

On the Scene with a Coastal Colossus

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female TG, female macro growth, size play, sex

Read at your own discretion.



"I think I hate you."

Rayna rolled her eyes, finishing her latest run of social media posts before pocketing her phone. "Too late to be a drama queen. Besides, you said yourself it'd be fun."

"I tend to regret a lot of the things I say."

The wolf's ears perked, picking up the flutter of moving fabric and the soft thump of pacing footsteps.

"Oh, just get out here already. This isn't the worst thing in the world."

There was the soft clicking of the door's latch, prompting the busty wolf woman's undivided attention. The changing room door slowly creaked open so the bunny behind it could step out. Laying eyes on them caused Rayna to clap her hands with enough excitement her basketball breasts bounced.

Wendel's eyes burned at Rayna with a hatred that could rival a dark lord of the Sith. Assuming the brown speckled bunny was into those kinds of movies. Rayna would have to treat him to some high-quality culture shows when this was over. For now, she circled them with a sly grin and swish of her thick tail. The two-foot size difference made her look like a predator about to pounce, though Wendel knew her well enough by now that such an act would only annoy him further.

"See? I told you a sundress would look cute. You are definitely a spring bunny."

"Uh huh." He remained scowling, following the wolf's hungry gaze down to the lime green dress he'd been coerced into wearing. The snug linen was soft, if unflattering on his narrow, wooden body. Having only a few feet of skirt keeping others from peeping at his junk was the real intimidator. "I still think I hate you."

That got him a playful bonk on the head by Rayna's fist. "Not enough to turn down money, it seems. Now, you ready to seal the deal?"

Anger turned to dread as Wendel's gaze shifted to the table nearby. On it was the plastic bottle filled with a bright blue liquid that would irreversibly change his entire day. Still, the bimbo wolfess had a point. The amount of money for this gig had been too good to pass up. These stupid dry periods where few good research stories popped up were never good when rent always has to keep going up.

"You win this round!" he said, not caring he had to grasp Rayna by one enormous boob to push her aside. An act she barked rather happily about, since he made his way over to down the entire bottle.

The effects were kicking in before Wendel could chuck the bottle into a waste bin. His muzzle skewed with a rough queasiness as his stomach twisting in knots. Digestion worked quick to absorb the magic into his system and, with several load pops, the bunny's torso warped. With the tight fit of his dress, it was easy to watch his stomach draw taut and flat, waist caving into a noticeable 'squeezed' curve. With a crunch and grunt of tension, his already unimpressive shoulders slimmed, helping to make his frame look more rounded.

Turning female usually didn't make Wendel that much shorter, but it was still a few inches. He always hated the feeling of being dropped when his body shrunk like that. As if all that mass needed to go somewhere, various other parts of his body began swelling at once. From the front his chest pushed out into the bra hidden underneath the dress, and then continued inflating to fill its cups. He watched a little detached at the two mounds tenting the blouse before rounding into generous size globes, the neckline being tugged down enough until there was some eye-catching cleavage on display.

Not that they landed in perfectly. Wendel grumbled as he shuffled the bra through his dress until the hefty breasts were sitting with more comfortable support. His arms and hands were already thinning into a more delicate cast, complete with manicured nails growing out. Some small part of his mind always wondered how drinking something could accomplish what takes a stylist eighty dollars and an hour to accomplish.

Another hard shift caused Wendel to grunt again. This time the fading of his Adams apple made his gasps come out light and airy to match his body. The skirt of his dress gently lifted in the back thanks to a rapid swelling of fat plumping out his buttocks. A few more snaps helped spread his hips wide for the job of childbearing, completing the softened bunny's figure.

Wendel seethed through his large front teeth baring through a sting of heat in his groin. It took nearly half a minute to pass, leaving softer thighs naturally pressed together. That was the signal it was okay to fiddle through the light fabric to dig the panties out of his bigger butt crack. There weren't any male genitalia left to worry about flashing Rayna, or any passerby for that matter. Now there was the usual delicate mound and vertical slit that came with being transformed into a female.

"Wow. That dress looks even more amazing now that you got the measurements for it." Rayna clapped her hands as if applauding Wendel's new appearance. "Although, it looks like that bra ended up a size too small."

"No shit? You work in porno after all." Wendel huffed, trying to adjust her bra again. The rich mounds tucked inside were dead set on bulging against its cups no matter what she tried to do, preventing any real sense of comfort. At least the support

was appreciated. "If you ever give me a potion that ends up lower than double D's I'd honestly think you'd made a mistake."

"Can't fault an industry for making what sells," Rayna said with a shrug.

"Sure. And why did I have to change before I transformed? That panty wedgie I got really hurt."

"No reason. I just think watching someone change to fit their attire is hot."

"Thank you for including me in your wild fetishes." The icy sarcasm and subsequent snort probably came out more adorable than Wendel wanted. There wasn't a mirror nearby but she wouldn't have been surprised if the potion had also given her an adorably young face to match her angelic voice. "Can we get to work now?"

"Whatever you say, Miss. Grumpy Buns."

"I swear to goddess if you call me that again I will walk out."

"Do let me know how the new dress feels in the open air if you do. The potion is potent enough to last three days, after all." Rayna giggled at the sour look Wendel shot back. "Come on. The stage is this way."

By 'stage,' the wolfess meant 'some dudes beach house' the studio was renting for today's project. There was still enough pride somewhere in Wendel's feminized body that she'd never agree to star in a porno. Not when she was of sound mind, anyway. Today's project happened to involved some kind of infomercial thing that, for whatever reason, Rayna had pitched her bunny roommate as the ideal spokeswoman. Someone their client seemed really eager to meet.

Wendel started to get an idea why when they got out to the beach and she spotted their client in question. Another bunny man was busy directing people to set up various props, including beach towels, inflatable toys, and water coolers. Their brown speckled patterns would make for perfect symmetry side by side with her own. Something that was probably likely, since he was only dressed in bright blue swim trunks. The tall naked body on display looked fairly skinny, even feminine in its own right.

"Yo! Fortune!" Rayna barked once they'd closed the distance by a few yards.

The bunny whirled in their direction so fast it made his thick ponytail bob. A smile crossed his face upon spotting Wendel, making her highly suspicious. Though that could just be her paranoia about everyone at this point in life.

"Hey, girls!" Fortune made a short sprint to meet them halfway, hand shooting out to shake Wendel's. "Nice to meet the famous TF journalist Rayna keeps going on about. Call me Fortune, and not just because I'm paying you girls one. I see my first potion worked without any problems. You look gorgeous in the clothes I made too."

"Gee, thanks." Wendel shook the hand, but her grilling glare was directed at the bigger wolf bimbo conveniently taking interest in some seagulls mulling nearby. "What do you mean by 'first potion?' My roommate here was a bit skimpy on job details."

Fortune blinked, also glancing at the wolf pretending to be distracted. "For real? You got this poor guy to sign my contract without explaining anything?"

"In my defense, this hopeless nerd will sign anything with enough zeros on the paycheck." At the continued looks of disbelief, Rayna threw up her hands. "I'm not evil here! There's nothing we're doing today that she doesn't secretly enjoy."

Wendel snorted. "And what are we doing here?"

"Oh boy," Fortune said, biting his lower lip. "Okay. We need to get going while we got daylight, so the short version is; this is the demonstration reel for a limited run of growth potions and expandable clothing I want to market."

"I hate that I'm following you so far..."

"The good news is that it doesn't matter what the two of us do or say on camera. I already filmed the exposition montages. This footage will either be voiced over or cut entirely."

There was a short silence as Wendel deliberately stalled out a direct answer. Unfortunately, trying to continue looking upset with the cutesy way she looked now didn't make the guy falter in the slightest. Fortune and Rayna probably knew exactly what was coming before she'd even decided herself. "Much as I dislike the idea that I'll be humiliated in front of millions, getting paid to do next to nothing is my kind of job."

"Great!" Without warning, Fortune grabbed both of Wendel's dainty hands and proceeded to drag her on stumbling paw feet towards their makeshift set. "Trust me. I planned everything to be nice and easy."

"Please stop talking like the lunatics that live in the condo above me."

"Oh? Are they alchemists too? I'd love to drop by and meet them if we ever get the chance."

Wendel got passed a fancier glass bottle with ornate handles meant to resemble dragon wings. The clearly visible contents were a syrupy substance colored a very dark red. she must have gotten a look on her face cause their reaction made the male bunny laugh.

"No. It's not blood," Fortune said, guessing Wendel's thought process rather correctly. "Sheesh! What kind of people do you deal with every day?"

"You'd be surprised how many cults I can list off after seven years of journalism."

"...anyway, we good to roll?"

Fortune had turned to the film crew, consisting of two guys and a tripod, with Rayna hovering nearby. To their credit, that looked like a fairly expensive camera, at least. The distance between them and the bunny duo was oddly far, though.

"Good to go!" shouted the canine behind the camera.

"Whenever you're ready, babe!" added the other dog.

Wendel decided not to waste more time snapping at that remark, shuffling to stand closer to her male client. She shot Fortune a quizzical glance when they suddenly started posing in a smiling wave towards the crew.

Oh right. They were supposed to be putting on a show. She gave one last dejected sigh, building up the courage to straighten with her widest smile. All teeth were made sure to flash with her cheerful wave before she used the same hand to pull out the bottles stopper. Surprisingly there wasn't much of a smell. That made it so much easier to chug back the whole thing in one go.

"Huh. That tasted pretty good, actually." Wendel set the bottle on the prop table provided. "Now what should we, uh, where are you going?"

Turning to Fortune found the guy had moved several yards away from Wendel. "Just giving you some safe space. You can never be too careful with an experimental brew, after all."

Wendel could feel her body getting hot and it wasn't from the wave of dread that sentence brought. "Whoa! Hey! Y-you didn't say anything about this being an e-experiment. That w-word and I never get along w-w-w-WHAAAAA!?"

It would be just her luck that the first thing to grow were the bunny's tits. A rush of pressure in her mounds was all the warning Wendel got before the front of her blouse billowed forward like a sail in the wind. Hands reflexively rushed to hold the barreling globes only to be overwhelmed. Their spurt wasn't so much a climb past realistic sizes as it was a jet leap. In the few seconds it took her to comprehend what was happening it was already over, leaving the young bunny with breasts larger than the sultry body they were attached to.

Another second later gravity asserted its dominance, pulling Wendel face first into the sand. Not that she had far left to drop with such soft beanbags of flesh to support her. Almost as amazing was how the dress and bra stretched to accommodate the new size. Both were still struggling to keep up, sadly. Mountains of fuzzy brown cleavage bulged through the cups, with a hint of areola showing.

"Interesting reaction," Fortune mused. His eyes intently analyzed the twin breasts larger than himself sinking into the warm sand. "It wasn't supposed to be an explosive growth, or uneven like this. I'll have to look over the ingredient lists for my next run."

"I think I hate you more than Rayna."

"You're looking hot, darling!" the wolfess shouted from somewhere Wendel was incapable of turning to see.

The hyper boobed bunny almost considered it a good thing when she felt the rest of her body suffering the same internal pressure. Just as Fortune idly commented, Wendel began shifting atop her makeshift chest bed without actually moving. Before long, her bare feet were touching the beach again, and then digging increasingly deep trenches through the sand. Toys and furniture were getting shoved aside to make a path for her stretching legs.

"H-how big am I supposed to get again?" Great. Her voice was already getting a bit louder from larger vocal cords.

A salty breeze across her ass made Wendel sharply aware that her dress was continuing to fail its intended purpose as form fitting. She gave off a squeal that rattled the set, grabbing to pull down the skirt of her dress. That only bought a few more seconds of modesty. Her rich rear was bloating out high in the air probably making a great panty shot for the camera.

"Hnngh!" Or maybe just a clean shot of her pussy, if the sharp snap and release running between her cheeks was any indication. Business as usual if the underwear would give out first, Wendel lamented with a huff.

The massive globes of her chest were feeling a lot less cumbersome. Wendle reached her arms around them and found her hands easily hit the beach enough for a push up. She didn't even need to exert that much effort hoisting into a sitting position. Granted the now extensive span of her butt popped several pool toys as it slammed a deep groove into the sand.

"Mmph!" The bunny bit her lower lip, annoyed and getting heated with her exposed crotch rubbing along the warm grains. Hands continued alternating running over the stretched fabric of her chest and tugging at her backside. Wendel's rational thought wanted to keep herself as covered as possible, which conflicted with her body's desire to rip the useless garment off.

"Told ya he likes it," Rayna said happily watching the arousal play across the growing bunny's face. The two dogs working the camera gave knowing chuckles, but Fortune only continued to watch with the attentive rapture one gives a good movie.

"Oh, s-shut up!" Wendel rocked her head back, squeezing both her mounds with a moan that could definitely be heard for miles along the coast.

Fortune's potion didn't last too much longer, though that still left a sizable bunny girl sitting clumsily on the beach groping at her buxom body despite herself. While the dress and bra had stretched around her waist without so much as a tear, it still looked like a child's fit by comparison. Wendel's breasts spilled out over the cups of her bra and through the neckline in a squished, bulging hang. The skirt had no chance of even partially covering her thick rump no matter how hard she tugged. Proportion wise, her curves had definitely blossomed much bigger than her initial gender transformation.

She tried shifting for a better sitting position, knocking over the set walls in the process.

"Um, s-sorry," Wendel said. It was a barely conscious apology at that point. The salty air chilling her nipples had most of her attention. Moisture was leaking out from between her thighs, causing sand to start clumping into her crotch fur. "A-ah! Are we done yet!?"

"Looks to be that way," Fortune replied, having moved right up to the giant bunny girl in her blissful distraction. "The set was cheap, anyway. I just wanted people to have a frame of reference for how big you'd get. I'd say about thirteen, maybe fourteen feet by the looks of it."

"I'd peg her at sixteen feet myself," Rayna woofed from her safe vantage point behind an excited camera crew. "So, why'd she grow a dump truck ass the size of a dump truck?"

Wendel knew she should have been offended by such a question, but struggled to find a reason to care. Her hips were busy grinding an ever-deeper groove into the beach with her soft butt cheeks. An act that did nothing to satiated the fire racing through her every last nerve towards her loins. Glazed eyes eventually settled on the male bunny just visible over the sloshing of her breasts.

More specifically she was taking an interest in the tent of his swim trunks.

"Must have been a side effect of mixing with the gender changing potion. That'll need some checks before we try marketing different varieties. Few things are more unpredictable than drinking several potions at once. Uh...Wendel? You okay, honey?"

Hands big enough to wrap around the bunny slammed on either side of him, kicking up a cloud of dusts that had him raising both arms as a face shield. When Fortune was fairly certain he hadn't been crushed, he looked up to find his entire vision had become nothing but brown fuzzy flesh separated by a deep crevice down the middle. Wendel had fallen onto her hands and knees before him so hard her breasts had moved enough sand to cover his shins. The massive mounds had stopped a few feet short of bowling him over.

"Um..." Somehow the thought of nearly getting half his bones broken made it harder to manage the erection he'd been struggling with since Wendel had walked onto the beach. A dark shadow passed over Fortune, snapping him from the hypnotic shifting of mammaries to look up. "H-hi?"

Wendel had brought her face down until her petite nose was close enough for Fortune's hair to wave from her breathing. There was very little coherent thought behind those window-sized eyes. Although it was clear their attention was down at his problem as well.

"YIP!" A gentle rocking of her head was all she needed to push Fortune off his feet with her muzzle. The world spun as he landed on his back across the soft sand.

A second later Wendel's finger as large as his leg pushed into the bunny man's hip, knocking the wind out of him. Despite her sex dripping with need the giantess still had the wherewithal to carefully curl a nail under the waistband of Fortune's swim trunks. There wasn't much he could do from keeping a girl several times his size from yanking off the flimsy trousers.

Not that Fortune seemed all that bothered about where this was going. If anything, having his boner exposed in the open allowed it to stiffen to its fullest. Once it was sighted Wendel's head shot down like a dog feeding from a bowl. From the crew's perspective it almost did look like she was about to eat their employer.

Actually, that might have been the best way to describe trying to give a blowjob with a muzzle capable of encompassing a person's hips and thighs. Wendel's butt hoisted high into the air, its short tail bouncing happily back and forth atop the plush hills as she ate Fortune's cock for all it was worth. Wet sucking noises joined in the ambience of crashing waves, dotted occasionally by the male bunny's groans and gasps. Then there came the slopping of drooling tongue draping over him from knees to chest every time the giant woman came up for air.

"Should...we stop this?" one of the dumbstruck dogs had found his voice in the spectacle taking place yards away.

"How do you suggest we stop her?" Rayna said. The wolfess was so engrossed by the display she had one hand ideally rubbing the crotch of her jeans. "I mean, if there's more potion around, we can probably join them?"

Both dogs gave her a look before silently readjusting their camera. All things considered; this was still a great opportunity to make a spicey short video for the website downloads.

Wendel's muzzle pushed Fortune's body deeper and deeper into a groove of sand with each hungry bob of her head. The poor man was barely getting a chance to catch his breath before that steaming hot tongue washed over his dick. Very few experiences could compare to the wide range stimulation of being sucked on by a giant. About the fifth time she'd lifted his ass up by the suction of her lips and let him drop was the breaking point.

Fortune's hands slapped onto either side of Wendel's pink nose, surprising the bigger bunny woman as he held onto her upper muzzle. Hips bucked into her chin, trying to slide his member harder against the soft slimy surface of her tongue. It's hard pulsing throbs released spurts of silky white milk into Wendel's mouth. Barely a smudge on the big bunny's tastebuds, but still having a potent enough flavor to get her eyes rolling back with a satisfied moan.

She continued slurping across Fortune's lower body well after his climax, making more of a mess than actually cleaning any. Only when the lingering saltiness of spunk faded did Wendel finally move away, leaving him to lay in their sand groove. Clouds in the bright blue sky were dancing across his vision unable to find focus. He couldn't feel

his legs and some small part of his mind not basking in afterglow was worried something might have broken during the best suck of his life.

Best suck so far anyway. He still had lots more potions to perfect.

"Um..."

Having a cloud composed of brown spotted fur move over to blanket him in shadow again helped Fortune sober up quick. It was a slight mound cleaved down the middle. From inside this crevasse, he could see the glint of pink muscle flesh. At its peak was erected an equally bright pink nub inside a hood of this tissue. Unfortunately, he realized this wasn't the cleavage of Wendel's zeppelin tits like he'd initially hope.

Wendel let gravity take over, her ass thumping on the beach hard enough the camera crew could feel the tremor. She didn't let Fortune fully take in the sight of her dripping aroused pussy before his body became engulfed by its lips. The resulting flailing in sticky damp darkness that followed tickled her in all the right places. Her head rolled in a slow circle, generating gusts of wind with the flapping of her long ears. Hips wiggled to drive the smaller bunny deep inside her before undulating into the sand. The back-and-forth motion gradually dug the pit into a full-on trench.

"Okay. Now I really think we need to help him." The dog not working the camera had his phone out, but still looked unsure of what exactly he planned to do with it. "That can't be healthy with all that sand."

By contrast, Rayna had undone the button of her pants and had two fingers busy inside herself. Although, she was unable to decide which position she'd want to be in if she was taking part in some lewd beach humping like that. "Mmmh! I guess...w-we can call an...ambulance when they're done or...something. How long do t-these potions last?"

The camera dog's ears perked at the heated panting in Rayna's words. He was having a hard time sitting straight with the erection pushing at his own jeans just watching the wolfess work. "I think Fortune said about three hours?"

A shrill cry from Wendel sent seagulls taking flight down the coast. In Fortune's blind squirming he'd managed to grasp both hands around her clit in an attempt to keep grounded. The extra stimulation of being rubbed was just what the giantess needed to finally get her release. Of course, this meant unloading lots of musky juices upon the smaller bunny half buried inside her folds. Her hips bounced in several hard slams against the beach, making her butt jostle like the nearby waves with each impact until her orgasm waned and eventually faded out.

To everyone's amazement, Fortune was yanked out from between Wendel's thighs a disheveled mess covered in clumps of sand thanks to all the bunny saliva and god knows what else. He glanced at the camera crew with enough time to flash a bright smile and a thumbs up. After which a very tired giant bunny woman slammed him into the space between her cleavage like a kid with their doll.

"You got to be kidding me!" Rayna whined watching Wendel roll over and curl up for a restful nap. Her hand slinked out of her panties dripping wet, but nowhere near satisfied. "They couldn't have gone another two damn minutes for my sake? That's just rude."

Gentle snoring began permeating the air, so loud it was almost indistinguishable from the waves. The two dogs contemplated how they'd dig Fortune out from that loving embrace of Wendel's arms before realizing he was fast asleep too, nestled between her plump breasts.

Rayna barked to get their attention, promptly pelting one of the dog men in the face with her shirt. He yanked it off in annoyance, only to become captivated by how she removed her bra and set free a sloshing pair of J-cups.

"Well, those jerks got me worked up and I'm not about to leave this place cock blocked. You guys wanna go a few rounds while we wait for her to shrink down?"

The two dogs looked at each other, shrugged, and proceeded to disrobe themselves.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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