

Lunar Bodies

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For: [Brasslightning](#)

Premise: Dixie to grow from her original height to bigger than the planet with the growth focusing on her butt. A lot of destruction and assumed death, but I don't want any blood or anything. I was thinking that she gets a new compound spilled on her to make her grow. She could be out for a run and get a truck full of it spilled onto her during a crash.

Character:

Dixie:

Six feet tall, she's a dingo with an Australian accent. She's a bit of a klutz, and she's very cheerful and apologetic. Dressed in a jogging outfit (spandex bottoms, cotton hoodie) like the second pic but with curves like the first.

Her master (Doctor Thomas) was working on a cloning project. She was a result of a human hair mixed with a dingo being cloned.



Story:

Dixie tried to keep pace, she really did, making her footfalls match the machine gun beat of AronChupa's smash hit "Albatraoz", unable to keep herself from singing aloud "I'M AN ALBATROS!". However her big plump breasts just didn't want to keep rhythm of the song or play along with keeping her balance.

"Two Sports Bras and I'm still a jiggly mess." Dixie fretted in her adorable Australian accent as her rhythm was once again thrown off by her wobbling breasts. Taking a stumble to the right she over corrected and found her left foot stepping off the sidewalk. With a shriek she twisted at the waist and looked up in time to see the truck of 'experimental growth hormone' try and turn away from hitting her, breaking in the center and dumping its full load all over the Dingo-Human hybrid.

For a moment, Dixie just stood there. Most would curse their creator, her master, for creating her with so many bouncy curves. Others might curse the divine creator of her universe for their love of the hourglass shape. Some might even wonder aloud about how genius her creator could be for accidentally mixing human DNA via an errant hair in with the Dingo DNA that he was cloning at the time that resulted in her creation.

Dixie did none of these things. Instead she turned to the shell-shocked driver as he stumbled out of the now empty tanker truck and shouted, "SORRY!"

He took one look at her, then to the once full tank of growth hormone, back to her, and turned and ran at full speed.

"Well that was an odd reaction." Dixie reached up and scratched absently at one ear before hearing a very distinct sound.

A thread stretching.

It wasn't an unusual for a woman as curvy as her, or for the tight jogging outfit she was wearing. What WAS unusual was that she wasn't moving. She wasn't jogging or moving along the sidewalk. She was simply standing there. And yet, the sound of threads being stretched more and more was clear to her sharp, Dingo ears.

She glanced to her always wide and pleasing hips and was shocked to see that she could see her panties THROUGH the straining material. Before her eyes, from her tight double sports bras, to her cute pink tennis shoes, every bit of her outfit grew tighter. She had the presence of mind to try and get out of her shoes before they burst, but not the dexterity or speed and with a loud pop, she burst out of her shoes, her soft paws finding themselves free and on the concrete.

Her hips widened inch by inch, quickly picking up speed and outpacing even her enormous head sized breasts. Overall, she grew bigger and taller, first one, then the other sports bra bursting off her in rapid succession, her enormous breasts plopping into the tight confines of her cotton hoodie as even the shoulder straps gave out. She sighed happily at the quick relief and reached up to massage her heavy breasts, marveling that even two hands on one breast wasn't enough to really get much coverage of the huge orbs.

She glanced around and noticed she was now bigger than the truck and quickly approaching two stories tall in height. She took a quick stock of herself and blankly realized she still was inside her cotton hoodie and spandex pants, though the hoodie was clearly at its limit and her spandex pants were nearly transparent.

With a moan of pleasure for the sudden freedom, her breast burst free of the hoodie and out into the open air, leaving her cotton hoodie in tatters that fluttered to the ground. Her nipples immediately tightened, and she reached up to cover them with her palms as she burst up in height up to over five stories in height. Gazing down at her boobs she marveled at the minivan sized monsters, moaning after giving them a light squeeze at how much more sensitive they had gotten. What really surprised her was her plump ass, still clad in tight spandex. It was as wide as the street and with a tentative step forward, Dixie felt the street shudder and windows break.

She bent forward at the hips and scooped up the truck, holding it up as if it was no more than a business card as she added an extra twenty foot in height and it became exactly that big relative to her.

“PBB, great for boosting your Ego.” Dixie squinted and kept reading. “Great for putting the donk in your badonk.”

She dropped back the truck back to the ground as she heard a loud crash behind her. Her wide hips brushing the building with the swing as she fidgeted from finding out what the truck had in it. She gasped and covered her mouth with one hand before turning to apologize. “Sorry!” She called into the broken windows bending over at the waist to get a good look in.

Which had disastrous consequences for the buildings behind her who got a full moon shattering, caving in part of the building. She’d added a good fifty feet of height in the time it had taken to turn around and at least that much around her ass as well. “Sorry!” She whirled around, swinging her hips around and smashing the buildings she had so recently been facing. “SORRY!”

The cascades of ‘sorry’ and buildings collapsing like dominoes continued in rapid succession with yard after yard of height piling onto the gigantic Dingo gal. She clumsily tried to walk out of the city only to have her massive hips and then her tits trapped between two buildings. She wiggled back and forth as the buildings creaked and moaned, finally bursting from between the buildings as they succumbed to her incredible curves and collapsed downwards. The destruction around her seemed to fuel her growth as she burst upwards into the crowd layer.

Realizing she couldn’t see the city anymore, she turned around and squatted down, not realizing until she’d done it the devastation that would leave behind her as her mega ass smacked the ground with a wobble, and her ass blowing up even bigger with the boom of destroyed buildings, doubling, tripling in size, a moan involuntarily escaping her throat like a hiccup as her sensitive ass spread out behind her.

Looking behind her, Dixie found she was larger than most of the coastline and her ass finally snapped her impressive spandex pants, freeing her tremendous continent busting ass to inflate massively and quickly, followed shortly by her full moon hitting the ‘full moon’ in orbit, the impact alone giving her a final orgasmic thrill before she finally calmed down. She gave one last reflexive muscle clench, only realizing a moment later the entire moon had become trapped in her butt cleavage and that one butt cleavage crunch destroyed the moon in a cataclysmic boom. Then she felt something on her

face and looked down her nose at the dashing young man in the lab coat that had landed via a mad scientist looking rocket on her nose.

“Dixie...”

“D-doctor Thomas.”

“You broke the special spandex pants I made.”

“S-sorry Doctor.”

He sighed and shook his head. “Now I’ll have to make you a new pair, after shrinking you down of course.”

“Thank you, Doctor.”

“Well, I know how much you liked those pants.”

~Fin