

Queen of the Monsters

By

Desmond Fallout

Commission for T.C.

All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners. Thank you all for the support. :3

Chapter 1

In space, no one can hear your producer chewing your ass out for the fifth time in a solar cycle.

Ah, Alien! Now that's a cool movie. Cevok wished she could watch that right now instead of sitting on the production ship. A shame they never gave the starring monster enough face time. Everything has to be done in fast close ups and odd body part focus shots for the whole 'spooky' aspect. Just thinking about those amazing things, those Xenomorphs, made her grey canine-like tail wag. Getting to meet one of them was a major factor in her signing up for an 'on location' filming tour.

"Okay!" Grails barked, snapping his underpaid writer out of her daydreaming. His flopped rottweiler ears dipped up and down several times while one hand rubbed his nose bridge under a pair of square glasses. "Let's go over this again in the simplest way possible; how can it all be FAKE?"

Cevok wasn't phased by the last word being emphasised at max volume. The demi-wolf shot what she hoped was a comforting glance to the confused fox sitting beside her before coughing. "It pretty much explains itself, sir. Our talent scouts reported all the same results. They questioned several of the advanced humans on Earth, the ones that didn't run away or attack, and it appears the creatures we wanted to hire don't actually exist."

"How is that even possible?" Grails let his glasses fall back into place so he could wipe his brow. Poor guy perspired so much his brown skin glistened

in the conference room lights. “We’ve been importing entertainment from Earth signals for several stellar-cycles. Hell, it’s spike in ratings beat out all our home planet shows. Godzilla is way too big and handsome to fake tidal waves. We saw the buildings topple over.”

“Uh, yeah. Turns out Godzilla himself is fake.”

“Are you shitting me!?”

“Not at all.” Cevok flicked her left wrist, activating the projected green screen of her personal data pad for all to see. With a few taps from her dark-nailed, slender fingers, various pictures of ‘monsters’ from her favorite earth movies popped on display. “The humans have invented an amazing post-editing technique called Computer-Generated Images.”

The tip of Grails’ short, thin tail perked. “They can make images on computers now?”

“I know, right? They can use this to create whole actors out of nothing. Sometimes they even build puppet monsters called animatronics. It’s innovative for a species that hasn’t made interstellar travel yet.”

“Incidentally, you guys wiped the memories of those humans interviewed?”

It was the fox that answered with a scoffing eye roll. “No sir, we’re completely irresponsible. That’s why we’re only just now trying to hire fake monsters for a movie shoot less than a megacycle away from Earth.”

“Shut up, Usur.” Grails couldn’t find the energy to raise his voice despite the lip from his director. Damn fox was lucky he had a resume of three

supernova tier films on his belt, or he'd be enjoying a trip back to the main systems via the airlock. "You're the one who should be more worried about this than me. We know nothing about the humans' style of acting to non-existent costars."

"If you can call what they do in front of cameras acting," Usur said with an air of boredom. "Just call in some B-stars to play the monsters. We're a bit out of the way, but we can still start filming reaction scenes until they arrive."

"How far is that fluffy tail shoved up your butt? My project was sold specifically as 'the first all Earth cast' movie. All our reputations are going to tank if we get out of system stars to sign on."

Cevok continued adjusting notes to her day planner while she had the wrist device activated. "I'm guessing cutting our losses and going home isn't an option?"

Grails shuddered. The mere thought seemed to add fear to his already high stress. "You want to explain to twelve corporate tie-in's why there's suddenly nothing for their investment? This contract got me by the balls, and we're already behind schedule."

"So what's our plan going forward?"

Usur's lips flapped with a rapid blowing noise, eyes checking his own wrist com for messages. "Why don't we just make a few monsters out of the humans and be done with it?"

It took the demi-fox several seconds to realize his crew mates were staring at him in wide-eyed interest.

“I, uh, I mean, we blew much of the budget bringing an expert make-up and effects ship on this fleet. They have an entire bank of DNA from every species ever put on screen, plus a few of the best stars.”

“You’re talking about the gene splicers?” Cevok’s ears folded at her complete loss. “I don’t follow you. I thought that stuff is just for modifying an actor’s physiology for cosmetic purposes or, heaven forbid, healing injuries.”

“Yeah, that’s not a dangerous train of thought!” Grails rubbed his chin. Something about the gleam in her producer’s eye made Cevok worry. “We hire some random humans, gene splice them with a bit of star powered DNA, and we got our monster movie for a cheaper salary than Cloverfield might have asked for.”

Usur flinched. “Please tell me we’re not doing a shaking camera style. We’ll make half the galaxy vomit.”

Covek ignored that for higher priorities. “Am I the only one that’s worried how illegal that sounds?”

“Not at all,” Grails countered with a dismissive wave. “We’re just applying a quick makeup change to some extras, let them fight for a bit, and change them back with a generous compensation package. It’ll only break a few system laws if humans get hurt. This process won’t hurt them, right?”

“I mean, probably not?” A few quick database searches brought up what information Covek had on the latest genetic design technology.

“Preliminary testing showed human DNA is very basic, making it easy to change in severely heavy ways.”

“So nothing to worry about!” Usur finished a social media post airing his relief. “I bet we got Nora Cole’s DNA on file. Critic’s always say she’s like a cousin to Godzilla.”

Covek’s cheeks flushed. “Isn’t she also the best lizard porn star in the galaxy?”

“Perfect!” Grails exclaimed. His full attention remained with Usur. “A female Godzilla will sell better, anyway. Let’s give her something fluffy as a rival to battle. How are relations with the rabbit planets these days?”

“I don’t think they’d react well to such a role,” Covek said, swiping through several screens of consensus research. She promptly shook her head with an angry growl. “And again, I feel we’re missing a few key steps in such a very controversial casting method.”

“You’re right. Let’s go for a cat as our ‘rival’ monster. They studio executives have been saying there’s not enough feline representation lately.”

“That’s not even close to what I...”

Speakers crackled to life overhead, cutting through the trios dangerous scheming.

Attention film crew. We have reached our destination of planet Earth. All essential stage hands please report for assignments.

“Good. We have a plan to save this disaster now.” Grails rose from his chair straightening out the cuffs of his suit.

Covek was still in too much shock to mimic the gesture, unlike Usur. “I’m under the exact opposite impression, sir.”

“Well, unless you have a better idea I’d start getting in step. Now I better go talk to the ship captains about a landing spot for headquarters. You and Usur look through the nearest cities for some humans to gene splice.”

“But... I... you...” Covek’s wolf ears dropped so fast Usur could hear them slapping her head. She looked desperately at the fox director. “What the actual hell are we doing?”

All he could offer was a shrug of minimal comfort. “Either I’m about to make the fourth supernova earning film of my career, or we’re all going to end up sued so deep into prison they’ll give us the death penalty.”

“... and to think my mom wanted me to be a hairdresser.”

Chapter 2

Starting a morning off with a positive attitude is a major factor in how well one overcomes the challenges ahead. And today was an especially important day. No detail could be spared. The ledger was filled with a perfect timetable. Breakfast was cooked to perfection and filling. The car had a fully charged battery. It was safe to say nothing can possibly go wrong.

“MOOOOOOM! There’s a spider in the bathroom!”

Stephanie Mitchell blinked into the mirror. Her reflection laughed back, looking perfect in the dose of powder she had just applied. "Of course, how can I ever predict you kids?"

The middle-aged woman exited her personal bathroom ready to kill in a styling blouse-skirt combo. High heels clicked in her long stride across the bedroom out into the hallway. To no surprise she saw a small boy of nine years standing outside the main bathroom three doors down.

"I'm here now, sweetie," Stephanie announced upon reaching him. "Where is that nasty old spider?"

"B-by my toothbrush," her son squeaked out, jabbing an index finger at the open doorway.

"Okay. Just sit tight."

She gave the boy a comforting pat on the head. From his perspective, that stride into the dangerous area with such confidence was on par with an action hero. A minute later Stephanie emerged brandishing a wad of toilet paper with a triumphant smile.

"Ew! Mom?" the boy grimaced as the towering parent went into their living room towards a window. "You're not going to let it go, are you?"

"Not everything has to be squished into oblivion, honey," Stephanie explained, already dumping the degradable paper into their backyard. The spider trapped within would find a way out in no time, and a lot of better places to set up a web. She closed the window tightly once more, adjusting

her raven hair in the slight reflection of its glass. “It never hurts to be nice to others, including nature. Have you finished breakfast?”

“Yeah, mom.”

“Go check on your sister then. We’re heading out in ten minutes.”

“Okay!”

Once he was gone, Stephanie fished her phone and keys off their resting place on the front door dresser. A few taps brought up the desired speed dial, only for her face to drop when the device returned nothing back. Indicator icons at the top of its screen reported a full charge, but no signal coverage.

“Hey, honey!” Frank Mitchell called from the kitchen table when his wife marched in, still gazing at her phone, like a stern scowl could somehow make it operate better. “Not getting a signal either?”

That whipped Stephanie’s attention over to her adoring husband. “Yeah! You mean yours went out too?”

“Half the west side is knocked out,” he explained with a laugh. “The news is saying an electric storm from meteors screwed with reception right before dawn.”

“Well, ain’t that a load of bull.” Stephanie shook her head, brow creasing deeper when attempting a few texts also came back negative. “Of course this magic storm would happen right before my big sale. I tell you, Phil better not try to cancel out on me.”

Frank took a swig of coffee while admiring his wife during her agitated distraction. Two kids and a career in real estate and she still carried a knockout figure full of energetic professionalism. If anything, parenthood only helped develop the gentle patience of a bear, reserving anger for those that truly deserved it.

“Frank!?”

“What?” Her patience was one of many things Frank loved about Stephanie, given that she had been talking to him during the brief detachment from reality.

“You were staring again, weren’t you? You always get that thousand mile face when you daydream about me.”

“Hey, I can’t help wondering why a demi-goddess hitched up with me. What were you saying?”

Stephanie rolled her eyes, giving just enough of a smile to signal the compliment was a good save. “Would you mind picking up dinner this afternoon? I won’t know the situation until I get there, and it might keep me all day.”

“Babe? You’re selling a house, not smuggling gold.”

“Not just any house, Frank! We’re talking about the Venkman mansion. The old dump no one’s wanted to buy for fifteen years. A sale like that can get me an executive seat and move us to beach side property. Ah shoot! I need to wrangle the kids and go now, actually. Love you!”

Once again she moved with the quick grace of a cheetah, dashing over to meet Frank with a peck on the lips before striding out of the room to the clicking of heels. Thankfully, the offspring didn't give too heavy a resistance and soon she had one each of a son and daughter in the back seat of their Tesla.

Whatever screwed with communications today also took out the radios. So much for distracting the kids with a few upbeat tunes on their drive through the suburbs. Good thing it wasn't affecting traffic much, outside a few technician trucks converging traffic. Stephanie hardly felt reassured by how confused they looked discussing the state of phone lines as she drove past.

Within twenty minutes, the car rolled into the schools drop off area and she turned so both kids could take turns getting their morning kiss.

"Be good today!"

"We will mom!" They replied almost in unison on their way out.

"Whoa! Look! What's tha..."

Stephanie didn't catch her daughter's last words. Time was money, making her pull out back onto the road soon as the back doors closed. It did catch her notice that several other cars pulled to the curb with stunned drivers getting out for a better look at something behind her. Some kids were even pulling out cell phones aimed for pictures of the sky.

There wasn't anything in the rearview mirrors, just a soft buzzing noise increasing rapidly in volume. A plane must be doing some low flying or something. Stephanie had less than an hour to get five miles across town for that to be worth gawking over. The kids will talk about this tonight if it's anything important.

"What the heck is that!?" Stephanie grumbled as she turned left en route to the highway. The buzzing only got louder, despite the assumption she was driving away from the source. Quick checks in all the mirrors showed her nothing. "Ah!"

As if in answer to her confusion, a beam of strong green light engulfed Stephanie's car from directly overhead. She only got a second to wonder how it's unseen source could follow a vehicle at thirty miles per hour before the light's intensity spiked. An arm released the steering wheel too late for shielding her eyes.

Being blinded didn't nearly panic the usually composed mother as much as the heat. Her body burned with a feeling of being under a broiler, yet thankfully it wasn't causing her clothes to catch fire. Senses faltered under it regardless, causing her feet to miss the brake pedal while her one hand couldn't stop the wheel from making a hard right.

While her ears filled with the sounds of breaking metal and shattering windows, Stephanie reminded herself to teach those kids the importance of driver safety when they were old enough. Having a seatbelt and airbags left her alive enough to complain about the many aches the unwelcomed whiplash brought.

"Hey! Are you alright in there!?"

While the airbag made a decent pillow, the vocalization of another person reminded her the world still turned. A much younger blond girl was walking her dog only a few feet from where the car made its abrupt stop. Fear filled Stephanie for a second while struggling to right herself back into the driver's seat. Thankfully, the most damage she had done was jump the sidewalk into a thick wooden fence.

"Y-yeah. I should be-haah!" Tension ran through Stephanie just for the simple act of sitting up. Muscles pulsed around the multiple sections of her back creating bulges under her tight skin. "Ah dang it! I hope I didn't break my..."

SCHOOM!

KRRRTTT!

There was a rush of pain that elicited high screams from Stephanie followed by a dull sense of having a lot more weight on her back than normal. For a few seconds, she sat trying to process whatever had just occurred. Icy winds against her bare skin told that the back of her blouse and undershirt were destroyed. When she found the nerve to turn for a better look, the simple act became near impossible. Something had applied itself to her body with such force that it pierced straight through the car seat, pinning her to it.

"What the holy fuck!?"

"Oh, shit!" Glancing out the driver side window Stephanie could see the other woman backing away in awed panic. Her dog was also regarding this turn of events with concerned whines. "You... your bones exploded or something. That's the weirdest disease I've ever seen."

“The hell are you... oh!” It took a bit of fiddling with the rearview mirrors before Stephanie could get a decent glance at her problem. Sadly, the grey plates of solid bone weren’t that hard to miss. At least six of them each larger than the woman’s head, jutted out along the path of her spine. Their thin rims must have been sharp to pierce through inches of hard leather to keep her anchored in place.

An amazing feat considering their tips curved inwards instead of jutting out. It almost made them look like...

“Why did I just grow love heart spines? ACK!?”

Instead of an answer, cramps seizing up her right hand gave Stephanie a lot more things to be concerned about. She lifted it up into view, watching manicured fingernails thicken in rapid growth spurts. Polish flaked off in their harsh repositioning from the top of each finger to coming out directly at the tips. With a few soft snaps, their edges narrowed into sharp points while coloration darkened to jet black.

Stephanie couldn’t get out the scream building in her throat. Seeing her hand become tipped in horrific claws left her ogling them in a daze. Attempts at wiggling or shaking her fingers violently did nothing to remove them.

Things only got worse when she noticed the skin around each claw’s base began puffing out like a serious infection. Each tip bubbled several times in size, looking like oddly shaped dough balls, but the changes only continued down every knuckle into her palms. The entire hand clenched as it swelled, developing several bumps along a darkening green skin. When it uncurled Stephanie found her arm unable to support the monstrously huge hand that plopped into the crumpled passenger seat. It almost looked like an exaggerated plastic hand attached to her wrist, only with continued motor function over the powerful sausage fingers.

“What the fuck is this!?” Stephanie finally got out, getting only deep silence in response. She whipped a panicked glance out her side window to plead with the other lady for help, only for another shock to find them missing. In fact, for a car wreck so close to a school the streets were heavily devoid of anyone. “Someone? Anyone out there!?”

Changes only continued to creep over her arm, redirecting Stephanie’s attention back to it. With a rapid expanding of her wrist, the load of her changed hand at least lightened considerably. That did little to comfort Stephanie’s panic while her arm itself shifted to the same lumpy green shade before rapidly bloating with excessive muscle fibers. Bone’s cracked in several places while tissue groaned and stretched to keep wrapped around the elongating bases.

Within seconds Stephanie found herself struggling to control an arm longer and thicker than the rest of her attached body. The hand and elbow were easy enough to move despite the size, but her shoulder simply lacked the ability to lift the whole limb. That weakness didn’t stop it from continuing to push in against the damaged passenger door. It’s already cracked window snapped in an ominous chorus under her scaly green palm before the entire hatch shot off its hinges into the grassy area outside.

“Oh, shit!” Stephanie squeaked when tingling struck her left hand. Its nails were going through the same claw shifting process. There came a sharp pinch that only lasted a second before the rapid thickening of her fingers broke her wedding ring. Realizing what was coming, she fumbled with increasingly heavier digits to get her driver door open just in time.

It didn’t stop the thing from being broken off its hinged when her bicep grew thicker than an elder oak tree. By then Stephanie was more disturbed by how her arms extended out from the car and across the street.

More creaking brought attention to the trembling in Stephanie's legs. She looked down at her bulging high heels with a gulp, watching the ends wiggle and bulge in the shape of defined toes. Just as the tightness got too unbearable, the leather shredded in a chorus of rips thanks to the sprouting of even more hooked black claws. The rest of the mother's feet exploded out her shoes behind them, tearing at the nylon of her stockings with their expanding girth. In fact the entire structure of her feet changed in many harsh bone crunches, leveling out her toes into a neat row while her smallest one migrated back to the heel as a dewclaw.

Tears continued climbing Stephanie's stockings with the expansion of her shins. Lumpy green skin bulged through the thin fabric showing off its much greener, shiny hide. She let out a small squeak when their lengthening brought her knees high up over the dashboard. The flow continued to puff out her thighs, driving everything forward to push a damaged windshield across her car's hood.

KRRKSSSSHHHH!!

Stephanie knew where this harsh monstrous change to her legs was heading and was too weighed down by her extremely large limbs to do anything about it. Screams of straining metal defeated her ears for several seconds until the frame of her prized car finally broke from the pressure.

The result, however, was surprising even to her. With monster paws growing against what remained of the vehicle dashboard, the tree she had smashed into proved still slightly stronger. While tree roots upturned out of the dirt, the growing disproportionate woman found herself riding the rear of her car backwards in what she could only describe as a sparking street sleigh ride.

The growth didn't stop until Stephanie's legs stretched wider and thicker than even her changed arms. Seeing them in the bright morning sun filling out both street lanes left her dumbstruck yet again. Some vague recess of

mind finally clicked how much her bumpy green skin resembled that of a lizard. It's hot, tough rubbery feel left an odd detachment sensation, as if she were wearing a costume.

“Aaah! Crapcrapcrap!” Stephanie let out a pleading whine when a shifting sensation stroked her rear. The long skirt kept her modest for about three seconds, at which point the explosive amplification of her hips devoured the fabric under their greener lumpy girth. Her panties flossed into the space between her inflating buttocks, thankfully snapping apart before they could injure more sensitive growing bits.

Unlike being pushed backwards, now Stephanie got dizzy from a sense of a rising elevation. It was like riding an air mattress as her lower half evened out. Lizard glutes devoured what remained of her car seat in their desire to grow. The rest of the car soon followed under them. Sounds of crackling glass and crunching metal filled the empty street, yet Stephanie barely felt a minor pin prick. Apparently her changing skin was as sturdy as it looked.

“Oof!” she grunted at a different prick pushing out her spine. Something was wiggling atop the crack of a now house-sized ass, gaining more reach and control with the passing seconds. Given the enormous hump Stephanie had to sit on, it was easy for her to spot the thick tail steadily stretching behind her. The top of her ass became smooshed around its thick base, narrowing to a pointed tip that wormed across the sidewalk, overturning parked cars in a nearby driveway with its uncontrolled flicking. Even more heart plates grew out in dwindling sizes down its length. “... guess that's only half a surprise at this pooiiii-yeeek!”

There was just enough time to notice her shoulders turn green before loud groans and bubbling back muscles obscured Stephanie's view. A once supple human torso hulked out better than any comic book movie could generate on computers. Power filled out her sides while remaining in a deep inward curve, creating emphasis on the puffed ridges of abdominal muscles stacking over her belly.

“Oh, you got to be kidding me!” Stephanie cried out when a hard lurch struck her chest. Her remaining blouse tore away along with a hard snap of bra straps. The plump pair of breasts she took pride in surged out the fastest of everything else so far, becoming so full and round they sagged over the top row of her abs. Between growing such zeppelins and the valley of bumpy green shoulders, it was hard for her still human head to see anything outside her enormously changed body.

At least with most of her massively stronger figure evening out, it finally allowed her some control again. Taking a wild guess, Stephanie rolled slightly to her left, bringing her hand down to heft herself up.

CRRRRSSSH!!

A move that resulted in an unceremonious end to the Bunkerman’s two-story house. Stephanie rolled the other way in a panicked squeal. In that motion, her tail the size and length of two rig trailers swiped through another house, sending its roof sailing in somersaults to crash through the wall of an apartment complex down the road.

“F-fuck! I’m a walking disaster.” She took several deep breaths and paused just shy of smashing a semi under one foot. Something about the way air rushed in and out of her tankard lungs felt off. It certainly wasn’t going through her tiny human mouth. A strained glance across her shoulders finally located the sources to be several large slits that opened and closed with each breath. “Okay... I have gills now, I guess. Not the weirdest part about any of this.”

Stephanie gingerly put one foot down, flinching from a chorus of crunching noises. It was still impossible to have noticed that semi before destroying it. With a push of her other foot, she rose onto heavy monster paws reaching a stunning height that gave her a view of the entire neighborhood.

It also made her incredibly dizzy.

KRRRTTSSSHH!!

The giant lizard woman staggered backwards in a clumsy fall no flailing of beefy hands could prevent. The neighboring sides of two houses were blown away by her tail before the plump butt that followed finished the entire block. Good lord. She really hoped everyone had had time to leave this area. There still hadn't been sight or sound of any other people since her monstrous mutation started, but that didn't reassure Stephanie much. She found it probably better and just sat on the grassy lawns amidst rubble for a bit. Just to be safe.

BEEP! BEEP!

"Oh!?" Stephanie blinked at suddenly glancing up to see a large reflection of herself hovering in the sky. Two more joined in on either side of it, offering a better view of the giant monster body her tiny head rested on. The amazing curves she'd worked to keep after two kids had grown massive in every sense of the word. She must have reached sixty feet tall in the least. With a little leaning on her muscular green hand could touch the school grounds she just left. "Oh crap! I hope the kids are okay."

"Not to worry, Mrs. Mitchell! All surrounding buildings have been safely evacuated in accordance to galactic safety protocol: 285-HEM. Granted, we were supposed to do it before your makeover, but rest assured your beautiful butt has only caused collateral damages our site workers can easily repair."

"That's nice. Who the hell are you!?"

The mirrors flickered to life in a series of colored lights, making Stephanie realize they were floating monitors. Dang things were so thin they blended into the sky. An image depicting a tanned man came into focus on all three projectors. His age looked something like a boy just coming out of his teens to Stephanie. More interesting were the giant pointed black ears flicking atop his groomed red hair. She was pretty sure there was a giant red furred tail flicking behind him occasionally too.

“Apologies for the curt proceedings, Mrs. Mitchel. I’m Usur, the director of what will become the start to a great career for both of us.”

Stephanie blinked. “Come again?”

“Oh, yes! I know it seems unbelievable. Just imaging the billions across the galaxy pouring over each other to see the first kaiju battle ever filmed on their origin planet. You and your co-star will be celebrities before the opening weekend finishes. Incidentally, her wardrobe change should finish up in a few more minutes. We should get you over to the excellent stage our pit crew is setting up. Best to do the climax battle first before doing all the boring character scenes. Any questions?”

“Yeah. What the flying fuck are you talking about?”

Usur’s smile dropped, sharing only a fraction of Stephanie’s deep confusion. It was almost like he was noticing her for the first time. “Why, the monster movie we went over in your contract. I know it’s fast, but I’m just trying to express how excited we all are...”

“I didn’t sign no damn contract!” Stephanie slammed the sidewalk with both meaty paws. An act she promptly regretted when the surrounding area cracked in spider web fissures with geysers of dirt shooting out of them.

This strength was going to need careful handling. “I certainly didn’t agree to be changed into some towering bimbo alligator thing.”

“What the hell, Cevok!?” Usur seemed to promptly forget about Stephanie to yell at someone off screen. “You whined all day about legal jargon and didn’t give her the contract!?”

“For fuck’s sake, Usur!” screamed a female voice through whatever these floating screens used for audio. “We’ve been here thirty minutes and I’ve only drafted for half the possible legal suits we might be violating. You think I can just pull everything about Earth laws out of my ass? You should at least know you can’t inject a human with a metric ton of mutagen without consent.”

“I’m just following our glorious producer’s time table. Maybe you should work on communicating that you’re making us further behind on technicalities.”

“Or you could just ask, since we’ve been in the same room this whole time!”

Stephanie wasn’t sure which part of this was more amazing; that she was spontaneously made sexier and better built than a porn star, aliens existed, or that they were arguing about her worse than that married couple she had sold a condo to last month. Confusion turned to anger, expressed by her meaty tail clearing out a dozen trees in one swipe.

“Oh, if there’s a way to sue your extra terrestrial ass, you can bet I’m gonna. If you two don’t mind fixing this, I’d love to get back to my actual day at work.” She brought a clawed finger to point at her still human head. Damn digit looked like a bus in comparison. “You didn’t even mutate me all the way or whatever you call it.”

“Huh? Oh? I thought your voice was sounding oddly quiet.” Usur turned back to Stephanie at the mere utterance of suing. From the screen she could see him punch buttons on a tablet device. “Sorry about that. Our make-up artist must have missed by a hair. We’ll fix you up in a jiffy.”

“That’s not the kind of fix I... Hnn? GRAAAAA!”

Stephanie experienced one more rising sensation thanks to pressure billowing out her neck. It must have gained her another ten feet of height while flesh poured around the space between her beefy shoulders. Vocal cords stretched and filled out along with bones, adding power to her strained growls until they were echoing across what remained of the neighborhood.

Whatever force Usur was using on Stephanie only gave her a few seconds to contemplate this before the tension finally reached her skull. There was a lot of uncomfortable cracking and groaning even after her earlobes vanished into the leathery facial skin.

Somehow, despite growing, everything felt squeezed tight. Brains inflated against the hard bone of her forehead before it broadened in a loud, drawn out crackling noise. Extending jawbones felt ready to tear out her lips while they desperately tried to stretch like taffy with them. They turned a dark black under mounting pressure to hold teeth fighting for the extra gum space. Stephanie was pretty sure more than a few new chompers were growing, every molar developing into a sharp point. It was hard to tell with her tongue flapping about in bulging spasms of its own.

When all was said and done, Stephanie was grateful to find her changing head didn’t explode. Having little spiral horns grow out of her cranium, however, still caused a panic attack that resulted in three more houses being kicked across the county. With a few final pops, her ears stopped ringing and nostrils flared so wide her breath created its own breeze.

Slowly her eyes opened with a fresh golden glow to them ready to verbally tear Usur into ribbons.

The sight of the human-ish lizard beauty projected on two of the screens left Stephanie pausing in her rage. Things felt a lot more natural to move with a noggin proportionally sized for metric tons of fat and muscle. She brought both leathery palms to feel her narrow blunt muzzle, amazed by all the carnivorous teeth under the puffy black lips. Fingers traveled on back over her face and horns before gliding through a literal mile of flowing black hair. At least this bizarre transformation left that much of her old self.

“Okay, I can... almost appreciate the extra curves and so much beef. Sure.” Stephanie couldn’t believe the depth of her own voice as the words left her snout. It was just as strong as the rest of her body looked. Something she delighted in by flexing an arm and watching its bicep bulge. “Hell, I used to dream about being this awesome, but I think...”

“I know exactly what you’re thinking and there’s no reason to worry!” Usur tapped across his datapad at hyper speeds. It became apparent to Stephanie he was barely giving her attention once again. “Your verbal consent is more than enough for us to smooth out all the paperwork.”

“That sure as hell doesn’t count as...”

“So we really need to insist on getting you over to the set for your first battle shooting.”

“I ain’t fighting some other poor person your stupidity forced...”

“After a few good blows, we can finalize your compensation for saving all our asses from the investors.”

Stephanie let out a much bigger laugh than intended. Shock waves broke every glass window left around her thick lower body, along with setting off a lot of car alarms. This got Usur's attention, even if he mistook the reaction as a sign of pain. "Do you jerks from Mars even understand how Earth's economy works?"

"We're from way further out than Mars, but it's our job to make profitable entertainment."

"Yeah, well, there's no way you can offer me enough cash to go along with..."

Usur gave off a number that sent Stephanie's tail slamming another fissure through the ground.

"So... no one gets hurt in this, right? My husband and kids?"

"We're finishing up the evacuation as we speak. Your family and friends will even be able to watch the entire process from the safety of our observation ships."

"I really don't think the little ones are ready for me to explain these." Stephanie cupped her breasts so their pliable mass squished between her clawed fingers in a quick rise and drop. They bounced against her stomach and each other louder than expected for a few seconds.

"We can screen edit for a younger audience," Usur replied, developing a blush with his eyes locked on the sloshing mammaries. "There's nothing to worry about. You and your co-star have tougher skin than any weapon on

your planet. Falling through buildings will feel like a casual annoyance at worst.”

“Yeah? Well, I feel like I’m wearing a kinky latex suit.” Stephanie ran her hands along her sides, feeling the many small bumps and ridges. They were small to her, but probably little hills for a still human perspective. “Fine! Let’s play monster movie with my damn boobs hanging out.”

“Splendid! Right this way, Mrs. Mitchell!” Usur’s screens broke off their formation in flight towards what Stephanie noticed was the city’s entertainment district.

With a sigh, she slowly rose onto her bulking legs and failed to avoid tail swiping away the rubble of houses she had fallen on. Hopefully, this sociopath of a foxman kept his promise about restoring the landscape or she might have single-handedly condemned this neighborhood.

Chapter 3

It only took four months of development hell, followed by eighteen months of actual development, but Titan Resurrection was out on shelves and online vendors breaking buildings and record sales. After all that, of course, the team was going to party like hell all day. The entire high rise that had served as their game studio had been repurposed with decorations, games, and hang out spaces for friends and family alike. Perhaps more than a few strangers found their way in, but at this point the game makers were too tired and celebratory to care.

Kate Goodwin honestly didn’t think she’d live to see this day, at a young age, anyway. She gave up being a streamer girl at twenty-five to join this development team as both character designer, writer, and 3-D model. Now

here she was celebrating her resume's only worthy job entry only months from her thirtieth birthday.

It was just a relief everything was going fantastic for the launch week. Then again, a game about big, busty monster girls wrestling on the world's landmarks was bound to hit a few niche audiences. Getting to redesign modern action girls based on classic mythical monsters wasn't too bad a job either.

It was only ten minutes into the party that Kate began hating her awesome creativity.

"This was a really dumb idea!"

"It was your idea."

"I never claimed to be above making mistakes."

"Will you just come out of there? You already hyped everyone up about this."

A noise vaguely interpretable as a negative came from behind the locked bathroom door. Not that Tim could be sure. He had only noticed the blond-haired superstar during the last weeks of development. She wouldn't stop making googly eyes in his direction, so the party was more or less their first attempt at a date.

It could be going better.

Eventually there was a click preceding the bathroom door opening. Out stepped Kate in a costume that cost thousands of dollars from their budget and she hated every aspect. Its design had been based on the game's main character; a cougar cat girl with cybernetic augmentation. In this regard her arms, legs, chin and neck were mostly covered in casings to resemble metal plates. Stripes of LED lights raced through the cracks of her 'armor' to give it the whole cyberpunk flow, complete with sound effects triggered with remote buttons.

The rest of Kate's body wore synthetic furs like a bikini and thong. A long fluffy brown tail wagged above her shapely butt, while pointed feline ears rested atop her head. Also controlled via remotes. All the magic buttons were stored inside super large gloves that gave her the appearance of having paws. They matched the fuzzy animal boots that muffled her irritated steps.

"I look like every anime geek's wet dream," Kate said with a huff. Trying to adjust her fuzzy skin top was a pain with barely movable glove digits. Damn thing refused to cooperate with her d-cups.

Not that Tim minded watching the bouncing show. "Technically, we hired geek cosplayers to make this monstrosity. Besides, you're way better than they can hope for."

"Careful, programmers are geeks too." Kate shot him a look, putting hands on hips, which made her tail curl up. Whoever got paid for that knew his animatronics. "And this kitty is my dream child. Don't knock it if you don't want a sonic meow."

"Whatever, babe," Tim said as he pulled out his phone and aimed the camera towards her. "Speaking of which, did they include that thing you were hoping for?"

“Oh, you mean this, nya?” Kate hit another button that activated the dozens of skin colored LEDs on her body. Her curves literally glowed with bright purple light, weaving in patterns working in time with the faux fur. Most notable were the stripes going down each cheek to make whiskers. “It’s just like how she charges the attack in game. How cool is that?”

Tim nodded in agreement while snapping photos of his brightened date. “This is going to make amazing promo content. Can you try some better poses?”

While Kate still felt apprehensive about wearing such an overkill costume, she obliged her potential hunk boyfriend with a few decent twists and hip wiggles. It was after when she had to go out and face the rest of her development that ears and tail flopped like they were real.

“Don’t make me pry you from the wall.” Tim was exaggerating but knew that panicked look in Kate’s eyes. The last thing they needed was her to retreat back into the bathroom.

“I can only promise to tolerate so many lame cat calls.” The fake ears folded against Kate’s head when Tim snickered. “And you’ll be the first I strike, nerd!”

“Let’s just get out there already. You’re such a scary ca-OW!”

Tim would emerge from the back room nursing the bicep those deceptively tough paw gloves struck.

No one paid him much mind thanks to the literally glowing cat girl that was Kate stepping out next. Lights were intentionally dimmed to make her costume near impossible for any of coworkers and friends to miss. What

inhibitions she had left faded with the slow turn of heads leading to applause, cheers, and, no pun intended, cat calls. The attention definitely made the ridiculous costumes price worth it.

“What the hell are they looking at?” Tim had said the thought aloud, yet close enough to peek Kate’s own interest.

Over a dozen people were crowded around the far windows that offered a scenic view east out of downtown. Many were pulling out cell phones to snap pictures of something in the distance. Kate couldn’t hear what they were talking so anxiously about, but the tone attracted more and more attention from her.

“Whoa! Kate, check this out.” One guy in programming had just been admiring the ‘cyber’ parts of Kate’s costume when another group had crowded around one of the large TV’s. They had stopped a round of playing their kaiju fighting game for a news break.

Considering the huge screen they had splurged on for this party most of the room didn’t need to get close in order to see what everyone was gawking at. Scrolling taglines at the bottom of a live news coverage were explaining evacuation orders were coming into effect. Virtually all of downtown was to be cleared right this second, with most of the surrounding communities to follow. That wasn’t catching eyes as much as what the cameras were showing.

“Please tell me that’s a cut scene from our game!” Kate snapped, partially out of faint hope. Marching down the highway, shattering the pavement between green scaly feet larger than big rigs, was what she always imagined Godzilla would look like if she got six boob jobs.

“Impossible,” said a female designer from the crowd. “No way the developers would let us implement a kaiju girl with that big an ass.”

“Kate wouldn’t let us make anything with riots bigger than hers, either.”

“Harr harr!” Kate rolled her eyes, not bothering to find out who spoke. She was way too enamored by the destructive grace the skyscraper lizard woman showed in her stride towards downtown. The look on their thick green muzzle implied all the destructive wake was accidental and something they clearly couldn’t help. Footprints left deep pits in the roads, while vehicles were sent raining across the barriers with every casual wag of her beefy tail. “Wait...is she fucking coming this way!?”

The entire mood died as people gradually realized that same notion. Kate was just one of many heads that turned from TV to the far windows. This time, it was very easy to see the giant green boobs bouncing in the distance. Mount lizard girl only looked like a small dog, but was quickly getting bigger with each step, as were the tremors making idle equipment shake.

“Okay everyone?” Some guy Kate thought might be the head director shouted, despite the general stunned silence of the party. “The TV said to evacuate so I suggest we do it before that reptilian hourglass hip checks us over.”

Kate scoffed, not sure why she felt annoyed that a genuine monster girl was getting better praise than her synthetic fur. “Of course, you guys would find her hot after all the babes I designed for you.”

“I think she’s damn hot too,” came a female voice from the dankness.

“Not helping.”

By that point the windows themselves were shaking and the marching lizard was casting long shadows over the three-story buildings.

“Oy! Evacuation is being called!” Kate had no idea who was speaking, but their message quickly spread among the party’s gossiping circles. “We need to get out of here before that curvy monster gets here. Everyone take the stairs in a lined fashion.”

That was all everyone needed to march towards the nearest fire escapes. General protocol told us to never use elevators in an emergency, but the more panicked of the development team were hardly willing to hear that.

And then there were the few idiots that remained hell bent on watching that monster babe’s approach until the very last minute. If anything, their location didn’t appear to be directly in her path, yet that didn’t mean they were out of danger. One stray brush of those muscular arms might be enough to cause considerable damage.

Kate was one of those crazy stragglers. Granted, she was less interested in how monster’s assets grew the closer she got. Something more subtle has caught her curiosity. A strange humming noise was growing closer, barely audible over the rhythmic earth shaking footsteps. It almost seemed to follow the monster’s approach, reminding her of a vehicle escort. Was that the sound of engines?

“What the fu-AACK!”

There was no ramp up, or any other warning. Hell, no one could even see the source when light blasted through every window in the high rise. Kate’s

paw gloves proved useless even for their ridiculous size, covering her face well after being blinded. Judging by the startled gasps and screams, what remained of the party guests suffered similar problems.

Something about the strong heat washing over her body told Kate seeing swirling stars was the least of her problems. It was like being flung in a microwave, sweat steaming off the bare parts of her skin as radiation sunk through the pores. The LEDs of her costume bloomed way beyond their intended brightness before the overwhelming energy caused circuits to explode in a series of snaps and pops.

This caused considerable damage to the high priced cat costume. Something Kate didn't have time to consider. Once the bright energy assault finally stopped sizzling her brain, the dazed woman found herself fallen on hands and knees. Her plump chest heaved against the restrictive furry top in labored pants while watching sweat drip from her nose with trembling eyes.

"What the fuck was that? Whoa!" Kate stood a bit too fast, waving her giant gloved hands outward to keep balance. Leg muscles cried out in stress, much like the rest of her body, making her feel torn and ripped like her costume. Blue eyes glanced down at the bits of 'robot' parts hanging off her curves by broken straps, unaware their irises were stretching into vertical slits. "Ugh! If this is a prank I'm going to kick their... nnggh... s-screw it. I'm getting to safety first!"

Neither the overwhelming warmth or tenderness left Kate's body. She hadn't felt this burnt since being locked in a tanning bed for over an hour. Took a week for her poor body to finish peeling. If anything, she felt considerably worse with each step towards the elevators. Let the rest of the team and friends use the stairs like suckers. They were twenty floors up and she wanted out now!

Someone must have been looking out for her damaged kitty butt, since one lift stood with its door wide open as if awaiting her arrival. Kate wasted no time dashing in and slamming a ripped paw glove on the ground floor button... and roughly all the lower rows of buttons along with it.

“Stupid squishy paw pads!” Kate grumbled as the door closed, beginning a very long descent to every floor below her studio. Leaning against the far wall, she used the same furry glove to wipe at her brow. That short run had really taken the wind out of her. Sweat dripped off her curves worse than a summer in Mexico.

The material of her fluffy top pinched hard against her chest with its rapid surges for breath. She absently adjusted it in an angry huff. “What the hell was all that? Are we under attack? Crap. Where did Tim even go? That coward. After all that time I spent shaking my ass for his attention, he can’t even care if... something... weird happened to my tits? The fuck!?”

Despite all attempts at loosening her synthetic furry cover, it continued to hug Kate’s breasts with aggressive dedication. One look down made the problem abundantly clear. The rising bulge of her two best friends jutted out abundantly further than she remembered them ever capable of without a padded bra. In fact, they were slowly swelling right before her eyes, tightening the rough costume to the point they pushed back against her rib cage.

“My... my...” Kate gawped at her growing breasts in a complete loss. She reached up to grope them in her paw gloves, confirming the expanding flesh as her own. They had already grown bigger than the woman’s head and were quickly becoming too much even for exaggerated cat palms.

SSSHRRRTTT!!

“Aah!” Conflicting emotions rocked through Kate as her bust pressured her costume to its breaking point. A single tear split across the collarbone, allowing the mounds to surge through in a tense display of bulging cleavage. More fabric gave way in several sharp jerks until the whole mass fell into her stunned hands, quickly overflowing them like sandbags. “Stop! Why are you girls growing? The costume is too tight! Damn it! This is the last time I invest in expensive materials.”

KRRRT! SCHUUUTT! KSSSH!

“N-nya!?” Kate gasped, uttering profanities with the weight of her ridiculous bust becoming hard on her knees. She was resembling one of those porn stars with ridiculous beach balls for implants, only a lot less firm because of her natural growth. Not only did they refuse her wishes and continued swelling, but more pressure developed along her stomach now practically hidden under the apron of boobs and nipples. “Y-you got-nya be fucking kidding me. Why am I talking, nya!?”

Lord only knew what was happening to the rest of Kate’s body with only cleavage blocking her downward view. She could still feel something stirring along her front. Something else began puffing out and growing with a much faster intensity than her current rack. Their mass even began supporting her breasts slightly, pushing out in a bid for more space. The mystery quickly became clear when Kate felt something just as plush press up and sandwich her hands between their mounds.

“More breasts!? What the actual... I need to nya out of here!” Kate looked towards the elevator display, dismayed to find it still going down each floor at an agonizingly slow pace. Every time the doors opened to an empty landing it took forever to close again. Everyone else must have already been well evacuated by now. “Did that weird light do this? Someone! Anyone!? I need help!”

Calling out when the doors opened did Kate little good. By the time the thought of leaving it occurred, her knees were already at their limit. The expanding woman slowly sunk into the floor where her many sets of mammaries spilled across its cold surface. Kitty gloves shook as they moved from her original set to inspect the pair popping out below them, then the pair below that, and finally another duo of mammaries inflating just above her hips.

The idea of a cat kaiju with eight 'anatomically correct' tits had been one of the game's many design ideas, which had been quickly shot down as too risky for American audiences. The fact Kate now found herself literally possessing them was nothing short of cruel irony for her. Attempts to pull herself back up with the elevator's guard rail quickly became impossible. All the new boobs quickly caught up to her originals in size, becoming so overfull she swore her twitching ears could ear the milk slosh.

"Nya?" The cat noises, while annoying with their increasing frequency, didn't bother Kate as much as realizing her bust wasn't the only thing altering. She reached up to swat at her ears with fake paw pads, finding they had slid along the rim of her skull into a resting position near its peak. Catching a side glance at the elevator's wall mirrors, she saw their entire shape had changed into furry round disks.

That was when she noticed the way her eyes glowed in the overhead light with feline-like mystique. When Kate opened her mouth to cry out, it revealed rows of thinned, sharp fangs.

"No way! I don't want to be a cat! Is anyone still in this building!!" Another attempt to stand yielded no results. Kate's many breasts were swelling so large the top pair were starting a gradual rise to loom over all of her vision. Even if anyone had been waiting for the elevator, all that would greet them was a wall of fleshy blobs and nipples.

SHNNK! KKRRRRRRRKKKKLLLLLEE!!

“Oh, great!” The changing gamer grunted when she felt the elevator lurch under her butt and promptly stop its descent. Something told her the maximum weight limit must have been reached.

“N-nya way!?” Kate mewed in distress, watching her pile of breasts grow into the elevator’s ceiling. Lights flickered and strained from the mounting pressure while the chill of the metal doors tickled her bloated nipples. Frantic wiggles to adjust proved fruitless under the eight mounds filling with fat and milk. It drew brief attention to how her tail felt a lot less synthetic and more attached to her spine while it squirmed against her lower back. “Oh shit. Help me!”

Unfortunately, there was only so much space in front of Kate for her tits to take up before they inevitably started rolling back on their own malleable surface towards her face. If their growth didn’t stop soon, breathing would suddenly knock out moving as her worst problem in this situation.

CHUNK!

Another jerk made all eight mammaries slosh violently, cutting out the lights and making the guard rails break off their frames. Kate gasped at the sudden drop that smacked a suspiciously larger ass. It took a second for her brain to recover before realizing what that might have meant. Her circular ears folded back against her head, a new bizarre way of controlling them, as she frowned. Louder strains of metal on metal vibrated just outside the steel box. Most likely the last bits of the supports struggling to hold a growing woman’s enormous load.

“Oh no...”

SNAP! SCREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

In one instant Kate found herself going nowhere under a dump truck worth of breasts to going somewhere very fast. If anyone had remained inside the building, they might have been interested in the wild cries of a scared beast that erupted out of the elevator, being even louder than the constant straining of overworked railings.

On the other hand, no one might have wanted to be in the building when Kate's tits impacted on the ground floor. Not even she expected them to break the long drop like airbags. There was just enough time for her brain to register the sharp slam and then a roar like flowing water filled her ears. Pressure intensified until she became engulfed in foam-like mounds and blackness.

A literal form of flood gates broke after that. Steel supports shattered under the inflating pressure. Flesh covered in golden brown fur rolled through the first floor corridors, crashing through pathetic dry walls. Every window along the first floor shattered with copious amounts of breasts eager to bulge their carpeted surface through their small portals.

The ceiling soon collapsed around Kate's rising mounds, allowing them to puff out across the building's second floor. The growing woman lamented this chaotic destruction muffled by her overwhelming mass. There was a department store on that floor she adored frequenting for new costume ideas. Then again, the itching of fur spreading down her arms sent a reminder there were other changes going on.

Outside, all anyone could see was large bulges of fur squishing out each window with enough force that the surrounding bricks cracked. That changed when the eastern side of the building exploded between the second and fifth floor. An arm larger than a train shot out through the crumbling hole it made, slamming an odd mix of a paw and hand into the adjacent property. Large claws racked through steel and glass in long

gashes before slamming its rough palm pad into the sidewalk, leaving a deep imprint in its concrete.

Another arm equally covered in brown fur shot out of the western wall. Pudgy fingers waved about being unable to find a brace in the open four lanes of the main road. Instead, it ended up grappling a rig trailer clumsily parked across the two middle lanes. Squeals of failing metal echoed across empty roads as the paw-hand easily crumpled the container into itself.

The south wall finally crumpled away, not from Kate's overwhelming tits, but by a pair of pawed feet larger than any big transport vehicle. Their meatball shaped toes wiggled some of the rubble out between them before the sensually curved legs pushed the plump pads on their soles through the wall of a neighboring banking structure.

A second crashing higher up announced the emergence of a brown furry ass of titanic proportions. The slender feline tail attached to it thrashed through said banking building's upper windows with nervous twitching. Fresh air was still pretty cold this afternoon, especially blowing on a giant ladies' exposed bits.

With little of its base left, the entire high rise began toppling over. Even then Kate barely felt the literal tons of rubble crumbling around her. It was like the flooding warmth of new fur and feline features made her neigh unbreakable. Shame the same couldn't be said of the neighboring structures. If her extending muscular limbs didn't drive paws to destroy other places, accidentally dropping chunks of stuff on them helped cause total collapses.

By the time everything finished falling and Kate could see sunlight again, the entire block had fallen into nothing but a cloud of grey dust. She had a strange sensation that might have been deliberate. Even she could barely see anything while trying to place paw feet under herself and slowly rise to a staggering height. Her head emerged, dragging wisps of dust in its long,

flowing hair. Jaws extended out into a short cougar muzzle tipped with bushes of whiskers and a pink triangle nose.

“What the nya!?” Kate’s voice boomed even to her large satellite ears. She towered even larger than the twenty story building she had grown out of as a humanoid feline. Breasts arranged in four rows of two continued to swing heavily down the front of her torso, but at least now the rest of her seemed proportionate enough to carry them. Hands reached back to stroke the plump hump of her rear with surprisingly sensitive pads, making her tail twitch about. “Did someone try to make me part of the monster game? I do not remember designing a cat character based on some Star Trek fetish.”

Dust irritated Kate’s nose, making her sneeze to its new sensitivity. She blushed at how even that minor reflex caused much of the dust cloud around her to part. Feline ears and tail tucked back when that revealed one building was now just a large pit of four divots, oddly boob like in shape.

“Oh good. I totalled my apartment too. The landlord is going to have my tail for... shit! I have a tail!?”

“I’ll trade you for the tanker truck I got dragging on my butt.”

Kate jumped with a panicked yowl at the unexpected voice beside her. With a quick whirl and a step back, she suddenly found one foot crashing through the roof of a restaurant across the street. Both arms shot out to her side, waving frantically to keep her balance.

“Sorry about that.” The giant lizard woman gave a meek wave back once they were certain Kate wouldn’t fall. “Thought you heard me coming, but I guess that was a loud entrance you made. I’m Stephanie and I guess I’m your co-star tonight.”

“Oh, this is just a pleasure meeting you,” Kate grumbled, with more focus on gently dislodging her leg from another building. She was already getting sick of stuff being stuck in her toes. A second later, she jerked back to Stephanie, ears perked and eyes wide. “Wait, a tick! The wha? Co-star of WHAT!? The flying frick is happening to me?”

“It’s a long story. Pretty sure it has something to do with that.” Stephanie pointed past Kate with a weary grin.

“Huh? Oh, come on!” The cougar woman followed Stephanie’s scaled finger, tail fuzzing at the sight of an energy force field spanning the borders of at least five city blocks. Its entire outline was lined with metal railings and netted ceiling struts. All of which held stage lights and large devices that might be cameras. “How long has that even been there?”

Chapter 4: Ultimate Showdown

Grails leaned against the bridge railing, flopped ears perked and short tail wagging. The rottweiler demi-human had a fantastic view through the observation glass from where their ship rested only a mile above the erected cage. His eyes couldn’t help drifting between the two curvy female titans his genius crew had created, and the cage that would be their battleground for his movie’s climax.

“How did the set crew build all that so quickly?”

“By ignoring about thirty construction and safety laws,” Cevok grumbled with one hand firmly against her tired face. “That’s including letting a building fall on our cat goddess.”

“What are you so stressed about? Did you see those tits exploding through the walls? Those shots are going to go great on the mature cut. All that rock and metal didn’t even scratch her.”

“Uh, yeah. Because we were lucky the mutagen strengthened her epidermis density quick enough to avoid being pasted under tons of said rock and metal.”

“Cevok, you know I don’t like when you speak in tongues.” Grails turned his attention from the lizard giant’s massive hip wagging to address a crew member at their control station. “Tell Usur he’s on. I want a hell of a fight sequence. Make sure we get some nice booty shots and lots of rampaging.”

Cevok blinked, hands dropping to her sides. “Sir? We haven’t even gone over the contract with the cat giantess yet. Shouldn’t we at least run them through some choreography or, I dunno, let me write a damn script?”

“Nonsense! We’re burning daylight and a ton of money keeping this city evacuated. These two need to duke it out and nothing will impress audiences like a natural display of their basic monster instincts.”

“We’ve mutated them with the DNA of porn stars. What basic monster instincts!?”

“You’re so insufferable Cevok. We all have a little wild side in us, but it’s not like you see my inner dog drinking from the toilet.”

“... what?”

“It’s getting dusk, so let’s hurry this up. I want the transition to night time working in sync with this epic battle.”

Cevok raised her tablet, still eyeing her boss with a very perturbed look. Manicured fingers tapped a few digital keys before she took a deep breath. “And how do you plan to motivate these completely random civilians to enact their basic instincts?”

“I’m so glad you asked!” Grails clapped his hands together, beaming like he had been awaiting this question. “Our team over at R&D has cooked up the perfect motivator for our stars.”

“Why do we have an R&D ship on this project?”

* * *

“... and basically we’re supposed to fight it out like King Kong versus Godzilla.” Stephanie finished her summary of events, or what she understood of them. “The strangest part is how these aliens aren’t half as bad as real Hollywood agents. At least they evacuated most of the people to safety.”

Although Kate met Stephanie’s eyes, her gaze carried the vacant look of being thousands of miles away. Before the busty lizard girl could decide if a gentle claw poking was in order, she snapped back to reality on her own. Feline nostrils flared in a snort as the muzzle beneath them twisted into a snarl.

“That’s the... Well, not the worst pitch for a gig I’ve ever heard.” Kate twisted a glance over her shoulder, eyeing the feline tail swishing across her bloated buttocks. There was something surreal about it being

proportionally and literally huge to the backdrop of city buildings. “I wonder if alien law allows shredding my awesome cosplay suit without even signing a contract first.”

“I’m not too thrilled about crushing my husband’s car either. Come on. I think they’re calling us.”

“What? Oh.” Kate turned from her furry derriere to watch with Stephanie as a flying saucer descended into a hover over the battle cage.

“GOOD AFTERNOON LA-DEEAAAHHH!!” A voice rang out through the possibly hundreds of speakers set up along the giant fenced area, shattering windows on buildings and reducing both giant anthro women to their knees clutching their ears. “WHO’S THE IDIOT THAT SET ALL VOLUME TO Max?! Turn that shit... oh, is it... Are we good now? Great! You’re fired! Hello our new monster babe stars. I hope I didn’t rupture your eardrums with that intern’s mistake. Are you doing alright?”

“Fucking die, you idiot!” Kate hissed through her many sharp teeth.

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Stephanie offered, despite her own fangs still vibrating from the sonic assault. “But that was still pretty stupid.”

“Oh, good. More ladies that sound like Cevok. Anyway, hi, I’m Usur. I’ll be your director for the start of my blockbuster movie career.”

Kate and Stephanie raised themselves back onto their powerful paw-feet, glaring at the flying disc with almost rehearsed unification.

“Director, huh?” The feline titan rested clawed hands on her hips. She bumped them to one side hard enough to send her many sets of boobs jostling. “Are you the one that decided plumping us into bimbos was good character design?”

“... if I say ‘yes’ will you hurt me?”

Whiskers twitch in an intentionally drawn out pause. “Depends how much I’m getting paid for this extreme and unwilling ‘make-up’ job. You guys trashed my big gaming career moment.”

A gentle pat on the shoulder drew Kate’s attention to Stephanie’s arm, and by extension, the busty lizard monster standing beside her. “They gave me a very generous figure earlier, hun. It’s definitely worth it if they plan to repair everything later.”

“This is just a minor inconvenience to your human family and others,” Usur’s uncaring voice confirmed over the echoing audio system. “More importantly, would you mind getting those amazing tails into the fighting area? I’d like to get the climax of my masterpiece done while we have such a glorious sunset for it.”

“Seriously!?” Kate glanced at the sun ready to descend into the distant coast and back to the spaceship. “I had to fight tooth and nai... claw just for a decent contract in one industry. You expect me to just start working for another with no kind of advanced warning or offer?”

“But my producer...”

“Will probably get smothered under my colossal foot pads before I sue his ass. Unless he’s into that like those weirdos online. Do you guys have a legal system for lawsuits?”

“Yes, but I think he’ll kill me personally for divulging details about it.”

“Promising prospects already,” Kate said with a mewling laugh. At that size and lung power it came out a bit too evil, even for Stephanie’s liking. “I don’t care how good the money is. I ain’t doing squat without a contract in my hands right now.”

Stephanie tilted her head in a confused way that made her scalie snout face look adorable for the cameras. “Do they even have papers big enough to read now?”

“Not you too!” Usur’s tone cracked into one of anguish. For a director he was reminding the giant lizard about how her kids would act in a tantrum. “We’ve had enough problems before even getting to this planet. Is wanting two sexy kaiju to wrestle really that much to ask?”

Stephanie joined her feline associate in putting green hands on her wide hips with a disgruntled look. “When you say it like that...”

“Nyah! That’s another thing. You think I enjoy bouncing around without a leotard or something? What kind of movie studio can’t even get tent-sized nipple caps?”

“Be glad you didn’t have to walk through six counties to get here. My breasts feel frozen to their centers.”

Something akin to wailing sounds of the damned came over the speakers. It vaguely reminded Stephanie of the time she chased a fox off the backyard during her son's birthday barbeque. A rude guest pegged the poor creature with a rock, inciting a similar pained yell. After a few seconds it finally died down to the rhythm of what was probably several deep breaths.

"Okay then!" Usur's voice came back more composed and suspiciously cheerful. "I tried to make you ladies movie stars the easy way. Thankfully, the boss made you a great motivator on top of a virtual blank check. Feast those glittering beautiful eyes on this bad boy."

A loud clank preceded the grinding of mechanisms within the floating vessel. The curved dome of its top suddenly dissected into various segments that slowly opened like a blooming flower. From within rose a platform carrying a much smaller disc. This one looked composed of a softer substance that developed many natural cracks across its surface. One that was decorated with many large black boulders.

While Kate stood flicking her tail in lost confusion at the giant object, Stephanie's extended jaw dropped upon recognizing it. Even when presented at the size of a barn, a mother can never forget a child's favorite treat.

"You want us to fight through a city for a cookie!?"

"What!?" Kate whipped her head between the hourglass-shaped lizard and the enormous hunk of sweet bread present within the cage. "Of all the ridiculous... Do we look like we're twelve?"

Usur squeaked from within the spaceship. “Lord, I hope not. That would really get us in hot water even the boss can’t avoid. I’m not exactly an expert on a human’s puberty cycles.”

The monster women looked to each other, processing the apparent intelligence and skill of entities that could somehow create the technology that made their enormous physical states possible. Neither could offer further insight into their director’s uncomfortable first impression.

“Also, this is not some ordinary human confection.” The return of Usur’s voice snapped the pair out of their stupefied staring contest. Both their tails raised with curious intent at his statement. “This cookie is infused with all the antidotes required to return you to a livable state on this planet. While we intend to revert you both so you may continue your normal lives, eventually, whoever wins this glorious bout will have the privilege of working in my sequel films as minor roles only.”

A rush of anger sent Stephanie’s tail sweeping through two buildings before she could catch herself. Blushing at the rising smoke around her knees, the thick lizardess kept focused on the issue at hand. “That’s a pretty scummy ransom in order to get our cooperation, and I work in real estate. Plus, you already got plans for sequels? I doubt either of us are keen to be like this for more recklessly made movies if this is how you-RWAR!!”

Stephanie just got her tail under control when a heavy weight pressed down hard on its tip, sending her roaring against a banking building. It somehow held as a brace, but not without its front bent into a mess of broken glass and steel frames. The damage got especially deep and rounded in the chest area, acting like a net that she had to struggle out of.

By then Kate had already removed her paw-foot off the lizard’s tail, making a full sprint into the fighting cage. Her feline face looked back to give Stephanie a satisfied smirk, oblivious to her legs running through smaller

establishments and vehicles with her momentum. “If you don’t want it, then I got dibs!”

“W-what!? Hey! We didn’t agree to anything!!” Stephanie’s anger rose again and stayed there, causing the heart spikes along her spine to glow in the fading sunlight. Running in her meatier scaled body meant a slower startup, but the stride to quickly gain ground on the fleeing cougar monster.

Even so, Kate reached her destination with time to spare. Without slowing, her massive paw stepped off a two-story building onto a six-floor apartment complex. From there she bounced off with both muscular legs with a forced that sent the building collapsing in a mushroom cloud.

THUNK!!

“SHE’S ON THE SHIP!? THEY’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO INTERACT WITH THE SHIPS! SOMEONE SAVE ME!!”

Usur’s panicked squeals were barely comprehensible with such a high pitch. His spaceship maintained its altitude only to heavily tilt to one side with the added weight of Kate’s many giant breasts. Having a smooth metallic hull did nothing to impede the cat kaiju’s inching climb up towards the prized cookie it held.

“Up yours, Usur,” Kate grunted as her claws penetrated the metal shell with little effort. With a few good pulls, she dragged her feline body up enough that the tasty treat back to normality rested within reach of her beefy furred arms. “This is what happens when you screw with a game developer. We never play fa-AAGH!!”

Trembling paw-fingers got agonizingly close to touching the alien cookie only for Kate to experience a sharp pain in her tail, followed by a hard yank. Claws dug in, digging long gashes through the ship's hull, but could not stop her from being yanked completely off. Stephanie followed through the move, using the feline's butt as a flail to slam Kate into the street hard enough that it sank in a deep groove.

The lizard's nostrils flared, unable to resist a playful smile when Kate looked up at her in a confused daze. "Well then, if we have to do this, I guess I better not fight fair either."

Cougar hands ripped off parts of the asphalt as they clenched into fists. Kate opened her own smug muzzle to retort, releasing a cough loaded with spittle instead. Their hides might have grown incredibly durable, but that attack had some effect on her still squishy insides. "O-okay then, dump truck zilla. Let's give these perverted alien pricks a show."

In all fairness, Stephanie should have expected that kind of response. Before she could finish processing it, the curvy cougar sprung into a roll on all fours. Kate's momentum brought one pawed foot around for a sweeping kick square into the busty lizard's left boob.

"GRWAAARRRRR!?"

The attack knocked the air out of Stephanie's lungs in the tune of a pained roar. Holy hell, that feline was deceptively strong for her comparatively smaller size. At least being the heftier kept the scaled kaiju from being sent flying off her own monster feet. Her thick powerful tail also dug into the street much like how a kangaroo would use such an appendage as a brace, helping to absorb the shock.

It was Kate's turn to be surprised her first hit caused little more than mild mammary irritation. Unlike her opponent, however, she regained the wherewithal in time to dodge a retaliatory claw swipe. Hide legs bulge with a strong pounce that sent her flying several blocks with the form of a house cat. A perfect landing atop a banking building worked as a platform to rebound and capitalize on Stephanie's sloppy over swing.

As Kate rushed past the massive tit reptile delivering a punch to their gut, she never imagined years of developing a kaiju fighting game would come back to help her in this kind of situation. Hearing a stunned gasp from Stephanie, feeling her amazon torso bend forward around the area where Kate's fist impacted her abs, the cougar made a note to thank a few programmers for forcing her into the beta test.

Shame Stephanie seemed to be made of very sturdy stuff. A back step and twirl brought her freighter-sized tail swishing around. It was all Kate's cat reflexes could do for her to duck under it, getting her ears scratched by harsh under scales when it sailed past.

The buildings that ended up getting struck instead had the cougar thanking her new nine lives for the close shave. There wasn't even a collapse, just a loud crash and a pair of six story structures were just gone in a shower of debris raining against the battle cages far edge.

"H-hey! We're not really trying to kill each other, right?"

Stephanie's sneer softened upon realizing the question. Glancing from the former building sights to the feline shakingly rising back onto two legs caused her to blush deep. "Sorry. I'm not exactly used to having a tail. Or... you know... muscles."

“Hey!” Usur’s squeal broke through the momentary respite. “If either of you could cause lethal harm, we wouldn’t be doing this without a stunt crew. Save the mushy ‘friendship’ stuff for the filler scene, and for money’s sake, slip in some groping for the fan service shots. We didn’t pump the budget into your figures for nothing.”

Stephanie didn’t think her face could get any redder, requiring several deep breaths to push down an urge to set her chompers on the hovering space saucer. “It’s very comforting that our director is a professional. Uh... Kate? Wha-HNNGGH!”

“Nya haha! How’s this for fan service?” Kate’s tail squirmed in the air, latching both hands onto her lizard opponent’s zeppelin bosoms, where they alternated tugging and pushing them in a milking rhythm.

The sudden assault was enough to rock Stephanie’s head back, her beefy thick body trembling from head-to-tail tip as she exhaled an involuntary growl. She reached out to try pushing the cougar away, only for her claws to rack the fur of Kate’s own plush hips. A delighted mewling in the lizard’s ear holes increased her efforts, squeezing the feline desperately for a grip on their fat curves.

“W-what arre you haaah doing!?”

“Just making sure our director gets his shots.” Kate rotated her hips to better present her backside at the flying saucer above. The raised position of her tail guaranteed nothing could be hidden from the cameras. Stephanie’s continued attempts to throw her only helped sell the kitty’s soft consistency. “Make sure you don’t waste the opportunity, little aliens.”

“Holy shit,” Usur’s voice cracked so sharply Stephanie could practically see the nose bleed on his creepy face. It’d be a mood killer even if Kate’s persistent assault on her sloshing lizard tits were appropriate. “Get closer, damn it. The Second Unit will not get a chance at these juicy close-up shots.”

Engines buzzed over the sound of smacking flesh and collapsing structures. Through her forced arousal, Stephanie could see the spaceship descending from the cage roof towards them. A second later, she picked up the faintest trace of a sinister laugh and looked down to see the fur on Kate’s neck rising with her playful grin.

“Kate?”

“RWAR!”

CRUNCH!

“OH SHIT! NOT AGAIN!”

With a hard push against her hyper filled chest, Stephanie was sent collapsing onto her equally filled out butt this time. Her body made the perfect springboard so Kate could leap straight up and meet their incoming director’s ship. Claws and teeth dug fresh damage into the hull. Now with the engines reversed for descent the big cougar had an easy time working with gravity to completely drag the vessel with her back onto solid, wrecked, city streets.

Someone piloting the thing eventually put everything into full thrust, by which point it was far too late for them. Kate’s mighty muzzle kept a firm bite that even Stephanie felt escaping from would be difficult.

“They’re not supposed to eat the ship! Helm, full thrust! Full reverse? DO SOMETHING!”

The uncensored yelling Usur released, hopefully by accident, over the speakers would have made Stephanie sympathetic under normal, less naked, circumstances. Instead, the lizard took her time standing back up, swishing her tail and giving her hips a few smacks to shake dust off their scales. “So... Now that you caught him, what was your plan?”

“What? Haven’t you played frisbee as a kid?”

“Huh!?”

Stephanie had emotional whiplash after going from a slug fest to making out. Having a giant metal frisbee flung towards her in the haze of arousal triggered a panic reflex from deep inside her mutated brain. Palms shot up working time with her jaws to clamp the spaceship with her powerful claws and teeth. Her neck muscles didn’t even flinch, stopping the ship’s momentum dead cold.

Judging by the loud crashing sounds from within, the inside probably looked a lot worse than its mangled outer hull. Engines sputtered and tried to pull away, unable to budge Stephanie’s massive form.

“Can someone find my spine, please?” Usur’s broken, dejected voice filtered through the sound system. Both women got the sense he was fairly far away from the receiver. “What’s our current status? Oh, fuck! Why are we in her mouth!?”

“Nice catch, boobzilla!” Kate was practically clapping at such a wonderful use for their new monster traits. She almost regretted having the short cougar muzzle, unable to try the same maneuver. “Don’t leave me hanging. Throw it back.”

A light crunching filled the air thanks to Stephanie absently chewing on the ship wedged in her monstrous snout. Some sparks began emanating from the expanding gashes in its thick metal with the giant lizard mom unconcerned. Her eyes gained a thousand-mile stare, relishing the satisfaction of bringing absolute misery to some of the aliens responsible for her unprompted change. Maybe it was the increasing rush of emotions, or the incompetence of her would-be movie crew from space. Heck, it was probably the realization of how free it was being a giant, sexy amazon creature, especially if everything was safe and going to be reset afterwards. Whatever the case, it flicked a switch that finally silenced what remained of a once disciplined and restrained real estate agent.

“Nyoo!”

“Um...” Something about the slight drop of intelligence in her co-star’s slit eyes brought Kate’s own feline nerves on edge. Not that she’d show fear when towering just as exquisitely powerful. The big cougar stomped forward, latching her claws deep into the spaceship’s opposite end. “No fair. I said give, Stephanie!”

“I don’t wanna,” was Stephanie’s muffled reply.

An epic game of tug-o-war promptly ensued, with Kate’s hard pull backward nearly catching the thicker lizard off balance. Unfortunately, that huge blasted tail made for a great counterweight that allowed Stephanie to recover after only two steps.

Thick metal beams bent under the lizard's strong jaw clenching before Stephanie reared her neck back. Kate anticipated this and dug her heels in very literally, as her feet were dragged along several yards of street creating deep trenches in the asphalt.

To the cougar's dismay, Stephanie's counter attack didn't end there. The lizard woman backed up enough that she levied a foot against one building while winding her tail around another. Scalie skin inflated in several spots with the buildup to her most powerful flex yet. The resulting push demolished both structures with a force no multi-breasted cat could match.

Which is exactly why Kate felt it was wiser to let go of the ship. With nothing to pull back, the shadow of Stephanie's massive behind flew over several city blocks for a crash landing atop a sports stadium near their cage's edge. Landing harshly on her spine knocked the already dumbstruck lizard's jaw and hands loose, from which Usur's spaceship continued their momentum in an uncontrolled spin.

Kate gave an impressed whistle, watching the damaged craft smash into a display of overhead lights in a shower of sparks that'd compare to a fireworks display. She almost felt bad that it somehow continued its catapulted flight through the structure almost unabated. Thanks to feline eyes, she could still follow its trail through the night sky and over the bay until it vanished somewhere off the coastal horizon.

"Being part of the climax wasn't in my contract!" was the motion sick Usur's last remark before what speakers still worked cut out. Most likely his ship reached a point beyond their broadcast range.

With that event over, Kate let her body slump with a deep sigh. Her tail gently swished between two buildings, causing many windows to crack. "Having fun yet?"

“Maybe a little,” Stephanie giggled. She tilted her head to share a grin with Kate, not willing to move quickly after that short flight and crash. “I haven’t felt this fiery since high school. OOF?”

THUMP!

Something round, significantly smaller than a spaceship, landed atop Stephanie’s chest, making it jiggle. She craned her neck, blinking in confusion at the strange disc connecting her mounds like a bridge. It took a few seconds of slit pupils focusing for her to recognize the cracked brown surface.

“Oh? Hey. The cookie survived all that. ACK!”

“IT’S MINE!”

There wasn’t much time for Stephanie to react before Kate dove upon her in a predatory frenzy. Eight massive tits smashed into the lizard’s hardened abs, knocking the air from her lungs. Pawed hands clawed desperately for the monster-sized treat that promised their salvation, accomplishing little other than hard groping of the mountainous scaled mammaries.

Stephanie bit her lower lip stunned by her co-star’s assault, unable to stifle moans from the unwitting shivers it sent to her loins. This was truly a battle of ‘wits’ Usur would deeply regret not being around to film later.

But the moment passed, and Stephanie’s nostrils flared with aroused anger. Foot claws crashed through the concrete city ground, setting her hips for a hard undulation against Kate. Wide motherly reptile hips were enough to jostle her feline opponent’s balance, but the rolling motion of her

spine also brought Stephanie's tail up in a hard slap against Kate's ass complete with a crackling whip noise.

Crackling? Stephanie thought it a bit off when her meaty appendage impacted Kate and all the nearby street lights flickered. Kate gave a yelp at what felt like lightning drove into her left butt cheek. A second later every hair on her body stood on end, giving her form the appearance of a wide-eye plush doll.

"Hee hee," Stephanie giggled involuntarily. An opening Kate used to deliver a right-left punch combo to her thick snout. Yellow iris vanished in the fury of her expanding pupils, bloody nostrils flaring with her fury breaths. A sudden burst of energy lighting up the heart spines along her back surprised the cougar enough to pause their assault. "Get off me!"

Another hard undulation rocked Kate back enough that Stephanie could get a leg free. With a clean kick into her side, the cougar yowled in a reckless tumble over several commercial buildings, flattening most of them in plums of grey dust.

It was still Kate that recovered first. Taking her tumble into a roll onto all fours, she sprinted back through the path of destruction her curvy body caused at amazing speed. With five short bounds, she reached Stephanie just as they got both feet back under them. A perfect opening to deliver racking claws attacked into the lizard's hips and side and keep sprinting to avoid a counter smack of their glowing tail.

Unfortunately, Stephanie reeled back with a roar of pain as fresh blood trickled from her wounds, yanking the cookie out of Kate's reach as they sailed past.

“I ain’t staying some bit tiddy cat girl for a movie franchise,” Kate said, rising back on two legs. “We had enough to deal with furries simping for my video game models. I don’t need fanart of my bloated butt.”

“Well, I don’t know what a ‘furry’ or ‘simp’ are...”

“Don’t let your kids freely search the internet then. This movie we’re in might break them.”

Stephanie’s nostrils flares. Thick sausage fingers fiddled with the cookie they held as her eyes narrowed. “Speaking of which, I can’t just give this up with a family to look after. Lord only knows what my husband is thinking with me like this.”

“Most likely he’ll either freak out or be into it. You have some great boobs.”

“And you don’t have a boyfriend or someone to worry about?”

“I did... but he kind of abandoned me in a collapsing building before I grew a tail.”

“... that’s rough, girl.”

“No shit. Anyway, cookie please!”

“Hey!”

Kate was getting the hang of having the leg muscles and reflexes of a cat. She blasted into another sprint without having to wind up.

The distance between the two busty monsters was closed before Stephanie could finish blinking. A swift kick from Kate didn't have nearly the stomping power as her own scaly hulk thighs, but it rocked her good. The cookie slipped from her loosened grasp while she stumbled back, spittle flying from her gaping muzzle. It didn't fall far before Kate snatched it up and dashed a safe distance away.

"Victory!" The cougar cheered for herself, raising the sweet bread above her head like a trophy. "There better be back up crews filming, because I'm about to... what the fuck are you doing now!?"

What remained of the city skylines flashed rapidly, with a building symphony of snaps emanating from Stephanie's location. Kate nearly dropped her hard won cookie, watching static travel along the lizard's heart shaped spikes. With each heaving breath, Stephanie's bust swelled slightly larger and deflated, generating more and more electric bolts until they coated her back like armor.

One green clawed foot moved forward, hitting the ground in a step that caused many streetlights to explode in an overcharge of Stephanie's energy. Another step, and then another caused the same result until she was lumbering towards the stunned cougar a crackling ball of lightning.

Such a dazzling display of light left Kate so enamoured it didn't accrue to duck until the lizard was upon her. With a startled yowl, she tossed the cookie aside so she could dive belly flat against the ground. A very uncomfortable thing with breasts hanging down her entire torso, but still a good idea.

Stephanie hopped with her final step towards Kate, going into a spin that bore all her force into her hips. It swung her tail around while washing all the built up electricity down its powerful girth. At the end of the improvised whip attack, where Kate's chest would have been, thunder deafened the landscape. A bolt of lightning as big as the girls themselves ejected from the end of Stephanie's tail like a spear. It pierced through two skyscrapers before impacting on the cage wall in a sonic explosion that destroyed most of the affected section. The buildings remained standing for two seconds before small explosions erupted across the damaged floors with enough collateral to send both collapsing under their own weight.

Kate propped up on her elbows, watching this almost beautiful display of destruction with new respect to their changed bodies. She should totally pitch finishing moves like that for her games DLC. "When the fuck could you do that!?"

Stephanie, who had been staring over one shoulder at her wagging tail, twisted back in a confused shrug. "I didn't know that was even possible. Anyway!"

Not wanting to give the cougar a third chance to sucker punch her, Stephanie brought around a swift kick into Kate's face. A satisfying mew of pain echoed over the fading electric discharges around them as Kate rolled onto her back. Not a second later Stephanie brought the same green foot down upon the feline's stomach. Having the huge size difference made it easy to keep them pinned with gravity alone.

"Say uncle now and I won't have to get needlessly violent, Kate."

Kate squirmed, quickly finding it difficult to get out from under Stephanie's foot. Still, the thrill of adrenaline never allowed her to lose her smile. "I don't e-sports fighting games to call it quits so easily, Steph! There's always a secret move."

Claws slide fully from their slits in Kate's fingertips, which she brought to bear on the calf, pushing her into the street. Several raking claw strikes didn't have the desired effect outside some pained grunt from the looming lizard above.

Stephanie snorted angrily and brought the foot up intending to quickly stomp it down upon the cougar's belly. Hopefully, pounding a bit more wind from their sails could finally end this embarrassing nude fighting.

Instead, she ended up underestimating how much spirit Kate had left in her fluffy curves. Soon as the weight left her stomach, the cougar was flailing all five limbs to drag her butt backward, away from the scary lizard monsters. Apparently Stephanie realized her error just as quickly only to bring her foot down too late. While it might have missed Kate's stomach and lower tits, it crashed into the street between the feline's thighs hard enough to back another indentation in the earth.

One which now crushed Kate's tail under rough scaled lizard toes.

"HRRRKKK!!" Pain of a thousand worlds flashed through Kate's wide eyes. Everything from toes to rounded ears seized up while her mind tried and failed to fight through the overwhelming torture that Stephanie's clumsy butch paw generated. It was so devastating she even lacked the awareness to notice a strange new muscle inside her throat flexed. Fur ruffled and bloated, almost giving her a frog-like appearance.

RRRREEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWW!!

The wild call of a cat blasted through the night sky both figuratively and literally. From Kate's hanging jaw emanated her own glowing pink energy, illuminating otherwise invisible sound-waves for anyone to see.

In fact, they were the last thing Stephanie saw before they rammed into her soft breasts as if she were staring down a neon bullet train. Clawed feet tried to dig in, but only kept her grounded a few yards. The force propelled her off the street and sailing across the ring. Not even the cage could withstand her scalled ass hitting it at that speed. She felt a moment's impact and then a cold breeze of fresh air as it whipped her hair over her face in a flutter.

By the time Kate stopped her sonic scream, all she could see of Stephanie was a figure vanishing into the black night horizon. Slowly she sat up, continuing to stare at the lizard woman shaped hole in the cage for several seconds. When the city remained silent aside from her own labored breathing, the cougar's damaged tail gave a few optimistic wags.

"Holy shit. I won!?" Kate cried out with a small fist bump. "Oh, hell!"

As if it had become an afterthought, Kate scrambled across broken buildings and cars to where she tossed the promised cookie. Not wanting to risk further disruptions she shoved the whole thing into her muzzle, feasting on all the delicious sugar and chocolate her muzzle could take. Crumbs reaching the size of truck tires rained down around her, shattering glass or damaging mailboxes.

"Burp!" She exhaled once the last bite slid down her thick gullet. "You alien's may have garbage hiring procedures, but sure know how to cook a sweet. Nya!?"

There was barely a second to process having a full stomach before Kate felt a rippling effect slide across her body. Muscles gave an involuntary shiver, and she perked up. It was like her butt was sliding across sidewalks again despite her sitting still, but then she took stock of the buildings and

rubble growing around her. Slowly and surely the ground was zooming in on her vision fast.

“Haha! Thank god it’s working! Sorry, Stephanie, but I’m going to enjoy human life being paid for a big movie and video game. Finally, some peace and success.”

Minutes passed while Kate remained sitting in the street, enjoying the feeling of shrinking back to a normal human size. The rapid wags of her tail covered fewer lanes with each pass while she could eventually relax her legs without them smashing into anything on the sidewalks. Before long she was standing up in the middle of an empty four-lane street, nearly back to her normal height. Not that there was measuring tape on hand to tell.

“Thank the gods I can go into coffee shops again.” Kate placed a pawed hand on her head, trying to gauge her height from distant building entrances. Having feline ears that still fully twitched to the touch poking through her hair was demoralizing. “I might bump my head, though. When do my extra boobs start going away?”

“CONGRATULATIONS MS. GOODWIN! You are now Queen of the...”

“NYAAAHH!!”

CRUNCH!

Even at eight-ish feet tall, yelling next to a catgirl still coming down from a fight is not a good idea. Kate took three seconds, jumping in fright followed by delivering a backhand that sent whoever appeared silently behind her sailing several yards through a concrete wall across the street.

It was more of a floating torso than a person from the brief glimpse Kate got of it. The metal lump wore a crumpled business shirt and tie from which two robotic hands filled the sleeves. Otherwise it had a glowing stump for a head and no sign of legs to keep it floating about.

She was a lot less surprised when another one wisely descended from the sky in full view.

“Oh my. Sorry about that scare. We were in a rush to congratulate you after having to recover the director’s ship from your ocean.”

“Yeah? Great to know he survived,” Kate spat out pure sarcasm before taking a deep breath. “What the hell are you? And why am I still a cat?”

“I am Jenkins-5, predecessor of the Jenkins-4 you punched through the wall there. And I have been assigned to work as your manager as we prepare Phase 1 of our Queen of the Monsters expanded universe.”

Kate’s whiskers twitched. A feeling that was really making her eyes see red. “Oh, you can’t be fucking serious!”

“Oh, but we are! The movie is already seeing great promise not only on your planet but in several dozen systems across our entire studio range. We didn’t even think the bunnies could get on board. You got real star power going here.”

“W-what? You mean the entire world saw that!?”

“Oh heavens, yes! Pre-ticket sales are going wild. This discussion place you call Reddit already has heated debates on why Stephanie should have won. ‘Kate’ is becoming a rapidly trending name. You should see your fanart already coming out.”

“I’d rather kill you.”

“Whoa! Hey!” The robot floated further into the air in time to avoid Kate’s lunge. “No need to be a cranky kitty. Stephanie is doing just fine despite that scenic flight you gave her. She’ll be the first resident, with her family, on our newly purchased island to live as comfortable a life as giant sexy beasts can. We already got a line of humans applying for mutations to create our own monster fighting league. It’ll be just like your wrestling thing, only with many more exotic locations! Oddly, a lot of males want to join, but I’m sure they’ll change their mind when they read all changes are into females only.”

“Don’t hold your breath on that,” Kate mumbled under a sigh. “You said that cookie would make me human again, you alien garbage! I don’t want to be in sequels as a movie star, or cage fighter. Whatever! I’m a game designer!”

“But that is why we offered an antidote so accommodating,” Jenkins-5 replied in confusion, if a robot can convey such things. “As Usur stated; the cookie has now made you fitting enough to resume your daily life, while also keeping you readily on hand for any reshoots or filming for future bouts.”

“... are you even competent enough to reverse these porno mutations?”

“Of course we are. That antidote is only necessary at the expiration of your contract in twenty years.”

A hard tail slap cracked the tarmac under Kate. Nostrils flared several times with the heaving of her many breaths. “Fucking bureaucrat ass pipe... this is why I hate working with triple-A publishers too.”

“Not to worry, miss. Our team of set builders will restore your studio in days. It’ll be like your breasts never destroyed it.”

“Well, what if I just refuse to go along with any more of this insanity?”

“Oh, that’d be a shame. The chemicals working to keep your genetics at this terran size are rapidly degrading and will expire in about three weeks. When that happens...”

“You self-absorbed, greedy little...”

“Good thing you’re signed and sealed under contract, eh!? That makes the boss obligated to accommodate your normal life in any sensible way, including a steady supply of antidotes. Unless, of course, you want to be big during the monster shootings. It’d actually save us more money than CGI mock studios.”

Kate replied something, only to have it lost with all the growling and cursing coming out of her foaming muzzle. Apparently her new manager took this as a sign and surprised her with an extended robot hand.

“So is it a deal, Ms. Goodwin?”

“Pffhh!” Kate spat on the robot’s suit as soon as it got in range. After which she forced a smile and shook the offered hand. “Yeah, I’ll kill your producer later, I guess.”

There was a soft crunch as Kate flexed her plump paw fingers, easily crumbling the robot’s hand. With an effortless twirl, she wheeled Jenkins-5 around into a hard slam against the street. His robot torso couldn’t take the impact and exploded in a shower of wires and circuitry like a pinata.

“That felt nice,” she said to herself. There was a few seconds of admiring the small bit of personal destruction before her ears perked at sensing another presence descend.

“Hello! I am Jenkin-6, your new manager.” The robot torso gave a hearty wave that Kate turned her furry back on. “Is there anything else we should discuss before enacting clean-up procedures?”

There were many things Kate wanted to say, but a breeze across her shapely backside caused shivers to overtake her curvy form. “Get me some damn pants, a bra that can hold eight tits, and the biggest fish diner you can find.”

“Good idea!” Jenkins-6 projected some kind of keypad, which he began tapping on. “Fish contain lots of healthy acids, and as the fan favorite Queen right now, we need to get you training for the seasons to come.”

Kate’s body tensed with a seething growl, only to slump as the air escaped her tight lungs. With great reluctance she turned to follow the stupid robot to... god knows where. Her parents would not let her live down this abrupt change in careers.