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Warning: This story contains growth, macro, breast expansion, butt growth, destruction, transformation, cat fights and... a bit of shrinking. And lesbians too!

Welcome to Dangan Island, by DragonMasterX.

The students of Hope's Peak Academy's 77th class had been witness to several oddities in a very short span of time. Since their arrival to the classroom where they met their new teacher, Usami, the high-schoolers had been exposed to a great many strange things, one after another.

To begin with, their self-proclaimed new teacher was a small, fluffy bunny dressed like the fairy godmother from several old tales. She couldn't have been bigger than two feet tall, and even had the general appearance of a stuffed animal. After one looked past appearances, however, it was easy to tell that the peculiar white rabbit wasn't there to be harmful. Usami seemed to be very responsible, if a bit clumsy and naïve, of an educator. Equipped with a magic wand, she had managed to conceal the fact that the 77th class' homeroom was in fact a false cubicle that fell apart to reveal a paradisiac island welcoming the youths as some sort of magic trick.

Jabberwock Island was indeed a summer dream for high-school students. An archipelago divided in six isles whose landscapes were painted with lush vegetation, everlasting, perfect sunny days and clear waters; and all of it without pesky tourists that would ruin an otherwise excellent vacation.

Usami had told her students that, as their chaperone, her duty was to ensure everyone learned about the important bonds linking each of them to one another, and to oversee that they used this opportunity to nurture them. The rabbit had certainly proven herself to be as enigmatic as she could be wondrous. When Usami used her magic wand to change one of the chickens in a corral into a cow as demonstration of her powers, it was cemented that the trip was going to be whimsical in addition to strange; harmless, yet strange nonetheless.

Even the most wary of students, one Hajime Hinata, had to drop his reservations once he saw everyone was having fun in spite of the unusual circumstances. The trip was dream-like, but it definitely felt real. Joyful times and the romance of high school life were waiting.

But the student body of Hope's Peak had no idea how fleeting this tranquility really was. During a beach party at the island's shores, the perfectly blue skies suddenly darkened. No longer bathed in warm sunlight, everyone present, especially Usami, became worried. A loudspeaker boomed with an unusually squeaky voice calling everyone present Jabberwock park.

After the large group made it to the demanded destination, a large statue in the center of the park burst apart, revealing a very familiar creature. In the likeness of their stuffed-animal teacher, Usami, yet with bear features, a monochromatic being stood before the alumni.

"I'm Monokuma!" the white and black bear announced with a rather conceited tone, "And I am the academy's headmaster!" At first, there was silence in response to the declaration. First a bunny and now a bear; things were definitely taking a turn for the stranger. "What's with this heartwarming

trip? I don't like it at all!" Monokuma sounded angry, and even though he didn't look any more belligerent than Usami did, the students didn't seem eager to interrupt him.

"Y-you..." the bunny teacher barely had any facial expressions thanks to her design, but it was clear she was experiencing doubt and fear. "It can't be!" Usami finally exclaimed, prompting Monokuma to turn the grinning part of his face to her attention.

"A bunny? That's no fun. You're so boring!" for a self-proclaimed headmaster, Monokuma didn't appear at all interested in following courtesy. In a move akin to a spoiled brat, the bear tackled Usami down to the ground. "But I can fix that! C'mere!"

"Ahh! N-no! Get off me!" pleaded the little bunny as a one-sided tussle of dust-cloud-kicking proportions began. Usami's students couldn't see what was going on in detail, but with the loud thuds and whacks, it was clear that their teacher was getting beat up.

"What's going on here? What're they doing?!"

"I was only starting to get used to the bunny, and now a psycho bear shows up too? Gimme a break!"

"Oh no! Is Ms. Usami going to be okay?!"

The fight had caused uproar in the student body's ranks; some were worried, others angry, but they all agreed this was a bad situation. They weren't sure of what exactly was going on between the two creatures. They were all confused, save for one individual.

Chiaki Nanami was one of the shier, quietly spoken girls in the class. She was very much into videogames, but actual violence was not her strong suit. Watching Usami getting her face smashed against the concrete, her ears pulled back until she cried and the general abuse that evil bear was inflicting upon the gentle teacher was enough to make Chiaki hang her head in despair. Usami was more than a teacher to Chiaki.

The truth was, Chiaki and Usami were both tasked with overseeing this trip in their own way, ensuring safety and order. The reason to have concealed identities was to hide the real nature of this trip, which was an experiment. The entire environment of Jabberwock was nothing more than a world of virtual reality, with its occupants fully unaware of this fact. Monokuma was a foreign element not meant to be in this simulation. Chiaki knew this because the concept of violence was not meant to exist in the program's code, yet Usami was receiving a beating.

"What's this silly stick for, huh? I don't like it!" Monokuma laughed as he took Usami's magic wand in his paw. With a maniacal cackle and while ignoring Usami's cries to stop, the bear snapped the wand in two like a twig. "Much better!"

"Noooo...!" Usami sobbed, not just beaten and humiliated, but profoundly defeated. Chiaki knew that the wand Usami so cherished was the very source of her power to alter the simulation at will. With the wand's destruction, one of Usami's main attributes had been erased.

But Chiaki was unable to interfere. As an overseer, the pink eyed student was barred from intentionally revealing the world's true form as virtual reality. To her recently made friends, Usami was a magic rabbit, and she had just lost her source of magic powers. More than anything, Chiaki wanted to help Usami out of her predicament, but she couldn't be overt about it. "What do I do...?" nervously pulling up her eared hood over her head, Chiaki withdrew and tried to think.

Time, however, was not on the gamer's side. "Now, what to do with you? I've never seen a more pathetic looking teacher. This won't do!" Monokuma folded his arms as he stared down at the fearful Usami, who couldn't do much but grovel in her weakened state. He began approaching Usami again.

Trembling, Chiaki shut her eyes and held by the sides of her head. "This can't be happening. I need to do something... searching for some a public method in the list of commands..." she muttered, concentrating. Before the anxious Chiaki, a virtual console that only she could see appeared. It resembled a command window from a very old operating system. Her hand fearfully started tapping and sliding on the touch pad ahead of her, information flashing over her eyes.

One of Chiaki's more perceptive classmates, Mahiru Koizumi, a freckled short-haired redhead, approached Chiaki from behind. "Chiaki. Hey, Chiaki, are you alright?" Mahiru was the kind of girl that didn't appreciate bullying in such grandiose amounts. Part of why she didn't like her title as the Ultimate Photographer was because she thought it dumb, and didn't want to hear anyone's opinion on it. Regardless of what was happening to Usami, however, she was very wary of this island's rules. After all she and her classmates had seen so far, she couldn't be too careful. Thinking that Chiaki was scared, Mahiru did her best to comfort her with a shaky smile. "Don't worry. I won't let anything bad happen to you."

But Chiaki couldn't listen. Every tap and slide that she did seemingly on air caused streams of data to flow from top to bottom on the private console window, and Chiaki could barely make sense out of it, let alone hear Mahiru's reassuring speech. At one point, Chiaki let out an audible gasp as she cracked a password containing special encryption keys for the simulation's credentials. This granted her authority to run an attachable module to alter several parameters at once, but Chiaki didn't have time to go through them all. "F_Protocols...? This isn't in my database." In the brief moment that Chiaki looked up from the retro looking confirmation line, the student realized there was no moment to hesitate. Monokuma was likely going to do something horrible if he wasn't stopped. "Yes, activate them...! It might be our only chance!"

"Our only chance... what's that you're saying, Chiaki?" Mahiru was more confused than ever. Chiaki turned to face Mahiru with a gasp of surprise as she finally noticed her classmate close.

"Ah! Mahiru, I... um..." Chiaki couldn't really find a way to explain things. All that had been on her mind was the progress bar on the console filling up as the protocols engaged.

"Wh-what's this I'm feeling...?" Monokuma stopped with his paw around Usami's neck. He looked up from his prey only to see data streaming out from a focal point ahead of him. Having infiltrated the system as a virus, the violent bear could easily see that the environment's properties were starting to change. "Oh, no you don't...!" he couldn't tell exactly who was doing it, but it was clear to Monokuma that one of the two girls talking to each other had to be responsible. "Sit still and be mindful of your headmaster and teacher's meetings!" he cried out, intending to tackle Chiaki and Mahiru.

"Look out!" cried out a desperate voice. Most of the students that saw Monokuma dive in hurled themselves out of the way. The one person who didn't do this was the classroom's nurse, Mikan Tsumiki, a dark purple haired girl with an unkempt style. Mikan was one of the scared students, but the moment she saw two of her classmates about to get hurt, she couldn't control her legs. Her best attempt at stopping the charging bear however fell short as she couldn't intercept him in time, instead tripping over her shoe-laces and ending up at Mahiru's and Chiakis' feet instead.

Monokuma hit his targets. Fortunately, by the time he reached them, the protocols had fully engaged. Unfortunately for Monokuma and the three girls, however, the sudden contact between the viral entity and Chiaki's overflowing code caused instability in the system. To prevent a collapse, Monokuma and Chiaki, as well as Miharū and Mikan's avatars were moved into a parallel space while the system attempted to deal with the unhandled exception.

"Where'd they all go...?!"

"They disappeared! And so did the crazy bear!"

As Usami weakly crawled on the park, she couldn't believe her eyes. It was like a black hole had suddenly appeared around three of her students and swallowed them alongside Monokuma.

"They're stuck with Monokuma... I've failed!"

Chiaki's eyes opened to a colorless sight. Jabberwock Park was a lot emptier than it was before. Most of the students were gone from sight and a foreboding claustrophobic sensation was gripping at her mind. It almost felt like waking up inside some sort of invisible cage, even though the lack of color did not change the fact it was still the same location she had been standing on before. Chiaki could tell, however, that this was not the same place. "Did that help...?" she asked out loud, unsure.

"Chiaki!" cried the unsettled Miharū from behind the gamer girl. "So it was you. But... what did you do? The others disappeared, and it feels so weird and... stagnant in here..." To Miharū, this was the equivalent of having been pushed down a high-speed water slide. The light-headedness made her lose her balance.

Chiaki turned to look at her red haired friend, unable to find the words to properly explain the situation. "Miharū!" the hooded girl dashed forwards to grab the weakened photographer before she collapsed.

"Owie..." groaned a voice from below. Chiaki had been successful in stopping Miharū from falling to the ground, but in her rush ended up with a foot atop another classmate's head.

"Eek! Mikan! Mikan I'm so sorry!" Chiaki hurried to remove her foot and, while still holding Miharū, offered Mikan a hand to help her up.

"P-please don't apologize on my behalf. That was my fault..." the nurse bowed her head with a nervous smile as she slowly climbed back up to her feet. Chiaki had no way of knowing exactly how her stepping on Mikan was the latter's responsibility, but she had quickly given up in trying to understand how the nurse operated ever since their introduction.

"Ugh... almost conked out there. Um..." When Miharū came to, she found herself leaning onto Chiaki with the gamer's arm around her waist. The redhead wasn't used to feeling vulnerable. She didn't want to be rude to Chiaki, but she wasn't feeling comfortable either. "Th-thanks..." Miharū mumbled as she put her hand down and removed Chiaki's.

"A-are you two okay?" Chiaki quickly asked, looking between Miharū and Mikan, who nodded rather casually to the response. "I mean, you don't feel anything wrong with you, right? You shouldn't feel any negative symptoms... maybe."

"Maybe?" Miharū blinked in surprise. "Chiaki, what the hell are you talking about? What aren't you

telling us?”

Mikan looked between the two, twiddling her fingers nervously. “Um... if it’s a checkup you need, I could help! It’s the least I can do for getting in your way earlier!”

“Ahah...” Chiaki let out a nervous chuckle, “It’s okay, Mikan. You didn’t really...”

“Yes, Chiaki...” a threatening hiss intercepted the conversation. The three girls gasped as they turned to look at the broken Jabberwock statue in the center of the park. There, a kneeling Monokuma was sparking all over, as if his mechanisms were all short-circuiting. “What are you not telling us...?!” he demanded.

“It’s that bear again!” exclaimed Mahiru, quickly dashing in front of Chiaki and Mikan. Mahiru glared at the ominously growling stuffed animal. She had been caught by surprise before, but now she was determined not to let this bully bring any harm upon her friends.

“Mahiru, be careful! He’s dangerous!” Chiaki warned.

Mikan was afraid, but she felt less vulnerable with two of her classmates around. As she scooted closer to Chiaki though, the nurse began to notice something was off with their foe. “He’s... surrounded by some weird smoke.”

“Crap. Don’t tell me he’s got a bomb or something in him?!” Mahiru suddenly felt a loss less brave. She started backing away while making sure her outstretched arms were making Mikan and Chiaki step back as well. “Whatever it is, I don’t think we should stick around to find out!”

“A b-bomb?!” Mikan cried out helplessly, turning around and ready to bolt at the first opportunity. Her sprinting however was cut short as she immediately hit a wall face-first, sliding down until she was on her knees. “Owie...”

“What the?! What did you run into, Mikan?” Mahiru heard the crash and turned around to see absolutely nothing covering their escape route. “Is there like an invisible wall or something now?!”

Chiaki now understood why the alternate location felt so odd. She finally could tell they had been transposed into an isolated part of the system’s memory, where the now exposed virus could be quarantined. However, Chiaki couldn’t really tell what was going on with Monokuma’s sudden impairment. “Is he... being vaccinated? Was that an anti-virus I ran?!” she thought.

“Th-that despair...” Monokuma’s fluffy body shuddered, the red gash on his left eye glowing menacingly. “So delicious. You’re so scared...!” the bear chortled, amused by their predicament. “Hahahaha! Well no use in resisting this oddity! It might be much sooner than I’d planned, but given the circumstances...” he paused, eerily cackled one more time and asked the three girls: “You wanna know if there really is a bomb in me?”

As Monokuma taunted the three students, the dark cloud above him started wrapping his form. In the next few moments, the strange teddy bear was gone, swallowed by the darkness. Chiaki, Mikan and Mahiru were all witness to a pillar of light shooting out of that cloak. The flash was so strong they had to cover their eyes. When the light was gone, Monokuma had truly disappeared. In his place now stood a very tall and curvaceous human girl very close to the other girls in age. This young woman was extremely developed. With a prominent, well-endowed chest, a shapely waist and alluring hips, the young woman could’ve passed for a super model. The female wore a cardigan over her undershirt, a miniskirt and boots. Her pink hair was of a stronger color than Chiaki’s, but it

was much longer and tied into pigtails clipped by hair accessories in the shape of Monokuma's face. "I AM the bombshell, woo!" the girl stretched her attractive body as she moaned out in announcement.

"Now the bear's a chick?! Oh God, what the hell did we sign up for in this school anyway?!" Mahiru's outburst wasn't very different to what Chiaki and Mikan were thinking, but they would've worded it different. The reality was that they were all stunned by the sudden transformation.

"Mmmhm, and what a babe you got in front of yourselves, losers! Check meeeeee out!" the girl in pig-tails tugged and slid the tie over her enormous rack right off. She shook her chest, causing her breasts to jiggle within the confines of dangerously over-stretched white fabric. "You're beholding the one and only, the Ultimate Fashionista, Junko Enoshima! Give it up for my boobies, teehee!"

"I think I preferred the psycho bear," Mahiru groaned in disgust at the self-absorbed personality of the much louder Junko. "Ugh... feeling lightheaded again..."

"Ah! Mahiru, do you need a stimulant? I believe I can... ooogh..." as Mikan got herself off the floor, she made the attempt to reach into her pocket, but her head began to pound. Chiaki watched both of her friends behaving strangely, but this time was unable to help them as she too was suddenly feeling under the weather.

"Ahh...!" As Mahiru bent down at the knees and Mikan was forced into a prostration stance, Chiaki felt an unfamiliar tingle spread across her body. The sensations coursing through their bodies were similar to each girl, but they weren't all being affected in the same manner. They soon realized that it wasn't a migraine and they didn't feel nauseous. Strange warmth was enveloping them from within, making them revel in an alien feeling they had never before felt in their life. "Wh-what's happening...?" Chiaki whimpered as she felt outfit tighten around her chest.

Junko, who had been observing the trio of moaning girls, rested her cheek on her closed fist, folding an arm under her impressive chest. "Oh, I get it," she yawned, suddenly appearing a lot less spunky and energetic, and assuming a bored expression instead. "You pulled that stunt off and don't even know what you did. Man, what a bore. Even your lewd cries of pleasure and flushed faces are boring. Like, second-hand ecchi manga boring."

"Th-the hell...?" Mahiru only managed to shift her weight on one leg as she looked up at the bored Junko while enduring the rising pleasure. "It's like she's a totally different person now. What's up with this bimbo?!"

"Ahh! Don't call me that, or I'll really, really hate you!" Junko cried out all of a sudden, flailing her arms up in the air while squealing like a bratty young girl throwing a tantrum. "I-It's not like I'm here because I like you or anything! Do you think you're the only ones going through changes? S-stupid!"

"Ahh... I-I'm sorry, Junko!" moaned Mikan from her groveling position.

"Don't apologize to her, Mikan!" Mahiru reprimanded, "She's just a psycho bitch. Bet she's just toying with uhhhh... ahhh...!" the freckled redhead let out a little squeal of her own. To Chiaki and Mikan, this was the very first time they'd heard the class' tough girl vociferate in such a feminine way. The reason for that was a very uncomfortable tightness that had wrapped itself around Mahiru's hips. Her sides had suddenly begun flaring out, significantly improving on her pear-like shape.

The curves below her waistline started expanding to proportions that her jumper, miniskirt and even her underwear hadn't been made for. Mahiru could feel her butt was growing larger too, pushing out against her underwear so hard that it was starting to slip in-between her ass-crack. Embarrassed, Mahiru looked back, unable to stop moaning, "Oh no. Quit it! Quit it!" but Mahiru's behind didn't listen. She was already pretty embarrassed of her big butt, but now that her ass was growing even bigger, so much bigger in fact that her clothes were starting to stretch out to very exposing proportions, she felt like she was losing it.

Chiaki was undergoing a similar change. Her hands glided up along her chest, which was augmenting in size just like Mahiru's behind was. Chiaki had a nice body, even if she didn't like to show it off so much. The buttons on her shirt were on a losing battle with her breasts, which had different plans about exposure. "M-my breasts! They're getting bigger...!" she announced in a rather distraught tone, sinking her fingers against her swelling mammaries in disbelief. As the hooded gamer felt her boobs enlarge, she saw the upper part of her cleavage begin to show as her stretching shirt lost a button. A second button flew off as Chiaki felt her bra tighten more and more around her chest. The increasing weight of her tits were causing the straps of her bra to dig onto her back, making Chiaki flustered as she reached back to unclasp it throughout the expansion.

Something different was happening to the class nurse. In a fashion likened to her friends, Mikan felt changes manifesting over her body. Pressure was building at her back, with the focal point bursting energy at her tailbone. With trembling hands, Mikan tried to reach back, lifting her shirt in an effort to scratch an itch above her butt, but instead she found a growing bump right over her buttocks. "Wh-what is this?!" the frightened girl asked no one in particular. Still bent over the knees, Mikan turned her face along the concrete and looked back with a gasp as she saw the elongating, dark purple lump grow longer as it seemed to worm out of her body. Mikan cried out not from pain but surprise and pleasure as the appendage became slightly thicker than her fingers and kept growing longer and longer, swishing wildly behind her.

The new addition to Mikan's body was a long, wiggly, furry tail of the same color as her hair. Mikan had no time to inspect her new tail, however, as she felt her something on her head. A pair of bumps was forming over her scalp. They grew in size and adapted a triangular, concave shape, like pointy cat ears. Mikan grabbed their soft fur to convince herself that it was real, but it wasn't until she tried to find her old ears that she was sure they had disappeared. "Cat ears and a cat tail... n-nyah...?!" the curvy nurse was very surprised when she involuntarily mewled, quickly shutting her mouth by throwing her hands over her lips. Even for someone who was used to being humiliated, Mikan felt extremely vulnerable now.

Junko tilted the glasses she had produced out of her cleavage in a confident, know-it-all manner. "Hmph," she sighed in her mind, "Of course this sort of thing is happening. The code for whatever that girl ran must've been written by a pervert," she was further convinced after witnessing Mikan's transformation. "I can't think of anything else but putting these three in their place," the fashionista licked her lips with a predatory glare as he observed the modified females. Chaos was the main ideal the person known as Junko Enoshima desired, and the method to arrive to it was complete and utter despair. The idea of inflicting and savoring others' despair, however, was quickly being rewritten. Unbeknownst to Junko, her very mind was being altered to conveniently replace despair with lust. "Unbridled lust and dominance... this is what I want."

With her thoughts in a reorganized manner, Junko accepted what she had to do. These three were going to belong to her. "I'm so much better than them. This'll be cake..." she thought as her confidence swelled. Her usual appearance wasn't so gifted in the chest and hips department, but Junko couldn't say she minded the enhancements. They made her the biggest and sexiest, and that was perfect for a girl like her! Sauntering over to the others, Junko made her first move.

Chiaki had only just recovered from the sudden expansion of her chest. The extra weight destabilized her, and she still couldn't believe how easily they had popped the buttons on her shirt. Being one to enjoy going by unnoticed, her large chest made her feel self-conscious. Distracted by her prominent new rack, Chiaki didn't notice Junko approaching her.

"Buhhh! What the heck are these, mosquito bites?!" the fashionista's irritable laughter snapped Chiaki out of her daydream. Junko slapped Chiaki's hands away from the voluminous mounds, taking them in her grip. "Your eyes say it all. You think these are huge, don't you?"

The unexpected, harsh grope made Chiaki whimper. It wasn't pain that she was feeling, but the enjoyable pressure the receptacles on her enlarged bosom were reacting to. "Ahh... s-stop! What are you doing?!"

"Hey! Let go of Chiaki, you... ahhh..." Mahiru had intended to jump to Chiaki's rescue, but with her now enormous butt devouring her panties, every little movement simply wedged the underwear in harder. Just like with Chiaki's larger breasts, the sensitivity on Mahiru's expanded flesh was sending explosive signals of bliss throughout her. As she tried to get up, the action itself caused her spherical bubble butt to jiggle so much that it made Mahiru weak in the knees. This made her fall down on her rump with a moan.

"N-nyahhh..." mewled a helpless Mikan as she inadvertently caused herself pleasure by scratching her ears. The kittified nurse wasn't conscious of it yet. She was still confused and trying to wake herself from what she considered was a dream. To her, the ears and tail shouldn't be there, yet the more she fiddled with them, the more she aroused herself. "M-Mahiru..." she whined helplessly.

Mahiru turned to look at her cat-eared friend, still unable to believe such bizarre changes were occurring. "Mikan, are you in pain?"

"Y-yes... my tail..." Mikan looked back with a blush, her feline ears twitching against the fingers trying to cover them. "Y-you're sitting on my tail, Mahiru..."

It was then that the freckled redhead realized there was a fluffy object squirming under her huge ass. She widened her eyes as she noticed the dark purple fur underneath her and cried out in embarrassment. "S-sorry! I'll get off... I'll... ooohh..." The moment Mahiru attempted to shift her colossal fanny, the tiny little hairs on Mikan's tail started to tickle her exposed skin. Mahiru's buttocks had expanded to the point her miniskirt was riding a few inches above the middle of her ass. Mahiru's panties had been completely devoured by her crack. The combination of such a tight wedge and the squirming tail made it impossible for Mahiru to do anything else but uselessly squirm. "I... I can't... stop... please stop... ah! Stop moving your tail, Mikan!"

"I can't stop it! I don't know how...! Nyah!" the helpless nurse was trembling with pleasure. With her fingers rubbing her ears and Mahiru shifting the weight of her rump on her tail, it was like a vicious cycle of reluctant bliss for the two.

This allowed Junko to pace herself. "Just look at you all, so distracted and mmm... horny!" the hourglass-curvy pervert giggled, returning her attention to the squirming Chiaki. "Oh, I'd say you're so cute when you have such a pathetic look in your face, but the truth is..." the pig-tailed girl suddenly slacked her shoulders and sighed with a disappointed frown, "You bore me. Your body's boring. Even the way you dress is boring. You're so boring I'm getting bored of telling you how boring you are."

Chiaki couldn't really talk back to the bully. Not only was she socially inept when it came to dealing with peer pressure, but the absurd amount of stimulus she was receiving from the inappropriate gropes was driving her crazy.

"Nothing to say? Figures. Just look at the way you dress. Are you seven?" Junko criticized as she quickly grew a menacing, deranged smile on her face. "Because even a seven year old could find something cuter than a horned hoodie! I'd say you have the body for something more mature, but you'd never even come close to someone at my level, AHAHAHA...!"

Whimpering, Chiaki was about to put her hands on top of Junko's to try to push her off, but she didn't have to do much when all of a sudden she saw the bully's hands starting to recede. Chiaki was surprised when she discovered it wasn't by choice. The moment Junko's abusive words left her lips, the same tingling sensation from earlier started to hit Chiaki. The shy gamer looked down as her bust began to grow again, pushing out against Junko's hands as its size increased.

"...HAHAHAhaha... huh?" Junko's laughter was abruptly interrupted as she finally took note of her victim's chest blossoming out in kind. The sound of flesh expanding and fabric stretching made it an indubitable fact: Chiaki was growing an even bigger pair of tits. Junko's slack-jawed mouth closed and her eyes focused on those enlarging breasts. At first, all Junko did was to observe in order to understand.

Despite their struggles to adapt to their new bodies, all three girls had stopped changing a little while ago. Mahiru had been left with a huge ass, Chiaki had her slightly bigger bust and Mikan had clearly become half-cat. None of them had their changes continue. But now Chiaki's had resumed, and it seemed, with a vengeance. And not just that, but it also appeared Chiaki was growing taller and wider around her bottom as well. For once, Junko had no words to immediately respond with.

Chiaki was in heaven. The stacked changes had conglomerated into one generous growth spurt that her senses were being overloaded by. She didn't feel in danger anymore, and she couldn't even think about the insults Junko had thrown at her. All she knew was that her hips were growing out, pushing her clothes out as her ass inflated like Mahiru's. Her breasts quickly filled up Junko's hands and finished tearing Chiaki's shirt open. The gamer looked down with a relieved sigh as her breasts bounced out in relative freedom, as her bra was still giving its best to contain her mounds. The valiant efforts from the articles of underwear however were in vain. With the egregious difference between the default cup-size and the head-sized melons Chiaki now owned, the flesh was spilling out.

Junko's eyes froze as she finally let go of those hefty mammaries, becoming upset at the sudden upgrade. It wasn't fear that she felt, but jealousy. Chiaki was growing larger, bustier, curvier; all around better. Better than herself. This was inconceivable. When the changes were finally over, the panting Chiaki had been left much taller than Junko. The latter was already a very tall girl, over 5'6"ft. tall. With Chiaki's expansion, not only had she turned much more endowed than Junko, but Chiaki was now towering over her by a whole foot. To put insult to injury, Chiaki was so large that the clothes around her body had been severely damaged, thus exposing that incredible body more.

Once the rush of sensations was over, Chiaki was finally able to look down at herself with curious blinking of her eyes. It was so surreal. Her body felt stupendous, reenergized even. She felt heavier and bigger everywhere yet the even larger size of her breasts, her flared out hips and larger butt weren't bothering her as much as she thought it was. At some point, the straps of her backpack had torn around her arms and fallen down alongside her hoodie. Voluntarily or not, the curvaceous bombshell of a student was now exposing a lot of flesh. And this was making Junko angrier.

“How dare you?!” the indignant Junko growled as she looked up at the bigger girl. Considering Chiaki a more attractive female was a revolting idea. If she was to dominate and be the most desired woman, she had to be the best. “You already had your boost! This is no fair!” pointing up at Chiaki in an accusing manner was all Junko’s personality could amount to. “You used to have such little tits, and now look at you! Hmph. You’re really starting to tick me off!”

Chiaki, who until then had been a drooling mess fully absorbed in her sudden second puberty, started to become rather nervous all of a sudden. The furrowed brow on Junko’s face was growing more menacing by the second, and with how unstable the fashionista appeared, Chiaki didn’t know what she was capable of. “We don’t mean you any harm. Just... leave us alone!” the girl tried, unable to come up with a better plan.

“We? Us?” Junko paused, her eyes almost shimmering with delight all of a sudden. “Ohoo...” the girl in pig-tails tossed her hair back and ignored Chiaki, “I almost forgot these two were here!” The tall fashionista was very pleased all of a sudden. She sauntered past a confused Chiaki, standing before the other two girls who were still tangled up in their hyper-sensitive shenanigans. “You two are looking sooooo cuuuute! Especially you, kitty-cat.”

Chiaki was very wary of Junko. She didn’t want to take her chances with a direct confrontation, but she wasn’t about to leave Mahiru and Mikan at her mercy. Taking the first step towards them, Chiaki winced as she finally felt the sneakers she had been wearing tightly wrap around her larger feet. Every step burned as a result of the tightness. “Ugh, stupid small shoes!” she whimpered, quickly kicking her ruined footwear off with the aid of a hand.

In the meantime, the cat-eared schoolgirl felt relief when Mahiru was removed from her tail. Junko had walked up and rolled Mahiru off with her foot. With a grin, Junko ensured Mahiru was docile by stepping on her sensitive, exposed rump cheeks, squeezing them down to make her mindlessly moan. “And I thought you had a fat ass before!” Junko teased with a malicious giggle.

“Nyaaaaah!” Mikan cried out as all of a sudden her tail was yanked up, making her tear up as she dug her claw-nails on the concrete. “D-don’t...!” she begged softly, her voice cracking as Junko held her down.

“Hey, I thought your beef was with me! What do you think you’re doing to them?!” Chiaki yelled from behind as she caught up. She was feeling very sorry for both of her sexually tortured classmates, but the idea of hitting Junko was still not at the top of the shy girl’s priorities.

Junko growled as she saw Chiaki’s incredible curves bounce and jiggle with every step, making the short-haired gamer look even sexier. “There’s no beef. Only the soup of arousal, and I’m happy to spoon feed it to you and your friends! Just look at how these two flat bitches are enjoying themselves! They’re nothing more than my play-toys this way, hehe!”

Chiaki was about to retort, but immediately noticed something weird was happening to both Mahiru and Mikan now. Their bodies shuddered, suddenly starting to expand. Junko noticed it second and her frown of disappointment couldn’t have been worse. “What? Again?!”

“Oh God, what now...?!” Mahiru had been slave to pleasure for longer than she was willing to admit. She had always been self-conscious about her bottom-heavy figure, which was why her rump growing even bigger had made her weak and embarrassed. Redemption hit her all at once as the redhead moaned, her chest swelling out in big strides. Both breasts were growing so big so fast that Mahiru felt herself rise purely on the extra mass added to her chest. The straps of her bra and jumper tore and noisily split as her bosom gained proportions that rivaled her thick bubble butt.

“Ahhh...!”

Lewd and conflictingly adorable meows left Mikan’s lips as the cat girl joined the plus sized chest club. She hadn’t put on a bra after the swimming from earlier got interrupted, so the rapidly enlarging tits on her chest pushed up and out of her apron. The massive nurse breasts spilled on the ground in front of Mikan, making her hiss in delight at the feeling of lightly warm concrete touching her amplified mammaries.

The process didn’t quit there either, both Mikan and Mahiru’s outfits were stretching along their skin, their bodies growing in size all over just like Chiaki’s had. Both Chiaki and Junko were flabbergasted when they saw both the photographer and the cat girl move into less believable heights. It didn’t take long before they reached Chiaki’s height and then passed it to the sound of their clothes shredding against their incredible curves. Junko let go of Mikan’s tail and stepped off Mahiru’s ass, taking a few steps back from the moaning, enlarging amazons. Soon, the pair of overwhelmed ladies stopped at over 7ft. tall, although Mikan was slightly taller thanks to her cat ears.

“Nnghh...” Junko was less than composed after this. First, Chiaki had become curvier and taller than her, and now the cat and the redhead were even bigger than them both. It was an inconceivable development. No matter where Junko looked, it was either the two naked amazons with goddess-like bodies or that dorky, boy-sized, hourglass gamer girl. “Hahaha... AHAHAHA!” the pink haired fashionista chortled out loud, turning to Chiaki, “You! Aren’t! Better! Than! Me! You! Are! Ugly!”

There was only a second of time before Junko rushed Chiaki, tackling her down in a burst of anger. “Uuaaah...!”

“Less than ugly!” the enraged Junko continued, “You think you’re hotter than me? You’re nothing! With your dumb little haircut and your nice attitude, who are you trying to kid?” As she yelled at Chiaki, Junko smacked the bigger girl’s tits, twisting her nipples just to listen to her squeals of pleasure. “Listen to yourself, squealing like a little pig! That’s what you are. This is fat you know. You’re fat!”

Never mind the childish insults, Junko wasn’t realizing that the more she spent trying to torture Chiaki’s tits, the less she noticed how the other girl seemed to be growing out of her clothes. Chiaki’s body was enlarging rapidly, seemingly in response to the cruel words of Junko. The pink-eyed girl moaned as she was overcome with insane amounts of pleasure again, her hips pushing out further, her ass growing even rounder and bigger, and her breasts almost doubling in size from one moment to the next. The loud rips coming from Chiaki’s destroyed outfit was what brought Junko back to their reality, realizing too late that she was now kneeling on top of a much bigger, much curvier Chiaki. “I-Impossible...! This isn’t...! This is no fair!” Junko burst into angry tears, not just because of Chiaki having surged up to 8ft. or that she had grown even larger tits, but even Chiaki’s waist seemed reduced in size, giving her an even more impossibly feminine figure. “RRAAAH!” in a fit of anger, Junko pulled her hand back before delivering it down, slapping Chiaki who screamed in response.

“Aiiiee! Th-that hurt!” Chiaki groaned, being snapped out of her feverish lust by the sting on her cheek. Junko was straddling her, but she seemed much smaller now. Chiaki realized that she had grown just like Mahiru and Mikan. “Mahiru!” she gasped in surprise as she saw the redhead standing right behind Junko. Mahiru quickly stopped Junko’s arm before a second slap could strike and yanked the psychotic girl off her friend, sending her flying into one of the invisible walls.

“Ugh!” Junko grunted as she was not only caught by surprise. The impact against the wall,

however, allowed her a moment of lucidity. She had gotten so angry and allowed the circumstances to overwhelm her rationale and usual quick, analytical thinking. There were better options to deal with this kind of disadvantage. She began to close her eyes.

“Mahiru, you’re okay!” Chiaki said in relief as her friend helped her stand back up.

A smiling Mahiru was about to tell Chiaki that she was feeling much better now after the restrictive tightness of her clothing had vanished when it all broke against her enormous body. Instead of words, a gasp of surprise left her mouth as she ended up having to crane her neck up to look at Chiaki, who stood upwards to 10ft. tall. “Holy cow. Chiaki, you’re gigantic!”

“Huh?” Chiaki was very confused at first. She looked over her arms and chest, inspecting herself. It was more than clear she had experienced an explosive growth spurt, but she had estimated her height to have capped at around 8ft. tall; yet she was clearly much taller than everyone else.

“Sorry I couldn’t be of more help, Chiaki. Nyah,” a very curvy, very feline Mikan mewled as she crawled towards them on all fours. The way her huge tits wobbled and her sexy hips shook didn’t make the kitty walk any less adorable.

“I still can’t believe you got turned into a nekomimi, Mikan,” Mahiru rested her hands on her much larger hips, referring to the half-cat, half-human creatures. “What the hell is up with this island? Psycho bears, emotionally unstable nymphomaniacs, sudden transformations...? Did we really come here for a school trip?”

“It feels more like what you’d see in a hentai, nyah...” Mikan murmured. Her ears suddenly stood up at attention and she held her mouth shut, “Not that I watch those, nyah!”

Looking between her extremely endowed fellow friends, Chiaki allowed herself a small smile knowing they were safe. She looked down at her own voluptuousness and began to blush a little. There was no way she would be able to remain inconspicuous like this anymore. But was that such a terrible thing? Chiaki considered how after enough exposure to their new bodies and the incredible sensations that carried through with them, the three had grown accustomed not simply to their new selves but also their nudity. Sure, she wasn’t ready to show her massive curves to any boy, but now they didn’t seem as embarrassed with each other. Chiaki felt something else, though. She wasn’t just comfortable with their nudity; Chiaki was starting to see Mahiru and Mikan in a different light. A very attractive light.

“Do you have to talk like that, Mikan?” Mahiru sighed, watching Mikan rub her hand against her face. Now that she wasn’t at the mercy of her sensitive, erogenous zones, Mikan seemed a lot more at peace with her feline attributes.

“No. But I think it’s cute, nyah.” Mikan giggled, happily acting her part. Mahiru was about to reprimand her for being too casual about her state, but the exchange never happened. The ground began to quake violently, interrupting idle chatting and day-dreaming. “Nyaaaah! What’s happening?!” Mikan cried out as she pounced on Chiaki, hugging her long legs like a frightened cat. The trio traced the source of the disturbance to Junko.

“You didn’t forget about me, DID YOU?!” Junko boomed loudly as her whole body glowed with energy. The fashionista smiled, eyes lit like light bulbs on a lamp as she stood up. With power swirling around her body, the schoolgirl suddenly began to grow taller. Junko grinned as she felt a deliciously warm sensation wash her over with pleasure. “Nnnghh... no wonder you three were so horny. This is wonderful. Mmmm!”

Without anywhere to run off to, the three students were forced to watch as Junko went through her own growth spurt, only that this one seemed more potent than any of the others combined. Junko's tits shredded through her cardigan and undershirt like tissue paper, and her miniskirt was pushed up and outsized until it became nothing more than a waistband for her mid-section. Her underwear and boots burst into tatters as Junko's body exploded with size. Every passing second she became bigger and bigger than the others, towering over them with a much more endowed feminine body. "Yesssss! Mmm... yes! More! More! Grow bigger, body! Hahahaha!"

"Oh no! Why is she getting so much bigger? We didn't grow that fast!" Mikan freaked out, her ears folding as her tail coiled around her own waist.

"Damn! Just how huge is Junko gonna get? This isn't good, we're already outmatched," Mahiru commented as Junko rose over Chiaki's size and simply kept going, "When is she gonna stop?!"

Chiaki could only watch and keep her eyes open as they witnessed Junko's ascension. Their rival was unstoppable, already dwarfing them at twice Chiaki's own size.

"Mmmph! This isn't enough. More! Bigger! Biggerrrr!" Junko demanded, fueled by her jealousy and arousal as her wishes became commands carried out by her own self. The towering fashionista swelled without obstacle, larger and larger, absolutely stacked and massive in scope. It wasn't long before she reached and then left 50ft. tall in the dust. "Not enough! More!" Junko demanded as she doubled in size, amused with the sight of the other three girls dwindling before her. "See? This is a woman! This is what you can never be!" she boomed victoriously, grabbing her own breasts to squeeze them before Chiaki and company.

"C-careful!" Chiaki gasped as she reached down to pull Mahiru and Mikan out of the way as Junko's massive feet grew onto the plaza, taking up more and more space as the giantess grew. They couldn't even look up at Junko's face anymore from under her gigantic form; Junko's extremely large breasts took up all of their view from below.

"This isn't good! We have nowhere to go," Mahiru commented, remembering the invisible walls doming them in. "At this rate she'll squish us!"

"Squish? Sounds fun!" the truly massive Junko giggled, "But that would be too easy! No. I don't want you dead yet. I want you all looking up to me the way I deserve. Like a sexy goddess!" She intended to use her own advantages to go through this hurdle. Junko could feel it too; she was running out of space in this colorless background. "Hmph! Get out of my way, and let me grow!" she growled, thrusting her huge hands out against the invisible walls of the isolated portion of the system. Junko groaned as she focused all of her power, enlarging herself more and more, intending to break out of their prison.

"You can't be serious...!" Chiaki gasped as she started to see cracks appear in the air, representing the fissures created in virtual space. Her eyes widened as she saw one of Junko's absolutely gigantic hands descend upon them, collecting her, Mahiru and Mikan.

"Mmm, like I said. I don't want you dead yet. Plus you..." Junko smirked, bent over against the invisible dome, her free hand pushing up against the ceiling, "...I'm not done showing you who's boss." The fashionista grinned, slipping her arm down her cleavage, but releasing her prisoners there. Junko needed both of her hands to break out, and the one safe place to leave her toys at was between her monstrous tits. And with that, Junko summoned all of her strength, finally tearing the barrier keeping them isolated.

“Ms. Usami, don’t push yourself. You were hurt pretty bad...” Sonia Nevermind was the exchange student in the class. Like the others, she was still trying to process all of the strange phenomena that they had witnessed until then, but she was also very worried about their teacher.

“Thank you, Sonia, but I’ve rested for long enough,” Usami said, trying to sit up, although she was very depressed. “Without my magic wand, however...” her ears flopped, and the drive to act was lost in depression. Most didn’t want to blame the rabbit for the development, but Usami still felt responsible as their teacher and chaperone.

“We just have to calmly think this through one more time,” Hajime proposed, although by now even he couldn’t bring himself to debating what their next course of action should be. They had lost the aggressor aiming to ruin their school trip to happenstance, but they had also lost three fellow classmates as a result. “...ugh. We don’t have enough to go with.”

The calm and quiet that allowed such discussions, however, was broken when a tremor of sizable magnitude struck the island. Usami sprang up in reflex, “E-earthquake? But that isn’t possible...!”

“Anything else we should know?!” Hajime was just as worried as everyone else. It was all they could do to keep their feet on the ground. The whole place was shaking up a storm, and it didn’t take long for them to see the statue at Jabberwock Park begin to glow before it burst into a million pieces. From within the park an immense pillar of light shot up and a shockwave sent everyone flying in the air.

Fortunately, there were no serious injuries. Unfortunately for the startled 77th class, they were now face to face with a gargantuan pair of legs shooting up to the heavens. A 20 stories high school girl with long, straight pink hair and incredible proportions loomed over the central island. The giantess was a gorgeous yet intimidating sight to behold. The students, no matter how scared or aroused they were, however, aimed to remain as quiet and hidden out of sight as possible.

“Who is that?” one whispered.

“I’ve never seen her before, but damn, look at those tits!” another lecherously commented.

“Hush! Hasn’t it occurred to you she might be hungry and looking for food?!”

“I-I don’t want to be part of no big gal’s balanced breakfast, no thank you.”

But the giant Junko was very disinterested with the small people below her. At least for now, Junko wanted to play with her rivals, humiliate them, and put them in their place. “Mmm...” the giantess smiled as she bounced her huge breasts, savoring the helpless situation she had put the other three into. “But no one’s saying I can’t give these guys a show! After all, as soon as I’m done with you, they’re next in my list of toys to play with, teehee!” she grinned. Junko skipped along, causing more tremors as her feet stomped down, leaving giant footprints on her trail as she walked over Jabberwock as if it was a leisurely stroll.

“That place looks perfect!” Junko concluded as she looked over one of the more colorful islands of the archipelago. From her vantage point it was easy to tell what all of the constructions built on it looked like. “An amusement park! Fitting, considering I’m going to be verrry amused.” She suddenly yawned, “I hope. All this walking around is starting to bore me. Hang tight. Playing with

bloody splatters isn't fun, y'know." Junko told the passengers in her chest as she started making her way over to one of the connected islands. The bridge wasn't going to support her, so she decided to take a dip and swim all the way.

Chiaki, Mahiru and Mikan were unable to escape. Let alone the insane size of those huge tits imprisoning them, the way they had been shoved in together like papers in a car's glove box made it impossible for the three girls to properly move without hitting or groping each other. With the grand amount of jostling that occurred every second during Junko's trip, all they could do was struggle in vain.

Then came the sea water splashing over them. Junko seemed to be truthful about her intention of keeping them alive, as she was holding her breasts up with one arm to ensure they didn't drown. As Junko rose from the comparatively shallow waters, the giantess briefly paused to shake her wet hair loose, massive droplets of water crashing down on the beach and its palm trees. Junko hummed to herself as she rinsed her pink hair and enjoyed the summer sunlight warming her body up; this put her in a good mood, especially when she knew the humiliation of the other, tinier girls stuck within her cavernous cleavage. "Enjoying the ride, little bugs? We're almost to the fun part!" she cheerfully announced before resuming her advance.

Dazing lights and carnival music greeted the oversized school-girl. Just as the rest of the private island, there were no patrons, and the rest of the alumni was still in the central island, so the place was Junko's. "Mmm, let's see. First of all..." she giddily reached down with two fingers, fishing into her cleavage. Junko stuck her tongue out and frowned, concentrating to feel around for a specific texture. "Fluffy. There!"

"Nyahhhh!" the resounding mewl of desperation was like music to Junko's ears. The cat girl, plucked outside by the tail, was like a miniature doll dangling from the giantess grip.

"Aww yes! Sweetest prize. You're soooo cuuuute! Small, just as I like, and fuzzy!" Junko giggled as she deposited the whimpering Mikan on her palm.

The curvaceous but comparatively tiny feline didn't have a lot of time to react before the searing pain in her tail left and she was suddenly under Junko's soft yet intimidating stare. It was soft because Junko was smiling almost harmlessly, yet Mikan didn't need any feline instincts to understand this was the last place she wanted to be. "I-I can go back to be squished..." Mikan begged, shivering. Just one of Junko's eyes was so big she was scared of being dropped or blown away by accident.

"Heeheehee! Ohhh I think you're my favorite. But that means I should save you for laa-aaast!" Junko sang, skipping in place like the giddy school girl she was. The surroundings shook and trembled before the immeasurable weight of Junko's innocent stomping. Looking around, Junko found an empty tiger cage in the nearby zoo. Not bothering to open it properly, the giantess literally ripped it off the ground and then placed it on top of the building next to her, trapping Mikan under the cage. "There! Now be a good kitty and watch as I teach your friends a lesson!"

"B-but..." Mikan tried jumping at the cage, uselessly trying to pry the bars open, even scratching them. "No! Don't hurt my friends, please!" she begged.

"Hurt? I wasn't going to hurt them..." Junko tapped her lips on the side with an index and then smiled. "But that's a good suggestion, kitten! I'll be sure to reward you extra good for it later, hehehehe!"

Mikan flinched and put her hands over her mouth, her legs splitting as she dropped to her knees. She could only look as Junko turned around and held those gargantuan breasts up before rummaging through the cleavage again, in search for another victim.

“Bingo. You’re the bigger one of the remaining two!” Junko announced as she plucked out a squirming Chiaki. “And my main rival!”

Chiaki could barely understand anything that was being said. Junko was shaking her around wildly like a fan in some sort of traditional dancing fashion. When the bigger girl stopped, Chiaki finally caught sight of the trapped Mikan, no more than a captured cat under a cage on top of a building. She turned to Junko defiantly, but her bravado instantly died as she finally took in just what the size difference was. Junko was 20 times bigger than she was.

“How are we supposed to beat her?! Not even in games does the boss get this ridiculously big and OP and...” as Chiaki’s thoughts turned to games, her despairing mind stopped to make a consideration. “Just why are we growing anyway?” she started to think about the simulation and the protocols she had activated came to mind, “Of course! Those must’ve changed the rules. We each got a different initial change, but then we started getting bigger in pretty much the same way. But then that means something has been triggering the changes in a specific way!” Chiaki concluded. Looking up at Junko’s menacing glare, something clicked. “That’s right! The expansions occurred each time Junko bullied us, and the more intense the abuse, the stronger the effect! But then that means...!”

“What’re you thinking about, squirt? I hate that look on you,” Junko growled down at her prisoner. “Why aren’t you shivering and begging for mercy? I might just drop you right now, y’know.”

“Y-you don’t have the guts!” Chiaki suddenly screamed, making Junko snap out of her tough persona.

“Oh. So you do have personality after all.” Junko smirked and gripped Chiaki harder, making the smaller girl shriek in pain. “Ah, but I’ll give it to you. I’m suuuuch a drama-queen. I don’t really want to drop you, or squish you, or eat you, or anything so simple and painless. No no no. I want you to suffer so you can learn your place like the tiny, insignificant bug you are!”

Chiaki gasped for air as Junko loosened the grip to let her breathe properly. The gamer became worried when she didn’t immediately change. If her hypothesis was wrong, then this might’ve been her worst idea yet. The thought was reinforced when Junko suddenly flipped Chiaki around and held her mere yards from Junko’s face.

With her free hand, Junko made a circle by joining the tips of her index and thumb. The giantess closed an eye, aimed, and suddenly let loose a finger smack against Chiaki’s posterior.

“Kyaaaaah!” the poor, smaller girl’s butt hurt immensely. Her new size and proportions had certainly made Chiaki more resistant to pain, but she was nonetheless shocked at the blow of epic proportions. Junko retracted her fingers and smacked Chiaki’s rump again, making her cry out.

“More! Scream more! Scream for me, little doll!” Junko laughed, her tongue lolling out as the amusement became more and more intense. The giantess was absolutely absorbed into doling out the punishment. Chiaki was hard pressed to endure, but as the victim, she had to believe she was right. “Learn your place, tiny!”

Every strike, every condescending and insulting remark was fuel. Chiaki was the only one of the

three students that had a basic understanding of how the system worked. With the new protocols engaged, the rules had changed. Chiaki was no longer a mere conduit for the resources attached to the program, but she could channel them herself. “Focus...” Chiaki closed her eyes as she did her best to shut out the pain. Through the immense amount of despair she had been feeling, the incognito overseer was able to find hope in her wish to protect her friends and herself from Junko. At that moment, all of the stored energy inside of Chiaki started to release.

“...and your worthless little...!” Junko had been so busy and turned on by the sadism that she had simply lost track of time. Chiaki’s butt had turned bright red from all the abuse, yet it also seemed to look a lot bigger. “...little...” Junko’s words trailed off her mouth as she realized that Chiaki’s body was starting to fill her hand and her legs were starting to move out over her wrists. “No... not again!”

But it was undeniable. Chiaki had begun to grow again, and by the looks of it, explosively so. The gamer moaned as the energy her body absorbed made every last inch of her body expand, replacing all of the accumulated pain with pleasure.

“No! Stop! You’re weaker! Smaller! You’re my doll, my toy, nothing else!” In her desperation, Junko tried more punishment. She attempted to smack Chiaki’s ass again, but that only made the gamer cry out in delight instead. Once Chiaki was approaching the size of her forearm, Junko growled and seized her growing rival. She tried torturing Chiaki by twisting her nipples painfully, but Chiaki just squealed in bliss. “Stop! Stop getting bigger you slut!”

It didn’t matter what physical or verbal punishment Junko tried, every single attempt was being absorbed by Chiaki, whose growth ramped up with each second. It wasn’t long before Junko had to resort to using both hands to hold Chiaki up thanks to the ever increasing weight. At one point, Junko lost her patience, dropped Chiaki and kicked her like a football. The growing girl shouted in pain as she hurtled through the air, impacting against one of the bigger rides of the amusement park. Panting, Junko balled her hands into fists and watched as the Ferris wheel collapsed, kicking up an enormous cloud of dust.

As the cloud dissipated, a gigantic silhouette made Junko immediately boil with anger. With her powered-up form, Chiaki had not only managed to simply block out most of the immediate pain from Junko’s strikes, she had also attained the necessary concentration to harmonize with the system’s new parameters. “I can’t believe it. It worked...!” Chiaki thought as she fanned the dust away, looking at her hand. The ground and the food stands below were so far away now. She had grown impressively large. Her curves had further developed, rivaling Junko’s proportions and even her height. It looked like Chiaki had a few dozen feet to go before she was on equal grounds with the fashionista, but now the gamer felt a lot more confident.

“Chiaki! You’re alright, nyah!” Mikan cried out from her cage, although neither Junko nor Chiaki heard her. That was alright with the cat girl, who was starting to feel very hot and aroused from the sight of those two extremely endowed giantesses. For once, Mikan didn’t mind if someone didn’t pay attention to her.

“Y-you...!” Junko was furious. Not only had her attempts to subdue and dominate failed yet again, but she was quite literally out of tricks now. The massive growth spurt she had gone through was the extent of her power, at least until she figured how to reroute resources into her being. It didn’t look like she was going to be given that leisure, however. Chiaki was getting closer. Junko didn’t want to lose, so she intercepted Chiaki, tackling her down. “Don’t think this is over! I’m still the bigger one!”

“Give me my friend back!” Chiaki demanded as she struggled under Junko, growing taller from the violent pounce. As Chiaki expanded, their enormous breasts mashed together in such a way that it prevented their faces from coming in too close. The short-haired giantess did her best to wriggle an arm out of her rival’s grip, reaching into Junko’s cleavage to secure the third schoolgirl.

“Bwah!” Mahiru gasped out, taking in huge gulps of air. “Almost suffocated in there. Just what do you think you...” the redhead was ready to snap at Junko, but instead found herself in a gigantic Chiaki’s gentle grip. “...Chiaki?!”

“Mahiru! What a relief!” Chiaki grinned a bit, and now that her friend was safe, she used her legs to kick Junko right off her body. Junko was the one sent flying this time, crashing into the roller coaster behind her.

“Ugh!” Junko landed with a massive thunderous crash, her round butt wrecking the tracks in a storm of flying wooden planks and metal beams. Fueled by anger, however, Junko got back up, ready to fight.

Chiaki was happy enough that Mahiru was out of harm’s way for now. She stood up and cursed in her mind. Chiaki had been hoping to rescue Mikan as well, but as she stood up and saw Junko coming back for Round 2 already, the gamer realized that she was at a disadvantage. However, Chiaki still had a trump card. She looked down at Mahiru, and then at Mikan. “Now that I’m this big, I’m strong enough to manipulate more parameters. But Mikan’s trapped. I can’t risk it with her. No other way around it then! Just... focus...!” she frowned and looked at Mahiru in her palm.

“Chiaki, what’s wrong? Oooohh...” Mahiru was struck with a thousand megawatts of pure pleasure in electric discharges of euphoria. Her curvy body started to expand at such a rapid pace that Chiaki had to put her arms up to hold the ascending redhead up. “Wh-what’s happening to me? Mmmm! I’m growing so big! So big... ahhhh...!” There was no way for Mahiru to properly describe what she was feeling. The earlier, paused expansion of her ass and breasts had been a very specific kind of torture disguised as uncontrollable arousal. Unbridled and chaotic series of powerful bursts characterized the wild transformation. At the apex of her monstrous growth spurt, Mahiru hit a sexual climax with a lewd scream of ecstasy.

“Mahiru, I’m sorry I didn’t ask first... but I need your help!” Chiaki was beyond embarrassment. She was livid with her own arousal at witnessing her friend go from such a small size to a similar stature as her own. “We have to protect Mikan!”

As Mahiru recovered from her mind-wrecking orgasm, she finally realized how wonderful this giant state was. Mahiru felt as if she had been freed from shackles she didn’t know had been there. Having been seized and changed by Chiaki, made so powerful, large and sexy by her friend, and being held in her arms on top of it all made Mahiru feel right in place with herself. The notion of feeling embarrassed after exposing herself so much with her orgasmic cry didn’t bother her. It didn’t even bother her to be held up, she was relishing it. However, Mahiru understood this wasn’t the time to relax. Smiling to Chiaki, the redhead slid off her friend’s arms and stood by her side. “I don’t know what you did to me, Chiaki, but I know one thing for sure. I’m tired of that bitch over there!” she aggressively pointed over at the baffled, now outnumbered Junko. “And I think it’s payback time now.”

“Mahiru...!” a hopeful Chiaki grinned. She was simply glad that the methods she had access to now had worked so well. It made her feel like they truly had a chance against this virus. “Right! Let’s...”

“As if I’d let you!” Junko growled, throwing herself against both Chiaki and Mahiru after kicking

into a mad dash. Holding her arms out, she managed to catch both enemy giantesses unawares, knocking them down with both the strike of her arms and the weight of her huge chest. “You’re going down, and I’ll have you kissing my feet!”

“Nngh...” Mahiru grunted a little, but then grinned, having feigned the collapse just to let her grab Junko by the ankles. “Forget about it, princess! Your ass is mine now!” With a strong tug, Junko was brought down by Mahiru’s strategy.

“Ahh! You damn hick of a cunt...!” Junko cried out as she fell face-first against Chiaki’s chest. The latter held her there.

“J-Just... give up! Ahh!” Chiaki couldn’t stop moaning as Junko’s struggles made contact against her breasts that much more pleasure.

“Shut your face, or I’ll shut it for you!” Junko snarled, reaching up to slap Chiaki, who whined, but enlarged further. “Stop growing!”

“No, you stop being a bitch!” Mahiru reprimanded as she held Junko in place by her legs, locking them between Mahiru’s breasts and her flat stomach. At that point, Mahiru started to spank Junko, making the long-haired girl moan. “You like it when someone spansk you, huh?!”

As the particularly lewd fight went on, the forgotten Mikan couldn’t help but purr at the oddly enjoyable spectacle. Mikan wasn’t the type that condoned violence unless it was inflicted on her own person, as she was thought she deserved punishment. Her short time knowing Chiaki and Mahiru, however, had made her feel a lot more confident in herself. On the other hand, watching those inappropriate gropes, the bitch slaps and all that skin-on-skin contact was having an aphrodisiac effect on the cat girl.

Mikan couldn’t stop watching the fight. She couldn’t stop playing with herself at a battle that was supposed to be serious, perhaps even life-threatening. The sight of three busty women wrestling so passionately was simply translated into a sexy scene from a perverted manga she had once read. Mikan couldn’t help it anymore. As she held by one of the cage’s bars with one hand, the other glided down to her glistening lady parts. She had been wet for some time now, but the arousal was peaking now. She needed relief. “This is... so hot... n-nyah...” the poor feline was completely and utterly lost to her own primal instincts. Mikan wasted no time in inserting a finger into her dripping, sopping-wet entrance, quickly adding a second as she moaned. Drool escaped her mouth as her cheeks flushed red.

As she furiously masturbated, Mikan went completely unaware of a new development with her body. Unbeknownst to Chiaki, who still was inexperienced with her newly gained faculties, the moment she had thought of altering her friends’ parameters was the moment Mikan had also been affected like Mahiru. However, Mikan’s process had been delayed thanks to Chiaki switching her focus to the redhead. Mikan’s body started to grow.

Part of the reason Chiaki had forgone her initial plan to also make Mikan bigger was due to the fact she wasn’t sure how safe it was for Mikan to grow gigantic inside of a cage. This fear was of no concern to Mikan, who was desperately attempting to achieve orgasm through self-pleasure. The dark purple haired cat girl quickly found that her fingering speed wasn’t up to par with her sexual hunger. So horny was the feline human that in adding her second hand to the ministrations, she lost her support. The enlarging Mikan fell forwards as a result, bouncing a couple times thanks to the cushy padding offered by her head-sized melons. Mikan didn’t even care about the drop and she just nuzzled her sensitive breasts as they smothered the underside of her chin when she started using her

chest as some sort of relief for her torso.

Already at 10ft. tall and quickly adding height, Mikan hiked her fat butt up and wiggled in involuntarily as she incessantly assaulted her womanhood with both hands. “Nyahhh... ahhh...!” her cute meows and moans went unheard by the wrestling trio of giantesses, never learning that their scuffle was the cat girl’s main source of arousal. It didn’t take very long before the cage started to run out of space to accommodate Mikan, who was on her way to doubling her size. The pleasure was making her growth accelerate, and the process itself was bliss. A never ending loop of correlated enhancement and perversion had begun.

Mikan hissed lightly as she felt her naked feet run into the cold metal bars behind her, but she didn’t tear her eyes away from the action that mattered to her lust-addled brain. Her face and even her breasts were starting to press against the bars in front, yet Mikan’s hands could not leave her pussy. “I’m so close!” the drooling nurse announced to the air, as if trying to validate her business in the face of being squished inside of the cage. Her fingers had turned into a flurry of violent stabbings constantly violating her aching love-hole, bludgeoning and twisting her clitoris bulb, and tugging and folding her swollen vulva. Mikan let out a primal scream of pure ecstasy as she attained sexual climax. “Nyaaaaaaaaah!”

Juice squirted over the surface of a cracking roof. The growing Mikan had been just about forced to curl inside of her prison, every last curve squishing against every metal bar. Yet her orgasm changed things. Mikan had no time to calmly enjoy her afterglow as the energy swirling inside of her exploded with fiery intensity. A surge of power made Mikan’s whole body shudder before she swelled out in every direction at once; growing in such massive strides that even the cage was unable to stop the cat girl. Mikan cried out as she hit a second orgasm just as she outgrew the cage, which bent and cracked and finally split open to allow her outside. The Amazonian nurse’s expansion kicked up yet again, her legs, knees and hips shredding what remained of the metal cage as she grew bigger and bigger. Every moment of enlargement was highlighted by Mikan’s moans of pleasure as she ended up sitting pretty on top of the building Junko had imprisoned her on.

Mikan was forced to smash her hands down and get a grip on the damaged roof she was sitting on. Her womanly legs spilled out and hung over the top of the tall edification as every bit of chest fat in her boobs jiggled about. The cat’s tail swished about wildly as the growing Mikan was doing all she could not to fall off, but the bigger she became, the less the building agreed with her weight. “Ahhh... th-this feels so good...! B-but I can’t... ohh... ohh God...!” With the fraction of self-awareness the pleasure-laden kitten had left, she realized not only the precarious situation she was in, with the tall building about to collapse under her weight, but the fact that her enormous behind had begun to overtake the roof and spill out. Worse yet, her buttocks had caught the edifice’s top in-between her deep crack. “I-It’s wedged...! It’s wedged in!” Mikan desperately cried, but she didn’t dare move her hands from the building’s top. She felt like if she did, the whole thing would come apart. “I-I-I can feel it going in...! N-no...! Not there!”

But it was too late. The building had miraculously stayed up in spite of the 50ft. tall woman bearing her weight down on it. Her huge buttocks had somehow accommodated the top, and thanks to the pressure, were forcing Mikan’s hands down as she slowly slid down on it. The cat girl’s opened really wide as she suddenly let out a very lewd scream. Her hands gave, and the building penetrated her back entrance. “NYAAAAAAAH!”

Even to such a closet-pervert like Mikan, the idea of anally pleasuring herself had never quite manifested in her mind. She was plentifully aware of it, but she had not quite developed the taste for it. As a result, crashing down on a building shoving itself up her inexperienced rectum was quite a shock. The cat girl cried out and shifted and rolled her hips after her buttocks made contact with the

streets, cracking the asphalt under her weight. Mikan couldn't talk. Her teeth were clenched to stifle the pain, drool trickling over her lips. It was a very strange feeling having something so big stuck up so far up her ass. She uselessly reached back, trying to spread her ass cheeks in an effort to wiggle off the building, but Mikan only managed to pull it in harder, spreading her insides with more of that unwanted intruder. Mikan could feel debris such as shattered glass and concrete exploding and being compressed by her anal walls, yet strangely felt okay with it. For some reason, it wasn't harming her as much as Mikan thought it would.

Panic eventually subsided as Mikan understood she wasn't bleeding, or much less wounded. In fact, after the initial shock, she realized that her ass muscles had become so strong they had literally crunched the building down, keeping her plugged and stuffed, but not in pain. Mikan was still tearing from the starting fear, but she managed to hike her tail up, calmly lean forwards and reach back to reach into her crack. The cat-eared nurse blushed as she felt how warm her cheeks felt, her fingers tentatively feeling around her sensitive flesh. She began to purr, unable to help her new instincts, in response to the stimulus. Mikan arched slightly, meowing loudly as she began to scratch at her butt hole in an effort to touch and feel the building her ass had devoured. The compacted mess of debris slid inside ever so slightly, making Mikan flinch and jerk in reflex, but there was no pain.

Her body was still growing larger after all. Mikan was relieved, and even felt brave enough to prod the destroyed building further up her anus. She hissed and then purred again, relishing on this wicked new type of pleasure she had found. It hurt only for the briefest of moments, yet it also rewarded her with a considerable amount of positive feedback. However, both the pain and pleasure diminished significantly as the cat girl swelled to such a size that it wasn't possible to enjoy any tight fit anymore. "Nnggh..." Mikan grunted, feeling robbed of the new experience she had grown fond of. She was very wet. The streets below her were flooded under her juices; she had inadvertently caused herself several climaxes during the rough anal insertion. She needed more, and she would get more.

With her attention falling on the multitude of rides in the amusement park, an idea popped in Mikan's head. If a building could feel so good inside her butt, then what about her vagina? These weren't food stands or carousels to Mikan anymore. They were dildos now. And just like that, the main spectator of the giantess brawl defected in her quest to find sexual relief.

Junko found herself in trouble. Not only was she outnumbered, but every attempt to subdue Chiaki had only resulted in the gamer to become taller, curvier and more powerful than before. Junko was starting to lose it. The virus which constituted her being had not been programmed with this kind of resistance in mind. The eve of her defeat was nearing.

"Keep her still," Mahiru had received a few bruises during some exchanges with Junko. Mostly slaps and titty-twisters, but some kicking had also been involved. The redhead was looking forwards for payback. Chiaki was over 300ft. tall, and the way her breasts rested on top of Junko's head while she restrained the fashionista was simply delectable. Mahiru still didn't understand how Chiaki was achieving all of this, but for once, she didn't think to question it. She wasn't really looking forward to badly beating up Junko either, but some sort of retribution was in order. "Aaaaand... boob smoosh!" Mahiru laughed as she threw herself forwards, smothering Junko's face in her own massive mammaries while she reached up, grabbed Chiaki's gargantuan breasts from below, and started grinding them down on top of Junko.

"Ah! Mahiru...!" Chiaki had been on the more passive side of the fight for a long time, yet even she was starting to enjoy all the power she had in this situation. She was relishing her new position as the biggest, most eye-catching giantess, and after her plan had worked, her confidence had skyrocketed. Instead of telling Mahiru to stop, Chiaki smiled, rested her hands on her immense hips,

and winked down at the redhead. “Squeeze harder!”

“You’re the boss!” Mahiru grinned, delighted by Junko’s muffled screams of humiliation. Just as Chiaki asked, the freckled girl’s fingers dug up the top-heavy gamer’s fleshy mounds and pulled them down to further weight Junko down.

But Junko wasn’t going to give up easily. She stopped the futile endeavor of trying to pry herself off from the two giant pairs of boobs and instead reached around to grab Mahiru’s enormous ass. The redhead was caught off guard as Junko sank her nails onto the huge photographer’s booty and with her chance seized, Junko managed to head-butt her frontal opponent’s chest off.

“Ooogh! H-hey, no scratching!” Mahiru whimpered as she toppled down on her mountainous rump, rubbing her poor behind.

Junko chalked up a victory, but wasted no time. She turned around, ready to take on her second opponent once again. She thought of going for the eyes. But then something unexpected happened. Chiaki’s body was too close for comfort. No, it wasn’t just close, it was falling on her! “You’ve got to be kidding me...!” Junko saw only darkness from that point on. She felt her body crash down on her back as Chiaki pounced on her. The much bigger giantess had hopped over like an Olympic hurdle athlete who, on purpose, had crashed against her hurdle.

Chiaki smiled as she fell down with Junko. “Wheeee!” she cheerfully yelped as she ended completely smothering her foe’s head under her heavy rump. “How do you like that?! 100 points!” the short-haired female giggled at her little joke. She hadn’t had this much fun since binge-playing classic Tetris in maximum speed for five hours straight. Chiaki wasn’t afraid anymore. She was aware of what she could do, and how easy it was to protect her friends now. She had the power, and she wasn’t going to let Junko or any other enemy stand in her way. Plus, the more she got in the dominant role, the more Chiaki felt like the hero of many of her favorite games. It sent a tingle up her spine. She wasn’t just having fun; she was also aroused.

Mahiru got back up and blushed as she caught sight of Chiaki sitting on the struggling Junko. “Th-that looks... kinda hot...” the redhead murmured, silently observing as her larger friend utterly triumphed over the pink-haired menace.

“Are you going to stop now?” Chiaki grabbed her breasts and parted them to the side just so she could look down at Junko. Only the fashionista’s hair and one eye could be seen. The rest of her face was buried under Chiaki’s bottom and thighs. Junko was glaring, and Chiaki didn’t need to be a mind reader to understand Junko was coming up with more and more childish insults by the minute, “Because I might not!”

The redhead was impressed at how dominant Chiaki was becoming, even if she was still coming of as sort of childish. What was more impressive, however, was seeing Chiaki’s aroused form still growing larger and larger, already reaching past 400ft. tall, literally twice the woman Junko or she were. “She’s getting so big...” Mahiru sighed with an almost dreamy tone, still admiring her growing friend. She couldn’t just wait there and started stomping her way down to the two, “Chiaki.” Mahiru finally spoke.

“Oh, Mahiru! Are you okay?” Chiaki asked with a smile. Thanks to her vastly increased powers and abilities that continued to improve with her size, it was easy to see all of Mahiru’s stats and attributes, and it was clear that she was already recovered. Chiaki, however, was still concerned with how Mahiru was feeling. Junko couldn’t escape the weight of her ass anyway.

Nodding, Mahiru looked up at the much larger giantess and then down at Junko. "What are you going to do with her? I don't think she'll stop trying to um... well... dominate us."

"I know. And I think I've got the solution to this," Chiaki giggled, literally having arrived at the answer as she peaked at 500ft. tall. "Can you hold her down for me? Don't worry..." Chiaki's eyes glowed for a moment, and Mahiru moaned, feeling energized, "...you'll have no problems overpowering her."

Mahiru felt extremely intimidated, but at the same time safe. It was almost like Chiaki was an acting goddess now. There was no physical change that Mahiru could see on her, but she definitely felt stronger. The moment Chiaki stood up, Mahiru almost drooled at how she barely came up to her friend's hips. Chiaki was simply dwarfing her. Not forgetting her duty, however, Mahiru quickly apprehended Junko, holding her still. Serendipity engulfed Mahiru as she realized that actually holding Junko down was child's play, as if she was actually dealing with a weak infant now.

"L-let go of me, you slut! Who the hell do you think you're dealing with?!" Junko snarled, "I'm Junko Enoshima! The biggest name you'll ever hear, and...!" her threatening voice suddenly trailed off as she found that Mahiru's breasts were smothering her head. That wasn't possible in Junko's mind. She and Mahiru were the same size. "No... is she growing this bitch again?!" Junko whimpered, but then she noticed that it wasn't Mahiru that was enlarging, but her own body that was shrinking. "What the hell?! How did you...?! But I'm supposed to be...! My own rules... my own...!"

Chiaki was careful to censor every last compromising word in Junko's outburst. She had no idea how she was going to explain this situation to her friends, or hell, the rest of the class, but her primary duty as overseer of the simulation was still the most important one. Even with all of her power, Chiaki was still putting her main mission ahead of everything. However, that didn't mean she couldn't have fun with purging the virus known as Junko Enoshima. As the surprised Mahiru started having trouble holding the diminishing Junko's body, Chiaki reached down to pluck Junko in-between her fingers in a very similar way to how Junko had toyed with them earlier. Smiling at the tiny and shrinking fashionista, Chiaki said: "Game Over, Junko."

"No...! No!" Junko thrashed and squirmed as she went from giant to amazon and then to her standard size and proportions, yet she didn't stop shrinking. "Stop it! No more! Don't...! I'll curse you, I'll destroy you...!" But the threats fell upon deaf ears.

The 500ft. tall giantess decided that a fitting punishment would be to show Junko, who had been so insistent on shaming others because of their looks, the last vestiges of true womanhood. Chiaki still couldn't believe what she was about to do, but the idea was still tantalizing. She carefully sat down and, smiling at Mahiru, sensually began to move her hand down between her legs. The redhead widened her eyes as she saw Chiaki split her vulva open with two fingers before pushing the index finger of the captor hand in. Chiaki closed her eyes and sighed in pleasure, knowing she had just sentenced Junko to blip out of existence while surrounded by her feminine folds. And just like that, the battle was over.

"Oh my God, Chiaki... you did it..." Mahiru gasped, her legs still trembling in arousal. Chiaki smiled to her friend.

"I couldn't have done it without you, Mahiru. It was a team effort!" the much larger giantess declared, suddenly being tackled by the redhead. Mahiru wept, surprising even the overpowered overseer.

“I was scared, Chiakiii!” Mahiru sobbed as she nuzzled one of Chiaki’s gigantic breasts. “When we were in that bitch’s cleavage and... and she took Mikan and you outside, I thought...!” Mahiru stopped her bawling with a wide-eyed gasp, “Mikan! Where...?!”

“Nnnhh...” Chiaki was blushing and moaning. Mahiru blinked in surprise and looked up from the massive teat she had been nuzzling. On the opposite side of the gamer, Mahiru noticed a certain someone had snuck in from the side.

“Nnyyyyomph...” a blissed-over, 200ft. tall Mikan was grabbing onto and suckling one of Chiaki’s oversized nipples. Mikan had finally stopped growing. Having reached Mahiru’s size, Mikan had turned herself into the amusement park’s one-cat wrecking team. With her mind completely taken over by her basic instincts, all she wanted to do was play with that gigantic, perky boob.

“Sh-she seems to have grown too!” Chiaki said matter-of-factly, stuttering from the cat girl’s lips nursing off her. She was worried that Mikan was taking her new role too seriously. “M-Mikan... e-even if you suck... there’s no milk in there... ahhh!”

Mahiru suddenly felt like slapping the stupid cat. She had felt so concerned only to see her being a perverted feline! For some reason, the photographer felt overwhelmed with jealousy. Chiaki was so big and beautiful it was only natural to want to be close to her. Mahiru couldn’t accept Mikan taking headway in the worshipping of those gorgeously humongous tits. “I won’t lose to a cat!”

“Huh?” Chiaki turned to look at Mahiru, confused by her sudden claim. All of a sudden she found her second nipple inside of her other friend’s mouth, and it was at that point that Chiaki felt completely vulnerable. “Ahhhh! Wh-what’s come over you two...?!” Chiaki’s lips were trembling, her eyes shutting. It was all she could do not to begin thrashing uncontrollably, the pleasure of her friends’ mouths on her enormous breasts making her tingle all over.

But Mikan and Mahiru were too far gone. They were both eagerly groping flesh and suckling like hungry newborns. The lack of lactation didn’t deter them one bit. Chiaki, even though she was the biggest, was at their mercy. Amidst the incredible breast-sucking session, the squirming Chiaki realized that the protocols she had activated earlier were still in effect. The gamer however wondered if her friends truly were under the influence of their tampered parameters or if they truly were that much attracted to her immense self. Briefly, Chiaki considered revising the commands, but the pleasure was too great and being so much larger to the point her friends were worshipping her body was amazing. She could always focus on problem solving later. This was too good an opportunity to pass up. It felt too damn good.

Being careful not to accidentally harm her comparatively smaller friends, Chiaki glided her arms down along their bodies, pressing them up closer to her sides. Chiaki rubbed her fat, curvy thighs together, spreading the wetness from her eager snatch all over her skin and the ground below her. She had been holding in for such a long while that release was incredibly close. Mikan’s eagerness far surpassed Mahiru’s. The cat girl truly was acting as if she was digging for a milk patch on Chiaki’s breast. But Mahiru’s artificially enhanced strength was endowing her with a brutish, almost super-human ability to fondle, squeeze and suck that Chiaki couldn’t resist.

Chiaki’s moans elevated in loudness, pleasure spiking. She wanted to reach sexual climax, but she didn’t want to do it alone. She wanted both of her friends to join her, to share in the bliss together. Focusing with what little concentration she had left, Chiaki made two sparks of electricity hover above each index finger. She lowered her hands until she was able to touch their buttocks. Both nursing giantesses let out muffled moans, but didn’t stop sucking. Having calibrated her aim, Chiaki slowly dragged her jolting fingers across her friends’ skin, amplifying their sensitivity to pleasure

more and more. Chiaki stopped at each of their respective groins. At that point, Chiaki shocked their clits with electricity.

Mahiru and Mikan both briefly stopped their eyes suddenly bulging open. They screamed together into Chiaki's tits, instantly coming. The reflex caused them to bite, harmlessly chewing on Chiaki's pink nipples with such intensity that the largest giantess couldn't hold it in any longer. With a scream of pure delight, Chiaki was finally able to join in their friends' cacophony of orgasmic wiles. The feeling was better than anything Chiaki had ever felt, every process in her brain being interrupted to simply absorb the pleasure. Her senses screamed as she grew larger and larger, making Chiaki effectively double in size, burying what little remained of the amusement park in the island under her colossal form. Mahiru and Mikan, exhausted from their super-powered climaxes, lost consciousness after squirting their juices all over Chiaki's tits, which were now so large that they had become soft, jiggling cushions for the smaller giantesses.

Chiaki was left panting. She was overflowing with bliss. The island was covered in juice, smelling of the good time she and her friends had just shared. The memory of Junko's threat was quickly fading, just as the physical embodiment of the virus had been reduced to nothingness by Chiaki's quick thinking and action. "Now..." Chiaki gasped, struggling to sit up as she held Mahiru and Mikan up against her breasts as if they were her children. She looked over to the central island, where no doubt her other classmates and Usami were waiting. "This will take some explaining."

But with the threat of Monokuma gone, and Chiaki's new understanding of the system, she was confident that she was going to be able to fix things. She was very excited at the prospect of resuming summer vacation with all of her friends. Chiaki wondered what the boys would think of her now. She already knew she would be a hit with the girls, if her other two friends were any indication!

The End.