

"Kids, I'm hooooome." Millie announced before closing the door. The keychain jingled as she locked the door, and she turned around and leaned on the wood with a tired sigh. "I came as fast as I could..."

Taking off her coat, the brunette bunny girl hung it on the coathanger next to the front door and her handbag next to it, and walked into the house while placing the keys in her black skirt's pocket. Millie entered the living room, "Hopefully I'm on time for-" she raised her eyebrows, and frowned in disappointment. "Aw shi- shucks. You started without waiting for me, didn't you?"

The large LCD screen on the wall was displaying Night of the Lepus, an old horror film about giant killer bunnies. Her nephews, Delilah and Samson, turned their heads around to look at their aunt from behind the couch's back. "Yup." The blonde Delilah rolled her eyes. She had her blue beret on the top of her head, with a pink little ribbon on the side. It matched her presteem school uniform, a blue pullover, a white shirt, and a blue skirt. "You took too long, so we started without you."

"Where are the snacks?" Samson asked, excited to eat. He wavy-haired bunny boy dressed smart as always, wearing a bluish suit fit for his size combined with blue pants.

Millie felt her heart drop. She dropped her shoulders and smacked her own face and dragged her hand down with a groan. "Good grief, I forgot!" She took a deep breath through the snout and sighed. "Sorry, I'll order some takeout, okay?" She walked to the side, shaking her head. "I just need to drink something. I'm so thirsty..."

When she walked past the couch, Samson raised his eyebrows as he noticed something on Millie. "Auntie, where did you get hurt?"

"Oh?" She stopped and raised her arm: there were four claw marks on her forearm. "This? Some weirdo on the street did that to me." She grasped her arm gently, rubbing her thumb between the marks. "She came out of nowhere and started yelling something about the moon." She made a dramatic pose with her arms raised and eyes wide, "THE MOON IS COMING FOR US ALL! Pffff." She scoffed and waved her hand dismissively. "She must have been drunk out of her mind. Anyway, don't worry about it. It's nothing but a scratch." She rubbed her white-furred chin. "Though I guess I should clean it with alcohol..." She walked to the kitchen.

"...Uh, yeah, better clean it before it gets infected or something." Samson said, concerned. "Who knows where that crazy lady has been."

Not too long later, Millie came back after drinking two glasses of water -and properly cleaning her forearm with alcohol-. She took her phone out and opened the CarrotHub app. "Alright, what do you guys want to eat?" She stopped next to the couch to look at the TV screen. She saw large bunnies running towards the camera in slow motion through an obvious miniature of a town. It made Millie chuckle. "Oh come on, that's not scary. And I can grow way bigger than those tiny little bunnies."

Delilah huffed. "Really? Can you show it to us?"

Millie snorted and shook her head. "Hah, maybe some other time."

"You know, auntie..." Samson tilted his head back to look up at her. "This reminds me of an old legend."

"Oh?" Millie placed a hand on the hip. "And what is it?"

“Well...” the young rabbit rubbed his chin as he began to recall the legend, “It was a tale about the Lapine Moon. During ancient times, the rabbit people would look up at the Lapine Moon for strength and power to defend themselves from predators...” the young rabbit became serious. “...But at the cost of becoming a monster.”

“Oh really?!” Delilah sat upright, excited. “You mean, if I looked at it right now...” She got up from the couch and ran towards the glass doors leading to the garden. The young blonde rabbit placed her face and palms on the glass, and stared directly at the moon.

“Pfffff!” Millie covered her mouth in a chuckle. “That’s just an old hare’s tale.” She waved her hand dismissively. “Don’t believe in that hogwash.” She checked the CarrotHub app, and narrowed her eyes. “What the... that’s too expensive!” The brunette threw her head back with a groan and put the phone in her skirt’s pocket. “Hold on, you two. I’ll go buy snacks for you.” She pointed at the TV screen. “And pause the movie. I don’t want to miss the rest of it.”

“Alright, aunt Millie.” Samson pulled the remote and paused the creature feature.

“I’ll be back in a jiffy!” The brunette shouted over the shoulder whilst she jogged to the front door. Grabbing the keys, handbag and coat, she exited the house.

“Hmph, she just had to ruin the mood...” Delilah clicked her tongue and plopped next to Samson. “Wanna play a game while we wait?”

“Sure thing!”

After buying a bag of candies and chocolates, popcorn and other snacks, Millie marched straight back home.

On the way, she tried to hum a song, but couldn’t remember all of it. “Hmm hmm...” she raised an eyebrow. “*I wanna kiss you but I want it too much...* How does the rest of that song go again?” Without thinking she raised her wounded arm to rub her chin, and in doing so the rays of the moon shone over the wound. It then began to burn, letting out a sizzling sound. “Ow!” Millie hissed and shook her arm on instinct. “What the hell?” she furrowed her eyebrows; the wound still looked. “Geez, I need to clean this again.” Then she scoffed a little. “Heh, I shouldn’t fill my head with these old hare’s tales.” A funny smile crept on her lips. “Lapine Moon...” she chuckled. “That would be nice if it was real, though.” She pursed her lips as she thought. “Hmm.”

Her emerald eyes looked up. It was a full moon tonight, and there were no clouds in the sky. She half-smiled. “Yeah, I guess it would be... nice...” her eyes went wide, and her pupils dilated. “N-nice, nice... hrk!” Millie jerked her head forward with her teeth clenched. Her arms tensed against her sides, her shoulders shuddering, and she dropped the bag of goodies on the ground. The claw marks on her arm started to glow in a ghastly green light,

The brunette clutched her temples, grunting, and threw her head back to stare at the moon. “Rawrgh!” now her pupils were sharp slits, and her esclera were yellow in color. Just like the moon. “Haah... haaaaah...” she groaned and growled, saliva dripping from the corners of her mouth. She shuddered, more and more as the seconds passed. Her body let out a low groan that grew louder, accompanied by a cacophony of cracking sounds as her bones grew longer, and denser.

Rrrrmbrrrr, crrkcrrrkrrrrrr...

Suddenly, her right shoulder jerked up, and an ENORMOUS bulge pushed out!

BOOOOOOOM!

Millie let out a loud growl, and clutched her throbbing shoulder. BOOM, SWELL! It stretched a foot wider, and her bicep erupted far above her head, followed by her triceps jerking in size. Her forearm enlarged at the base, veins pulsating under brown fur, and her hand grew bigger with her fingers stretching longer. They popped and strained, her nails growing sharp.

Millie looked at her monstrous hand in shock. "Rrrrrgh... HNNGH!" Her other shoulder jerked in size, stretching her other sleeve until it ripped. "What's... what's happening to meeeee?!" *Booom, brrroomp!* Her other arm bulked up BIGGER than the already swollen right arm, her deltoid burgeoning higher than her head, and her biceps hulking even bigger! "Ugh, I-I don't remember taking any of my growth pills!" Trying to control her bulky arms, she shoved her larger hand into her bag -nearly snapping the strap- and fished her bottle of pills from inside.

Her eyes went wide; not one of the pills was missing. "What the fuck?" Her arm jerked and her hand clamped shut. CRUSH! The bottle and its contents were crushed to smithereens, crumbs falling to the ground. "Oh come on, I just bought a new bot- gih!" Her teeth clenched. Her ears twitched as she heard loud pops- coming from her face. Her short snout popped, and jerked longer, and her teeth pushed out. They grew long, sharp, looking more like wolf teeth. Her canines were bigger than the rest, and when Millie opened her mouth to moan in discomfort her snout and canines popped even longer. The sound of flesh stretching and straining filled the air around the transforming bunny.

"This... rrrrgh! G-getting **b-biiiiig...**!" She shut her eyes tightly. *Crack, snap, crunch!* The top of her snout jutted out farther than her jaw, ending with her pinky nose growing sharp like a wolf's. But her jaw followed after, stretching until it met the top, and her mouth closed in a loud **SNAP!** The rest of her face began to catch up, amid more cracking sounds, till her face was more evened out. Though Millie still had a wolfish snout.

"**Hngh... aaaaaaaaargh!**" Her voice became growly, dropping a couple of octaves. She leaned forward, clutching her shoulders. Her back jerked from one side to the other, before BURSTING out of her shirt! Shreds of green fabric rained down as little bumps of flesh bulged under the fur, before a true fleshy wall of muscles broadened, then swelled in volume. A line of thicker fur formed along her spine, like the mane of a hyena, dark brown in color. The spine itself was pushed outwards by the muscles,

Millie hunched further, and threw her head back in a bellowing roar. "**GRAAAAAAAR!**" Her white-furred breasts ballooned and burst free from the remains of her shirt. Her pink nipples shot long jets of milk, splashing the ground in front of her. Her pecs surged afterwards, jutting her breasts forward a foot more, and forcing more milk to spray from within. The rest of her body bulked and bulged bigger, wider, her lats swelling to the sides and ramming on her triceps.

But oh, it was far from over.

Millie's upper half throbbed, and surged bigger all at once! Her still thin legs faltered and she grabbed a streetlight to not fall, and easily crushed the steel between her fingers. Her left leg twitched on its own... and then her foot burst out of her shoes. Her toes popped and cracked longer, with the nails sharpening into large, vicious-looking claws. The heel cracked and stretched upwards as her feet rearranged into a digitigrade paw. Her toes wriggled involuntarily,

and black pads popped under each of them, with a larger pad in the middle. Her calf rippled up and down, the flesh groaning, and then Boom, BOOM, BOOOOOM! It bulked outwards and her thigh followed suit, hulking out, before both doubled in mass! That side of her dress was torn to shreds, exposing the throbbing brown-furred muscles. The mass pulsated in the rhythm of her heartbeat, *th-thump, th-thump*, threatening to expand more.

Millie winced as she could only watch. She could feel everything, every limb, every fiber, every inch of her body... everything straining at the same time. **“Ugh, why’s everything so... ugh, hnnnnngh!”** *Crrrrrrrk, grrrrrrrooooooaaaaaan!* Her other leg rippled slowly, painfully, straining the rest of her skirt until it ripped open at the seams. Above, her white-furred midriff strained and dense chiseled abs popped out by the pairs, until she had a perfect eight-pack. She let out a gasp once her hips jerked back and her plump derriere jutted out by two feet behind her, and they jerked again as they exploded two feet wider. Now her skirt was completely destroyed, reduced to tattered rags, and her white panties flopped down her bulky legs. **“Ough, fuck!”** she cursed, and immediately widened her eyes. A hot steaming pressure built up in her crotch within seconds. She slammed her knees on each other and put her hand down there. She mumbled under her breath, **“Fuck meeeee, not right now...!”** Steam huffed out from between her monstrous teeth, a bright blush on her face.

The monstrous bunny kept shuddering. White stuff dripped from between her fingers and down her crotch, coating her thighs. She grunted and groaned, but those groans soon turned into lustful moans as she felt the libido within building up and up. She buckled over and nearly snapped the streetlight, and snorted hot vapor from her nostrils. **“Rrrrrr... uuugh...”** She looked up, hair tossing back, and her eyes locked on the moon in the starry sky. **“Hooh, grrr, haaah...!”** Her mouth opened into a grin. She felt her snatch pulsate.

“Oh screw it!”

She jammed her pointer and middle fingers into her wet folds.

And then all hell broke loose. Her libido peaked, Millie felt an IMMENSE rush of adrenaline. She jerked her head down, and threw her head back:

“ROOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!”

A fountain of white gushed out from down below, drenching her legs and feet. Her tongue lolled out as Millie uttered a long, throaty moan, a cloud of steam emerging from her maw. **“Holy shit, this feels amaaaaaaazing...~”** she licked her chops. Her breathing picked up, the were-rabbit huffing and puffing. **“More... I want--”** Her green eyes shot up.

“Moooooore!”

She held her arms to the skies and everything just--

BOOOOOOM, BROOOOMPH!

Her body as a whole BULKED two times bigger! Her head sank into a valley of her own throbbing brown traps and sloshing white tits. And Millie let out a bellowing moan that echoed across the area. She moaned again, just as her right arm erupted much bigger than the other. Her fist rose up like she could grab the pale moon, and she felt herself stretch upwards. **Pop, snap, crack!** Her bones cracked as they reshaped and stretched under her heavy muscles. Her hand cracked even bigger, its palm contracted uncontrollably, forcing it to open, and the fingers extended towards the moon, popping out to keep proportionate.

"YEEEEESSSS!" The colossal rabbit howled in ecstasy. **"I'm gonna grab the fucking moon and tuck it into my tits!"** Her spine wavered and it stretched up, and up, and UP. Her legs followed next, pushing Millie higher. Her feet dug into concrete and asphalt and cracked the ground by growing over it. And as she doubled in height, her body began to triple in width and mass. She surged higher and higher, her knees surpassing the height of nearby houses, then her calves!

Her moon-gazing was interrupted, though, as her bicep swelled in front of her eyes. Her bulking arm was thicker than boulders.

"NO! MORE!" She lowered her arm to keep staring into the circle above. **"More! Bigger!"**

And her wish was promptly granted.

BOOOM, GROAAAN, SWEEEEELL!

Her growth became more violent and extreme. Her tits swelled bigger than trucks, slapping down on her bulking thighs. Her glutes clenched and swelled nearly as much, growing wide as her broad shoulders. Her muscles swelled disproportionately, and Millie had to open her legs wider to not lose balance-- and because her bulking thighs pushed her legs apart!

On top of everything doubling in size, she became more monstrous. The line of wild fur on her back grew longer, the coarser fur standing on end. Her cottontail popped into a long bushy wolf tail that smacked on her bulging asscheeks. Her white face felt tingly; it pulsated around her cheekbones and forehead, the skin shifting beneath the fur like water, and Millie could feel and hear it snapping.

She opened her muzzle to roar again, and suddenly... her teeth stretched forward, growing MUCH bigger. **CRACK, SNAP, CRACK!** Her powerful fangs grew too big for her own mouth, but then, the rest of her mouth stretched next, catching up with her teeth and **SNAP!** Millie chomped the air in a deafening crunch. Her thin lips began to swell and gained a black coloration, the bottom lip growing plumper than the upper lip. She grinned a huge, toothy grin that could scare the living soul out of many, and uttered a slow, rumbling laugh. However, she was cut off by her face jerking to one side, then to the other, and her facial bones shifted as the rest began to catch up. Her back rippled as it swelled bigger still, rising higher and higher still, until it became a huge hunchback.

Her libido kept welling up down below. Cum poured from her folds and on her legs, and it rained on the ground with milk. She shuddered from head to toe, clenching her huge claws. **"I... I'm g-gonna... gonnaaaaa..."** Muscles quaked and slammed on each other in a meaty crescendo as Millie threw her upper body back.

"ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAARRRRRR!"

A river of cum gushed from her nether lips and two cascades of milk poured out from her nipples. It all flooded the street, washing away anything on it, including a car further down the street.

“Haaah... hurrrrrrrrghhhh...!” Deep earth-shaking growls come from the depths of her maw. She stood somewhat upright, but remained hunched over due to her monstrously muscular back. Her mind cleared for a moment and she shook her head, her bunny ears flopping. ***“Oh... oh shit.”*** She scratched her brown hair. Her ginormous bicep pumped up and down, grinding on her deltoid and trap. ***“Good grief, I think I overdid it. Ugh... better go back home.”*** She snorted a cloud of steam. ***“Gotta get the snacks back home.”***

Samson cowered behind the couch, shaking in fear. “What... what was that noise? I-it sounded like the sky was splitting!” He lowered further behind the couch. “And that roar...”

“Come on, it’s probably just an earthquake.” Delilah rolled her eyes, but then looked around worriedly. “I don’t know what that roar was, though.”

Thoooom...

The entire house shook. The two little bunnies stood up, their ears erect. “What was that now?” Samson glanced from side to side. A sweat droplet slid down his forehead.

Thooooom, thoooooom, thoooooom...

The house shook more, and more. Objects fell out of shelves, the couch moved on the floor. Delilah and Samson hugged the couch’s arms to not fall. “That’s not an earthquake!” Samson whimpered.

Thoom! THOOM! THOOOOOM!

Something big blocked the moonlight outside. A deep voice bellowed, ***“Kids? Kids, could you come outside? I don’t think I can fit in the house anymore.”***

“...” Delilah narrowed her eyes. “Is that... Aunt Millie?”

“Huh? How can you tell?” Samson squeaked.

“Just a hunch.” She hopped off the couch and ran to the glass window leading outside.

She had to tilt her head back to look up at the monumental mountain of muscles that was the were-rabbit Millie. Her head was hidden behind her heaving mammoth breasts, and a drizzle of milk came from her nipples. She was so utterly enormous, that her feet alone were nearly as high as their house.

Delilah put her hand over her head from the milky drizzle. “Auntie? Is that you?”

“Yup.” Her response rattled the windows. Slowly, and veeeery carefully, Millie took a knee, the impact alone shaking the entire neighborhood and wobbling her tits, and lowered one of her hands down on the yard, in front of Delilah, and dropped a pile of snacks. ***“Sorry for the delay.”*** She rumbled what sounded like laughter. ***“Turns out that the whole moon thing Samson talked about was true.”***

“It... it was?!?” Delilah gasped. She narrowed her eyes in a mix of annoyance and disappointment. “Then... then why did YOU grow so big after looking at the moon, and not me?”

“Beats me.” Millie’s upper half throbbed and her boobs quaked after she shrugged her mountainous shoulders. ***“Maybe it was that crazy old lady, or I had the sleeping genes, I think.”***

“Alright, then you better tell me where that crazy lady is.” The little blonde rabbit grumpily huffed, and her eyes glanced at the pile of snacks in front of her. “...Later.” She hastily began to grab the snacks. “First things first, movie time.”

“Heh.” Millie snorted vapor. ***“Right.”***

After a while of trying to calm Samson down, the three settled down to watch Night of the Lepus. With Samson and Delilah on the couch, and Millie outside, on all fours and leaning her head to the ground, her eye peering through the open glass doors.

“So now the bunnies are attacking the cinema, huh?” She whispered so her rumbling voice didn’t disturb the movie as much.

“Yup.” Delilah nodded once and popped some popcorn in her mouth.

“It looks a little corny.” Samson commented, nibbling on a chocolate bar.

“Hm.” Millie mumbled. She remained silent for a moment, before she casually whispered, ***“You know, I’m starting to like this movie.”***