

*Case No.
#128-Gts*

"Jess' Big Day at the Beach"

Written by Jessie Star
Illustrated by Tail-Blazer



"A Walk to the Beach"

I.

From the warm cozy confines of her comforter-formed fortress, Jessie felt those all-too-familiar “wake up” call vibrations. “Sey, you saucy needy bitch... you know I sleep in on Saturdays...” but all that was intelligible from the mountains of quilt and pillows was, “Smm ymm ssm mmph bff... Ym knmm...” Etc etc. Not that the witch’s black-furred, short-haired feline familiar needed translation, being bound so long together by time and habit. But alas, Kitten needs to eat, so the vibrating purrs continued as Sey slid under the covers, smooshing her face and violet-tipped ears into the cave of bedding.

GGGRRRRHMPH! Jessie sat up abruptly, tossing off her comforter and sending the feline flying with a shocked “Meeeeooooow!!” landing on her feet across the room. The ginger-haired caster blinked through puffy red eyes, her scarlet mane a mess of tangles and knots, sticking up into the air like a troll doll. Her comfy t-shirt twisted on her torso, squashing her generous bosom at odd angles, nipples outlined like marbles against the soft green material. “Miss Kitten... it’s a fuckin’ weekend.” Sey just turned up her nose and shook her little cat booty, prancing out of the bedroom, her purple-tipped tail swishing and her alarm-clock-for-breakfast duties complete. The witch buried her head under her pillows and groaned and grumbled a stream of expletives, but the deed had been done. If there was something made very clear in this house, it was that Jessie hated waking up, and once awake she could never get back to sleep. A fact that had been driven into the very woodwork of their two-story bungalow, from the foundation to the rafters, by the fury and flurry of curse words and name-calling that rolled forth like a brush fire every damn time it happened.

Five minutes later, the bedraggled and begrudging caster stumbled down the stairs into the kitchen, every bit the mess she had woken up. Her face, lightly dusted with freckles, would normally be cute if not for the scowl. Sey sat on the breakfast nook by the bay window opposite from the kitchen and its island counter, looking pleased as punch and ready for some breakfast. Jessie let her scowl linger until it was clear the cat was unmoved by it (which she always was), opened the kitchen cabinet, and grabbed a spice bottle labeled “Exerto Momentum.” She sprinkled it on her hand, muttering “prissy” and “ungrateful” in a sarcastic tone (as she tended to do), and with a flick of her wrist sent breakfast-making into action. The fridge opened, allowing

eggs, butter, and vegetables to float into the air. Simultaneously, a knife, cutting board, glass bowl and whisk rose to meet them on the counter. As the eggs were cracked and whisked, shells disposed of themselves in a self-opening garbage can. While the whisking continued, the knife chopped the veggies and the cast iron skillet lowered onto the stove, the stick of butter greasing its sides, just as it kicked on the flame of the burner. "You know, you are more than capable of doing this for yourself, Kitten."

In a purr and a puff of purple smoke that dissipated as quickly as it boiled up, a curvy fit woman in a soft lavender sports bra and matching spandex shorts revealed herself, perched in the seat where a cat was sitting not a second earlier. "Purrrr.... But Lady, what kind of a kitten would I be if I didn't let you care for me?" She faked a pout, the onyx cat ears on top of her head poking through her blonde hair pulled into a ponytail, meager evidence that the woman and the cat were one in the same.

"A damn self-sufficient one!" Jessica said as she collected some spice jars listed as "Glamour" and "Shampoo?" oddly enough. A spice witch, as Jessica was, spent their life finding, blending, and creating magical mixtures and powders to conduct reality-altering feats of magic. She made her way to the bathroom on the main floor, stopping only briefly with an "oops!" where she placed a bottle back on the counter labeled "Size," with an upward arrow next to its words. That would have been bad. She left as the first plate of omelets made their way through the air to Sey. "Kitten" was pleased.

Ten minutes later, Jess walked out of her steam-filled bathroom, hair curling and drying at an impossible rate, makeup done and a skirt and top pulled tightly against her hourglass body. "Omelet good, Kitten?" She asked as she grabbed a second floating plate and sat heavily next to her familiar, Sey moving her tail out of the way at just the last moment. Fwumph. Sey tentatively played with the last of her egg.

"They are good, I... didn't offend you, did I hun?" Sey's confident streak had melted during her witch's steamy shower, always worried one day her teasing might push Jess too far.

Jess chewed a large mouthful of egg and washed it down with some ice cold orange juice. With a slow wink and an elbow nudge, the witchy ginger gulped to clear her mouth. "You good baby."

Three simple words and Sey bubbled over with giddy glee, rubbing her head against Jessica's neck, ear flicking and lips purring on the crook between Jess' neck and shoulder.

"Oh LADY!" Sey rubbed her fit hourglass feline frame against Jessica's softer, heavy curves. Between the hand that squeezed her thigh and the extreme cuddling, Jess couldn't guide the egg to her mouth.

"Sey... I need to eat." The witch blushed a light shade of pink.

"If you want..." *Kitten* wrapped her tail around Jessie's plump backside and whispered into her ear, "You can always eat m-"

"Seylene Everfury Nightsong!" Jess spat out another sip of orange juice as her pink blush burned into a deeper red. "I swear girl, your entire life's work is to frustrate and fluster me." She stood and moved to the kitchen to get a rag to wipe down her citrus-bathed arm.

"Oh Lady," *Kitten* leaned forward, her E cup bosom spreading on the table as she propped herself on her elbows, setting her head down in the cradle of her hands like a young girl watching her favorite television program. "I do hope it's strongly weighted to the latter." Sey's ear twitched again as she licked her lips, watching *Lady's* plump bottom sway in the kitchen like two soccer ball halves shoved under her skirt. *Purrrrrr*. Jess threw her dishcloth in the sink that was busy automatically washing the pans and dishes from breakfast. Looking out the kitchen window, the spice witch tilted her head.

"Yeah yeah, weighted to the latter. Hey hun, it's super sunny out, how about we hit the beach to- hey! Where are you going?" Jess had turned to see Sey zapping her violet-tipped black cat ears away with tiny puffs of purple smoke.

"Sorry hunny," she said as she grabbed a gym bag and kissed Jessie's cheek. "I promised I would teach some classes at the gym today. Get some people boostin' their tushes and stuff." She giggled, wiggling her spandex-covered bottom.

"Oh, fun... 'Cuz sweaty people at the gym are better than beach day with Lady." Jess crossed

her arms under her chest and leaned back on the marble countertop.

“Laaaady,” Sey pouted. “You said a job would be good for me... and look at how fit my body is- I know you like that?”

“Yeah yeah, I told you,” adding under her breath, “and it makes your butt nice and firm.” She squinted. “Go for it... but you gotta stop forgetting the tail!” Jessica grabbed the purple tip and gave it a gentle tug, until it retracted like a measuring tape, smacking Sey’s bottom with an *Eep!* “Now hurry up before you’re late, kitty girl or- MMPH!” Jess was silenced by her familiar’s quick but forceful smooch to the lips. Sey pulled back, the squelch of the kiss’s suction releasing, and with a giggle and a wave, Sey was off to work.

Jess sat in her bungalow finishing her omelet and juice, stealing glances at the cloudless, sunshine-filled, sapphire sky. Her house was pleasant, it’s warm cream-covered walls decorated with artifacts and pictures. Cherry wood floors flowed up and down the hallways and stairs, and up the cabinets in her cute but modernly-equipped kitchen. It was a wonderful home and the best place to unwind and rest from a long work week, but the weather outside was just... too gorgeous to pass up. Yes, she thought, even if she was alone- today would indeed be an amazing day for some *big* fun at the beach. With a bound of excitement, Jess rushed upstairs to her room, one arm up to minimize the bounce of her chest. Blue beach towel? Check! Sunglasses? Check! Suntan lotion to protect her freckled, porcelain, pale-ass self? Check and double check. She slowed, wondering whether to choose her emerald green one piece or her red bikini. After taking a long look in the mirror, twisting her backside around to see all angles... “Yeah, majorly failed on my diet this summer, one piece it is!” Jess still tossed the red bikini in the bag, never knowing what backup options emergencies may require.

In under 15 minutes, she had all her things in a bag, her body in a stretchy green suit, and feet properly fitted in flip flop attire. Her front door magically locking behind her, she swished her hips on her way to the driveway when she stopped short. Her silver Shelby Mustang was missing. “God damnit Sey, you work 3 blocks from here, you couldn’t have walked? Your job to is get in shape and sweat and anyways.” Jess huffed and walked back inside. “Damn beach is a mile away, I’m not going to walk a fucking mile and then walk back,” she growled, throwing her bag of beach needs on the marble counter. For a second she opened her spice cabinet and was

tempted to use her teleport spice, but the stuff was just so damn rare and expensive. She saw she had left a bottle on the counter and went to put it back on her spice rack, when a quick glance over it made her freeze. On it's side was scrawled the word "Size." For a minute she pondered. Adding a foot to her height would increase her stride, it would feel a little less than a mile. Who was she kidding, not that much less, unless... she added more than a foot. Now her wheels were turning. If she were to say, *double* her height, going from five-foot-nine to eleven and a half feet, then it would only feel like walking a half mile each way. That's... not so bad, she thought. And if she doubled that, just for the trip of course, at 23 feet tall it would feel like a quarter-mile walk each way! Maybe... ugh, she sucked at doing math off the top of her head. But this idea wasn't stupid. With enough size added, it would be just a short stroll, shrink back down... swim, then grow again for the trip. Jessica's eyes shifted sideways to a greenish copper ring on the counter. If she added her perception ring to the mix, no one would even think a bathing-suit-clad giantess walking by would be weird. Oh this idea wasn't just big.... it was *huge!*

Jessica bounced and bobbed her way into her backyard, checking the lot next door for the ever-judgy Ms. Marigold (who had never stopped giving the stink eye after Sey had picked a fight with one of her thirteen cats) and the opposite adjacent lot, home to Mr. Butterworthy, who was simply a seventy-year-old perve. She couldn't very well grow in her confined house, but she wasn't about to give her neighbors a show either. Especially if the ring gave her issues and she found herself explaining to the Magical Ethics Board all about her normy neighbors' conniptions from a 75-foot-tall giantess appearing out of thin air. The spice witch threw her beach bag on the grass and studied her notepad, where she had done the diligence of figuring out the spice-to-effect ratio for 75 feet, a size that would make a walk to the beach a breeze. "Okay, this should do it..." Throwing the pad onto her beach supplies, Jessica poured the spice into the palm of her hand, a glittering, glowing, fine golden powder, gripping it in her palm as her other hand put the stopper back into the bottle. Bending down gently, she put the bottle next to her bag, then stood up ever so slowly, like someone carrying an explosive that a motion could set off.

"Alright Jessie... okay." She closed her eyes as her grip on the dust became stronger.

"Immanemque feminam, tarda tranformatio, Immanemque feminam, tarda tranformatio..." she repeated over and over, gold glowing between her fingers until what looked like a tiny sand

storm of golden sparkles flowed between her fingers, around her hand, and back into her palm. The force was so strong she had to grip her forearm with her free hand to keep it steady as she chanted. The magical ingredient was getting hot, fighting her grip and will. "Integrum Incantatorum!!" With a final burst, the energy turned into a golden glow that ran up her arm with a jolt and out to the rest of her body, from her toes to her curly red bobbed haircut, then faded like nothing ever hap- WOOMP! Jessica staggered as she felt her whole body give a little boost, just a few inches of height, some mass and size, starting her growth, but slowly. The issue was, she had a wedgie. In the back and front, the shoulder straps seemed to be digging into her WHOMP! Another jolt and she was swelling well past six and a half feet, her cleavage pulled tighter, dark pink areolas edging into view, an extremely uncomfortable camel toe between her thighs as the one piece - now butt floss - wedged between the cheeks of her larger ass. The swimsuit was not growing with her. Somehow she had left it out of her calculations when she cast the spell, and now it was strangling and smooshing her from every angle, like a boa constrictor around her curves and privates. "Shit shit shit! I need to get this off!" Jess struggled to get her nails under the straps that were digging grooves into her shoulders, seams giving a pop... pop... as the suit creaked with strain, the witch unable to get a grasp on it to pull it off of her freckled form. "Ow ow ow! I have to get... it..." WooooOOOMMPH "Eeeek!" Snap! went both her shoulder straps, her firm pale tits springing and wobbling like a pair of small beach balls sent bouncing free, fat nipples going firm and hard in the open air. Her hands, nearly as big as baseball gloves, grasped to contain and steady them. Jessie's cheeks were blazing red, realizing that her waist was now even with the five foot fence that surrounded her property, and her bathing suit was still crushing her crack and cooch. The witch checked her ring - luckily, it was stretching with her size, though it had yet to activate for some reason. She let go of her tits, sending them bounding about, so she could try to free her snatch from her current wedgie from hell, but she couldn't get it over her hips. They were wide by a normal person's standards, but now at 10 feet tall, they were wide enough to house wobbly pale thighs, each the size of a grown man's waistline. "Hnnnnnggg come on... pleeeeeeaaase!" She tried to shimmy out of her bathing suit that now looked like it was just an overstretched bikini bottom. In the back of her worry-filled mind, she heard the screech of Ms. Marigold's sliding door and the mews of her ever-greedy feline horde.

"All right! All right, don't trip me, or I'll break a hip. Then who will feed my darlings?" croaked the curler-adorned neighbor in her cliché nosy neighbor bathrobe.

Jess waddled towards the towering oak trees in her backyard, unable to stop her green lycra makeshift thong from digging in, flesh bubbling around and swallowing the garment, cutting off circulation. WOOM-CHIPACK! With one final growth spurt, her body burst free of all confinement. The fact that her tits, ass and hooaha were now enormous and free for all to see was the least of her problems. She was growing enormous, rocketing up quickly, her steps sinking deep into her lawn, impacts making the ground quake. She ducked behind her oaks, then had to crouch and sit on her heels as she put on more and more size. Jess' swelling tits each bigger than a person and surging, pressing into the branches of her landscape-made cover. She stifled a "meep," the unpleasant pain caused by the branches poking the swells of her freckle-dusted bosom with nipples the size of cantelopes. She only hoped she wouldn't outgrow her yard.

Ms. Marigold steadied herself from the odd earthquake she just experienced. The Marigold cat pack hissed at the fence that separated her property from those two female "roommates." Roommates indeed, in her day "people like that" would at least hide their shame and do it in the back of drive-ins and behind dumpsters, instead of, well, shacking up together full time where everyone could see, let alone the kinky collar and naked prancing around in front of the windows. She had caught their deviance with her video camera multiple times, for... well... in case she had to report them to the Neighborhood Watch or something. It was very clear, in any respect, that Ms. Margot Marigold was not an open-minded or honest woman, especially with herself, or she wouldn't have gone over the recording so... many... times. "What are you hissing at, my darlings?" She cocked an eyebrow and looked over her shoulder, the yard behind her showing no sign of anything odd, except for maybe the shaking branches of that damn oak that was always dropping dead sticks on her perfectly manicured lawn. "Just a quake precious, now let mama water her daffodils." The shriveled bag of a woman cooed to her furry gremlin pets.

"Crap and farts!" the ginger giantess spat, hiding behind her oak tree that was now more a shrub to her by comparison. She was bare-ass naked, her perception filter ring acting up, and she was now simply too damn big to fit in her house. Screw that, she was bigger than her two-story living space, by a long shot! Then she spotted it - her bag. If she could reach it without being seen, maybe she could use the rest of her *Size* spice to put that backup suit to good use. She just had to time it right.

“Lawdy-dawdy-dawdy dum... Dawty dum... Dawty dum,” Ms. Marigold hummed, watering her flower garden, her back turned to an enormous feminine hand hovered behind her. Gigantic fingernails with slightly chipped red nail polish picked up a beach bag in a pinching motion, looking like the size of a penny in their grasp. Unfortunately, the red string bikini top tumbled out of the bag as the hand quickly pulled it back.

“Shit!” Jess whispered a curse as it fell. The cats next door started mewling and hissing at the giant human digits.

Margot Marigold looked behind her just as the large human hand pulled back out of view. “Hm?” The crotchety woman turned backwards, thinking she had heard something, then shrugged and turned back to watering her flower-filled wooden planters. The hand popped right back into view, quicker this time, as the cats frenzied further. The oversized palm pulled back with the garment like a tiny doll’s accessory between its thumb and forefinger, yanking out of view once more right as Margot turned to look. “Listen my adorable pussies, you are starting to get on Mama’s nerves!” She huffed at the sea of stale furballs arching their backs like waves of an angry feline tide, unaware of the oversized intruder that had them so frazzled.

“Okay,” Jess thought to herself, “got my backup suit, beach supplies, *Size* spice... where’s my notepad?” She looked for her pad so she could see her math, though she would never find it smooshed beneath her calf that was as big as a tree trunk. It wouldn’t have helped her anyway. Between being too small to read, and the spice bottle too small to handle- *Crunch!*- proven as it smashed between her fingers as some of the glittering dust was lost to the yard. Grumbling internally in her mind, she whispered the new adjusted spell as lightly as possible. She concentrated, attempting to ignore the brigade of cats jumping from the lawnchair by Ms. Marigold’s pool up onto the fence to cast their taunts at the redhead behind the oak branches. The same spinning gold sandstorm from before formed between her thumb and forefinger. She grimaced as she saw her snooping neighbor look for where the whisper (likely amplified by her new size and lung capacity) was coming from. Her pinched, trembling digits shivered as the force built up; she twisted her wrist to aim at her new outfit. When the magic burst free of her grip, surging into the pile of tiny supplies, she smiled as her towel and bikini stretched and swelled with fabric and fluff, even her lotion bottle was growing. Not a moment later, she was

shuffling her boulder-sized tits into the newly-grown top, wondering why her ring was being a broken piece of trash. At least she hadn't been seen.

-5 minutes earlier-

Mr. Butterworthy stumbled outside in his leather sandals, khaki shorts, and green-with-orange hibiscus flower Hawaiian shirt, all looking 4 sizes too big for his lanky older frame. He had a big bulbous nose that got redder in the sun, eyebrows that curled and grayed on the ends, topped off with a bald head he always kept protected from the sun by a floppy fishing hat that looked like it had more hours being sat on than worn. Brando, as he insisted his friends at the lodge call him, stretched his arms high, a lawyer thriller novel in his hand meant for some chill time in the hammock, which he shuffled over to with a yawn. He stopped a few feet from his swaying retreat when he noticed the young bi girl from next door in her bathing suit. "Hmmm..." came the gruff groan from "Brando" Butterworthy. "Whats that girl doing today huh, sunny-bathin'?" Not that Mr. Butterworthy would complain, maybe he could linger just a tiny bit and-

Brando blinked. There had been some weird bursty light-a-majig for a moment that made him rub his wrinkly hounddog-like eyes and then- WOOMP! She had grown. Normally, he would have thought the suit had shrunk, pulled tighter up over her plump bottom and what he assumed was an enhanced bosom, but she also had risen up high over the fence. Maybe she stepped on something to raise her height, it was a flicker of the sun is all. People don't just up and gro-WHOMP! He had to grab his heart as she grew again. The girl was in dismay, her suit pulled so tight against her form, creaking and smooshing. Brando felt hot, flustered... He reached back for his hammock and with a shaky arm, let it take him and then deposit him on the ground with a "hammock swing-and-dump" unbecoming his well practiced rest time skills.

From the ground, Butterworthy squinted. What a trick of the light he had seen. That was it. No more peeping at that redheaded neighbor. His mind had gotten away from him. People don't grow, this wasn't the world of the 50-foot woman. "Just the damn heat," he chuckled. Though how long had he been out, so much shade the sun must... have... "sweet bottom of Jennifer Lopez!" he said through trembling lips. In front of the retiree... was the largest ass he had ever seen. You could wedge a city commuter bus between the cheeks. Mr. Butterworthy rubbed his eyes three times to grasp if the butt cheeks - bigger than his house! - were what he thought they

were... some inflatable prank or something, it had to be! But no. The mountain of tush before him was unmistakably human flesh. Bare giant ass! It was his neighbor, or he guessed it was from the scarlet curls just barely visible over the derriere horizon. She seemed to be hiding behind her oak tree, but she wasn't hiding anything on this side, the hips, the cheeks, the... puffy lips between- what the fuck was wrong with him!? He was staring at his neighbor like it was the newest add-on to Mount Rushmore. But how could he not? It was a vagina that could swallow a man whole. This wasn't his fault, this wasn't real, he had to be in some medication-induced dream... he... he... so much blood rushed to his member he felt lightheaded. "Miss... you.." his mouth dry and moving, trying to find words and ignore his arousal, "we have an HOA... you can't um... you have to put on... uh... oh god!" He fell over in another faint, lost in the shadow of the fullest moon he would ever see.

"Dumbass cats won't shut up!" Jessie thought, finally tying her bathing suit top. In a moment of frustration, she pursed her lips together and blew. But the gust sent the shocked and screaming cats into the pool. "Fuck-" Her neighbor was rushing to save her fur babies from the water as they climbed out as pitiful four-legged wads of soaked fur, and Jess knew this was her chance. As she moved into a squat, getting one giant foot in each hole of her bikini bottoms, she missed how the quaking from her movements sent Ms. Marigold dangerously close to the pool edge herself. Jess felt a shock on her finger and she feared some latent growth was about to hit, but it was her greenish copper reality filter jewelry piece. "Bout damn time," the spice witch smirked. Now she could relax. She stood with confidence, tugging the bottoms over her ass and womanhood. Too high to see Margot get stampeded over like a lion monarch by her herd of felines, running from the rising threat. Too high to see the tiny old man laying on the ground, khaki shorts tented tighter than Viagra had done for him in years. But to see the beach a fair bit away? For that her height was *jusssst* right.

At a workout studio not so far away, an instructor was showing her client how to do proper squats to best strengthen lacking muscle groups, when she stopped mid-sentence. Her client asked what was wrong, but she silenced him with a finger, wandering to the large glass window, pressing her face and hands on it like a little child. "Oh Lady..." she breathed out deeply, fogging the glass. "Sooo big!"

She licked her lips... and *purred*.

to be continued...

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