

On the Scene with Galactic Express Brides

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Brides*

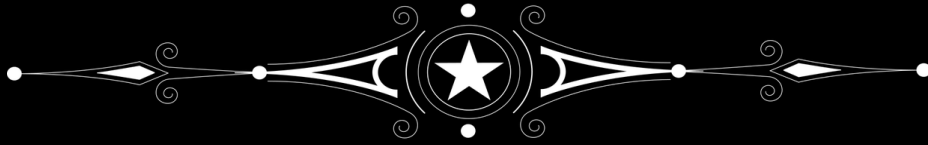
Commission for Wes

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male bunny to altersex kaiju TF, hyper,
inflation, size difference

Read at your own discretion.



Life has a way of being funny from an outsider perspective. After years of dealing with horny witches, amateur cultists, hack mad scientists, and a literal monster for a landlord being abducted by aliens was an oddly refreshing new experience. Wendel was still terrified as all hell to pass out on the apartment roof and wake up in a small circular prison. It's just after a half hour of nothing happening one can't help but get a little bored.

At least his cell reception was still amazingly good. The thought about calling for help was a ridiculous notion before it was fully realized. People will believe werewolves are delivering pizza, but extraterrestrial visits are just crazy talk. He had no idea where the spaceship that took him was currently hovering anyway. Probably not over Seattle.

Unfortunately, there's only so many games of *Raid: Shadow Legend's* one can take before boredom gives way to one of Wendel's favorite emotions; annoyance.

"Hey!!" His voice echoed surprisingly well through the glass wall. The bunny added some harsh smacks of both fists on its smooth surface for good measure, getting a reverberating drum noise back. That seemed unlike glass but he didn't let that stop him. "Are any of you interstellar dipsticks going to get this over with? I got places to be."

That was a lie. Wendel just felt being at home alone with beer while your porn star roommate does goddess knows what on Livestream sounded like the better option. Plus, his phone was almost out of battery. His fault for thinking he'd just be stargazing for an hour.

He followed along the wall's circular curve, banging his fist along the way. It was mostly to stretch out his knees, though it gave a better scope of the place's unnecessary size. With a bit of furnishing, it could comfortably fit a pair of two better than a studio apartment. Having a ceiling stretching around twenty feet high might be a deal breaker.

Amazingly enough, he was halfway through his second lap when something finally started to happen. Whether it was from the ruckus or someone deciding it was time to get on with the science hijinks, Wendel couldn't say. What he did say was a string of curses when the floor beneath him bloomed with a radiant aqua light that left him seeing rainbow dots. It was followed by a gentle humming that seeped up through his shoes until it seemed to be resonating throughout his entire being.

"You can invent space travel, but none of you learned a thing about subtlety!?" Wendel rubbed at his eyes feverishly trying to wipe away the spots. A task that became a lot less effective when his fingers lost their furry texture for something smooth and soft.

Blinking away the last of the haze, he was impressed to see both hands becoming encased in a very expensive looking white fabric. The material was just appearing seemingly from nowhere until he was wearing full on gloves, which quickly grew sleeves that stretched all the way to the elbow. Unfortunately, his new tailor was off on their measurements. They were pinching him hard, clearly a few sizes too small.

"Whoa!" Refitting's only continued to spread from there. Splotches of snow-white silk appeared over Wendel's shirt, oozing across the cotton in a rapid material conversion. He couldn't complain about the texture against his fur, although the front splitting open to make a window for his bare chest was questionable. Frills developed along the rim in a flowery design to match the way his shirt sleeves puffed into large decorative bulbs on the shoulders.

The sudden appearance of a bodice wrapped around his waist elicited a girlish squeak from the bunny. And here he thought the gloves were tight. It pinched so hard his torso threatened to squish in on itself.

That could only imply one, well maybe several, things about what was going on.

"Ack!" He squealed again when his pants gained a life of their own. Its waistband became fused with his new blouse seconds before the silk cascaded down to upgrade the cheap denim. An invisible force snapped the legs together in the process, fusing them into a single hoop around the bunny's legs. There was just enough time to see his sneakers burst into the makings of open-toed heels before the new skirt fluffed into an enormous bouffant style. Its bell-like hem draped long enough to sweep the floor while he tried experimentally walking around with the high arch of his new footwear.

Aliens had flown goddess knows how many lightyears to earth so they could stick him in a dress. A wedding dress, no less. Wendel almost busted out laughing at his casual observation. This was incredibly random even compared to all the other nonsense he'd reported on over the years. His gloved hands felt along the silk blouses lace patterns. Such intricate designs with rare material that no machine on earth could replicate. It was like he wore a billionaire's investment. They'd even managed to replace his underwear with airy panties that tickled his private areas in a very blushing way.

Selling all this when he got out of here would be a great way to make rent for the next couple of months.

"It's certainly better than an anal probe," he mused sarcastically.

Several loud clunks sounded from somewhere beyond the room Wendel was in. On the final, loudest, bang the blue light that served to fuel his new dress change turned off. Unfortunately, the humming continued with no indication this was the end of his ordeal. He figured that'd be hoping for too much.

Another rumbling clank sounded off, filling his glass prison with a bright green light this time. All Wendel could do was give a dejected groan bringing both hands to the corset around his belly. The clothing didn't change but it sure felt like two enormous hands were putting the squeeze on his midsection.

"Oh no." Wendel squealed, feeling like a tube of toothpaste. His poor insides couldn't take the building tension around his waist. The mass felt compelled to shift up and down his torso at the same time, making the bunny blush at a particular pressure pushing behind his chest. "No. No. No. No."

FWUB!

The pressure released in an explosive rush that sent Wendel inflating in opposite directions. From the front his pecs billowed into their new bodice and then continued beyond. Amazingly the dress stretched to accommodate this, warping around Wendel until his vision was blocked by two spheres the size of cars. His butt followed the same cartoon logic, hefting up his dress high as it fell out behind him. Hips blossomed with the intensity until they were nearly two meters wide. It left his backside sporting a surprisingly peach-shaped Grove in the fine material.

Thankfully the cartoonist proportions only lasted for about five seconds. When the pressure completely left Wendel's now dramatically thinner waist he left out a long breath that caused his body to deflate with it. Granted, he was still left with an impressive set of breasts pushing their cleavage through the blouse window. The gentle jiggling of a freshly filled woman's backside was equally hard to ignore.

"Well, this is fan-flipping-tastic," Wendel grumbled, not at all surprised by the lighter tone to her voice. Holding up both hands she watched their fashionable gloves deflate into a snug fit around elegant sleeker fingers. "You space dorks could have made me a bride first and then shoved me into the dress. You know?"

The implications of her sarcasm didn't go over Wendel's shrinking ears. She just refused to dwell on possibly getting hitched to some galactic overlord. Not while all this dress shifting was itching her scales.

"Um." Wendel looked down, pulling open the window of her dress. Several bald patches had developed over the ample surface of her cannonball boobs, replacing hairs with smooth scales of a lizard. "Oh dear."

The patches only continued to grow in a rapid case of unexpected molting until they eventually connected together to become her new boob skin. From what open places she could tell, the effect was happening all over Wendel. She wasn't about to try flipping up the ridiculously thick gown, but the itching and increasing mess of brown furs on the floor was proof enough. It was only when she patted her head that she caught the last bit of her bunny ears melting away. The tiny holes that remained under a downpour of flowing brown hair retained a surprising degree of hearing, at least.

KURRNCH!

Having her skull completely reformed, however, was uncalled for. Wendel's muzzle fell open in a silent wincing cry. All the teeth inside itched as they grew into larger sharp fangs to the point, she couldn't even close her mouth. That changed, of course, when her jaw snapped and popped wider to make room for such fierce

comperes. Her entire face drew wider, spreading her nose to become flush at the end of a reptilian snout.

“Gah!” Wendel gasped once control of her elegant lizard face had been released back to her. Her eyes went cross for a look at the bridge blocking her lower vision, smacking her jaws a few times to get used to their increased biting power. A thick tongue rolled out from the side to swipe curiously along lips that’d become full and puffy. The perfect kind for kissing. “Well... that was unpleasant.”

THUNK!

“As was... that?”

A blush spread over Wendel’s emerald muzzle. It’d felt like her butt had just slammed into the cold floor while she remained standing until she’d remembered how these kinds of weird scenarios usually worked. Glancing over one puffy shoulder sleeves, she hiked the back of her gown just enough to let the tip end of a long, meaty tail wiggle into view. The sheer weight of its muscles was a far cry from the bunny nub she usually preferred.

“Wonderful! Great job!” The new reptilian bride said her loudest, most sarcastic tone possible. She doubted her voice could carry much menace when even shouting felt angelic in her throat. “Are we done noOOOWW!?”

Dizziness struck Wendel, making his dainty feet nearly buckle out of their high heels. Not a second later, her entire body surged upwards and outwards, nearly double her original five-foot height. She barely had time to correct her balance when a second surge tacked on another three feet or so, as if for good measure. It was only by luck she braced both hands against the glass tube in time to keep her face and tits from slamming against it.

She was pretty sure said breasts and her butt had increased proportionally in the process, but couldn’t tell for certain with their already large sizes.

“Oh, thank the goddess,” she said when the floor lights faded away. The sounds of humming machinery cut out soon after. Wendel withdrew her hands as the glass gave off a sharp hiss and began to lift away into the ceiling setting her free at last.

Another hissing noise made Wendel twirl so fast it sent her gown fluttering a bit more than she would have liked. Marching through a side door were two more giant lizard ladies, each wearing their own intricately stylized wedding gown.

Leading the pack was a redhead with her medium length locks pulled back into a ponytail. Her curves weren’t half the size of Wendel’s, though she’d still send tiny earth people drooling over them. The hard rack of abs pushing through the silk of her blouse and massive biceps sure made up for it anyway. One could only imagine what her lower muscles looked like under that tenting gown.

Trailing her was a straight back brunette wearing circular glasses that looked way larger than necessary on her petit muzzle. Her hip-length hair was simply combed back and kept in place by the band of her veil. Counting the former bunny, she was the smallest of the three reptile creatures, which wasn't saying much. That still left her an easy twelve to fourteen feet with a nice bust under that tube top.

"Splendid! Splendid!" The red one cheered with a clapping of her gloved paws. With the gown they almost appeared to be gliding in a predatory circle around Wendel, analyzing her every being like they could see through the fabric. "Another successful restoration back into our rank. Welcome aboard, Wendelina Bridezilla! I'm Tracy Bridezilla, and this is Della Bridezilla. I trust your vacation to earth has been a pleasant one. Are you ready for your first mission as a full-fledged Bridezilla?"

Silence filled the chamber just long enough for the two aliens' smiles to falter somewhat. All Wendel could manage from Tracy's string of words was several very slow blinks while she failed to make sense of them. Realizing that everything was unfortunately waiting on her, the newest lizard woman took a deep breath that made her mounds jostle.

"Okay. First of all; never call me Wendelina ever again, please. That sounds so cheesy. Second; what the actual fuck is going on?"

The two recoiled like she'd used a silk gloved first, yet even some swearing didn't bruise their cheery attitudes.

"It seems the memory restoration is lagging behind the physical transformations again," Della said matter of factly. "This happens all the time. We should give her a minute."

"Yeah. Good idea."

Silence took over the room again. All anyone could really do was stare awkwardly back and forth, occasionally forcing a smile they couldn't hold for more than a few seconds. It was all Wendel could do not to scream verbal assaults at these busy bridal lunatics. She settled on resting hands at her spacious hips, filling the void with the rapid tapping of one heel toe.

"How are you feeling now?" Tracy said hopefully after almost two minutes. "You remember your true self?"

Wendel took two deep breaths. "I know perfectly well I'm not some bust snake about to get hitched. At this point I'm just relieved how unlikely it is there's going to be an anal probe."

Della tail fidgeted. "Ew. How barbaric. But you should remember everything any second now."

Two more minutes of silence passed.

“...any second now?”

“Look, if we’re doing this for a while can I get a coffee and chair or something? These heels are going to really start straining my calf muscles.”

“What’s wrong with our sister?!” Tracy whirled to Della in shock, ignoring the fuming brown haired lizard's request.

“This is most unusual.” Della tapped her glasses, summoning forth what Wendel could only think of as a keyboard composed of solid light into the air. She began to type furiously on the buttons while data streams scrolled over her lenses. “I ran the same restorative procedure that hundreds of our sisters have gone through. Wendel Jala had no special conditions listed in her profile.”

Wendel’s log of a spiked tail smacked the floor to get their attention. “My last name’s not Jala!”

Della’s typing slowed to a stop, her eyes never leaving the screen with a blank expression. “Wait, really?”

“Nope!”

“Not even close?”

“Not even any of the same letters.”

“Oh no!” The smaller Bridezilla wailed, resuming her typing at an increased pace. “This is a horrible mistake. Oh gosh dang it! I picked up the wrong bunny.”

“You what!?” Tracy and Wendel shouted in perfect harmony and exchanged a surprised look.

“Our sister is three miles south on the opposite end of Seattle, still an oblivious male bunny. The AI matching completely mixed them up.”

“So, we accidently turned an earthling into a Bridezilla?” Tracy scanned Wendel’s form again. Her expression now something akin to wonder and disbelief. “I didn’t know we could do that.”

“Technically we can’t,” Della said, recoiling at the looks that earned her. “The reversal process was meant for removing an earthling disguise. Having a real male human for the base is going to cause conflicts with her imposed Bridezilla adjustments.”

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” Wendel said and paused. One hand came to rest on her slender throat while analyzing how her voice seamlessly cracked pitches between words, going from soft as an angle to the tone of a deep grizzled man and back. “Well, that’s going to get annoying.”

“You’re telling me!” Tracy pulled a tablet out of her wedding dress and began scrolling feverishly over something it displayed. Where she was keeping that under the

silk, Wendel had no idea. "We're a single scouting ship. A conversion process is going to take days for us to recharge..."

"No offense; you girls are really making me dislike being turned into an alien bride."

"...that means our Wendelina won't be able to rejoin us in time for her mission. It's going to completely ruin all our hard work."

"But you are going to change me back, right?"

"Yes. Of course! We're not monsters." Tracy puffed her bust out with an indigent growl.

"We're all giant sexy versions of kaiju's with bodies **comic book characters would be jealous over**. Incidentally, do we have breath attacks or something?"

"It's not so much for attacks," Della said, tapping her glasses as a means of turning off her projected keyboard. "Our special breath is more pleasantly stimulating to the senses, and mostly used to dress ourselves and other races up to the Bridezilla standard."

"Uh huh." Wendel glanced at her enormous cleavage showing through her dress. "I guess that's kind of cool."

"Yeah. Hey, listen!" Tracy moved forward to wrap one beefy arm around Wendel's shoulders. Her smile grew so wide all her massive fangs showed, leaving her fellow bridezilla momentarily in fear. "So, we're really sorry about the whole abduction and forced transformation thing. Since you're kinda stuck like this for a few days, though, we were really hoping you could help us out a little."

"Under what circumstances would I ever want to do that?"

"We'll pay you a hundred-thousand currency."

"...**cash?**"

"Legal tender. I promise!"

"Well, okay then!" Wendel returned the sharp fanged smile as her tail began wagging so hard it kept upturning her gown. "**So, what does a Bridezilla do?**"

"What else?" Della giggled with a shrug. "We find cute people to marry."

Wendel's tail stopped cold stiff, her smile becoming hollow. "Oh..."

"But we're not asking that of you!" Tracy added hastily. "Wendelina had a scheduled drop off with a wonderful candidate this evening. We just need you to go down and entertain him for a while. We'll get in contact with another team on earth to

help us get the real Wendelina changed back and replace you without her future husband being any the wiser.”

“Entertain him?” Wendel raised an eyebrow as she cupped her breasts for emphasis. “I admit we look gorgeous, **but how am I supposed** to do that?”

Della giggled harder. “Trust me! The dress I specially tailored for you is packed with features he will find unable to resist. Most of it is easy to control, even for an earthling. Besides, he’s a kinky one, so I’m sure he’ll gladly offer suggestions.”

“Still getting a very bad first impression of alien life here.”

“Thanks so much for helping me out of a tight spot.” Tracy caught Wendel in a hug so tight the brown-haired bride worried her waist might collapse further inward. When she finally let her go, fingers began flying across her data pad. “Ready to put on a hell of a date?”

“Do I have to fuck him?”

“Your dress has an app for that. Don’t worry, let the guidance pilot help you, and good luck!”

“Guidance what!?”

Among the many things Wendel was experiencing with this encounter, matter teleportation had to be the worst. Before she could get out another of her many frantic questions a flash of white light blinded all her senses.

Bwoom-KRRRSSH!!

Next thing she knew she was sitting on someone's couch. The very span of her hips was enough to occupy the center cushion and half its neighbors, with her gown fluff filling in the rest. As feeling returned to Wendel's slick scaly skin she also couldn't help noticing bunches of pebbles raining on her figure. One glance at the enormous hole in the ceiling quickly explained how she'd gotten in.

“Advanced technology can't even port me through walls? Yeesh. Thank the goddess my fat butt is sturdy.” She straightened up in her seat, readjusting the enormous dinosaur tail before brushing debris out of her veil.

“Um... H-hi?”

The sound of a new, somewhat meek, but masculine voice triggered an unexpected reaction from Wendel. Without thinking about it, she bolted upright slamming both hands down onto her crotch. This pushed down her gown so her unwitting audience didn't have a free view of her panties and, apparently, the thigh-high stockings she wasn't aware she was wearing.

Across the apparent living room was an archway leading into a kitchen. On its threshold stood a young human of middle age gawking at the Bridezilla that'd just

crashed into his house. In one hand he carried a plate of pizza rolls still steaming hot, while the other held a mug that might have had tea in it. His stunned state had tipped it enough that most of the contents had spilled into a puddle around his bare feet. Not that a minor spill seemed high on the priority list right now.

“O-oh! H-hi? I mean...” Unable to think of anything else in this situation, Wendel fell back on the one source of knowledge everyone can rely on; movies. She hopped to her heels and gave a curtsy trying to recall all the old films she’d seen as a kid. “It’s very nice to meet you, sweetie. I’m Wendelina, your new bride here to love and take care of your every need. No, wait. That’s weird. My name’s Wendelina. No! It’s Wendelina. Nah! Arggh! What the frick did they do to me now!?”

“Bride!?” The man’s eyes looked over the elegant, if slightly dirty, dress eventually meeting her eyes. Wheels quickly turned inside his head, turning fear and confusion into a wide smile of elation. Just as Wendel thought she should say something the plate and cup clattered to the floor completely forgotten. He rushed forward in a tackle that left his arms hugging around her waist and his legs buried in excess gown. Given the extreme size difference between them, it was barely enough force to make Wendel gasp. “Oh my gosh! You are even more beautiful than they said you’d be. This is so cool! I can’t wait for our first date. Oops! Sorry, I’m being rude. My name’s Wes!”

Wendel’s arms acted on their own, wrapping around the blond man to catch him and then relaxing into a loving hug. Silk gloves hands relished playing with his hair. The way Wes especially enjoyed pushing his face against the soft rise of her bosom brought a smile to her muzzle.

At least until Wendel brought herself back with a perplexed blink. The weird urges to dote on a complete stranger kept coming out of nowhere, yet subtly enough to be second nature. This must have been that 'autopilot' one of the bimbo aliens had mentioned. She took a deep breath and decided it was probably best for both of them to just go with it. There was a stinking pile of money at the end of this, after all.

“Aw, you’re never being rude you little cutie!” Wendel said, breaking into a cough that did nothing to fix her fluctuating voice. “I do apologize about that. We suffered a slight glitch while in transit.”

“I think it’s hot!” Wes declared; a bit muffled with his face pressed against Wendel’s chest. It was a good ten minutes of cuddling with their hands roaming over every part of the giant lizard’s ample curves before the man seemed to have his fill. Pulling his head back, he took a deep breath and gazed up at her with excited longing. “So, what would you like to do first?”

One look into those adorable sparkling eyes made Wendel’s heart skip a beat. It was just like staring at an excited little puppy with three times the charm. Without thinking about it, her hands gently cupped either side of Wes’s cheeks. Her lips puffed forward and decided to answer by planting several kisses across his face before landing a long, powerful smooch square on the lips. The assault surprised him, but was clearly

not unwelcome. Especially when he gave her hips a hard squeeze and pushed back against her snout.

“Mwah!” Wendel exclaimed upon the eventual breaking of their mouth connection. The man was practically excluding love hearts, letting his head rest against her palms as the only means of support. Seeing so much happiness from a simple gesture only spurred her further. “I’m sure we can think of a few things to do. **Maybe I’ll start by cooking you a nice... mmhm?**”

Smack chunks of plaster bounced off Wendel's head, reminding them of the bridezilla-sized hole in Wes’ ceiling above them. She forced a weak giggle and reluctantly set the little human back down.

“I guess first thing I should fix my own mess.” Wendel wasn’t sure why, but both her hands reached up to give her veils headband a little twist. The almost feathery light material wrapped itself around her head and suddenly gained a bit more solid weight to it. Next thing she knew it had become a construction worker's hard hat. A ripple like effect sent her curves shivering, making the rest of her attire change along with it. Her corset brightened to an orange mesh material marked in reflective tape while the bodice underneath became a yellow tube top. What really seemed impressive was how the skirt part changed to denim without losing its extra-large puffiness obscuring her lower body. “**Not ideal for construction, but who am I to question alien tech** and themes? Now, how about helping give me a boost up there, honey?”

“S-sure!” Wes squeaked, snapping out of his own admiration for such a quick wardrobe change. “How do I-whoah!”

“Easy!” Wendel tucked her giant slender hands in leathered construction gloves under his shoulders, lifting Wes until dangled eye level with her. “Take a deep breath **and blow.**”

That didn’t make a whole lot of sense until Wendel’s pucker up and planted the biggest kiss yet on him. Wes caught on fairly quickly, gripping the warm green scales of her biceps before blasting all the air in his lungs down her throat.

His reward was a bubbly moan of pleasure overshadowed by an unmistakable hum of air filling a balloon. The passionate couple found themselves creeping ever higher into the air while Wendel’s body grew. Scaly skin creaked and groaned as it stretched almost like she really was made of rubber. Somehow, even her oddly worker-themed dress remained perfectly sized along the way. Over six more feet got blown onto her new height by the time Wes’ lungs burned enough to require taking a breath.

“That should do just fine,” Wendel said, sparking Wes into a fight of laughter at the high pitches of her voice. She certainly sounded full of helium. Her motions even had a little squeak to them as she set the tiny little human down, especially with the rapid wagging of her tail. If that laugh wasn’t so heavenly, she might have felt degraded for being in this situation. “Now then. **This won’t take a minute.**”

That statement proved more apt than expected. Reaching inside the dress, Wendel pulled forth a hammer seemingly out of nowhere. With a single tap on the hole's edge the wood started to regrow and apply fresh plaster over itself like real construction. She continued tapping in different spots, making the hole gradually close itself up until the inside and outside looked good as new. Afterwards, she casually tossed the hammer aside, which popped out of existence the second it left her hand. A hard crack of her tail generated a squeaky popping noise, causing her dress to return to its silk white wedding appearance complete with veil.

"How did you DO that?" Wes said, straining his neck to see her so close to her enormous legs.

"Honestly? **I have no idea myself.** Something about this cute outfit makes me feel like I can do anything." On that note, Wendel fidgeted pondering how she was going to get back down to a cuddling size. The answer came to her even if she didn't understand why she knew it. "Ready for a crash course in conversion of mass?"

Wes blinked, watching Wendel place both hands atop her head. Her snout twisted with great effort as she pushed down on herself. The lizard's inflated body creaked louder from the strain only to suddenly collapse in on itself. Wes' jaw dropped watching her shrink in short bursts with her pushes.

BWOOMPH!

Of course, the air he'd puffed into Wendel had to go somewhere. After she'd shaved off a foot or two the swell of her bodice surged out in a rush that would have obliterated the corset supporting them normally. Instead, the tops were stretched tight and firm over what looked like two very buoyant beach balls. A fluttering in the skirts back implied to Wes the same effect also expanded the monster girl's fantastic ass.

And that wasn't the only thing filling out, the human realized. Across Wendel's stomach the bodice became folded into patterned creases over was clearly a six pack of abs. Similar bulges formed in the gloves over her puffing forearms, with biceps plumping into thick holiday hams in green scales. Even her neck bulked a little wider with extra strength to support her smug expression. When she was done, the bride was back to her original looming, cuddle friendly, size with the muscles to put demi-gods to shame.

Sqk! Sqk! Sqk! Sqk! Sqk! Sqk!

"Now this isn't half bad!" Wendel fleshed a few poses, turning to show off the many ridges formed along her beefy exposed back of her dress. Now her voice came out exclusively deep and masculine in stark contrast to her bloated female assets. The silent, but stiff, rise in Wes' pants was signal enough for his approval. She tried to ignore the near constant squeaking coming from between her legs as she pondered other ways to show off. "For my next trick, how about we... oh my!"

SCHROOOING!!

A little something between Wendel's legs couldn't withstand the remaining air pressure any longer. Under the loud declaration of a springboard sound, the front of her skirt shot up in a stiff acute angle that put Wes' to shame. She yelped and tried pushing it back down, only for the enormous three-foot tent to wiggle out of her grasp with a loud squeaking like more inflated balloons. The mere contact had her biting her lower lip from a rush of pleasure, which caused the tent to rise another foot longer.

"Cooooo!"

Wes' sudden declaration brought Wendel's struggles to an awkward pause with hands grasping at the skirt bulge. She didn't think a human could get any more excited, but he looked ready to start bouncing in place with that happy flustered face. Any sense of shame washed away with a devious grin showing off the bridezilla's dazzling fangs.

"Well? Don't just stand there. **Help me wrangle this thing.**"

He didn't need a second invitation. Wes practically swan dived onto Wendel's dress placing hands over hers to give them a loving squeeze on her bulge. His face became buried inside the canyon of her expanded cleavage in their excitement.

* * *

Rayna the wolffess leaned on the doorframe into Wendel's apartment side of the floor she shared with him. The occasional snapping of her gum worked with the frequent typing of the keyboard at a desk across the room.

"So," she said after feeling ignored long enough. "These bridezillas got you back safely then?"

"Uh huh." Wendel barely paused in her keystrokes. She was trying to write out the experience only an hour after those dumb aliens had gotten the real Wendelina transformed and shipped over. A desk chair had been pushed over onto the floor as her size allowed for sitting a fat rear on the floor and still required hunching over to view the monitor. At least the wedding dress still allowed itself to be changed into a simple t-shirt and vest with cotton skirt. Although it was impossible to get rid of the regal stylized patterns or the tent-like thickness of said skirt.

"Did they say when they'd be changing you back then?" Rayna peeked downward a bit distracted by the swishing of the long green tail jutting out of Wendel's backside. The urge to pounce that spiked appendage was really strong.

"They said it'd be a week or two until their gene nanites got out of my system. They even let me keep the dress, although I don't ever want to wear it for a real wedding."

“Pity. You’d make a great wife someday.” A warning growl only made the wolf’s grin widen. “So, what’s got you all grumpy? Was the guy a creep?”

“Nah! He was a total sweetheart and I miss him dearly.” That time Wendel did stop for a moment with a longing, deep sigh. Literal cartoon hearts shown reflected in her eyes before a head shake brought her back into focus. “No. It’s because they screwed me out of the payment.”

“Um...” Rayna’s eyes glanced at the huge sack spilling bills across Wendel’s bed. “They underpaid?”

“No! They paid in the currency of their home planet.” Wendel’s pained groan turned into a monstrous roar that shook the windows. It was ended by her slamming snout first into the desk where she let herself relax for a minute.

Rayna, however, wasn’t keen to let them chill. “Well, since PayPal isn’t available in another solar system, would you be interested in some porno shoots for my studio? A beefed-up kaiju girl with an interchangeable outfit could bargain some great pay. Doubly so if your junk is really that big under the ballgown.”

There was silence for a long time before Wendel slowly turned to finally stare at her. The look on their tired scaly face was the true warning sign that got Rayna backing out the doorway.

“I’ll let you think about it, babe!”

Wendel remained staring at the empty for a minute until she was finally convinced his hyper horny roommate had actually left. Then the typing for her next zine reports resumed amidst animal-like grumblings.

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Afterward

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