

Hungry Warks

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Commission for Janus

By

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The following contains: Anthro cat to anthro chocobo TF, egg laying

Read at your own discretion.



Visiting the lair of a mad scientist is supposed to be exciting. Right? It's like seeing that candy room Wonka has, only with more complex explanations. Or it should be like in those cartoons where kids can turn into fish, mice pilot giant robots, or you get thwarted by a platypus in a hat. Fun adventure stuff where anything could happen.

So why was Cheshire bored off her enormous butt?

When Janus, her artist creator and absolute dream boat of a wolf, invited her over to Desmond's lab for the day, she expected something a bit more exciting. She would have loved nothing more than to be part of some experiment that made her a dragon, or grew a second head, or both. Instead, they were served a lackluster meal of noodles and both boys fell into a discussion over anime.

At least Chesh assumed they were talking about anime. Janus would gripe something about dinobots. Desmond gave a snarky remark about a nobody named Michal Bay. Then they got into a debate about robots, which should have been something cool, except who cares about 'environmental durability' and yadda yadda yadda. All nerd talk that didn't even reach her striped ears. How she wished they'd just speak English.

A half hour of this dribble hadn't passed before Chesh was drumming both paws on the table. Her long blue and black striped tail lashed through the air so rapidly it was generating a breeze. There wasn't even something to play with while she was stuck listening to endless dribble. The dumb chocobo didn't even have tesla coils.

Eventually she just gave up all notions of being polite. Not that she had much desire to play by social etiquettes to begin with. Neither middle-aged dork noticed when she'd slipped off her stool for a little casual patrol around the lab. Despite being eight feet of blue and black striped furred amazon goddess, the feline's plush pads made sure her every large footfall was as silent as snowfall. Her basketball sized boobs only made spring bouncing noises on command.

Getting away from the geek talk didn't exactly solve the boredom problem. The building Desmond was renting for science stuff was fairly large and full of all sorts of stuff. Sashaying between tables and shelves Chesh quickly realized she couldn't identify a science gizmo from a box of old magazines. There were plenty of odd colored liquids in containers stashed away. But on thinking that through she wasn't keen on accidently drinking spoiled milk.

"Ooooh!?"

No sooner had she rounded a corner than Chesh's ears perked with a meow of pleased interest. Tucked away between two bookcases was a black fridge. What told her that this might contain a goodie or two were the six deterrent signs and three padlocks put on it. Anything marked as a biohazard was a surefire ticket to a good time.

Plus, it was cute how Desmond thought high grade locks could protect anything. She had those cracked with a single claw with only one second of effort each.

"Jackpot!" Chesh cried when golden feline eyes laid upon the treasure awaiting her. There was a whole army's supply of edible goodies stashed away just waiting to fill an eager girl's fluffy belly. Enormous paws made easy work breaking the padlocks off boxes and canisters further marked with various warning labels. She never cared to read the walls of text listing boring info like allergies. A cute pink nose was all one needed to figure out the tasty stuff.

"Bleh!" What looked like lime pudding certainly wasn't one of them. Chesh tossed the canister over her shoulder, where it landed in the pot of an indoor plant. While its leaves began twisting into the shape of fox ears, the remains of a ham sandwich landed nearby, soon joined by a bottle of sour smelling soda. Joy quickly gave way to frustration now that she'd gotten her appetite worked up. Not a damn thing here looks good to eat. What was Desmond even saving it for? All hope was almost lost when she ripped the chains off a flatter container to pop its plastic lid off.

A whole platter of deviled eggs gleamed up in Chesh's eager face. They even smelled fresh as Chesh shoveled them four at a time into her muzzle. The whole thing was gone in a matter of minutes. After a few seconds longer licking the container clean just in case, she tossed that away too, nearly hitting an oddly vixen-shaped plant glaring at her.

Its expression turned into a smug grin watching Chesh lean in search of further nourishment. Her feline tail wagged happily across the span of her broad backside, retracting back into her spine a little bit with each pass. Large feathers sprouted out its receding tip, growing like trees until the only thing Chesh had was an impressive fan of blue rectrices on her butt. Her signature black stripes remained splattered across them as a decorative pattern.

None of this tail shifting registered to the cat girl as she straightened up to chug a bottle of what she assumed to be heavy cream. It certainly tasted good washing that egg down. The chill of white fluid spilling off her jaw and down her breasts gave her a sensual shiver. After that she let the bottle drop to the floor beside paw feet that were starting to have their toes fuse together. A loud belch erupted from her full belly echoing through the area.

"Now that's the good stuff." Chesh giggled as she contemplated what to do next. She turned while absently scratching at her hip and stopped. Ears tilted with her confused mew while she groped the area harder. Something was off about the way her bottom felt. It was still thick and awesomely curved, but the soft fluff covering felt

different. Not at all like the normal coat of fine fur. She raised her paw and saw several small blue and black feathers had gotten caught on its claws. "Down? Nya-AH!"

A strange cramp ran up Chesh's arm, sparking an onset of budding feathers. They grew fast and plentiful to quickly overwhelm the teal fur. Her focus however remained almost solely on her outstretched paw. Before her golden slit eyes her fingers popped and stretched and warped. Claws dulled as they slowly vanished into a simpler lump of an extremity, much like her paw pads. Exceptional large feathering formed out of these to complete what was unmistakably a bird's wing.

"Ooooo oooh!" Chesh's muzzle hung open in childish wonder over her changed appendage. She waved it a few times, giggling madly at the airy flapping noises. Another cramp whipped her attention over to watch her other paw stretch out into a matching wing. "Wicked! I'm becoming some kinda b... bi-WARK!"

That wasn't the strangest belch Chesh had ever emitted. It barely even registered as she turned to find Janus. She really wanted to show off to the nerdy wolf before whatever sexy transformation going on finished with her.

Tripping over her own feet put a prompt stop to that. Chesh cried out in startled squawking as she landed with a splat atop her enormous boobs. She laid there with ass in the air, seething breaths between her teeth letting the brief pain ebb away. It became more like whistling with how the space between them was filling in, making both rows solid lumps. Feline ears folded back only to sink away into the sides of her head.

Sure, it was nice having some airbags to break a fall but the impact still stung something fierce. On the plus side, having her now feathery chest smooshed against the dirty lab floor brought to the cat girl's attention that her mammaries had swelled significantly larger. Chesh always had gorgeously large mounds, so it was hard to tell when such fun improvements happened.

She glanced over one shoulder, giggles returning in rapid coos. Only then did she finally take in the gorgeous blossom of striped tail feathers swishing with her erect rump's movements.

"KWEH!" Chesh gasped as something popped in her hips. Something must have loosened the bones because her aching jaw dropped at seeing her butt billow higher like two rising bread rolls. Whatever fat couldn't fill those cheeks only rolled on down like a mountain stream. Her feather-coated pelvis, already a model of fertility, expanded a full foot in either direction before the thighs supporting it swelled into impressive running muscle.

Glance further back Chesh realized why her feet had felt so off balance. What remained of their toes were still busy stretching out from five toes two very large digits. The claws on each tip equally fed into each other until she sported two pairs of sharp gripping talons. It especially tickled when the heel of her former paws extended out into an opposing toe, balancing out some proper platforms for her to stand on.

“Kweeeeeeh!” she half chirped, half-purred, admiring her transformed avian body. To call the teal black striped chocobo figure bottom heavy would have been a gross understatement. The hulking drumsticks must have elevated her to a towering ten feet tall. She couldn’t resist fanning her wings twisting in every possible way to check out her thickened avian self. A little light groping at her boobs and butt sent her feline muzzle cracking with cheerful ‘warks.’ Of course, she was going to savor all the extra padding that’d filled them out.

“Hurp!?! Oh my!”

Speaking of which, Chesh’s eyes and wings moved to caress her stomach. Things in there were getting a bit more stuffed with something besides questionable produce. The modest crease of abs smoothed over before her whole gut pushed outward. She spread her monstrous bird feet with a startled chirp trying to brace against her inflating belly. Several things were growing rapidly deep inside her and they were damn heavy.

“Nya-wark!”

Something stirred inside the changing woman’s belly sending a pulse through her nethers. Chesh hunched forward eliciting a loud cry as fluid gushed out from between her meaty thighs. Drool seeped over the awkwardly shaped lumps that’d been her teeth with her labored panting. Bird feet clicked their talons on the floor trying to spread into the widest possible stance. The heavy weights moved about violently, making the bird woman’s tailfeathers quiver with twinges of arousal.

“Mmmmmm y-yes!” It wasn’t long before another pulse washed over Chesh’s stomach. Her head rolled back, relishing the building pleasure that brought her contracting tunnel. Just as the muscles reached their strongest flex, she felt the first of the objects bore down. The mass easily pushed her open from the inside in a rapid descent. She instinctively lowered into a squat, hoping to let gravity help ease the passage. Not that she apparently needed to even push with how quickly it took before her crotch lips began to bulge.

“N-nya-wark!” Chesh waved her wings wildly in the throes of pleasure. Slowly the lips of her pussy parted like curtains, unveiling the shell of her first egg glistening with her juices.

At the same time a pressure welled up in Chesh’s face. Her thoughts spun out of control when it caused her cheeks to fatten, giving her an exaggerated look of holding her breath. That only seemed to push at her jaws harder until their lips were forced back by growing pointed shells that’d once been her fangs.

Facial changes seemed to work in tandem with her delivery. The more each sensual contract eased her pussy open, the further her teeth wanted to escape a receding muzzle. The tips of the hard shell formed out into a sharp, down turned point while her nostrils left a vanishing pink nose to rest closer between her eyes. Most of this barely registered to Chesh. Her drunken euphoria reached its peak when her crotch

strained against the egg's widest part. Wet slurping noise echoed in time to her chest bouncing with rapid breaths.

“Aaah kweh! S-so good! I...I think I'm a...y-yesssss! Wark? W-wark!
WARRRRRK!”

With a final hard push, a fresh ovid the size of a football slipped from Chesh with loud squelch. Her head rocked back announcing its arrival with a chorus of orgasmic squawking. The last one of which stretched her mouth wide, pushing down what remained of her muzzle so a large beak could properly replace it. Globbs of sweet release rained from her still pulsing crotch, basting her egg where it'd landed.

Eventually the world stopped spinning with the death of Chesh's climax. She remained squatting in place, chest slowly ceasing its jiggling as she caught a breath. Almost a full minute passed before she realized that'd been the end of it. There was still a sizable bulge in her belly, yet no more eggs attempted an escape. That was kind of disappointing.

“Nngh!” It still left her muscular chocobo legs thoroughly tenderized regardless. They wouldn't stop wobbling after she stood up, but she managed to scoop the egg into her wings without collapsing. A wicked smile crossed her beak looking over its smooth surface polished by her own sticky material.

Not fifty yards away, Janus and Desmond had finally finished their argument that Starscream was a way better 'traitor' character than Tarantulas. At which point Desmond clicked his beak in thought and looked around. The blue chocobo's shoulders dropped hard with his dejected sigh.

“Oh, good, Chesh is gone.”

“Really?” Janus' ear perked his ears also doing a quick scan of the lab. “Since when?”

“Does it matter? A cat girl loose in my lab is never a good thing. We should head to the panic room.”

The wolf couldn't help barking in laughter. “Now you're just being silly. What could she possibly find here that'd cause a catastrophe.”

Whether or not that was meant as a pun was irrelevant. Desmond was more struck by his friends' gross naivete for their own perverted creations potential. He turned to voice as such, only for his beak to be left swinging open in stunned silence.

That probably had something to do with the ominous shadow that'd suddenly blanketed Janus. Wolf senses picked up an aura of something large and horny, making his neck fur bristle. Fighting back a primal instinct to run, he turned and nearly pushed his nose into a blue feathered stomach heavily bloated from pregnancy. Glancing further up found a pair of boobs with large stripes over their nipples resting at the distended belly's peak. Going a bit further he found himself finally making eye contact

with a chocobo woman's face both familiar and new. She tilted her head to one side with an innocent chirp that starkly contrasted the evil smirk on her beak.

"I found Chesh!" Janus said, glancing back at a still awed Desmond. His scientist friend was a bottom-heavy bird in his own right. Unfortunately, Chesh's transformed state dwarfed him by double the size and triple the hip span.

"Y-yeah!" Desmond seemed to snap out of it by being talked to. Without a second thought he was already slowly back stepping away from the much larger bird woman. "This is why I stopped sharing food from my own eggs with others."

"Your own eggs!?" Janus' ears tilted trying to work through those words. His gaze drifted from Desmond's flat stomach to Chesh rounded gut and back. "Wait, if you're a guy how do you even..."

"Wark!" A sharp tug on his belt brought the wolf's attention back on a deviously looming Chesh bird. Several wing feathers had tugged on his waistband to stretch out an opening. The other wing palmed something shining in a sticky goo that stunk of fresh sex. She gave Janus just enough time to recognize the extra-large egg before slamming it down against his crotch. "Gotcha Chocobo!!"

Having the egg not crack open over Janus' genitals was only less surprising as the way his trousers stretched to accommodate it. The ovid crowded hard between his thighs, forcing his stance wide as hands grasped at the bulge under the denim.

"H-hey! W-w-WARK are you do-ooooOOOOOO!!"

The egg pushed hard against Janus' groin seemingly of its own accord. Normally that would have been soul crushing on a man's parts, but the rush of pleasure that contact radiated had his eyes glazing on with a goofy smile instead. He fell forward leaning on Chesh's pregnant belly to stay upright. Hands caressed the bulge as it shifted again and again against his groin, driving it back against his pelvis. The rhythmic thrusts overworked his unprepared brain, tail rising stiff in the air while he gulped for air.

Just when the poor wolf thought he couldn't take anymore his manhood buckled under the pressure. An adorable yelp escaped his muzzle as the pressure shifted from pushing against him to going inside. The egg drilled relentlessly between Janus' legs, sparking an explosion of growth in his hips to make room for its entrance. Pants split at the seams as the waistband slid off the expanding flanks.

"WARK!?" Something hard snapped at Janus' exposed butt, breaking his stimulated euphoria. There was a weird cramp seizing up his tail followed by a loud fluffing noise. Looking back, he was blushing to see his fluffy appendage had been replaced by a bushel of large golden feathers. He resumed grappling for the egg only to find its bulge was actually a very smoothed groin with a wet slit. A hefty load billowing out his stomach, now coated in soft down, hinted at where the elusive produce might have gone.

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Looking up into an eager Chesh's slit golden eyes, Janus struggled against the rising hormones threatening to subdue all rational thought. A fight he was losing to the sensation of his butt fattening up so rapidly it spilled over the waistband of his jeans to push them down completely.

"Ready to start a birdemic?" Chesh said as she leaned in for a kiss, killing what resolve the changing wolf had left.

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Afterward

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