

It had been so many years since last she set foot on those grounds that, for a moment, Carla felt genuinely displaced in time, as if entering her old highschool had also transported her close to a two decades into the past; already her old instincts flared up, and if not for her having her husband by her side, she might've done something to genuinely embarrass herself out of sheer habit, even if said habits hadn't been used in so long that the vixen had no clue where she got them from to begin with. Thankfully, all it took was a short glance aside and a quick nod, along with a mutual smooch to the forehead, for the two vulpines to get back on track; they had a reunion to get to, after all.

Carla had originally wanted to refuse the invitation. Her highschool years weren't some of the best memories she had, and the last thing the vixen wanted to do was potentially risk meeting face-to-face with some of the people who made that part of her life so miserable just because puberty hadn't been as nice to her. Granted, that was a problem that fixed itself (and how!) in time, but there was always that tiny voice in the back of her head letting Carla know that the moment she came face to face with her tormentors, her whole body would shut down.

Or would it? It was easy to assume that, much like with her coming into the highschool grounds, her seeing people she hadn't been with for nearly twenty years would awaken long-forgotten automatic responses, transforming her back into the scared little kit who could barely lift her bags without having to nervously look around for anyone trying to shove them onto the ground. It was just as easy to believe that the same people would still be able to push her around with minimal effort, despite the changes she'd undergone in the intervening years, just as it was almost depressingly easy to believe that they themselves hadn't changed at all.

Perhaps she was being unfair to them; it *had* been nearly twenty years after all, so surely that was enough time for them to realize how much of a bunch of dicks they had been in highschool and grow out of that phase, maybe even find someone just like Carla herself did (or not, if that was their preference). Besides, now that she thought about it, why *was* she worrying? After what her body had gone through in the two decades since, the last thing the vixen had to worry about was being made fun of for being a pipsqueak, doubly so when she had that gorgeous hunk of a man Roberty by her side; the two together, in one room, were sure to attract attention and dominate the space, regardless of whoever might be there... a suspicion confirmed when the couple walked up to the front door and met with the security guard hired to man the entrance for the night.

The wolf was tall, as was to be expected from someone in that line of work. He was also *quite* broad, enough that he'd probably have issues going through doors without doing so at least somewhat sideways; the musculature on him was enough to give anyone pause, and no doubt the man cost a pretty penny to hire, at least judging from the fact that he seemed to belong to a reasonably prestigious security firm, going by the patch on his shoulder. All in all, a sight to

intimidate anyone who might have less than wholesome intentions, and most likely a deliberate attempt by whoever organized the event to make sure that whoever came in knew that they had the money to splurge out on that kind of security.

It was therefore with a great deal of pleasure that Carla politely asked that her husband stand back, then stepped forward herself. The poor guy at the door had been looking at the new arrivals since the moment they crossed the front gate, wondering to himself if what he was looking at *was* indeed true, or just some trick of the light, maybe even some localized phenomenon that warped one's perspective of others at a distance. It was only when the vixen stood right in front of him, about three feet taller and with tits that could each hold his entire body if he just curled up inside, that the wolf accepted the truth as it was given to him.

He gulped, not knowing what to do. At no point was he informed that the reunion was expecting someone like *that*; not that there was any sort of size code, but usually his employer was decent enough to inform him whenever he had to take precautions for extra-large individuals, who, unsurprisingly, required a great deal more effort to take down if necessary. Thus, when he stood there, staring at those body-sized mammaries attached to a vixen that was quite literally too tall to fit into the door behind him, to say nothing of how those hips and ass would most certainly end up wedged in even if she tried... well, he was certainly aroused, that's for certain; he just had no idea how to handle it productively.

"Carla Dennings, I'm here with my husband, Robert?" the vixen commented, not so much asking as she declared her presence, "This *is* where the class of '03 is meeting for a reunion, yes?"

"... o-oh, yes, yes!" the wolf blundered over his own words, suddenly remembering what he was supposed to be doing as he scrambled to fetch the guest list from the clipboard on his belt, "Carla Dennings, Dennings... r-right, yes, hum, yes, you're here, but..." - the security guard trailed off, slowly giving the vixen a once-over, all the way from her paws to the top of her head; at the very least, having a practical problem to consider focused his attention enough for him to remember how to speak - "We weren't informed that someone of your... *caliber*, was coming tonight. I'm afraid we haven't had time to install a proper door?"

"Oh, that's no issue, there are double-wide ones in the back," Carla replied, dismissively waving her hand before turning to face the fox behind her, "come on Robby, I'll show you the bleachers on the way there."

The implication was obvious, leaving the poor wolf guard with his pants even tighter, even more so when he took the time to look at the absolute *beast* of a vulpine that was the vixen's husband, his own sexual preferences put in a state of precious balance once the canine realized

just *how* massive the other male was as well. Thankfully, such concerns were no longer relevant for the couple of giants walking around the main building; *they* had better things to worry about, like earmarking a particularly nice spot for after they were done entertaining Carla's old friends, that they might give those bleachers their intended use.

Somewhere in the distance, music was playing, the same one that almost continuously hounded the vixen's ears whenever she had to suffer through her coworkers "putting something on the radio", as they liked to call it. Trashy, mindless, certainly soulless and lacking in anything resembling artistic integrity, it was the most perfect possible choice for a group of people whom Carla recalled as being so flagrantly vapid that it was almost comical. That nothing had apparently changed in nearly two decades, at least going by the choice in music, was unsurprising... though, perhaps, she was still being unfair.

Such thoughts vanished the moment Carla heard the shrill, unfortunately unmistakable voice of one of her teenage rivals, for lack of a better word; that *bitch* certainly never thought of herself as anything other than the queen bee, whereas the then-smaller vixen had always seen her as this great obstacle to be overcome if they wanted to experience even a semblance of peace and quiet. Just being able to walk through the school's corridors without having names and appellations thrown at her would've been nice, and now, nearly twenty years later, Carla indeed found herself transported back to those early days, where she was young, defenseless, and unable to stand up for herself... but not anymore.

"Uh-oh, I know that smile," Robert piped up, "honey, *please*, it's been so long, you're not really gonna cause a scene just to one-up some bint who was mean to you in highschool, are you? They're not worth the trouble."

"Oh, I know they're not," Carla replied, licking her lips at the thought of what she was about to do, "which is why I'm just gonna... walk in. You know, introduce myself, show myself around, say hi, say hello, maybe loom over a couple of folks, you know the drill."

The fox sighed. There was nothing he could do at that point, not when his wife had set her mind to it; granted, it was precisely this sort of bullheaded determination in the face of reason that brought the two together in the first place, but sometimes he wished that Carla wasn't so eager to impose herself on everyone like that, especially in social gatherings where people weren't used to seeing people as big as they were. It was bad enough when folks were *expecting* them, which, if the wolf by the door was any indication, was absolutely not the case there.

The closer they got to the reunion, walking 'round the corner of the highschool's main building and towards the extra-wide back doors, the clearer the voices became. Carla remembered them, in the sense that they sounded like what she expected those voices to sound

after nearly twenty years of, presumably, complaining about wanting to see the manager. It was a stroke of good luck that the party itself was actually being held outdoors, on a series of large tables set up with snacks that looked like they'd been purchased from the nearest convenience store in bulk; not that anyone would have it any other way, as it'd almost be a waste if any effort was actually put into something as dumb as a highschool reunion.

It was there that the vixen saw them: the exact same people who she remembered giving her so much trouble in the past, the same clique of girls, now women, whose apparent sole purpose in life was to walk around acting like they owned wherever place they were at by sheer virtue of being themselves. Their presence alone was enough to make her blood boil, fear turning to rage once she heard what they were actually talking about... and how they'd almost surrounded some poor guy who looked like he wanted to be anywhere else but there.

“Oh, I *bet* you've been to a lot of conventions, darling,” one of the queen bees mused aloud, “just not ones you'd like to tell mom and dad once you come back home to their basement!”

A juvenile insult, and yet for whatever reason it was enough to get the whole group to laugh, much to the consternation and obvious irritation of just about everyone else around them; closer inspection revealed that the racoon they were making fun was Samson, who Carla remembered as being the artsy kid from way back in the day. Just as chubby as before, extra adorable now that he had glasses that actually fit him properly, and so outside of his element that as soon as he looked up and saw the vixen approaching, the sight of a body like hers was secondary to the fact that it being there would serve as a distraction, letting him slink away in the ensuing wave of shock.

And what a shock it was! Really, the only thing left was for the music itself to stop, as if it too was so surprised by Carla's transformation that it simply had to stare for a few seconds in order to recompose itself; as for everyone else, watching the vixen walk around the corner like it was the most natural thing for her to do caused enough of a stir that even the wildest and most inappropriate of comments were left stuck in people's throats, a blanket of silence falling over the crowd as Carla sashayed towards Samson, wanting to put an hypothesis to the test.

Surely, if everyone was so *stunned* to see her, they'd be *too* stunned to react when she more or less bent over the table separating her from the annoying clique, her tits creating enough strain that the plastic didn't so much *bend* as it *snapped*, sending all the snacks on it careening onto the floor, all while Carla herself collapsed along with it... only to still end up at head height with the racoon, despite the fact that she'd fallen forwards onto her tits. Colossal beanbags for her to lie on, or perhaps a means for her to tease everyone within visual range with just how huge they were? Both, really, as Robert knew full well; he could barely stop himself from breaking out into hysterical laughter as he saw his wife “scramble” to get back on her feet, all while apologizing

profusely for getting her “sweater puppies” in the way, of course doing so in such a way that she caused the maximum amount of jiggle.

“Really, it’s impossible to walk around with these without causing a scene,” Carla mused, surreptitiously hooking her arm around Samson and gently pulling him away from the tormenting harpies, not-so-coincidentally stuffing his face directly into her cleavage, “anyway, sorry for that, carry on!”

And with that, she was off, walking back to her husband with the sort of natural at-ease attitude that one would expect from a completely unassuming party guest, rather than someone who *literally* crashed into the celebrations in the lewdest way possible. Really, it was a wonder she even managed to keep herself from breaking out into hysterics before reaching her husband’s side, at which point she relinquished her hold on the racoon and let him emerge from within marshmallow, gasping for breath and sweating like a hog all the while.

“Sorry about that,” the vixen told him, genuinely sincere that time around, “I figured it’d be on-brand; plus, it got them off your back, so...”

“N-No, no, it’s... it’s fine, really,” Samson rapidly blurted out, readjusting his glasses in order to get a better look at the person he just escaped from... and then taking notice of the hulking giant next to her, looking at him like one would stare at a particularly funny comic strip; suddenly, the racoon felt *very* tiny, even more so than usual, “fuck me, Carla, what *happened* to you?!”

“Second puberty,” she instantly replied, not even remotely taking offense at the choice of words, “then third. Then I met Robert here and it turns out we were both conditional growers; I’ll let you fill in the details yourself.”

Samson’s face went red almost *immediately* after this was said; the implication was obvious, given the sort of bodies the couple sported (and what Robert in particular had very clearly between his legs), but for Carla to just *say it* was somehow too much for the poor guy to handle. Stumbling over his words, the racoon began picking at his glasses, taking them off and putting them back on several times before saying something about ironing his shirts and walking off towards the rest of the partygoers, before vanishing into a side door. For Carla, this was proof positive that her plan had worked: simply showing up and imposing herself was *more* than enough... at least, for people to react the way she wanted them to.

Now that *that* was proven, it was time for her to have some fun at the expense of those who robbed her of it so many years prior. It was one thing for her to accomplish the bare minimum, but now that she had the chance to do so much more, she wasn’t going to let it slip between her

fingers; didn't take long before she was back in front of the clique, who all looked so depressingly tiny when next to her, all of whom were stuck staring upwards at a statuesque vixen of such immense size that their faces, too, began growing red, even if the smaller women tried their best to hide it by looking away... all while their eyes kept veering towards Carla anyway.

No words were exchanged. None were needed, after all, just the knowledge that one person was bigger than everyone else, and the realization that this one just happened to be the unfortunate tiny gal whom the others had spent their highschool years tormenting for no real reason. Thus, all Carla had to do was stand there, and let her own size do most of the work for her; no point trying to come up with fancy strategies for how to maximize her enjoyment, when really, just *standing* and being so massive that she could probably fit the whole clique in her tits with space to spare was... enough. It satisfied her, and thoroughly so, in a way that was almost supernatural in how *good* it felt.

Hell, everyone else around her seemed to think the same, at least once they got past the initial shock and realized what was happening. None of them particularly enjoyed having to listen to a bunch of overgrown drama queens who never went past highschool mentality, so for Carla of all people to show up and put them in their place through sheer presence alone was the kind of cosmic justice that one could only dream of. And as for the vixen herself, she wasn't anywhere *near* done; she had years of bullying to make up for, after all, and while she wouldn't be so mean as to be outright abusive like her new victims had been, she certainly wasn't going to go easy on them. They *did* have a whole night, after all.

“Would you like to meet my husband~?”