

# LIKE BIG SIS

BIWEEKLY STORY #88

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**“Aww... But I wanted to go too.”**

The feeling of inadequacy that plagued the youngest princess of the Nohr kingdom, Elise, was not a new feeling to her. She had felt it plenty in the past. Being told that she couldn't accompany her siblings when it came to military operations because they were too 'dangerous', even though she had been training all the same. So what if she was a healer? Wouldn't that have made her more of an asset on the frontlines?

In this case, it was her older sister Camilla that had been called away. Camilla was in her twenties and was big, strong, and beautiful. There was no doubting her combat capabilities, and Elise idolized everything about her to the point that she'd even woven some matching purple into her own hair. She was everything that the younger sister wanted to be, but even in her teens she felt like she was so far away from reaching those same heights.

Really, she just wanted to be able to stand at her siblings' sides whenever they needed her. Camilla had to cancel their plans to go to battle. That was fine! But why did she never have the option to go out with her? Her opportunities to spend time with her siblings was already so little. She just wanted *more*.

So, after receiving the news that her big sis was being deployed, Elise had retreated her room to mope about it. She had nothing else planned for her day now aside from some training in the evening and being denied another opportunity to spend with her sister had just left her in a very depressed mood, naturally.



**“I get it. I’m still a kid compared to Xander, Leo, and Camilla, but I wish I was strong enough that I could go out with them too.”** The saddest part was that the others were always telling her that she was strong, so why wasn’t she strong *enough*? It seemed like even Corrin, her sibling who was always locked up in that fort, was trusted more than she was when it came to strength. **“The world of adults isn’t fair... I wish I was more like big sis.”**

What Elise didn’t realize that there was something in her room that was listening closely not to her words, but to her desires. After his last trip deeper into the kingdom, her older brother Xander had brought her back a souvenir from one of

Nohr’s mines. A glimmering gemstone that shone the same pink as Elise’s eyes. He’d thought of it a suitable trinket but hadn’t been aware that it was a rare kind of enchanted ore.

One that, through magic, could make one’s desires a reality just once before the power was exhausted. One that had, in fact, activated in response to Elise’s overall depression. The girl had gotten ready to take a nap, slipping into a black nightgown so that she could snore her depression away. But before she could ultimately slide into bed, a strange feeling washed over her. **“Did I come down with something today? Great...”** She almost felt a little feverish, which was the last thing she needed considering how badly her day had been going thus far.

This had only enforced the fact in her mind that taking a nap was for the best. At least that had *been* the case up until the moment she felt the breeze wafting through the window tickle her upper thighs. **“...Huh?”** Maybe that didn’t sound all *that* strange, but from Elise’s perspective it was. After all, the length of her night gown’s skirt was meant to fall down to her *knees*.

This prompted her to look downwards, and suddenly a flurry of realizations hit her. Her skirt was resting at the top of her thighs? Wasn’t her bed farther down than she remembered? Why did her gown’s sleeves fit so tightly on her shoulders? **“Did I get taller!?”** It was such a profound and unbelievable realization that she wasn’t even sure if she could believe what she was saying, and yet it appeared to be the truth.

Her height had sprung up promptly, bringing her height to around 5'6" in a matter of moments. No longer did she sport the height of a girl of her age, but it wasn't even *simply* a matter of her height.

**“N-No, I feel a little... Um... *bloated?*”** That was the best word the girl could use to describe how she felt, but she didn't quite understand it as she was practically dancing around her room, seeing how everything looked so much smaller from her new point of view. She *did* eventually understand, however, thanks to a less than subtle *jiggling* feeling. One that resonated throughout her body but was the most evident in some key areas. Area that continued to imperil the fit of her bedwear.

This was seen clearly in her *chest*, for Elise's paltrier showing of bosom – typical of a maiden that had been in her early teens – promptly erupted into something more *adult*. They jumped a trio of sizes, soon reaching C-cups that forced a tear down the neckline of her gown. They jiggled and bounced, and Elise could hardly believe her eyes. **“Wow, my chest! They might be bigger than... Well, no they aren't bigger than big sis'.”** But they were definitely a *start*.

She'd been so distracted by their jiggling masses that she'd hardly noticed a similar phenomenon had occurred down south, with her hips swinging wider and her thighs engorging cutely. With a perky bum that lifted the back of her gown, she looked every part that of a young woman in her twenties. This included a face that appeared much less like that of a babe and more like, well, Elise *but older*.

**“Did I grow up? So fast? Wow! It must be some kind of magic, but how!?”** Curious, it took the young woman a moment to peel her clothing off so that she could examine herself in the nude. From her point of view she'd simply become an older version of herself, which really was what had happened *initially*, yet so fixated on how she had grown, she didn't quite realize that there was more at work here than she had first realized.

For example? The purple highlights in her hair had begun to fade away so that it was all blonde, while the curls unraveled thanks to strands of hair that were becoming increasingly erratic and wild in terms of their natural style. Before long, her locks had exploded out behind her in every direction while both lengthening and acquiring a thicker, more luscious volume. Even her bangs were lengthier and fluffier, but she didn't really notice.

**“I bet I look super sexy, too!”** Elise had always wondered what it would be like to be sexy, and now she had firsthand knowledge! Not that she was about to go out wooing anyone, mind you. She had to figure out how to explain this to her family first! **“...Whoa!?”**

But before she could properly think about what to do in that regard... Well, she almost fell over. It was a strange feeling that had plagued her. A great warmth had spread throughout her body, and in turn all of her muscles had clenched up uncomfortably. It provoked even a strange sound from the back of her throat. "**Grrr...**" A growl. Like she was some kind of beast with a voice that was deeper than it had been before.

It was fortunate for her that she had *already* stripped, because when the tightness of her muscles suddenly released? As if a plethora of tension had kept her strength limited all of this time, every muscle in her body suddenly swelled. From head to toe she became beefier, with skin struggling to tighten around arms, legs, and a torso that had all swelled to rival – and maybe even surpass – those of her sister, Camilla.

What's more, the growth wasn't quite *limited* to her muscle mass alone. For her body's height experienced a similar spurt of growth, this time to a whopping *six-feet and three inches*. It was a dramatic jump that saw to it she would struggle to even leave her own room without having to crouch through the door to exit. And Elise herself felt flabbergasted. "**Holy crap!**", she blurted out with a voice that was gruffer than her old one, with vernacular that was far less proper than any princess should have spoken with.

Evidently, it was having some sort of effect on her mind as well.

The burning feeling lingered, but now it was plainer both in her curves and her head. In the latter case, it was because of the four spikes that appeared to be emerging from her head. A mix of blue and dark pink, they almost looked like stained glass. But they weren't actually a part of her body – they were limiters meant to keep something greater buried within her ample flesh. Her eyes even changed in color, with the right taking the dark pink, and the left taking the icy blue. The more this feeling built, the more she could feel herself growling. Like something wild was being contained within her.

Holding her head in one of her bigger, meatier hands, the burning in her head pulled away her attention from the fact that her frame continued to swell. Although it was isolated to her womanly curves. The huge muscles that Elise now sported had *already* left her chest to appear more pronounced, but bare as they were they jiggled fuller and fuller with a mass that almost seemed *inconceivable*. She was lucky she had become so strong, because those muscles were necessary to maintain a pair of tits that were each larger than her head – with nipples that almost seemed to be permanently erect.

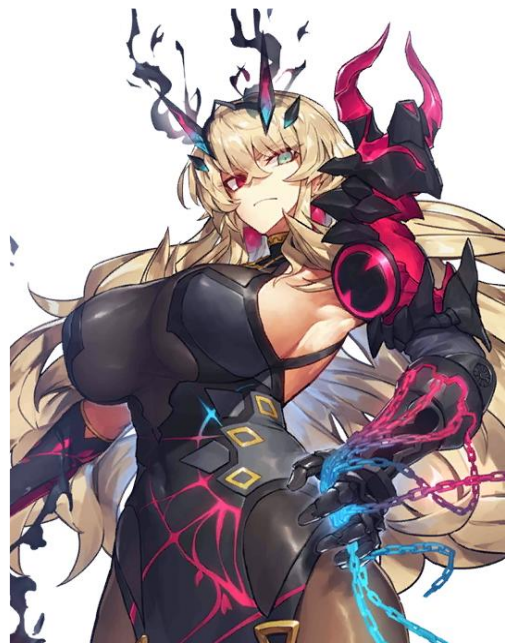
**“This feels so... Grr... good!”** Her mind, clouded, grew hooked on the feeling of this heat while her memories were adjusted. Nothing about her past identity was changed – it was more like she *received* knowledge. All tactical for when it came to the battlefield, and how to best make use of the raw strength her body now contained. She was also imbued with something else – the idea that the limiters on her head must *never* be removed or broken.

Nonetheless, these mental changes bore little effect on the continued abundance that her mature features inherited. Her hips were forced almost a *foot* wider because of a growth that saw her muscular ass balloon into a pair of firm yet perky cheeks that looked more than a little fun to grope, while thighs burgeoned with tender meat so that no gap was left between her legs. Her body was so tall, so strong, so *thick*, and Elise herself hardly saw anything wrong with it.

*Wasn't this exactly what she had wanted?*

**“Did that really just happen!?”**

The woman wasn't referring *just* to the bulging arms she was flexing, but to the huge chest that bounced atop her extremely firm pecs as well. Memories intact, Elise now stood as an amazon of a woman, towering over most while sporting flesh that was *extremely* tantalizing. In plenty of ways, it was reminiscent of Camilla's appeal. Yet something about her long, chaotic style of hair and the gruffer demeanor she had inherited made her seem *wilder* than Camilla somehow.



And while she could still remember who she had once been, her name was not something she could recite. There was another name now. *Barghest*. That was what she went by, and what she *would* go by going forward. It sounded like a strange name, but she also felt pride in it for *some* reason related to her new personality. Likely because this was exactly what she had wanted. To be as strong as her siblings and fight alongside them. Well, there was certainly no denying that she was strong *and* mature. So how could anyone ever tell her no?

At the same time, a plethora of issues triggered a bout of anxiety. **“Wait, what the heck am I going to tell my siblings!? What am I going to wear!?”** Proportionately there was no doubt that she was bigger than even Camilla in every capacity, and there was no way her *own* clothes

would fit now. She'd be lucky to get one of her shirts over just one of her massive tits! And what would the king say? She knew the others would accept her if they believed her.

But *would* they believe her?

**“Oh... Maybe this is going to be a headache?”**

Probably.