

Vying For Attention

By Dragonien

“Beach ready and on the prowl!” the cerulean-tinted hyena all-but purred under her breath.

She made no attempt at modesty or subtlety as she strolled her way from the pier’s parking lot towards the sandy beach below with a towel over one shoulder and her day bag under the opposite arm. Plump, curvy hips casually swished back and forth with each footstep as the tight band of darker, near midnight blue fabric strained to contain her ample proportions. The poor, overtaxed bikini bottom was already struggling to maintain its hold on its wearer; having already ridden up in the back into a wedgie between her plump butt cheeks and making half of the fabric back there disappear entirely from view. The prodigious amount of flesh straining the front pouch of her bikini bottom only further caused the fabric to ride up in the back as every footstep she took sent what looked like a banana and two lemons worth of flesh bouncing and jostling around in the front basket of the obscenely skin-tight material.

Not that her bikini top was handling things much better. Her ample bosom stretched the sympathetically straining bikini top about as far as her lower half did the bottoms. The thinly-stretched fabric visibly dug in slightly to the malleable flesh proudly protruding from her chest. The soft, bouncy fleshed visibly muffin-topped over the edges of her bikini as if casually threatening to overwhelm and snap the thin material at a moment's notice. It was hard to say that she was actually wearing a bikini too small for her considering that it wasn't so much the size was wrong as the sheer, prodigious amount of ‘her’ there was in proportion to her body stretched the correctly sized clothing to their limit.

So of course she turned heads as she sauntered her way onto the beach while pushing any reasonable idea of modesty far beyond the breaking point.

Even if she hadn't looked like he was about to bust out of her swimwear at a moment's notice her unique coloration would have been more than enough to get heads turning in her direction. The flowing, light blue fur marked with darker blue, almost tiger-like stripes gave her a unique and exotic appearance comparable somewhere between seeing an arctic fox and seeing a unicorn. Add that to her soft, playful smile that showed just a bit of teeth when her lips pulled back and gave the expression an edge of mischief and the slightly oversized, circular spectacles resting on the bridge of her muzzle and she would have been the single most talked-about thing on the beach that day.

She would have, that is, if he hadn't been there.

The moment Winfire noticed that nearly half of the heads of nearby beachgoers were looking away from her she quickly followed their gaze to find what was more interesting than her and her blatantly provocative outfit. When she saw him, she found that she couldn't quite blame them for staring. Not that understanding made her any happier about the situation.

The looming mass of a dragon a few hundred yards down the beach was easily visible even from such a long distance away. It was hard to tell with her being at least a block or two's distance down the beach from him but the sheer fact she could still make out so many details just spoke to how big he was!

She guessed he had to be at least eight foot tall if not a little bit more considering how he towered over everyone near him. His body looked smooth and soft to the touch with a bright red coloration. But, taking into account that she

didn't see any kind of reflective sheen coming off of his body from the bright sunlight overhead, she guessed that his skin must be some kind of hide instead of scales. His lush, wavy black hair hung down just shy of his broad shoulders and fluttered in an almost tauntingly picturesque manner in the gentle ocean breeze.

His arms and chest were defined enough with muscle to clearly show that he had some impressive strength to him but didn't quite reach the bulging muscle mass of a bodybuilder. The hefty amount of stomach mass hanging from his middle was soft enough that she could actually see it jostling and jiggling ever-so-slightly when he moved around while not being so flabby and bloated with fat to make his body ripple with every movement. He has some heft to him for sure but he didn't quite float close enough to either the fat or beefy category. Talk about a fence sitter.

It didn't help that his own swimwear was about as provocative and indecent as hers was. He wore royal purple board shorts that looks like they might have fit him at one point maybe a few dozen pounds ago. But now they were visibly stretched across his thick thighs and riding up his backside clearly define each ass cheek and the cleft between them! The front of them jiggled and jostled around just as much as Winfire's did and, considering his proportional size, looked more like he had a pair of baseballs and a salami stuffed in the front of them! That alone was enough to set off an unreasonable flaring of her competitive streak.

Much like her, he looked like he had just arrived on the beach. He was still carrying a small duffle bag with one arm with a large beach towel draped over the opposite shoulder. He even wore a similar pair of sandals that looked to be just a little bit too small where his heels hung off the back end and his toes hung off the front just like hers did. If she wasn't absolutely positive she had never seen this guy before she would have sworn he had gone out of his way to purposefully imitate her.

She wasn't typically prone to being jealous, just competitive. But something about this situation was just rubbing her the wrong way. Maybe it was that she came out here with the specific intention of drawing attention just for the fun of it only to have a significant portion of her unwitting audience paying attention to him instead. That certainly could be fanning the flames of her competitive nature. Or maybe she just unconsciously saw him as a challenge for her to overcome.

When she saw him look around and notice much the same split of the nearby beach goer's attention that she had he looked up and for a brief instant and their eyes immediately locked. Both the hyena and the dragon narrowed their eyes at each other as their gazes met as if magnetized towards each other and an unspoken energy sparked between them. If this were some animated TV show this would have been where the split screen of both of them facing off with each other with a superimposed itself on the TV or a line of electrical sparks would be shooting from each other's eyes and warring with each other for dominance.

Both of them broke the unintended staring contest at the same time and purposely turns their back to each other. A quick glance over her shoulder to check on his reaction showed Winfire that he was in the process of doing much the same thing. Both of them quickly snapped their attention back in front of them as if trying to pretend like they hadn't glanced back at the other. The near-mirrored actions only seemed to further urge her desire to show him up.

Stalking off towards the underside of the boardwalk, Winfire found herself muttering and grumbling under her breath. It wasn't until she got into the shade beneath the massive wooden structure holding up the boardwalk and the various food stalls and attractions that she realized she was grinning like a cheshire cat. It only then consciously dawned on her how excited she was about this unexpected challenge. She had wanted to grab some attention all right. Having a rival just

made it that much more interesting. And unlike the unnamed dragon she had both the audacity and capability to shamelessly cheat at such a contest. Still grinning to herself as she set her bag down and unzipped it; Winfire began to chuckle ominously under her breath. When she pulled an oddly shaped chrome gun-like device out of the bag she glanced back over her shoulder one more time towards where she had last seen the dragon and licked her chops like a predator eyeing their prey.

“I've got a little surprise in store for you, big boy.”

Five minutes later the beach seemed to have calmed down now that the two anomalous attention-grabbers had vanished both from view and short term memory. Unfortunately for everyone present at the beach that day, that wasn't going to last very long.

A powerful, heavy THUD vibrated through the entire beach and cut almost every conversation short simultaneously. The boardwalk itself rattled violently and several of the people walking along its length nearly tripped from the unexpected quake. Any complaints or confusion went silent as eyes went wide and shocked expressions spread across every nearby face as an ominous, dark shadow spread itself across the boardwalk. Slowly rising higher and higher into the air, soon nearly the entire boardwalk was cast in the shadow of the towering, one hundred foot tall titaness of a hyena; Winfire casually holding the size ray in one hand with it's barrel still smoking from its recent use.

The massive hyena's ample assets were now blown up from impressive to outright intimidating proportions thanks to her newfound size. Breasts now big

enough to compact cars beneath their weight alone strained against a bikini top made of enough fabric to act as a cover for an airplane! Down below, hips that once would have been able to knock someone aside with a casual swish now loomed so massive and wide that they wouldn't have been able to fit in the streets between buildings deeper in the nearby city! Add to that what now looked less like a banana and two lemons and now more like a small boat and a pair of boulders stuffed into the front of a bikini bottom big enough to use as a fumigation tent for a house and the entire population of the beach suddenly found themselves mixed between an overwhelming sense of inferiority and a mind-numbing sense of fear.

Giving off that same ominous chuckle from minutes before that now boomed out across the beach as if from a megaphone, Winfire began reaching up towards the Ferris wheel on the end of the pier. Fingers thicker around than trees curled in against the metal at the top of the Ferris wheel that barely even reach chest-high to her. Powerful, reinforced stainless steel bent beneath her unstopably powerful grip as if it were nothing more than pipe cleaner wires.

Immediately she realized the attraction was too flimsy for her to even use as a hand rest. So, instead, she clenched her hand tighter and simply tore the top portion of the Ferris wheel clean off! Her fingers wriggled and curled as they collected up the bits of material still hanging out of the edge of her fist before clenching tightly and compressing the entire mass into a crumpled ball of metal. Turning her hand upside down, she carelessly dropped the balled up lump of steel like it were a piece of trash without even bothering to watch it smash through the wooden planking of the boardwalk like a meteorite.

A wave of sand and water sprayed across the boardwalk and everyone present on it as she lifts a massive leg and stepped clean over the entire wooden structure like it were little more than a knee-high wall. Her foot slammed down into the beach on the opposite side with enough force that one of the boardwalks

support logs gave an ominous crack and her toes sunk multiple feet deep into the soft, warm sand. Another long step brought her second leg in line with the first and left the boardwalk instead cast in the shadow of her broad back and immense ass looming overhead. For a moment everyone still there on the boardwalk was utterly terrified that she might decide to sit down. Each and every one of them knew that the boardwalk wouldn't have a chance in hell to survive even a fraction of a second of her attempting to rest her weight atop it much less would any of them if they got caught beneath it

Thankfully, they were spared that humiliating fate as she began casually strolling her way further down the beach and away from them.

“Hey there boys and girls. See something you like?” she taunted with a playful grin. “Well, there's definitely plenty to see.”

To her, her words were chipper and playful but to everyone down below the sheer size difference between her and them may each word rumble out like a roll of thunder. The sheer, casual volume made the words for more intimidating than they were playful to the onlookers down below. She didn't mind, though. That was exactly what she wanted: every single eye on the beach on her. And now they were. Even if their eyes were on her more because they were afraid she was going to step on them, eat them, or god knows what else. But attention was attention in her mind. Besides, none of those things were out of the question depending on how she felt in the next few minutes.

Just as she was getting into casually strolling down the beach and watching all of the beach goers desperately scrambling their way out of the path of her massive footsteps she heard a strangely familiar electrical discharge sound.

Turning her head to the side she caught the tail end of a faint flash of light and then widened her eyes shock as a curse rolled from her lips.

“No. God. Damn. way.”

From behind the first row of buildings at the edge of the beach a massive, familiar red back was slowly raising up above the roof line. A familiar, neon-colored glow of light was surrounding the figure in an all-too-familiar residual aura of growth energy. Slowly, the red dragon pushed himself up to his knees, then to his feet from his position on the ground even as his body continue to grow and expand upwards. By the time the energy faded and his growth came to a halt he towered over the surrounding area with a toothy, self-satisfied grin.

A deep, rumbling growl of amusement resonated out from his throat as he surveyed the area below him. One of his sandaled feet lifted itself up and shifted to the side only to casually rest itself on top of a nearby parked car. He didn't even make an effort to push his foot down. Instead he simply let his weight rest upon that foot and felt the car crumble beneath the now massive rubber insole of his sandal like it was an empty soda can tin.

“Now we’re talking! You guys are so f-... “

The dragons taunting words cut off abruptly as he turned his gaze towards the beach and, instead of finding himself staring at a crowd of terrified, tiny people, he found himself eye-to-eye with a familiar blue hyena.

Once more of the two locked eyes with each other. Then their gaze broke and they made an obvious show of looking each other up and down as if sizing one

another up. When both of them caught sight of the familiar and strangely identical devices each held in one of their hands they both raised an arm and pointed accusingly at each other as if silently yelling 'cheater!'

For a long moment neither of them said anything. They just stood there pointing at each other and glaring as if neither one could quite figure out exactly how to express their reaction to the situation. The crowds of terrified people below had settled at least a bit from their fear and confusion as curiosity of the situation overtook their baser instincts of fight or flight. Both of the newfound giants leaned themselves a bit closer for a moment before taking a step towards one another.

Winfire's foot crashed down onto the road next to the beach and left a footprint several inches deep in the concrete that sent cracks spiderwebbing in every direction from the impact point. The dragon did much the same himself. But, instead of the road itself, he wound up resting his foot on top of a small coffee shop at the end of the row of buildings between him and the beachside street. Just like the car, the building only survived for a fraction of a second before the weight of the dragon's leg and foot caused the entire building to cave and collapse in on itself! The abrupt impact of a truck-sized foot smashing through the roof sent a small cloud of debris swirling up around the giant dragon's calf. Both of the giants glanced down at the unintended destruction and then glanced back up at each other. Their glares intensified once more for a split second and then...

They both started laughing.

"Oh God. Did you... I mean you walked off to go and...?" the dragon chuckled as he held his sides while laughing, unable to completely form his question.

“I was going too... and then you...” Winfire laughed as well, just as unable to complete her own thoughts as the dragon was.

All of the tension in the air melted away into a flurry of giggles and laughter that sent a wave of relief through all of the people down below. The whole thing must have been just some silly joke or coincidence, right? At least that's what everyone hoped.

When the two finally calmed down from their laughing fits they both again looked at the device held in each other's hands. Raising them up to show to one another their suspicions were immediately confirmed that both of the devices were all-but completely identical save for the small serial number on the bottom of each handle. The realization of the coincidence of them both having the exact same size ray sent a fresh wave of giggles through both of them. When they finally calmed down from the second round of laughter the dragon offered his empty-hand towards the giant hyena.

“Dragonien. Friends call me Drago.” The dragon introduced himself.

Winfire reached out and shook the offered hand with a smile before replying.

“Most everyone calls me Winfire. Unless you're shorter than my ankle than most people just call me AAAAAAAA.”

The joke again caused a surge of mirth to well up between the two of them into another giggling fit. Thankfully this one didn't last nearly as long and in only a few seconds they had both quieted. Suddenly the air around them became tense again as a strange sense of awkwardness built between them. The two looked

around their surroundings as if only now just remembering that the two of them were the size of giant monsters standing on the edge of a beach full of terrified and confused beachgoers. Remembering this, both of them looked back up at each other and gave one another a quizzical stare. The dragons lips slowly twisted into a playful grin as he offered a hand to the hyena once more.

“Want to fuck this place up together?”

Winfire's lips pulled back into a feral grin of her own as she reached out to grab his hand and abruptly pull him towards her.

“Fuck yea.”

It was at that moment that everyone else on the beach found themselves severely regretting that they hadn't been running all this time.