one would get from her drill-shaped, blonde hair held together by white bow, clashed against what her comrades knew of her true abilities. However, she still clung to her more spoiled personality as she twirled around her white parasol while she approached Robin and Olivia.

“What do you mean?” the dancer asked.

“If these ancient monsters were so formidable,” Maribelle began as she stuck her parasol in the ground, “then what happened to them? Surely such power couldn’t be so easily snuffed out.”

“It came from in-fighting,” Olivia answered. “They became too power hungry and ended up waring with one another until none were left.”

“Maybe that came from their bestial instincts,” Robin suggested, getting a nod from Olivia in reply.

“Or it could all be just rumors in order to keep the treasure safe,” Maribelle retorted, ignoring the safety circle around the pile as she approached it. “While it is an effective method of dissuading the superstitious, I believe that we can do a better job of protecting the treasure until we can get it back in the hands of its rightful owners.”

While Maribelle meant what she said, she was still tempted to at least look through the hoard. As she sifted through the coins and jewels, her comrades inched closer. For Robin, it was a chance for her to observe any irregularities to compare it with the rest of her notes. To Olivia, she held her hands close to her chest as she tried to think of a way to convince Maribelle to leave the treasure alone.

Maribelle’s search came to a halt as her gloved hand grasped something hidden within a pile of gold. Pulling out from the mound, she found clasped in her fingers an obsidian idol no more than a few inches tall. The figure was made up of an array of arms, legs, tendrils, tails, horns, and numerous other, bestial features. While each woman focused on a different part of the statue, they all eventually fell upon the carving of a white eye right above the idol’s pitch black,

glittering diamond. Their shared interest in the iris came at the worst possible time as the jewel chose that moment to activate.

A flash of white light blinded the trio and sent them sprawling backwards. Dropping the idol back into the treasure, Maribelle ended up tumbling into her companions. As the light faded to be replaced with a tingling sensation clinging to their bodies, each of them struggled to find their bearings. The blindness came alongside a heightened sense of adrenaline as a strange power coursed through their veins.

As the girls' visions slowly returned, they all tried to see what had happened to their bodies. While there didn't appear to be any harm, they all felt something was different. Peering over each other for a cause of the lingering pulse pounding out from their chests, they all at once saw the purple scales that had appeared around Robin's wrists.

"What happened to CROOOAAAK us?" Maribelle asked, the sound echoing through the tent and filling them with a sense of intense dread.

The tension in the war room was about as high as the preparations made during their most fearsome battles. Gathered in the room were three women who had been well versed in the ways of war. However, they all came to the table carrying with them a newfound sense of anxiety. Not for their homes or their comrades, but for what would become of their very identities in the wake of their curse.

Robin was the first to step forward into the light, revealing the purple scales that had crept along the sides of her cheeks. The hard, rugged material appeared across various spots of her skin. While she would have liked to cover them up completely, a sudden increase in her weight had led to her robes poorly fitting around her body. The scales along her bosom were easy enough to cover, but she still had to leave her doughy gut out in order to avoid ripping the rest of her clothes. She would have liked to do the same for her bubble butt, but the long, reptilian tail sticking out above it demanded the indignity of being exposed for the sake of her own comfort. Still, she tried to keep up appearances as she looked towards the others with purple eyes with thin, predator-like irises.

Somewhat encouraged by Robin's actions, Olivia was the next to take a shaky step forward. The nervous look on her pudgy face was lessened somewhat by the glossy, bright pink material over all four of her eyes. The extra irises unfortunately gave her ample opportunity to glance at the white, chitinous material that was growing alongside the blubber on her arms. Similar materials affected the extra legs sticking out from beneath her skirt in an effort to stabilize her the heft layered around her once slim figure. However, any benefits these additions provided were undone by the concern she felt about the sizable orb hidden by her clothes that seemed to be outgrowing her ass cheeks more and more with each passing day.

Left as the only one still in the dark, Maribelle begrudgingly approached the table. Thanks to a wide array of dresses, she had had more luck with obscuring some of her changes. Still, there was only so much of her bulbous gut and wide hips that her skirts could obscure. Not to mention the webbing between her fingers necessitated that her hands and their green coloring remained free of gloves to keep them hidden. Trying to make the most out of her condition by jostling around the hefty breasts within her loosely bound corset, any chance for her to retain her

prideful demeanor was tossed aside as her throat inflated before letting out a low, “CROOOOOOOOOAAAAAK!”

“Excuse me,” Maribelle said, keeping her words brief to avoid another outburst while her yellow eyes glanced between her companions.

“It’s alright,” Olivia spoke up as her claw-like fingers fidgeted with one another. “We know you can’t control it.”

“I take it that we all got the same results from our examinations?” Robin asked, receiving nods from the other girls in response. “Then we’re aware the gravity of the situation. Tharja did mention that she would look into any possible ways to reverse the curse. With any luck, she should eventually have a-“

Robin’s words became distorted as a plume of purple flame left her mouth. As the cinders faded off, the table heard clear the growl that came at the end. Working through the embarrassment of her rumbling stomach, the tactician cleared her throat of any lingering embers and moved on.

“Until we find a solution, we have to come up with a plan to deal with our... conditions,” she continued as she snuffed out a lingering spark on the table with her thick thumb. “Both for our sake and those close to us.”

“The plan is to simply stay locked up in my quarters,” Maribelle said, using a book to cover up her mouth before another croak could squeak out. “Better than having people gawking at us all day.”

“T-that won’t work,” Olivia said, having mulled over the idea herself leading up to this meeting. “We can hide away for a few days, but this is just the beginning. The transformations are going to progress until we’re gigantic monsters.”

“She has a point,” Robin said, looking down to see that the table seemed to be half the height as the last time she stood near in. In reality, she and the other women had grown over twice their height since returning from the ill-fated mission. Even now, they were struggling to avoid bumping their heads into low doorways. “We’ll have to find larger quarters as our conditions progress.”

“Ugh, fine,” Maribelle relented. “My CROOOOOOAAAK husband should be able to make accommodations in the countryside for the three of us.”

“Our sizes aren’t the only thing I’m worried about,” Robin pointed out. “Olivia, you mentioned that the past rulers were taken out by in-fighting, correct?”

“Yes, they ended up going to war with one another over who would control the land,” Olivia responded.

“I don’t think that’s just from their own greed,” Robin theorized. “That may be another side effect of our changes. A kind of animalistic desire to claim as much land as our own territory. Even if it means fighting with one another.”

“That is preposterous,” Maribelle said. “We have been through countless battles together as allies. What makes you think we would throw our friendships all away for petty land squabbles.?”

“I think she had a point,” Olivia pointed out. “There’s been these...outbursts lately. Whenever something is offered to me, whether it be food or clothing, something keeps pushing me to take more than I need.”

“That can be waved off by these unsightly things,” Maribelle said as she grabbed at her belly. “A combination of needing larger clothes and having to keep up with our appetites.”

“No, it’s a different type of hunger,” Olivia insisted. “It’s like there’s an inherent need to claim territory. To ensure a large enough space for both us and our... brood,” she added, the last words coming with a certain click to her words.

“You’re just letting your monster parts get the better of CROOOOOOAAAKKK you,” Maribelle insisted, too focused on chiding her companion to worry about her outburst.

A newfound fury glistened in Olivia’s eyes. “You have a lot of room to talk, frog breath,” she spat out with uncharacteristic ferocity.

With a huff, Maribelle slammed her fists into the table, threatening to snap it in half. “Say that again. I CROOOOOAK dare you.”

Olivia replied by repeating the action with the added flair of baring her sharpened teeth. “Gladly.”

Before Maribelle and Olivia could go full out, they became separated by a sudden warmth. They managed to split apart just before a plume of purple flame could singe their hair. Looking towards the source, they found a very angry-looking Robin looming over them. Upon seeing the shaken look in their eyes, the tactician was able to momentarily reign in her own aggression.

“I think I might have a solution,” Robin said as calmly as possible, hoping the three of them could enact her plan before they were biting at each other’s throats.

The port town in Rosanne seemed like the perfect spot for Robin when she first moved in. The area was populated enough to have a decent supply chain, while also having the option of open beaches nearby in order to provide ample space. With the town being ruled by her husband, Virion, it all seemed like the most tactical decision for her current status. It was just a shame that she never counted on just how far her condition would progress over the course of a year.

With modifications still being made to Virion’s castle, Robin had been forced to momentarily relocate to a cave on the outskirts of town. The massive opening had been just large enough to accommodate her increased height. Standing fifty feet tall, she still had to be careful not to bump her head up against the ceiling. There was also the issue of constantly scraping up against the stone with the pair of curved, ebony black horny peeking out of her mop of messy, white hair.

Having just woken up from her nap, Robin trudged through the water in the cave in order to get some much-needed sunlight. The warmth heated up her cold-blooded body and made the purple scales covering most of her hide gleam like precious jewels. The white tone of her underbelly was slicked with stray waves to keep her bulbous, rounded gut at a suitable temperature. Wanting to give the same treatment to the pair of carriage-sized breasts, she moved her massive form forward to get closer to the water.

With a wave of her blubbery, scaled arms, the former tactician used her fearsome claws to give her plump teats some relief. Soaking in the cool sensation, she lazily let her thick tail wave back and forth. The lingering ripples meant it took a moment for the surface to settle. When that occurred, she was able to get a glimpse of her extended snout and maw of pointy teeth. Over the course of the last few months, her reptilian visage had lost some of its shock factor. Opening up her mouth to let out a yawn and a spurt of purple flame, she didn't pay much attention to how her bulky form looked. At the moment, her main concern was where her breakfast was.

"Virion!" Robin growled out. "Where are you?"

"Over here!" called out a voice back inside the cave.

Making her way back towards her makeshift home, Robin spotted a small light within the cavern. Mindful of her wide hips and sizable rear, she squatted down to be eye level with the lantern. As her purple eyes stared at the dark blue locks of her husband, her grogginess gave way to a toothy grin.

"Good morning," he said, his expression welcoming despite the shivers of his body revealing that he had yet to fully acclimate to her imposing presence.

"Where's my breakfast?" Robin asked, her hunger taking precedence over her usual manners.

"I have some workers bringing over the cart now," Virion replied. "I actually had to increase the portion size again to keep up with your appetite."

The comment brought a heavy sigh from Robin's nostrils. "I should really cut back. Especially since I don't know how much larger I'm going to be stuck like this. Wouldn't be surprised if I'm several tons over the weight of a castle at this point."

"If it's any consolation, your figure is magnificent," Virion tried to reason. "You don't look an ounce over 800 pounds."

Robin let out a much-needed chuckle. "Shame these curves are attached to my towering form. Would make getting a roof over my head a lot easier."

"That reminds me, I got some plans for the extension to the estate we requested," Virion said as he ruffled through his bag for some documents. "It will be a little hard for you to read with your size, but you have to at least give it a gander before we can move forward with the--"

Robin's interest was drawn elsewhere as an aroma drifted into her nostrils. At first, the odor was a pleasant mix that fed into her morning appetite. Sifting through the various smells, she picked up the distinct scent of smoke. Focusing her pointed ears, she heard panicked screaming coming from the harbor. What got her moving was the distinct roar of flames in the distance.

Leaving Virion behind, Robin waddled her way out of the cave and towards the source of the smells and sounds. Her eyes went wide as she spotted a ship just outside of the port. Most of the crew had been pushed towards the back of the vessel, trying their best to fill up buckets with water to fight against the flames slowly creeping across the deck.

As Robin stomped towards the boat, she wasn't surprised to see the boatmen start to leap for the water. Their reaction was less about the fire and more so a natural reaction to seeing

something so fearsome coming their way. Those that remained either knew of her true identity or were too focused on the fire to notice her. That all changed once she managed to reach the ship.

Dipping her arms into the water once more, Robin took the payload over the deck of the ship. Creating a makeshift downpour took out the largest part of the flames just before the ship was overrun. A few more repetitions of the act managed to get rid of the lingering embers. While she took care of the remaining fire with handfuls of water, she showed off a toothy grin as she heard the sailor's panicked screams turn to cheers.

Robin was prevented from basking in her praise as she picked up the wonderful aroma again. Taking a closer look at a hole burned in the deck showed off one of the cargo holds. Curiosity getting the better of her, she gently nudged the crew aside to stick her snout inside. It was only after she had taken in a big whiff of the spice-filled crates did she realize her mistake.

Feeling the sneeze coming on, the kaiju woman was quick to pull back. Raising her head, she finally let it out in the form of a plume of purple flames. The embers managed to reignite the ship, albeit on the top mast. Quickly snuffing out her mistake, Robin looked down to see the captain had come forward with a distinct frown beneath his gruff beard.

“What, did you save us just so you could burn us down yourself? You damn beast.”

The comment dug into the feelings Robin had been trying to suppress since her transformation had started. Fueled by her lingering hunger, she showed no restraint as she tilted her thick neck forward to bring her maw just a few feet from the captain. Faced with her glaring, purple eyes, the grizzled veteran wisely stepped away with his arms raised up.

“This ‘beast’ doesn’t work for free,” Robin said as she rose back up to her full height.

“Bring your ship over to the cavern north of the harbor. I’ll be adding your spices to my morning breakfast as a tribute in exchange for saving your ship AND your lives.”

“Yes mam,” the captain said, giving a salute to appease the scaley terror of Rosanne.

The majesty of the desert town in the middle of Plegia was all thanks to the prosperity the followed the war. However, this wealth also drew the attention of many bandits that lived in the arid region. Aware of the danger, the city’s new ruler had ordered a wall around it in order to stave off any would-be attackers. In turn, the thieves looked elsewhere to sneak in to gain their ill-gotten fortune. Unfortunately, they found it in the form of a series of tunnels not too far from the town.

The squad of bandits led by their shifty leader thought that the narrow passage was the ticket to their success. When the cavern did manage to widen, they assumed that it would be a simple task finding a path to into the city. There were spider webs here and there, but nothing that couldn’t be dealt with by a lit torch. That confidence only lasted until they continued into the depths of the passageway.

Loud, squishing noises accompanied each of the men’s boots as they tread into the massive, main chamber of the cave system. The source was the layers of sticky silk on the ground that matched the countless strands strewn across the walls and ceiling. Despite the intimidating number of webs, not a single spider could be seen. While there was the clacking of

legs, they were far larger than any insect should be. It was upon hearing a bellowing, chittering cackle that the bandits stopped moving and considered turning back.

The group's retreat plan became unanimous as soon as two of them were snatched up by lengths of web. Try as the others might to run, their feet kept getting stuck on the floor. One by one each of the bandits were captured in a similar fashion. As the last one left, the leader attempted to make a show of defending himself with wild swings of his sword. His efforts merely brought out a delighted chittering noise as he too was wrapped up in a bundle of silk and dragged off with the others.

Upon a wide web large enough to contain a city building, the bandits were all delicately placed. Those still willing to try and free themselves were foiled by the bundles of thread wrapped around their bodies. Any attempts to escape came to a halt the moment the group heard something crawl along the ceiling. Though they all attempted to see what was passing overhead, it moved far faster than its size should allow. However, they were given an ample opportunity to look at the city's protector as she dropped onto the floor in front of them.

Rising up to her full, 50-foot height, Olivia accidentally let her multiple belly folds break free from the silk around her mid-section. Thankfully for her, the webs her clawed fingers had so carefully placed around her massive mammaries had managed to stay in place. It was the most she could do to keep up the semblance of modesty in the wake of her massive, swollen, white-colored abdomen peeking out from the sides of her wide hips.

Each heavy stomp of Olivia's eight, pink chitin covered legs jostled around her latest captures. With her immense, arachnid body not allowing much in the way of dance techniques, trapping would be attackers of the city had become a hobby of hers. Looming over the bandits,

the silken headband keeping her frazzled hair held back ensured that the invaders saw the eight, shimmering pink eyes adorning her face. Watching them cower in fear, she couldn't help herself from clacking her mandibles together in a wide grin.

“Ooh, has the time finally come?” asked a voice far too cheerful to belong to Olivia's captives. “Are you going to give me a show of sucking out their innards?”

The delightfully psychotic comment could only come from one person. Turning towards the opening in the nearby wall free of her silk, Olivia spotted her husband, Henry. The silver-haired, dark mage dressed in his usual robes was one of the few people that still saw her for who she was. It was through his connections in Plegia along with a few, well-placed threats that had allowed them to set up this strange defense method. Still, there was a quite a large group of people that still found him much more terrifying than the spider woman lurking in the caves.

“You know I don't eat people,” Olivia commented, leaning down to have her face level with him.

“Shh, they don't have to know that,” Henry replied with a raised finger and a coy smile. “And you have to admit that it would cut down on your food budget.”

The remark made Olivia's grin go away to be replaced with a displeased grimace. “Is the city failing to bring me my offerings again? Do I need to make another display of my power?”

“I assure you, that won't be necessary,” Henry answered, holding up his hands in a rare moment of backing down. “The people are more than happy to provide anything their guardian desires.”

“Except for proper guard patrols around my lair,” Olivia grumbled as she glanced over to her web again.

“You only have yourself to blame for that,” Henry pointed out. “You’re far too effective. If we didn’t let the odd bandit slip in, you would merely laze about and get fatter.”

Olivia’s mandibles did their best to form a pout. “It’s not like I can do much about my figure,” she said as she jostled around her enormous breasts. “The curse is responsible for this body.”

“I am well aware,” Henry answered. “Although, I wouldn’t really call being blessed with such an attractive figure a curse. Especially when it can still do so many... interesting things with those you love.”

The compliment hidden behind the remark was enough to bring a red flush to Olivia’s pale cheeks. “Hey, not in front of the prisoners.”

“Right, right, sorry,” Henry replied, his grin showing no actual remorse for teasing the spider woman. “I’ll have the guards make up for their lack of efficiency and come pick up the intruders for questioning later. That way we’ll be free for tonight’s dinner.”

“That would be... lovely,” Olivia replied, clacking her legs against the floor in anticipation of the romantic feast capable of feeding a small army.

The ballroom used to be one of the most elaborate locations within Ylisse’s capital. However, the luxurious chamber had become a shadow of its former self for the sake of the

queen's needs. Even after the room suffered the indignity of having its roof raised to towering heights, the floor didn't escape the wrath of Maribelle's remodeling plan. This came in the form of several feet of water being poured in to leave most people that came in having to wade through a scattering of lily pads. A collection of various flies and bugs were routinely brought into the chamber to complete the look of the swamp-like area. It was the perfect habitat for what had become of the once slim and regal looking woman.

Having just finished off her latest meal, Maribelle carefully leapt her way back to her quarters. Through constant practice over the course of the full year since her transformation, she had managed to get rather good at landing exactly where she wanted her webbed feet to go. However, she still struggled a bit with fitting her blubbery, bright green arms into certain spaces. Despite multiple attempts by the architects, the limbs worked alongside her massive girth to make it hard to fit through the opening to her chamber. Making liberal use of the slime that covered her vibrant skin, she eventually managed to squeeze her wide hips through.

Sloshing through the waters, the queen's journey back to her throne came with a lingering hunger. Making good use of her large mouth, she opened wide to let in a stream of bugs to keep her belly sated. At the start, the mere thought of letting a single insect past her gullet would send her into a fit. Now, she didn't even care if her flying snacks overflowed her mouth or got tangled her in her messy, pale blonde hair. In fact, as her bulbous eyes saw a few stragglers slip away, she was more than happy to make good use of her long, sticky tongue to snatch them up rather than let good food go to waste.

With her appetite sated for the moment, Maribelle was able to bring herself down to her throne in relative comfort. The seat in question was nothing more than a collection of hundreds of water-logged pillows that had originally deprived the castle's bedrooms of anything soft to

sleep on. The makeshift throne still served the purpose of letting her spread out her elephant-sized buttocks to make herself comfortable. Leaning back, she was able to fully show off the bulbous, hefty belly that took up the majority of her green, thick mass. While there was also pride reserved for the pair of massive, boulder-like meat sacks that were her breasts, there was something she had become rather fond of once she fully accepted her new self.

Maribelle's comfortable position made it tempting to fall asleep then and there. However, her need to speak with the king outweighed her current bestial desires. Craning up her neck, her throat expanded out into a massive globe that looked close to rivaling her gut. As the sphere shrunk back down, she let out a powerful CROOOOOOOOOAAAAAK that sent countless ripples through her self-made swamp.

Before the echoes of the queen's outcry could fully fade out, a lone soul began to wade through the water. Adorned in a black, full body swimsuit specifically designed to handle the makeshift swamp, the man was able to easily traverse the murky waters. Still, the king looked like a far cry from his noble self as he moved around the lily pads. Watching his head of blue hair get closer and closer, Maribelle let out another small croak to convince Chrom to hurry to her position.

"Good CROOOOOOOAAAAAK afternoon," Maribelle greeted to her husband before lowering her hand down to him.

Without a hint of hesitation, Chrom lowered his head to kiss the slimy, plump fingers. "Glad to see your spirits are high today."

Maribelle replied with a bellowing laugh. "Well of course. I've had an excellent CROOOOAAAK meal and am prepared to take the next step for our kingdom."

Chrom furrowed his brows as he considered the strangely hungry tone that came with the queen's words. "What do you mean by next step?"

"The kingdom of Ylisse has grown CROOOOOAAAK stagnant since the end of the war," Maribelle began. "I believe we need to remedy that by taking what is rightfully ours."

"Maribelle, hold on. You can't be serious," Chrom replied.

"Of course I CROOOOAAAK am," Maribelle clarified. "Considering how much our kingdom put into winning the war, I think we are long overdue for our CROOOOOOAAAAAKKK tribute."

A bead of sweat slid down Chrom's forehead. "Have the staff's meals been unsatisfactory? I can always get more supply lines going to get you what you need."

"That won't be necessary," Maribelle said with a wave of her webbed hand. "Besides, it's not food that I'm CROOOOOOOOOOAAAAAKK hungry for."

Standing up from her throne, Maribelle waddled her way through the water. "I can't help thinking about what Robin and CROOOOOOOOAAAAAK Olivia told me in their letters. How their lands are thriving under their rule. Something about it just makes me yearn for even CROOOOOOOOOOAAAAAK more."

"This is obviously the curse talking," Chrom called out, one of the few people willing to speak as such to the gigantic amphibian woman. "This isn't you."

Swiveling herself around, Maribelle let her full girth loom over him. "It is now!" she croaked out. "Those two need to learn who amongst us is deserving of the CROOOOOOOOAAAAAKK world. And anyone that stands in my way will know my true power."

Leaning even further down, she managed to leave her eye solely focused on her miniscule husband. “Am I CROOOOOOOOOAAAAAK clear?”

“Understood,” Chrom replied, having the wisdom to know when there was a fight he had no hope of winning. “I’ll begin making the preparations,” he continued, being intentionally vague as he began wading back through Maribelle’s swamp.

“I’m glad that you know your CROOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAK place,” the frog woman let out before leaping back to her throne to await her next meal.

On a wide-open field that used to be used for only travelers or fierce battles, an enormous tarp had been laid out across an area of land large enough to hold a full army’s worth of troops. While the feat had been impressively accomplished thanks to the work of hundreds of workers, it was nothing compared to the massive shade above it. The makeshift cover created from countless numbers of re-used tents sat at a staggering 100 feet tall. It was only thanks to the work of one of the people responsible for the meeting that the apparatus had been put up in time to be ready for a most peculiar, but very important gathering.

From her spot beneath the tarp, Robin could see her fellow, monstrous women slowly approaching in the distance. Craning her thick neck up, she had to question if she had set up the tent properly enough. Despite the towering stature of the cover, she still came close to grazing her horns against it. Lowering her gaze to see how much of the tarp had been covered up by her sizable rear, she also wondered if there was enough space for them to all sit down. Clacking her clawed fingers against her bulbous gut, the reptilian woman spent her time nervously swaying

her girthy tail as she mentally recounted the food supply to ensure it could keep up with their ravenous appetites.

As Robin considered calling on her husband to fetch extra provisions, Olivia managed to skitter beneath the tent. Whereas before the dancer had been shy to show off her unique features, the silken garments she had sewn for herself left very little to the imagination. Only a thin strap had been wrapped around her chest to keep some of her plump teats from being shown off. While this did leave her drooping belly to jiggle around, the spider woman had found it more useful to use her thread to secure a number of webbed up orbs along the surface of her enormous, building sized abdomen.

“Olivia,” Robin began as her mind went wild with an unsettling thought. “What are those?”

“Snacks from home,” Olivia clicked from her mandibles. Reaching a thick, chitinous arm around, she snatched up several of the pods to stick in her mouth. “Don’t worry, it’s just some livestock meat and fruit,” she added as she noticed the look in Robin’s eyes. “Would you like some?”

“I’ll wait until after the meeting, if that’s alright,” Robin said noticing the excited gleam behind Olivia’s glossy eyes. “At the very least, we’ll need to wait until Maribelle-“

The tent was nearly bowled over as the aforementioned frog woman jumped towards them. Out of the three, she had easily grown the largest with her bulbous eye getting dangerously close to hitting the top even as she squatted down. At the edges of her mouth could be seen a smear of flies stuck to her that were greedily licked up by her tongue. Despite the snack, there

was a sense of aggression behind her yellow eyes that seemed solely focused on her fellow monsters.

“For the CROOOOOOOOAAAK record, this wasn’t my idea,” Maribelle explained, wiping her lips clean of a layer of slime. “The two of you should thank my CROOOOOOOOAAAK husband for setting this up.”

“I already explained my gratitude towards him,” Robin answered. “However, I will wait until I see how this meeting goes.”

“You said that you had an update about our conditions?” Olivia asked as she continued to snack on her pods. “Did you find a cure?”

“Oh no, I gave up looking for that long ago,” Robin said as she casually scratched at her scaly, massive tits. “I think we can all agree how much better these forms are.”

“While you are correct CROOOOOOOOAAAK there,” Maribelle spoke up, pausing for a moment to snatch up one of Olivia’s snack bundles, “that does bring into question what this is all about.”

“I was getting to that,” Robin said, hoping a burst of flame from her nostrils would be enough to keep the frog woman silent for at least a few moments. “Chrom told me about your little ‘plan’ of invading our territories.”

“Maribelle, is that true?” Olivia asked, her face full of surprise despite her arms looking ready to charge at a moment’s notice.

“I’ll CROOOOOOOOAAAK admit it,” Maribelle replied as she waved her face with her webbed fingers. “However, I’m sure the two of you were thinking of something similar.”

“W-well...” Olivia trailed off, the look in her eyes telling the rest of the story.

“And it’s because of this very urge that I asked you to join me here,” Robin replied. “If we don’t do something about these desires to conquer, we need to find a way to at least keep them from hurting innocent people.”

Finishing her chewing, Maribelle stood at her full height to have the cover stretch against her skull. “Then let’s do it here. Right now. Winner takes CROOOOOOOOAAAAAKKK all.”

“Maribelle, wait!” Olivia said, quickly skittering between her and Robin. “This can’t be healthy.”

“She’s not wrong,” Robin said, leaving the other monster women confused. “One way to get these aggressive tendencies out of the way will be through sparring matches similar to what they do at Arena Ferox. However,” she continued, holding up a hand to make sure both of her comrades saw her outstretched, clawed finger, “it won’t just be the three of us.”

“What do you mean?” Maribelle asked, her intrigue convincing her to settle back down for the time being.

With a grin that showed off her rows of sharp teeth, Robin reached back towards her back spikes. Gingerly moving her fingers around, she gently grasped something. Bringing her hand back to the front, she held it up to show a single person standing on her palm. If it wasn’t for the pure boldness for agreeing to the stunt, the woman’s identity could be easily identified with her mage robes, long, black hair, and the creepy look in her eyes.

“I have just what we need,” Tharja shouted out, drawing the monster women just as she placed the idol that had started this situation up against her chest. “Allow me to demonstrate,”

she said as a flash from the gem lit up her grin before bathing the group in its blinding light once more.

Fitting since it was the inspiration for the solution, Ferox had been eager to accept the new type of combat event. They had even been kind enough to seclude a large stretch of empty wasteland to use for the construction of the gigantic-sized arena. While the task of building the structure seemed nigh impossible, the combatants had pitched in to put it together as fast as possible. After all, their growing numbers meant that there was a time limit to how long before their aggression would come out in other ways.

Waddling her way into the battle arena, Robin put her enormous belly first as she walked through the massive opening. Her sluggish movements forward served to emphasize how far her breasts and belly stuck out in comparison to her plump tail. With similar heft clinging to her scaly arms and legs, she knew that mobility wasn't going to be her focus in the upcoming fight. Especially considering who her opponent was.

Rather than enter through the massive cave on the opposite side of the battlefield, the other monster made her appearance from the sky. With a flap of the leathery, black wings attached to her blubbery arms, she waved them around to show off a length capable of fully enveloping several ships at once. As the limbs were held up, Robin and everyone else in the stadium got a good look at the layer of thick, black fur lining the monster woman's heavy gut and equally engorged bosom. Flickering her wide, triangular ears, the combatant waited until everyone got a look at her flattened nose beneath her head of long, pink hair. Once she was

certain that everyone was looking, Cherche made her opening move by letting out a loud screech.

Wincing at the cry left Robin open to attack as soon as the bell was rung. With a leap, the bat woman managed to slam straight into the reptilian's woman's gut. While the padding between both of the bodies kept their damage to a minimum, killing each other wasn't their intention. The true goal of the contest was to see who would be the first to shove their opponent into the sizable stretches of webbing Olivia had spread across the walls. Unfortunately for Robin, that win condition became further and further from her grasp as her wide backside was pushed towards the boundary bit by bit.

Letting out a mighty roar, the former tactician turned bestial brute grabbed hold of Cherche's hips. Summoning up her strength, she attempted to swing the bat woman into the wall to reverse their positions. However, mid-way through the throw her plan was disrupted by her opponent letting out another, ear-splitting cry.

Forced to release her grasp, Robin nearly got caught in the webbing as she stumbled away to ease her ears. With a snarl, she turned her thick neck side to side to try and get a bead on her opponent. Her momentary distraction had made her lose track of where the bat had flown off to. That was until the flapping of wings brought her attention upwards.

Tilting up her neck and giving the audience a look at her countless rows of scaley chins, Robin spotted her opponent. Each wave of Cherche's wings adjusted her position as she circled above the arena, looking for an opportunity to attack again. While the tactic was technically allowed by the loose rules set up for the contest, Robin was still annoyed that most of her bulk

was useless against an airborne enemy. Clutching her claws, the tactician steadied her purple eyes on Cherche to attempt her only chance to claim victory.

With a shake of the countless tons of fat making up her gut, Robin turned her next roar into a plume of bright purple flames. Concentrating the shot's force made it lose some of its spread in exchange for providing just enough reach. While she couldn't get a direct shot, enough of the blaze managed to strike the wing to send the bat woman careening back towards the stadium.

Skidding into the sandy arena, Cherche focused first on taking care of the flames still flickering against her wings. Too busy putting out the last of the purple embers, she couldn't reply in time to the heavy stomps coming towards her. Before she could let off another piercing screech, Robin pushed her into one of the webs with a shove of her massive belly fat. As Cherche stuck to the threads, the reptilian woman craned up her neck to let a mighty roar signal her victory.

As the last of Robin's outcry petered off, another flutter of wings could be heard. Much faster than Cherche's, the silky, dull grey appendages were marked with an array of stunning eye patterns. The flashy wings folded in as their owner landed to give some coverage to her behemoth buttocks and abdomen. Crossing her four, flabby arms together, Tharja let her bulbous black eyes survey the area for any immediate danger. Once she was certain that everything was settled, she waddled over to Robin to raise up her hand.

"We have our winner!" Tharja announced, more than eager to let people bask in the glory of her ruler.

Reveling in the ensuing cheers, Robin followed Tharja as they waddled out of the arena. Looking over her shoulder, she spotted Olivia hard at work untangling the bat woman from the web. Once Cherche was free, it would fall upon the arachnid to get the barriers patched up and ready to go again in time for the next fight to commence.

As Robin helped herself to one of the many carts of food that had been brought for her and her fellow monsters, she looked over to see how the competition was looking. This mostly focused on seeing how well Lucina was adapting to her new fighting style. With her scaley, dark blue arms too large to wield most weapons, she had to focus on her body's new features. If she wanted to win, the princess would have to rely on the use of the fangs hidden beneath her snout and the long, thick, serpentine tail that stretched on nearly 100 feet. She was technically the shortest of the monster women, but she would still be an admirable adversary for anyone that would come to face her.

While admiring Lucina's work with a training boulder, Robin heard a massive object leap behind her. Rather than panic, she merely let out a sigh as she turned around. "Hello, Maribelle."

"CROOOOOOOOOOAAAAAK greetings," the frog woman replied. "How did your CROOOAAK match go?"

"Cherche made it hard, but I beat her this time," Robin replied. "Although I'll be paying for it later when she asks for more sparring matches back home."

"Thank you for getting the crowd CROOOOOOOAAAAK warmed up for us," Maribelle commented as she looked out towards her daughter. "We'll be sure to give them a good match."

"Are you going to go easy on her?"

“Absolutely CROOOOOOOAAAAAK not,” Maribelle said with a shake of her expanded throat. “She knew what she was getting into when she accepted the idol blessing. I won’t hold back and neither should she. How else will we get out our CROOOOOOOOOAAAAAK aggression?”

“Perhaps with one of the hundreds of other people who are volunteering by the day to join us,” Robin replied, a toothy grin forming on her face as she and Maribelle looked forward to the new age of the kaiju women.