

Kaiju Cosplay

A Story Commission for BigGreenWolfe

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Content Warning: Macro, Growth, Rampage, Destruction

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“Damn, you really went above and beyond with the new version of the suit, didn't you?” Beret asked with admiration in his voice.

The Corgi made a slow circle around his costumed lupine friend so he could get a good look at every angle of Greyson's new outfit. The Godzilla suit looked like something you would expect out a very professional costume designer. The claws, spines, and even the scales and armor plates had been crafted with such meticulous detail that you had to get within arm's reach before you could be sure they weren't actually real. When he reached out to rest a hand on the tail Beret noted that even the texture had been painstakingly attended to. The thicker sections like the spines and plates were made from a harder material than the softer, more malleable scales underneath. Even the claws were made out of a hardened and polished material to make them nearly indistinguishable from actual bone. Hell, Beret could have been convinced he was actually in the same room with Godzilla if Greyson hadn't chosen to forgo a head to the costume and, instead, left himself from the neck up exposed. All in all, it was an absolutely phenomenal Godzilla costume. Considering Beret was unnaturally short even for his species at barely four feet tall and the Kaiju-cosplaying wolf was well over ten feet in height it made the visage that much more believable and intimidating.

The wolf beamed at the praise and puffed his chest out proudly. He had been working on his costume for months and was confident he was a shoo-in for the cosplay contest at the convention they were visiting. But his costume wasn't the only thing he had been working on. With a grin, the wolf lumbered across the room and retrieved a glass jar full of what looked like marble-sized M&Ms. His time as a research assistant at a laboratory specializing in bodily augmentation and enhancement had given him some interesting ideas for side projects, and this was one of them.

The Corgi looked up at his towering friend with a silent, questioning raised eyebrow when they retrieved a pair of the candies and offered them in an open hand. When all he got an explanation was silence and that same excited grin Beret reluctantly took the candies. After another silent head nod urging him to continue the little canine popped them in his mouth and ate them. He was just about to ask what all that had been about when the changes started.

Suddenly his clothes were becoming uncomfortably tight as his perspective rose higher than he was used to. The unexpected new viewpoint nearly made him stumble from a moment of vertigo! A series of quiet ripping sounds seemed to echo through the otherwise silent room as several of seams on his clothing burst open and let his fur peek through. Once the corgi had recovered from the initial wave of vertigo he watched in disbelief as his perspective continued rising. Before he had barely come up to Greyson's mid-thigh. Now, though, his line of sight was rapidly rising past the costumed lupine's belly button! Then, just before his head Rose to meet the bottom of Greyson's chest his growth stopped.

He stared up at the beaming green furred wolf as he took a moment too take in his new perspective. He no longer had to stand a couple of steps away or force his friend to hunch forward to see him past their not insubstantial gut. The wolf still absolutely towered over him, which made Greyson's natural size even more impressive now that the corgi was slightly above average height, but at least he didn't have to worry as much about being stepped on.

"What do you think, Berry? Aren't they cool?" Greyson gushed, clearly excited to expound on his new potential product. "No size ray or energy generation required! I figured out a way to isolate the growth inducing radiation and synthesized a digestible isotope that would release it when it comes in contact with acid, like what's in your stomach. It's temporary,

too! So don't worry you'll be able to fit in the rest of your clothes before we leave. I also grafted it to another isotope with a really short half-life so when it decays, you'll return to normal size. Now it'll be way easier to be my handler! You don't have to worry about other people bumping into you all the time because they couldn't see you!" Then the wolf paused and grinned slightly. He took a quick step forward and pushed his impressive, costume clad gut against the Corgi for a moment. "Present company excluded, of course," he teased.

Beret had a dozen different responses warring for supremacy in his head, but they all melted away into an embarrassed blush at Greyson's teasing. Shaking his head, the Corgi took a step back and was just about to comment on the damage to his clothing. Before he got more than one word out, however, Greyson had already turned to dig through his suitcase once more. When he turned back around, he had a lumpy mound of fabric with an emerald green exterior and bits of colorful pieces sticking out of the top that he took to be a costume. One that was clearly far too small for the wolf holding it, but Beret immediately assumed was coincidentally a perfect fit for his new height. Although costume was a bit generous of a description. At least to Beret it looked more like one of those mascot outfits you would expect to see someone standing outside of a sandwich shop wearing while waving a sign advertising the shop in question.

"Is that a Swedish fish roll outfit?" Beret asked, one eyebrow raised.

Greyson paused for a moment, clearly thinking the question over for a moment. "I uh... Maybe? I forget what it's called. Just looked kind of like a twinkie to me."

When Beret stared his friend down the wolf just maintained his wide smile, clearly not intending to explain himself. Sighing in defeat, the enlarged canine gave up on chastising his excited friend. Instead, he silently took the costume and made his way to the bathroom to change since he had nothing else to wear at this size. Proud of both his success and Beret's acceptance of a situation, Greyson turned his attention back towards the glass jar. His lips pulled back into a far wider grin than before, showing off a good deal of teeth, as he scooped up a handful of the radioactive candies. What he hadn't told his friend was that his new suit was made from organic materials specifically intended to absorb radiation like his body would. So, if someone wearing the suit were to happen to eat one of these candies the costume would grow right along

with them. That damned rabbit in the Gundam costume last year wasn't going to beat him this time. Not when he had a few extra feet of size to make his Godzilla cosplay truly lifelike.

He stuffed the handful of candy in his mouth just before Beret exited the bathroom in his mostly fitting new confectionery cosplay outfit. Careful not to bite down on them yet, Greyson silently nodded towards the door. Within moments the two of them had left their hotel room and we're on their way towards the convention hotel's lobby.

Beret was too distracted with his new size to notice how quiet the wolf was being. even if they tried to act like it wasn't a big deal the corgi was enjoying himself greatly. More than once Greyson caught him sizing himself up against people standing in front of him in the elevator. From the smile on his face, he clearly enjoyed getting to look down at a few people for once. It was probably the only thing that had kept Beret from throwing a fit when he had realized the outfit Greyson had prepared for his new size was, in fact, a giant Swedish fish roll costume. Or, as Greyson kept referring to it, a candy sushi with a twinkie filling. The twinkie filling, thanks to his particular fur coloration, being Beret. Luckily for the wolf Beret was as much a fan of these conventions as he was and even an embarrassing costume of an edible snack wasn't enough to dissuade him from participating. When they made it out of the elevator and into the massive, open space of the lobby Beret commented without looking at his friend "You ready to go crush that Gundam guy's spirit with your new costume?"

Greyson couldn't have asked for a better set up line. With an audible crunch of multiple hard-shelled candies breaking under his teeth the wolf bit down and swallowed the mouth full of growth inducing treats. The sound made Beret go rigid in recognition of the sound. It only took the Corgi a second but by the time he turned his head around to look towards the source of his sudden anxiety he found himself once again eye level with Greyson's belly button the top of his gut he had been looking down at moments before. When he tilted his head back to meet the wolf's eyes It wasn't lost on him that he had to keep tilting further and further back to maintain eye contact.

A look of concern and fear spread across the corgi's face as he stared up at his enlarging friend. But it wasn't Greyson's changing height that

was causing the pit in Beret's stomach. Their eyes were glowing. A noticeable radioactive green glow built in intensity around the edges of his irises as if a Herald for what came next. Unbeknownst even to the wolf, himself, he wasn't just growing.

He was changing.

As his head rose above the second-floor walkway surrounding the outer perimeter of the hotel tower his pupils transformed into a reptilian slit. His teeth elongated slightly in his mouth, just enough to be noticeable. But those minor details of his facial features weren't the main attraction. His suit was changing, too. The rubber Like material smoothed out, becoming glossy and more flexible. The plates hardened and their edges became slightly more jagged, losing the slightly too perfectly cut edges of a manufactured object. All of that could have been missed at a glance if it wasn't for one major detail making it obvious that his suit was no longer a suit.

Greyson's tail slammed against the ground with enough force to shake the building. Not his fluffy, lupine tail that had been previously hidden inside of the suit's wire frame supported appendage. No, the reptilian tail had come alive and moved at the unconscious direction of its owner. He wasn't just growing. His suit was becoming alive, turning real! He wasn't just a wolf in a Godzilla costume anymore. Greyson was now, at least from the neck down, an honest-to-god Kaiju. One that was getting bigger with each passing second.

Even the concern over that could have been abated with relative ease with a bit of reassurance from the victim. But the most concerning part was the way that the wolf's eyes had glazed over and his teeth had pulled back in a low growl he didn't even seem to know he was doing. Beret had seen the wolf's cosplay act enough times to know what he looked like when he was acting. This was no act. There was still a gleam of intelligence but from the wild look in the giant's eyes Greyson was taking a backseat to something more animalistic and primal.

When Greyson finally broke eye contact to look around the room he took his first step forward as a living breathing giant monster. Up to that point the entire hotel lobby had gone dead silent, every other person frozen in place and staring up at the spectacle of growth and mutation before them. When the wolf's still-growing foot slammed to the ground it did so with enough force to make anyone too close stumble! The stunned

silence descended almost immediately into a full-blown panic. The air filled with the yells and screams of hundreds of people who had just realized that they were much lower down on the food chain than they had been moments before. Unfortunately for them, the movement only served to draw Greyson's attention.

Beret was the last one to start running and that fact saved his life. When Greyson took his next step, he had already swollen to almost four stories tall and his foot could have crushed a small car underneath it! The foot landed less than a yard in front of Beret, causing the corgi to run head-first into the scaly appendage. He rebounded off the wolf's foot and fell back on his ass just in time for a huge, reptilian tail to slam down barely a foot to his left. Struggling back to his feet, the corgi tried circling the long way around the edge of the lobby to get to the front doors. Even if he wanted to help his friend, they were getting so big that the hotel wouldn't be able to contain them much longer! He wanted to be crushed by falling debris about as much as by one of the monstrous wolf's feet.

As if responding to the corgi's thoughts one of Greyson's shoulders smashed against one of the upper floor walkways. The concrete crumbled as easily as dried mud and a wave of collapsed to the ground below. He didn't even seem to notice at first, the growing monster still eying the fleeing crowd with a concerning look of hunger on his face. But soon even he couldn't ignore the increasing constriction around him as his body became too wide for the open center spire of the hotel tower. The glass elevators shattered as his opposite arm swelled into them. Soon his shoulders were hitting another walkway a floor above the previous one. His feet shoved benches and decorative fixtures out of their path or bulldozed over them entirely. His tail stretched out behind him until it, too, started to smash through the lower walkways and the walls beyond. His broad hips in particular were becoming too wide for the space as they tore an increasingly large gouge in the surrounding structure to make room for themselves. The giant wolf had to be over fifty feet tall by now and was appropriately as thick as one would expect of the king of monsters.

By the time Beret made it to the exit a good portion of the other attendees had already shoved their way outside. Unfortunately, there were more than a few people still trapped inside with the giant monster when he finally decided he didn't like being constricted inside the building anymore. Arms as thick around as buses smashed though the

sides of the hotel tower. Around the back of the structure a massive reptilian tail swept through the walls as if they weren't even there and sprayed the back parking lot with debris. If it hadn't been so concerning a sight it would have been almost comical to Beret that Greyson's belly preceded his muzzle in smashing through the front of the building. The curved swell of now-scaly flesh bulldozed through brick and glass like a wrecking ball and forced itself into the afternoon air a split second before his muzzle did much the same a few stories up. Tearing his arms through the remains of the building, the giant wolf-kaiju stepped out of the collapsing remains of the hotel and surveyed his surroundings. When the giant saw a car trying to pull out of the lobby roundabout his eyes narrowed just before a foot slammed down on top of it with the force of a meteor! The car was instantly pancaked into a foot-shaped crater in the concrete as if it had been made of tinfoil! Following his first 'victory' as a giant monster the mutated lupine lifted his head to the sky and let out a deafening roar that would have done the Big G he was imitating proud.

Any thoughts of trying to approach the giant monster were quickly thrown out of the window when the corgi saw the giant wolf-monster lick their lips hungrily. Without warning the massive beast was lumbering through the parking lot, chasing after the largest crowd of people trying to run from him. Each footstep slammed to the ground with the force of a small bomb and set off car alarms blocks away! The people running had little chance of escaping him. Even at the slow, lumbering pace that was the staple of the wolf's costume-sake his strides were so long that he could cover twice as much distance with each step as the fleeing crowds could run in the same amount of time. Crouching down, clawed fingers big enough to palm a bus scooped up a half dozen people from the ground as easily as picking up toys! All of them stared, wide eyed as they were lifted in front of the gigantic lupine muzzle. They only got to look at it for a split second before all six of them were unceremoniously tossed inside.

The sound of Greyson swallowing them seemed to echo through the streets. The already panicked masses kicked their chaotic attempts at escape into overdrive. Luckily for them a chorus of familiar sirens signaled a fresh distraction for the giant monster. Police cruisers and firetrucks whipped around multiple street corners and converged on the lupine kaiju. Reluctant to get too close but not willing to abandon his friend entirely, Beret chose to quickly scramble up a fire escape on a nearby building until he arrived, panting on the roof of the five-story

building. By the time he caught sight of Greyson again the monster was already in the middle of decimating the police. Dozens of officers fired pistols, shotguns, and even a few rifles up at the giant wolf monster with as much effect as shooting spitballs at a truck. None of them even penetrated his thick costume-turned-hide! All they accomplished was drawing the monster's attention. A foot kicked out and sent two cars flying like projectiles through a nearby building. A half-spin on one heel swung Greyson's gigantic tail around like a bulldozer and swept four more up at once to be sent crashing and rolling down the street in wrecked heaps. More of them vanished beneath heavy footfalls until the giant stood looming over the last cruiser left standing.

Fingers as thick as trees wrapped around the vehicle and crumpled the sides inward. Even if he hadn't been holding the car anymore the doors would have been too warped for the two officers trapped inside to open. They were trapped inside, able to do little more than watch as the view from their windshield rose until a single massive, glowing green eye peered inside at them. Then he ate it. No hesitation, no snarling or curious inspection. One second the car was held firmly in Greyson's hand and the next it was tossed into his mouth and forced down his throat with an audible GULP. But that wasn't the end of it. From the whumpwhumpwhump sound rapidly approaching it was clear that a new challenger had arrived. The military.

A dozen helicopters swooped in from the air, flying in formation straight for the giant monster demolishing the city. At first, Greyson didn't seem to notice them. He clearly heard and did not like the sound but didn't see its source. In his frustration, the giant kaiju smashed his arms and tail through some of the nearby buildings as if expecting some enemy hiding inside to be revealed. It wasn't until the first wave of missiles crashed against his side and chest that he thought to look up.

The explosions that bloomed across Greyson seemed to have more of an effect than the bullets, at least. Unfortunately, they still didn't seem to do any real damage. When the smoke cleared the only mark of their impact was a small, slightly blackened spot on the giant's hide. They were apparently powerful enough to at least sting a little bit, which was why Greyson suddenly looked so pissed. When the formation of helicopters circled around for another pass Greyson tensed his legs, looking for all the world like a massively sized and mis-proportioned cat ready to pounce on its prey. Before he could, though, a loud rumble thundered up not from the wolf monster's throat but from the giant's

enormous stomach. The giant blinked in confusion and shock, the first real reaction of anything more than a wild animal he had shown since his unexpected mutation. Beret watched with hope the expression was a sign of Greyson returning to himself and concern as to what was happening. The last thing they needed was for the giant to mutate further or have another growth spurt. But neither happened. Instead, the gurgling rumble seemed to work its way up the kaiju's body until it abruptly vanished when it reached his neck. Greyson's eyes widened when his cheeks unexpectedly bulged and glowed with a burning light a split second before his mouth burst open and let out a thunderous, earth-shaking belch. One that released far more than just a bubble of digestive gas.

Godzilla was well known for both his size. But, arguably more iconic, was his radioactive fire breath. But Greyson did not demonstrate any such thing. Instead, what came forth was a shotgun blast of molten metal, most likely the remains of the cop car, and irradiated fire. The radioactive belch, for that's the only thing it could be called, blasted splatters of metal so hot it burned through other metal like acid across the swarm of military choppers making their way towards him. The few that avoided catastrophic damage from the burning debris were caught by the sporadic wave of plasma that accompanied it. With a single, accidental belch the entire swarm of helicopters vanished in a series of bright explosions.

Beret could do nothing but stare in shock at the spectacle. He almost wanted to laugh at the absurdity of an atomic burping attack. But he had more important things to worry about. The helicopters' remains had barely hit the ground before Greyson's muzzle lifted to the sky and began sniffing the air. An unexpectedly intelligent look of confusion and effort was plastered across the wolf-monster's face as he tasted the scents around him before seeming to catch what he was looking for. Then he turned to look directly at Beret.

The corgi's body went rigid in fear, but it was already too late. Before he even could even get halfway back to the fire escape three earth-shaking footsteps had the gigantic wolf-kaiju looming over the rooftop and reaching for him. Like the crowd and car before him, Beret was lifted to the wolf's face as well. He stared at the corgi far longer than he did the others, however. For a moment he was hopeful that maybe Greyson finally recognized him and was coming to his senses. Hope vanished when the view of Greyson's eyes was replaced with Greyson's

mouth instead. It was only then that Beret realized in horror that he was still dressed up as a giant twinkie-filled sushi roll.

Darkness engulfed the terrified canine as the lupine kaiju's muzzle snapped shut around them. Instantly their clothes and fur were soaked with a thick, clingy coating of saliva. The powerful tongue underneath him, easily as wide as a small street, writhed and flexed underneath him like a living being all its own! Any shouts or cries that came from Beret were drowned out by the loud sloshing of spittle and dampened by the thick walls of flesh around him. He had no idea how long he was in there as the wolf rolled his upcoming meal around his mouth to taste it. For a moment, the dog was pinned to the roof of Greyson's mouth, held there by the enormous oral muscle, and suckled on like he was just a piece of candy. Then, suddenly, the tongue froze. Its owner had gone rigid and had even stopped breathing.

Without warning Beret was spit out of Greyson's mouth and sent flying into one of the giant wolf monster's hands. It took him several seconds to regain his wits and several more to work up the energy to force himself to his feet. When he did the corgi turned and found himself once again staring directly into his giant monster of a friend's face. Immediately, he noticed two things: one, his friend's eyes had lost most of the glowing radioactive green color and two, he wasn't being held in the monster's enclosed fist anymore. Instead, the palm was held open for him to stand on. A rumbling, strangely shifting growl rolled up from the giant's throat that Beret quickly realized wasn't the monster growling *AT* him but *TO* him.

"... Greyson?" Beret asked nervously.

The kaiju wolf growled again, the sound shifting in tone and pitch as if the giant were trying to make a sound that he wasn't capable of. Then it dawned on him. The corgi quickly scrambled to the edge of the giant's palm and looked down towards their neck. Sure enough, the edge of what had once been a costume and now was part of Greyson came all the way up his neck. Which meant that it encompassed his throat and, more importantly, the vocal cords stuffed inside of it. If the radioactive belch was any indication Greyson clearly had changed on the inside as well as outside and Beret could only assume the change to his vocal cords meant the kaiju couldn't talk anymore. But he was trying to!

“Can you understand me, Greyson?” Beret asked with more confidence in his voice.

Another series of sounds followed by a real growl of frustration escaped the giant monster before he chose to simply nod instead. Something seemed to occur to the giant. Raising his head, he looked around at his surroundings and seemed to get more flustered and embarrassed with each passing second. The sight of such a massive monster that, moments before, had been demolishing the surroundings and had taken out an entire platoon of military helicopters looking flustered like that was too much for Beret. He started laughing.

A deep, thunderous growl nearly deafened the corgi when Greyson heard the laughter and got right up in their face. He didn’t have to speak in words for Beret to know he was trying to say that this wasn’t funny. That just made him laugh harder. He probably shouldn’t have been so willing to laugh at someone who could literally crush them just by clenching their fingers, but the situation was just too much for the corgi to hold it in. When he finally got himself under control and looked back up at the giant monster that his friend had become the kaiju’s face was screwed up in a pout. Without thinking about it, Beret reached up and patted the side of the wolf’s enormous muzzle to reassure them. It was funny, but he did understand what the wolf was probably thinking.

“Yea... you might have gone a bit overboard here before you got yourself back under control, buddy.” Beret commiserated. “Maybe we should go somewhere a bit less... populated until we figure out what to do? You said this stuff wears off, right?”

Beret’s size change would wear off, he was pretty sure. But with whatever the hell had happened to him thanks to his overdose there was no telling if he would go back to normal. But going somewhere else was a good idea. Being careful not to drop Beret, Greyson turned towards the bay off in the distance and started lumbering his way towards the waterline. He didn’t bother being careful with his steps since, at this size, he was going to break things regardless of what he did. When he reached the shore, he didn’t bother stopping. Instead, he raised his hand to carefully set Beret on top of his head so they could hold on to his hair as he swam out to sea. With the sun setting in the distance, the giant wolf-monster’s body submerged up to the chin in the cool ocean water. If they were lucky, they could find some abandoned island nearby that Greyson could hide out on until he finally changed back.

IF he changed back, that is. If not? Well... Maybe he could get his own giant monster movie series.



About Author

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