

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #44

By

Desmond Fallout

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All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners. Thank you all for the support. :3

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

## Boo-ba Tea

A major problem with being an 'expert' at saving the galaxy is that a threat of that scale doesn't come along often enough to pay the bills. In order to keep the lights on, and fuel in the engines, Star Fox often had to resort to more mundane tiers of labor. Sometimes they got into dog fights with bandits on a barge. When they're really lucky an ambassador might need an escort across systems riding their luxury cruise ship with a casino.

Other times, they had to deliver a pizza.

"We really need to discuss our policy on uniforms, hun." Krystal sneered over her shoulder at the wall mirror. As usual, the spandex of her shorts clung so tightly that it practically gave her a wedgie just trying to move. No amount of tugging or pulling could loosen any slack, either. "I can understand the bra compacting my breasts into spheres for the sake of a tip. Do they really need to watch my crack as I'm walking away too?"

"I have to agree. This is starting to make us look a bit desperate," Fox McCloud said, watching her intently from the bridge's pilot seat. The Great Fox was already autopiloting into the space station for their drop off, so he had free time to enjoy the blue vixen's tightly defined figure. "Still, you lost the coin toss. Besides, you can't argue with the tips we get."

She gave up fussing over the gaudy attire and shot the tod a sly grin back. "That's true. Especially when you get way bigger tips than me."

That painted a cute blush over her boyfriend's ears before he could pretend to resume piloting the spaceship. Krystal couldn't complain too much about their 'equal share' policy on jobs when she got to see Fox's package in a speedo on a regular basis.

"At least you get to wear a shirt."

"Says the man with abs!" Krystal's hands subconsciously reached up to pinch the waist area her flappy short tank top couldn't be bothered to cover. "I'm maybe ten calories away from a full muffin top in this trash."

Fox looked back with a surprisingly scrutinizing gaze at her exposed abdomen. "It's just a bit of squeeze overlap, hun. Lots of people find that cute and attractive."

All that earned him was a silent stare that lasted long enough to be uncomfortable.

"This ship has a gym, you know?"

"Yeah. With a stairmaster that doesn't work." She crossed her arms with a pout. "Plus, I don't like trying to do weights with Slippy around. It's intimidating."

"What? Does he oogle?"

"No. He can somehow bench two-hundred-twenty pounds."

"...oh." The ship's control console went off before Fox could totally comprehend that bit of information. Something he was very thankful for. "Depressurization is complete and we are docked. Ready to earn our gas money home?"

"About as ready as we get for a root canal." Krystal moved for the lift trying to ignore the way her shirts flossed between her thighs with every step. "I am burning our outfits when I get back."

"Should I bother pointing out they were your idea?"

"Only if you want to be sleeping alone tonight." She shot him a look just in time for the doors to slam shut and cut off a retort.

The trolley was waiting for Krystal on the exit ramp true to routine. A whopping four deliveries filled all three temp controlled sections torturing her nose with the scent of every topping known to mankind. She couldn't help cursing Falco's knack for making a good pizza on the way out.

At least this station wasn't a dilapidated mess like the last one. Only a few select catcalls burned her ears in the fun journey through clean corridors to find out where the patrons lived. Maybe that meant these people were classy enough for some generous tipping.

"Yeesh! Babe! You look downright uncomfortable in that thing. Why don't you come inside and I'll demonstrate my next level massage skills."

No such luck.

"How about you pay your tab and we all get on with our lives, slick? I got a boyfriend."

The skunk's attempt at a charming act dropped like rock. Thankfully he didn't push the matter while snatching the datapad from Krystal to confirm a payment transfer. Not unless you counted the muttering derogatives thrown her way. An unsurprising reaction at this point.

Rejecting someone when blatantly dressed like a harlot was one of many reasons this was starting to feel like a bad idea.

She had started to give him a polite, if robotic, farewell, but had to divert her efforts into catching a projectile bottle aimed at her head. Thank the goddess some extra weight wasn't slowing down her reflexes.

"Consider that your tip, whore!" was all she got before the door was slammed on the vixen.

"Saving the galaxy so the greatest minds can prosper, I see," she mused, eyeing the glass object that'd nearly broken her nose. It was still sealed and ice cold, of all things. A light shake showed Krystal the contents consisted of a dark brown drink with tons of small black orbs floating inside. "A free bubble tea with insults? Well that's a first."

Far be it for her to turn down a treat regardless of how it was given. She twisted off the cap and resumed pushing on to the next delivery. Just the first heavy swig was enough to hook her on the stuff. Sweetened oolong tea was nice, yet someone had the idea to add mint and lemon grass with it. Just the right zesty herbs to get her tail wagging. Getting a couple of tapioca balls to chew on between drinks was the added bonus. The whole thing was almost gone before Krystal could reach her second customer.

"Ugh!" she grumbled while giving the door a mandatory three knocks. The same hand came down to rub at the cream fur of her open stomach, trying to ignore a passing thought on whether the area was feeling a bit flabby or not. More important was the way her insides were bubbling over. "Great. I drank it too fast. Fox is never going to shut up if I come back with gas."

The door opened and a refreshingly polite goat woman took her three orders of extra large vegetable deluxe's without incident. It was especially nice when they passed the datapad back and Krystal got to see the numbers of her tips. She looked up to give a rare genuine 'have a nice day' when she noticed the goat's eyes were lingering on her chest. They didn't have the typical leering of mental undressing as most people. If anything they let their muzzle curl slightly in a knowing smile that was more unsettling. Like they were in on a joke at the vixen's expense.

"Hope you got a strong back, hun." The goat giggled out before their front door automatically slid closed.

“And this is why I hate space,” Krystal said in an attempt to shrug that weird moment off.

She didn't get far on the way to delivery number three before wondering if the goat had a point. Her breasts were starting to ache something fierce and already knew it was the intentionally small sized bra before she'd even looked down. Hell. They were looking absolutely stuffed inside the compact cups as they pushed together for some tightly squished cleavage. How had she failed to notice this back on the Great Fox?

“Geez! I really am gaining weight.” she grumbled. That didn't stop the vixen from chugging what remained of her bubble tea for a little comfort. For a modestly civil station, it was also annoying there were no trash cans in the hallways either. She settled on just leaving it with the trolley upon making it to the next stop.

Krystal rang a noticeable doorbell this time, only to bite her lower lip with a grunt of pain. Tension had only mounted during her walk through the space station despite all effort to power through it. Just the simple act of reaching out an arm dug the bra straps tight against her back and made it significantly hard to breath.

Somehow the vixen still managed to make a big smile when the door opened with a whoosh of compressed air. Their exchange of pizza for virtual currency with a portly cow man couldn't go fast enough for her aching lungs. At least the tips were coming in good this run, already making the strain squeezing her chest worth it.

“Are you doing okay?” the guy said upon noticing Krystal's gulping breaths.

“Just fine! Yup. Thank you! Have a nice day!” Each word came out squeakier than the last. Yet Krystal never faltered on keeping a professional face for the customer.

He seemed even more confused by the curt answers, until he glanced down at her tits. Once again a flash of realization crossed his snout before they broke into a hearty laugh. “Guess those punks in R&D got another tourist. So sorry, miss.”

“What?” Krystal barked, and once again the door slammed close on her.

That didn't matter as much as the levels of discomfort her bra was starting to reach. With a quick glance to find this section of apartment

hallway empty, she reached back to release the clasp burning at her upper back. The straps gave a sharper snap against her skin than expected, which was nothing compared to the relief of having her girls freed. She couldn't catch herself in time to prevent a loud moan from echoing off the surrounding steel. Biting her lip with a deep blush, Krystal glanced around again to confirm she was still alone and worked to adjust the dumb garment.

Except the clasp wouldn't close. In fact, she couldn't get the ends within three inches of each other no matter how much she pulled. The bra's elastic refused to go past its limits.

"The heck!?" Krystal pulled back the neckline of her top for a good look straight inside. Her banded tail curled its white fluffy tip between her legs as eyes went wide in horror. "What the actual HECK!?"

No longer caring for modesty, Krystal yanked the bra completely from her chest. Her jaw nearly fell into the cleavage of some impressively round soccer balls stretching out her once loose tank top. Those should definitely not be this huge, or achingly full. Stiff plump nipples twinged as their fresh nudity tented the cheap cotton. It couldn't be helped either. The petite cups no longer had any hope of supporting such mammaries, much less covering them.

She tossed the now pointless bra onto the trolley debating on making a break for the Great Fox for medical treatment. That was when she spotted her empty bottle of tea and the fact it had labels on it.

"Boo-ba tea!?" Her voice seethed anger just reading that much out. It only got worse the more she went. "Surprise your friends with a nice rack. Good for any gender. Warning; size varies based on balls consumed? Geez. Wording. Yeek!"

The bottle slipped from her grip in a rush of panic upon looking down again. Krystal really wanted to believe it was just nerves playing tricks but her chest looked even more inflated than two minutes ago. Quickly trying to recount how many tapioca balls she must have swallowed only twisted her stomach in more knots. The damn drink must have had at least two dozen when full. Meanwhile her formally loose top continued to steadily lose room. Its creases smoothed over while the fabric pulled taut over her mound inching ever forward.

"I gotta get back NOW! These bazongas are going to get too big to walk soon." She scrambled for the datapad intent on signaling Fox for

distress and cancelling her remaining delivery, perhaps not in that order. The prompt that interrupted her efforts had the vixen seething through her fangs. "All orders must be complete or payment is void!? You wretched..."

A door down the hall chose that moment to open, reminding Krystal of her current problems. The pair of otters that'd been coming up were taking a back by the death glare she gave them, but they began giggling after noticing her boobs. Her tank top was starting to look comically stuffed with two large balloons, with plenty of white furry flesh bulging out the neckline. Thankfully, they continued on their way in merry conversation without giving the vixen another thought.

Krystal had to make a quick decision and much to her chagrin the money had won. Of course people would be good tippers the night someone tricked her breasts into becoming milk laden asteroids. She steeled herself and continued pushing the trolley on to her last delivery while trying to ignore the problem. A feat that only became more difficult as the walk went on. Her breasts only continued to steadily grow to the point their mass was slipping out from under her shirt. Their plush mass poured atop her hands and the handlebar, ironically becoming their only means of support.

"Come on," she said in a whining plea. "Just one more stop. Hold on for a few... GAH!"

No sooner did she stop at the right door than the inevitable happened. Sloshing rich mounds succumbed to gravity's will, spilling from Krystal's top in an avalanche across the trolley. Both breasts were swelling larger than her torso and beyond her capacity to carry one even with both hands. Ever the areolas we're getting stretched into huge round headlights for any passerby to admire.

And also the grizzly bear that opened his door upon hearing something heavy slam against metal. Two seconds of instinctively trying to tuck her toys back inside the top made Krystal realize how pointless her efforts would be. So the useless cloth was left pushed up to her shoulders.

"You, uh, doing okay there?" The bear asked after a long silence. His eyes never left the aqua furred breasts still visibly swelling atop the trolley.

"No. But thanks for asking." Luckily that dumb tea wasn't making everything else bloated. Krystal managed just enough limber maneuvers to get the last two pizzas off the bottom shelf. "Please sign quickly."

The bear did sign and tip but was still too distracted for Krystal's liking. "Do you need me to call...?"

"No! Have a nice day!" Krystal yipped when she snatched the datapad away, nearly unbalancing the trolley in the process. Over half the top was getting covered in fresh vixen cleavage. If this growth didn't stop soon she worried their weight might exceed its carrying capacity. Already the small anti-grav supports were grinding harder than usual.

Trying to turn her unexpected cargo around in such a condition didn't make things any easier. She could practically hear the milk sloshing while pushing around every sharp turn or over an occasional bump in the halls. Every now and then Krystal passed some residents, but they either looked on with mild apathy or outright snickered. Judging by the mutterings, an overdose of Boo-ba Tea was fairly common when the 'lab boys' got bored around here. That just meant this place was going on their permanent delivery ban list. Plenty of other places in the galaxy needed their pizza and didn't make you a dairy cow for the trouble.

Panic had left Krystal by the time she made it back to the docks, replaced with grumpy acceptance. The walk might as well have been a gauntlet with how much it burnt her last nerves. At least the sight of Fox in the process of securing cargo crates aboard the Great Fox was a welcome relief. His acute ears picked up the loud groaning of the trolley before looking over to greet her with a smile and wave.

Of course, that was before she managed to push the heavy trolley close enough for him to realize what the giant masses spilling over its edges were.

"Krystal!?" Fox rushed down the ramp slowing to a stop as if afraid to get within five feet of the enormous breasts just pouring off the lithe vixen's chest. Just one was big enough to rival the crates he'd been managing in size and probably weight. "What the...the actual hell happened to you?"

She opted to take a long deep breath first, leaning forward to rest both arms atop her looming cleavage. The ever increasing weight of her bazongas had taken its toll on her stamina. There was barely enough energy left to twitch her tail. "Let's just say if anyone stocked up on bubble tea I recommend tossing it all in the incinerator. The research department here is full of perverts."

"Um, duly noted?" Fox gulped as he moved in to place supportive arms on Krystal's shoulders. But before he could offer to help her inside his



own tail went stiff. “Uh oh! Falco just got back with a three month supply of the stuff. He was already chugging a bottle on the way to the gym.”

Krystal shared a wide-eyed star with her boyfriend, only to break out into giggles despite herself. “I guess I’ll be sharing the medbay with him for a while then. Let’s just get out of here.”

Fox gave a curt nod, clearly trying not to stare at the impossibly huge rack his girlfriend was hauling. He failed miserably, although the support was very much appreciated at this point. The sheepish blush he made when having to dig under Krystal’s mammaries just to grip the handle bar with her was still pretty cute.

They got about three feet up the ramp when there came a loud crack that had both of their tails puffing in alarm. An antigrav nub on the trolley unleashed a shower of sparks on their feet for a seconds and then the trolley slammed that corner into the hard steel completely inert. A second crack sounded with another generator giving out, rendering the equipment an immobile support for the vixen's tits.

The pair of foxens stood in shock for a long time letting the situation slowly work its way around their thoughts. Krystal couldn’t really do much else with her movements restricted by two furry satellites that probably weighed more than the rest of her at this point. She tapped one foot rapidly letting the anger seep out of her with very slow, deep, breaths.

“Fox? Be a dear and help drag me in. Would you? I don’t need mind reading powers to know half the bay is watching us.”

## Helluva Stream

It was nice to see the chat already active by the time the stream turned on. That got things even more lively with messages of greetings and compliments flying by with an occasional emote spam.

On screen, after an annoying four minutes of twitch ads, was a young goat monster happily standing in a humble living room setting. Her snow-white fur blanketed a corpulent figure dressed only in her underwear. A thick stomach hung forward with such a pouch it almost obscured the front of their panties. Granted most comments were directed at the fluffy breasts packed into a giant blue bra like two snowballs.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Asibow either didn't notice or didn't care the tripod was running when expressing outright embarrassment for her open display. She also flipped the mood like a light switch a moment later, staring directly into the camera with her snout curled into a grin. "Good evening, everyone! Welcome to our first stream for October. If you've been keeping up with my Twitter you know we have a different kind of event tonight."

The pleasant charade cracked slightly when Asibow began biting her lower lip. After a second of tense hesitation, she took a deep breath and seemed to give into the unseen gaze of her many watchers. The goat turned and bent over to shift through a pile of items on her coffee table. An act that fully presented her massive backside to the camera.

Soft pings sounded off in rapid succession. The default chat sound for when receiving support like followers and donations. Asibow was hardly surprised when she turned back to find the chat had gone wild for just three seconds of massive goat butt. Despite her cheeks blushing scarlet, she made sure to thank and comment on all the proceeds to her livelihood like a professional before continuing.

"For those of you just joining us, welcome! Tonight's show is thanks to a very generous fan of mine, which is why you get to see me live and more natural than I'd usually care to be for the public." She held up a book in one meaty hand making sure its cover crafted to resemble a skull faced the camera. "Someone paid me a lot, and I do mean a LOT, of money to dress like this and read from this spell book. Make sure you thank them for

the fanservice, if anything else. I have absolutely no idea what these spells are supposed to do, but we're already in this deep."

Asibow flipped to the bookmarked page her mysterious fan had indicated and began to read. The words were in some other language so the big goat had no idea if she was even pronouncing anything right. Nothing sure seemed to be happening while she glanced around her home. No weird noises, spooky wailing, or even a spark of magic. Hell, the lights didn't even flicker.

It wouldn't be until rewatching the recording later that she'd realize everyone opposite the camera got to witness something entirely different. While Asibow recited the incantation, red light had taken form around their pawed feet twisting to shape a pentagram. When she reached the crescendo this marker burned with a thin misty vapor that swirled around the goat monster's thick form eventually piercing the thin fur and vanishing inside her.

"And that is that!" Asibow slammed the book closed, dispersing the effects from the live feed before she'd glanced over to check it. Eyebrows wrinkled, unable to make sense of the snippets of chat she could catch. "What the heck has you guys all excited. It's not like something was goin-NNNNGGGHHH!!"

The book slipped from Asibow's grip so she could grab at her crotch with both hands. Her pained moans broke many a listener's eardrums while she hobbled around with chubby thighs smashed together. It was like her insides had received a blow from a massive boot. One so hard that sensitive organs were sent plummeting downward despite her best efforts to keep everything squeezed in.

"W-what iss ha-haaa aah aaah!?"

Asibow's hands rocked back like her groin was scolding hot. Legs were forced to spread in an unwittingly perfect panty shot for the camera. It lasted about three seconds before the fine cotton's flat surface began to push out from some unexpected growths. The large bulge inflated with the speed of a balloon on an air hose. A fresh sack of white fur was soon spilling out through the underwear's legs, pushing the front further and further down with the mass of two large grapefruits. Before Asibow could even think to reach down and attempt to cover them, a mighty phallus broke over the top and flopped forward to greet the goat's audience.

“You gotta be kidding me!” The goat belated in sheer embarrassment, especially with her new manhood already getting firm as it bounced on the waistband of her panties. No amount of fiddling was going to get that ten-inch stick back under the thin cloth. “Of all the things to make happen to me with magic...well, there goes my general audience rating. Least now we know why I had to do this half naked.”

Huge payout or no, having a pair of balls equally gigantic was too much spectacle for one stream. Asibow was opening her mouth to excuse herself to put on some pants when the odd sensation reversed direction in a flood across her backside. Tingles pricked at her tail, causing it to thrash about wildly on its perch atop her titanic rump.

“Wait, it’s not over!?” Asibow’s eyes went wide. She twisted around just in time to watch the tiny nub of fluff pop and unfurl in a growth that left it over four feet long. The impressive tail thickened out with massive amounts of silky hairs that brought a new weight to the goat’s spine. The fur on top had even darkened to a grey color, which began spreading across her ass and back all the way to her head. “What does that spell d-awoo?”

Asibow coughed and snorted, magic welling up in her throat that soon infected all of her face. The goat’s eyes squeezed shut in a snarl, but it didn’t stop her muzzle from thinning considerably. Her nostrils pulled closer together before being shoved out into a separate black button of a nose. Once floppy ears shot up as if gripped by invisible hands, moving towards the top of her skull as they became acutely pointed at the tip. She tried to shake the harsh alterations off, only to cause her tuft of white hair to tint grey before pouring down her back into a very rich mane.

“Argh! Gah! And that was insanely unpleasant!” She shouted when the magic had finally left her sinuses. One look at the recording feedback and the ex-goat gave off a very canine bark of surprise. “A wolf too? Really? I can’t... huh? I look like Loona?”

Asibow read off some of the chat lines now endlessly scrolling past her screen. Viewers had jumped into the triple digits, and the dings of new subscriptions weren’t slowing down either. She couldn’t help but scoff after getting a better look at herself. She did look exactly like the white and gray hellhound from everyone’s favorite YouTube series. That is if she weighed six hundred pounds and had an oak log for a dick.

“Okay. I guess there’s worse things to be publicly turned into.” Asibow stepped forward, hating the close up of her privates that gave in order to reach the stream controls. “But seriously guys, I need to go...oh, no way!”

Tension flooded all five of the new wolf's limbs leaving her hand hovering inches from the keyboard. Asibow growled, unable to understand why her hands refused her commands until they began to snap and recede. She reeled back howling in alarm, holding up her hands to watch her pinkies completely melt away. The remaining fingers were soon crushed under the mounting size of her claws, which grew bigger than hunting knives as they bleached a pure white.

"Graaauud?!" Asibow rumbled as she staggered forward onto the table of computer equipment. The audience was robbed of the chance to witness her heels cracking into a very high arch that sent her balance out of whack. The toes on her paws soon met the same fate as her hands, becoming devoured by a drastic growth in claws until three mighty talons made up the majority of her feet.

"What's this...graa...groudon?" Asibow's speech turned into a very odd animal bark hinting of the hybrid form taking her over. A fact better exemplified when spikes began growing out the sides of her neck and thickening tail. "This was totally n-not worth the mo..hurp!"

Considering the only thing filling up the stream was Asibow's face and ample breasts, the former suddenly snapping out of their tight bra and spilling over the table was confusing for many viewers. Her butt and incredibly dense tail arched behind her as if she'd gotten on a step ladder without moving, allowing a few observant watchers to rightfully deduce she'd just grown drastically in overall size.

"Oh no. I forgot Groudon is huge," Asibow said in a horrified whisper. She pushed off the table in an attempt to get some distance from anything valuable. It did little good. The camera had just enough time to catch her much larger hybrid Pokémon-wolf form compared against the living room furniture before another growth surge sent her filling out in all directions.

Sounds of wood crashing and Asibow cursing filled the speakers as her head broke through the ceiling. Moments later, her penis had smashed directly into the camera, abruptly putting an end to the stream.

## Sorsha's Big Escape

Global pandemics have a way of drastically changing the world in unexpected ways as they ravage society. Some rather sad casualties are the small time and niche businesses. Whether it be the rising costs, a lack of clientele, or both, eventually keeping the doors open becomes too much trouble. Even two years later, whole buildings, once a center of social activity, still remained empty. For rent signs sat collecting dust in the windows waiting for anyone to find a new use for the space.

This kind of mass property abandonment is how Sorsha commandeered an old space used for an art gallery without paying a cent. Not to say she was a thief. Hell, she wasn't even the kind of cat that placed value in money. It was more along the logic that no one was using it, so why not give a community something fun to do.

Besides, the IRS was welcome to try challenging her right to dibs. That'd be a fun little confrontation that never ended well for them.

So, when a new escape room attraction opened on the old town's tourist street few people questioned the legality of its existence. Everyone was more intrigued about what experiences it might bring to their lives outside quarantine. Having something to do that didn't require the use of the internet was certainly going to feel like a novel idea already. And then there was the fact it was being run by a real witch. It didn't take a week before rumors of all kinds spread across said internet. People were coming in from out of state to witness these experiences that can only come from one's imagination.

Frankly, Desmond would rather be doing literally anything else as long as it wasn't within ten feet of that cat girl. For some reason the squirrel-fox seemed like the only one to understand that Sorsha caused just as many problems as she solved, and that was being generous. It just so happened a lot of things she fixed were many of the countless times Desmond had been transformed with no ways of reverting back under his own power. He owed her wiccan magics enough of a debt that siring a dozen children probably wouldn't be able to pay it back.

Still, testing out a new puzzle room idea could be one of her tamer favors. At least he'd managed to rope in friends he knew instead of

enduring a group of strangers. Granted, they were all here under the promise of pizza and ice cream afterwards.

Asibow seemed especially anxious for the game to begin. The corpulent goat monster could barely stay in her dangerously undersized chair drumming meaty fingers across both knees. Not even her phone seemed an appropriate enough distraction as she took a break every few minutes to survey their surroundings.

All that hefty fidgeting didn't seem to bother the tigress that'd taken up the seat next to her. That was probably because Chronos had kicked back with earbuds blaring at max volume. Eyes remained closed while a slender finger waved through the air as if conducting the songs with sharp one claw. Desmond couldn't make out the words but it was most likely some anime pop rock.

On the far side of the briefing room, Nomen had pamphlets in both hands, somehow going through several sources of information about this attraction at once. Aside from an occasional question, the green bunny had barely stayed with this group. His entire focus looked to be on going in as prepared for puzzle solving as possible.

"Is Sorsha normally this late?" Asibow said when her latest room sweep landed on an old-fashioned Cuckoo clock.

Desmond followed her gaze, noted the time and shrugged. "She does whatever the hell she wants. Not like there are many ways to tell a magic user what to do. Relax."

"Are you kidding?! This is going to be awesome." The big goat bounced in her seat, unable to suppress a childish excitement. "I haven't had a puzzle run since I was a kid in the Underground. Monsters like me are built for this kind of thing."

The loud strain of Asibow's chair legs brought other thoughts about her imposing build, which Desmond decided not to voice out loud. "At least you're not obsessed with spaghetti like the last 'expert' Sorsha trained with."

"As long as the pizza is actually warm when we're done, I'm all good," Nomen chimed in. His fingers were busy swiping rapidly over his phone.

The motions caught Asibow's attention. "What are you doing, anyway?"

“Checking out tips and tricks for this. I’ve never tried an escape room before and it’s neat reading all the different themes they come up with. The reviews for this place even said you get something special for completing it.”

Desmond rolled his bright yellow eyes. “With Sorsha that usually means a long night of wild sex.”

“What?” Chrono nearly knocked Asibow out of her chair with how fast they’d straightened up, yanking out an earbud to give Desmond their full attention.

“Hi! Welcome to the party,” Desmond said with a raspberry. Granted, his statements had gotten everyone’s blushing attention, but that was around the time the doors leading outside decided to open.

“Aw, is this everyone?” Sorsha poked her giant purple wizard's hat into the room, followed to a lesser extent by her head. The candy-colored cat made no effort to hide her disappointment sizing up the four occupants before fully entering. If the room wasn’t already put off enough by lewd implications, the way she strutted casually in the nude wearing only a purple cloak sure put everyone’s mood that way. “I like when bigger groups show up, Dessy. It’s way more fun.”

“It’s also a Tuesday, you bimbo. The concept of having to work for a living will forever be lost on you.”

“Work is boring anyway. Let’s get started then!!” Sorsha waved her hand in a practiced flourish. A series of sparks flew from her palm, leaving a dazzling trail of green specks trailing her motions. An intentional diversion as it took everyone in the room a second to realize brown envelopes had materialized from nowhere into their hands.

Asibow was tearing her claws into it without a second's hesitation. There were three goodies inside, simple in design yet earning her intent focus. Her meaty paws unfolded a scrap of dirty cloth designed to look like ancient parchment, which was torn violently so the oddly written words were incomplete. Also, inside were some playing cards with ancient art designs she assumed were meant for tarot readings. Although, she was pretty sure no actual deck used Pokémon for astral signs.

And then there was a Ziploc bag of dried food.



“What’s the jerky for?” Chrono said, holding up a similar bag. A quick gleam let Asibow see she’d gotten the same slip of paper but some different cards.

“In case you get hungry,” Sorsha replied with a shrug. “An hour is a long time and brain food is important. Anyway, the story is simple...”

With another wave of her hand, the room’s air changed. Lights dimmed despite not being on dimmer switches, helping to flaunt the glowing green aura surrounding Sorsha’s naked slim body. It must have also been modifying her voice, for it tickled their ears like she was blowing into them.

“Through some bad luck on your stealth skills, the great platinum dragon lord has caught you trying to liberate her stolen plunder. For now, you’ve been stripped of your equipment and thrown into her vault for safe keeping. She rarely has the opportunity for taking prisoners so lack of a dungeon forced some improvising. Turns out this works to your advantage. The skeletal remains of a previous poor soul offer you some clues to unlock the dragon’s treasure trove where countless magical trinkets can lead to your salvation. Just be quick. She’s bound to be back within the hour.”

Her speech finished, the magic evaporated as quickly as it set in, leaving Sorsha standing with chest thrust forward as if expecting an applause. Instead, most of her clients were busy thumbing through the intricately made Pokémon cards trying to spot any initial secrets.

For his part, Desmond gazed at her with a sarcastic smirk. “You had someone help write that, didn’t you?”

“Oh, give me some credit!” Sorsha tapped her forehead where the yellow A symbol rested. “I got a few artistic brain cells in here. Although...I may have borrowed actual cursed treasure from a dragoness for these puzzles.”

The way everyone simultaneously stopped in their activities to look at Sorsha almost looked practiced.

“Borrowed as in, they gave you stuff willingly?” Chrono broke the silence. Her tail coiled around one leg.

“I’m not a damn thief!” Sorsha snapped with a stamp of her paw foot. The rush of anger was quickly laughed off. “I mean, it’s all very minor stuff to add immersion. Just be extra careful with your puzzle solving unless you want a horrific transformation or something. Any questions?”

Everyone raised their hand.

"No? Great! See you in an hour!"

Frantic incoherent shouts filled the room before a snap of Sorsha's fingers silenced the four furries. Their bodies slowed to a stop, locked frozen in time while the cat's green magic enveloped their bodies. Once enough energy had built up, they all simply vanished in one instantaneous popping noise. Some might say it's a gross misuse of magic to teleport someone ten feet away into another room. In this witch's case, she had days where she really didn't want to hear the panicked protests and threats that usually came with her good ideas.

"...and the pizza better not be magic too!" Chrono shouted once her body had finished its very short magic trip. The others were simultaneously completing their own thoughts, but those went over her rounded ears even as they perked at their change of surroundings.

Gone was the Victorian styled sitting room with its well-kept furnishings. Now the group was in a real dungeon carved fresh from a mountain. The jagged rock walls reeked of fresh mold. Barrels and chests were everywhere alongside dirty shelves and rusty cages. The air itself was cold and stale. Only the dim light of a few torches offered them any kind of visibility.

So much decayed and time worn decor was clearly intentional as a way to draw attention to the enormous vault door. It nearly took up the far wall, its polished steel gleaming in the fire light like new. Dragons were fairly known for their practical spending.

"I hate it when she does that," Desmond said after having landed inside a box of dirty clothes.

"We're still in a building, right?" Nomen ran a hand over one of the walls in awe of its realism.

"I'm eighty-percent sure."

While that was not very reassuring, Chrono had many other pressing concerns. "What the heck was she on about horrific transformations?"

"That's just Sorsha being dramatic." Desmond paused so Asibow could help heft him out of the old clothes box. "Thanks. She's rather apt at body modification magic, so there's probably a few things in this room with booby traps. Who do you think always changes me back after a freak science experiment?"

"I just assumed you keep a bunch of antidotes everywhere," Asibow said while peeling a sock off the squirrel-fox's hair. It was hurriedly tossed aside for fear of the aforementioned magic traps.

"Yeah. That too. There're just times when having a sociopathic witch for a friend comes in handy." A thought struck Desmond and he checked all his pockets. "Incidentally, that teleporting thing she did to use took all my restorative items... and my wallet."

"Mine too," Nomen grumbled after checking himself. "We're going to get those back, right?"

"Like she'd ever have a use for it. Relax guys."

Chrono's striped tail lashed with her angry snarl. "No way. I didn't sign up for weird stuff and being robbed in the process. I'm out!"

"Uh!" Desmond raised a hand, but the tigress had already turned for the door with the large 'exit' sign over it. "She just explained we're locked in here so that's probably..."

He was cut off the second Chrono laid a slender hand on the door handle. What happened next could only be described as the most impressive indoor light show he'd seen in a long time. Magic surged through the tigress's curves as bolts of energy that were oddly in a variety of greens, blues, and red colorations. Much like static energy, every last bit of striped fur fluffed perfectly straight, making her look deceptively inflated, especially with her striped tail lifted stiffly behind her.

Unfortunately, since everyone else had been staring at her when it happened, they didn't see much of the magical trap before becoming blinded by it. There was a loud yowl from Chrono followed by a crack like a gunshot. When the other three managed to rub enough flashing spots from their eyes, they saw the tigress had been expelled from the door clear across the room and was resting slumped against the dragon's vault.

A panicked squeal escaped Asibow as she rushed to their side. "Holy crap! Are you okay?"

"Hello, mama!" Chrono's head rolled a few times until she managed to get to the goat monster's face within her view. Her eyes blinked slightly out of sync while raising both hands to pinch Asibow's cheeks. "May I have snail pie for breakfast?"

"Um..."

If there was one thing Desmond always hated about a Sorsha related activity, it was this moment. The one where every remaining coherent member of the group looked at him like they were in a life-or-death scenario and he somehow knew all the answers.

“Seriously, is she trying to kill us!?” Nomen demanded. He had a bit more anger than worry staring down Desmond.

“I already told you; Sorsha likes to be over dramatic with her antics. Look! Chrono isn’t smoking from any lightning damage. Hell. She didn’t even get a concussion from hitting a steel door.”

“Good to know we’re working with Three Stooges physics. Get us out of here.”

“We ain’t leaving until we open the vault or an hour passes. She also doesn’t approve of quitters.”

“...never invite me to any adventures with that witch again.”

“Don’t worry. She usually invites herself.”

“Guys. I’m fine. Really!” Chrono’s tired squeaks sound fairly drained from her experience in spite of her instance. She had managed to get back on her feet leaning heavily against the door and Asibow’s thick hands for support. “I just feel a little tingly, is all. Okay... make that a lot tingly... Oh, crap! I think the magic is building up inside... Aaa-haaah!?”

An explosive growth overwhelmed the tigresses so hard even a hefty goat like Asibow couldn’t help being knocked back. Chrono fell back against the big security door gasping in labored pants, eyes staring down in wide panic watching her height jump while feet in seconds. More than once she stumbled having to constantly adjust her stance for a rapidly changing center of balance. Soon she was easily the biggest person in the room, with a huge gap between her tight shirt and jeans showing off her midsection. The pants were looking particularly uncomfortable as the leg ends rose to just below her knees.

“That’s...unexpected,” Asibow said as she stared up at the looming tigress.

“Is it me or did the ceiling grow with her?” Nomen added. “She easily passed over ten feet with that.”

“Meh. That’s Sorsha for ya.” Desmond gave a shrug with his worst explanation for the game yet. “If we could escape the room just by becoming something huge it wouldn’t be nearly as fun for her.”

“Uh, speaking of huge...” Chrono said between her panting. Everyone watched her hands move to gingerly cup her modest bust, now outlined through the strained cotton fabric. Her fingers caressed it a few times as her expression took on someone handling a volatile material. All at once her shirt gave a hard jostle and the soft mounds in her hands began inflating out the fabric like two spherical balloons. “Hoooooo fuck! Mmmgh! That’s actually really nice!”

“Typical Sorsha standards.” While the other two might have been watching the feline's tits burst open the front of her shirt, Desmond busied himself checking around their room. Ignoring the pleasure mews from behind, he made a beeline for the skeleton sitting on a rickety chair by a desk. “Careful about the next step. She really likes to give people tons of padding.”

Chrono was snapped from her growth induced pleasure, if only slightly. “The wha-REOW!”

A thundercrack echoed across the stone walls with Chrono’s alarmed mewling’s. Hands flew from her bouncing beach ball breast to her hips, unable to hold them back. The bones of her pelvis gave off a series of loud pops while they stretched and extended, leaving her with an impressive span that could fill a loveseat at her looming size. Her ass and thighs quickly followed, inflating with plush layers of fat until it poured out over the back of her tight jeans until the back seam finally gave way with a loud tear.

For a few minutes the room remained silent except the tired breathing of a now very large tigress shaped like an hourglass. Chrono tried a few times to tug her clothes over her expanded assets only to tear its strained fabric further. There was little choice but to let her boobs and butt jiggle freely in all their full glory for now.

To their credit, Asibow and Nomen didn’t stare too intently. Once they were sure Chrono had no further growth spurts in reserve, they shifted their gazes to Desmond. Somehow seeing the squirrel fox standing over a pile of fake skeleton bones that’d been shattered to pieces was the creepier spectacle.

“What did the dead guy do to you?” Nomen asked in a half-joke.

Desmond scoffed, his black nose wrinkling while he worked to compare a new piece of ripped parchment with the one Sorsha had given everyone. “Sorsha said the first clue was with our previous prisoner. I just got startled by the cracking.”

"Holy tits! These are ginormous!" Chrono cupped her new mammaries after having recovered from the strain of her growth. Fear was keeping her movements slow and stiff, lest what remained of her clothes tore from her increased form.

"Looking pretty thick, I gotta say," Asibow added, giving the tigress a smack on her rump. That earned a striped tail thick as a python hitting her back in the face.

Nomen had to force himself away from the extra curvy sight to focus on Desmond. "So, what did you find?"

"No idea. It's just a bunch of weird symbols and squiggle lines."

Nomen snatched the papers from the squirrel-fox so fast they remained staring at air for a few seconds. After a moment of staring the connected pieces over, his eyebrows furrowed and carefully turned the parchments on to their side. "It's a code for the vault's first lock. Hang on. I got this!"

"Huff! Be careful," Chrono said as she shuffled awkwardly from the vault door for his approach. The ceiling might have been raised enough for her to stand at her full fifteen feet, but all the sashaying would take some getting used to. "These traps sure are potent."

"Duly noted!" Nomen slapped a fist on the only visible button across the fast steel surface. A section broke off into a panel, sliding open to unveil a keypad and screen. "Easy puzzle! It's just matching symbols and numbers."

"The giant fat cat is right." Asibow raised a meaty finger in interjection. "We should probably look at the clues a bit more carefully."

"Who are you calling fat!? You look like a white melon from up here!"

"Already done." Nomen's ears twitched happily after inputting the last code. The screen flashed a series of colors with bells akin to a slot machine sounding off. "See? This game is going to be a piece o..."

A soft click opened a small hole in the vault, halting Nomen in his thoughts. They had just enough time to realize the implications before a ray of raw green magic shot forth in a clean strike against the bunny's chest. It wasn't much thicker than a pen, yet possessed the force to knock the bunny off his feet.

"Good to see we're making progress," Desmond mumbled as he collected the dropped parchment scraps. "Oh, yeah. This is written in

draconic. The scrap I had gives the vault combination to volunteer as its guard dog. Asi, give me your scrap."

"How do you know draconic?" The goat monster sounded fairly impressed while passing over her clue.

"You'd be surprised how handy it is to know monster languages when you frequently hop dimensions. Sorsha loves dragons."

"Guess that explains the stack of language books in this room."

"Is he okay?" Chrono was hovering over Nomen in a low squat, not caring how it further tore her pants. The bunny remained sprawled writing on the floor. Teeth clenched from the magic heating his body from the inside. Otherwise, he might have enjoyed how her enormous mammaries threatened to crush his face.

"I'm sure he will be better than ever in a few minutes." Desmond eyed the new set of papers together. "Here we go."

"D-dang it! H-help me-ee-eeeEERRRAWRGE!" Nomen let out a cry that broke into a vicious snarl unbecoming of such a tiny bunny. The magic was working quickly to correct that, unfortunately. While his mouth hung agape it began to snap and shift in time with his cries. The bridge of his muzzle widened as it grew, nostrils flaring larger while they were pulled further apart. His nose itself lost its pink skin as it sank in to become part of a very large snout.

Desmond was the only one ignoring the bunny's metamorphosis. His black furry paws sidestepped Nomen's writhing body over to the safe where he could input the new puzzle code. There wasn't much he could do to counter Sorsha's brand of spells. Everyone's clothing would just have to be a worthy sacrifice for the sake of pizza.

Everyone else had become captivated by their companions' monstrously enlarged snout. The rest of his head quickly followed, neck stretching out the collar of his shirt as it strengthened to compensate for the increased skull weight. Nomen roared again when a pair of thick white horns slithered out of his forehead. They coiled around still very long large ears before facing forward as deadly sharp points.

"That looks a lot more painful than I'd prefer," Asibow commented with no intention of getting close to that booby trapped safe. Fortunately, Desmond seemed to have picked the correct code. She could see he'd

opened a second compartment in the door and was studying vials full of weird colored things.

"It... It's more intense than painful," Nomen admitted, his voice gaining a growling rumble but with a sultry tone thanks to a lack of an Adam's apple. He rolled onto hands and knees lacking the capacity to stand. Muscles all over his body were involuntarily flexing, making his form pulse larger with each rhythmic interval. Ceases in his shorts and shirt quickly smoothed out before the fabric itself creaked in protest trying to keep the bunny covered.

"Okay I think I got... this!" Desmond turned back to the trio holding three vials in triumph only for his thoughts to trail off.

The fact Nomen's flip had unwittingly left him presenting for the squirrel-fox was only distracting in the way his butt was rapidly thickening out with each growing pulse his body went through. Thighs quickly joined in until his shorts were squeezing tight over a very womanly set of hips. Seams ripping open even as the soft layer of green furry flesh bulged through too small pant legs and spilled over the waistband.

Desmond was still contemplating a full moon joke when Nomen's hips gave a loud cracking of bones. The bunny arched his back, deafening everyone with his mightiest roar yet. A sound that overshadowed the noises of his tail exploding out the seat of his shorts. The little fluff nub shot out like a rocket, riding the tip of a rapidly growing spine encased in massive amounts of thick muscle tissue. The cheeks it was attached to weren't far behind as they decimated what remained of Nomen's shorts. Plush glutes and wide hips to rival Chrono's had to squish around the massive base of his new tail just to find room for it.

"Oh shi-"

Needless to say, Desmond wasn't prepared for a meaty appendage larger than the rest of Nomen's already beefed-up body slamming into his face. His lightweight got slammed against the vault door miraculously missing a concussion, but also caused two of the vials in his hands to shatter across the front of his shirt and pants. The other two were flung from his grasp like bullets right into an unexpected goat monster across the room.

"Dang it, Dessy!" Asibow cried as she threw up her hands. Despite having a rounded soft belly, the little glass containers exploded upon impact. Washing her shirt in large blotches of red and yellow gunk. "Those



have got to be the frailest bits of glass I've ever seen. Don't tell me that was our whole clue."

Nomen continued to growl and pant as she alternated kicking the air with each bulking leg. More than once did she narrowly miss giving Desmond a closer view of their sneaker bottoms before the mildly bruised squirrel-fox thought to duck away next to Asibow. On the last, strongest kicks, her shoes hit the vault and exploded into six different pieces. The feet underneath had swollen nearly triple the size protective wear was designed for.

Not that they could be considered feet by a person's sense anymore. The toes suffered their own mini-run of inflation to become large rounded digits tipped in wicked black claws. The bases grew larger still into massive platforms of green fur supported by plush pink pads at their soles. They needed to be huge after Nomen's heels cracked and stretched, tearing the white socks that remained as they rose into high arches. It was impossible for Nomen to walk normally with such monstrous paws. Her full weight would have to be supported on tip toes.

"That's looking kind of hot," Chrono said as she knelt to offer the former rabbit some comfort. At this point they were both roughly equal in miniature giant size, with Nomen quickly catching up on the buxom curve's aspect of their transformations. What the towering tigress wasn't expecting was when four very large spikes tore through her companion's shirt, going in sets of twos down her upper back. Several more sprouted near the end of their squirming tail to help decorate its thick green tuft.

"HNNNGH!" Nomen ground her fierce fangs together trying to bear back a tightness overwhelming her chest. They lasted all about six seconds before losing her last shreds of modest clothing. The cream furred tits that broke forth nearly knocked her arms out from under her as their gushing hung crashed into the floor. Their soft flesh squished against each other, oozing around beefy green forearms and along her lower chest. Wherever there was space to accommodate. Hell, she was fairly sure she could pull back and there'd be enough boobage to support her on their own.

"I have to agree," Asibow said, momentarily distracted from her own mess to watch the former bunny complete their transformation. "She makes a great demon. Uh. Des? W-what are you doing?"

"She's a behemoth. It's part of the whole dungeon and monster theme. Hold still." Desmond had begun scraping his fingers over the front of Asibow's shirt, ignoring the fat goat's disquiet while he explained. Their

combined messes of goop became mixed together while his fingers squished around her soft chest and stomach. "That was supposed to be some kind of alchemy puzzle, so if we can salvage these things in the right order, we might still make the solution."

"I better be getting a lot of pizza for this," Nomen said in a growl that continued to echo around the room. She finally regained the strength to stand back up and was surprised to find herself over a foot taller than the altered Chrono. The tip of her bull-like horns even threatened to scratch the ceiling if she tried to stand on tiptoe. That made her bloated medicine balls for breasts proportionally larger than the tigresses by default, making the new behemoth already lament her inability to see the floor. "The waivers didn't say anything about becoming naked."

Asibow giggled. "I get the feeling our host doesn't care much for clothes in general. Dessy? You can let go of my boobs any time."

"I'm... trying?"

It'd taken the big goat several seconds to notice Desmond had stopped collecting goo off their chest. Now their hands remained firmly latched onto Asibow's fatty bosom despite her efforts to step away. It only ended up dragging the panicking squirrel-fox in time with her steps. He was visibly twisting and pulling also trying to separate from her, which only sent the massive breasts jiggling violently.

Equally alarming to Asibow was the sight of her shirt itself starting to vanish. At first, she squealed thinking the goo was making them dissolve, but upon prolonged observation it looked more like the material was literally sinking into her. Her fur seeped right through the cotton like water and then devoured the fabric entirely within her fatty flesh.

"Oh, geez no!" Asibow squealed as she quickly became topless in front of everyone. The fact that two out of four of them already threatened to break the dress code was lost as she hurriedly tried to clamp both hands over her thick areolas.

"Asi! Don't!" Desmond said right as the meaty white paw clamped down over his.

There was an unexpected squelching noise like something hitting a mass of gelatin. Asibow stood blinking while trying to process why hitting her friend's hands would make such a noise. Looking to Desmond only got a defeated whimper in return, ears folding back as his attention focused on the goat's tits. When she reluctantly moved her palms, it was clear to see

his hands had gone the same way as her shirt. Everything up to Desmond's forehands lay completely submerged deep inside Asibow's chest.

"Desmond! Get out of my boobs!!"

"You think I'm doing this on purpose! Stop flailing! They're eating my arms!"

Chrono leaned her increased backside on a barrel, chewing absently while watching over the pair struggle. Asibow tried to yank herself back, sucking Desmond in up to his elbows for the effort. He in turn tried to push a paw foot off her knee but his limbs refused to come out of the goat's chest. "Should we be helping them?"

Nomen sputtered dismissively. "I just turned into a giant monster girl. I ain't getting near whatever they're doing. What are you eating, anyway?"

"Sorsha's jerky!" Chrono held up the plastic baggy of dried meat. "All this growing really burns calories. Though I gotta warn you they're a bit spic...spicey. ACHOO!"

"Whoa!" Nomen jumped, not from her friends sneezing, but from the six-foot jet of green flame they projected with it.

"YIP!" Flames that blasted easily into a fluffy tail, scorching the seat of his shorts. Baser instincts kicked in just sensing the tickling heat on his back, compelling him to leap forward onto Asibow in an attempt to escape.

Needless to say, Asibow was rather stunned when there was no weight behind Desmond's assault. His face plowed right into her cleavage and vanished as easily as leaping into a pool. And the force of his jump only let him keep going, vanishing up to his waist inside the goat's breasts leaving his paws flailing in the air.

"No! Dessy! S-stop squirming or...you'll... aah!" Asibow grasped at her friend's waist only for him to slip away. The combined efforts of their squirming and gravity soon finished the job. What remained of Desmond continued to sink into the soft furry mounds until the last bit of his large puffy tail vanished with a slurping noise.

"Did... your tits just eat Desmond?" Nomen asked with jaw hanging slack.

"That's one way to put it." Asibow meekly patted at her chest, finding her girls as solid as ever with no hope of fishing her friend back out. She jumped when they started to jiggle back of their own accord, second before

bloating fuller and heavier. The fur across their sagging mass darkened into a pitch black. "A-AH!! You gotta be kidding!"

"Ghhrack! Gaack!" A different series of choking noises turned the green behemoth that was now Nomen's attention back to Chrono. She was rapidly patting her own chest and coughing small plumes of smoke. Although the real source of discomfort seemed to be coming from her altering muzzle. Jaws cracked as her face grew longer and much wider, the teeth inside becoming sharper, more numerous to fill the added space. In the process her small pink nose was pulled apart to leave its nostrils flush with the end of a draconic snout. Her eyes went cross watching the fur molt off her enlarged bridge to be replaced with bright orange scales. "Why was the jerky trapped?"

"I'm starting to think our host never had a plane for this kind of place," Noman said, eyeing the tigress's changing skull. Ears vanished from Chrono's head to be replaced by spiral golden horns while the scales consumed fur down her body in a wave. "She's just making money off perverted magic."

"I don't care!" Asibow cried, grasping at her gut, which was also having its fur dyed a familiar shade of black. Heavy fat pushed her belly button out further with each breath she took, forcing hands to spread apart. "I was already big enough and now I'm reaching whale sizes."

Chrono opened her new mouth to say something, but she and Asibow were cut off by a spontaneous explosion. The changing tigress's shirt turned to shred thanks to a pair of majestic dragon wings growing out of her shoulders, and rather awkwardly against the wall behind her. In Asibow's predicament, it was her nub of a goat tail straining like a balloon under pressure before nearly instantly shooting out over a hundred times its original size. The back of her jeans ripped clean in half from the girth of a fluffy white squirrel tail nearly the same size as her torso. Which was impressive considering it had gotten an extra two hundred pounds added at least.

"No! No! No!" Asibow gripped at the tear in her jeans trying to hold it together. It was futile now that her lower body began to pack on dozens of extra pounds by the second. The mounting force of her bloating ass couldn't be contained and soon the other seams began to tear around tree trunk thighs until she was just holding scraps. Her increased girth put the other two monster girls' hips to shame, even when only eight feet tall.

"When I told Dessy he was sweet enough to make me a giant I was being metaphorical."

"It could be worse?" Chrono offered. She was giddily flexing her arms and watching the muscles bulge bigger and bigger each time. While her thickened tail thumped about after becoming a towering dragoness, her black striped pattern had remained across shimmering orange scales. A sight that really pleased her as her abs bulked up with rigid muscles.

"You got me!" Desmond's voice made the three changed girls jump. Asibow especially, since it seemed to be coming right next to her ear. "Although, I do wish to declare my intention to body slam Sorsha when we get out."

Asibow winced from a sudden cramping between her neck and shoulder, which relieved itself with a pop. she glanced over and jumped a foot in the air, causing a small tremor upon landing.

"Yeah. Hi." said her new head that'd just grown in. It bore the general shape of Desmond's fox features, though with a set of goat horns and double chin to better match the physique of their shared body fat. "Looks like we're roommates for a while."

"Well, that's a little creepy. Hey!" The goat's eyes went wide as control of her arm on Desmond's side was suddenly yanked away. Her Desmond head used it to yank off what remained of their pants and panties. "Stop that! I'm not stripping in front of everyone!"

"Asi, we're all pretty much naked at this point. And that was riding badly up my crack."

"You mean our crack."

"Oh, this is going to be a fun little fusion date."

Chrono fidgeted her on her creaking barrel seat. The shifting of her muscular thighs took some getting used to. "So how are we supposed to open the vault now?"

"We could try ripping it off?" Nomen said. It was clear by her lazy floor staring stance it was just a passing thought, but when she looked up the other two and a half monster girls were staring at her intently. "I was being sarcastic, guys!"

Meanwhile, not twenty feet away in another room, Sorsha giggled as she watched one sexy transformation occur after another on several monitors.

"This is, by far, the best idea I've ever had. I should totally start live streaming these runs like a game show. You think I should give prizes?"

"I think you should consult a lawyer, at least." Wendel rolled his eyes, jutting down a slew of notes for his latest news story. An ideal gaze towards the table loaded with stacks of pizza boxes and hot wing platters made his stomach rumble before he refocused. "Out of morbid curiosity, how are they supposed to solve the room puzzle anyway?"

Sorsha's ears perked stiffly, though her gaze never left the screen of Chrono bending over to show off that sweet dragon butt as they rummaged through a chest of magical items. "Solve it?"

"Yeah. You know; the string of clues and puzzles you gave them are a bit hard to figure..." Wendel's bunny ears flopped to the side of his head in a distressing revelation. "You did actually make a room with a solvable puzzle, right? You're not just throwing shit in there for people to messed with."

Sorsha whirled in her swivel chair to flash him a smile. "In my defense, I'm not really a 'puzzle maker' kind of witch. And it took a lot of effort getting that dragoness to loan me her cursed relics."

Wendel raised a finger preparing a retort, glanced over Sorsha's shoulder at the enormous buxom girls on screen, and decided it best to just silently finish texting his notes for the monthly zine.

## Bubblebutt Gum

Public transportation had to be one of the worst ways to travel. Not because of the service or the scheduling, though both could use a bit more funding these days. Different experiences always varied. In Aren's case he simply hated the cramped spaces.

"Ack!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" He said hurriedly without so much as a glance back at the old ferret he'd just hip smacked while walking past. The umbreon-flygon hybrid wasn't trying to be rude. Past experience had eventually taught him the futility of trying to be polite. That usually led to a domino effect of more people getting smacked by the swing of his long and meaty tail if he moved too fast. Instead, he followed the natural urge to try and scrunch his body up smaller while continuing to thump large black furred paws down the aisle.

It did little good. Mixed genetics made sure Aren's lower body filled out in every possible meaning of the term 'thicc.' The span of his hips was going to squeeze between both rows of seats no matter what he tried. He was just relieved to get off the dang bus, even if his tail feathers almost got caught in the automatic door.

Thank the goddess he didn't have far to go on such a sunny day. Aren straightened his extra-large cargo pants and took off down the sidewalk with an optimistic flutter to his large diamond-shaped wings. At least there wasn't too much activity going on this afternoon. He could walk a bit faster without a care for his enormous dragon tail sweeping the concrete behind him.

The first few seconds of Doom's theme music played when he opened the door to enter his favorite garden shop. Most establishments would just put bells or some loud jingle, so Aren found a little amusement for their attempt at being unique. It instantly got the attention of a white and pink colored cat girl at the register.

"Well, hey there, dump truck! Got your order all ready and waiting."

“Thanks, Sorsha.” Aren scoffed with only an annoyed twitch of his long black ears. The cat made no secret of her perverted nature when she wore the shortest of shorts and bikinis even in winter. He had grown rather used to being teased for his dragon side. Plus finding a witch doing commercial business made her the best place for fresh alchemy reagents.

While he fished out a bundle of twenty notes, Sorsha had vanished into a side closet. She returned half a minute later, placing a thick plastic case. Without prompting, the locking clasps were flipped open and she flashed the contents for Aren to admire. To an untrained civilian they just looked like glass tubes with brightly colored liquids, some rocks, and a small bundle of balls in bright red wrappers. For the hybrid, it was four months of his savings made into an easy investment. These materials were already been processed and refined into a perfect state as ingredients for his next line of potion ideas, saving him weeks of work.

“What are the candies for?” Aren plucked a little ball curiously. They hadn’t been part of his order. Some test sniffs detected a faint bite of cinnamon.

“Bubble gum on the house,” Sorsha said, her fluffy tail dancing in the air like a cobra. “I mixed it with some spare stuff to give it a little spice.”

“Stuff?” The umbreon-flygon raised an eyebrow, both ears and antenna wiggling. When all he got was a goofy shrug, he gave up and popped the piece into his muzzle. Sure enough, he’d barely ground the gum against his molars when a wash of cinnamon burned at his tongue. At least they weren’t atomic fireball levels of pain, but he did have to blink away some tears. “G-great! Thanks again.”

“You just enjoy your day now, dear.” Sorsha handed off Aren’s change with a receipt before waving him out the door. She watched him go with a broad smile at how his night black fur was already lightening.

With that business out of the way Aren had a good forty minutes before the next bus arrived to take him home. Luckily there was a Burger Queen four shops down for an easy lunch. He walked along enjoying the gum’s surprisingly long-lasting flavor. Each chew only seemed to brighten his fur further until the only blacks that remained were horizontal stripes running across a pelt of bright orange fur. An obvious exception being the excessive amount of cream fur overtaking most of his chin, chest and massive tail.



“May I...help you?”

The rabbit manning the register seemed at a loss when Aren entered the restaurant. That wasn't an uncommon reaction for mixed species he'd gotten used to over the years. Unfortunately, it had less to do with the antenna and wings and more with how his muzzle was lengthening before the workers eyes. The fangs inside grew to accommodate the extra room, flashing a bright smile every time he chewed. At the same time his ears reduced significantly while also becoming sharper and pointed to resemble a canine. By the time he got close enough to speak there wasn't much of his umbreon side left.

“Hey there!” Aren didn't even register the other man's shock while they scanned over the menu and ordered. He began to amuse himself by snapping the gum in rapid succession. Each time sent a delightful tingle across his body that left his figure more filled out. The cashier's wide eyes steadily moved upwards trying to keep eye contact when he ended up towering over seven feet tall.

“T-that'll be twenty-for-sixty, please?”

Aren reached for his wallet and became confused with the short struggle that ensued. Freshly plump sausage fingers shouldn't have this much trouble reaching into the pocket of cargo pants. For that matter his pants shouldn't be feeling this snug even on his ample caboose. He always shopped in extra sizes for the breathing room.

Snapping his gum several more times in frustration, he eventually managed to yank the wallet out with a bark of triumph. He passed a debit card over to the bunny, who barely stayed coherent enough to run it watching Aren inflate into a new weight class. While his pelvis region and thick white tail remained the biggest part by far, there was no denying his shirt was running out of room to cover a rapidly expanding chest. A large gap had opened between his shorts and shirt, allowing an orange furred belly to spill over the waistband and squish its extra pudge against the counter.

“Thanks!” Aren said as he took the card back with a receipt. Both were almost dropped when he actually took a good long look at the orange hands obeying his commands. They were still tipped in his bright green claws, but sported digits thicker than corn dogs. “What the arf!”

A glance down made him yelp again to see an unfamiliar orange and black striped midsection spilling out from under his shirt. Attempts to pull the hem down were met with a realization these love handles were actually his. Not to mention causing several tears around the sleeves of his flabby biceps from the strain.

Giving up on that, Aren tore out his cell phone to turn on its selfie camera. The arcanine with flygone antenna and wings that gawked back barely fit the screen. His massive double chin couldn't even be hidden from the fluffy mane of cream fur that'd grown in around it. In his panic his thicker muzzle snapped the gum a few more times, nearly making the hybrid choke on it when his face grew even fuller on camera.

"Are you okay, sir?"

"P-probably not." Aren said flabbergasted. His fluffier dragon tail cracking its feathered tip against the floor as his plump cheeks burned a bright red. If the gum was the culprit, it was easy to guess what was happening. "T-this doesn't normally happen to me, I swear. I...just...awoo..."

The bunny mumbled something in confusion, but Aren had already shuffled awkwardly into a booth far away to await his food. With his belly button sticking out in a deep groove he really began to feel eyes on him now. Maybe it'd be a good idea to start investing in extra-large shirts for safety's sake. He tried to ignore some customers that simply couldn't stop gawking at the new four-hundred-pound arcanine-flygone easy spot able above everything else. What a day to not bring any extra antidotes.

Aren became so flustered that he didn't even think to spit out the gum before absently puffing out a large bubble with it, bringing an even more unwelcomed magic effect. It was as if the cushions had suddenly become filled with excess padding, lifting him several inches where he sat. But that was odd, because he still felt himself on the cushions and never moved in the process.

Like everything else, that was easily explained when he looked down. Eyes went wider than dinner plates as hands flew to his hips. A reach that had to go out much further than normal to touch their ends. His already girthy pelvis had puffed at least an additional foot in both directions. His ass was in even worse shape; rolling over the back of his short's waistband

with so much fat it threatened to swallow his tail base in the crack of its black striped glutes.

“Wah-AAH!!” Aren had ended up so shocked at his inflated backside he’d forgotten about his bubble. The simple act of speaking had caused it to puff larger, which in turn expanded his pelvis despite his hands attempts to push it back. Barking in alarm caused an even worse effect. His chubby thighs became pressed against the bottom of the booth’s table while his butt filled out its entire seat. The cramped space had it peeking out of the backrest like two orange hills for other diners to admire.

Aren had everyone’s attention again, but his was entirely focused straight ahead. Eyes went crossed staring at the basketball sized gum balloon stuck to his tight lips. Yeah. He needed to get home as a megaton of arcanine fat somehow. However, abject fear kept his thickened body in a paralyzed state.

What on earth was going to happen if he popped this sucker?

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# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

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