

This is a commission for Nearl (FurAffinity.net)

Warning: This story contains growth, macro, hourglass expansion, rampage and lezyay.

Miranda is owned by her players.

Rebecca is owned by foxfencer.

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Macrophiles, by DragonMasterX.

It was just another day at the office for Miranda the wolf. She was ticking boxes on her check-list, her pencil scratching one tick mark after another on paper. Inventory management was an integral yet dull routine of Miranda's job in the distribution business. It wasn't particularly action-packed or fun, but consistency and normalcy gave her a degree of peace she usually didn't have the luxury to enjoy.

Transporters were waved off as the furry office girl gave them the OK to leave. Some of the drivers however liked to stay behind and take their time drinking their coffee. Miranda didn't like those types. She was good at her job, but she wasn't a morning person. She wasn't much of a talker either; and transporters always wanted to chat.

When she was done signing the last check-list on her clipboard, Miranda put her pencil away and tipped her cap as a general, silent bid of farewell to the transporters. Not liking to talk didn't mean she had to be unnecessarily rude after all.

But when she was turning around to leave the small warehouse, she was approached and blocked by Ernie. Miranda sighed, knowing the large lug was the hardest to get rid of. She glanced at him: A muscular, paunchy black panther thicker than a rock, yet chubby in his legs and belly. "ey, hot stuff. Busy morning?" He wasn't a bad guy per se, but he had been hounding Miranda for a date for a while now. He wasn't her type, and he clearly wasn't the type to take a no either.

When Miranda didn't reply, Ernie started fidgeting. From every previous attempt at courting her, he knew the moment her cheeks puffed out and she crossed her arms was a red flag to up his game. He held his coffee, drinking it noisily. "Damn good coffee! Got a new brand of coffee beans, eh Mir?"

Miranda's eyes twitched under her cap. She hated being called nick-names by people she didn't consider friends. Her fluffy tail whipped at the air to mask her annoyance, but instead of telling him off, Miranda just calmly breathed in and walked past the panther. "Same instant crap as always, Ernie. Hurry your ass, you're running late."

Ernie was left staring at his paper cup with a dumbfounded frown. He reached back to scratch behind his ear, clumsily spilling coffee over his shoulder and onto the floor behind him. He didn't even notice. Miranda heard the splash and let out a frustrated sigh, but didn't turn around to waste time reprimanding him. In Ernie's mind, she was playing hard to get. She did have a point though. His wristwatch was backing Miranda up. "Next time," the panther stretched and trashed his paper cup. He consoled his eyes with Miranda's swaying hips as she disappeared behind the warehouse exit.

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Miranda took her cap off and put it on her office desk. She had made good time on the necessary forms that needed to be filled for the day. She owed that to waking up early and doing some of her work before the first batch of transporters arrived. Pleased with her own work, she decided to take a small coffee break before finishing. The wolfess stretched until she felt her bones pop and she let out a sigh of relief.

The single-story building was a lot smaller than it looked since most of the place was comprised by the annexed warehouse. However, Miranda had fashioned a tall blind screen to separate her office desk from the old kitchen where employees could fix themselves up with snacks and coffee. It was the perfect way to ensure there were no loiterers from the comfort of her own chair.

When she arrived at the coffee maker however, she found it completely empty. "Oh fuck these guys. They can't even refill? It's not that hard!" Miranda cursed angrily as she reached for a half-full bag of instant before dumping its contents on the machine's receiver. They had only been able to afford one of the small dispensers, so they could only serve so many cups of hot coffee at a time. Miranda had been clear with everybody that it's common courtesy to refill after the machine's emptied.

Miranda folded her arms under her chest and sat at the edge of the table, tail idly waving left and right as she waited for her cup to fill up. She was thinking whether she should hit her friends up for an outing later. Even to an introvert like Miranda, lonely grinds could sometimes become too much. She needed to distend a little.

Out of the corner of her eye, Miranda saw the machine's light switch color. She seized her paper cup and drank bitter blackness. She shivered once the coffee hit her lips, her taste buds being stung briefly yet pleasantly by the drink. "Ahhh," she sighed, "Perfect."

While drinking, Miranda took her phone out and decided to message her friends. "Hmm. Might be too early," she murmured with the cup against her snout as her eyes looked over her inactive contacts. She almost crushed her paper cup after a few moments of insisting. "Ugh, why are you online and not talking?" she rolled her eyes up, setting the now empty paper cup aside to brush her dark, orange-streaked hair back in frustration. "Fine. I'll call..."

It wasn't long before a familiar ringtone started sounding off in the vicinity. Miranda's ears perked up at the irritatingly whimsical lyrics of a high-pitched pop singer and instantly recognized who the phone belonged to. She clicked the hang-up button and emerged from around the space separator with a smirk.

Before Miranda stood Rebecca and Melanie, two of her closest friends. Rebecca was a tall fennec fox with a long, lavish red mane of hair. Despite her extremely curvaceous, feminine appearance, she had the expression of an adorable doll; cute and innocent. The light orange-furred vixen was wearing quite the revealing attire comprised of a purple tube-top and color-matching shorts. Rebecca's cleavage was almost obscene, already naturally deep and inviting, and magnified by the tight chest-hugging fabric.

On the other side of the top-heavy spectrum, Melanie the shark was quite a contrast height-wise, clearly only an inch or two over five foot tall. The sharp-toothed fish female was also a cute looker though. Her chest and hips were large in proportion, giving her a noticeably curvy appearance. She was also a redhead, but unlike Rebecca's luscious mane of red hair, Melanie's was shoulder-length and somewhat messy. Her attire consisted of a simple, almost neutral cream-colored T-shirt cut down the middle and a short, black skirt. Just like Rebecca, Melanie wore her hair loose.

“Well, if it isn’t the melon stand!” exclaimed a laughing Miranda as she took a look over her two busty friends. Rebecca seemed innocently confused, whereas Melanie chuckled and chortled, causing her large chest to jiggle. “You two are here early. What’s up?”

Melanie hopped onto Miranda’s desk to sit down, still giggling. “We were just walking around, Mir. Figured we’d pay you a visit!”

Rebecca seemed a bit bashful, noticing Miranda had her arms folded. “Uhm, hope we’re not bothering you, Miranda!”

“It’s fine. Got done with the heavy load early, actually,” as Miranda explained, she shrugged her shoulders, walking over to her desk to push Melanie off her desk with a light bap to the head. “I told you I don’t like it when you sit down on the desk, shark butt. There’s the chair if you want to sit down.”

Melanie pouted a little at the shove, but instantly perked up at the following offer. She nearly jumped into the chair, sinking into ergonomic pleasure. “Oh boy! I think I was born for executive life!” she grinned, throwing her arms behind her head to relax. Miranda laughed while Rebecca couldn’t hold back a girlish giggle. “What? Don’t make me give you two janitorial duties.”

“That’s not the kind of job I got here and you know it, Mel,” Miranda shook her head, leaning down against the edge of her desk. “Hey Rebecca, why so quiet? Do I have something on my face?”

“What, but you just told me not to sit on the desk!” Melanie puffed her cheeks out in annoyance, but her little outburst went unnoticed.

“Oh, sorry!” Rebecca blushed a little, catching herself. The busty fennec twiddled her fingers anxiously, “It’s just... well, I’ve been thinking...”

“Stop the presses!” interjected Miranda. Melanie snickered in amusement. Rebecca didn’t seem to like that comment.

“Very funny!” the fluffy redhead was easy to tease, but being around friends meant she could just let things slide. “Ahem, anyways... Mir, I was re-reading that article of when you went all big in the middle of the city.”

Miranda’s expression took a slight, sullen turn. She folded her arms under her moderate bust, tilting her head to the side with intrigue. “Yes?”

“That’s when we met!” Melanie chirped with both arms and legs stretched out. Miranda couldn’t help smirking, but nodded in Rebecca’s direction to encourage her to continue.

“Well, I’ve told you before, I kinda wish I was there with you two when it happened. It must’ve been amazing to be that high up! And to do all that with the buildings and... and...” Rebecca stammered, getting lost in her loose description as she recalled the event from her own visual memory. “How did you do all that?” she finally asked.

Miranda was slightly caught off-guard at the sudden question, but she couldn’t say it was unexpected. She could see Melanie biting her lower lip, unable to hide her giddy grin. The wolfess rolled her eyes, knowing she was surrounded by macrophiles. “You’ve asked that before. What can I say? I got the gift,” she shrugged.

"I know, but..." Rebecca paused, holding both paws together, her large ears flattening bashfully, "It's like you can grow so easily and at a whim. You have such control over it too! Isn't there a way you could teach me how? L-like I said, I've been thinking and...!"

"You don't grow like I do, 'becs," Miranda sighed, showing signs that this was definitely not the first time she was being hounded for answers she did not have. "And besides, even if you did, how am I supposed to teach you?"

Rebecca was disappointed, her pupils seeming to inflate with her pleading expression. She looked like a top-heavy puppy looking up at her mistress begging for bite of her cheeseburger. "But you're always so confident and in control, and I, well..."

Melanie was having fun listening to the exchange. It was like watching Luke begging a reluctant Yoda for his tutelage. She shook her head and bounced off the cushy office chair. "I'll make us some coffee. This might take a while!"

"Uh huh. Just clean if you spill anything," Miranda said without paying attention, nodding away, with patience, at all of Rebecca's elaborate but ultimately pointless arguments. The wolfess simply didn't know how else to tell Rebecca she couldn't randomly make her expansion fantasy come true by herself. Even those adorable puppy eyes and droopy ears had no effect on Miranda's immutably flat stare. If it had been anyone else, Miranda would've already turned her back and walked away at so much babbling. However, Rebecca was a dear friend. While Miranda wasn't the type to white-lie to make somebody feel better, she at least allowed the fennec to get her thoughts out.

Miranda was almost at the breaking point when Melanie popped up carrying a plastic tray with three new paper cups. The wolfess interrupted Rebecca's inexhaustible, hopeful monologue, surprised at the shark girl's perfect balance and form. "One-handed tray carrying and not one spill? Impressive, Mel."

"I used to be a waitress. This ain't my first rodeo," the shorter girl smiled proudly. She proceeded to distribute the drinks. "Man, aren't you parched, 'becca? At least give your tongue a bit of juice before you continue abusing it," Melanie suggested, chuckling at the fennec whose ears bounded upwards.

"Oh. Sorry, I didn't mean to babble on and on," the vixen seemed bashful, but at the same time perked up by the strong scent of fresh coffee. "Thanks, Mellie."

Miranda thanked the stars when the mug touched Rebecca's mouth, silencing her for at least a while. Melanie sat back on the office chair, having found herself comfortable with it. Miranda took a quick sip, more out of obligation than need since she already had a cup earlier. While her friends drank, the wolf girl used the opportunity to talk. "Hey, how about we go eat lunch together? They opened this new place down town. Really tasty Thai."

"Oh!" Rebecca perked up with a big smile, "Yeah, I wanna go! I've been wanting to try Thai. Is it spicy?"

"You can probably ask for mild sauce if it's not your thing," explained Miranda, taking another sip. The small talk turned into actual conversation as the three friends started to discuss favorite flavors and naming different restaurants they'd been at; unofficially rating those as well. Miranda wasn't normally very overt. She enjoyed the company of her friends, but preferred to keep the special side of her life low when she could. Talking about food was alright and normal as normal could get.

Melanie was such a contrast to her. Listening to her random occurrences coupled with her energetic demeanor was enough to tire her out, but a refreshing breath of air when compared to the fake people she dealt with every day. Boot-lickers, pestering suitors, annoying people in general.

Rebecca was interesting to put it in a single word. She had the looks of a swim-suit model, but didn't act uppity or was mean about it. However, the fennec could be ditzy and it wasn't uncommon to hear others refer to the fluffy redhead as a bimbo. Miranda had punched more than one tooth off those judgmental mouths. The truth was Rebecca's sometimes infantile and innocent personality was very exploitable; but she had a heart of gold that even the impatient Miranda could appreciate.

Counting her blessings in the form of friends, Miranda drank with a smile at the girlish giggles and laughter around her, expecting a normal, good day. She felt like nothing could ruin their peace.

That was, until Miranda finally noticed something definitely was odd with Rebecca's paper cup. It was subtle at first, but Miranda eventually noticed how it was steadily disappearing behind her fingers. Was it a magic trick? Miranda couldn't say to herself that she remembered Rebecca ever performing a sleight of hand like that.

"Mmm," the fennec had been savoring the coffee from the cup in question; she didn't notice anything at first. Rebecca felt an unfamiliar sensation lightly crawling under her skin. It was almost like a thousand microscopic masseurs had spread along every last corner of her body. The pleasant, although ethereal feeling was steadily becoming more pronounced and nearly electric. "What's this... tingling I feel...?" she murmured, letting out a slight whimper when her clothes started feeling too tight on her person.

"Mel, please tell me you're not seeing what I'm..." Miranda turned to the shark girl who was already poised on the desk like a panting dog with a dangling treat in front of her face. With how excited Melanie was about it, Miranda gulped and turned back to the shuddering Rebecca. "Oh shit."

"Ahh!" Rebecca swelled with a moan of delight. Her tube-top noisily stretched over her expanding, voluminous chest. The nipple tents became especially pronounced on the fabric as the vixen's proportions enlarged. That generous cleavage result of the top's natural push up started to border on ridiculousness as Rebecca's breasts expanded with her. Her hips, thighs and buttocks seemed to be going down the same road. They grew thicker, larger and wider, contributing to Rebecca's already lusciously curvy form. Her sides flared out to scandalous proportions in relation to her enhanced bust, supporting a rather round, plump pair of ass cheeks. The delighted vixen couldn't hold her elation any longer when she suddenly found herself two feet taller; and the tingling sensation was simply becoming exacerbated with every passing second. "Oh dear! It's happening...! It's finally happening! Is this a dream?"

"Please let this be a dream!" Miranda groaned as she immediately threw herself at Rebecca, who was so incredibly turned on by her change, so hopelessly distraught by the potential for fantasy and disappointment, yet so thoroughly elated about her sudden transformation that she didn't even notice the now smaller wolfette pushing against her. "No, damnit, no! Don't grow in here, Rebecca!" the wolfess pleaded, starting to skid her feet along the floor as she did her best to push, but Rebecca was growing too fast! "Ugh, don't just stand there with a fucking lady boner, Mel! Help me out here!"

There were no two ways about it. Melanie was turned on. Seeing Rebecca swell this large and so suddenly had made her morning. Her finned tail was wagging back and forth behind her as if she were an excited puppy instead of a shark. Miranda's pleading voice was like a missile spearing

through cloudy skies, clearing her lust-addled mind for a brief, although poignant second. “Oh damn, your office.”

“Yes! My freaking office that I just had rebuilt last month. Help me push her out before she drives me out of business! The insurance doesn’t cover spontaneous growth spurts, y’know!”

Rebecca was lost amidst a sea of raging hormones as every last bit of her pushed out, expanding larger and larger still. The fennec was a curvy, towering, shuddering mess of drooling pleasure. As she ascended taller and taller still, her shrinking outfit gradually but surely lost its battle against the fennec’s augmented lady-like body. Loud shreds orchestrated the end of Rebecca’s top and shorts, which exploded into tatters of abused, defeated fabric. Melanie couldn’t stop staring. Miranda’s yells were reluctantly bringing her back from that gratuitous nudity.

The short shark girl summed up to Miranda’s efforts. However, Rebecca had grown so big so fast that she had become too heavy for even both girls’ combined strength. “Ugh! She’s so heavy...! So so bootiliciously heavy...!” Melanie groaned, pushing back as she threw her arms around to press against the amazonian fennec.

“Focus, damnit!” growled Miranda.

“I am!” Melanie retorted.

“You’re grabbing her ass!”

“C’mon Mir, now you’re just nitpicking!”

“Ahhh!” Rebecca seemed to snap out of her stupor once her head inevitably banged against the ceiling. The ceiling fan above detached and crashed loudly next to Miranda, who cursed about the seemingly unstoppable fate of her office. “I-I’m growing so fast... eep!” As Rebecca tried to find her bearings after the blow to her head, she made the attempt to lean down to crouch. Through the effort, she only managed to trip her clumsy big feet on one of the ceiling fan blades.

Miranda and Melanie saw their immediate surroundings starting to darken. The shark girl’s jaw nearly hit the ground as she looked up at the advent of two enormously fluffy objects. “Timberrrrmmmp!” Melanie’s yelp and Miranda’s obfuscated groan became muffled when Rebecca landed chest first on them.

Rebecca whimpered helplessly as she fell to her knees. The violent dive had caused her to head-butt one of the wooden supports off the ceiling, so the room was starting to groan in protest as it tried to hold. It certainly did not help that Rebecca’s drop also made her involuntarily hike her backside up. Her large rump ended crashing against the wall behind, making it crack in the process. Miranda’s office didn’t have long. “M-Miranda, help! How do I slow it down...?”

Miranda gasped out as if emerging from a five minute ocean dive. “Don’t slow it down, reverse it!” she shouted, her head popping out from within Rebecca’s enormous cleavage. The wolfess coughed and spat out some fox fur, “Damn. I lost Mel. Is she alright?!”

“How do I slow down... how I reverse it?! This is the first time I’ve grown sooooooh...!” Rebecca was trying to keep herself focused, but the extremely pleasurable sensations spreading within her were making it a really hard task to accomplish. Her body continued to shudder and expand, taking up more and more space in the office. Her tits had already bowled over Miranda’s desk and her left arm and hand-paw had already shredded through the room separator. “Owwie, sorry about that!”

she sniffled, starting to get really panicked. "Is Mellie fine?"

"I asked first! Ugh, knowing that perverted shark she must be under your boobs motor-boating them. Really mature, by the way, fish butt!" Miranda snarled down, which to Rebecca made it look like she was angry at her breasts.

"Um..." Rebecca seemed concerned with Miranda's bursts of anger, feeling responsible due to her body continuously destroying the little office room as it grew.

"Save whatever you have to say for later, 'becs," Miranda tried to calm herself, not wanting to snap at her friends anymore. An idea came to mind. "Look, just breathe!"

"That's a good idea! It'll help you relax," Rebecca smiled. Miranda's left eye twitched comically, as if she was being teased.

"Not me. You, Ms. Five Metric Tons of Fluff!" Miranda impatiently groaned out. "I breathe slow and deep when I want to keep myself small. Maybe it'll work for you!" the wolfess didn't have high hopes. Rebecca was a shuddering, enlarging mountain of sexy fennec; even if she wanted to, the vixen was way too excited to pull this off. Watching Rebecca moan after every attempt to do as told was making Miranda nervous. "Man, the office's a goner," she quickly thought, "But maybe I can save the rest of the building. Just gotta..." she interrupted her own thought as she looked back at the hill through her office's window. "Right!" Miranda exclaimed as she drummed the growing fox's breasts for attention, "Hey, Rebecca! Listen. I want you to dive forwards."

"What? I don't have room to do that!" the swelling fennec whined.

"Just do it. We gotta get you out of here, somehow! I can at least save half the building this way!" Miranda bit her upper lip and groaned, face-palming as she saw Rebecca blush when they heard the wall behind get destroyed by the fluffy redhead's legs and ass. "Two fifths is good enough!" she finished.

Rebecca couldn't believe she was seeing Miranda's eyes take upon themselves a pleading glint. It was usually the other way around. Most of the time. Nearly all of the time. This rare event put a different perspective in the excitable fennec's mind. Miranda was telling her to launch herself out of the office through the wall. "Go all out!" it translated in her mind. And why not? She was so big now, and she was still growing! This wasn't going to hurt; this was going to be fun!

The redhead's worries melted away as she wiggled herself into a more comfortable position, her hips grinding the hole in the back wall even wider. Rebecca gained focus as she scrunched her eyebrows together and stuck her tongue out. Miranda let out a sudden whimper when the fennec hugged her like a doll into her cleavage. "Brace yourself, girls!" the vixen kicked herself forwards, charging the wall ahead with abandon.

"Not again, damnit!" Miranda groaned as she disappeared between Rebecca's giant knockers.

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The little distribution warehouse office at the top of the hill suddenly exploded on the side with a giant fennec girl flinging herself outside. Debris and dust decorated the brutish exit as Rebecca came out rolling like a curvaceous ball of giant vixen. She rolled downhill with heavy, loud thuds and only stopped after she bowled over several pine trees at the base of the hill.

Miranda was flung through the air after Rebecca had hit the bottom of the hill, but she managed to recover before she fell. The wolffess landed on her hands and feet, panting as she thanked there being no rocks in her impromptu landing pad. "I don't want to do that again," she panted out, wide-eyed.

"Let's do that again!" came the 20ft. tall Rebecca's cheerful giggles. The vixen was finally free from confinement, and without being all cooped up and squished down now Miranda could properly see how massive Rebecca had become in such a short span of time. Rebecca seemed to have face-planted, but other than dirt and branches on her fur she seemed unharmed. Her tail was even wagging behind her!

"No." Miranda immediately disagreed, shaking both her head and a finger at the over-excited fennec, still catching her breath. "You're still growing. You need to stop now."

"But... but I'm having so much fun! Just look at me, Mir, I'm so big and strong!" Rebecca sat up and flexed both of her dainty, feminine arms up in semi-arcs. Miranda lifted her head and stared with a look that combined disbelief and sheer incredulity. Even if Rebecca wanted her to pay attention to her non-existent biceps, those massive fluffy tits looked oversized on Rebecca's chest now. "I know!" Rebecca slapped the ground as she leapt back to her feet. The resulting little quake made Miranda hop once. "I'll show you! Look, Mir, just like you!" Rebecca rushed to one of the tallest trees of the surrounding woodlands, suddenly reaching forwards and hugging it. Rebecca's large breasts smothered the tree like a frail little toy, cracking it under their huge waist. After making a rather lewd case of her monstrous strength, a proud Rebecca turned around and leaned back against the compacted trunk, using it as a wall. It seemed like she was trying to strike a cool pose, but that failed when the weakened tree was unable to support Rebecca's continuously increasing weight. After a sudden growth spurt, her ass broke through the trunk and she fell back with a thunderous crash. "Owwie!"

"Look," as Rebecca rubbed her big sexy tush with a frown, Miranda sat down and blew a lock of hair out of her face, finally slapping it back to get it out of the way, "I don't know why you're growing so fast, or why you're so damn excitable right now, but you gotta stop. You've never grown this quickly before. Plus we..."

"Oooh. I know what'll be fun!" the fennec quickly rose up to her feet as if nothing had happened. She looked past the lake surrounding their city. The playful glint in Rebecca's eyes was obviously telling Miranda what the plan was.

"Absolutely not!" Miranda rushed over in front of the giantess, stomping her foot down, "You know how much hell they gave me after I went and wrecked the place up? That's why I work out here and..."

"Teehee! I bet everybody there will tell me how big and pretty I am! I'll show 'em!" Rebecca seemed gone into her little world. Like a kid powered by an unstoppable sugar rush, the bouncy, bottom-heavy vixen started skipping along in the direction of the city.

"Rebecca! Reb... gah!" Miranda tried chasing after her growing friend, losing her footing every time that Rebecca's gigantic, heavy feet came crashing down. "Ugh...! Fine. Have it your way!" Her eyes glowed with uncanny power. Miranda was done playing the understanding friend. Once Rebecca was far enough away and crossing the lake, the wolf girl stood up and quickly started stripping out of her clothes. No sense in losing a perfectly good work uniform. She stretched and focused. The wolf girl started swelling and expanding in every direction, keeping her eyes on the giant Rebecca. "Goddamn, she's really growing fast. She must be twice the size after we left the



office! I have to keep up!” Miranda growled, her entire body shuddering before doubling in size. Already at amazonian proportions, Miranda took a deep breath and kicked off into a dash after her friend. The wolfess grew as she sprinted, starting to make pebbles and twigs in proximity of her footfalls hop. Pebbles and branches turned into rocks and branches as Miranda grew and grew, soon going from amazon to mini-giantess, at least in relation to Rebecca. “Nnghh... fuck, I forgot how good this felt, especially all at once!” the wolfess had experience growing, and she loved it; but she also knew how unbridled and chaotic things could get if she wasn’t in control.

Miranda clutched her hand-paws as she skidded to a halt in front of the lake that Rebecca had effortlessly crossed as if it had been a pond. Miranda gauged that she had already reached 30ft. tall, but in the time it had taken her to reach the lake, the fennec had already boomed past 50! “I can’t afford to keep up, I have to overtake her before she gets in trouble!” the wolfess’ muscles tensed and she stifled down a moan of pleasure as energy coursed through her being. Her hips broadened and her chest expanded outwards, her body suddenly doubling in size in a single burst of power. Miranda almost couldn’t hold back a howl of bliss. She didn’t particularly mind it when her assets increased as a result of the hormonal rush, but they also carried with themselves additional sensitivity. The wolfess was the proud owner of plump double Ds if she were still at her usual height. “Nnghh. Just don’t get in the way!” she grumbled, as if ordering her own body around. With the advantage of size, Miranda easily ran over the lake and prepared to tackle Rebecca.

But Rebecca was still growing! “Gonna need a bit more...” Miranda said, cursing the spur of the moment for the slight miscalculation. Half-way through the dash she began to increase her own size, aiming to dwarf Rebecca before she caught her. Miranda had to make sure she stopped Rebecca before she got too far into the city!

The fennec was having the time of her life. She simply couldn’t choose where to start. She remembered all of what she had seen the giant Miranda do during her rampage and tried to figure a way to impress her friend. There were so many things to do, and so little time before she outgrew them all! “Oooh, look at all these buildings!” she exclaimed like a giddy schoolgirl in a shopping mall, “Can’t wait until I’m bigger than... eek!”

“Got’cha, fluff butt!” A confident, 150ft. tall Miranda declared as she pushed herself down on the fellow giant. The much larger wolf easily wrestled and overpowered Rebecca until she was sitting on her. Miranda sighed, happy that the only damage done was their paw prints on the asphalt. “Now, are you gonna finally listen to...” the wolfess gasped as she felt herself shudder. But this time it didn’t come from within herself; it was coming from beneath. “...what now...?” she almost whimpered, but instead let out a grumpy grumble of annoyance.

Miranda didn’t even need to check to realize what was going on. Rebecca had never stopped growing. In fact, as the fennec whined and struggled against Miranda’s weight, her expansion picked up all of a sudden! From one moment to the next, Rebecca doubled in size, and then redoubled that! She had gone to two hundred feet tall in record time. The wolfess cursed as she was pushed higher and higher by Rebecca’s enlarging form. Miranda’s victory had crumbled down as she found herself straddling the ascending fennec’s fox. “Woohoo! Look at me grow!” barked an overjoyed Rebecca as she grew and grew, stretching her arms skywards while Miranda couldn’t do anything else other than keep her legs around the fennec in order to not fall off.

“Dammit! She grows too fast for me to keep up with! Rebecca, listen, you gotta stop!” Once Rebecca started to outgrow her, Miranda tried to call Rebecca to attention by grabbing her long ears. She tugged them as if they were the reins on a horse, but it didn’t seem like it was having much of an effect.

“Ooh, look at how small this itty bitty apartment building is!” Rebecca didn’t seem in the least bit concerned with anything vaguely related to pain. Every swelling moment made Miranda’s tugging more and more insignificant. In her mind, Miranda was simply spurring her on by riding at her back. And why not? They were fellow giantesses! They were in the city to play.

“Rebecca, no!” Miranda growled out as the fennec approached one of the tall office buildings. At the enormous height of 400ft. tall, even skyscrapers looked small to Rebecca. The vixen paused, seeming to be distracted. “Did... did you finally come off it?” asked a hopeful Miranda, who couldn’t see the faces Rebecca was making at the reflective, window-paned side of the skyscraper.

The fennec fox was simply entranced with her own image. She had swollen so much! The side of the building was like a mirror to her. She could finally see just how enormous she had become, and she wasted no time in admiring every inch of her curvaceous body. Rebecca’s long legs seemed to go on forever to those watching her from below. Her massive hips were the perfect support for her large, meaty buttocks. Rebecca giggled and gave herself a spank as she twirled her tail to the side, watching her bountiful rump wobble from the impact. “Looks like I got it! Teehee! Mmmm...” her paws tightly grabbed her hips and ran up and down on her curvaceous form, making her tush bounce for the admirers within multiple floors of the skyscraper in front of her. She had such a tight, springy yet poignantly spherical butt that it could quite easily give her more than head sized mounds a run for their money.

“Oh, no, sure. Go ahead, do that. Do the twirly thing with your tail again if you want too,” Miranda sarcastically observed the narcissistic display, face-smacking as she saw Rebecca doing blushing, kissy-faces at herself, swelling larger still. “Do you even realize there are hundreds of people in there watching you?!” Miranda finally snapped, letting go in frustrated defeat, but keeping herself fastened with her legs. Rebecca perked up at this, her ears standing up and twitching with a mischievous smirk.

“Heehee! Soooo, is it a show you all want?” It wasn’t clear to Miranda whether Rebecca could hear the dozens of guys and girls begging the 500ft. tall and still growing giantess to go on with it or not, but Rebecca really seemed eager to do so. Rebecca grinned and slapped the side of the skyscraper with a palm, giving it a firm squeeze. Her relatively weak grip wasn’t enough to wreck the building, but it definitely cracked the surface. Rebecca kicked a leg up in the air and let herself lean away from the building, keeping herself from falling by holding onto the skyscraper.

Using the edifications as a makeshift pole, the vixen kicked down and then kicked her other leg backwards, pulling herself towards the skyscraper. Rebecca held the skyscraper tightly, almost sandwiching its side walls into her glorious cleavage. She stretched her one leg back and lifted it in a perfect, balanced horizontal shape, flipping herself around. Rebecca laughed, genuinely having fun.

Making her breasts bounce and jiggle as she danced around the skyscraper, she made sure to also shake what she had under her itty bitty waist, making eyes watch out for those tempting, exaggerate hip sways. The fennec spun herself around the sturdy skyscraper as she grew, starting to inch closer to its pent-house level. Fluff pressed against the window panes as Rebecca ground against it. She crouched up and down, sliding her attractive bubble-butt against the building. For all of her proportional strength and monstrous size, Rebecca was somehow able to keep herself and her foursome wrecking balls of sexiness from demolishing the building, displaying that she had a peculiar sort of talent for this kind of show.

Miranda felt like a rucksack by this point, still riding Rebecca’s shoulders. She felt like shrinking baggage at the excited giantess’ back. The wolfess didn’t know what else to try, but she had to come

up with something, anything, soon. Rebecca was turning too large. Even the skyscraper she had been so dexterously manipulating as a dancing pole was starting to succumb to Rebecca's immense and continuously expanding mass. Miranda figured that attempting to outgrow her and pin her down would simply result in another exacerbated growth spurt that would put her at an even more precarious situation. Miranda let out a frustrated sigh. "Could use some help with this. Where the hell did Melanie even get to?" the shark girl was in Miranda's thoughts, since she hadn't had the time to search for Melanie after they all had busted out of the office and toppled downhill. "She's sturdy, she'll be fine, wherever she landed..." Miranda mused to herself optimistically, becoming surprised and yipping when she suddenly was plucked.

"You're so cute and small like this, Mir! Did you like the show?!" Rebecca laughed as she squeezed her much smaller friend into a cuddling embrace. The size difference was staggering now; Miranda was surprised at how immense the redhead really was. Since Miranda had remained at 150ft. tall, Rebecca wasn't anywhere less than four times larger than her; and that size difference was still becoming bigger and bigger. Miranda was starting to sink into fennec boob canyon once more, and she definitely didn't want to become Rebecca's doll.

"Ugh, let go!" The wolfess struggled and pushed away from those veritably enormous tits, but Rebecca only cuddled harder in response. "This isn't a game, quiddit!"

"Teehee, but you're so huggable, Mir. Oh." She paused, noticing the burning anger in the fed up wolf girl's eyes, "Are we wrestling again? I'm gonna bring you down this time!" sang the excited Rebecca. "I call this move..." she began, holding Miranda away before suddenly jumping up in the air.

Miranda widened her eyes as she realized what was going on a little too late. "Wait, nononono-don't...!"

"...the plump-driver!" Rebecca crashed down on her side with her huge knockers burying her under literal tons of fox boobage. Soft squishiness aside, the sheer weight of the queen-sized vixen came impacted the streets so hard that the city registered an earthquake of unprecedented top and bottom-heavy proportions. "Aaaaaand the winner iiiiiis..." Rebecca giggled with amusement as she wiggled her hips and rubbed her chest along the streets, "Come out and say it, Mir... Don't make me show you my booty-press!" she grinned, but there was no response. No mean comment, no aggravated growl. Even the super excited giantess found that peculiar. "Mir?" She removed herself from the streets and sprang up on all fours, checking the empty streets with a quizzical expression on her face. Miranda was nowhere to be found. "Are you in hiding in here, Mir?" Rebecca reached into her enormous cleavage. Not finding her after an initial search, the fennec knelt down and parted her breasts to the side, seeing absolutely nothing between them, other than some glass and concrete debris from the skyscraper she had been grinding against earlier. Rebecca frowned and stood up, rising to her full height that was rapidly approaching the thousand feet mark. The redhead rested her hands on her vastly wide hips and impatiently tapped her foot. "Miiiiir! Where are you? This isn't as fun without a friend..." her cheeks puffed out as she demanded like a bratty child not having her way.

Miranda had no doubt she would've survived Rebecca's ridiculous wrestling move, since she was just playing after all, but at the last second she saw her chance to kick herself off the much larger giantess and took it. The wolfess had managed to scamper off during the vixen's celebratory speech, and was now crouching next to one of the larger buildings, using it as cover to stay out of Rebecca's line of sight. "Shit, she really thinks this is a damn game." Miranda knew she had to stop Rebecca, but the macrophile in her couldn't deny this was cute and sexy in its own, charming, destructive way. It was an odd feeling, since she knew the pleasures of cutting loose with her power all too

well. “No, stop that, focus, Miranda, focus. Ugh, I’m bigger than an apartment building but I’m playing mouse right now,” she lamented as she avoided the growing Rebecca searching after her. “How do I stop thousands of tons of boob fluff from wrecking this city?!”

“You have to use force, Miranda!” came a voice from not too far away. Miranda’s ears twitched as she realized who the unmistakable, girlish tone of voice belonged to. She looked around quietly, shifting her position without getting up, lest her cover was blown. It wasn’t long before she noticed a waving, jumping little person at the roof of one of the flats. It was Melanie. “Miranda! Use...”

“Shh!” the wolfess startled the little shark who didn’t expect Melanie to rush over on all fours, her giant muzzle looming with those gargantuan eyes glaring down. “Do you want to get sued?!”

“Tsk tsk!” the shark girl was still lying on her back as she wagged a finger, “I didn’t use a definite article if you paid close attention to what I was actually saying,” her finger pointed upwards demonstratively.

Miranda figured it was useless to argue grammatical technicalities and shrugged her shoulders, returning to the matter at hand. “Where’ve you been, fish butt?! I could’ve used your help calming ‘becs down, you know. She’s out of control! Gonna smoosh everything under her fat ass at this rate.”

“Mmmyes.” The shark girl nodded all too quickly; not at all concerned it seemed.

“Wow, don’t show interest in this or anything. It’s not like our friend is about to wreck our city or anything. What’s your problem?” the giant wolfess grumbled down at her friend, “Ah, shit!” Melanie meeped as she heard Rebecca’s heavy, loud footfalls near.

“Language, Mir, don’t be so foul,” Melanie put a finger up to her mouth, making Miranda raise an eyebrow in confusion. The wolf slid around as quietly as possible and hid behind the building Melanie was on. Fortunately, the shark was so small that Rebecca didn’t notice either of them.

“Miiiiir, come out come out wherever you are!” Rebecca sang out happily as she skipped along the large city, her wobbling, unstoppable bounciness a spectacle of air-headed adorability. Rebecca’s expansion had taken no breaks; she had swelled past twelve hundred feet so far. She was beginning to dwarf even the largest city buildings. “I’ll grow large enough for a bird’s eye view soon anyway, hehe!”

“She’s right,” Miranda gripped the roof under her fingers to quell her anxiety. She didn’t know what to do. “I could use some ideas, Mel... huh?” the wolf giantess blinked as she looked down only to notice Melanie finishing to set up a filming set atop the roof’s service exit. Miranda’s eyes narrowed into a spiteful, fiery glare. “What are you doing?” she growled out coldly.

Melanie rubbed her arm and turned around with a sheepish, almost innocent smile. Almost, since those big sharp fangs weren’t helping her. “Just setting up for a little video recording!” Miranda huffed angrily as she started seeing more cameras she had previously been ignoring due to the heat of the moment. The corners of that roof were even set up for proper lighting, suggesting this had been an elaborate production. Too elaborate for a single person to do in the span of thirty minutes. “Maybe- maybe not that little, hehe.”

“Don’t “hehe” me, shark tits. What the fuck is going on here?!” Miranda had to fight her urge to shout, and instead was growling out the words at the small redhead. Melanie was making hand gestures for Miranda to speak quietly.

“Mir, watch your language. I’ll have to edit that out too,” Melanie rolled her eyes up, gaining an even more scornful look from her friend as Miranda tore out a section of the roof clean off with her hand-paw. “Okay okay!” the shark panicked, not wanting her equipment damaged further. “So I might or might not have slipped highly concentrated fructose syrup in Rebecca’s coffee. Like maybe or maybe not five or six tablets of sugary sweetener. Perhaps or perhaps not really well mixed in with just a pinch of...”

“MELANIE!”

“Fine fine...! I spiked her drink with loads of sugar,” Melanie finally confessed, making Miranda slap her own face in frustration.

“You horny piece of...” Miranda was about to swear again when she found it absolutely futile to lecture the shark girl. Rebecca was a particular kind of macro who expanded when ingesting large quantities of sweets, which sent her on unchained growth spurts; usually controllable since Miranda always could contain Rebecca, but this time she was working on tons and tons of concentrated sugar! Part of Miranda understood the appeal, but Melanie’s roundabout way of executing this plan still pissed her off! “No wonder Rebecca’s grown so fast and out of control like this. She’s on a massive sugar rush!”

“Massive’s the right word,” Melanie grinned, pausing herself when Miranda glared down at her again, “Kay, shutting up.”

“Why did you even... ugh. What are you filming her for? We’ll get a freaking documentary like last time I bet.”

“Yeah but they always cut all the best parts!” whined a bouncing Melanie, her own large rack bouncing with her. “Don’t worry, I’ll have the best for all you guys and gals watching and or reading this!” she giggled, waving at her main camera with a big toothy smile. “Say hi to the internet, Mir!” the shark turned her camera over to the wolf giantess, who merely grunted threateningly, “Aaaaaand back to the fennec girl boobs,” she turned the focus away from the grumpy to the bubbly giantess.

“Forget this, Mel. She’s growing too big. Just look, she’s trampling buildings down now!”

“Oooh! Look at this tiny parking lot. So many itty bitty cars. They look like toys to me now, teehee!” Rebecca reached down to pick the abandoned cars up, measuring them up against herself. They were so insignificant to the giantess. She could fit multiple ones in her hands, and they continued to dwindle into her furry paws. Rebecca wanted to see how many she could hold together, so she sat down on the two apartments behind her. Each of her bulbous cheeks squished atop the respective roofs, given her a cushy seat for her extra-cushioned caboose.

“Ohmigod, she’s so adorbs!” Melanie squealed, eyes almost popping out into pink love-hearts, “That sexy booty, too. Unf.”

“Right, just... stop looking,” Miranda blushed and plucked Melanie in-between her fingers, spinning the smaller girl to face away from Rebecca and back to her. Truth be told, Miranda couldn’t deny the appeal of the show even if Rebecca was causing a panic below, so she could understand Melanie; but this had gone on for far too long. “I don’t want trouble with the mayor again. So help me come up with a way to stop her. You have enough footage for like a million of internet perverts to fap to already, don’t you?”

“Maybe!” Melanie shrugged with a beaming expression, “You can never have enough; plus think of the money we’ll make!” Miranda rolled her eyes; money that was likely going to go to damage repair. “Hmm, I meant it when I said to use force earlier though.”

“You... what?” Miranda was taken aback when she realized Melanie finally seemed to be serious for once. “But I don’t want to beat her up!”

“No, no. Just help her expend her energy. You know! She grew because of all the sugar I gave her,” Melanie grinned, “Just gotta get rid of the excess energy and she’ll calm down I bet!”

“Th-that...” Miranda stammered, slowly tapping her fingers to the roof of the building, “That actually makes sense.”

“Yeah! C’mon Mir, time to get physical!” Melanie giggled, doing a playful one-two as an encouraging gesture. “Careful with her “plump driver”, hehe.”

Miranda cracked her knuckles, suddenly looking way more confident. “I can catch up to her. Then it’s just a matter of playing wrestler until she’s spent. Just watch a master get to work.”

“Woohoo! Can you smile to the camera please?” Melanie waved up as Miranda finally rose up to her full stature of 150ft. tall again. The wolfess wasn’t looking at the camera, but at Rebecca as she continued to stride along the city and play with it. The way she kept acting like a little kid with attention-deficit now made sense to Miranda. “A sultry wink can go a long way toooooo...!” Melanie’s requests seemed to melt into the air as Miranda started to draw energy from focusing, starting to quickly expand again. She grew larger and larger, easily doubling in size. “Slowerrrr...! C’mon, the camera loves you too, Mir!” insisted a disgruntled Melanie who watched Miranda swell in rampant bursts of powerful growth. The shark dramatically pressed the back of her hand on top of her forehead as she sighed, “Alas, no one understands the tribulations of an artist!”

Miranda completely ignored Melanie; she was done with the sea-dweller’s shenanigans for the day. Her dark furred body exploded with swelling power, increasing her mass and curves in disparate but visually appealing fashion. Her breasts pushed out greedily, becoming huge, round spheres of sensual tautness. They heaved on her chest, each mound close to the size of her head. The wolfess moaned as the process granted her pleasure thanks to the chaotic hormone rush in her system. Melanie was catching every single one of those extremely rare and sweet, girlish sounds coming out of the growing wolfess. Miranda broke a thousand feet tall in no time. Her waist started to appear more diminutive thanks to her flaring hips, which had jumped the overly proportionate growth spurt bandwagon along with her ass. That springy, round wolf bum fattened up with extra mass as it jiggled with newfound firmness; and while Miranda would never admit it, she rocked the bubble-butt look.

A loud yelp of surprise was followed by a high-pitched, excited squeal of complimentary serendipity. “Miiiiir!” Rebecca shouted as she found her friend growing out from between the buildings. She was closing the gap between their heights rather fast, and while Rebecca was clearly the more stacked one in the curves department, the vixen couldn’t help but blush at Miranda’s enhanced body. “Oh my, you look so good up close!”

Miranda stomped her foot down. Both 1500ft. tall giantesses were facing each other. Miranda opened her eyes and punched her open palm with a grin. “Time for round two.”

“Oh, oh oh! Are you joining me to play around town, Mir?” Rebecca bounce in place, clapping her

paws in excitement. Miranda's response was a tackle. "Eeeeeeee...!" the fennec shrieked in fear as they tumbled away together with Miranda landing on top. "What are you doing, Mir? That kind of hurt!" she pouted, more out of concern than pain. The playfully aggressive tumble had actually razed the streets under their bodies, leaving behind sunken asphalt with alarmed cars and wrecked paraphernalia.

"Just getting back at you, 'becs. Don't worry. I'm holding back right here!" Miranda smiled as she scooped Rebecca up in her arms, displaying the great amount of strength she had even when they were both around the same size. "Alley-oo!" another yelp followed with a loud bang as Miranda drove Rebecca down butt-first into the abandoned warehouses next to them.

After the inevitable dust cloud cleared up, a frowning Rebecca got up and tackled Miranda back. "That was cheap! Rawr!" the fennec tried to sound menacing with her growl, but intimidation wasn't easy with her natural, girlish looks. Her sheer weight however was enough to pull Miranda down with her.

"Cheap?!" Miranda repeated under Rebecca, outraged. "You tried smooshing me when I was like doll-size to you! That's cheap!" the wolfess growled right back, throwing her arms around Rebecca to roll them over. "Hah!" Miranda felt Rebecca kick back against the ground in frustration. The fennec had been topped again. "Heh, got'cha!"

"Nooo, I got'cha!" the big eared fox grinned as she pushed her chest out and caught Miranda's muzzle in-between her breasts. Rebecca giggled and shook her chest, jiggling all that vixen boob flesh onto the wolf.

It was all a big game to them, emphasis on big. Miranda had no intention of seriously harming Rebecca, and Rebecca was too far gone into her power high to care about Miranda's intention. Their playful wrestling, however, was demolishing the city around them. Miranda thought it better than the passive alternative, watching Rebecca grow out of control and potentially take out the whole city under a single gargantuan paw. This worked better and was far less damaging, but it didn't necessarily mean the city got out unscathed.

Their game was playful, but violent all the same. Both canine giantesses rolled, thrashed, tumbled around like actual wrestlers. Their curvaceous bodies pushed up and smothered edifices and each other for minutes at a time. Throughout their unstoppable bout for supremacy, Rebecca continued to grow, and Miranda adjusted her power to keep up. Every few seconds, more and more of the city became caught in their game, sinking underneath round buttocks, hefty breasts, soft if heavy paws and of course, their well-toned, long limbs.

Melanie's only regret was not preparing a giant bucket of mud for the occasion. It was like watching two sexy women jiggling for gratuity, and she thanked her plan for working, but the shark couldn't help wonder if a mud would've helped this be better.

"Dang! She isn't relenting. How much energy does she have?" Miranda was starting to get tired. Her shoves lacked the seemingly perpetual enthusiasm Rebecca continued to dole out. In order to keep herself from fainting, the wolfess stopped growing larger, enabling her to keep up with the wrestle, but this soon presented a new problem. Miranda's struggles became less and less effective with every passing moment. With Rebecca almost kissing the 2,000ft mark, the last thing Miranda wanted was for the height difference to increase like last time.

"C'mon Mir! Where's that excitement? Show me what you got!" Rebecca boomed with laughter, looming over Miranda by about 200ft. The wolfess didn't like having her patience tested. While

Rebecca laughed, Miranda made a new attempt at tackling Rebecca, but her tiredness made her falter at the last second. Miranda tripped over one of the many broken businesses they had left under their destructive wake and tumbled forwards. “Ahhnnnnh!”

Rebecca was brought down onto her back like a heavy falling tree. The loud, sustained moan of pleasure made the near-exhausted Miranda look up. She had managed to grab onto Rebecca at the last second, and didn’t realize she had ended groping both of the fennec’s massive tits. Rebecca seemed to be overwhelmed by their sensitivity to Miranda’s desperate, yet forceful grip. “What.” Miranda’s exclamation didn’t even carry an interrogating tone to it. It was a flat, defeated tone met with an equally flat, defeated facial expression. To test her theory, Miranda reached for one of Rebecca’s large nipples and flicked her thumb at it after placing her paw over the areola.

“Nnnnnhhh!” Rebecca squirmed and moaned like a helpless victim of an infinitely stronger opponent, whereas in truth it was just the smaller, tired Miranda who was so done with this conclusion that she glared down in Melanie’s direction with a largely deadpan, fed up stare.

“I ‘gotta help her get rid of excess energy” and “get physical”, huh?” Miranda mockingly repeated, and even if she couldn’t see the now diminutive shark girl, she could certainly picture Melanie replying with two thumbs up her way. “Damnit, Mel! Oh, whatever.” Miranda didn’t have the energy to sweat the details. “I got a job to do, and if this is the only way to go about it...” Miranda paused and looked over Rebecca. She was so gorgeous, her usually curvy form having enhanced into something out of fertility symbolism. Miranda had been wondering if she could squeal any louder than usual. The wolfess began to smirk, convincing herself on the idea, “Well. It isn’t that different to play-wrestling.”

“M-Mir...?” Rebecca seemed a bit concerned, her ears flattening as she watched Miranda climb and straddle her with a different sort of smile. Miranda usually exuded confidence, which is why Rebecca admired her so much, but the wolfess usually didn’t need to express it with her face. This kind of smirk carried a different kind of intent, yet it was all the same intimidating. For the first time that day, Rebecca felt like she couldn’t move.

Miranda knew how to resume her assault. Keeping her paws on Rebecca’s breasts, the wolfess allowed herself to grow once more; she knew it was going to be alright. The wolfess stretched over the fennec as she grew larger and larger, attaining a close size difference as they usually had when they were at their normal heights. Miranda was slightly taller than Rebecca, and she had a good idea of how to keep it that way. Rebecca’s dilating pupils were almost deterring Miranda; the fennec could be such a tender, cute killjoy. To reassure her friend, Miranda slid her snout over Rebecca’s collarbone, dragging the tip of her nose over her sternum while heading for her neck.

“M-M-Mee-Miranda...!” Rebecca gasped out in surprise when she felt a brief but poignant nip at her neck. Miranda had bitten down, but not in a painful way. The sensation carried a certain amount of possessiveness to it; a dominant gesture that concomitantly relayed affection. Fennec moans of bliss filled the air as the wolfess’ paws pushed against the underside of Rebecca’s generous chest, squeezing those heaving mammaries.

As if Miranda had pushed two obvious red buttons on a console, the wolfess bore witness to Rebecca suddenly swelling much larger again. The fennec’s moans loudened as she outgrew her friend yet again. Rebecca grew bigger and bigger, making Miranda slide down on her rising body, quickly becoming so small in comparison that Rebecca’s breasts became more and more intimidating. Miranda had been counting on this, and was glad that the explosive expansion’s effects had slowed down this time. It seemed that even Rebecca’s sugar rush was waning by now. Miranda didn’t want to feel too sure, however, and did her best to kick it all out of her system.



The grey furred giantess used her claws to squeeze all of what she could. Rebecca's girlish screams became the sonorous centerpiece to that brutish but effective groping that the comparatively smaller individual was accomplishing. Reassured by her plan working, Miranda drew power from newfound confidence, which allowed her to expand and overtake Rebecca, dwarfing her once more. Miranda decided to take it a step further and threw her arms around the fennec, drawing her in to smother her in her enlarging bosom. "Soak it in, 'becs. I'm the top bitch," she leaned down to whisper at her friend's twitching ears, booming ever larger than the vixen, "I'll make you feel really good." And with that, the helpless Rebecca finally pushed away from Miranda, panting and whimpering like a needy, inexperienced girl would.

Taking away her child-like behavior and usual air-headed bubblyness, Rebecca was like a tender young maiden. Miranda couldn't stop her cheeks from flushing with color, so she hardened her expression to compensate. The wolfess made a mental note to ensure she didn't lower her guard, since she knew Melanie was filming them. "Better give them a good show so we can get lots of money for this place," she reaffirmed herself, mentally ready.

Pulling back, Miranda took a single glance at Rebecca's reddened, panting, nervous, confused yet clearly aroused face. The wolfess made sure their eyes met before she pulled herself down on her. Rebecca's eyes widened like saucers as her wolf friend slipped her much larger tongue past her relatively small vixen mouth. Miranda closed her eyes, focusing on making Rebecca feel good. She slid a hand paw down Rebecca's perfect waist and groped her fleshy thighs, squeezing in tandem with the breast she had in her other hand. The fennec moaned into Miranda's mouth, shutting her eyes to stifle groans of pleasure. The wolfess pushed her own voluminous chest onto Rebecca's, squishing their busts together while her thumb continued to circle the redhead's nipple.

"AWESOME!" Melanie threw her arms up like a sports fan who had just seen a home-run. She quickly reached under her director's chair turned lawn-chair and put on a cap and yelled out into a megaphone: "DON'T FORGET TO SPANK! Show love to the boo-tay!" the shark bounced on her chair happily, beyond pleased with this outcome. "Man, this is so hot! Hope you guys are enjoying this," she said to the camera with a grin, "You have NO idea how much subs mean to me, so click that like button if only because I got my friend to grow massive F-cups for y'all!" she put two fingers to her forehead and stuck her tongue out playfully at the camera, which of course was focused on the two massive gals.

The giantesses shared a tender moment together with Miranda encouraging Rebecca by using her tongue. Inside of the vixen's mouth, Rebecca's oral muscle was all but surrendered to Miranda's. It was a one-sided, sloppy kind of wrestling that sought to take control. Miranda was like that; she overwhelmed and took over. Minutes dilated into hours of constant heaven grazing. And while Rebecca was lost amidst a sea of pleasure, clouds of lust were starting to build up an eventual storm of exacerbated sensations. There was no question Rebecca was enjoying herself, but she didn't find it fair for her to be the only one. Taking matters literally in her paws, the fennec glided her fingers towards her grand side bust. She slipped all of her digits in-between the breast sandwich that had captured Miranda's hand. Rebecca smiled into the kiss as she pushed that hand away and suddenly grabbed Miranda's augmented tits without holding back.

The wolfess' eyes popped open as she yipped in surprise, the sound lost between their tongues. Miranda was shocked to see Rebecca take such action, and also how incredibly sensitive her own mounds had grown thanks to their expansion. "Damn, no wonder she was so placid like a puppy. Big hooters like these equal to belly-rubs when fondled..." in her mind, Miranda hoped she never made such a comparison again. However, it definitely felt that good. She wanted more.

Passion grew between the two kissers deviously feeling each other's curves. To ease with the groping, the two compromised to lie down on their sides. While Miranda received the brunt of Rebecca's eager breast fondling, she aggressively groped Rebecca's round fanny. That fennec rump was so big and shapely it was impossible not to want to spank it, feeling it jiggle and wobble in Miranda's grip.

They were both growing increasingly horny, turned on by each other's ministrations. Their strong, combined scent of sexual excitement had contaminated the area. Their own noses burned with the intoxicating smell of their arousal. Wet, sticky juices were running out of their sexes, dripping over their thick, meaty thighs and onto the cracked asphalt. Miranda couldn't hold herself back and humped her hips, smacking her drooling folds against Rebecca's. The vixen arched her head back until she broke the kiss, sustaining a long moan of pleasure. "Oh, Mir...!"

"Do that whimper thing again," Miranda smiled as she reached down to drag her tongue over Rebecca's neck. Rebecca stifled a groan that turned into a high-pitched, sweet whimper. An electric tingle seemed to revitalize Miranda as she redoubled her efforts, making Rebecca moan and yip as Miranda assaulted that fat, sexy pair of ass cheeks with a constant combo of smacks. "Mmm, that's right. Moan for me, 'becs. This feels really good, doesn't it?"

"Oh yes! Yes it does nnggh..." Rebecca was about to relent, accepting the fact Miranda had her dominated, but at the last second she twisted her friend's nipples, eliciting an unexpectedly high-pitched moan from the wolfess. "Hehe, you have such a cute yip, Mir!"

Blushing at being caught off guard, Miranda cursed her enormous pair, but then grinned and shook them at Rebecca. "Ohh, you like playing with mine now that they're as big as yours, eh?" the wolfess' grin grew with renewed confidence as she pushed herself up, surprising Rebecca with a face-full of inflated lupine rack. Rebecca's moans muffled as fluffy tit flesh forced its way into her petite vixen mouth. The fennec took this as encouragement however and bit down, nipping at the gloriously big boobs. Hearing Miranda howl in pleasure was all Rebecca wanted after she had come this far along with her. Excited paws wrapped themselves on Miranda's gigantic buttocks, sinking fingers against springy furred flesh.

Rebecca smiled up at her friend, starting to shudder again. "I think this is the last big one Mir..."

"A-again...?" Miranda was surprised when suddenly she was caught off guard by her friend's enormous bosom suddenly knocking her back. "Oh no. Not this time, balloon tits!" the wolfess snarled, trying to cling to Rebecca as she outgrew her. This time however Rebecca simply sat down, Miranda's fingers slipping off as her hips became too wide for the wolf to keep up. Rebecca watched her friend shrink before her with a grin.

"S-sorry, Mir. It's just... my body seems to really like outdoing you!" the redhead admitted before a suddenly competitive Miranda toppled her over, "Eeee!" shrieked Rebecca, who giggled at the unsurprising reaction. Miranda aggressively took over and began chewing and slapping Rebecca's tits, as if truly hypnotized by the "outdone by body" comment. Miranda summoned her strength to make Rebecca moan and yip helplessly, and grew herself larger at the same time. The wolfess sat down on Rebecca's belly and straddled her, smirking over that mountain of boobage at the fennec.

"Want to outdo me? You can't outdo me!" Miranda said as she swelled larger. Her hands left Rebecca's boobs and suddenly fell to the sides. Rebecca yipped loudly as Miranda cracked her paws at the buttock flesh spilling on either side of the vixen's hips. Miranda repeated the side-spank and grew even larger, her huge light furred tits wobbling tantalizingly above Rebecca once again. "I'm going to make you scream, bubble-butt."

Giddy like a schoolgirl, Rebecca bit down on her lips, turned on simply by watching Miranda retake her spot as the largest, by only by their standard size difference. "I... I've no doubt about that, Mir..." she was grinning ear to ear. Miranda was heaving, evidently having become even hornier after topping Rebecca so thoroughly.

"Fuck! This feels so good," Miranda panted out, her tongue lolling out with excess saliva trailing down and splashing into the ruined buildings below. "I want you, Rebecca," she finally declared, sliding herself back down. Rebecca popped Miranda's breasts out of her mouth as her friend returned to their original position. "I even have a good idea of how I want to do this," she winked at the big vixen, whose quizzical expression merely fueled Miranda's perversion.

"Y-yes?" Rebecca's large ears were twitching and bouncing at attention, more eager than her submissive position suggested. Miranda made her yip again with another smack to her big derriere. "Whu-what?!"

"Put your tail over yourself," purred Miranda, doing as she had just commanded as well. Their tails weren't prehensile like a reptile's, but they had enough control in them to allow for Miranda's plan to work. The wolffess pulled her hips back a little, enabling Rebecca to slip her bushy fox tail in-between their legs. Miranda then grabbed their tails and tied them around so the tips would press against each other's groins, and then she sandwiched them between their hips. "Nngghyes..."

"Ohhh, that feels so... so strange...!" exclaimed a bewildered Rebecca as she felt the tip of Miranda's tail tickling at her needy cunny. It wasn't long before her own tail started to reciprocate. "But so good. Mmm..." Miranda kissed Rebecca again, making her murr in delight. They crossed their legs and locked them against each other, using their tails to create additional friction between their cunts. They began to grind.

As they made out with renewed fire, both girls closed their eyes to lose themselves in the moment. Their hand paws never tired of exploring each other's bodies. They didn't merely return to ass and boobs either. Feminine fingers danced upon curvaceous waists and grabbed powerful, outstandingly sexy thighs. Legs that seemed to go on forever became the target for Miranda's massages, while Rebecca was simply happy with rubbing Miranda's shoulders and arms. Their romantic ministrations, however, quickly degenerated into the most sensitive, easy to pleasure spots again. Neither Miranda nor Rebecca could fight back the raw, sexual need of desiring each other's gigantic bodies any longer.

They moaned like animals in heat, humping with sheer abandon. With hammering thrusts, they demolished whatever was caught behind their rears at the time. After all, neither had stopped growing even during sex. The city underneath was becoming an increasingly larger, indecent cuddling mold of the two amorous giantesses. They stretched and expanded, their feet growing into old, abandoned construction sites while their heads and back occupied the parks on the opposite side. Their sexual juices were beginning to pool under them, creating a constant stream of volumetric proportions.

With constant, ever-increasing sexual pressure also came outstanding growth. It had been building alongside their never waning arousal, making them expand at unprecedented speeds. Miranda growled and squeezed harder as she felt energy coursing through her veins, spiraling out of control in tandem with her inhibitions. Rebecca, overwhelmed by the sex and the myriad sensations brought upon by the peak of her sugar rush could only cry out in pleasure as she expanded. Both were so addicted to the combination of enlargement and sexual intercourse that their natural powers for attaining larger sizes gained an unparalleled swell of strength.

Expansion occurred not instantly, but in paused, extremely powerful strides. They were adding hundreds of feet of height at a time, making them truly burst greater and greater still. The city stood no match against the horny couple's violent love-making. Their flaring forms shook the urban area's very foundations. They passed three thousand feet in no time, quickly headed for four. Miranda's harsh, dominant gropes contrasted Rebecca's delicate but all the same enjoyable touch. The former made the latter kick her legs back, leaving the imprints of her limbs where it had dragged as if she was making an incomplete snow, or asphalt-angel.

There was no stopping them. The gargantuan duo humped away until everything below them disappeared under growing, ever expanding mass. It was an indescribable feeling for both girls. The sun was their main witness as more and more light was soaked up by their monstrously large frames. The pair was so consumed with their passion and lust for greater and greater sizes that this created a nearly endless loop of gratification and yearning that further exacerbated their need for release. At over four thousand feet in size, it looked like their romp would be an ever-lasting cacophony of lewd and squelching sounds, but fortunately for them, their sensitivity had also increased with their massive growth spurt.

Rebecca was the first to come. She screamed into Miranda's mouth and threw her arms around her friend, cuddling her tightly. Miranda broke the kiss soon after, howling out as she gave one last pelvic thrust before squirting all over their tails. Their shared orgasm was so powerful that it sent the couple of giantesses into an expansive growth spurt that marked their ascent to a mile and then some in size. "Fuck. Yes." Miranda let out a drawn out gasp of bliss while all Rebecca could do was nuzzle and cuddle herself to the wolfess' bosom. The fennec conked out after the sheer physical exhaustion, completely and utterly spent. "becs, you alright? Rebecca..." Miranda poked the cuddling fennec, but only got a snoozing whimper as an answer. "Man, those sugar rushes are some serious shit." She laughed, patting the redhead on the head, which caused her to flatten her ears. "kay, I admit this was fun. Better than that boring Thai outing I suggested."

As the rampant growth came to a close, a silently panting, but satisfied Miranda surveyed the destruction their combined romp had caused. Most of it had understandably been caused during their sex, since they had grown into their surroundings, but other than that it looked much better than her last time! Miranda was really hoping Melanie was going to share in whatever ad money she got from this.

Unexpectedly, a large van pulled over by the mile high giantess. Miranda had to be very careful not to inhale it with her nose, so she put a hand paw over her face as she saw a person descend. The wolfess had to squint to barely make out whoever had the balls to get near them. It was only one, so it obviously wasn't the city mayor. Miranda cocked an eyebrow before her ears flattened against her skull, cursing her luck. It was Ernie, the transporter from earlier.

"eyyy, hot stuff. Couldn't help but notice you seem different today. Lemme guess. New haircut?"

Miranda blew some hair away from her face in frustration. At least with Rebecca huddled to her like this, she wasn't revealing more than what was absolutely necessary.

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At the intact building further away, a Melanie in sunglasses relaxed on a director's chair, slurping a milkshake. She threw a hand up and then pointed in the way of the two giantesses. "Aaaaaaaaand cut!" she flicked a button on her Bluetooth device and grinned. "Oh man, this is gonna be great." The shark climbed atop the service exit for her main camera and looked into it with a big grin,

“Sooo, guys, should I dial for an extra extra extra extra large mud bucket and sugar packets next?”  
she winked.

The End.