

Action figures covered the shelves, posters and newspaper cuts were plastered over the wall, and costume replicas hung in the wardrobe. All of these, dedicated to Rumi Usagiyama, more popularly known as Rabbit Hero Mirko.

Sitting in front of her computer, dressed in a replica of Mirko's hero costume, Sakuya Kuroki typed on her keyboard with passionate resolve. Her messy brown hair covered one of her sleepy green eyes, barely brushed. She had a headband with white bunny ears atop her head, and a cottontail attached to a strap around the waist.

After five minutes of incessant writing, not blinking once, Sakuya stopped to rub her chin.

"Hmhmhmhhh..." she pinched her chin a couple times. "What should happen next..." She had been working on her third Mirko fanfic in two weeks, and this one had five pages already. Not her personal record (10 pages) but still rather impressive. Sakuya clasped her hands together and thought hard. "Hmhmhmhhh..." A puff of smoke came from her head, and she whined. "I can't think of anythiiiiing..." She turned around in her chair and slowly slumped back in her chair, nearly sliding to the floor.

She looked up at the ceiling, at the huge poster of Mirko striking her signature double-flexing pose. "Oh, Mirko." Sakuya reached towards the poster. "Why can't I be perfect like you?" She sighed, pouting sadly. "You're my one and only muse."

Laying there for a moment, she began to think out loud, "What if..." she narrowed her eyes. Like everyone in the world, Sakuya possessed a unique quirk of her own called 'Costume-On' by her. She can change into any person she touches for a few minutes. If she tries to stay as that person for longer, she starts to feel unbearably itchy. Years before being a recluse, Sakuya practiced her quirk enough to be able to "recall" the appearances of those she had touched, so long she had a clear image in her mind. Unfortunately, she had never touched Mirko before, but maybe, just maybe...

"If I try hard enough, maybe I can morph into Mirko." She mumbled to herself, still pondering. She grabbed onto the chair's arms and propped herself on her feet. She whipped her brown hair and stood in a wide stance. "Hmhmhmhhh...!" Her eyes shut tightly and Sakuya tightened her upper body muscles. "Focus, focus, focuuuuuuuus..." Mirko. She had to think of Mirko. Every curve of her body, every crease of her muscles, the white hair, the ears and cottontail, and feet. "HMMMMMMMM...!!!" She concentrated harder. Already her skin felt like it was shifting, the tone changing back and forth between pale and tan. Her ears twitched, her muscles prickled... and she plopped back in her chair, whining loudly. Her eyes opened into spirals, and steam came out from the top of her head. "No... good..."

Devastated by her failure, Sakuya tilted her head back and uttered a drawn-out mournful moan. "I can never be like herrrrr..."

She heard a blip: somebody was messaging her on the computer. She grumbled lazily and pushed herself back in the chair, and turned back to the screen. It was her friend, Chiharu. "*Hiya, Sakuya! I found that thing you were looking for! <3*" Immediately after, Chiharu sent a link. The brunette instantly sat upright and leaned over to the screen, wide-eyed. There was an image embed showing a small open bottle with green and white capsules falling out: The Quirk-Booster.

Sakuya typed faster than light: "*Omgomgomg, thank you Chiharu! Thank you so muuuch!1!!!11*" And clicked the link without thinking twice. The site was a pharmaceutical site from a company Sakuya had never heard of, but that didn't bother her. She scrolled down the page and added the Booster to the cart, and quickly paid it after filling a form with her address and everything. She hopped in her chair excitedly with her hands clasped. "Oh oh oh, I hope it arrives early. I really do!" She then stopped herself and shook her head, "Wait, waitwaitwait, Sakuya, don't get too excited." She clicked out of the page and began to browse one of her favorite sites, HeroTube. "Better get myself distracted with something..."

Fortunately for her, and the anxiety drilling in the back of her head, the wait wasn't longer than three hours. She heard a knock at the front door of her small apartment, and Sakuya nearly dragged the chair along in a hurrying dash.

The delivery man shifted from one foot to the other as he waited. Before he knew it the door opened and a pale hand snatched the package off his hands in the blink of an eye. He stood there, frozen, and shrugged before leaving.

"Yes, yeeees, finally..." Sakuya ripped the package open like a ravenous badger, and held the bottle of pills in front of her. She squealed, and hugged the bottle to her chest, spinning in place. "Finally I can be just like herrrrr~"

The bottle was carefully opened like she was disarming a bomb. She reached inside with a trembling hand and pinched a single capsule from within. She licked her dry lips, sweating in anticipation. "Okay, here goes..." She opened her mouth.

Pop. Gulp. And there it goes.

She sat back down, shivering in excitement. One, two, three... ten seconds passed and she didn't feel a thing. "Maybe I should eat more?" One, two, three capsules went into her kisser. Still nothing. Now she was feeling frustrated. "Okay, I think I was..." she stopped. And smacked her hand across her face. "Oh right, dingus. Try using the QUIRK."

Putting the bottle down, Sakuya stood in the middle of the room, legs open, fists clenched. "Maybe I should try taking one step at a time." Her eyes closed, she pictured Rumi in her head once more.

Long, smooth white hair. Her messy brown hair shimmered in an odd fashion, and it started to bleach. The messy curls and spiky locks straightened, sliding down to the sides of her face and on her shoulders, now turned into bangs. When she opened her eyes, Sakuya brought her trembling hands to her hair and carefully grabbed some strands: it looked exactly how she imagined it. She let out a mute scream, a big wide smile on her face. "Aaaaaahmagad...!" She rubbed her locks over her cheeks. "Yes it's finally workiiiiing~!"

"B-but let's see what else I can change!" Standing completely still, Sakuya stretched her arms in front of her. *Tan skin*, she thought, *smooth, tanned skin, just like hers*. Not too soon after, her pale skin, deprived of sunlight, darkened before her eyes. Starting at the fingertips and spreading down her lanky arms it changed into a shade of chocolate brown. Touching it, it felt so smooth to Sakuya, and firm, as compared to her "loose" skin before.

"This... this is..." she stuttered. "I have to see it!" The nerd ran towards the bathroom to check herself in the mirror. And there she was, still looking like herself but tan-skinned, white-haired. Her heart nearly popped out of her chest box and she jumped in pure excitement. "Oh-oh! It really is happening! Oh my gosh!" She stopped for a moment and tried to calm herself down. "Okay, okay, let's keep this going." She cleared her throat. "Alright, the looks!" She clapped her hands and rubbed them together. "The looks, the bunny ears... and the musculature." Her face flushed and Sakuya let out a funny laugh. "Ehehehe, those big, juicy muscles." In reality, Mirko was simply toned, fit from her exercising, and she was relatively shorter than average. In Sakuya's imagination, however, Mirko was a towering wall of rippling muscles, arms bulging with dense muscles and legs thick like pillars. The perfect sculpted goddess.

"Eheh, eheh, eheheheheeeee..." Sakuya's face reddened even more. She always acted like this whenever she thought of Mirko's muscles. It was something that turned her ON. And right now, her wild imagination, mixed with her newly boosted quirk...

BROOMP!

Her arms went from thin and frail to thick and bulky in a loud meaty explosion. They were so big that Sakuya almost fell over. "Ugah?!" Her shoulders tensed against her neck, and jerked to the sides. **BOOM, CRAACK!** The deltoids juttied out, and the traps hardened and

swelled between her shoulders and neck, and the rest of Sakuya's back flared out: her lats bulged out and hit her bulging triceps, her obliques groaned wider.

"W-wait, wait!" She blurted out, before her chest jerked and suddenly ballooned in front of her. **FWOOOMPH!** "EEEEK!" Her mosquito bites grew into two melon-sized breasts, pushed by a pair of dense pecs beneath them. "Th-th--" her face turned pink. "This isn't h-how big Mirko is!" Oh but Sakuya's imagination was running wild at this point. She couldn't help but imagine her new breasts growing BIGGER. **BWOOOMPH!** They nearly hit her chin this time and- *Rrrrrrip!* The top part of her Mirko outfit ripped open, letting firm boobflesh bulge through.

Sakuya let out a breathless shout, right before the rest of her body changed more. Her body arched back, and a six-pack erupted from her pudgy stomach. **BOOOM!** Her hips jerked to the left: her left hip and glute ballooned excessively, swelling so much that when Sakuya reached down to grab it, her entire hand couldn't wrap around it. Her hips jerked to the right and the same happened to her right buttock and hip. Her legs tensed from the top of the thighs down to the tips of her toes, and her bronzed skin rippled noise from the top down before...

BROOOMPH, GROW, GROAN, THWACK!

They HULKED out into two pillars of raw strength, slamming against each other in a loud meaty impact. Their forms were so thick that they pushed themselves to the sides, forcing Sakuya to take a wider stance. Her calves exploded outwards into bulging, sinewy forms, straining her purple socks.

Sakuya quivered, both deeply aroused and very concerned; she did want this, but something about it was very off. "Gh... s-so strong!" she groaned. "Can't... contain it!" She winced, and her face scrunched up. On its own. The skin pulled in a weird, uncomfortable manner, and Sakuya felt the muscles under the skin shift. "What the- what now???" Her facial muscles pulled down, parting her lips open. Bones cracked and popped as her very facial structure rearranged itself: her cheekbones, her cheeks, her chin... They shifted and changed, giving her face a more aggressive look. Her lips pulled into a permanent sneer, her eyelashes grew long and pointy, her brown eyes lost any tiredness and turned red, and the bags under them disappeared. "Sakuya" groaned as she leaned forward: the fake bunny ears fell off, just as her human ears stretched and became furry, before popping upwards into white, pointy bunny ears. And finally- Poomf! A real cottontail popped out under the fake one.

In Sakuya's place stood Mirko. Not the REAL Mirko but a Mirko, one that was the idealized version of the Bunny Hero that Sakuya always imagined. Though she was Mirko in

body, she was still Sakuya on the inside, the shut-in fangirl who had 20 gb of Mirko pictures stored in her hard drive. Not to mention lewds and porn content.

“H-hoh my gosh.” Sakuya murmured and covered her mouth. “My voice!” It sounded exactly like Mirko’s voice, though now that she had a more muscular neck and a big chest, it sounded a tad deeper. “*Holy crap!*” She muttered under her breath, and couldn’t help but grin- this all felt way too good to be true. She looked at her own hands, and balled them into fists. “I can... wow, I can be a superhero just like her!” ‘Sakuya’ let out a happy laugh. “Yes! I have to test this out! Although...” She looked down upon herself: her cosplay was ripped at the chest, letting cleavage bulge through. The purple bottom of the outfit had been sucked into her huge asscheeks. If anything, her ill-fitting cosplay was a wardrobe malfunction waiting to happen. “Well...” she pursed her lip, her face turning hot pink. “I probably have something bigger in the wardrobe.”

After rummaging through her wardrobe -carefully, to not break the door with her newfound strength- Sakuya found a more elastic version of Mirko’s hero costume, one that was a size too big for her, but now fit on her musclebound like a rubber glove. “Perfect.” She smiled, turning from side to side to check her new clothed self in the mirror. She gave her thick bronze a pat. “Hmhm... now I’m Mirko, but much stronger, I guess.” She turned to the side and gave a side flex; her ears twitched as they heard the sound of creaking muscles. “Mmmph,” Sakuya bit her lip. “C-calm down, Sakuya. Let’s not get ourselves too excited...” She glanced at the bottle. “...I better hold on to these, just in case.” Grabbing the bottle, she pondered where she could put it for a moment, before deciding to shove them between her huge melons.

Sakuya then walked outside of the room, having to walk sideways to fit through the frame, and noticed how heavy she felt. Her own footsteps thudded rather heavily on the ground, her thunder thighs jiggling slightly and rubbing on each other. Every time she moved, her muscles tensed then relaxed then tensed again, her ponderous hips swung from side to side in an unintentional dance-like pattern, and her asscheeks wobbled to and fro to the point they almost clapped. Her breasts jiggled up and down, feeling soft yet dense. She could feel her own inertia, like she could easily trample through the walls if so she wanted.

She felt *powerful*.

And that made her a bit giddy in the head.

“Ehehehehe, h-hold yourself back, Sakuya.” She giggled, flushing. “L-let’s not destroy the house.” Turning sideways again, she left the house and walked up the street.

It didn’t take long for her to reach the downtown area, and to attract the attention of onlookers. Some pointed fingers in awe, others recoiled in shock, and others took their phones

to snap pictures of this odd muscular Mirko. She herself felt embarrassed, and yet she enjoyed the attention. At one point, she stopped to flex for a Mirko fan, and the fan nearly fainted at the sight of seeing “Mirko’s” beautiful muscles ripple.

As her little trip through downtown kept going, Sakuya’s shyness gradually shed away; any semblance of her shut-in personality began to give place to a growing boldness not too dissimilar to her hero idol. Was it due to her new size... or was it the pills’ effects?

Regardless, she didn’t notice or didn’t care; the attention she was getting was enrapturing. But something else would grab her own attention: the sound of blaring sirens.

A nearby bank was being robbed by three villains; they wore different types of masks on top of black or brown jackets and gloves to conceal their identities. One of them was shooting spikes from the palm of his hands back at the security guards while his friends carried most of the money on a run.

Sakuya grinned from ear to ear. “Perfect.”

The transformed nerd didn’t have to think twice; she trudded towards the group like a rampaging bull, enough to shake the ground and leave small cracks on the concrete behind. The leader of the trio barely had time to turn around to see what the hell was that noise, before he was clocked in the face by her fist and sent flying backwards.

“Holy shit, it’s the Rabbit Hero!” One of the other two robbers exclaimed. This one dropped the sack of money he was carrying and pulled out a chain out of the pocket. “Finally I get to kill a top class hero.” He pulled the chain straight, and rusty metal spikes sprouted from the metal.

Sakuya scoffed and tilted her head. “Ya think so?” And before he knew it, the “rabbit hero” broke the chains with a hand chop.

The robber blinked and looked at the broken chain links in his hands. “What?” She grabbed him by the collar, and threw him on the third robber. “Urf!” They tumbled over each other and splayed on the ground.

‘Mirko’ scoffed and tossed her hair over her broad, toned shoulders. “That’s what ya get!” She grabbed the two by the legs and dropped both of them atop the first one. “Gah!”

The people nearby gathered in a small crowd, and clapped for ‘Mirko’. She smirked, and shrugged her huge shoulders. “Aw please, this is all part of the job.” She waved at them, her biceps pumping. “But thank you all! Thank you so mu-” Her vision went blurry, her legs shook and prickled, and Sakuya felt overwhelming vertigo. “What the...” She wobbled back and forth, her knees touching each other, and she grabbed a post to not fall over. “Ugh, what the hell...?”

Her muscles tensed and strained, and shuffled under her skin, before bubbling and shrinking in mass. Sakuya looked at her arm in shock, then at the other. "Wait, w-what's this? Am I shrinking?" And she saw her bicep visibly shrink in front of her eyes. Her chest deflated and her height dropped. "Why is this happening?!"

And then it hit her: the pills. They most likely were running out of effect. The snow white hair around her scalp slowly turned brown, her tan skin paled around the shoulders before the upper arms too began to pale. Her face shifted back to normal, her eyes changed back to their original color, and her ears shrank down.

Sakuya desperately fished the bottle from her cleavage, and put a handful of pills in her palm. "Come on, come on..."

As she did, a certain rabbit hero hopped into the scene in the background. She raised an eyebrow, and twitched her white ears: the real Mirko was here. She stepped over, squinting her red eyes. "What's going on here?"

'Mirko' nearly choked on the pills once she heard that voice. She looked over the shoulder, wide-eyed, and swallowed as she turned around. "...Mirko?"

The real rabbit hero put her hands on the hips, tilting her head. "Why do you look like me?" She looked at the other Mirko from head to toe, then back to head. "A way more jacked-up version of me, heh." She scoffed. "Are you a villain with an impersonator quirk?"

"What? No!" Sakuya blurted out, shaking her hands. "I-I-I have an impersonating quirk, kinda, b-but I'm just a fan, I swear!" At the same time she tried to defuse the situation, the pills within began to take effect. The shrinking slowly stopped, and Sakuya began to bulk back to her normal size, with her features gradually changing back to her 'Mirko form'.

"Right," the real Mirko scoffed. "And I'm the Easter Bunny." She cracked her knuckles. "Villain or not, I'm taking you in!" "N-no, wait-"

Zlub

The moment the real Mirko touched Sakuya's shoulder, her hand sank into the tan-skinned muscle like molasses. Sakuya felt a shudder running up her spine: her skin prickled, her heart pumped, and her cheeks reddened. That felt good. Really good.

"Huh?" Mirko pulled her hand, and Sakuya's skin stretched before yanking her hand back in and pulling Mirko's wrist in next. **Shlurrrp.** "What the fuck?"

"...L-looks like you got stuck." Sakuya muttered under her breath, a funny smile on her face.

“Then get me unstuck!” Mirko pulled harder, grunting, to no avail. “Whatever weird quirk you have, stop using it.”

“I...” The ‘other Mirko’ licked her dry lips. “I don’t know how.”

And then... **FWOMP!** Sakuya’s shoulder broadened and her deltoids rippled in size. Both Sakuya and Mirko gasped, one out of sudden pleasure, the other out of shock. “Oh... oooooohhhhh...!” The bigger ‘Mirko’ panted with her tongue out, her eyes shimmering. “That felt... glorious!”

The rabbit hero glanced from her trapped hand to the other’s face as it changed; now she looked exactly like her, down to the eyelashes and hair length. It was like she was looking back at a reflection. A big, bulky reflection that was growing even bigger, as Mirko’s own arm was pulled deeper into her skin- “Wait.” She raised an eyebrow. “You’re... absorbing me.”

“That... seems to be the case.” Sakuya said through heavy breathing. She grabbed her own collar and ripped the top of her outfit, exposing her deepening cleavage. “Yes... that’s it! I’m b-becoming you! A **better** you!” She wrapped her arms around mirko and yanked her into a tight hug. “And I NEED you for that.”

“Wait- MMPH!” Mirko got a faceful of boobs, her nose sinking into soft cleavage. For a moment, Mirko felt deeply jealous of Sakuya’s breast size: how could she have a bigger rack than hers? But that train of thought was interrupted as soon as she felt her face sink deeper. “?!?!”

Glorp, slursh

Skin to skin, Mirko felt like her face and the sides of her head were sinking into soft, smooth plastic. **Blurb, gurgle.** Her ears filled with gurgling or sloshing sounds. *I gotta get out of here.* Mirko tried to pull her head out, but Sakuya’s mass stuck to her and pulled her head deeper, allowing Sakuya’s tits to completely envelop her head. She yanked her trapped arm and punched Sakuya’s midriff with her free hand, but the former only sank deeper and the latter sank into Sakuya’s middle, through the fabric of her outfit.

Outside of Mirko’s soft prison, the ‘other Mirko’ was moaning and groaning in shrill excitement. Her eyes were nearly rolling back, and her face was of a hot shade of pink. “Oh! Oh YES!” She gasped. “YES! I can feel– y-your energy, MY energy! It’s- it’s so hot, so amazing!” She tightened her hug, and Mirko’s bare shoulders sank into the swelling twin-masses of boobage. “More, I need MORE!” Sakuya grabbed Mirko’s sides and hosed her kicking legs off the ground.

Now Mirko's upper arms sank into Sakuya. The bunny hero herself saw nothing but tan flesh all around her, squishing round the head and shoulders no matter how much she squirmed. "Let me gommmpmph!!"

Sakuya arched over, wheezing, and then she grabbed Mirko's kicking legs and shoved her deeper into herself. Now she threw her head back in a loud shrill moan, her eyes nearly glowing from the effects of the pills and the ongoing fusion. Gurgling noises escaped from her body, whose torso had been swelling in mass with the rabbit hero being absorbed within. In a few moments, only Mirko's calves stuck out of Sakuya's torso, then her feet. Then she fully sank into the tan wall of muscles.

"Guh..." The other Mirko's eyes rolled back. She pursed her lips, and uttered a throaty moan. She groped her breasts, sinking her fingers into their plush caramel flesh. "Yesssss, YES! O-oooooh you feel so good in there!"

Her skin stretched in odd angles, a bump pushing out from between her breasts, a swell jutting out of her middle back. Mirko was still conscious inside of Sakuya, and she was struggling to escape. "*Lemme out, you bulky weirdo!*"

"N-no, I can't let you go..." Sakuya wheezed. "Even if I knew how, I wouldn't let you go! I-I'm your biggest fan!"

Her body groaned deeply in response as Mirko thrashed around vigorously. "*Then I'll just kick my way outta here!*"

And as Mirko fought within her, sensual whimpers and moans escaped Sakura's mouth. She kept feeling her body, running her fingers between her abs and down her crotch, groping her curves, kissing her biceps. She was on cloud nine. Such was her bliss, that she made a weird face when a strange new sensation began to take her over. Her mind went blank for just a second, and she jerked her head back. "!!!" A flood of memories inundated her head. Memories that, at first, were alien to her, but after what felt like minutes they seemed like... they were hers.

"What's t-this?" She put her hands on her temples. "Wait, what am I seeing here? These, ugh, memories..." Sakuya winched, then winced. She gripped her head, gasping. "Hnnngh, it's like.... She's taking over!"

More memories flooded in. Countless fights, many of which Sakuya recognized, against villains, memories of rescuing civilians from many disasters or accidents, the teenage years of... her own life? No, Mirko's. Her graduation ceremony, it looked different. Wait, what were these students? She didn't remember them. Who was her high school friend again? No, that wasn't

her.... So many memories and so much info, it's getting hard to think. Yet, why does it feel so good?

Sakuya's breathing pitched, she keeled over and put her hands on her head, closing her eyes. And when she opened again, she was no longer Sakuya: she was Mirko. The real Mirko.

She blinked, "...What just happened? A moment ago I was..." Mirko looked around. "...trapped." She looked down at herself, and saw her (now) own monumental body, mainly her huge tits. "Holy shit." She placed her hand on her chest. "I'm huge! Does that mean I took over her body or something?" Mirko shuddered, her muscles rippling and groaning. "Hngh, this feels... weird..." Her shoulders strained, and she closed an eye. "Body... feeling... tense...!"

SWEEEEEEEEELLLL

"Ah!" Her breasts and pecs swelled enormously in front of her, nearly touching her chin. Her outfit ripped down to the middle and her bare tits flopped out.

BROOOOOMPH!

Her throbbing traps erupted over her head, pushing her chin into her cleavage. "Oof!" She closed an eye. Her hand balled into a fist, and her shoulder PUMPED wider first before her arm jerked and stretched much longer, slamming on the ground. Her biceps and triceps rippled in mass, veins pumping under her dark skin, and the base of her forearm surged wider. Her other arm followed suit, the spurt so volatile her fist punched through a nearby wall. She dug her fingers into the concrete, so tense, her body rippling and groaning. *Grrrroooooaaaaan, crrrrrrk!*

Mirko shut her eyes tightly, her teeth clenched. "Grrrah!" Her feet sank into the ground, cracking the concrete, as her legs stretched longer and forced Mirko to hunch over. Then, her left foot tore chunks of concrete by growing larger and snapping out of her bunny boot, and the other one burst out next. Her calves rippled then swelled, tearing her purple sockets apart, and her thighs throbbed, the muscles shifting noisily under the skin, and they bloated thicker than pillars, thicker than tree trunks! They collided in a mighty **THWACK!**, before they slowly pushed each other away from how much they were swelling. Mirko stood up- just as another spurt hit!

SWEEEEEEEEELL

Her torso grew longer, evening out with the rest of her body, and then **BROOOOMPH!** It grew even wider. Her six-pack rolled from top to bottom, pumping into thick slabs of meat, before popping a fourth pair of abs. Her grunts of discomfort became moans of pleasure as she kept swelling in all directions. “Urrrrgh, so... BIG!” **FWOOOMPH!** Her chocolate tits blimped further, her dark brown nipples growing longer and thicker than young trees. Mirko grabbed the side of a building for better leverage, and her huge fingers broke through concrete and rebar like sand. “Ack! Sorry!” She thudded to the side, and accidentally elbowed another building. “Sorry, sorry! Shit, how did the street get so narroooooooooowww?!?” She yowled, hit by another spurt, pumping wider and slamming her shoulders on opposing buildings, before her arms and shoulders burst through their facades. Her gigantic hips and swelling asscheeks slammed through next, sending debris raining down below.

People screamed and ran away from the burgeoning bunny behemoth, as she kept growing even wider and taller. Her head and traps and shoulders surged above the buildings’ height. Then her biceps, her elbows, forearms...

“Hnngh, **guh**h, **AAAARGH!**” Her voice grew louder and deeper, enough to rumble the area around her and rattle the neighborhood in a five-mile radius. **“When is this gonna s-stoooooooooop?!”**

She spurted even taller, her tits bouncing up and flopping down on the roofs of nearby buildings. And then, Mirko felt her entire body ruuummmbling deeply, her muscles shifting and rippling under her skin. And then... it stopped.

The rabbit hero panted for a few seconds, before she opened her eyes: she was surrounded by a valley, heaving giant breasts at the front and bulging trap mountains at the back. **“Did... did it stop?”** She asked. Mirko leaned forward to be able to see over her breasts-destroying the top of the buildings in the process. **“Oops! Didn’t mean to do that.”** She quickly apologized. Looking around from her high vantage point, everything seemed like a large set of miniatures, except nothing was made of styrofoam and rubber. **“Holy shit...”**

Looking down, her red eyes caught the sight of something minuscule in her cleavage. **“Oh?”** Pinching it with her thumb and finger, she raised it up to look at it better. **“Pills?”** Mirko raised an eyebrow. **“Is this how that weirdo grew so big? Maybe I could take it for analysis... once I shrunk back down.”**

For a moment, the idea of going back to normal hovered in her mind. But... seeing how big she was, feeling how powerful this new body felt... it was way too good to let go of. **“Maybe...”** Her eyes shimmered, changing from red to brown then back to red, and Mirko grinned from ear to ear. **“I could try these myself.”**