

Touhou Project

Devil's Dog Miko Meal

It had been a week since the skies were clouded in crimson and the moon was soaked in blood red, a week since the Shrine Maiden of Hakurei and the Ordinary Magician stormed the halls of the Scarlet Devil Manor and brought nefarious schemes of its mistress to heel, bringing peace to Gensokyo once more. In that time, the denizens of the mansion had settled down in their complacent routines that were only interrupted by the visits of those they welcomed and those they had to chase out for one reason or another. As the summer sun shone bright in the clear blue heavens above and the breeze washed over from the peaks of Youkai mountain to the streets of the Human Village, one such denizen walked the trail that snaked its way through the forests.

Sakuya Izayoi. The name, to some, struck fear. The dog of the devil some said, a human that turned on her own kind for many reasons hotly debated. Nobody knew but the mistress of the manor herself what made Sakuya the way she was, to serve a monster so faithfully as she did. There were stories of mind control, a spell of sorts, or that maybe behind that cold, calm exterior was hiding some demented evil befitting the vampire's service. Whatever the story, Sakuya had no care for their rumors and fables. She lived to serve the mistress of the manor and those who called her friend, her reasons being her own, and she certainly dressed the part with her french maid dress and accompanying apron and headband; something she wore nearly every hour of the day with little variation. When the wind played with her skirt, the flutter briefly revealed another secret of her person: the knives strapped around her thighs. She was the embodiment of polite and elegant danger, a deadly foe for any and all that earned her ire.

*~ Scarlet Devil's Perfect and Elegant Maid ~
~ Sakuya Izayoi ~*

Now, this particular trail that Sakuya had taken would lead to the Misty Lake, specifically the shore opposite of the Scarlet Devil Mansion, before wrapping around the lake's edge right to the manor itself. It wasn't the fastest route between that and the Human Village, but it was certainly the most scenic route and Sakuya didn't really need to be the fastest. She already was (So she thought). She seldom took this path, after all, she was a busy maid no thanks to the employed fairies barely capable of *holding* a broom let alone knowing how to use one. However, today, just this once, she allowed herself a brief respite from the constant hustle and bustle to take in the sights and sounds Gensokyo had to offer, even offering conversation to the youkai she passed along the way...well, after fending them off of course.

It was as Sakuya stepped out of the forest and onto the lake's edge that she gave pause. It was a beautiful day over the lake, the morning mist rising to let waters glitter like a sea of diamonds in the noon day glow. It was a captivating sight, only made more pleasant by the gentle breeze caressing the leaves of the trees behind her and the coolness brushing against her fair skin. She took a deep breath of the fresh air and began to sink into her thoughts.

How long has it been now? She asked herself as she began walking the road down memory lane. *Twenty years, thirty?*

Sakuya couldn't rightly recall how long ago it had been, just what had happened on that blood red night. Ages past, a vampire hunter as skilled as her knives were sharp had intended to take the lives of the Scarlet Sisters, but when she delved into dungeons deep and dank and found them huddled together, one putting herself before the other. In her hesitancy, a seed of doubt was planted, but she dove headlong into battle. The flash of silver, that slash of nails, the warmth of blood steaming from screaming wounds. Sakuya slips the silver watch from her pocket, its ticking ever so faint. The memory was all a blur, but in the end, even with this power over time, Sakuya had been bested. In a moment of shame, she had desired death, but the Scarlet Devil saw something more in her. Sakuya looks up to the manor across the twinkling lake. Was it the right decision? Despite her utmost devotion, the doubts crept in through the tiny cracks and those that managed to sneak in whispered doubts.

Remember what that immature brat did? Remember what happened after? Remember how she almost plunged an entire land into chaos?

Sakuya took a deep breath and let it out. She couldn't deny that, yes, as much galavanting as Remilia Scarlet did, she definitely had a lack of maturity she pretended not to have. She also couldn't deny that the sudden scheme to blanket the entirety of Gensokyo without an ounce of thought in regards to the consequences was a brash mistake that could've been avoided. She could have spoken up, but she didn't. Was it fealty that kept her lips sealed or was it deep down she wanted to let karma take its course? So many thoughts, so many questions, and all sprinkled in a light seasoning of self-doubts. The maid took a deep breath and let it all out, then looked to the lake again. Alone with nature, emptying her mind of thoughts even for just a moment.

But Sakuya wasn't alone and centered in the thoughts of another.

Hidden in the treetops, a pair of eyes embedded in a cold and stern face, stared down at the Scarlet Devil's maid. As her old miko's attire that garbed her tall, muscular and curvaceous form

fluttered in the wind, her grip tightened firmly around her naginata. Her name had been long lost to the history of Gensokyo and her past. Ever since the Scarlet Devil Incident drew her from hiding, she'd been watching over the Manor and those who called it home, but of all the manor's members, it was Sakuya she held deep contempt for. In this land of Gensokyo, there was a delicate balance between man and Yokai in which monsters held sway over human's fears. There were laws, when Gensokyo was born, that humans should never make peace with the creatures that ruled else be spirited away. Sakuya Izayoi was a blight on the status quo, an abomination that had to be ripped from ground like a weed from the crop.

- Lost Maiden of Paradise -
- Sendai Hakurei no Miko -

Slowly, the shrine maiden raised her weapon and took aim.

Sakura glanced over her shoulder, something catching her ear. There, in the trees, a glint of steel catching light. In the blink of an eye, she drew her knife, the blade leaving her finger tips, slicing through the air, and striking the blur with a metal clang. Both dagger and naginata ricocheted off one another and dug themselves deep into the earth.

"Who's there?!" Sakuya called out, several more knives seemingly blinking into existence between her fingers. A figure dropped down from above and stepped into the light, the maid's eyes briefly widening. "Reimu? No...you almost look like her, but..."

The woman took a few steps forward before suddenly breaking into a sprint, snatching the naginata along the way. Reacting swiftly, Sakuya hurled several daggers, but the stranger sidestepped each and every one of them, deflecting two of them midflight. She just barely had time to draw one to defend herself when the one leapt into the air and brought the sharpened edge, stopping it just inches from her nose. There was a brief struggle between them, metal scraping under the opposing pressures, until Sakuya managed to break the stalemate and take a few slashes. The much larger woman quickly retreated, taking a defensive stance when she stopped. In lock step, both women circled one another while waiting for their foe to take the first strike.

"Who are you?" Sakuya coldly asked, lifting one of her knives to eye level.

"Even if I still bore a name, I would never bequeath to one who sells herself to a demon."

Sakuya's glare sharpened.

"Hmph, did I strike a nerve, mongrel?" The nameless miko remarked, flashing a brief smirk.

"Do you know the laws of this land? That which keeps the balance."

"I do, and why does that matter now?"

"Because you've been excused from breaking the most sacred one." The Miko spat. "A *human*

bending knee to a monster. Such sacrilege!”

Sakuya’s teeth began to grind, her grip tightening on her dagger.

“I know of your master, dog. A childish, bratty fiend who thinks nothing but herself and her own self-interests! A beast that does what she pleases without respect to Gensokyo’s code!”

"I won't let you sully my mistress's name!" Snarled the maid and the shrine maiden snapped back just as quickly.

"Why the powers that be haven't dealt with your insolence, let alone that of your manor's masters, I do not know. But, if the sages will not lift their finger to do something, *I will!*"

Again, the miko charged, thrusting the spear forward in a flurry of stabs. In between deflecting each one, Sakuya attempted to throw more of her daggers, but the barrage was relentless, precise, and unflinching; seizing every moment to keep Sakuya on the defensive and wear her down.

“Just give in!” the nameless miko demanded. “And accept judgment!”

Sakuya gritted her teeth, her history with the scarlet devil replaying over and over and over again. The good times and the times that were rough, every moment she spent the sides of the Scarlet Sisters. Were they devils, yes. Were they vain and pompous? Certainly, she wouldn't argue that. But despite it all, she saw the good in them and the maelstrom fury turned and turned until it all finally came welling up into one ferocious scream!

“NEVER!”

Sakuya suddenly bolted forward, unphased by the naginata's blade slicing through cloth and flesh, before driving her dagger into Miko's shoulder. Taken aback, the much larger woman staggered. It was do or die, end this now or surely perish. Sakuya grasped the silver pocket watch that dangled at her waist, her thumb pressing firmly down on the crown. In that instant, its tick echoed and time slowed steadily to a stop, everything freezing into place...with the exception of the Maid. Calmly, she rose to a stand, hands together at her waist as she approached her attacker. She then took hold of her knife, wrenching it free and carefully sliding it back into its holster.

“I'll show you where you can stuff those damned laws.” She uttered venomously before leaning in closer, her jaws yawning open; getting wider and wider and wider until she was closing them around the former miko's entire head. She had all the time she could ever want in this frozen world and no one to disturb them either. Sakuya expected the worst, bracing herself for the taste of dirt and filth. Much to her surprise, however, what her tastebuds were surprised to find was a juicy, meaty meal; like a perfectly cooked steak. It was enough to make her mouth water! **GLRR!** The back of

her throat stretched over the woman's head, allowing her entry into her waiting esophagus, which contorted with some slight strain to squeeze her inside. **GLRK!** Sakuya's lips were now beginning to stretch over the miko's broad shoulders, the taste of blood joining the flavor. Those would've been the most challenging thing to get down if it weren't for the massive breasts coming up. Despite being tightly bound in sarashi, they were absolutely massive. Sakuya had to chomp at the soft orbs, bit by bit, to get them in her mouth, her jaws pushed their limits and just *screaming* in pain.

GR!...GLRK...GLRRRRRK!

It took a few tries, but she managed to swallow those too, the woman's slender, but toned stomach, coming to her waist; which fortunately wasn't as large as her bosom. Grasping the miko's legs, she hoisted them into the air, her own legs bending under the now massive weight. She struggled to keep balance for a moment, but once she found it, she mustered her hardest swallow yet.

GLRRRRRRK!

The miko's body suddenly lurched downward and while her backside was now entering Sakuya's throat, her head and shoulders were pushed into the stomach below. Every gulp after yanking the rest of her body inside, bit by bit, Sakuya's stomach quickly expanded from her petite frame to make room for this beastly woman.

Urgh...She's too much... thought the miko as the thighs stretched out her esophagus and her belly was beginning to droop to the floor. *Can't give up now...just a little...more...*

GLRK!

GLRRRRK!

GLRRRRRRRRK!

All that remained was Sendai's feet, but with tears in her eyes and her face pinched in strain, she fought her stomach to get the rest of the woman down. She lifted her head back and with all the strength she had left-

schlurp-GLRRRK!

-last Sakuya swallowed the last of the former shrine maiden. The moment those feet vanished beneath her gullet, Sakuya fell back with a gasp; lungs sucking in the air they had been deprived of. She sat there, looking at the now bulbous belly pushing up her skirt and spreading her legs apart,

knowing that a full grown woman was trapped inside. A small smirk tugged at her lips as she pondered it.

"A human..." She said in a breath. "Eating a human...does that make me a devil too?"

Sakuya noticed the pocket watch resting on her breast, reminding her of the time frozen all around her and the places she indeed to be. She hoisted herself up, nearly losing her balance again, before brushing the dust from her dress and licking that last bit of flavor on her lips. Once she made herself as proper as one could with a large, human-filled stomach before taking the pocket watch and pressing in its crown.

"Grr, damn yo-" the Miko snarled. "Huh?"

One moment the woman was taking a knife in the shoulder, the next she found herself in a hot, cramped chamber with fleshy, pulsating walls. Following her initial instinct, she pushed and kicked and punched at her confines.

GUUUURRRRRRRROOOUUUUUOOOUURRRRGLLE!

The Miko's eyes widened in horror. Her suspicions blossomed into the horrible reality she found herself in: She'd been eaten alive. She didn't know how it happened, almost as if there was a gap in her memory, but regardless, she began to furiously fight for her life as the walls tightened and secreted their stinging fluids.

Outside, Sakuya cupped a hand over her lips.

"-**HURROUARP!**- Oh, dear." She glanced around, then giggled. "Well, good thing no one was around to hear that."

She flinched as fist rose up from under the skin of her belly, briefly flipping her skirt.

"Please, just settle down in there." Sakuya attempted to soothe her belly with a gentle rub.

"LET ME OUT!" Came a muffled, furious screams from her innards. "DAMNED MUTT, I WON'T BE YOUR MEAL!"

"Protest all you like, but you sealed your fate when you attacked me." Her face briefly twisted in pain as another imprint of a foot jutted out from the bottom of her belly. Instead of wasting her breath on trying to convince her unruly meal otherwise, Sakuya picked up her fallen knives before hovering slightly aloft and continuing down the trail. During the walk back to the manor alone, her stomach began tauten around its meal, deforming perfectly in the shape of the former shrine maiden turned afternoon lunch. It occasionally twitched and moved, but by the time Sakuya was approaching

the gates, the busty, muscular woman was firmly secured.

Sakuya came to a stop at the gate, or more specifically, the gate guard taking her afternoon nap *while* standing with her arms folded across her chest. Rolling her eyes, Sakuya approached and snapped her fingers in the redhead's face.

"Meiling. Meiling!"

"SzzznRK! HUH, WHA!? OH! Sakuya, you're back!"

"And I see *you* were sleeping on the job.."

The Chinese woman grinned, bashfully scratching the back of her head. But then she looked down and gasped.

"Sakuya, what happened to you!?"

*~ Colorful Rainbow Gatekeeper ~
~ Hong Meiling ~*

"Hm, oh this?" She patted the top of her stomach,

Meiling being just barely able to make out a figure within. A **strong** figure by the looks of it.

"Someone decided it was a bright idea to pick a fight with me. Without adhering to the rules of Danmaku."

"Sakuya, your arm! Wait here."

As Meiling rushed off to the small guardhouse near the gate, Sakuya looked down at the gash in her shoulder and how it had drenched her sleeve in head. When Meiling returned, she quickly and efficiently dressed the wound.

"Well, whoever they are, it sounds like they would've been in trouble whether you...well, ate them or not."

"Maybe. There was something...different about this one."

"Different?"

After a moment of thought, she just shook her head.

"It's nothing." She patted Meiling on the shoulder and smiled. "Thank you for the bandage. Try to take your naps *out* of the sunlight, ok? Don't want you getting sunburnt."

"Eheh, right." With a single knock on the gate that held much more power than it looked, one half slowly swung open.

"Tell the mistress I said hi."

"I will." Said Sakuya as she entered the courtyard that lay before the manor itself. "I'll bring something out for you in a bit."

"Greatly appreciated as ever."

While Meiling closed the gate behind her, the maid crossed the extravagant campus between the gate and the finely crafted doors. Residing in a balcony above, the mistress of the manor, Remilia, set down her class of tea and looked down, a brow raising curious as she eyed the stomach hanging from Sakuya's waistline.

*~ The Scarlet Devil ~
~ Remilia Scarlet ~*

She couldn't help but smirk at the sight.

"Has my delightfully stoic maid got herself in some trouble?" She teased in a way that was more childish than the haughtiness she tried to portray.

Sakuya stopped and looked up. For a brief moment, as the master and servant locked eyes, she contemplated on all those thoughts at the lake. And then she smiled. "It was nothing I couldn't handle, mistress."

"As I expected." She said smugly before sinking back into her chair. "At your earliest convenience, could you fetch me a cup of tea? Oh, and Patchouli too. There was something I wished to discuss with her, but she's running a tad late."

"As you wish, mistress." the maid obediently replied. As soon as Sakuya passed through those opening doors, her day continued as it usually did. It started with preparing meals, at this very moment for Remilia, Patchouli, and some tea for Meiling, which then progressed into delivering the tea, fetching Patchouli from her study, and delivering both meal and tired, sickly witch to the balcony of which the vampire perched herself. She didn't stay long, after all, the fairy maids could hardly be entrusted to do their job at all alone properly. There was probably a mess out there to clean somewhere and even with a big meal to digest, Sakuya had a job to do and she was going to do it. As the day went from noon to evening, Sakuya diligently picked up after fairy, vampire, mage, and gate keeper; the way she kept stopping and starting time gave off the illusion that she was teleporting all over the place. It made for a very awe-inspiring show for the short-minded sprites watching.

And all the while, the digestive process of the maid's stomach took its toll on the shrine maiden trapped within. Of course she fought for her life, cursing Sakuya all the while, but several hours in, the fight caved into exhaustion; the walls having tightened around her, the Sendai was forced to curl up into a tight ball and wait for the end. Acids rose, walls contracted with growing pressure, the constant growls pouring into her ears. Clothes quickly dissolved and the stinging sensation that pricked at her skin turned to an intensifying burn while skin melted and muscle crumbled. The lack of oxygen was the finishing blow, her soul leaving behind the husk to churn into nothing but nutrients for her predator.

#URRRROOOOYUOYUOYUOYUOWARF!

Sakuya immediately slapped a hand over her mouth, eyes shifting back and forth, as the belch echoed up and down the halls of the Scarlet Devil Manor, briefly interrupting everyone's activities and stopped to look around for whatever made that bestial noise.

"Goodness me..." She muttered, briefly letting out a small hiccup in-between. "I hope no one heard that..."

The maid looked down at her stomach, noticing that the definition of her meal had faded into a smooth, round stomach that had shrunk two sizes at least since she last gave it her attention. She couldn't resist caressing the only side of it, her hand sinking into the soft flesh and feeling its contents squish beneath the slightest amount of pressure. A yawn soon followed the burp and she gave a glance at the time.

"It's getting late." She looked down at her stomach again and gave it a few pats, each one jostling a few sloshes from the liquefied contents. "Maybe I should just turn in early and sleep this off. Hey you."

A passing fairy wandering aimlessly (something all fairies were fairly good at) stopped and looked up. Sakuya tossed her the feather duster as she passed her by.

"Take this and make sure this hallway is spotless."

The fairy looked down at the duster, then back at Sakuya with a sharp salute and got a pat on the head in response. She knew full well that she was probably going to forget that order, but at least the head maid could pretend someone was doing the work around here. Sakuya's room wasn't too far, but to anyone unfamiliar with the massive mansion, it was a confusing maze of halls that most wouldn't live to see escape. Upon arriving at her bedroom, she quickly switched from uniform to night gown, setting her pocket watch and knives on the bed stand along the way, and settled beneath the covers of her warm and cozy bed. Wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep, letting her stomach work off the rest of her meal.

As the night went on, her midsection steadily shrank bit by tiny bit as all that remained of the former shrine maiden was vigorously pumped into the intestine track, sloshing around her bowels where they would be absorbed and distributed. All of this accompanied by gurgles and growls that scurried across the entire manor, prompting many for the second time in one day to stop and look for the source of those eerie, guttural noises. One cup size at a time, Sakuya's bustline steadily rose up

from under the bedsheets; her nightgown screeching from growing strain before buttons popped off at maximum velocity and cloth ripped sporadically across her chest. And it wasn't just her boobs getting all the attention. While her body was working its way towards Sakuya having to buy a host of new brassieres, her bottom was growing larger as well, going from small and cute to nice and bubbly to large and supple by the time the sun crawled up the horizon.

The next morning, Sakuya stirred from slumber and sat on the edge of her bed. She took a moment to rub the sleep from her eyes before opening to a startling surprise: her massive chest! She quickly went to the mirror, looking over her now massively curvaceous figure. Not only had her chest grown even larger than the nameless miko, but so too did her backside! Even her hair had grown several feet in length, wavering freely with every motion! Striking one pose after the next, she looked at inhumanly large assets. Never did she think anyone would have a rump large enough for the cheeks to sag or breasts that were larger than one's own head! It wasn't until she noticed something on her chest that she stopped gazing at herself in awe. A tattoo. She never had a tattoo, let alone have interest in ever getting one, but there it was, depicting a circle that looked...familiar.

“Wait...Isn't that the orb of that shrine maiden?”

And it was upon looking at that orb that a strange, almost motherly sensation took hold. Of all the things Sakuya had taken from digesting the Sendai Hakurei no Miko, the strangest of it all was emotion. While her body swelled from her gains, the emotion that a mother could have for her daughter had soaked into the loyal maid's mind. Now, as she looked at the Yin-Yang orb embroidered on her chest, that sensation began to take hold and eventually culminated into one thought.

“When was the last time I visited the Hakurei Shrine?”

The Hakurei Shrine...

“Sooooo, hot...” groaned Reimu, fanning herself while sitting under the shade of her porch. She looked to the skies, which oddly enough, had not a fairy in the sky as it usually did, then looked around the shrine grounds. “Where is that annoying ice fairy when you need her? Or Suika? Hmmm...maybe I should pay Marisa a visit.”

~ Shrine Maiden of Paradise ~
~ Reimu Hakurei ~

Reimu fell backwards onto the porch, plucking a Peach slice from the small dish nearby and popping it into her mouth.

"Too hot..."

Something moving in the corner of her eye grabbed her attention towards the sky, spotting a curvaceous figure drawing near. At first she thought it was Yukari Yakumo, but if it was, why wasn't she using her gaps to visit? She was too lazy to just fly everywhere like everyone else did. Then she figured it was Yuugi Hoshiguma, but the oni never emerged from the underground on a rare few occasions and this *definitely* wasn't one of them. As the figure flew closer, however, she recognized who it was: Sakuya Izayoi, and not in a way she remembered. The last time she saw her, at a festival not too long ago, she was ever polite, delicate. *This* Sukuya sported curves that would put the Yakumo family to shame! As she landed on one foot, then the other, then approached the shrine maiden, they jiggled with a very noticeable bounce that was hardly restrained by the dress barely fitting her. What was even stranger was the very, *very* familiar image of the yin-yang orb printed across her left breast.

“Uh...Hey there Sakuya.” The words just sort of came stumbling out of her lips like Marisa after a night at Geidontei as her eyes followed the almost exaggerated wobble of those massive breasts packed in a dress that was two sizes too small. Reimu winced when the maid came to a stop, that impressive chest now so close, the shrine maiden was worried they would burst out and attack her. “Is something wrong?”

“Oh, nothing.” She said sweetly, almost motherly. “Reimu, was there a shrine maiden that came before you?”

Reimu was briefly taken aback by the odd question.

“Well, yes there was.” She said while trying not to sound as awkward as possible. “She was my mo...She um, she left when I was kid, I haven't seen her since.”

Hearing the hesitant, sorrowful tone in her voice, Sakuya's newfound motherly instincts had her throwing her arms around the shrine maiden and hugging her tightly against her bosom.

“Then I will be more than happy to be your mother, Reimu!”

Buried in soft, fat cleavage, Reimu glanced to one side while her cheeks filled with a deep red hue.

I guess this isn't too bad... thought the shrine maiden before she was pulled deeper into Sakuya's breasts. ...*Wish she wasn't doing this on such a hot day.*