

Gaze Upon Me and BWOOMP!

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Commission for Ganger

By

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The following contains: Male to female TG, hyper butt, breasts, and muscles, galaxy macro growth

Read at your own discretion.



Times may change, but hardships always stay the same. No matter how much society likes to advance, finding a decent paying job has always been a hard task. And when rent never wants to wait for that next paycheck, an otter has to settle for what he can get.

In this case it was a FedEx package with his latest task. Signing up for some product testing turned out to be fairly lucrative. Enough to keep the bills at bay until someone answers the resume submissions, at least. Granted, a company like The Golden Spear paid well because they didn't deal in typical kinds of products.

First trial run, Ganger had been assigned to try out a new type of VR controllers that were meant to drastically improve a user's muscle strength even while idle. Five hours in VRchat later left him so bulked up he couldn't get out his bedroom door.

Not without making a seriously large otter-shaped hole.

His second test had been pills designed to help sailors and travelers stay hydrated while keeping rations light. The instructions explained some magical stuff about compressed water and the like. It had certainly worked to keep Ganger hydrated for a week. Which was lucky since taking three pills at once had caused his body to bloat and swell out into a malformed blob. Being rendered a living water bed turned out to be a lot more boring than it sounded when one can't move.

Then there was the flooding of excess water doing damages to the carpet. Thankfully the company was more than happy to cover that under their liability clause. In fact, Ganger was surprised to receive a bonus on his payment citing appreciation for experimenting risks outside instructions.

He wasn't sure how to take being complimented on his body's fortitude for expansion. But there was no turning down a third test when the money offered was double that of the first two. The box was brought into his combo kitchen and living room where Ganger easily tore it open with his enormous paw-hands. Inside was a pink satin collar with a silver lock. A rather pretty trinket, especially with the clasp designed to resemble a golden heart when locked.

Ganger skipped over the usual fluff papers with formal greetings straight for the instructions. "Aphrodite collar. This new brand of neckwear is one we hope to produce for the summer season. It will immediately turn its wearer into the opposite gender upon closing the clasp around your neck. After that you simply can go about your day and document your observation of this experience. Please note that special magic inside its heart lock is responsive to the people around you. Thoughts of love and admiration should fill the wearer with a pleasant vigor and improve their natural changes for their

environment. Many of our researchers hope this can encourage introverts to become more socially active and promote a positive attitude towards strangers while making themselves appealing to others. As with all tests, be mindful of even the most minor of side effects or oddities to your transformation. We look forward to reviewing your feedback.”

“So, a love collar?” Ganger tossed the sheet aside so he could wrestle the silver lock apart. Being a woman for a while certainly sounded fun. The idea that anyone might actually call him cute while running errands brought a slight blush to his whiskers.

Putting it on was easy with the magic attributes. The material adjusted itself just right to be comfortable around Ganger's neck without him having to do anything. There wasn't much need for hesitation. By now he was getting pretty used to the weirdest product ideas, what with things like crypto currency getting popular. The latch barely made a snap as it reconnected under his chin.

“HRRRRGH!?” Ganger's lips curled back in a tense snarl of clenched teeth. Both massive hands slammed onto his table in time to avoid collapsing as his knees buckled. The instructions were not kidding about the effects being instant. They had also failed to mention them being a bit unpleasant. He could feel every muscle in his body tense up at once, only to seemingly develop a desire to move in random directions.

Generally speaking, the rush of changes being imposed on the otter weren't as dynamic as his imagination expected. There were the twinges all across his face smoothing out its features into softer lines. Labored pants and groans grew lighter with the shrinking of his Adams apple until his pitch had an almost bubbly energy to it.

Stuff began shifting across his torso, prompting Ganger to yank his shirt off. Shoulders and arms slimmed, which went unnoticed. His full attention had fallen onto his nipples stiffening in the open air. Nerves connected to the area fired off rapid jolts of pleasure as the areolas widened over two inches. That got his thick tail thumping on the floor, biting his lower lip to stifle moans.

They only seemed to get more sensitive when the flesh under them began puffing out in rapidly developing fat and new milk glands. His paw hands cupped at the sensitive area, savoring the feel of full female breasts filling his palm pads. Like all good things, the growth ended much too soon, only leaving him with around a C-cup. Still, their weight and sensitivity were fresh enough that his shorts were getting a big tent in the front.

Still the change continued trickling downward. Being bottom heavy from his species already, Ganger hardly looked different with an extra inch from his waist pushed down into his hips. The only distinguishing change came from his butt inflating into a prominent shelf that drew his pant legs tight around his plump furry thighs.

“Hnnngh!” Gosh! His womanly gasps sounded pretty adorable. Hands clasped his newly budded breasts fighting the urge to paw at his groin. An intense pulling

sensation rocked his hips against the table, causing a lot more bounce than they'd been capable of minutes ago.

Slowly but surely the tent in his snug pants began to deflate, though not from lack of arousal. The fabric was soon hanging loose and empty. Skin that'd once housed testicles split into feminine lips. It didn't take long before those were getting moist and throbbing from a more internal sensation.

"Going to...have to warn them...about the arousal side effects," Ganger mused while waiting for the last bits of her insides to settle in their final configuration. Maybe it was a testament to her willpower that the otter didn't start going to town right there in the kitchen. Instead, she slipped her shirt back on and winced at how the cotton scratched her sensitive nipples. A bit of self-exploration can come later. She had some errands to do today, and now getting a bra had joined the list. "At least this thing kept me in a factory standard size."

She collected her wallet and keys, finding both harder to stuff into a back pocket now. One paw took the opportunity to rub along the curve of her soft hump. Damn. The collar really had given her a cute butt. That thought train brought back recollection of the note left on Ganger's table. She had no idea what the hell it meant by magic 'improving her natural changes.' Maybe people's compliments would make her more girly? Only one way to find that out.

"Good afternoon, Ganger!" a neighbor called out before the otter had even finished locking the front door. The older mouse didn't look up from his garden trimmings, since they knew only one person could have been coming out of that house. "How is your day going?"

"It got a lot more interesting fast; I'll say that much." Ganger giggled as her daintier paw-feet strolled down their walkway. She couldn't get over how a slight shift in pitch made her voice sound different and the same at once.

Different enough that it got her neighbor to glance up at last. Ganger made sure they were in perfect position so the mouse got a full profile view of their new figure. It still took a few seconds of gears turning in the man's head before catching what was off about all the otters features.

"Well, God damn! You turned gorgeous overnight. What the hell they got you testing this time?"

"Ooooh!" Ganger inhaled sharply through her nose. Soon as the words left his mouth, she felt like an ice cube was being dragged down her back. Her tail couldn't stop thumping against the asphalt as the wind tickled her fur. They weren't kidding about love filling her with vigor.

Although, it did confuse her mousey neighbor. "Uh, you okay?"

"Never better!" Ganger snapped out of her trance maybe a little too sharply. She tried to hide a blush by fussing with her ample amounts of hair. "I'm test driving some kind of beauty maker, but I can't tell if it made me cute enough."

He whistled in return. "Looks like it does its job pretty damn well. I'd say you're fit to be a model even."

Ganger embraced another expected wave of tingles across her body, though only the quivering of her tail showed it this time. "Thanks! I'm off for a bit."

"Have fun now." The mouse waved her off, returning to his plants. "Try not to bring home a herd of drooling boys with that perfect butt of yours."

"I'll try not to~ooo?" Ganger paused at the end of her driveway caught off guard by that third tingle. Apparently, any kind of attraction towards her triggered the magic effects. And if that guy was any indication, she was about to have one of the most amazing days ever.

Shrugging off the pleasurable high, the otter pivoted for a happy stroll down the street. All that energy from just three comments brought a happy bounce to her step, among other places. It wasn't long before hands absently tugged at the seat of her pants, and then at the collar of her shirt. Ganger thought she'd adjusted fast to having a woman's walk. Apparently not. Her boobs were weighing her down and demanding more slack from her shirt.

"Dang collar must have made me more stacked than I thought," she mused while rounding a corner. A pair of younger guys were already at the bus stop by the time she'd arrived, so she settled on resting against the sign post. The resting booth might have become cramped if she'd tried to squeeze in with them. Strange. Its roof didn't look this low to her yesterday.

That thought process didn't get to run for long before more tingles sent Ganger's tail curling. She bit her lower lip to stifle a moan, unsure if it'd always been so plump on her tongue. Once the pleasure had passed, she shot a sideways glance and, sure enough, the boys had dropped their entire conversation to eye the otter like she was made of gold.

A knee jerk thought to shirk away got crushed under the energy their attention was flooding in. The need to ride it was too strong, so Ganger gave her hips a hard shake, sending her tail wagging for their viewing pleasure. Their audible gasps and flustered gibbering were adorable. Granted they became incoherent thanks to an even stronger surge of lustful energy.

Ganger released the breath she'd been holding once the latest wave had passed. Toes and fingers were still tingling like round fireballs. Good thing she had been leaning against a sign post. Something about her entire footing had been thrown off. She still tried to play it cool when straightening up. A quick run of claws through her hair as she turned to flirt with her audience a bit more was the perfect act of grace in her mind.

Whatever one liner she had never left the otters thicker, pursed lips. These men staring awestruck back couldn't have been this short from her perspective. Even when a guy herself, Ganger was sure he barely made it a few inches past five feet. Come to think of it, the bus sign she had grasped in one paw wasn't that much taller, either. Had the collar altered her height before?

A loud hiss came from the bus's brakes pulling into a stop. The guys were hesitant to take their eyes off Ganger while they climbed on. She was so lost in thought the dang transport nearly left without her. No sooner had one foot stepped in than she knew for certain she was bigger.

Much bigger.

"H-hi," she squeaked out, trying to swipe a bus card through the reader without being awkward. Even the deadpan driver's eyes lingered on her body for a few extra seconds without even a grunt of greeting.

Almost all eyes were already on the shapely otter with ears brushing the bus's ceiling as well. Unfortunately, the very back seats were filling up. The last thing Ganger needed was to try and wedge between strangers. She pushed through the downpour of pleasant tingles that exploded from her collar for an empty front seat.

It was only when sitting upon it did she truly appreciate how big her ass had become. A soft whimper escaped Ganger that got muffled by the revving of the bus getting back on its route. Paws tugged at her pants trying not to make it obvious to the half dozen eyes burning into the back of her head. The legs didn't even go down to her thighs anymore. Everything was wrapped tight around two cheeks clearly defined through the denim. "Is this supposed to happen?"

Waves of pleasure continued to pump into Ganger on the hour-long trip, which helped calm her down. It seemed like nobody had anything better to think about than what a sexy girl she'd become. An almost encouraging thought with how tight her clothes had gotten since leaving the home. She could only guess the collar hadn't fully changed her from the outset and was merely finishing things up over time.

Lord knows it certainly made her breasts bigger. Now they jutted out with a loaded hang to their mass. A quick peek down made Ganger blush wondering if they could fill even her extra-large palms. Her shirt pulled around them like two wrapped buns, lifting up the hem to expose some of her midriff.

"O-oh..." Ganger hunched over, running fingers over her stomach. There was a firm tone definition to her bare curves that definitely wasn't there before. Come to think of it her arms, and even legs looked a lot more defined with the dense muscles of a casual gym goer. This wasn't a side effect listed in the instructions.

Well, nothing wrong with getting a little buff on top of sexy. Ganger tried to giggle her worries away, to little effect. Before long the bus was pulling into the mall station.

“Ow!” The otter was once again too busy trying to sort her body out to notice it needed to duck upon exiting. That was not right at all. How’d she grow two whole feet in a short trip? Now she was literally standing over a crowd of casual mall shoppers. Many of whom were redirecting their attention upon her thick body in increasingly tight clothes. The more shameless ones were even trying to snap phone pics at the butt crack peeking over the waistband of her pants.

“Oh goddess!” she gasped, finding her shirt pulled all the way up to her chest by boobs rivaling her head in size. Even then there were plenty of the gray furry mounds sagging out from under the hem. Perky erect nipples tented the strained fabric looking stiff enough to cut diamonds. “This...this is definitely a design flaw!”

The magic’s sensual effects racked through her fur like a giant blow dryer. That wasn’t enough to beat back Ganger’s volcanic anxiety. Unfortunately, the bus had already closed its doors behind her, speeding off before the otter could try flagging them down. The scene only brought even more attention to her, amplifying the lustful energy surging in her veins a dozen fold.

“What the...?” The button and zipper on Ganger’s pants snapped apart, allowing her fattened butt to push the waistband down in an overflow of rich otter glutes. Both hands clasped the massive cheeks and she gasped. There was a firm strength of serious leg muscle supporting her fat hump that she’d never experienced before.

Although that wasn’t what terrified her. No. The panicked otter’s heart skipped a beat when she felt the squishy posterior pushing back into her paw pads. Her dump truck was still growing at an alarmingly steady pace. Soft popping from her shirt elicited another cry as she realized her breasts were doing much of the same. Holes were being torn in various areas across her shirt, getting wider from the fatty furred flesh eager to get out.

This is not what she thought the instructions meant when they mentioned improving her natural changes. But wouldn’t that mean...

Car horns honked as they zoomed through the mall parking lot. Lots of lewd comments were made by the passengers on their way by, but all that registered to Ganger was the electricity firing through her paws. The ground was creeping everywhere further away at an alarming rate now. In no small part thanks to the crowd gathering in a semi-circle around the growing otter girl.

"Is this some kind of stunt?"

"Look how ripped she is? Those abs could stop bullets."

"How'd she get so tall?!"

"Who cares!? Those tits could supply a whole dairy aisle."

"Is it weird I kinda want that fat ass to sit on me?"

Most of the commentary was white noise in Ganger's growing hysteria. That didn't stop the collar from receiving every last syllable thrown her direction. The tingles ramped up into a full tsunami. Sensations crushed her body so hard her diminishing pants were getting wet despite herself. Ears folded trying to block out the deafening groans of her muscles. Even her back was pumping up, turning her hourglass into a very Hulk-like physique.

"S-stop looking at me!" she squealed. Paws waved around in front of the otter, as if they could somehow protect her from everyone's rapt attention.

One thing Ganger hadn't considered were her throat muscles getting stronger too. The simple request, yelled at a high volume, boomed across the parking lot with enough amp that mall shoppers close by could hear the rumble. In the end, all it did was draw in even more eyes. More dumbstruck admirers, and people instantly falling in love with the amazon goddess inching past fourteen feet tall. Lots of whom were pulling out their phones wanting to photograph every fold of her rising abs, or the bloating curve of her butt.

"Aah? N-no!" A loud tear came from her shirt, causing all eyes to drop to the window that'd just split open. Fluffy cleavage rushed out into a sharp drop, looking like an inviting canyon for all the people below it. Ganger grasped at the boulders her breasts were growing more to support her balance than in any hope of stopping this madness.

With the amount of attention increasing so too did Ganger's uncontrolled growth. Everything began swelling so much faster the damage could be counted in seconds. Breasts were overflowing Ganger's massive paws. The soft flesh bulged through her thick digits in the struggle to keep any kind of hold on them. Her shirt couldn't handle the strain and exploded off her broadening back in a shower of scraps. Trying to hold onto what remained of the front for cover proved pointless with her nipples getting bigger than car windows.

Since fighting this overwhelming magic wasn't helping, Ganger's heated mind flipped into flight mode instead. Not that the hundred or so people seemed to mind when she broke into a sprint. Most of them were only standing up to her thighs by this point, making bowling over them remarkably easier with leg muscle thicker than solid oaks. If anything, a special few enjoyed getting soft foot-paws smashed into their faces. The extra rush of horny feelings oozed into the platforms, causing them to crackle and swell a bit more in the brief seconds of contact.

Those that weren't experiencing soft otter foot pads against the pavement still got a wondrous eyeful of full furry breasts bouncing with the hard movements. The slapping of her milk-laden flesh back and forth against the beefy ridges in a sound loud enough for everyone's phones to catch. Almost as an encore came the clapping of ass cheeks the size of minivans after she'd passed. Her enormous backside sloshed about with her lengthening steps, pushing down the waistband of her shorts until her entire crack was falling out.

Ganger didn't have any clue where she was going. She just knew she needed to get somewhere private just to stop this madness. Being over twenty feet tall kind of limited her options very fast. Only a few seconds after breaking free of the mob did a strange crackling sound seem to join in with the groans of muscle and shifting of fats. One glance down and the otter was gawking to find her heavy foot falls were powerful enough to make cracks in the pavement.

"I'm going to destroy so much property at this rate," she said in a girlish whine. Rounding a corner at high speeds caused her literal dump truck tier hips to side swipe a group of guys leaving the hardware store entrance. Granted the deep ridges of her lower body strength barely caused the impact to register to her. What did strike a sensual cord up her spine was when a half dozen fresh eyes recovered enough to leer at her fleeing figure of godliness. "Ooooooh!! W-when is this stupid thing going to sto-OOAAHH!"

There are a lot of things one should not do when growing larger at an alarming rate. Running would certainly be one of them. Ganger felt a burst of pleasure in her loins, which was too distracting for her to notice the group of toppled furs attention sparked another surge in size. Her massive feet stumbled over each other. The extra muscle padding out her thighs her pushed against each other, preventing a course correction.

Attempts to regain balance were offset by the added weight filling out her tits and ass. Everything was growing too fast for Ganger to know how much force she needed to control her own body. The result was a twenty-eight-foot otter woman veering too far right and smacking her snout into the front of the hardware store's full plate glass entrance.

It might as well have been tissue paper. Her over-ripened muscle frame exploded through without the slightest hint of resistance. Ganger's plump lips puckered in dismay moments before she hit the tiled floor. If the loud shattering's hadn't gotten everyone in the mall's attention, the explosion of broken concrete and tremors of her fall certainly did.

Even in a curvy-shaped crater, Ganger could not escape her collar's sway. A major design flaw she would not realize was that the makers didn't set it so people need to be in proximity to trigger the magic effects. While she laid there half-naked and covered in broken glass, hundreds of videos were popping up on Twitter, TikTok, and even some livestreams on YouTube. Nothing could stop the 'giant hulk amazon' from trending, and soon becoming memes all over Discord chats and Reddit posts.

Soon Ganger's body filled the hole she'd accidentally made, and then continued expanding around the shop itself. Her thickened feet stretched back through the entrance, destroying what remained of the glass walls in the process. Racks of tools and parts were overturned by her rolls of bulging back muscles. Breasts spilled across the floor ways, crushing lawnmowers and kitchen appliances in their path.

Employees in the break room found their way back into the store barricaded by a wall of gray furry ass cheeks. They soon had to evacuate the fire escapes when said behinds pressing expansion began cracking the buildings supports.

“Hnnn...” Ganger had no idea how long she’d blacked out from that fall. Any hopes that the past two hours had just been a dream were dashed when she tried to sit up and promptly crashed her head through several light fixtures. Her head didn’t hurt at all when it snapped steel beams on the ceiling. “Oh, you got to be kidding me!!”

She moved her legs trying to reposition, sending her shins that were stretching out into the parking lot through the hardware store's sidewalls. Trying to brace one paw-hand against the nearest wall sent her toppling back over. The bricks were no match for otter biceps big enough to throw rig trucks. Ganger’s world spun in her tumble out into the mall proper, tool displays and broken lawn fixtures flying everywhere with the frantic lashing of her tail.

“No! No! No!” She squeaked, getting onto her hands and knees. There was a hard pinch in her crotch, making her bite incredibly plump lips to stifle a moan. Another surge of growth saw the explosive end of her pants, but not before giving her feminine sex an unplanned flossing.

The last thing she could do was enjoy the constant pleasure massaging every ripple of beef stretching out her fur. For reasons beyond Ganger’s hysterical comprehension, mall shoppers were rushing to get a glance at the giant forty-foot otter filling up the two-story walkways. One would think the loud explosions and frequent sounds of collateral damage would be a big ass warning.

Instead, it was only Ganger’s ass getting bigger and bigger. By the time she rolled back to sit on her hunches she’d already broken through the mall's skyline. Her hips pushed into stores on either side of the boardwalk, further decimating innocent merchandise under her amazon bulk.

“P-please! Stop looking at me!” she pleaded desperately to the people crowded inside and outside the increasingly tight mall space. “I...I can’t stop. Don’t make me get any bigger!”

Ganger tried clawing at the collar around her neck to no avail. Her paws had thick fingers even at normal size. With massive tons of muscle puffing out her palms further she couldn’t hope to work the stupid clasp. Of course, this stupid thing would be magicked to grow with the wearer.

No matter how much she wished it, being huge meant it was very hard for people not to notice. Thousands of likes and shares of her naked boobs were getting around the world, escalating her growth like a rolling snowball. All she could do was watch her chest roll through the mall's outer wall, followed by her feet crashing out the opposite side. She was surpassing the size of a football stadium, rolling thighs across rows of cars in the parking lot in her frantic squirming.

Things only got worse when the news crews arrived a quarter mile away. The entire town was getting a great view of Ganger standing up to her skyscraper height. Gentle smacking of fuzzy glutes with her anxious fidgeting sent a droning hum throughout the area. Those fortunate enough to still be directly under her enjoyed the shade of breasts bigger than the surrounding mountains. Their sloshing when dense biceps bumped the sides could be a lullaby for many an aroused furry.

Ganger huffed. The thought of trying to run again seemed pointless now. The buildings around her only continued to creep away along with the ground itself. Her paws flexed toes that ground walkways and plants into dust. Footsteps were leaving deeper prints with each contact until the mall was totally leveled, followed by the neighborhoods around it. The visage over her form became clear to see for miles around, gaining more audience, and throwing her to bigger heights faster.

“ACK!” The rush of defeat overtaking the otter had caused her to sigh, which in turn made Ganger start choking on the nimbus cloud she’d inhaled. She waved her hand about, its length of heavy muscles clearing the sky in two swipes. “Oh...fuck...”

Forget the county. She could see most of the state from up here, and probably beyond. Her paws shifted again trying to keep up with their own rapid expansion for balance. The crushing of several square miles of terrain under puffy paw pads went unheard with her ears piercing through the stratosphere.

“Ugh! What am I going to do?” Her voice boomed like a thunderstorm heard coast to coast. Arms wrapped over the top of her bust in an attempt to hug herself. Turns out even without two giant meteors of milky fat between them, the girth of her muscular arms and shoulders made it impossible to get around. “I just wanted to enjoy Arby’s and chill after buying a new dress. Dang it! Now everyone can see my crotch.”

Ganger tried to move in what she hoped was a less populated direction. It was about that time her image was getting broadcasted on international news networks. All over the world her audience bloomed into millions, and then billions of captivated people. Every last one became enraptured by the repeated shots of a beefy otter girl growing through buildings and looming her giant tits for slow motion close ups.

“GAH!” It wasn’t so much that Ganger tripped, in that the ground under her seemed to fall away. She needed a full summersault before realizing it was actually her getting the better of gravity. “This is...madness!”

The fact her voice could even carry in the depths of space surprised Ganger. Though given the strength of her massive lungs it might be understandable. She had swelled to a size so beyond expectations that she couldn’t tell she was still going to the point Earth’s gravity had lost its hold on her enormous muscles.

Stunned eyes gazed in awe at the massive rock of blue water before her, watching it continue to shrink away. Soon it was only as big as one of her tits, dwindling to a basketball in her palm, and then on down to a baseball. A momentary sting in her side made the otter yelp, but all the thick ridges in weightless space made it hard to

twist and see the moon had crashed into her side. Sadly, the planetoid did not survive the collision and barely left scorch marks in the otter's fur.

"Don't! Please!" Ganger whined at the little marble barely visible in her paw. "I don't want to go..."

But still the many lifeforms living on Earth were googling the mysterious massive otter that'd terrorized a city. Fanart was being made by the truckload of her rich figure. Fanclubs fawned over her massive curves, or goddess style of muscles. Memes would live on for decades to come in various chat rooms.

Time lost all meaning to Ganger as the solar system faded into a casual orbit around her right breast's gravity field. She was pretty sure her ass destroyed the milky way when it'd become too big for the center to keep her contained. Yet still the collar found magic to just keep her going.

It wasn't until two dim lights that she realized were separate galaxies passed by her nose that the otter realized the full extent of her plight. She'd essentially become the universe itself. Clusters of stars and planets were now revolving around her instead of each other. And her growth would only continue as long as any life out there had a sky to gaze upon. For she was now literally everywhere, absorbing the love and lust of infinity.

On a possible bright side. Ganger would probably get some company soon. The company had been so proud of their collars that they hadn't waited for her feedback before sending out several more prototypes.

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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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