

CHERRYTON METEOR FESTIVAL GROUNDS

HARU, 1:08 PM

Getting properly redressed before leaving the Gardening Club took more time than Haru had planned. In truth (and not much else) she had slipped her school dress back on just in time to face Legoshi, after Louis had skulked off. One good splash of the water hose would have made her brief talk with the wolf much shorter, or much, much longer.

Shorter was for the best, really. Legoshi was sweet, if a few odd steps behind himself, and the idea that someone came up for her and not the mattress was both foreign and refreshing. Somewhat. Not that there was any shame in expressing herself through her body—it was just *new*.

A rougher world waited down below, cropped grass and trees covering the school's designated fairgrounds; green was nice, but that was about it. Still, she made do with what flowers she had wheeled down in a small metal wagon.

"There you go, then," the white rabbit murmured, patting the dome of soil she had carefully built around a tulip. "That's the base of the stage, whew...got a few up there, but..."

Haru glanced at the stage, quickly taking inventory.

"Oof. Okay, at least two more trips..."

"I heard there was a cave-in at the boys' dormitory—"

Haru's long ears jabbed upright as someone entered the periphery. No, a group.

"Shut up! *That's* why they taped the area off, really?" another voice gasped.

"Security is all over the place, I saw it a few minutes ago crossing from study hall! I swear! The whole building was covered in cracks and it even sort of...I dunno, *wobbled*."

"You think it was some prank gone wrong?" the other asked, chuckling darkly.

"It wouldn't surprise me," a third, colder voice answered. "Boys are idiots. Combine their stupidity with bad structural engineering and cheap materials, and it's an assured disaster."

Haru forced her ears forward and away, losing her smile as she wiped down the wagon and dusted her dress off in a sudden hurry.

“Even your sweet beau, Mizuchi?”

“Especially him, the creep,” the third huffed, somehow sour and frigid at the same time. “Hold up, girls, we’re cutting through here.”

“But, isn’t that Haru over—oh.”

Mean giggling broke out.

The wagon was dried off enough, and Haru wheeled it around toward the Gardening Club building when a taller rabbit stepped into her path, hands very much to hips, a domineering stance that might as well have had *TOLL BRIDGE* stamped on it. One side of her body was a natural shade of coal, the other ivory, and when both came together, the sum only got worse. The harlequin rabbit leaned in over Haru, cutting off her retreat as a cat and raccoon attended from behind, on either side.

“I suppose you heard,” Mizuchi sneered, her black ear twitching. “Terrible business, what happened at the boys’ dorm.”

Haru sighed.

“Yeah. Just now, over the bullhorn,” she spoke, straightening as best as she could.

Both of Mizuchi’s entourage glowered, finally catching the insult.

“I suppose you shouldn’t let all the boys pound their mattresses so hard, next time,” Mizucho crowed, loudly. “Maybe the floors will last longer.”

“Maybe I was just helping your boyfriend practice breaking up, starting with the floor,” Haru rebutted. “You know, something *above* you.”

One—*one* of the other girls managed to barely stifle a snicker. The other contorted her muzzle and turned away, lest she be seen. In fairness, the way Mizuchi was looking, anyone with good sense would have avoided engagement.

“Funny!” Mizuchi growled, eyes so wide that they bulged under her brows. “Nice to know the one thing you aren’t *short* on is humor!”

“Well, I came up with a few things while waiting for him to finish,” Haru shot back. “Like how anyone that lost their boyfriend to a *shorty* shouldn’t go around, tacitly admitting that that’s *exactly* what happened. What’s it say about you, when the pitiful one got your man?”

“Our kind is rare enough!” Mizuchi barked, changing tacks. “He only tried your *common* kind out because you’re easy. Don’t go thinking you’re above me, litter-runt!”

Haru smiled wider. It was the only way to keep it in.

“He didn’t *talk* like it was easy. I doubt you give him much to practice with.”

“What did you say?” Mizuchi muttered, going much more quiet—two bad signs colliding.

“I’m saying that your needing *endangerment* to *beg* a man to be with you isn’t something you should take out on *me*. A well-fed rabbit won’t leave the burrow, dusty as it may be.”

“W-what!?”

“It’s *common* knowledge. Now, even though you clearly have nowhere to be, I do...”

Haru stepped around, and Mizuchi stayed put, if for a moment. The other two gargoyles were trained enough to auto-intercept her, all on their own.

“Well-fed, you say?”

Admittedly, Haru hadn’t anticipated those words coming from Mizuchi, in retort. The harlequin rabbit stepped behind her, motioning for one of the girls to throw her their backpack. Haru watched as the raccoon nervously tossed the bag over to the boss, who rummaged through it and withdrew a large slice of cake, brandishing it like a grenade.

“Hey, Mizuchi,” the raccoon tenuously began, “t-that’s my dessert.”

“How can you be so selfish?” Mizuchi huffed, unwrapping the colored plastic off of it, bits of frosting on its underside as she hurried along. “All this unwarranted backtalk is clearly a cry for help, girls. Can’t you tell? Haru here is skin and bones! She’s like her plants, she needs nourishment, yeah?”

Uh-oh.

A string of panic snapped inside, but Haru maintained her calm, her small face and big eyes unchanged as she watched Mizuchi approach—then shove the entire slice into her mouth, *hard*. Then, she *kept* pushing.

“Aw, come *on*,” the raccoon moaned, as the cat broke into laughter.

“Eat up, little one!” Mizuchi snarled, all catty pretense evaporating in a wave of malice. “So you can grow up into a real lady, instead of a silly, slutty little baby runt!”

Haru gagged, despite her best efforts, as the cake in its entirety entered, blocking out the air and stretching her demure muzzle wide. Her cheeks bulged out to absurd size, and Mizuchi made sure to rub and drag the residual frosting all over Haru’s face before shoving her back-first onto the wagon.

“Plants need rest, too,” Mizuchi seethed, dusting the flecks of frosting off her hands. “Let’s see, what else do they need? How else can we *help* you? Oh! Of course—”

The two lackeys watched as Mizuchi walked off to a maintenance shack, found the door unlocked, then returned with a large burlap sack.

“Soil!”

One of Haru’s ears twitched, informing her even as she swallowed hard.

“Ah,” the raccoon muttered. “Is that—”

“What? Lots of plants get help this way!” Mizuchi growled, starting to pull the bag down over Haru far too roughly. “We bag her, then find a pot big enough to—why, look! How about that! Just down at the edge of the property there—that ditch should do perfectly!”

The bag was halfway down, but Haru’s hand was low enough that she grabbed a fistfull of dirt before things could get any worse.

“Mizuchi—”

“Shut it!” Mizuchi snapped, turning back just in time to get her own mouthful as Haru blindly punched forward, shoving the dirt into the ringleader’s conveniently-gaping maw.

As she fell back onto the ground, sputtering and hacking, the other two saw Haru working herself free; in their sudden panic they forced the bag entirely down over her, stuffing the struggling little rabbit within and tying the end of the sack off as Mizuchi stood back up and spat, again and again.

“Ghhahk! You stupid little–”

Mizuchi stomped around to the back of Haru’s wagon, shoving the other girls aside as she put one shod foot on its edge, then kicked with all the fury she had. It turned out to be more than enough to send the bagged bunny and wagon careening down the slope of the grounds, right down into the cement ditch beyond the treeline.

The wagon bumped and wheeled over sheared grass, narrowly missing the trees as Haru sailed off the slope and into the air, crashing and bouncing onto declining cement at higher speeds. The wagon rattled into a construction barrier no one higher up could have seen and smashed through it, Haru slipping out and right into an opened sewer lid, bag and all.

“Oh my gosh, Mizuchi–”

The boss rabbit was already rummaging inside of the raccoon’s backpack, pulling out a wrapped bottle of juice and ripping it open without permission.

“Hey, no, that’s my–”

Either unable or unwilling to respond through the mouth full of dirt, Mizuchi swigged deep, swished, and spat, unceremoniously chugging the rest of the bottle as they watched. One looked back at the ditch, biting her lip, while the other shook her head.

“Seriously, what am I supposed to eat?”

“Is she okay? It went into the ditch!”

“Oh,” Mizuchi coughed, rubbing her mouth with her dress sleeve, “you suddenly care about her, is that what’s what?”

“N-no, *we* could get in trouble!”

“Oh, boohoo,” Mizuchi snorted, spitting one last time. “If you’re so worried, go and untie her yourself, if you want. But I hear that sort of thing can *harm* the individual, more than help.”

Both parties fussed in place for a moment, deliberating.

The bag rested limp on the floor of the interior below, unmoving; only a despondent moan of pain escaped, as proof that Haru was still among the living. More or less.

Everything had been knocked out on the impact, including any curses or swears or oxygen she had in the chamber. Instead the rabbit lay there in the bag, mentally and physically stunned, clutching at the nearest bearings as some water *drip-dripped* nearby. The afternoon light from above cast a glow on the burlap, its finer threads all Haru could understand as she panted and twitched, finally trying to move some part of herself. Rational thought came after:

They really did it

Her eyes flicked around, finally able to move, overcompensating immediately.

They really did it. They could have killed me.

With every breath, ever so subtly, Haru's mussed and dirtied school dress became a little bit tighter, and tighter still, pulling against increasing mass within. Her nearly nonexistent chest rose as she puffed in and out, in and out, her bosom swelling out in miniature lurches, until they pumped to stretch the uniform slightly. Each inhale seemed to inflate them as she gently expanded, not realizing in her stupor that the burlap was beginning to shrink in on her quaking body, bit by creeping bit.

They tried to kill me!

A terrible heat swelled up from Haru's core as she grunted and shook with anger, or *something*, her hips swelling out against the dress until it strained and pulled wider, her thighs ballooning bigger and thicker as they mashed tight together. Her ears flattened along her growing head as she closed her huge black eyes and quaked deeper, groaning as her furred breasts blew up against the fabric and bulged up into her chin.

The bag was so tight now as Haru swelled into a full-grown adult female's size, a good 6 feet even. The bag tugged and split at a few unneeded conjunctions, but otherwise held as it stretched around her bulk. The knot atop the bag rose only so much before the sides around it swelled beyond, the bag groaning miserably as it shook and blew up twice its size, popping apart along the back and booming out in the front.

With no bearings, Haru couldn't quite put together that she was growing larger and stronger. What felt like a hard flex of rage was, in actuality, her white-furred muscles expanding and pressing against each other, her skinny form billowing into a surging ball of definition and soft-scented, throbbing sinews. The knot held where the rest could not, and with a final trembling surge one overfed shoe burst out, its leather snapping apart as huge rabbit toes exploded loose, a large furred heel bursting through the back, leaving the upper cover and strap wrapped around the foot.

A set of cheeks squeezed through next, progressively bulkier thighs swelling bigger behind it, her rump billowing so big that the dress tugged up along her midsection, ripping against a field of burgeoning abs. Her muzzle swelled down, burrowing into her expanding bust as two pink nipples tented the uniform, pulling even further as she *m-m-mooooaned* and rumble-blew from 6 feet to 12, ripping the burlap into petty scraps that snuggled her roaring muscle and curves.

Finally, as did her newfound bulk, the idea collided with the rest of her:

It wasn't just her. She was...*bigger!*?

Haru's mind swam as she closed her eyes, tensed involuntarily, and shuddered even larger, bloating so big that even two male bears would have had to stand atop each other to make it to her chin, at a staggering 18 feet in height—or length, really. Given how the stubborn burlap scraps crushed in on her, standing upright wasn't quite an option yet.

With some doing Haru managed to work herself up to a seat, her ears brushing against the cement ceiling as she struggled in place. Her athletically-built arms pulsed with power, but generations of hardwiring held them in check as she simply assumed she was too weak to break them—until she *tried*.

“H...hrrrrgh—”

With surprisingly little trouble, her flexing arms snapped the remains of the bag apart, blowing loose with a triumphant huff, tearing her stretched dress completely apart in the process. Her now ample-breasts swung up as they erupted free, shearing scraps of dirtied fabric into the air. Her thighs boomed out as another tingling surge filled her body, pushing her bigger, until her lengthening ears splayed out and her head thudded the ceiling loudly.

“Ah! Shoot, I—”

She caught the words with a hiss of pain and pleasure as her form inflated more, and more, pumping up to 30 feet and grinding her head and widening neck and shoulders into the ceiling too much, too deep. Grit dusted out as she snorted soot and trembled harder, booming violently out to 35 feet in one thick, hot, *amazing* blast of size, her underwear snapping off as her rump slammed the floor, her groaning thighs pushing wider apart as more muscle crowded her legs, her growing toes clenching.

“Got t-to get...huuu-hu!”

Her body trembled harder as Haru wrinkled her muzzle and cried out, bursting angrily to 40 feet, then 45! Her shoulders bulge-thumped the cracking ceiling as her breasts loudly swelled out between bulking arms, mashed in against themselves as the warmth and pressure and plush and sweat grew and grew.

Her growing hand thudded clumsily up, feeling the opened hole and wall-mounted ladder to it; Her thickening fingers could hardly escape, let alone the rest of her!

T-trapped! Tra—a-aaahhhahh...

50 feet...60 feet...

Her bulk boomed into the walls as she dammed the corridor with nothing but her own heaving muscles, fluffed muscles bullying cracks out of mighty concrete as the shaking only grew worse...and *worse*...

“Well, w-what if we just called it in, anonymously?” the raccoon stammered, as Mizuchi took to the festival stage and looked it over. “M-maybe we should do that, instead of standing here waiting to be seen?”

“R-right,” the cat agreed, nodding.

“See us doing what, exactly?” Mizuchi sighed, looking the few scattered plants set upon the stage over. The rest were likely meant to go in marked spots, presumably made by Haru. “Existing quietly, just talking? No one saw the part that mattered.”

A mean rumble answered from Mizuchi’s belly as she winced, tarried, then shook it off and moved along, kicking one plant over, then another.

“Well, I’m not staying,” the raccoon grouched, at long last, working up at least enough backbone to commit to fleeing.

“Fine,” Mizuchi countered, venomously indifferent. “Go ahead and—”

The rumble returned, but this time it was so powerful that Mizuchi slipped back mid-kick and landed on her rump, her skirt flying up like a white flag. The raccoon and cat had only jogged about ten feet away when they heard her impact the stage—then they heard the rumble.

“What the hell was that?” the cat moaned, looking at Mizuchi, then the raccoon.

“If this is just to get us to stay—”

“Huuuuh...”

The rabbit groaned in such an alien manner that both girls stopped talking entirely. In fact, they stopped everything. The cat’s eyes dilated as she gasped, the first to notice properly as Mizuchi panted and shook, still sitting, her body trembling into a full-blown spasm.

“Ohmygosh—”

“W-what?” the raccoon asked. “Is she really hurt?”

“She’s...b...*bigger*...”

“Wait, what? Is the injury swelling?”

“N-no, no, she—”

“*H-HUUUAAAAAAGH!*”

The raccoon squinted, then stepped back.

Up on the stage, Mizuchi was indeed larger, the rabbit nearly as tall as a wolf, and still growing. In one blink, she was a head taller, then another, yet the next. Her dress pulled steadily as her thickening thighs sprouted out from a stretching skirt, socks snapping in time with popping shoes and splitting, bulging straps.

Her dou-toned head hit the stage as she threw it back, her mouth widening for too great of a scream as her chest inflated, expanding under cloth in a dizzied panic. The snap of her bra was

consumed by a rumbling burst as her breasts instantly overfilled them, twin mounds tenting against pulled materials. The globes compressed into a single mass that *boomed* out over her arms as she trembled and strained, scraping the stage with expanding feet.

“GGG-GGH-HG–”

Lengthening rabbit ears splayed down, crowning her growing head as her hips blimped impossibly wide, ripping the lower quadrant of her dress at its sides. The seam at the center struggled and fought, losing by agonizing degrees as one split popped open, then another, traveling from one fluffy pole to the next, until the suit bifurcated around a spilling mass of white and black fur.

“S-she’s not stopping,” the raccoon murmured, transfixed.

“How is she even starting!?” the cat rightly asked, just as Mizuchi bellowed and rocketed larger, still, swelling foot after hot foot over the creaking stage. “W-what do we do?”

“I dunno, I don’t know how she’s even doing this–”

“W-we could hide in class–”

The raccoon was already bolting, but not towards the hallowed halls of Cherryton. Rather, she fled away from the campus, altogether, leaving the dumbstruck cat in a solo act.

The rabbit finally grew too big to fit the structure, her head thudding, then shoving bigger and bigger against the stage’s back railing, snapping and shattering the wood as her cat-sized head bashed out the back side. Her feet blew completely free as they swung out over the front, decimating the outer rail effortlessly, all as her ballooning breasts trembled against ripping dress fragments—before booming free, thick teats ramming against the patio-styled ceiling.

The 30-foot bunny shook openly, her underwear groaning so tight that her folds dimpled into clarity as her rear swelled off the stage, her thighs and feet and cheeks slamming the ground with a great shake. The ceiling rose ominously as it cracked and broke, Mizuchi’s burgeoning chest overfilling it and bulging out its sides as she cried out and boomed to 35 feet...40 feet...45 feet!

“P-please, stop!” the cat begged, backing away inches as Mizuchi gained whole feet.

No such luck.

“Y...GHY...”

Mizuchi’s voice swelled into a husky, echoing timbre as the entire stage unwillingly snuggled her growing torso. Huge arms crashed down, caged between the straining posts of the stage’s corners and the mass of her own shuddering breasts, before two bulbous nipples blasted up through the roof, casting a line through its center.

“*HHH-HYYY...YYYYEEESSSSSS...*”

40 feet exploded, violently, to 60, the growth coming in messy, hot leaps as the stage snapped apart against too much female. Monstrous rabbit feet trenched the ground apart as she slid her growing legs open, her trembling underwear snapping away. Beach ball-sized toes dug in tight as Mizuchi’s body spasmed and heaved up to 70’, snapping, splitting—then finally blowing the stage to splintering bits as she outgrew it all.

Aptly, the under-portion dramatically caved as her weight collapsed it, her body still swelling bigger atop its defeated remains. Heat steamed off her form as the lingering threads snapped away, clinging to her freed breasts for only a moment before they billowed forth over the rest of her, teats towering high over shredded cloth and splintered wood.

A bosom big enough to fill a swimming pool rose, bobbed, then settled heavily over Mizuchi’s incredible self, the 75-foot rabbit groaning as she finally forced all that mass into motion, and slowly sat up on an inflated rump.

“HAH,” she hissed, eyes wild and unblinking, the titaness looking herself over.

“M-Mizuchi,” the cat gasped, scraping whatever cogent syllables she had together. “Wh-what happened to you!?”

The lapine’s great gaze shifted, and the cat lurched away from it on generations of inborn reflex. Those gigantic eyes and muzzle nearly vanished as each breath seemed to pump Mizuchi’s breasts bigger, fuller, obscuring more and more beyond them—but the cat had seen it, just the same. She had seen the smile forming.

“EHEH, HEH,” the 80-foot rabbit panted, straightening proudly upright. “YOU *REALLY* T-THINK I KNOW? HOW STUPID ARE YOU? W-WHO CARES...WH-WHAT CAUSED THIS? LOOK AT ME! I’M...INCREDI-INC...RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAUGH!”

Again, Mizuchi *rumbled*, and again Mizuchi grew, a thick burst of growth exploding forth as her huge body ballooned over the fairgrounds. Her hips swelled to absurdity as her

bosom surged higher and rounder, pillar-like nipples bloating as she bit her lip and shook in rapture. Her colossal knees collided as she squeezed herself tight, feeling her girth reactively bulge bigger against the resistance, welcoming its failure.

85 feet teetered and billowed to ninety-five as she snorted and stroked hard up her black-white belly, ruffling thickening bunny fur. Her feet swung back underbulk, huge soles curling up against her blooming buttocks, heat kissing heat. Titanic fingers dug into her pelt as her eyes lidded to perverse slits, the panting female shuddering one last time, then bursting with a rubber-pull *stretch* to 100' even.

“I-IT FEELS...SO AMA-HUH-HAZIN-G-G...”

A brutal blush overtook the cat as it finally sunk in, the raw heat and scent of arousal brushing right over her, overtaking everything nearby. The arousal was not shared, but the awe sure was.

“T-this isn't possible,” she stammered, falling back onto her rear. She looked up, deciding Mizuchi should know the fruits of her studies: “T-this isn't possible—”

At that, a scream pierced the air from behind them, likely the only thing shrill enough to surpass Mizuchi's ground-chattering growth. The cat finally broke her gaze on sight of the raccoon, who was running right back their way.

“UGH, SHUT UP,” Mizuchi grumbled, her huge voice rattling out of her massive throat as she glowered. “STOP RUINING MY ASCENSION—”

Suddenly, even the rabbit felt it. Her enlarged voice faded, yet the rumbling continued underneath. A *bigger* rumble, no less.

Wordlessly—*breathlessly*—the raccoon clutched the cat's wrist in passing, and pulled her into a sprint as Mizuchi felt the ground bulge higher. The mound threaded along under her huge rump, managing to heft even her up a few feet as the trees swayed.

“H-WHAT—”

The firmament interrupted as it exploded apart, cracking wider as a river of white fur erupted through the grit. The impossible mass blew up, an unstoppable force so great that it lifted even Mizuchi as something gargantuan swelled under her back. She flipped down over its topside, allowing two vast lengths of dirtied fur to whip back up into the air, just as she thumped over a protruding muzzle and bounced down onto a field of throbbing warmth. Confusion only

spiked as the roar of the sundered earth and flying dirt married the odd bobble of her body on something very colossal emerging from the ground. Her hands quested like mad for purchase, but only sank partially, dimpling into soft, scented bunny fluff wherever they landed.

A mammoth burst of air overpowered it all as some enormous thing huffed a long, heavy, feminine *sigh*, a shudder tearing through the fields and fuzz as Mizuchi shook the fall off, looked up—and screamed.

“GAH,” Haru moaned, a twinge of either pain or bliss trembling out into the open ground as her breasts and shoulders rose higher. “AH, F-FINALLY!”

Her head alone was nearly a third of Mizuchi’s size, set atop a surprisingly bulky, swollen trunk of a neck, powerful and graceful in kind. Her shoulders rolled, packed with soft-yet-firm acres of muscle, her breasts having grown from debatable to monstrous. Given her initial proportions, it would have tracked that the dwarf rabbit was—big. Very big. **Bigger.**

“AH!” Mizuchi bellowed, as Haru thoughtlessly rose up through the wounded turf, rising higher and higher, sending the clutching harlequin rabbit into a new tumble off of her bosom. “W-WAIT!”

Mizuchi crashed down into the fairgrounds with the kind of impact only demolished buildings earned, shaking the nearest school complexes as she landed.

Unharmd at her size, she growled and slammed her hands down on the soil, pulling herself upright again and looking at the sight of Haru...no. No, it wasn’t Haru. It was Haru’s *shadow* that had her, and it alone.

Haru stood over the grounds, over the humbled trees, over the now-conspicuous burrow-line her growth had created, running from the back ditch to the fair, the way any common rabbit might. Mizuchi’s eyes boggled at full view of a 170-foot tall behemoth, a building-sized bunny covered in dirt stains, muscle, and nothing else. Her physique had blown up to such a degree that she looked every bit as thick around as any alpha male, given her 60’ width and billowed out bosom, itself over 40’ wide, big enough to fill a house.

Yet—despite the changes—when Haru’s eyes opened they were as massive, gentle and keen as ever, black pools gleaming in the afternoon light.

“WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?” Mizuchi roared, the huge rabbit getting to a stand, just so that she could stamp her gigantic feet in complaint. “HOW ARE YOU BIGGER THAN ME!? NO—HOW ARE YOU EVEN BIG, AT ALL!?”

Insultingly, Haru didn't see her right away; those massive eyes looked one way, out over the rooftops, then the other way, towards the city beyond, before the muscle bound female stomped around some and finally tried to peer down over the shelf of her own bust.

"Hmm?" Haru rumbled, her brows arching low in unwanted puzzlement. Rather than invite any acknowledgement of the harlequin, Haru instead took her own body in—and the gasp echoed everywhere. "Oh my gosh! What...it *really* happened!? I-I'm so *big*... I didn't think—"

She brought one hefty arm up, letting it hold in place, watching her bicep swell out from the simple act of defying that much gravity. She blinked, gulped, then made a fist; at length she twisted it and flexed, watching as it nearly doubled in size.

"No! This can't be real..."

Her mouth hung open as its peak bulged, her cream fur bristling out in excitement, before she tried to remember just what exactly powerlifters did, and then pulled down into a double-flex. Her titanic traps blew bigger, her shoulder blades pumping out with a mean, explosive *boom*.

"Haha! So that's how it feels! I've never made a single muscle in my life, but I'm so thick! And good grief, m-my chest is—"

"HEY."

Her vast ears twitched, finally picking up the noise below, and Haru leaned out further (mid-pose) to better see over her breasts. The colossal rabbit's understanding came two-fold: first, there was the shock of seeing a still-enlarged Mizuchi, nude, curvaceous and full-chested. The second came in a widening smirk, as she realized the giantess was *beneath* her.

"Well."

Mizuchi's bravado withered and died instantly, deprived of any Sunlight under such a shadow as Haru's. Why she had gotten the rabbit's attention in the first place was gone from her thoughts as she blinked, then backed away on thudding, car-sized feet.

"Ah," Mizuchi started, eyes darting anywhere else.

"Guess your plant grew," Haru snorted, her smile dropping flat in time with her brow.

Ooh.

“Wuh. Well, I mean,” Mizuchi fumbled, trying to shrug, only to feel her arms thump warmly against her oversized chest, bouncing them back in an awkward pitch. “You—”

“I, what?”

Haru’s bus-sized foot came down, way too close, its weight and force such that even Mizuchi shook a bit. The rabbit still stood over 100’ tall, granted—but that only put her at eartips with Haru’s boomed-out abs and swollen, fluffy lats. Thighs that could have crushed her flat twitched as the bigger bunny shifted her weight threateningly, huge hands settling on her wide hips.

The sheer displeasure of being towered over by anyone started to sink in; the idea that the one doing it was *Haru* is what finally pushed it so far that, even at her smaller size, Mizuchi couldn’t stand it.

“You...h-had it coming!”

Haru’s flattened expression sank into a very, very bad frown.

“Oh, I had it coming?” she repeated, cocking her head atop her thick neck. Biceps as big as hallways spasmed in irritation, as if begging to flex bigger. “Was that when I came to you and picked a fight? Or, wait, was that all your doing?”

“Don’t get all high and mighty with me!” Mizuchi shouted, stomping the dirt so hard it cratered around her soles. “You think I won’t defend my man!?”

“The one you called a stupid creep?”

Mizuchi’s anger boiled up, rising higher and higher, until her entire body shuddered.

“S-SHUT UP!”

“Maybe if I plant *you*, you’ll outgrow me,” Haru growled, reaching down and picking Mizuchi up by her under arms, like a big toy or doll. “Or I could just put you down wherever, like the girls’ dormitory, all nude and bloated—”

“B...BLOATED!?”

The overgrown harlequin seethed, her ears whipping back as she grit her buck teeth tight. The shaking increased as she started to thrash about in Haru's grip, writhing and quaking as her body started to twitch and rattle—then, quite suddenly, balloon *bigger*.

Haru's bulk tensed from the strain as Mizuchi rumble-burst larger, inflating from 100' to 120' in one ugly, throbbing push. Her bust inflated out into Haru's, compressing toasty-tight against its lower curves as she shook worse and worse.

“Whoa—”

Mizuchi's ears sprouted longer behind her head as it rose up to meet Haru's chest, her black-white hips exploding nearly twice as wide as her dangling thighs blimped to match. Unsure what to do with her, Haru hesitated, only to grunt in effort as Mizuchi expanded even larger, swelling up into her bulk until heat pressed heat. Her breasts began to outsize even Haru's as the curvier, rounder rabbit lurched up to 140 feet, her soles and swelling toes brushing down over, then finding the ruined terrain below.

“You...are NOT...bigger than me!” Mizuchi fumed, the growing female's body erupting messily, blowing her up to 160', her head reaching Haru's chin as she put everything she had into forcing the bulkier bunny back. “I REFUSE TO B-BE...BENEATH YOOOOOOU—”

A vicious growth spurt hammered through her body, her curvy hips blowing out even wider, nearly as wide as her torso was long. Her breasts pumped too big, rolling up over Haru's chest and finally pressuring her into a few unwilling steps back. Each footfall shook the school as more and more classes stopped in the periphery, more and more students gawking and hollering in amazement from dozens of full windows as Mizuchi burst even greater, swelling dominantly up over even Haru at 180 feet.

A very conflicted, very embarrassed male rabbit kept at his desk, refusing to get up with the others—lest they all see the harlequin's firm erection. Instead, he watched from his chair, breathing loudly through his nostrils, as if caught in a terrible and fantastic dream.

Gargantuan feet slam-slammed as Mizuchi worked up just enough momentum to throw Haru off balance, pushing her past the treeline, past the ditch and embankment, and clear over the very edge of the school itself.

That Haru was capable of pulling Mizuchi down with her finally struck as both girls tumbled off the raised back of the school and down its cliff face, toward the indifferent sea.

1:22 PM

Not one minute had passed when the capybara's van trundled by on the other side of the building, Operative T staring at where she figured all the rumbling had come from. Surely *something* had made all the vibrations, which had increased as she drove from the boys' dorm a few minutes prior. She idled there on the edge of the courtyard, scanning the buildings, seeing no damages—only students silently talking and pointing from virtually every window.

“Erf.”

Grudgingly, she drove out a little further, then winced at the sight of the school's annihilated fairgrounds, replaced with mounds of upheaved soil, roots, felled trees and massive dual-craters.

Rounding the girls' dormitory the capybara saw a single student strolling out, chipper and oblivious, a bounce in her step. She adjusted her shoes, no longer in school uniform, a casual dress on instead, as though she had just changed out. Earbuds traced a line from her wolf ears to a small player clipped onto the strap of her backpack as she listened on to who-knows-what, lost in her own world.

“What the...” T muttered, squinting through her windshield as the brown female wolf stowed something in her backpack and zipped it up, thoroughly oblivious.

Her eyes bugged as she saw what the wolf was keeping: carefully wrapped foodstuffs, the cellophane colored the exact color of what she had placed in the cafeteria.

With that, Juno happily bounced along—toward the *front gates* of Cherryton. Operative T took one last worried look at whatever this madness was on the fairgrounds, then made her decision. She threw the van back into drive, then made to follow the wolf as she jogged on.

“Don't leave, don't leave, don't leave,” T whispered, pleading quietly—only to moan in dismay as Juno made a beeline for the front courtyard, past the administration building, and went right out the front gate, into the world.

1:24 PM

Not two minutes after Operative T drove out of the school grounds, the theater auditorium began to shake like all hell, before something gigantic burst through the front, ejected heavily out into the open, and crashed into the courtyard...

1:26 PM

Haru had landed so hard that, even with her considerable bulk, she had trouble getting up. For a minute or two, there had just been rolling and tumbling, her muscles bashing rock face, then mashing hotly into Mizuchi's curves, then back to rock as they had fallen.

“GET...UP.”

The less pleasant of the two voices intruded as Haru felt a massive foot stomp hard into her back, making her growl in poorly-hidden pain.

“Get up, before I push you right into the sea!”

A 200-foot Mizuchi towered overhead as Haru turned to face her, the giant having settled into a web of impact cracks along the relatively-thin stretch of the harbor. Though plump and curvaceous, Mizuchi proved big enough to push Haru's mass closer to the water, if by degrees.

“Let's see you talk back...when you're underwater! God, you're h-heavy!”

Any doubts to the veracity of her words vanished when Haru remembered being kicked over a cement embankment in a bag on a wagon.

Mizuchi wheezed in ragged bursts, too battered from the fall to play at elegance or superiority. Instead, she just kept kicking at Haru's bulky sides, until a hulking arm lashed out to intercept and snag her ankle tight.

There was plenty Haru could have said, sure—but her muscle was way ahead of her mouth. With the one second left to her Mizuchi's eyes dilated to pinpricks, and it was clear she understood the language well enough.

All it took was one good, serious pull, and even the mighty Mizuchi *flew*.

Dock workers finally snapped out of their stupor as literal tons of female sailed through the air, over the pier and connective roadway, then smashed into the wharf with such force that the tiny males (who hadn't fled) were blown off their feet. Mizuchi's girth obliterated the warehouse as soon as her enormity made contact, kicking up a volcanic cloud as waves rippled out in rings around the bay.

Not one worker was left in the area, thankfully, meaning the only things dotting Mizuchi's duo-tone fur were debris and blasted machinery as she rose from the ruins, smoldering in a blind rage.

Haru staggered onto her feet, shook her head, then gasped in mortification at the demolished building—one she hadn't even noticed.

“Oh, no!” she gasped, going a precious shade paler. “Are you okay?”

“YOU'RE DEAD!” Mizuchi screeched, thundering back down the road, slamming into Haru dead-on. “YOU THINK I'LL FORGIVE YOU!?”

“I meant...the others, down there!” she shot back, flexing harder as she grappled with the larger bunny, her biceps blowing up tighter, higher, fuller. Her pectoral mounds bulged bigger, shoving her massive chest back out into Mizuchi's larger breasts, the twin mounds pressing deep as they struggled. “Who...cares...what you think!?”

“Herbivores already have it hard enough,” Mizuchi sneered, pushing in, using her bigger bosom to bully Haru back against the cliff face. “Without LITTLE *BACKSTABBERS* like you, muddying up the mix! Muddying up the blood!”

The more Haru was forced to flex, the bigger her muscles slowly swelled, until they ballooned against each other, brawn on brawn, pulsing even stronger as the dwarf rabbit began to swell up, foot by tingling foot. Steadily, her head crept higher and higher, rising over the ridiculous span of Mizuchi's overflowing chest, getting chin-high over it, then neck-high, until the swollen bulk-rabbit stood tantamount to her at 220 feet.

Biceps as thick as three of Mizuchi's arms bundled together tensed and burst-pumped bigger as she pushed and pushed; suddenly the harlequin found herself stumbling back, feet shattering down on snapping pavement, before she cried out and plunged ankle deep down into the sea, then thigh-deep.

“We could have gotten along,” Haru growled, the demure rabbit's will overtaking Mizuchi in its truest form. “If you weren't...an overcompensating, jealous...p-petty snob!”

Before Mizuchi could say anything, Haru roared—*aloud*.

The bulging female's entire body was still flexing, still growing; monstrous shoulders boomed wider as the 150' bunny's width detonated to 70' across, then eighty, her biceps and triceps inflating with angry, quaking spurts as her forearms groaned and her thighs swelled. She

crashed into the waters after, still pushing, forcing the startled harlequin into a lower dip, until her chest and shaking arms hovered just over the water, while Haru rose larger still. Her widening midsection sank, the waters cresting around her bulging lats as she stared her aggressor down. 280' rumbled with escalating power as Haru grunted and blew up to 290...300...310...

Passing ships leaving the harbor could only get so far away as the waves from their struggle slammed past, making cargo containers wobble as the crews all cried out and held fast. Haru still pushed on, no longer willing to give room or relief as the smaller giantess rocked back and forth between panic and fury.

Her ample chest finally lost out as Haru's bulk exploded even bigger, her growing hands consuming her opponent's as Mizuchi watched her *boom* to 320 feet, then 330. Still, the harlequin protested on, defiant to the point of denial:

“Don't... YOU... TALK DOWN T-TO... ME!”

Mizuchi did one thing many rabbits excelled at: she brought both legs up through the churning sea, hands still clasped, placed her feet against Haru's huge abs, and kicked as hard as she could.

Yet, Haru didn't budge, at her sheer size and weight. Instead, all Mizuchi managed to do was kick herself off and away; her hands left Haru's as the massive harlequin lunged backwards, agape and boggle-eyed, sailing over the sea and directly into the only bridge into the city.

Even Haru jerked back from surprise as the roaring Mizuchi bashed into the entire structure, her bulk snapping support lines and toppling the vertical beams as the road snapped apart from her passing. Speck-sized cars and buses all zoomed away moments before impact, leaving countless vehicles teetering on the edge of the ruin, unharmed but stunned.

The 340-foot titan Haru had grown into, for all her power and glory, suddenly looked as sheepish and guilty as-well, a schoolgirl. Her ears shot up tall, then fell back in total terror as Mizuchi skipped over the sea beyond the broken bridge, then splashed back down with the nastiest cannonball Haru had ever seen. Water rained down in a localized mini-storm as the sea refilled itself, making Mizuchi disappear entirely within.

“The bridge,” Haru muttered, gulping nervously at the sight of it. “I d-didn't think she would...really try to...”

At that, something massive parted the waters once more. Haru brought her fists up as though she really knew how to use them, only to lower them again as she realized the mass

wasn't moving. Mizuchi simply bobbed in the sea, her eyes rolled back, the unconscious female floating from the buoyancy of her immense bosom and hips.

“...Oh.”

For a moment (understandably) Haru just sort of stood there, waist-deep in the sea, processing the past twenty or so minutes. In fairness, it had been a *busy* twenty minutes.

“I don't see anyone falling off. Whew. Good grief,” she sighed, finally unclenching her bodybuilder-sized muscles, her body right at 340 feet tall and just over 90 feet wide, her bust nearly 80 feet across at the front once her biceps stopped compressing her chest. Her physique diminished just enough to keep her looking plush, yet unbelievably powerful—a combination she still wasn't sure was really hers. “Well, what do I do now?”

She turned slowly around, looking back at the dent her impact had left in the cliffside leading back up to Cherryton Academy.

“Oh...they'll throw me out, for sure! What'll my parents even say?”

A little smirk danced across her muzzle, and a surprisingly cute chuckle got loose.

“What would Legoshi—”

A billowing plume of smoke heaved, from somewhere up on Cherryton, casting a sound so powerful that Haru's huge ears barely caught its ghost. A gray-furred mass emerged, howling in what could have been pent-up joy as it burlled through the cloud, revealing a wolf she knew, but wasn't sure she was really seeing.

It was a little version of Legoshi, from her vantage—but considering she could see him atop a portion of the entire academy, that meant he was actually *huge* in size, and covered in mutually massive, exploding bulk.

“L...Legoshi!?”

1:34 PM

“Headmaster Gon!”

Another student burst into the tiger's office, a female zebra in a ruffled dress uniform, huffing from what must have been a long, unbroken run.

"Ellen!" Dom began, the tall avian looking her and the Headmaster over. "Y-you weren't at rehearsals--"

"Nevermind that," she wheezed, leaning against the door frame. "Headmaster Gon, over by the girls' dormitory, by the fairgrounds--"

"Oh, no," Gon moaned, the feline rubbing his eyes in agony.

"That rabbit from the gardening club, what's her name--"

"Haru?" Kai offered, baffled.

"Her! And this other rabbit, they, they were gigantic! It was unreal! I've never seen...any animal so massive! We all saw it, even the other classes! I swear, I'm not making it up!"

"More giants?" Dom balked, making Ellen snap to him in alarm.

"What do you mean, more!?" she groaned, arching her brows up in terror.

"M-maybe we should call in security, sir?" Dom began.

"Nearly all of the team is covering the cordoning of the boys' dormitory," Gon muttered, picking the PA speaker back up off his desk. "I'm calling a mass evacuation, now--and call in the police in the meantime, please! Ask for Yahya, directly!"

His secretary nodded, and ran into her side room, picking up the phone so fast it nearly toppled out of her hands.

"Attention, students," Gon said, as calmly but quickly as he could manage, as the students watched on. "This is Headmaster Gon. Ah, p-please, I want everyone on campus to evacuate the campus, immediately! This is not a drill! Please, uh, exercise the same caution you would in a standard fire drill, and assemble outside the main gate--repeat--"

"S-sir!" the secretary interrupted, peeking in, the receiver still in one hand, covering it with the other. "The police line...i-it's overloaded with calls from the city!"

"What? What could be so important--"

“It’s the bridge, sir! It’s been destroyed! It’s panic out in the bay area! T-they’re suppressing the information across the rest of the inner city, but it won’t be long before word spreads by mouth!”

“We can’t seriously be alone in this mess,” Gon replied, running his clawed fingers through his hair as he thought. “T-then we continue the evacuation! And keep calling back!”

1:55 PM

“Sorry, sir, but like I said, we’re out.”

“Goodness, really?” the old komodo dragon hummed, rubbing scaled fingers under a green-scaled chin. “That is a first, isn’t it?”

“You’re telling me, old-timer,” the hawk chirped, shrugging his aproned shoulders behind the counter. “We get our restock by early afternoon at the latest, and lo and behold, our shipment isn’t here at all. They usually run into traffic, coming in off the bridge, but this is crazy.”

The old lizard blinked, quietly listening on as he stood, holding several heavy shopping bags and a few toys under one arm.

“Is that right?”

“Oh, yeah, sorry to say. I hate to be the one to tell you, but today you’ll have to make the hike across the West end if you want the usual baked goods—especially the amount you get.”

“Hmm. I was already a little late, so that won’t do, I’m afraid,” the reptile muttered, thinking. “Well, it’s not your fault, right? Haha. Thanks for the conversation, at least!”

The bird shrugged again, proffering a small grin.

“Best of luck to the kids, old-timer. Stay safe, there’s a weird energy out there.”

“Haha, better than no energy at all, I suppose. Take care.”

“Yup.”

The door shut behind Gosha as he stepped into the street, his long tail swaying thoughtfully behind him. The komodo dragon cocked his head as he hummed to himself, letting traffic narrowly pass by.

“What to do. What. Oh!”

He grinned slyly, marching down the walk and rounding a corner, lugging the bags with him as he approached the side entrance to the East block of the Black Market.

Not quite entering, Gosha instead walked the outer market tables, where less...*messy* goods were more easily sold.

One table, two table, three table, four.

“Baked goods, hey,” a tortoise barked from behind her table, leaning out so that her neck extended over rows of surprisingly-good looking treats. “Baked goods! Fresh today!”

“That’s me, ma’am,” Gosha laughed, leaning into her view with a smile and a poking tongue (they did smell that good, he couldn’t resist).

“What’ll you have, sweetie?” the even-older tortoise asked, throwing her arms out over the goods. “We got breakfast pastries, cakes, muffins, cupcakes, rolls—”

“Such a selection here, haha,” the lizard rumbled, whipping his tail gladly. “It’s funny, other bakeries were cleaned out!”

“They wait for their goods like suckers, hon,” the tortoise cackled, clearly proud of herself. “I rush to get these from three districts—we got uptown goodies, downtown goodies, even a few from Cherryton that a few kids didn’t mind selling—”

“Oh!” Gosha interjected, lighting up. “Cherryton? My grandson goes there, a wolf! Did you happen to see him during your pickup today? He’s very tall, good-looking boy—”

“Ah, I don’t fraternize, hon, I wouldn’t know,” she flatly snapped, cutting him off.

Gosha’s smile dropped the tiniest bit, along with his eyes.

“Haha, o-of course. Old brain talking, silly me.”

“Mm. What’re you getting?”

Three brightly wrapped, colorful cellophane treats called out to the old-timer.

“Let’s get a dozen rolls, ten cupcakes, and ah...these look good!”

Just like that, the color-wrapped goodies were bagged and handed over, sold without hesitation to the kindly old dragon...