

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #40

By

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## Xili's Self Service Towing

The bright green car was hard to miss among the backdrop of brown sand and dull green plant life. Not to mention any motorist could clearly see it's hood popped open and the white flag of distress tied to its antenna. Which is why it sucked when the truck didn't even slow down on its way past.

"You son of a..." Desmond dashed into the road waving his arms way too late to matter. Uttering more curses, his black furry paw foot kicked a rock on his way back into the driver seat. "I really hate people."

"Well, Brenna's not happy you got her car stranded either," Xilimyth said with a lazy wag of her cheetah tail. She looked surprisingly comfortable taking up the back seat, despite having to scrunch her knees under her basketball sized breasts. It must be a cat thing. She never bothered to meet Desmond's dirty look while finishing a tweet on her cell phone. "My battery is at twenty percent too. Didn't you call a tow truck?"

"Yeah, but it'd be nice to get to a gas station or somewhere with food." Desmond ran a hand through his jet-black hair before catching another thought. "And the brake fluid hose wore on its own. There's no way I could have done that."

"Funny how often you say that and the poom finds contrary proof anyway."

"Is she still mad about my orca-cougar experiment? SeaWorld paid us a mint for those showings." Desmond felt his butt vibrate and pulled his own phone out of a back pocket. The dejected groan that came from opening his messages made Xilimyth's ears curl back. "And my credit

cards won't go through so our pick up turned around. How nice of them to leave people stranded halfway over."

"Awesome," Xilimyth mewed softly. Letting out an overdramatized groan, she rolled into a sitting position and exited their car.

"Where are you...whoah!"

"I'm walking us home, damn it," Xilimyth explained in the process of removing her T-shirt. The sight of her breasts bouncing out in their tight custom bra had a way of taking her roommates breath away. She kicked off her shoes and wiggled out of her jeans as well, tossing everything into the back seat before slamming the door. Ironically the warm June sun felt nice on her half naked form. "We got better things to do and I'm not going to just sit on a highway all day."

"Y-yeah, I mean, wait, what!? You can't just grow to solve all your problems!"

Xilimyth stretched out her arms and draconic wings shaking off the backseat cramps. She flashed a devious grin over to Desmond, making a show of flexing her athletic bicep into its adjoining boob. "Why not?"

The slight drop of blood oozing out Desmond's nose was her desired reward. "...even so, Brenna will just get even more upset if you handle her car like some Hot Wheels."

"Oh pssh! She knows I'm careful with her toys."

"You know you could probably flag down a dozen cars just staying like this?" Desmond tried to glance away but couldn't resist going back to watching Xilimyth stretch. Something about the yellow and black spots made wonderful decorations on her muscular figure.

More so when said muscles twitched and expanded.

“Mmmpph!” Xilimyth purred with a blissful smile. Arms wrapped around in a self-hug while her bare feet pulsed larger, digging up mounds of sand around them. Her shins popped and lengthened behind them, followed by thighs, hips, torso. A systematic rush of explosive growth traveled up her body making every part noticeably bloat. “This is more fun!”

“Uh huh!” Desmond said, too dumbstruck watching Xilimyth’s ears expand with an almost toon stretching sound. The process reversed itself making the cheetahs head swell before shoulders popped and breasts bulged tightly, starting to overflow their cups. By the time her clawed toes blipped into rounder meatballs she was already looming over the car maybe a dozen feet tall.

The purring got louder both from Xilimyth’s joy and her rapidly growing stature. She could see it having an effect on Desmond’s face and wanted to milk every second of it. Toes clenched at the ground before her feet dug out an even deeper mound of dirt. She turned on thickening legs stretching out her wings and raising her tail, just in time for Desmond to see the ripple fill her butt drastically wider.

Ignoring the blubbering gibberish of a flustered roommate, Xilimyth continued her turn like this teasing display was almost practiced. Arms traveled up the Deeping ridges of her abs to cup the underside of bulging breasts. The ripple hit them right on the mark, pushing flesh between her fingers like a marshmallow while pressing down the cups of a ridiculously looking small bra. She chose to keep her underwear on specifically for this bit of fun.

It was especially cute when Desmond gawked at the cheetahs exposed pink nipples before promptly turning away. There was no way to hide his burning red face, or that tent in his pants, but the effort always felt commendable.

“Why do you always act like you don’t love this?” Xilimyth said, shaking her hips into another rush of fatty muscled expansion. Her voice carried a resounding boom across the rocky desert terrain while creeping past twenty feet tall. Shame that was about all her panties and bra could take before snapping off. It would have been fun forcing Desmond to help remove them.

“When did you suddenly become a dom?” Desmond counted with a childish raspberry. The playful banter knocked a bit of cognitive fashion back into him, and he was always eager to fire some back.

Xilimyth shrugged, her tail growing so long it twitched across both highway lanes. “When my only other option became waiting six hours in the middle of nowhere. It’s not like I’m going to smash through buildings...again.”

“Thank god for the little favors, huh?” Desmond jumped from the driver seat, slamming the door with his extra-large squirrel tail. “For someone in a hurry you seem to be dragging this ou-woooow!”

Just as another ripple struck, Xilimyth stepped forward, sending her expanding foot paw into Desmond’s chest. He landed in a painful thump on his back suddenly having thick cat pads pressing down on his lungs. A second later the woman’s toes wiggled and thrust into his face ballooning to the size of basketballs.

“H-heeey!”

“Just shush, you grump,” Xilimyth said before letting out a mew that sounded like thunder with the natural acoustics. Wings flapped a few times generating larger gusts in their widening spread. Hands continued playing with her breasts as they billowed out a few seconds behind growing fingers. “If we have to do this then it’s going to be fun.”

After that all Desmond saw were the pink pads and soft fur of Xilimyth's toes inflating around and over his face. Most of her paw snapped and widened to encompass the tiny squirrel's skinny body as she finally stopped growing an even thirty feet tall. Thankfully she was taking great care with her seismic change in weight, wiggling toes so their squishy pads teased at Desmond face.

It was all Desmond could do to catch a breath between two digits big enough to crush rocks. Only bits of light flashed through the space of Xilimyth's teasing foot grind. Her paw pads were softer than foam pillows and the fur made for an almost cozy cover. Shame the ground were shoving sand and rocks into very uncomfortable places with Desmond's shifting. Trying to yell out for mercy only got mouthfuls of toe fur while hands grabbed blindly at the big pad on the paws base.

"Gah hahahaha!!" Xilimyth recoiled back pausing her macro abuse for a second. It confused Desmond for a moment that she would suddenly laugh so hard until there came an echoing of, "Stop that Dessy, it tickles."

Seems like after years together Xilimyth didn't know better about her roommate yet. The frantic grabbing and squeezing resumed in earnest across her paw pads, with Desmond mashing his face against her toes for good measure.

"BAH HAHAAHAH! NO! NOOOO!! MWAHEHEHEHE!!"

Xilimyth's laughter pierced through the air causing everything not weighed down to shake violently. Wings flapped frantically out of sync while she hopped around on one foot generating a dense cloud of dust. It was a struggle to keep balanced without jerking her in a way that pulverized Desmond into paste under her paw. On one hard hip shake the cheetah's spotted tail sent a whole row of bushes flying into the nearby hills.

"WHOOOP!"

THWOOMPH!

Eventually even a cat loses their balance. Xilimyth relentless backwards taking her foot paw off Desmond. Unfortunately, she could not catch herself in time and landed with a bang on her soft butt.

'Bang' is a bit of a light term for the effect Xilimyth has on her surroundings. She could actually feel herself sinking upon landing. The entire high brock into a crumbling mess with a very ass-shaped sink hole visible when she stood again. Even worse was when she saw Brenna's car hop several yards into the air and land in a series of broken metal noises.

"W-what was that?" She asked sheepishly.

Desmond sat up following her gaze to their vehicle. His pointed ears could pick up the sound of something hissing, the tires visibly sunk far back against their fenders. "Pretty sure that was all four struts breaking at once."

"Ah crap!" Xilimyth wobbled around the broken road, absently dusting bits of pavement off her backside fur. "Now she's going to be justifiably mad."

"Don't worry, I'll pay her back for it." Desmond gave Xilimyth's foot paw a reassuring pat when it landed close. Attempts to kiss a toe elicited another involuntary giggle from Xilimyth, making him dart away sheepishly.

"On a freelancer's pay rate? You should be careful hun." Xilimyth sunk into a squat carefully picking up the broken car with both hands. "Keep owing us stuff, the poom and I are going to end up owning your soul."

"I could learn to enjoy that."

Xilimyth shot him a look, grinning to find the little punk was ogling her hanging chest. Her mounds swung wider than the hills around them threatening to drag across the road in her position. "Let's just get home. You want to ride on my head or in my chest?"

The question surprisingly gave Desmond something to think over. "I better get on your gorgeous purple hair. I've been smothered by enough awesome soft things for one day."

"Whatever dork!" Xilimyth stuck her tongue out patiently waiting for the squirrel to climb up her massive form. It was kind of cool to watch the way he clambered up using the bulged of her muscles as footholds. Within seconds she felt his minor weight setting between round cheetah ears, one of which twitched from a delightful fur scratching. "Okay. Hang on now."

With that the giant cheetah rose to her full height. Wings helped cast a long shadow over the disaster of upturned plant life and destroyed highway around them. The pair knew there was little they could do in terms of repairs, so silently began the walk home. Each of Xilimyth's footfalls generated small tremors often leaving a series of cracks in the softer bits of earth. Even the rich curves of her body shook about in their naked glory, making Xilimyth glad they had miles to go before reaching a city dwelling audience.



## Devsie's Booster

Another dang fog rolled in with the early morning sun. This town would be a lot more enjoyable if one could see most of it. Assuming proper attire was taken into account for the frosty chill that persisted through the winter months.

Devsie certainly had an effective outfit, including gloves and a scarf, but he still wasn't that eager to head outside. It took a lot of stalling around the house and self-prompting before the Shiba Inu finally stepped through the door. A deep huff through thick dog nostrils made visible steam exclude briefly before his eyes. That got him to crack a smile. Once he was actually moving about everything became a lot more enjoyable. He was already going a week sitting around doing nothing outside work. There were only so many times the weather could be an excuse before lack of activity started turning his average frame into a pear shape.

Thank the gods he didn't have to stretch out his legs in snowfall. The weather never got bad enough to warrant buying thick boots, while at the same time making Devsie lament the occasional years of roughing it in sneakers. Within the first block of the walk, it no longer mattered. The dog's increased body heat helped even out what chill his thick clothes couldn't cover.

The first mile or so took Devsie through a scattered neighborhood before reaching a trail. A pair of foxes were already walking their dog and waved while he passed in the opposite direction. It was around that time he fished out earbuds and fired up his Spotify playlists to begin the walk proper.

Getting out of town and into a semi-wooded area barely took more than minutes at a leisurely pace. Surprisingly very few others were daring to venture out into stale cold air. Devsie didn't really think about it too much. Less people to witness him shake his tail to the bop of high energy songs like a complete dork.

Another mile or so past when the Shiba inu half walked, half danced into his favorite part of the forest; its majestic lake. A large part of it was walled off thanks to housing, but it still had a nice public dock side for people to relax or pitch a boat for fishing trips. His routine was usually the

former. No one else seemed interested in visiting even this place at such an early hour so he picked one of the two piers and thumped across its thick wood to the benches built in at the ends.

A grunt escaped tight muzzle lips thanks to the chill that assaulted his tush upon sitting down. Devsie slowly eased his weight back letting his legs take a much-needed rest. Yeah. The second you stop working out it aches like taking twenty steps back. At least the fog coating over a still water surface gave a tranquil view to get lost in. Every now and then ducks would break the silence with an off quack or splashing water.

The bottle underneath Devsie's seat would have almost gone unnoticed if his heel hadn't accidentally knocked it over. Making unexpected contact with something solid jerked the doggo from his thoughts. Curiosity had him yanking out the earbuds before twisting for a better look. Rolling out from under the bench was a long-necked flask about the size of a single serve soda. That clearly wasn't its contents as a bright green liquid seemingly glowed with an unearthly feel sloshing in the morning sunlight.

Now that's something one doesn't find on a daily basis. The dog's fluffy tail began wagging again as he scooped up the find with an eager grin. Some scraps remained stuck to the glass barely indicating a label had been torn off. Only a single word 'booster' remained legible, although it was clear by the signs this was a potion.

Another quick glance around confirmed the dog anthro was still alone out on the lake. Or as alone as he could see in this dumb fog. A glass of magic brew was uncommon and rarer to just be discarded like this. Devsie would even argue it was better than finding a lost twenty-dollar bill, depending on what it did.

And there was only one way to find that out. Only a few seconds were spent considering the safety issues before Devsie was wrestling the cork out. It was a boosting potion, after all. There were only so many ways that could result in something lethal. Worse case it'd make his day more interesting.

Despite the presence of ether, the glowing liquid touched Devsie's tongue without any flavor. The dog rarely could afford to chug a potion in this economy, so wasn't sure if that was a normal property. Still, it filled his muzzle with a warm creamy consistency like hot chocolate even though it had been sitting in thirty-degree weather for who knows how long. He guzzled the whole bottle before realizing it. The warm tingle of magical

energy remained on his canine lips no matter how many times he licked them.

There was a trash can back at the shore line so Devsie took this as his signal to start the walk back home. Just because someone else left their stuff laying around didn't give him an excuse to be irresponsible. With that out of the way he started back down the trail with a lot more bounce to his step than when he arrived, which was saying something. It wasn't an effect of the potion either. He was just excited to see what about him would become boosted.

It turned out to be a short wait. The lake wasn't even out of view when it felt like Devsie's shoes were clamping down on his feet. A rush of painful pinching sent the dog stumbling against a nearby tree for balance, his legs rocked with strong tingles that poured into his feet. It only got worse with each passing second, but bending to remove the confining coverings only left him flabbergasted by what was happening down there.

"O-oh!?" Devsie straightened out unsure if touching the pulsating shoes was safe. While the tension continued to build inside his feet for some unseen purpose, the synthetic fibers squeezing around their flesh swelled and contracted in a rapid rhythm. Each recession left them a little bit larger until the seams roared in protest trying to hold together enormous shoe balloons.

Just as the dog worried his toes might get squashed, they decided to resolve the problem directly. Two loud tears echoed through the trail as Devsie witnessed his shoes violently pop open. His jaw dropped at the sight of his plump digits wiggling free, too dumbstruck to appreciate the incredible sense of relief such destruction brought. They had swollen into little balloons of their own, each easily the size and near perfect shape of golf balls. Blunt black claws grew just as freely to complement their new size, scrapping their tips across the pavement.

A panicked bark escaped the dog as he realized they weren't stopping, either. Now free of the tight confines, his feet were stretching with seemingly increased vigor. Within moments the torn soles were buried by an avalanche of bulking extremities. What remained of the shoes clung around Devsie's ankles only serving to display how ridiculously useless they'd become.

"N-not the enhancement I-I-I was expecting," he mused in an effort to calm his nerves with some kind of vocal noise. By the time his feet stopped swelling not even clown shoes would have a hope of covering them. They

stretched at least a full meter across the forest trail, while being nearly that wide across the softball rounded toes. This latter fact forced Devsie into an awkwardly semi-waddle after the first experimental steps from his support tree.

“Nmmph?” He still tried to tear his wrecked shoes off, only for the tingling to overtake his hands. Devsie held them up to his face watching individual fingers give involuntary twitches. “Crap! It’s not over!?”

The potions effects responded by making the dog’s hands clench before releasing in a surge that doubled their size. A moment later pressure welled up like a water balloon that doubled their size again. While unexpected, Devsie couldn’t help being fascinated as he wiggled fingers thicker than bread loafs, tipped with the same overgrown claws as his bloated feet. He even admired how the paw pads in his palms looked large and soft like pillows. Hell, these monstrosities could easily smother a person’s whole head.

Suddenly the dog wished some of his friends were on this walk so he could do just that.

Then again, having bare feet on the cold ground made heading home feel like a great idea. Covering several times the normal surface made Devsie’s spine shudder with each wide step. It looked like nerves had grown with everything else. He was just glad the potion wasn’t making the weight of his extremities proportionate to their cartoonish size.

About halfway home was when Devsie spotted something he wasn’t hoping for. Another person was out for their morning walk coming the opposite direction. A tigress with her snout buried in a cell phone and ear buds, specifically. There were far worse situations to be caught in, but he wasn’t keen for the predictable exchange incoming.

Sure enough, when the woman got within a few meters their feline senses seemed to realize the presence of another person nearby. She glanced up for only the half second needed to make sure they weren’t on a collision course before returning to the small device in her hand without any gesture of greeting. It was only when Devsie started to pass side by side with her that something clicked in her mind, causing ears and striped tail to perk.

“Dude! Are you okay?” she asked, coming to an abrupt stop while yanking out an earbud.

The dog shrugged with his giant hands hanging limply on display. "Y-yeah. All good! Just drank a potion I found by the lake. That's all."

"You drank a random potion you found on the ground?" The tigress summarized looking perplexed by his explanation. It quickly turned into a smirk as she scoffed. "Whatever. Weirdo."

She turned too fast to see the annoyed scowl on Devsie's face, but he decided not to dignify the cat's rudeness with a response. Unfortunately, he didn't have a choice when the tingling returned in a sudden intense wave across his pelvis. It tickled every last nerve through his tail right into his private bits. Biting his lip didn't help stifle a pleasurable moan that was very audible in the woodland around them. This got the tigress' attention once again, making her whirl under the assumption of being insulted.

Instead, they were treated to Devsie's spontaneous hip expansion. The panicking canine tried grasping at his sides as if that could somehow halt the magical effects taking hold, but the size of his palms made them difficult to position. He was helpless to do anything except stand there on display for when his butt joined in. The seat of his pants billowed out behind him under a downpour of soft fatty flesh before more trickled down to thicken out his thighs until they pushed him into a permanently broad stance.

'Pear' couldn't even begin to describe the impressive curves that developed out of his lower half. All slack was quickly consumed until the jeans reached their limit. Two loud tears drew attention to Devsie's sides splitting so drumstick legs could get some fresh air. Meanwhile the pressure of hips and ass worked together to push down on the waistband until his soft furry cheeks spilled over it like a rising cake with a tail.

"O-oh geez! Awwooo!"

Things were far from done swelling down there as the tingles converged on his crotch. A pitiful soft howl betrayed Devsie's surge of arousal, unable to use his ridiculous clown hands to hide the distending bulge in his pants. This especially took the tiger lady aback, jaw dropping at seeing a man's balls puff out like balloons. Denim warped and creaked with the zipper snapping apart from the already severe stress it was under. It soon began to resemble the shape of a hotdog the size of an arm. Although with half his dark red, throbbing, manhood poking out from the waistband there was nothing left to the imagination.

Devsie looked from his enormous junk to the tiger while her gaze darted to said junk. They alternated looking from each other to the bloated phallus several times before finally making eye contact. Her expression was a bit more sympathetic as she shrugged in a way of saying 'Yeah. Good luck with this.' before returning to her walk down the trail at a drastically increased speed.

It really made the Shiba inu question society, but it dawned on him seconds later he had no idea how anyone could help in this situation anyway. If anything, he appreciated the lack of being constantly stopped the rest of his waddle home. Not that it stopped people from doing double takes and commenting. Judging by all the phones pointed his way the wobbling bounce of his behind would become a gif on Reddit by this evening.

Actually, getting inside his home proved the worst part of the ordeal. Trying to manipulate a key inside the locks with thick soda can fingers was no simple task. After what felt like minutes of fumbling Devsie was so relieved when the portal to his home finally opened, he rushed to squeeze his expanded frame through.

"OW!"

An effort promptly halted when his nose smacked into the top of the doorframe sending him falling onto his ample cushioned rear. Another whine escaped his muzzle while girthy index fingers gingerly felt for damage. Of course, he'd have grown taller too. Everything stretched out so much Devsie found himself standing several inches beyond the door frame. And he must have bit his lips on the impact too. One plushie finger pad could tell they were getting incredibly swollen.

"W-what the?" He barked only to be surprised by the suddenly higher pitch of his voice. The giant finger remained pressed against the end of his snout feeling the lips pushing back even softer than its pad. Wrestling a bit more carefully through the doorway, Devsie made a beeline for the living room and its large vanity mirror on the wall. "WHOA!"

The poor dog had grown so much his figure really did begin to resemble a cartoon character. He had to hunch to even get his face in the reflection, promptly losing his breath at the exaggerated feminine charm magically plastered on his reflection. Lips were now jutting out in an almost permanent kiss larger than the wax ones from novelty shops and colored a sky light blue, no less. Eyelashes had grown generously long. Devsie could

feel the wind they ruffled whenever he blinked. There was even a brief glimpse of matching blue highlights on the eyelids.

“Haah aah!?”

When the tingles hit one more time across the chest, Devsie could strongly guess what that meant. What felt like a punch from inside his ribcage caused the dog to arch his back with a loud bark. His pronounced pecs surged forward with the motion, stretching out his shirt into two distinctly round protrusions of sensitive soft flesh.

“MMMHH! GAWD!”

Another internal punch didn't give him time to reflect on this, sending his newly sprouted mound double in size to rival his head. Thick erect nipples poked through the thinning cotton thanks to the slack depleting under the mass lifting them. Devsie had just enough time to catch his breath before a final push upgraded his tight melons into full on bean bags. His shirt drew tight around the hem doing nothing to cause heavy creamy fur to spill out from under it. Just before he thought his ribcage might collapse the front tore open letting mammaries drop in such a rich hang that most of his torso became hidden behind them.

“So...nice!” He sputtered as giant hands cupped a breast in each palm. Even with their size he found some difficulty fully grasping their soft marshmallow forms. Brushing fingers over the hubcap sized nipples nearly sent his knees buckling and Devsie quickly plopped onto the couch for a safer position to take in his changes.

The dog's blue bimbo lips curled into a tired muzzle while continuing to massage his boobs. All these rapid changes really took a lot out of him and left everything tender to boot. One hand moved to settle on the bulge of his engorged member, causing it to throb inside the stubborn jeans eager for attention.

“Not bad for a free potion,” he mused in his womanly fresh voice. A few more idle rubs of his nipples and junk quickly turned his fatigue into arousal. “I can't wait to show this off to some friends, but...maybe I should shop for a new wardrobe first...”

## Bus-side Refreshments

Sorsha bolted through the glass doors meowing in panic. Hands clasped tight onto the back of her head trying to protect it from the storm of napkin dispenser, cups, and utensils being thrown her direction.

"And stay out this time, you nudist freak!" The manager threw one more roll of paper towels at the fleeing cat girl before letting the doors slam shut.

Sorsha staggered to a stop several yards into the parking lot making a show of dusting herself off. There was already a spell keeping her perfectly white and pink fur clean of such things, but such acts made her look cute and vulnerable. Unlike when she straightened out her purple cloak and turned to give a raspberry at the doors Dairy Queen logo.

When that got her absolutely nowhere, Sorsha decided to drag her bare paws over to the bus stop for a rest on its bench. Some people really take the 'no shirt, no service' policy really seriously. The cat witch was too much of a free spirit to remember her damn pants every time she ventured out into the world. Today just happened to be a craving for a milkshake turned very sour.

"Uh...e-excuse me? Has the bus come yet?"

"Sorry, I'm not even waiting for the bu... bwah?"

Sorsha glanced up from her fuming and did a double take. Looming over her was a goat that seemed to transcend any traditional meaning of a 'big beautiful woman.' Everything from the neck down plumped out in all the right ways; meaty thick limbs, jiggling spheres in a hefty bra, a perfectly round tummy bulge perfect for resting on, leading into hips that could



shatter doorways. Everything about their existence inverted the cat's mood from grumpy to infatuated in a heartbeat. How it all could fit into conventional clothing was a feat Sorsha was sure needed magic to accomplish.

"Oh? Okay. Sorry." The goat woman walked past unwittingly sweeping her shadow over Sorsha. She had to have been at least seven feet tall, being absolutely giant to the scrawny feline. While they were busy reading the schedule posting for the next bus, Sorsha could not keep her eyes off the way that stubby white tail wagged atop an ass outlined in tightly stretched jeans. "Hmm...still twenty minutes? Ugh, I hate these stupid transfer waits."

"Y-yeah, tell me about it?" Sorsha swallowed when the goat shuffled over to take a seat next to her. Soft hips easily rolled over the hand rests of one seat taking up nearly half of Sorsha's. Not that she minded with the hint of white fur and black stripes that peeked out in the space between shirt and waistband.

"Sorry, they really make these things too small." The goat offered a smile that made her wide-snouted face even more adorable than it already was. It was no surprise in getting her first look at Sorsha that they were just as confused by the cat's lack of clothing as Sorsha was of her ability to wear them.

Asibow the goat quickly realized she was staring at any rate and jerked her head away in a blush. Like most modern-day people, she managed to fish her cellphone out of a back pocket and began passing away the time with a few friendly texts dotted with refreshes on her favorite art posting sites. Nothing really caught her floppy ears attention outside the occasional passing of cars for a few minutes.

At least until she realized the heavy breathing was not coming from her.

"Um," Asibow gave a side glance at Sorsha, who had turned to sit on the bench in a creepy feral style wagging her tail high in the air. "Can I help you?"

"Maybe?" The cat girls mix of blue-green eyes had never left the goat monster since their arrival. Specifically, they were glued to the enormous breasts gently bobbing under the t-shirt with Asibow's breaths. "Can I treat you to a milkshake? I've been craving one all day."

Asibow checked her phone clock. Still fifteen minutes for her bus home. "Ummm...sure, but can you not stare at me when you talk like that? Or at all?"

"Oh, right. Sorry I get lost in thought when I find someone so...beautiful." Before Asibow could consider calling an uber, Sorsha reached out to press her index finger into the goat's muzzle, scrunching the space between the nostrils with a shivering jolt of energy. "Boop!"

"Ack!" Asibow recoiled swatting the hand away. "What the heck is wrong with you? Where are you going?"

"I just want some milkshakes," Sorsha said in a purring undertone. She had uncurled off the bench to walk a few feet outside the bus stops protective both. Leaning against its frame she continued to eye the goat woman with hungry expectations. "I just want to be at a safe distance for them."

Asibow stared cock eyed at this clearly unstable feline and suddenly had some disturbing theories to their nakedness. Trying not to show fear, she snorted and wrinkled her nose disapprovingly again. Unfortunately, it was impossible for her to see the effect Sorsha's button press on her schnoz had ignited. If she could, it might have helped prepare her for how the white of her nose was darkening hues into a warming blue.

As Asibow returned to her phone trying to ignore Sorsha's intent stare, the blue spread like running water across her nose, gaining speed to overtake her muzzle and soon her entire head. Even the short pointy horns became dyed a shade of aqua.

All Asibow ended up feeling was a slight chill under her fine fur as it became increasingly blued. The spreading poured down her neck to continue unseen under her clothes until it reached the exposed areas of her limbs. Teeth began to show in Sorsha's grin as she watched the blue creep up the goat's pudgy forearms, counting down the seconds until Asibow noticed mid-text that her fingers looked a bit off.

"What the fuck?" Asibow held up her meaty paw-hand wiggling fingers to confirm the blue furred extremity was still her own. Eyes grew wider following it down the entirety of her arm finding it just as colorful. With the same hand she tugged at the collar of her shirt, jaw dropping at the enormous balls of blue her bust had become. Then it tugged up the hem to expose her equally changed gut and the fact the recoloring had moved further down into the unmentionable areas inside her pants. "What the FUCK!?"

Asibow dropped her phone leaping to her feet. Kicking off her sneakers allowed just enough time to watch the last bits of her toes curl and darken into little overripe berries. That only confirmed her fear that everything down to her stubby tail had received a new paint job. Quickly adding two oddities together, she whirled her heavy mass upon Sorsha, lips curled in a furious growl.

"What the hell did you do to me?" Asibow tried to take a step toward Sorsha but something felt incredibly off about it. Hips bumped in their usual fashion but she felt a lot more jiggle going on inside them, as if the mass filling her out was constantly sloshing about.

Sorsha shrugged. A grin of smug triumph was etched onto her snout. "Making us some milkshakes, honey. Sorry I have to borrow yours because mine aren't nearly as enormous."

"W-what the hell...oooh?" Another chill sent Asibow's whole body shaking. It was like she had just walked into a freezer despite dressing for the fall weather. Worse was the increasing feeling of hard liquid sloshing around her insides, making all her fatty areas jiggle a lot more than they normally should. "I... oough? I feel weird...so bloated. Wha-Aah!?"

Asibow's blue hands had come to rest on her stomach only to cringe when the pleasantly plump bulge surged against her palms. Shirt and pants rapidly parted in a huge gap, unveiling a rapidly inflating ball of furry flesh with a deepening belly button. At first Asibow tried desperately to hold this growth back only to find her fingers sunk helplessly into the softening surface. Sharp pains in her waist changed focus to quickly undoing the clasp of her belt. Both pants button and zipper promptly snapped from the mounting pressure, allowing Asibow's middle to roll out over her crotch in a low apron. The goat let out a panicked squeal watching her gut expand like she was attached to a fire hydrant, staggering back like she could somehow escape this monstrous growth.

"Nngh!" Whatever was inflating her belly seemed to be running out of room, because it's excess began flowing directly into her hips. Hands whipped around trying to press down her ass, meeting the same unstoppable pushback as her belly. The seat of her pants sunk in sharp jerking motions under the rising of two thick goat buns until her crack in pink panties was on full display. Attempts to tug it back up over her ballooning blue butt only caused the strained seams to be rent asunder, leaving the jeans completely useless.

Another sharp bark of surprise escaped Asibow's muzzle, this attention being drawn to her ample chest. Eyes expanded to horrified dinner plates as she stroked her luscious mounds, trying to shake off the ice-cold sensation seizing their tender fur. She already learned there was nothing she could do when the melons began to expand into pumpkins, and then medicine balls, but she still tried to squeeze and fight them back anyway. With a rapid series of tears her expanding girls created dozens of vertical tears in the cotton until eventually their mass exploded her shirt to shreds, rolling out as two sloshing bags of milky flesh. At least her pink bra

was more versatile stretching around the orbs to accommodate their enormous growth.

"Please...mmhh...s-stop this...aah!" A glance at Sorsha caused Asibow to let out another cry. She had been a little taller before but now she could barely see the cat girl over the crest of her increasingly wider body. Whatever was filling up the goat's body was making her increasingly larger at the same time, already giving her a vantage point over the bus stops roof.

Granted moving was quickly becoming a luxury Asibow's body could not afford. She felt a pop in her waist as it reversed outward, destroying what feminine curves she had left. Arms and legs were getting hard to move with their expansions clogging the individual joints. Pant legs shredded along the sides, peeling off tree trunk thighs that were sinking into the increasingly sphere shape of Asibow's center. She tried to continue pushing in her bloated areas only to find her arms wanting to remain stiffly at her sides until even wiggling her fingers was a chore.

"Just about ready," Sorsha said, licking her lips eyeing the inflating goat woman. The pinkness of Asibow's stretchy underwear was rather appealing on all that blue fur. "Looks like your boob milk is properly chilled."

"My wha...w-wait," Asibow sputtered, finding even the thickness of her face a struggle to properly work. "You're filling me with fucking ice cream!?"

"AND blueberry juice!" Sorsha added sternly. "If I'm going to have my milkshakes, I want a good flavor."

"Of all the shtupid... you phooking khat... w-what ahm I... uhhh... ULP!?"

In a rush the plump cheeks of Asibow's face tripled in size. They became so bulky that her muzzle snapped shut, locked by their pinching

pressure. Eyes blinked rapidly in desperate pleas as she tried many failed attempts to unhinge her jaw. Hands flailed desperately wanting to reach up and help, but they were just as incapacitated; what with only a few inches of forearm sticking out of her otherwise ball shaped body, and still continuing to sink into its expansion.

"Not too bad, eh?" Sorsha purred as she strutted up to the blueberry goat woman.

Within another minute there was little left of the goat woman sitting at the bus stop; now a large ball of blue fur the size of a dump truck in pink panties. A little tuft of tail continued to twitch rapidly on one end, but hands and paws were sunk in too deep to do anything of use, while her muted head had rested low between encompassing shoulder flesh.

Sorsha's affection was on the extremely large breasts so taut they looked glued onto the main ball of fur. She reached up with dainty pink hands to yank down on of the covering bra cup, exposing the engorged nipple. Damn thing had gotten so big it might as well have been a fire hose nozzle. Of course, that was exactly what Sorsha had banked on.

"Now let's see how the final product tastes," She mused to herself since her new friend could only manage quizzical sputtering. With the wave of one hand, she materialized a glass pitcher out of thin air and brought it up to Asibow's frozen nipple. The other clamped around the red nub in a hard squeeze.

Asibow would have cried out in orgasmic pleasure from the feeling of relief if she could so much as move her head. So much cold juice had welled up inside her that even one punch caused a gush of thick liquid to explode out her breast, splashing a bit of Sorsha's chest in blue lactose and filling most of her jug instantly. She blinked in bewilderment watching Sorsha step back into view grinning like a kid. With a playful wink the cat girl threw back the jug, chugging its contents in several deep gulps. Excess ice cream poured off either side of her feline muzzle, further staining her fur with blueberry juice.

"Delicious!" Sorsha declared upon finishing the drink with a loud gasp for air. "I do love when a plan comes together."

Asibow wished she somehow had the ability to move, if only to congratulate Sorsha by rolling her enormous blueberry butt on top of the psychotic cat girl. She was broken out of these violent thoughts but a familiar grinding of many heavy wheels and the hissing of hydraulics. Her eyes went wide in realization as Sorsha looked past the goats round sides curiously.

"Oh, hey! Your bus is here."

## Fynn's Power Trip

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Waiting for an Amazon delivery was always a test of patience. In the dining room of the spacious two story house a lone vaporeon woman barely into her twenties sat staring at the clock. The only movement breaking her near catatonic state was the rapid twitching of one blue finger striking the varnished wood with its manicured black claw.

She remained in this state for over five more minutes before an eevee woman entered from the foyer. They walked right past the vaporeon only mindful of their thick tail and fluke obscuring the route to their family fridge. It wasn't until they poured a glass of orange juice and returned the carton that they turned to eye their younger sister with mild interest.

"Fynn? Have you been waiting here all day?"

The vaporeons finger curled back so she could slam the table with her whole fist instead. "What the hecking good is a Prime membership if rush delivery still ends up late!? This is so ridiculous."

"Yup, this sure is," Trinity said with a disinterested eyeroll. She paused to drink her fruit beverage before going on. "You only ordered that thing two hours ago. Maybe you should go back to your science stuff to pass the time?"

"That's pointless and you know it! I can't complete the experiment without it." Fynn nodded with knowledgeable confidence without ever diverting her eyes from the wall clock. As though everyone already knew all about her frustrations.

Actually there was very little Fynn's family understood when it came to her passion for science and research. They were an exceptional family of eeveelutions, possessing both extreme powers and sexual characteristics, even by anthro pokemon standards. For example both girls wore T-shirts in the double XL range, yet still stretched them out around the chest enough to have the hem raised above their midriff.



This was almost certainly the result of genes passed down the family line. Since practically any pokemon can mate with another they could be part Mewtwo for all Fynn knew. And that was something she really wanted to find out, preferably today.

“Just... remember to stretch or something, okay?” Trinity hid her sarcastic expression behind another gulp of juice. Her sister let them leave with barely a snort of steam from her petite black nose in parting.

Unfortunately Fynn let her concentration waver too long. Now she couldn't stop thinking about how sore her butt was after resting on a stool for an hour. These cheap things were way too small for almost everyone's wide backsides. It was a wonder mom still hasn't changed them for bigger cushions yet.

With a quick pop of her stiff neck, Fynn stepped onto webbed paws taking time to stretch out her arms and tail. Now she was annoyed at having to take her sister's advice and find something to do.

A light snipping of sheers from the backyard drew her attention to the windows. It was hardly a surprise to see a leafeon around Fynn's age tending dutifully to an arrangement of flower beds and berry bushes outside. Summer was Amber's favorite season and she wasn't missing a day to get the most out of the family garden. The fact she always did these chores naked was about the only odd thing. And also why the backyard had high walls.

Fynn shrugged to herself, finding no other options ready. Maybe she could offer some help in calculating the perfect fertilizer compound or the proper distribution of water.

**DING DONG!**

Or her package could finally arrive. Fynn froze mid-step with ear fins raised. A second later she was halfway across the house flinging its front door open with overflowing delight. The startled delivery badger halfway back to their truck didn't have time to finish wishing the vapoleon a good day before the door was slammed closed again.

Fynn's fishy tail fluke slapped rapidly against the carpet all the way back to her laboratory. Both blue arms hugged the freshly acquired brown box tight between her bouncing breasts like the world's greatest treasure.

Once inside her privately sterilized work space, she made quick work on cutting it open and tearing aside lots of airbag wrap.

The useless redundancy of such packaging always amused her. Inside the paper box the size of a tool box was a smaller box composed of solid steel with magnet locks. When Fynn used the provided keys to get those open, there was a containment tube covered in stickers warning about chemical hazards and handling instructions.

Of course, she wasn't excited enough to rip that straight open. Fynn took the time to squeeze inside a special biohazard suit made for her thick curves and tail before taking it into her 'clean cube.' A simple plastic bubble with heavily filtered air flow and sealed entrances. It was a bit makeshift but still both a functioning containment and one of her favorite places to sleep during long work hours.

Last time Fynn unleashed unstable chemicals through the house almost everyone grew a second head and third boob between their already giant mounds. Mom did not care for that at all. Now fairly certain that wouldn't happen again, she carefully took the canister by one arm and opened its lid.

Getting a sharp hiss of released air pressure was a good sign, but it was seeing the three vials still intact that allowed Fynn to relax. Her steady hand extracted them one at a time onto an examining table before discarding the canister entirely. Each tiny glass tube contained the same brown liquid, showing nothing extraordinary worth the vaporeons giddy attention.

That was understandable to Fynn, since few actually knew what raw essence looked like. She had a working theory that all pokemon powers derived themselves from the same generic source, a pool of magic, if you wanted to get supernatural. At this point in evolution with literally hundreds of various species now known, finding even this small amount of blank power was rare and expensive. Her experiment today hinged on exposing her blood to it and trying to split it off into all the different other species her ancestors might have cross bred with.

The whole family was probably going to give her flack for the small fortune spent to get it. A totally acceptable risk if mixing it with the genetic code of her and her sisters helped determine how deep their family history went.

Speaking of which! Fynn shook her head so fast that her neck ring of fins fluttered, a bubbly laugh escaping her slender muzzle. Once again she'd gotten so caught up in the excitement of this experiment's possibilities that her internal exposition overworked itself.

Not that she could calm down now that there were prime reagents secured for use. Getting back out of the containment bubble and hazard suit were a grinding torture on the vaporeons patience. Before long she was running dangerously across the lab to a workstation already set for a first run of blood trials.

Even with eight relatives, convincing one to agree to a needle was hard. That's why she'd already drawn plenty of her own DNA for this. Hopefully if there are some astounding findings in their ancestry the others would be interested enough to play ball. Having a variety of subjects might even discover different lineages. It wasn't like Fynn would cause a disaster with a few drops.

"Hey, Fynn!"

"AAH!"

The jolteon girl, on the other hand, very nearly caused several disasters by speaking only inches away from Fynn's ear flap. Her warm smile immediately explained the epic jump scare had been intentional. At least for a small prank. She hadn't planned for the vaporeon to slam her thick backside into the lab table, toss the vials they were holding into the air so she could catch equipment from falling over, and then twirl in time to grab the vials on their way down.

"Damn, girl! You're a lot more dexterous than you give yourself credit."

"No. Damn you, Sparky!" Fynn huffed, face beat red. She very gently placed her prized samples on the table before addressing the jolteon fully. "The hell are you doing sneaking up on me during an experiment?"

Sparky gave a casual shrug that squeezed her tank top over the enormous boobs filling it taut. One arm promptly outstretched toward Fynn in offering of the Starbucks cup it was holding. "I was getting you coffee like you asked this morning. Because you didn't want to miss your delivery or something."

"Oh, right, um, thanks!" Fynn's anger dispersed in a rush of embarrassment. Staring at the clock for hours on end had somehow made her forget asking her sister for refreshment while out on their own errands. She took the offered cup, forcing a weak smile. "Did you get the..."

"Extra creamers. Yeah." Sparky dug into the back pocket of her cargo pants, producing a handful of little plastic containers. These she happily deposited into Fynn's free hand, which were also placed on the lab table. "Didn't realize you were so engrossed in another mad science thing. You make the most adorable squeak when you're surprised."

"Nyeeh!" Fynn jutted out her tongue in a grumpy raspberry that only made Sparky laugh some more. "You almost ruined a fortune in samples, you know? This could be a breakthrough in our..."

"Family history as we know it." Sparky finished the sentence before drinking from her own coffee cup. It helped hide her amused grin when Fynn turned to glare. "I mean, I wouldn't be surprised if you were part rattata, but... yeek!"

"Out! Out!" Fynn squeaked, barraging her sister with the beanie babies she kept on every table for decoration. Despite causing no damage the jolteon backed away a few feet before marching out the door, a soft elephant bouncing off the back of her head on the way.

"Oi. Sisters." Even with that little prankster out of the lab, Fynn still felt agitated from her near miss. She stared straight at the lab equipment while ripping off the creamer packages one by one and pouring them into her drink.

At least Sparky got the drink home still hot and with the chocolate powdering she liked. She only stirred it twice before chugging the entire cup, savoring each huge gulp sliding down her slender throat. Having the ability to breathe underwater had its perks. Within ten seconds she pulled the empty container away with a satisfied hiccup, taking a napkin from a stack on the table to wipe the run off from her chin. That was just what she needed to get back in a better mood. Now she had a warm fire in her gut and the focus of caffeine for the task at hand. Time to take these vials and...

"Uh... oh...?" Fynn started at the unopened coffee creamer pod in her hand. A glance at the table found the right vials, only with their corks

popped off and no fluid to speak of inside. Her eyes looked from them, to her coffee cup, to the creamer, and repeated the actions several times. Unfortunately no matter how many times she did the math in her head it couldn't come to any other conclusion. "Well, at least the essence was tasty. Uh... UUURRRPP!"

The cup and pod slipped from Fynn's hands while grabbing her muzzle and stomach at the same time. Before she could even blush at the involuntary gas expulsion a fluttering sensation caused her stomach to bubble against her palm. The vapoleon's eyes grew their widest as the fire inside spread into an inferno. Exposed parts of her smooth blue skin became glossy with dense perspiration, making her muzzle hang open in dog-like panting.

"Oh no! This... nnggh... Isn't how I wanted to experiment," Fynn groaned between little twitches across her body. She grasped onto the lab table in an effort to keep steady against the assault. There was no doubt that much essence ingested at once would spread quickly into her bloodstream and then... well, the intended result had been to divide her cells among its potentially many different lineages. Her fishy tail rapidly slapped its fluke against the wooden floor at the prospect.

Heat shot from Fynn's stomach up into her chest, filling the large mounds with unbearable levels of tension. Hands balled into fists against the table as she grit her teeth trying to bear through it. Lord only knows what she'd do if she started exploding into several different species of herself.

**BWOOMP!**

"Um..."

Well, that was certainly not the explosion Fynn's calculations predicted. In the span of seconds her already huge breasts gave a hard shift and surged several inches further from her chest. Gravity shifted the rush of additional mass with a hard bounce that created several tears in a shirt that no longer held any slack. She tried reflexively to pull the hem down with no luck. Over half the sloshing mounds were falling out with part of their deep aqua areolas exposed.

"Nnggh!" The new weight quickly imposed itself on the little vapoleon. She gripped at the table with ample fat squishing between her biceps. The

lowest part of her breasts even settled on the metal table with their increased hang, sending a cold shiver through her spine. "O-okay. I guess t-this could have gone a lot wor-EEERRRRGGH!"

CRRRRRRRKKKLE!

Heat roared up inside the vaporeons center once more, plummeting into her pelvis in a waterfall. Fynn arched her back letting loose a cry of mixed surprise arousal. Tension struck her right side, causing her to bump in time. With a loud crack the adjoining hip stretched out nearly a foot wider. Before she could process this the internal force rebounded into her left side, causing another hard bump and expansion. The button and zipper of her pants broke under the formation of an exaggerated hourglass figure.

FWUB! FWUB! FWUB!

"Mmmpppphhhhh!" Fynn bit her lower lip trying to stifle another moan. This shouldn't be happening by any accounts, let alone feel this good. A second wave of energy plummeted from her gut into her lower half, causing her butt to billow in small surges. Seams creaked and popped until finally failing their containment, letting a bright blue shelf ooze over the waistband. Their gaining weight quickly pushed it down until the vaporeon's whole crack was exposed under a flailing fish tail.

Scientific standards dictated the young vaporeon should have been documenting these spontaneous cases of rapid growth. Yet all she could focus on at that moment was how soft her glutes pressed between exploring fingers. Attempts to pull her pants back up met with similar success as her shirt, essentially sending her backside jiggling in a manner that could be mistaken for twerking.

"Ugh! So glad Sparky left. I don't need 'bubble butt' jokes right now."

A few more tugs on the waistband finally convinced Fynn of her clothes decreasing practical functions. More rumbling from inside her gut alerted the vaporeon that whatever the essence was doing to her was still not over either. Twirling on one heel she set her sights on the emergency medicine cabinet stocked with stabilizing compounds...

"WHOOP!"

TWHOOMP!

...and fell flat on her bloated ass after already forgetting the major increase in her body mass would affect her center of balance. The world spun in different directions thanks to her eyes rotating out of sync. By the time she shook them back into alignment it was already too late. The power fusing with her blood built to its strongest blaze yet, releasing a pulse through her body down to its webbed toes and fingertips.

“HIC!” A wave of dizziness almost knocked Fynn over. Her vision blurred but could still make out the lab shifting in perspective like she was rising above it all. Everything suddenly looked below her eye level in spite of remaining sitting on the floor. It didn’t escape notice that even her heels dragged along the floor with increasing reach for the far wall. “Oh no...”

The vaporeon rolled onto her shaking legs immediately confirming she’d spontaneously grown bigger. Most of the tables had gone from reaching her waist down to her knees. Both shirt and pants clung in tatters around her expanding body, all but destroyed by her increased proportions.

“O-okay, Fynn. Calm down.” The vaporeon brought her hands in front of her, raising and lowering them with the inhale and exhale of air puffing out her chest. A simple breathing exercise that helped her think through many wayward experiments. “I need to try the suppressors. It’s doubtful a simple anti-growth pill can cure this but it might buy me time to-HIC!-mother fu-arrgh!”

There wasn’t any warning build up this time. Fynn had a second to register the heat rushing through her body and was overcome with a sensation of air rushing around her, like in a rapid fall.

**BONK!**

Except her head shot into the ceiling with a very painful rush of growth. Fynn hunched over cradling her cranium amidst a tirade of cursing. The impact shattered several lights and left a deep imprint on the plaster. Thank the legendary gods she hadn’t been standing under a support beam. Still, having gained another three feet of height didn’t help ease emotional tensions.

“HIC!”

**SHRRRTTT!**

Hands clasped atop giant sloshing breasts unable to do anything but hang on. Another hard surge sent her tail slinking through the lab overturning tables with its muscular girth. She could feel the fabric of her clothes vibrate for a few seconds only to completely explode off her body's curves. Everything from boobs to thighs were packing on additional pounds of muscle and fat, with a soft cracking possibly being the addition of bone width to her hips.

**THUNK!**

"...god damn it." Fynn's dejected sigh sent papers on the table below her fluttering thanks to an increased lung power. Even when hunched over her upper back pressed into the ceiling causing more costly damages while she worked her thickened legs into an awkward squat. Looking around the lab led to estimating her height surpassing twelve feet tall. Gods only know how much additional weight her jiggling blue body had gained. "Hic? Oh, no no no!!"

At this rate she was going to demolish the anti-growth countermeasures with the rest of her lab. The feeling of being stretched began overtaking Fynn's body, especially around her arms, legs, and tail, but she ignored those in a mad dash for the door. Her whole spine was put to the test with having to hunch forward as far as it'd curve. Having two huge udders dangling off her chest didn't help with balance much. As long as she wasn't smashing into the ceiling with this next growth spurt everything else could be addressed later.

Ignoring further crashes caused by her expanded fluke thrashing through the lab, Fynn hobbled fast as she could for the doors.

**THWOOMP!**

It was already a tight squeeze no matter how hard she tried to bunch up her limbs. Breasts poured through the door frame only to get stuck squeezed against each other halfway through.

"Frick! Frick! Frick!" Fynn rocked back and forth pushing with all the strength her thunder thighs could manage. The wooden door frame snapped in several places while the walls developed spider-like cracks, but her bust refused to flow through.

Realizing time was a dangerous factor, the vaporeon wedged her fingers around the blue mounds, managing to get a grip on either side of



the stubborn portal. Now she could at least pull and push her fat body at the same time. Sounds of increased structural damage tickled at her ears, although that could have been the plaster raining from above. Slowly but surely she felt her fatty blue skin sliding around the tight archway before finally popping out. At which point her lab's entrance had been widened by a good three feet.

WHOOMP!

"Oh, you gotta be..."

POP!

"...nevermind." Fynn gave a dejected sigh, unable to complain how unintentionally renovating a doorway made it significantly easy to wiggle her bloated rear through it. Anything that worked in her favor at this point was a blessing.

"That's some rowdy experiment you got going on, Fynn!" Sparky's voice tickled the younger eeveelutions ears before they came around the corner. "I can't finish this ham sandwich I got, you want a sna-ah!! What the heck happened to you!?"

Fynn gave an impish squeak as she stood the best she could hunched over, arms hugging her plush chest like she was trying to hold giant water balloons. Before her muzzle could open with the start of an explanation an even lower squeak cut her off, curves jiggling from another tense heat. "It's still happening! Gang way!"

Even though being a jolteon gave Sparky the reflexes to duck, she still found herself blindsided by her sister's expanded hip sway as they stampeded past. She slammed into the hallway wall getting the wind knocked out of her with only a sea of blue skin wiggling in her vision. This was Fynn's fishy tail, of course. A thought that registered to Sparky right before the trailing fluke slapped her across the front and sent her falling face first to the floor.

Fynn couldn't afford to care about accidental assault right now. With each passing second the walls closed in on her naked body. It was actually an intriguing sensation feeling the world was shrinking when she was supposed to be growing. That might be worth studying later, but not destroying the family home took priority.

Shame there were still going to be some casualties. The back door was just a long sliding glass pane, so it stood no chance when Fynn body-checked into it. If the family hadn't been alerted that something was up by now, the loud shattering of glass and small tremor of her ass hitting the grassy backyard definitely got everyone's attention. Good thing Amber had apparently finished her garden duties, or she might have experienced some unexpected vaporeon curves like Sparky.

"Aaah gah!" Fynn was starting to get angry that the rare liquified manifestation of raw power wouldn't let her catch a breath. Another warm blaze sliding through her being sent the vaporeon rolling back onto her feet sending broken glass sliding off her slick curves. Nice to see being nearly tall enough to see over the two floored house meant she just barely avoided a calamity, so far.

Within the span of three confused blinks, Fynn suddenly found she could easily see over the house without even stretching. Giving off more panicked squeaks, she turned and jumped over the fence that barely reached her knees now. An effort that felt pointless when her tail fell upon the section, cracking it in two before the dragging fluke ripped it clean off.

"Holy butts!" Fynn stopped a few wide strides away from their backyard. She had been initially flustered about causing more damage, only to be drawn to the thick wiggling log her tail had grown into. Even at normal size it'd never reached this far behind. The fluke looked to have a span that could send cars flying if she put her equally enormous hips into it. "Argh! Analyze later. I need to get away, find somewhere safe to grow until this stops. Crap. Is this even going to stop!"

The answer so far seemed to be a resounding 'no.' Well, technically, it was the echoing boom of her bare feet. Whatever force was currently imposing the vaporeons rapid expansion had grown beyond random surges and was now raising her vantage point in a steady incline towards the sky. What a strange sensation watching everything shrink away like the zoom on a computer image. Even if she stood still her heels dug into the soft earth or hard sidewalks while her stance naturally stretched wider in proportion to her size.

Not that standing still was currently a good idea. The view of her world getting bigger became mesmerizing, like everything else was changing instead of her plump behind. That didn't mean she wasn't still affecting it when her feet dug so deep into the earth they became stuck.

Fynn's squeak could be heard across neighboring counties thanks to the increased zeppelin size of her lungs, although it didn't help the unaware Amber or Trinity brace for the seismic shake that occurred when her ass hit the street.

"Ooowwww..." Fynn whined, rubbing her backside with both hands. Good gods. All that magic really did pack on the fat back there, and yet it did nothing to cushion her fall. Pain wasn't doing her already flustered anxiety any favors either. Through her dizzy vision she could see her legs stretching towards the houses across one side of the pavement while her tail was already curling across two or three front yards of the opposite. "Ooohhhh!! It just keeps getting faster. Mom's going to ground me as is, if I destroy too much of the house. I might end up buried if we take out the neighborhood with it. Think, Fynn, think!"

She needed to get out of here. But where could she go? A growl of frustration rumbled through the suburbs as she tugged her frilled fishy collar in frustration. Fire built within her again with all focused on just wishing to be thousands of miles away where she could at least grow without hurting away.

POOF!

And just like that Fynn was...

Uh...

"Where the hell did I go?!"

One second the vapoleon was counting down the seconds until her webbed feet crashed through the front door of unsuspecting neighbors. Without so much as a blink everything vanished into a black void. Fynn tried to stand only to yip at the realization there was no ground under her. She was a water pokemon simply floating around, stuck in an awkward tumble by her motions.

At least it helped bring something bright and colorful into view. Instead of a black space, now all she could see was a blurry mesh of browns, greens and a heck of a lot of blue. Occasionally blotches of white shifted over everything like they were on a separate layer.

"Oh! No WAY!"

Fynn whipped her gaze to the right, seeing the bright blue stretch off into a distance curve bordering with the black void. A glance to the right saw more of the brownish mass go into blue and off into a distant curve. It was exactly like looking at the surface of a really huge ball.

Or a planet.

"I'm in space!" Fynn cheered, not knowing or caring how she could even speak in a vacuum. The vaporeon laughed and thrashed her tail in excitement. Her thick rudder appendage's motion sent her swimming through zero gravity in a wreckless spiral. Yet her mind was orbiting even faster. This was a fantasy any scientific mind could dream off. She was orbiting around the earth.

An earth that was gradually diminishing in size. Seriously, with only the planet as a reference Fynn's seemingly endless growth somehow lost its urgency. Now that she was safely free floating in the emptiness of the solar system there was no need to worry about hurting anyone below. More and More Earth was starting to look like a novelty toy ball compared to her looming mass. Hell, it took a lot to resist swatting the moon every time it orbited past. Almost ten minutes of uninterrupted giggy relief passed before another thought struck the vaporeon.

"Did I teleport myself up here!?" she blurted out loud at the beach ball planet shadowed by her equally large breasts. Although it was unlikely anyone across the many continents understood the rumbling vibration noises breaking through the stratosphere. "How did I teleport? Can vaporeons learn to teleport?"

All kinds of calculations raced through Fynn's mind while she continued watching the world spin. The damn thing was looking like a basketball ready to be dunked on, if only she had the gravity to bounce something besides her butt. This experiment was going off in some incredibly unexpected ways. Instead of separating her genetic code into its many different ancestral traces over the generations, could it all that mana be augmenting herself with them instead. That might explain her body's rapid size increase as a means of storing so many different kinds of power, and fat, it would seem. Her eyes grew wider than the annoying moon that tried to imitate a stray softball narrowly missing a collision with her head. Just how many different types of pokemon were getting created and integrated from her DNA would be beyond estimation. She could end up the embodiment of dozens, maybe over a hundred species combined.

“Wait until I brag to Trinity about this,” Fynn gloated with a giggle, only to gasp. Her gaze dropped back down to the general brown blotch she hoped the family house still rested. “Crap! I hope everyone is still okay down there.”

Sure there might have been some collateral damages to the property but aside from Sparky’s sandwich she was...pretty sure everyone is still fine. Worry krept into her tail making it wag violently enough she began orbiting around the basketball-sized earth parallel to its moon. The warmth of volcanic energy was bubbling inside her guts again, going unnoticed from the stress. How she really wished with every fiber for some way to at least check on everyone.

“Ah!” Fynn jumped when her vision suddenly became bright and colorful again. Gravity had asserted control once more, keeping her plush butt overflowing on a kitchen stool once more. “The hell?”

A quick glance around confirmed she was back in the kitchen, even the same seat she had been waiting for her samples since morning. Although there was a nice wreck of shattered glass where the back sliding door used to be. Her blue face turned slightly violet over how her giant derriere had bent the frame into a wide outward curve. Amazing that she could just pop from being the size of a planet and back with just a thought.

No. Wait. That didn’t feel exactly right. The vaporeon looked down at her hands resting upon the kitchen counter, drumming claws against the wood. She could certainly control herself without limits. However her senses felt distant, dulled a little. Looking around once more Fynn could see her vision also got blurry around the edges like she was wearing something over them. When she focused harder on herself she could still feel the cool weightless freedom of space and a warm sunny afternoon at the same time. Was this some kind of remote doll?

“So this is what an advanced VR game might feel like,” the tiny embodiment of Fynn proclaimed with a giggle. While not exactly a return to her normal state, the vaporeon wasn’t about to argue with the ability to create fully functional automatons for interacting with a tinier world. A world that only continued to shrink away while her aquatic blue curves filled out the solar system. She couldn’t even begin to theorize what combination of pokemon abilities were allowing her to do this. Their family might even have some Mew in their genetic history, or possibly some undiscovered god level species!

"There you are. You agent of chaos!" A familiar voice barked from the foyer. Sparky was making her way towards the enthralled Vaporeon digging bits of ham out of their cleavage. They were probably too agitated to notice the bread slice stuck to their hair. "The hell are you doing going all giant in the house and sitting back down? Mom's going to kill you when she sees what your bubble butt did to the doors."

Fynn rubbed at her gil collar forcing a cherry smile. "Heh! Yeah. Sorry about the tail slap. I can totally fix this before mom gets home."

The response had been a typical instinct when one is facing parental punishment, but then it made Fynn start to think.

Sparky scoffed at the weak offering only to watch Fynn begin waving their hands around like some bombastic wizard. "How you planning to renovate three butt grooves out of the wall? Got a magic trick up your-HOLY HELL!?"

"For lack of a better term? I guess I do." Both rows of sharp teeth poked out with Fynn's grin. With each wave of her slender little paws fingers wood cracked and supports snapped. Paint began reapplying itself along reforming walls until the doorframes looked better than the day they were built.

She glanced briefly to enjoy the hanging jawed expression from the jolteon, deciding to show off with a snap that sent out a small shower of sparks. A cascade of jostling noises filled the room as they watched sparkling mist rise up from the floor. Another snap directed it to converge along the inner doorway and Sparky realized it was the pieces of glass crushed by her vaporeon relative just minutes ago. Shards connected exactly back in line with the smallest particles until their sliding back door glinted fresh and clean in the sunlight.

"Okay. That was impressive." Sparky nodded her approval, giving Fynn a playful hip bump on the way over to their fridge. "So your whole experiment thing was a success?"

"Kinda, sorta?" Fynn shrugged sheepishly across space along with her miniatur avatar. Remote controlling a homunculus might take some getting used to. "I accidently drank all my samples at once and now I think I'm mutating with the genetic code of every species our lineage has ever bred with."

Sparky nodded along while pulling out a chilled bottle of hard lemonade. Odds were good she wouldn't understand the full scope of Fynn's words without a few diagrams and maybe a satellite feed of the vaporeon taking up a significant portion of the milky way by now. "Neat! How's that going?"

"Well, I'm so huge I'm pretty sure solar systems are revolving around my ass, and it's possible that's my hair instead of the sky out there."

A pause while the jolteon glanced out the freshly restored glass door and back to Fynn. With a long chug of her drink she waved at Fynn's body with a free hand.

"And this is? What? An illusion?"

"I seem to have created an exact replica of my original self using a combination of abilities way beyond our eevee genes. It's going to take a lot of study and tests for me to even begin figuring out exactly what species we've crossed with over the centuries. We might even make history for being descendents of new discoveries."

**BURP!**

The involuntary reflex from Sparky wasn't meant to imply sarcasm or disinterest. On the contrary she always enjoyed seeing her niece get passionate about something so creatively fueled, no matter how hard it sometimes got to follow. It was just that her citrus beer was extra carbonated today.

Besides, 'the solar system is revolving around my butt' is only the third strangest declaration the vaporeon had ever made during an experiment.

So far...

"Well, you've certainly learned to repair property damages. What other kinds of tests do you have in mind?"

Fynn's fluke rapidly slapped the tiled floor. A strange smile crossed her muzzle. "I was hoping, since some of you are home today, we can do some family trials."

The next swig of hard lemonade went up Sparky's nose with her panicked sputter. "I have a date tonight. Don't you freakin dare!"

A webbed hand was already making exaggerated gestures at the jolteon. Energy struck into Sparky's stomach, making her gasp like she'd been sucker punched. Warmth rushed through the rest of her body making muscle seize up and let the bottle slip from her hand. She would have remained paralyzed by the sensation for a long time, if her senses weren't jump started by a hard shifting in her groin.

"Oooh fuck!" she gasped again. This time her voice carried the weighty inflection of arousal to match the blush on her golden furred face. Legs quivered as her pevlies pulsed and pushed against her body, developing tension with her pants. Her eyes shot open wide watching the denim crotch stretch and distort into a sizable bulge. After a few deep breaths to let her mind acclimate to a different kind of hormone Sparky matched Fynn's grin. "N-not what I was expecting b-but not bad!"

"You say that like I'm even done."

Before Sparky could react more energy overwhelmed her body, making the budding apanged of her loins throb. The jolteon fell back against the counter, rolling her head in a savage growl. Everything caressed around her insides reaching pointing ear tips and toes before rushing in a rubber band motion right between her legs. Fabric creaked in protest in chorus to her groans as the bulge grew in several powerful pulses. Stiffening tender flesh began squeezing out over the stretched waistband of her shorts, struggling to break free.

"D-damn!" Sparky barked in her labored state. She rested a hand atop the swelling meat fighting her jeans. The mere touch alone caused it to grow yet again. Both zipper and buttons snapped, causing more to shove out fighting against the elasticity of tearing blue panties. "C-come on, Fynn!"

"Yeah. I should get that for you." The vaporeon giggled and snapped her fingers.

In an instant the pants that'd been fighting the incredibly sensitive growth between Sparky's legs were gone. Both them and panties ballooned for a moment only to explode in a shower of confetti. A cry mixed between alarm and relief escaped the jolteon while both arms tried to grab at the unmistakable ball sack that rolled out no longer restricted. It was a wasted effort with it hanging past her knees swollen larger than a beanbag chair.



She might as well have been trying to hold a marshmallow the size of a boulder.

“Much better!” Fynn teased in admiration of her handiwork. The enormous dick that now sprung from her aunt's loins was still the most impressive part of the growth. The damn thing was bigger than either of the eeveelution women combined. Even only half aroused the length still allowed it to partially touch the kitchen floor. “Don't worry. I can balance this out.”

Before the heated Jolteon could question it a shiver ran up her spine eliciting an adorable yelp. A rush of motion triggered an odd dizzy sensation that grabbing the counter tighter couldn't help. The kitchen around them was suddenly getting very small very fast. Sparky kept her questioning eyes on Fynn, finding her gaze had to incline continuously downward until her snout wedged between her breasts. Her once baggy t-shirt pinched tight for several seconds before tearing from her torso and shoulders in three loud rips.

“Ah!”

Before Fynn could realize her mistake and adjust their powers accordingly, her aunt's spikey haired head had crashed through the kitchen ceiling. Fortunately the naked jolteon fell to her bubbly ass in a daze to buy some time. Although they'd still grown large enough for their cranium to brush the freshly made skyline again by the time their niece had gotten the process to stop. Sparky shifted her hips with extreme disquiet while legs stretched all the way across the living room next door. Being on cold tile did nothing for her naked behind and tender manhood right now. Of course, the damn junk had grown with her, leaving it still oversized proportionally to the rest of her giant form.

“Y-you think we could have gone outside for this!?” Sparky squeaked. Trying to hide her breasts with crossed arms before finding the effort pointless.

“Yeah. My mistake.” Fynn never lost her energetic smile while running a hand over her aunt's shin. She had gotten them to fill up half the house in seconds and that was from such a small dose of magic. Granted the enormous cock was just her payback for the jump scare prank that'd started this whole series of events.

This was hardly anything unusual for their family either. Everyone switched or added genitals almost as often as they did clothes, just not usually at the size of a sedan.

“Why do I get the feeling this has something to do with my garden being wrecked?!”

Fynn blinked, standing on tiptoes to see over Sparky's leg at the now open back door. The thick curved form of Amber filled up the space with a bright beam of sunlight shining over her still naked leafeon fur. Granted her attention was on the thirty foot Jolteon filling up the place and absently stroking the length of her twitching phallus.

With but a thought, Fynn's puppet self teleported around Sparky's intruding limbs beside her other aunt. There was no flare or signals with it, making it all the easier to scare the dickens out of Amber when they spoke.

“Great to see you too, auntie!” Fynn moved in despite Amber's panic, making her backpedal onto the lawn. One hand shot out to press an index finger against Amber's tiny pink nose, scrunching their muzzle slightly. “Boop! Sparky and I are doing tests for my experiment! Hope you don't mind joining in.”

“What? Fynn!? W-what are you... I... w-whaaa-aaah!?”

Amber's arms flailed as her bare feet staggered across the grass. An unexpected tingle washed over her body from the vaporeons point of contact sending her thoughts in a spiral. Energy flowed like it was riding her blood, until it poured past her hips. The moment it reached her legs all the muscles in them unwittingly began to relax. She tried shifting her stance only for her knees to eventually buckle, falling onto her back with big leaf-like tail wedged between her thighs.

“The hell was that?” she demanded. Trying to sit up wasn't even working right, much less standing. Amber had to prop herself up on her elbows to see what was wrong with her legs.

To her utter amazement the leafeon's long, meaty legs were getting both longer and meatier before her eyes. Like being grabbed by some taffy machine her feet raked through the backyard grass digging little trenches with their heels. Inches piled on with every second making her ridiculously gangly in a way. Worse was how she seemed to be losing all sense of control. Amber couldn't get her toes to twitch and bending or lifting her legs

took a concentrated effort. Even when she could move them, her lower limbs felt compelled to move in unison while pressed tightly together.

Or maybe they were stuck that way. Amber cocked an eyebrow watching the seam that separated her legs wobble and suddenly vanish. The lumps that made up her knees smoothed over with the combined mass of thighs and shins filling out. Her very furred flesh warped together like putty until they were a single solid lump of thrashing muscles. By contrast her toes dwindled away into stubby lumps, which then fed into the narrowing end of a very lengthy looking lower body.

"The hell, Fynn?" Amber huffed. She tried to sit up again only to find her hips refusing to bend with any familiar joints for the position. The leafeon fell onto her side and rolled onto her front, getting a face full of her own cleavage, figures her tits would be expanding with the rest of her. With a bit of pushing and experimentation with the lengthy tube of spinal cords and sinew she got the growing mass under her enough to balance upright on it. "Are you turning me into some kind of snake?"

"They're called Lamia's actually." The vaporeons grin never falters under her aunts accusing glare. "Since you liked nature so much I thought it'd be a cool change for ya."

"You could have warned me!" Amber huffed, hands running over her lower back. Like everything else about her, the rounded bump that still resembled a buttocks was steadily growing big and plump to match her enormous tail curling around the backyard fence. "Ugh! Having all this tail makes my ass look fat too."

"You didn't need my help for that, honestly!"

"You are terrible. You brat!" Amber thrashed the tip of her tail, but only in a mocking anger. Now that the initial shock was over she couldn't help stroking her breasts with a delightful purring noise. Their steady growth pouring out of her palms was probably one of the few sensations that made her enjoy Fynn's wayward attempts at science.

Neither really noticed how the leafeons tail coiled around the square half-mile fence at that point. The large leaf she used to sport above her butt had migrated down to the tip as a stylistic spade. Every twitch and shifting generated unintentional gusts of wind that were kicking up what remained of Amber's flower gardens.

“So you're going to explain yourself, young lady?” Amber crossed her arms and raised herself up higher on her ever extending snake bottom. She had gotten even larger than Sparky now and casted a curious shadow across their house.

“Well, it all bega-aaaah!” Fynn failed to notice the clusters of pollen until most of the porch was coated in it. Her black nose twitched violently, scrunching up against her tense muzzle. Both hands clasped it too late to avoid what was coming. “GAAAAAH! CHUU!”

Apparently all five senses transferred perfectly between a remote flesh puppet and the real vaporeon casually drifting through a third of the galaxy. That was good to note for future reference. Unfortunately the surge of power that escaped the tiny Fynn as a result washed over the neighborhood with a sonic boom type effect.

KA-THWOOOOOM!

No sooner did Fynn straighten up to wipe her nose than a large yellow leg erupted from the house behind her, taking out the glass back door and most of the wall with one monumental foot. The rest of Sparky quickly followed as parts of the family home ruptured or exploded in showers of plaster, glass, and wood.

Amber squeaked when the surge overwhelmed her own body to expedite her own growth. And then she cried out again when her sisters enlarging foot kicked her backwards into a rough landing atop her coiling tail. Their wooden fence was sent flying by an overgrowth of leafeon, the precious plants tended within becoming overturned and squashed by her crowding mass

In just a few seconds the accidental growth splosion had laid waste to the family home. Sparky and Amber both struggled to sit up reaching over eighty feet with just that. They gave off pained barks while wrestling debris and dirt from their sloshing curves.

Fynn could only watch dumbstruck still wedged between Sparky's thigh and a section of Amber's tail. This was totally unexpected but still fine. She could fix this easily with a bit more work.

The other half of their house chose that moment to finish breaking apart, mostly due to the emergence of a gigantic sized eevee women thrashing out in a wild bid for freedom. They gave a triumphant bark before

rolling over to lay across Sparky's lap, unintentionally crushing their hyper penis with an abundance of chocolate furry breasts.

"That was totally awesome!" Trinity declared as she grinned down her muzzle at the miniscule Fynn. Her breath blasted so hard it was making the vaporeon lean back. "I dunno what you did, but can we do some more!?"

This might take a lot more experimenting than Fynn thought.