

KAIJUNE!

Story by Jessie Star

Art by Red V.

With Guest appearances

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Doctor Madeline Von Bwoomf stared at the remote in her hand, then back to the wall of televisions in front of her. Everyone from the mall department store had evacuated once the giant green Kaiju foot had crashed through the food court. A horrifying experience, not for Madeline. The abandoned, still the running TVs were precisely what she needed to test her theory. With just a flick of a button, each monitor showed a vastly different place, from the great wall of china to a put-put golf course. As the Mad doctor aimed the device at the people in the frame, they would start to glow and distort with static. “Letz us zee just vat we are working vith here, ja?” She targeted a particularly busy redhead girl at the gym and pressed the input button.

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Judy Wall stood sideways at the vending machine, typing in the numbers for a lemon-lime energy drink. She had to stand this way because her bust was too big to reach anything in front of her. The woman’s tits were like two yoga balls of flesh stuffed into her custom-made sports bra. With a gentle squat, she dropped to retrieve the drink, another well-practiced motion not to tip and fall on her boobs. The cold can felt great against her massive canyon of cleavage after a hard day of working out. How else could she build the muscles that kept life comfortable—lugging around a chest heavier than a small child needed strength. It’s not like push-ups at home were an option. This gym membership allowed her the strength to walk proudly, chest jutting out, back straight, with little drawback. The only one she could think of was the eyes of the men that would bug out as she did her reps. Even that was kind of funny, though, as they often tripped or struggled when their attention was lost in her cleavage instead of their workout. Silly boys, if they got hurt, that would not be on her.

She popped the can open and took a deep swig as she pushed sideways into the women’s locker room, firm tits squashing against the door frame, barely allowing her through. ZZZzzzt! Judy wobbled and swayed for a moment as the world blanked out and came back. “Wow, that drink has some kick to it?” She shook her head, ponytail swishing against her shoulders. “And when did they paint this place?” The lockerroom walls, usually a soft blue, were a warm orange color. She shrugged it off and glided over to the sink to freshen up. The ginger looked at her reflection, twisting a little this way and that way, as her prodigious bosom never fit in the small rectangle reflection. “Wow, Ms. Wall.” She admired herself as she flexed her arm. “You’re really starting to pack some guns here, huh?” She giggled as she turned on the water.

Bwwwwwr! Judy’s body shook violently, her hefty chest coming to rest on the sink, her hands

gripping the sides to steady herself. A surge coursed through her veins, her muscles twitching and spasming as they grew and stretched. When they settled, the Judy in the mirror was much more buff and about two inches taller. "W-well, that's interesting. What is in this driiii-" another surge struck, and she shot up an additional three inches. The feeling of her muscles flexing and bulging made her hold the energy drink in a death grip, carbonated lemon-lime spraying her all over her front. Between her drink and the running faucet in her cleavage, Judy's breasts were soaked. "I'm going to need a show-ow-OH!" She rose a foot in height, sink cracking in her iron grip. Her breasts surged, pressing against the mirror. The sopping wet sports bra that contained them was creaking and popping seams.

"Holy Shit!" called a male voice behind her. Judy turned around quickly, her heavy tits slamming into a man's head like a pair of wrecking balls. Her new size and strength sent him sliding across the room. What was a guy doing in the girl's locker room, and more importantly, why was she almost eight feet tall? Her head was almost up to the ceiling. But at the moment, getting rid of the surprised dude in the locker room was a priority.

She marched over and to the tiny man looked down at him. "What are you doing in the women's locker room, pervert?"

"This isn't the women's room! And why are you so b- er tall?" He whimpered, trying to avert his eyes from her colossal bosom, ready to burst her top in half.

Judy looked over to a row of urinals on the wall. Her eyes widened, and a cold sweat gathered on her brow. This wasn't the women's gym locker room. This didn't even look like her gym. "I'm not quite sure what's going on. Maybe I hit my head working out, and this is all a- ooooooh my goodness," She moaned as her size inflated even more.

The man slid into a shower stall, staring in fear as the small giant with enormous tits kneeled to avoid crashing through the ceiling. "What do you want, you monster?"

"Monster?" Judy growled. Her entire body was surging with strength and anger, and a simple flex was finally enough to burst her clothes clear off her body. "Who-oo-oo are you calling a monster!?" She turned to the man, her breasts smooshing between the two walls of the shower stall backing him to the wall. Her hands, now big enough to encompass his head if she chose, grabbed the top of the walls, tiles shattering in her grasp. She should be scared, confused, covering her giant nipples from this little man scared out of his mind. But she wasn't. She was too busy feeling a high from the growing power inside. That was until she saw the light brown fur sprouting on the back of her hand, slowly working its way up her arm. "Oh-kay, maybe something monstrous is going on, but I'm not a mon-" Judy's head went up into the ceiling tiles as she grew again. "-ster" She had no choice but to lay on her side. Her tits filled the shower area pinning the man to the wall. "H-hey stop squirming!" she demanded, his flailing arms and legs bumping her gigantic, extremely sensitive nipples. The growing woman tried to kick the door open with her foot as fur spread down her thigh to her calf. "Oo-oo!" She whimpered as her foot shook and popped, big toe awkwardly shifting to the side till it looked more like a thumb.

Her hip became wedged between the ceiling and the floor. She was now too big for the room, and too big to leave it. "What's happening to me!?"

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The news helicopter swung its camera from the busty lizard-like kaiju in the distance to a nearby skyscraper's bulging side. An office's gym-locker was "getting an expansion." *Booomf!* Two ginormous tits, each larger than a minivan, exploded through the side of the building, sixty stories up. They wobbled and swayed, with glass and rubble sliding off of their tan, sweaty skin. Little by little, their weight pulled the rest of the giant's form through the glass and into the sunlight.

Judy grasped at anything she could, giant leathery fingers wrapping around concrete and steel. This was surreal. She was hanging out of a building, body covered in fur, hair flowing in the wind, and she was still growing. Her eyes rolled as the growing power in her frame and muscles sent a flood of adrenaline through her veins. She rose from three stories in height to five and then ten. The fur spread to her face, nose and mouth pushing out as her teeth lengthened into fangs. She wanted to smash things, to climb, to... to.. eat bananas? She was turning into a giant gorilla woman; this day was bananas! Judy had no other choice but to kick her feet into the side of the building to stop from falling off. The giant she-ape pressed herself against the glass, the primate's mammoth mammaries plowing through three floors of offices, sending a fleet of lawyers flying across the building, surfing their desks through the secretary pools and break rooms.

Military helicopters buzzed around her now. She blew at them like flies, trying to shoo them from her growing body lest her concentration slip. Judy surveyed her furry titanic form, amazed at her size and primal changes, eyes finally settling on her tits. They used to be twice as wide as she was, now they just looked decently sized on her frame. She had grown into her breasts! Her pride and joys, now larger than they had ever been her whole life, more extensive than a pair of blimps, were smaller looking proportionally. She couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe how mad it made her. She wanted them to be huge, building bashing mommy monster milkers! Boobs that would topple a skyline! She was so strong and frustrated.. and ANGRY!

Raaaaaawwwrrrr!

There she was, at the height of her boiling monster-induced temper, when the foolish military helicopters decided to open fire. The bullets never penetrated her thick gorilla backside. It felt less than if someone had pinched her furry cheek. "Are you kidding me! Oo oo enough! No puny men mess with Queen Konga!" Judy didn't know where the name came from, but at the moment, the title fit, and so did her claim. Gentle Judy was going to smash some things, scare some people, eat some... stuff! It didn't matter. By the end of the day, no one would question the queen. She lept from the building into the air, her titanic tata's the last thing thie city might ever see.

