

As Divine Priestess, Kokomi was forced to shoulder the weight of Watatsumi Island by her lonesome. As supreme ruler of her small island nation, she was in charge of all affairs, be they religious, domestic, foreign, and military.

Such a great burden on someone so young would break most people. But as her fellow countrymen were quick to point out, Kokomi was not most people. She was a genius of strategy and statecraft. Of course she could carry all these burdens herself, she was the one who led them through a successful rebellion. Whose influence was vital in ending the Vision Hunt Decree, and stopping the Raiden Shogun's tyrannical reign.

Kokomi knew better, however. She was not the peerless leader they all saw her as. She wasn't the flawless priestess, nor the undefeated general they wanted to believe in. It had been chance that had allowed them to end the Vision Hunt Decree, the Shogun remained the undisputed and beloved figure, even after all she did.

It was thanks to a fateful Traveler, that Kokomi had managed to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. And it weighed on her.

Kokomi carried more failures and burdens than her people knew. And with it came stress, frustration, *anger*.

And with that anger came... *changes*.

Kokomi would often seclude herself in her secret cave, to wind down and let the burdens of her duty be rendered non-existent, even if only for a while. She meditated, she drank soothing tea, she practiced her calligraphy, anything to calm the *rage* that existed underneath... lest it turned her into that *beast*.

Kokomi didn't know precisely the origins of her 'affliction'. The most she managed to get was a curse upon her ancestral line, an angry spirit who might have enacted vengeance for some slight or other, and now she was paying the price for it.

She was always paying the price, no matter what she did... even if it had nothing to do with her.

Kokomi took a deep breath, easing the grip on her brush. She had to relax, she had to relax...

Some days were harder than others when she felt her stress couldn't take it anymore. When sometimes the beast hit its limit and she felt on the brink of losing control...

But she had to remain in control, she had to, it was expected of her. She had to keep this secret from her people. To show herself worthy of her station, nobody would follow her if they knew the truth...

Duty. Responsibility... always what she *had* to do, never what she *wanted*.

Where was the fairness in that? Why did everyone get to be free by her? Why were they all so content with cheering for her, praising her, asking her to lead them, only to forsake her the next moment? Not even sparing a thought about how their 'perfect lady' was handling everything that was placed on her since *birth*.

The brush snapped in her hands.

Kokomi gasped, she had lost control there, her anger flaring up with the rhythm of her drumming heart. She set the remains of the brush aside as her hand trembled, as tremors rocked through her body uncontrollably.

A beast rattled at the cage, and Kokomi struggled to placate it.

She closed her eyes, counted, prayed to the gods, but the silence only served to stoke the fire in her. Even now she was fighting for control, against a curse that was not of her own doing.

A strangled gasp escaped her lips, and Kokomi quickly sat up, knocking the chair back. Her palms rested over the table as she hunched over it, panting while feeling her heart boom in her ears.

She was so tired of needing to be perfect all the time, to suppress every single 'unworthy' impulse and trait of her persona. It made it all pool inside her and boil in a stew of anger... and she wanted to let it *all* out.

Kokomi's eyes flashed green.

And a growl ripped out of her throat.

It was raw, untamed, wild, furious. It felt like a venom spreading from the depths of her soul, tainting her, warping her. The poison, the rage, was slowly turning her perfectly creamy skin green.

And with it came pain, *change*. Her body was palpitating, throbbing, *growing*. Kokomi's back arched as it spread, widening the gap between her shoulders quite noticeably, stretching the delicate fabrics of her dress. Muscles pulsed as they swelled in size, lines of definition spreading as said muscles soon were competing for space.

Everything felt so tight, from her small shoes to her gloves, her enlarging frame gave the outfit no room to stretch as it reached a limit, and soon the sounds of threads pulling and snapping were heard.

Her traps rose like hills, framing her bulking neck. She gasped in relief when her chocker split in half. Deltoids the size of cannonballs inflated and split into several groups. Thick pectorals rose, forming a deep line between them while her breasts pushed up against the dress.

Sleeves clung to her thickening arms until they were almost painted on. With a heave, she *threw* the desk and spilled all the items on top of it, it splintered into multiple pieces when it impacted against the cave's wall. The action caused large rips to appear along her sleeves, and for her gloves to unravel.

Legs *burst* into existence, tearing her stockings apart and reducing them to mere strings. Her feet tore free from her shoes easily. Her buttocks hardened into muscular orbs and made her underwear right up something fierce.

With a growl, she thrust her chest out, ripping away most of the dress, letting her shredded abs breathe freely, showing the gilded emerald flesh shining with sweat, rippling with the slightest movements.

Kokoki panted through clenched teeth, making her pectorals *throb* and her muscular gut flex stronger each time. Clad in savage green, she looked like a creature of the wilds, a beast unbound and untamed. No longer caged in responsibilities, failures, or expectations.

No longer was she the perfect priestess, she was rage incarnate at long last.

And with an earth-shaking roar, she proclaimed her freedom.