

Samantha Kruse Vs. A Very Angry Fox

Sam had a problem.

...Okay, so Sam had multiple problems. Like, for starters, she was, at all times, literally constantly growing.

Getting bigger without cease was an inconvenience – finding clothes that fit was an issue, for one. Finding clothes that fit for longer than ten minutes, was an even bigger one. And finding clothes that fit and grew alongside her, AND were even remotely modest? Impossible.

Even her current fit – a track jacket with a white jersey, a skirt with spats, and blue sneakers with long socks – had issues. Like, no pockets. And the fact that her hair was longer than the hem of her jacket, and the jacket was longer than the hem of the skirt, and the skirt was shorter than the spats AND her butt.

It made people stare at her on the subway!

...Okay, so maybe people stared at Sam on the train for reasons that rhymed with “filling the train car with hips and tits and having to kneel down by the time it gets to its destination”, but that was less important.

Because today, miracle of all miracles, Sam had gone *shopping*!

There was this friend who had found a magic-suppressor ring that was especially good at size magic. Which sounded absolutely perfect, because Sam was starting to get real sick of having to constantly shrink herself back down every 5 minutes. Or every 20 minutes. Or every three hours. Not important. The point was she would no longer go to bed and wake up covering the earth in cleavage in the morning. Good news for *everyone*.

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Meanwhile, way far out in space, lazing across the moon like an exercise ball, was an omnipotent diety of infinite power, perpetual grace, overflowing patience, possessing the cosmic capabilities of the entire universe in the palm of her hand, and – what the fuck was that?

Summer sat up and dusted herself off. She stood and stretched, her bare blue paws kicking at pebbles of moon rock beneath her. She patted down her business top, straightened out her tie, and summoned a little mirror to make sure she looked professional. Yeah.

She spent a little longer than necessary staring at herself in the mirror, adjusting her Universe-Winningest Crown, fluffing up her four pigtails, brushing her nine perfect tails, and tugging at her floor-length dress with thigh slits so wide and high it was like she was wearing a loincloth.

“Damn!! I look absolutely PERFECT~!” Summer hooted, before she spun the moon beneath her feet like a marble and let herself be carried by its spin to the opposite side. She stopped it with a heel, and looked “up” down at the Earth, putting her paw to her chin as she squinted, pushing her glasses up her short snout.

“What was that noise a second ago? Something on that lil marble’s ruining my naps...” She hummed. “Hmph. It’s probably not a big deal~!”

“Not bigger than ME, anyway!” :3

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“Mel, this is an *extremely big deal*!”

Sam pressed her head against the ceiling, crouching down to even fit in the garage. Her head dented the roof, and her hips idly swayed back and forth with a restlessness – half anxious, half bored. She kept hip-checking hardware tools off the racks on the wall, and caused what furniture in the garage existed to splinter into pieces. All too quickly, she filled up the space. Well, she took up a lot of it even at seven feet tall, so at 20 feet tall, it was definitely more than the poor space could handle.

“Yeah, I can TELL it’s a big deal, would you please just crawl out of my house before you explode my roof again-!”

the boy squeaked, trying, in vain, to push Sam out the open garage door. His tiny hands mostly just sunk into the fat on her thighs, though. In fact, Sam's legs did a far better job of pushing him out of the garage – because Sam's hands-and-knees state started encroaching on the rest of Mel's house, too.

“But Mel!!” Sam repeated. “The ring isn't stopping me from growing at ALL, it's just stopping me from using magic to shrink back down!! That's a super big deal!” Sam's idle utt-swags were exceeding the walls, and shattering most of the load-bearing beams that still remained in the garage.

“Saaaam, this is the fourth time you've repeated yourself in the last five minutes!”

CRUNCH

The house walls began to give to Sam's increasing amounts of posterior and chest, and the more she wiggled around, the more the foundation started to struggle to support her. She rapidly began packing entire feet of height onto her size every few seconds, and quickly eclipsed the entire house, Mel looking more and more less like an entire person and more like a small but very cute bug at her knees. She was, after all, still in a crawly position.

“But Mel!!” Sam repeated. “The ring isn’t-“

“GEEZ OKAY ALREADY!! Just like, stuff me in your top or whatever, you don’t have to do a silly bit!” Mel squeaked.

Sam smiled, and quickly sat back, crushing the rest of Mel’s house with her butt, and dropped the increasingly small boy down her shirt. She sat still for a minute, growing all the while, and in no time at all took up front yard and back and flattened the rest of the real estate.

“Y’know. I think the ring is also suppressing my asset growth stopping, a little bit. I think my chest and hips are bit wider than when I got here. What do you think?”

Sam looked down, but Mel’s answer couldn’t be heard, already pretty muffled by Sam’s growing cleavage.

“...Ah.” She said, standing up and trying to judge from her surroundings how big she already was. Her shoes sunk into the pavement.

“I think I’m like...80 feet already...? Maybe 81? ... Maybe 82... Maybe 83...” Sam snickered, but the small boy buried in her boobs squirmed, still just doll-like enough to be a nuisance and get her to stop just...waiting out the growth.

“Yeah. Yeah. Let’s go find someone who can help sort out this ring thing.”

Lacking a better idea, Sam decided the best course of action was to walk to the middle of the city and shout down at all the tinies to ask if anyone knew about magic and how to help with her problem. So off she stomped, taking a nice, leisurely stroll to downtown.

By the time she got there, of course, even the super tallest of the skyscrapers were only at her knees, and the rest of the buildings were down by her ankles, so Sam just had to crouch down or lean over real far to make sure everybody could hear her.

Her shoes spilled over streets, her legs outcompeted city blocks, and her chest quickly discovered the load capacity for the roofs of all the skyscrapers Sam rested her immense beach ball sized tits on.

“Hoy!! Anybody down there know anything about like, magic and stuff? I can’t stop getting bigger!”

She felt a gnatlike thrashing in her cleavage – probably Mel trying to swim through her chest enough to be able to tell her standing at kaiju size in the middle of the city and asking for help was a terrible idea.

She got a lot of feedback on her question – some of it just yelling at her to get out of the road, some it panicked fleeing, and some of it helpful but too small for her to hear, oops. Oops. She sure didn’t think this through.

...Maybe she should try asking again? Yeah, she was gonna ask again.

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“What the-!?! Hey!” Summer squinted. To a normal person, it was just the surface of Earth as seen from Space. To her?

“That \*sports ditz\* is outgrowing Glendale, Arizona! Not on my watch!”

With a snap of her fingers, the kitsune instantly transmitted herself down to the surface of the earth, and promptly bumped into Sam’s stupid hugeness.

“Wh-Bwah!?” Summer yelped, bouncing off of Sam’s body and stumbling backwards, crashing through several high-rises and landing on her ass. Her tails fanned out and flattened the rest.

“Oh, woops!! Sorry! Are you okay down there?” Sam asked, trying to reach a hand down to help Summer up but having a hard time of it reaching past her expanding breasts.

“**Down** here?” Summer asked, shaking her head and standing up. “Who do you think you’re talking to? Only the biggest and most omnipotent----”

Summer paused, squinting with confusion. Why was Sam...taller...than her? Summer stood on her tiptoes to see over Sam's boobs and look at her face. "Do you know whose territory this is? 'Cuz it's mine!! Stop outgrowing it!! And stop outgrowing \*me\*."

Sam struggled to peer over her baps at the blue-furred fox girl giving her a grouchy look. "Oh, sorry! I kinda am having a bit of a difficult time stopping growing right now." Sam said. "But, uh, don't worry! You can still be super cute and be bigger than everybody else, and all the normal people. I will 100% support you on that." Sam nodded sagely.

"Keh!!! I'll show you..." Summer's ears flicked, a blush creeping on her face as she dealt with the humiliation of being \*doted\* on. What was this feeling? Ah. Yes. Loathing.

"Hmph!" With a flick of her wrist, Summer shot upwards, growth vastly outpacing Sam's as her feet rapidly bulldozed most of the remaining structures in the city. Once she was over a head taller than Sam, she stopped.

"Hah! Now who's taller?!" She smirked. Then she stopped smirking, because Sam kept slowly inching upwards.

“Uh. Listen, I’m really impressed, and all. But I kind of can’t stop growing, so I’m just going to...continue until someone figures out a way to make me stop.”

“Yeah? Like---This!?” Summer snapped her fingers.

“How do ya like that! Now you’re a speck like all the rest, and-“ Summer paused. Sam was still growing. Nothing about her size had changed, she was just still getting bigger. Summer was at hip-level with Sam again.

This...was the worst. The sheer audacity, the vulgar WRONGness of this girl in the undersized top to NOT shrink when Summer willed it. Despicable!!

“I kind of can’t be shrunk, either. Sorry. Sorry.” Sam was genuine, but at this point, Summer was much too mad to care.

“Yeah? You think you can compete with a real honest to goodness capital G goddess, huh? Then match...THIS!”

Summer spun, letting herself really let loose. Her legs flared, and she let the entire region fall beneath her skirt, savoring the thousands upon thousands of bystanders looking up at her as she handily outraced Sam’s growth and rapidly eclipsed the continent. She reached out a hand, and the moon flew into it, as though gravity itself had passed it to Summer like a basketball. She tossed it idly behind herself and plunked her ass down into it,

wiggling to get comfortable as her nine puffy tails flicked idly. Crossing her legs, Summer threw her hands behind her head and leaned back smugly. Yeah. Treating the moon like a stool. Take that!

“Heheh. It’ll take you at least a YEAR to even come close to this!!”

Less than half an hour later, Sam (2000 miles) was about the size of the moon, making her pretty close to that.

“Damn it!! Stop getting bigger!”

“I’m trying to! But I put on this ring, and it stops me from getting any smaller.”

“What? GIMME THAT!” Summer reached out and snatched at Sam’s wrist, pulling the magic-suppressor ring from Sam’s finger.

Immediately, Sam (~~2200 2400 2700~~ 3000 miles) just started growing even faster. Thankfully, there was nobody beneath her huge chunky sneakers or in her bra-defyingly massive tits to suffer the consequences of her getting bigger so rapidly and suddenly. Yup. Not a soul.

“Uh. I don’t think that was a good idea.” Sam (~~4000 4800~~ 5800 miles) said, looking down at herself as her hair and hips and such also started expanding at an even faster rate. Each of her mammaries were, themselves,

competing with the moon in terms of size. And then surpassing it in the same second.

“Grr. I’ll work on this. But until then, YOU! ARE NOT!! ALLOWED TO BE BIGGER THAN ME!!” Summer shouted, and put as much of her energy into growing as big as possible as fast as possible.

After what felt like an eternity of full-output growth, Summer stretched and panted, a bit winded.

“Ugh! This sucks. I’m gonna. Get a touch more comfortable.”

The blue fox-goddess tugged at the hip-strings of her underwear, undoing the knot and kicking it off, breathing a sigh. “Much better.”

Now going commando, Summer straddled a nearby supercluster like a bike seat and leaned forward, resting her chin on her arms as she used the Local Group like a pillow.

“Ugh. I’ll solve this stupid problem tomorrow. I need a nap.”

About two minutes later, she felt a tap on her shoulder.

“Uh, excuse me? Can I have that ring back, now?”

Summer's eyes shot open and glared at the hyperbusty, (110 million light years) asset-overflowing, (150 million light years) gravity-welling, (230 million light years) blackhole-defyingly, (400 million light years) BIG (a billion light years) sports gal (two billion) in the useless (three) skirt (four) floating through space before her. Sam's (eight) gravity exceeded Summer's by such a vast margin that the seat and desk of superclusters the fox had been using as resting spots were yanked out from beneath her and around to Sam's (forty billion light years) hips, acting as, frankly, a better method of covering her butt than her skirt was doing.

"You're the worst." Summer said. "Stop getting bigger!!"

"I used to be able to shrink myself back down! Then I put on the ring and I stopped being able to shrink myself."

"Well. Have you tried again since I \*took\* it from you?" Summer pouted, starting to get especially ticked that Sam's (basically infinity) gravity was pulling HER in, as well.

"Oh. Hang on, let me try that."

Sam seemed to concentrate for a moment, and with immense difficulty, her growth sloooooowly came to a crawl, then a stop, and finally started to reverse. Very, very slowly.

“Are you...trying as hard as you can?” Summer crossed her arms, kneeling the omnihuge girl’s shins.

“Hang on! I’m concentrating.”

After a few more seconds of intense concentration, Sam \*zipped\* down, plunging out of sight and (presumably) back down to whatever chaotic rubble she’d left on Earth.

“Well!! Finally~” Summer smiled, doing a little swim-flip through the cosmic void. “Maybe now I can get to appreciate the infinite void of puny reality all to myse-“

**\*FWOOM\***

Just as suddenly as it had disappeared, a sudden infinite chubby wall of fabric and flesh reappeared, its gravity immediately suctioning Summer’s entire body to Sam’s (infinity +1 light years) chunky midriff.

“STOP GETTING BIGGER THAN A CITY, RIGHT NOW!! THIS SUCKS!!!” Summer squeaked, trying in vain to push against the chubby quicksand of Sam’s tum.

“Sorry, sorry!! I just. Let go of my \*Grow\* for a second and accidentally found out my growth rate is a billion times faster than normal right now. I’ll get a handle on it and I’ll be growing slowly and normally in a minute. But uh, you’re

a goddess, right? Can I ask you to like, do some magic and fix all the buildings and stuff that got broken?”

Summer growled and thrashed, enveloped by shirt fabric. “If I do, will you \*stop\* getting bigger than me!?”

“Yeah! Sure thing!” Sam smiled, idly kicking her legs and getting dirt and shoeprints on the edges of the universe.

“Deal! Just get your FAT BELLY OFF OF ME-!”

“Okie doke, miss ‘goddess’~”

And like that, Sam zip-shrunk back down, finding everything, including Mel’s garage, in perfect condition. The moon was even back in position and had the butt-print removed.

Sam (now back to her “normal” size of seven feet and one...two...three inches...four...) looked up, and where before there had been a deep-blue \*everything\* taking up the sky from Summer sprawling out across the universe a moment ago, now it was back to being kinda cloudy and normal-looking.

“Huh. I wonder where she went.”

Meanwhile, deep in Sam’s cleavage, Mel tumbled through the infinite ravines of post-universally sized

cleavage, having been shrunk alongside Sam both times, since she got her size under control.

And Summer, being an entire universe's worth of size bigger than that smallest-boy-of-all-time, was merely infinitely tiny in comparison to Sam, having been stuck to her during that last shrink and finding herself still-stuck to her belly.

Of course, without the feeling of a titanic universe's worth of girl-gravity suctioning her to Sam's midriff, Summer would surely fall off, or wriggle free, or escape, and go back to being colossally big and havoc-causing. Unless, just as an example, she rolled down Sam's stomach right as Sam adjusted her outfit now that she was back to normal and her curves were back under control, causing the pale blue dot to plunge into Sam's waistband at the exact moment Sam's fingers were holding her skirt and panties off her waist. Under that hypothetical scenario, then obviously Summer wouldn't be able to escape until Sam took off her outfit at some point later. Which might be a while, because again, Sam kind of has something of a limited wardrobe. Oops. Oops.

"Whew." Sam sighed. "That was a really long and weird afternoon."

Then, she smiled, perking back up to her usual chipper and silly self and stomping down the road, setting off car alarms as she did.

“...I guess I’ll go check out that other size-suppressor I saw on Etsy! The seller was over in like. Ohio or something. I’ll just walk.”