

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #36

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

Space Trash

Nothing like the arrival of galactic law enforcement to somber the mood. Soon as those two lizard creeps in dome helmets walked in all but the music stopped. Conversations drifted off with speakers too intimidated by the large blaster rifles to finish their thoughts. Some people continued talking in tense whispers, with most trying to figure out if they might be a target.

Others were so used to dancing around law bringers that seeing them in a doorway meant nothing. Rocket continued sipping her drink kicking back in a chair three sizes larger than her little raccoon body. Being a regular at this bar gave her the tactical advantage of already figuring out eight different escape paths. If dung hit the oxygen recycling vent, she still had plenty of time to swipe a free bottle of booze before making an exit.

And then the big guy walked in, making the whiskers on her black nose twitch. The lizards might have been four-foot-nothings, but this guy was a smooth skinned, jacked up brute that needed to squat down and shuffle sideways just to get his broad shoulders through the door.

Seeing light reflect off that grey smooth head made Rocket associate them with some kind of fish. Her earth friend might have called it a 'shark' without the stupid tail thing. Shame that the raccoon's tree-like partner, Groot, took off just an hour ago on their own little mission. That chucked four escape plans through the proverbial incinerator. Rocket didn't even come up to the neanderthal's knee.

Watching one of the fishy brute's lackeys suddenly point out Rocket through the drinking crowd set her ring tail straight. The remaining escape routes raced through the raccoon's mind as her eyes locked with the big sharks. Without hesitation he literally parted the crowd with his bulk in a slow stomp towards the far wall table. Rocket got her exit narrowed down

to two possibilities by the time the distance was closed, but got hung up on which would cause more collateral. If she was going to prison, might as well add some good reasons.

“Subject: 89P13?” Good lord, that monster had some tusks when opening a mouth wide enough to swallow Rocket whole.

Despite her little heart racing, Rocket downed the rest of her drink, intending to prolong the silence between them like any cool outlaw. “I prefer to be called Rocket.”

“Very well! I am Captain Gantu of the East Galactic federation.”

“Well, you sure don’t look like the Nova Corps. They got better uniforms.”

Gantu snorted, briefly flaring large nostrils that looked nearly invisible when they closed. “Your services have been requested by the grand councilwoman for dealing with a very urgent matter. The fate of whole planets might be at stake.”

“Hey. I might be the most awesome Guardian of the Galaxy, but I ain’t no goody two shoes. You’ll have to interrupt my day off with something a lot more...”

Every muscle in Rocket’s small limbs tensed when Gantu almost casually reached into a belt pouch. From inside it, his thick sausage fingers pulled out a large stack of currency cards and let them rain down on the table.

“She has granted you these ten-thousand galactic units in advance,” Gantu explained with obvious disgust at Rocket’s delighted reaction over the heaping pile of cash. “Another ninety-thousand will be paid on completion of her task.”

“Well, sign me the frick up! This is more like it!” Rocket wasted no time collecting the bundle of chits into her backpack before smiling at the grumpy fish. “What’s the job?”

“She would prefer to explain that to you in person. Please, come with us.”

Rocket’s smile dropped slightly with a sigh. “I was afraid you’d say that.”

* * *

No matter how many times it happened, being on any kind of government ship unrestrained carried a weird vibe. Not that she could complain. Occasionally saving hundreds of billions of lives earned some nice perks like respect. Rocket could almost get used to being a nice gal. If only her muzzle didn’t have a bad habit of running ahead of her sense of logic.

Besides, arriving on the bridge seemed like this part of the galaxy had bigger problems than anything a small raccoon woman can do. No one noticed when she and Gantu arrived, running about shouting out reports and tripping over themselves in a panic. The only exception being a slender light-blue alien with three fingers wearing a robe. She whirled upon hearing the door open, first eyeing Gantu before dropping her gaze down.

“You must be Rocket,” she stated without question. At receiving a curt nod from the Raccoon, her face turned into a small smile. “That’s a relief. Thank you for agreeing to be here.”

“You made me an offer I couldn’t refuse.” Rocket shook the pouch with its stash of unit chits. “What’s all this hubbub? You guys lose the keys to the bathroom?”

While snark got an angry growl from Gantu, Rocket ignored it as the Councilwoman guided them over to a hologram viewer. She pushed some buttons that began playback of security footage from a large prisoner ship shaped like a hoof.

“I wish it was that minor of a problem,” she began, while silent explosions became visible across the ship. “This morning it was decided by this galactic council to arrest and sentence a scientist by the name of Jumba to life imprisonment. As for his experiments, there was a monstrosity also captured referred to only as 626.”

“I’m not a fan of number names myself-HOLY HELL!” Rocket did a double take when onboard the projected deck a new alien crashed through two inch thick steel doors. It seemed to stare into the camera directly at the raccoon before making a mocking face and scuttled along the wall on all fours. “The fuck is that thing? It looks like some kind of fluffy spider mammal!”

“That is one way to put it.” The councilwoman rubbed the space between her eyes, looking grim. “We found no easy way to dispose of Experiment 626, so it was decided to leave it exiled on a barren asteroid. As you can see, it escaped Captain Gantu’s custody and made a warp jump on one of our police cruisers.”

“He took the red one,” a nearby officer mumbled sadly.

“Wow, it got away from this big lug?” Rocket was only half sarcastic when she turned to pat Gantu gently on the knee. The highest place her tiny paw could reach. “That must have been rough for you.”

“Take you dirty mitts off me,” Gantu replied in that humorous tone of withheld anger.

“Yes. This creature owns several abilities too destructive for a typical capture.” The councilwoman turned to fully face Rocket with an expression of stone-cold business. “It goes against much of the council, but under the risk we turn to you for mercenary work. We believe the only way to beat 626’s wild passion for mindless destruction and chaos is to find someone with the same level of devastating skills.”

“Careful, or I’d think you’re asking me on a date.”

“So will you do it?”

Rocket looked past her skinny frame at the purple fluff ball still being holo projected. It almost looked cute with the long erect ears and chest fluff. “Of course I’ll blow that freak into a thousand bits. However, you made it pretty clear this isn’t a simple grenade-and-go-home job. I want double the pay.”

“Deal!” the councilwoman responded faster than expected over the sputtering protests of Gantu. “Anything else?”

There was a big show of scratching her chin before Rocket replied, “I’m going to need some big guns, nets, and a few chemical reagents. Oh! And that snake’s robotic hand!”

The yellow scaled secretary that had just arrived with a round of coffee squeaked as everyone turned to stare at her. Metal clanked lightly with her metallic left hand instinctively moving behind her back.

* * *

To think they actually gave Rocket the hand. That almost never works. Shame she couldn’t stick around to watch that scrawny lizard try serving people with only one set of fingers. She looked dorky enough being so... tall. It was probably hilarious to watch, too.

Beeping lights came on from an overhead panel, which Rocket flipped in rapid succession. The single person jump ship the feds let her borrow rocked softly, dropping out of its warp jump. Like any perfect hop across the stars, her target planet zoomed in to a stop right below the viewing window. Not that she had much to look at. Most of the planet was an eyesore mesh of grey rock formations and bright pink water.

“What an absolute dump to bring a cruiser onto,” the raccoon spat in disgust. Complaining always helped calm her nerves, even with no one to hear. “Hey, computer lady! What’s with all the glowing pink on this rock?”

There were a few moments of pause while scanners did their work. “Planet is emitting high levels of energy possibly due to receiving regular cosmic rays from the systems many supernovas. Local water contains large amounts of proteins and hormones, with notably rich levels of testosterone and prolactin. Advise to avoid direct contact.”

“Yeah. Thanks mom. I really needed to be told that.”

Rocket would have facepalmed but such strife is wasted on machines. Instead, she opted to sit back and let autopilot cruise through the atmosphere. It gave her plenty of time to enjoy the rustic scenery of twisted rock, very unappealing pink fluids, and the occasional plant that looked like a shard of crystal. Following the tracer ping from 626’s stolen cruiser brought her across an ocean of the strange water towards a mildly large island.

Nice of them to crash on a confined space, where it’s hard to dodge wide radius explosions. At least the hunt for that fluffy monstrosity would be relatively short, unless they really liked to swim.

Apparently they did not. The cruiser’s bright red chrome was easily spotted, compacted against a large formation of grey rocks. No sooner had Rocket banked for a landing approach than the bunny-eared, big jawed

abomination come scuttling out to see what was making all the noise. It was worth noting the thing had a wrench and drill in its clawed hands. If it had that kind of cognitive thinking, Rocket would have to approach this with a bit more caution and care.

A sharp hiss cut through the cockpit windows before they popped open. Rocket didn't wait for it to finish, jumping out in a double flip onto her tiny pawed feet. The fact she was carrying a plasma cannon bigger than her entire body might have made the stunt more impressive to most low-brained grunts, but the void black eyes of the blue alien seemed more interested in the working ship behind her.

"Hey, vile looking! Need a lift?" Rocket asked in her most teasing, sarcastic tone, which wasn't much from a creature that hated to flirt. Being ignored was working up her trigger finger, halted only by the desire to play this professionally. "Don't worry. I got plenty of body bags to stuff your pieces in when we're done, 626."

The creature tilted its head in that confused way a lot of earth mammals do. Puppies, Rocket thought they were called. It was a brilliantly evil diversion tactic that made even her hesitate to shoot such an adorable thing in the face, despite having such a large, ugly nose. After a few seconds it seemed to catch the raccoon's intentions, dropping its tools with a frown.

"I prefer to be called Stitch," she said in a matter of fact, shockingly, female tone. Clawed hands moved in a blur, reaching into the back pockets of her yellow jumpsuit to point twin pistols back at a stunned Rocket. "Who are you? And what do you want?"

"Name's Rocket. You're dorky friends at the galactic counsel want you dead. And that is the stupidest name I ever heard." Rocket giggled, more so when Stitch's broad muzzle blushed. "Believe me, I've been to Earth once. Who names their child Susan? WHOAH!"

PZOOM! PZOOM!

Twin streams of green energy zipped past the space Rocket had been standing, almost resembling globs of ooze. Expert reflexes allowed her to jump aside, only to nearly be crushed under the weight of her own blaster. Clangs of metal impacts, however, had her rounded ears folded back with a toothy snarl.

“Oy! Watch the ship, you fluffy abomination! I ain’t in the mood for welding repairs after this.”

PZOOM!

“I’m a fluffier abomination than you,” Stitch shot back with another blaster shot.

This one came close enough Rocket could feel its heat sear her tail fur. Damn giant gun was already knocking the wind out of her sails. With a whirl on tipsy paws, she brought the sights down upon Stich’s giant dumb nose. Cackles of electricity shot out the back dispersers making the experiments wide bunny ears perk in alarm.

“How dare you! My ring tail is the fluffiest abomination this side of the galaxy!”

KZZT-THWOOM!

Normally energy-based weapons don’t create the kinetic effect that produces a recoil. So when the ballistic beam of white energy fired and sent Rocket sailing several meters back to the island’s shore, she felt it said something about the manufacturer.

Or maybe it said something about Rocket's habit of 'upgrading' any new gun she can get her grubby paws on. Perhaps applying six times the normal battery power might have been a bit overkill. She sat up amidst the splashing currents in time to watch the white beam curve along the planet's surface until it eventually detonated into a distant mushroom cloud.

Shame after all that the blast missed its intended target. Seeing an attack meant to destroy freight ships racing towards her spurred Stitch's most basic survival instinct of diving face first into the ground. That gave just enough space for it to zip harmlessly overhead by the fur on her back. Only downside was losing track of her blasters in the process. Both were tossed aside in the panicked moment to become hiding somewhere amid the many rock and crystal formations.

"Yeah, not going to fire this thing again," Rocket mused while looking over the melted muzzle of her cannon. She clambered onto shaking paw feet, leaving the useless gun where it lay. "Good thing I asked for some backup-YEIP!?"

She should have figured something built with such small, beefy legs would be pretty fast. Stitch launched towards Rocket in a blur that closed their distance too quick to do anything but take the headbutt.

The girls tumbled across the beach shore in a grey-blue ball of fur, splashing up pink water from the receding shorelines in their feral grappling match. Neither could really get a decent grip on the other between their limited reach and slippery space suits. All they could do was poke and scratch superficial damage across their fur for nearly a minute until complete desperation slipped in.

It almost looked practiced the way Rocket bit into Stitch's ear the same time Stitch's huge mouth clamped onto Rocket's tail. They promptly unhinged their jaws, recoiling from each other in a unified yowl of pain.

“No fair biting!” Stitch whined, rubbing her injured ear. The pain was causing an annoying rumbling noise, shaking inside her skull.

“Says the witch that bit my butt!?” Rocket hissed, glad to see her tail intact. There was only a mild ache as it wagged on the wet sandy shore, oddly devoid of any waves. “You don’t even know where I’ve been.”

“On top of me?”

“Exactly!” Rocket looked up to give the blue, pupil-less alien a raspberry. “Who knows what germs I got off yo-oo-ooooohhhh shit!”

“What?” Stitch blinked at a loss, watching Rocket’s cockiness turn into jaw dropped horror. Her ears twitched and swiveled about, slowly picking up that the increasing rumbling noise was not in her head. Turning to follow the raccoon’s gaze, said ears dropped like stones against the sides of her wide head. “... oh.”

Neither women were scientists, despite having coincidentally been made by mad experimentation. However, they knew enough about the universe to understand that two things are great at causing tsunamis; gravity from moons, and a certain raccoon’s portable nuke cannon. Stitch and Rocket exchanged one brief look before bolting up the shoreline in mutual self-preserving panic. While Stitch burrowed her way under a cluster of the crystals, Rocket plunged an anchor spike into the same cluster, tying a tether line to her vest.

They successfully braced themselves three seconds before the wall of water crashed over the little island. Metric tons of water raced at blinding speeds across Rocket’s body, rending the world a muted void. She could attribute it a lot to the same experience of being adrift in space; weightless, powerless, and muted, save the drumming of one’s own heart in their ears. The only difference was that space didn’t leave you heavy with soaked fur, nor insides bloated with liquid filling every unmentionable orifice.

Thankfully, the anchor held on, allowing the raccoon to ‘surf’ against the tide until it finally passed along towards the opposite horizon. Water quickly pooled into any possible groove, leaving the island with its own brightly glowing surface.

“Blech!” was roughly the sound Rocket made when she vomited a large amount of pink water. A faintly similar sound nearby must have been Stitch concurring with her waterlogged sentiments. Her raccoon form remained on all fours, letting excess water drip from her fur while waiting for everything to stop trembling.

Stitch emerged from her burrow after a few minutes, toothy maw flapping open a nearly endless waterfall. The amount of water they held in their genetically modified lungs was nothing short of impressive. By the time they were done both she and Rocket had their ankles and wrists submerged in a pink puddle. An extreme case of backwash that really disgusted the raccoon.

“Great,” Rocket muttered, eventually finding the strength to stand. Upon a quick examination, she found the good news was that all her important parts were still intact. However, seeing the water exude off her as a thick steam despite shivering cold temperatures brought back the relocation of her computer’s warning about cosmic radiation. “I really didn’t want my first bath in ten years to be in intergalactic nuclear sewage. Blech! Hey, ugly? Don’t suppose that police junk heap of yours has a detoxing kit?”

It would have been more fun if the mild insults got a reaction. Instead, Stitch seemed more concerned about something else Rocket had mentioned. “Don’t know. We don’t have ships anymore.”

“What!? Oh... fuck!” Rocket shouldn’t have been surprised when, following the gaze of those creepy solid black eyes, she found nothing but empty crystal-lined landscape. Not even parts of either girl’s space ship remained around where they had been parked, or crashed. “Double great! That skiff costs more than I got paid for this gig. That’ll teach me not to

engage the landing anchors, huh? Thank god I told Groot where I was going before landing.”

“I don’t feel good.”

“Yeah? Thanks for the pointless update...little...monster.” Rocket couldn’t even finish her usual ‘tough girl’ act before a surge of aches made her voice falter.

Why’d the blue mammal thing have to mention personal health? It only brought attention to the building heat, wrecking her senses. The rims of her vision developed a distorted haze while tension rose to a torturous level underneath her environmental suit.

Stitch didn’t appear to be in any better condition. They faced away from Rocket still pressed against the ground on all fours amidst pained groans. Shivers ran down their spine with increasing intensity that transferred into the most peculiar hip wiggles, making the raccoon wonder how something so short can fit a dump truck ass in that flight spandex.

“Aah Haa haa! Mmmmhh!” Pressure rushed into Rocket’s chest, eliciting a deep gasp. Lungs struggled against her binding vest, filling to their limits before exhaling. The burden released just as quickly, filling the raccoon with tingling relief. That didn’t feel like a normal spasm. “Um... T- this probably isn’t goo-HOOOOODD-AH!?”

Another rush washed over Rocket’s body, forcing her every muscle to flex. Paws staggered in a struggle to keep her upright after an oddly dizzy spell. It was almost like she suffered a short fall without leaving the ground.

“Hnnggghh! Stop! Stop! Damn it!” The strange shifting struck again before Rocket could recover from the last one. Toes curled from the tension with paws themselves, pushing into the ground with the space widening between them. She hadn’t tried to move in the slightest, yet the

little raccoon felt slightly repositioned to her environment. “What the space dung!?”

Now that she took a deep breath to focus, Rocket wasn't feeling so little anymore. Most of the slack had vanished from her spacesuit, pulling air-tight fibers taut across her body. Just from looking down she could see her neck bulging through a tight ring. A much thicker shoulder base became outlined through the connecting sleeves. The tips of her gloves tented from the pressure of larger claws threatening to pierce their expensive protection.

Still, the strange surges came on stronger and faster, overtaking every cell of Rocket's being. With the crashing of another wave, the raccoon confirmed what she was already figuring out; she was getting bigger. Even as she watched the ground, her furry paws stretched out its thickening toes to cover a little more ground. A rush of expansion in the hips continued sliding her legs into a wider stance. The ground itself slowly pulled back before her eyes.

“What kind of space garbage is in this water!?” Rocket asked no one in particular. Her attention remained focused on one glove as claws tore out of each fingertip. The padded digits crept out behind them, causing more tears across her swelling palms eager for less tight quarters.

Some garbling noises came from Stitch, which was probably not an answer. The weird blue piranha thing didn't seem in better shape. Or maybe they were depending on a person's preference. She remained face planted against the rocky ground, drooling an uncomfortable amount of fluids with her jaw flapping numbly. Hind legs continued racking her enlarging feet against the surface as if working out a cramp. Every kick caused the entire leg to lengthen, puffing up with thicker muscle while the soles of her paw foot widened.

They weren't nearly as interesting as the balloon that became Stitch's ass. Those glutes easily became the biggest part of her, and that was saying something with them still growing. Her frantic kick was causing it to

bounce and jiggle in a violent frenzy nearly making her stubby tail numb invisible from Rocket's view. Those federation guys sure knew how to make spacesuits adjustable for all sizes. It still clung to the very rounded back end with only minor sounds of fabric stress.

"Oh, shit!" Rocket squeaked. She could have gotten lost watching that fat alien butt expand if her own bizarre mutation wasn't still taking its course. Both hands whipped around to clench her own backside when an involuntary jiggling made her tail stiffen.

No amount of groping could hold back the copious amounts of fat that poured into Rocket's rear. The superior force pushed her hands back and to the sides, making way for so much booty that its crack became defined in the tight spacesuit.

SHRRRTTT!!

Well, so much for that. Rocket could only give out a yelp as her favorite gear began failing from her body's relentless growth. Cracks filled her animal ears, signaling wider and richer hip curves. She tried to hold the tear together, but it was no use. Her butt only continued to bloat into a soft help further expanding the opening.

"Whoa! WHOAH!"

The effort became pointless anyway when an explosive growth in her legs shredded Rocket's suit from the waist down. She felt like a pull line was yanking her skyward, with spine and thigh bones rapidly extending ten times their normal length. Muscle gave off a deep groan from under the tender fur, swelling a hot second behind to keep from tearing vital limbs apart.

"Holy crap!" Only problem was that Rocket's meat continued swelling well past what her new limbs required. Fur ruffled and billowed out closing the gap between her legs with their powerful girth. Deep solid ridges bulged

through the fur with her smallest step. “Jesus, I’m looking like Quill’s floozies. Except... way better looking and stronger.”

“Mmmh! Floozies!” Rocket honestly forgot Stitch existed, and was looking just as big and bottom heavy. The little blue alien looked to be enjoying whatever this weird process was doing to them. Little arms reached the best they could to grope at her rear, tearing away large scrapes of the tight flight suit so blue fur could bulge out for fresh air.

KRRTTT!

BWOOM!

An activity that got easier when Rocket watched the blue freak tighten her grubby hands into fists. Their little arms pulsed once and then exploded out the sleeves of her flight suit to become nearly as long as her beefy blue legs. Another flex saw their length double in density, and then triple, becoming long beefy limbs that’d put a lot of naturally larger merc races to shame.

“This water feels great,” Stitch said, rolling into a sitting position on her enormous behind. With such amazingly developed strength she had no effort yanking the rest of her clothes off in one pull. After which she took no shame in rubbing long-fingered hands over her steadily lengthening torso and hips. “You should get naked, too. It feels even better.”

“Yeah? I don’t-HRRRK! I don’t think I’ll have much choice heEERRRR!!”

CHHRRTT!

Rocket hunched forward, trying not to succumb to the world spinning again. The back of her suit exploded outward with the surge of back muscles that broaden her shoulders. She couldn’t see the rocky bumps

slowly rising out of the fur back there, but she could sure feel her middle stretching and becoming heavier. While there was a tightness that caved in her waist, she couldn't help appreciating the dense six pack of squares running down her stomach in two rows.

"Mmphhh! Here we go," the raccoon grumbled when something flowed down her right under the skin. There wasn't time to prepare for when its bicep shot out long and slender, propelling its forearm to experience its own near instant extension. Strain filled the developing nerves, forcing her eyes to squint while making a fist.

THWOOMP!

In one hard flex, Rocket nearly toppled over with her arm becoming the epitome of muscular strength. Fortunately, the process spring boarded back through her shoulders so the left arm could experience the same befuddling growth.

"Holy hell! Is this normal for humanoids?" Rocket asked no one in particular. She was so huge now that the last of her space suit tore away just from twisting slightly to look herself over. Not only was the raccoon towering several times taller than her previously perfectly short form, she was probably twice the size of a normal terran. The sight of her biceps and shaking hips were so intoxicating she failed to hear the heavy thuds of Stitch rising to their equally huge feet. "This barely feels natural. I always knew humans cheated. There's no way someone can naturally be this buff and curvy at the same time. HEY!"

Bright blue arms draped around the small mountains of Rocket's shoulders, embracing her with a hug from behind. Try as she might Stitch apparently gained a good deal of hulkish vigor to rival the raccoons. Her struggles to escape went ignored while the blue creature nuzzled around Rocket's neck with deep sniffs.

“YEEECH!” Rocket nearly gagged with a large pink tongue flopped out of Stitch’s rounded maw to lick the fur along her neck and head. A feeling that only got worse when a second slurp coated half her face in saliva. “What the fuck you doing now?”

“You smell good, Rocket,” Stitch said with an alluring purr. It tickled at Rocket’s ear in a way that caused an odd tickle in her brain that plummeted straight into her loins. “Also, I’m getting really horny from all this puffing out.”

“Oh, no! Don’t you da-AAH!”

Stitch was more than in a mindset to dare. With only a bit more pushing, she toppled Rocket down to the stony ground of the pink watered planet. Their combined impact ended up causing rough dents and cracks in the bedrock without feeling more than a minor bump.

Rocket pushed the lumbering blue beast away enough to flip onto her back, ready to tear their ears off. Turned out Stitch had her own plans, promptly straddling the she-hulk raccoon, so their thunder thighs became entwined. Before Rocket could even get a word out Stitch capitalized on their open muzzle by wrapping it inside her own.

“Mrrpphh!?” Rocket groped at Stitch’s biceps. Fingers ran through the many ridges and nooks barely finding the need to push such sexy arms away. This hardly felt like the time for a lesbian make-out session, but her giantess body acted despite the raccoon’s logic. With only a few second’s hesitation, her hands were reaching up to cup Stitch’s head, back arching to add her efforts into their kiss. “Hmm? HMMMMRRRPPP!?”

Holy shit! Whatever this experiment was, it had a hell of a tongue. No sooner did Rocket signal her own desires than Stitch pushed in with a rush of sloppy wet meat. It easily plowed Rocket’s own to the side, plunging partially down her throat. The raccoon’s eyes rolled into the back of her

head, giving off muffled groans. She had never sucked a dick that could give her such a tonsil tickle in her life.

It didn't last as long as Rocket would have liked. She suddenly found it getting hard to breathe, not from the tongue job, but a pressure crushing her ribcage. Stitch must have been getting the same feeling as they puffed frantically through their nose for breath. With a wet sucking noise the alien withdrew her tongue, leaving Rocket's chin soaked in drool.

BWOOM! WUB!

"Umm..." Rocket stared down at her chest, rapidly blinking in her horny stupor. The flat plates of her chest muscles were suddenly coated over by a pair of half spheres gently flowing off the sides of her ribcage. One hand reached up to touch a red nipple slightly poking out of the rolling fur coat, causing her to shiver against Stitch's body. A glance up showed the blue being also grew a pair of chest globes, which hung tantalizingly close to Rocket's nose. "Y-yeah. Guess we should have expected to grow tits after everything else. H-hey! What are you doing now?"

Stitch didn't give an answer while she moved slightly beside Rocket. With a bit of maneuvering one leg under another, she got their pelvises to become interlocked. A connection that turned the raccoon's face red, her swollen clit brushing against Stitch's ever so slightly.

"Whoa! Wait a second," Rocket pleaded as Stitched gripped her shoulder and hip simultaneously. "We really should wait for this o-awoo!!"

With a hard buck Stitch gave out a pleased growl as she bright her crotch stroking along the surface of Rocket's. Rocket in turn could do little but grab onto Stitch's waist to keep from sliding away on her ass. There was a pause of more repositioning and then Stitched laid into her with rapid undulations. Their grunts turned into moans, filling the dead air with their pleased cries.

Rocket saw in bright colors with the constant impact of their clits rubbing together. Ears burned with the wet slapping sound as their crotches became coated in a cocktail of their juices. With a free hand she tried to grasp one of her breasts, kneading it while also trying to ease its violent sloshing about.

“Oh! Oh! Oooohhh... fuck!” Rocket gasped. Even as she held the mammary in her hand, she could feel it continuing to swell. In fact, she could see both of their racks were ballooning out almost in time to Stitch’s humps. She was soon struggling to even grip the flesh as it flowed around her fingers like water.

An errant brush with a nipple caused Rocket to bark extra high. It brought about a strange twinge of release, which made her notice drops of white liquid on her fingertips. “Mmmph! Haa haa! God... damn it. We’re... nng! Going to be earth cows a-ahht this rate.”

“Mmmh! Don’t care! Too good!” Stitch cried, only increasing the power behind each roll of her hips. They were getting so intense Rocket could hear the ground under them straining and cracking. Just hot durable were their fat asses.

Still, Rocket could not complain. All the increased nerves and tender mass left her overwhelmed with the stimuli of Stitch’s warm, sexy body grinding away. Their tits were becoming the size of escape pods, with no sign of the tension letting up. They gained a lot more firmness as they bounced in random directions. Nipples became more exposed with their puffing sizes, exuding more and more moisture with the mounting pressure inside them.

SHLK! SHLK! SHLK! SHLK!

“Aah haa!” Rocket felt a shiver run through her body, converging on her roughly worked cunt. Muscles seized up with Sitch showing no signs of ceasing her scissoring antics. Hands tightened their grip on her blue alien

lover while her breaths came out hard through clenched fangs. “Fuck... Fucking hell! I’m... I didn’t want to be the first to cu... uuuuUUUGGGGGHHHHHAAA!!”

Paw toes curled with the tightening of her leg muscles, but Rocket couldn’t keep the best orgasm of her life from crashing down. Her hips bucked wildly with the howls of ecstatic bliss. Every part of her muscular being contracted in titanic pulses, which became just enough to pop the pressure in her tits. Thick jets of sweet smelling cream fired off from her nipples, unwittingly giving Stitch’s own mammaries and chiseled stomach a shower.

Stitch was all too pleased to have her wild undulations returned. Seeing the cute Raccoon’s face contort and hit their peak was a major turn on towards her own orgasm. Rocket had barely come down when the blue experiments howls joined them in unified sexual pleasure.

Granted, Rocket was a lot less pleased to have what might have been a gallon of alien milk dumped on her face. Stitch continued to hammer into her clit, mixing their cum together until even their awesome strength waned. After which the racoon was further displeased to have a sexy body builder the size of a battle mech collapse exhausted on top of her. At least they made for a warm blanket to rest for a while, even while their breasts continued to leak all over themselves and the ground like broken faucets.

“So,” Rocket said after a while. She was glad when Stitch stirred enough to meet her gaze with adorable black eyes. “After a fucking like that I don’t really have a mind to turn you over to those galactic nerds, but... um... I don’t suppose you have a spare ride off this dump?”

“Nuh,” Stitch grunted as she surveyed both of their wrecked spaceships a short distance away. “You?”

“Mmh! Gah!” Rocket tried to scratch her eye only to get a splash of milk in it. “God damn, tits better stop gushing soon. We’re not even feeding babies and it’s so disgusting. Anyway, I can probably fix the long range radios to contact some friends. It might take them a bit now, since we’re going to need a freighter at this size.”

“Okay!” Stitch said with a giggle. Before Rocket could ask what was funny, she nabbed the raccoon by her breast and latched her mouth onto its nipple for a long sucking drag of milk. That got such a cute expression and squeal from Rocket that encouraged her to take several more drinks. Finally she pulled away to ask, “So what you want to do in the meantime?”

Rocket glared back, but the blushing heavy pants made from how damn good nursing felt left her real feelings exposed. After a few seconds of staring at each other in silence, the raccoon turned away with a grumpy pout. “I’m on top this time!”

Sassa's Unwanted Treasure Hunt

May was always a fun time to be adventuring through the great outdoors. It still got cold during the nights, but otherwise nature provided clear skies, soothing warm sunlight, and glorious views.

Noon was approaching with peak hiking conditions by the time Sassa hit the ridge. The half leafeon, half dragon couldn't resist taking a break to enjoy one of many great sights during his current job. Rolling hills dipped into a forested valley below with a decent sized lake glinting at the bottom. A breeze tickled the webbing of his leathery wings, making his long meaty tail wiggle its leaf spade.

After taking a swig from his water canteen, Sassa turned away from the painting level scenery to the work at hand. Keen golden eyes followed along the ridge he was on towards a rough series of steps toward the hill's top. When he got closer, it was easy to see the trail of foliage debris far away from the natural tree lines. Every so often they were joined by light claw marks in the bedrock, spaced perfectly for bipedal toes, not unlike the pokemon hybrid's own green scaled bare feet.

The nest had to be close now. There were more signs of some creature living here the higher he climbed. They were all old marks, though, so Sassa wasn't sure how to feel about the mission's progress. An agency had come to him about a week ago, promising riches for collecting magic eggs from a rare breed of monster in this region. It sounded crazy and dangerous, just the challenge for an experienced collector like himself. Plus, it gave him a chance to practice his tracking skills.

Granted, Sassa wouldn't mind if the creature was not at home when he came to collect its bounty. He was just concerned that without signs of recent occupancy that there might be nothing in the nest left to collect. Much as he liked the exercise, a week away from home and his PC didn't pay the bills.

Turned out to be an unwarranted concern when he rounded the last rocky step onto the hilltop. A well threaded path wound behind some boulders into a shallow cave. In the bright sun Sassa could clearly see its back wall from a distance, and the heavy nest set against it. His eyes

glowed both literally from dragon greed and emotional joy as he got close. Set inside the pile of branches, leaves, and torn materials were two glittering red eggs the size of basketballs.

"I should have made more room," he mumbled aloud while shrugging off a backpack almost as big as himself. Dragon genes allotted a little extra strength compared to other leafeon's. It'd make carrying the two heavy ovids a breeze until he had to factor in the downwards climb back to his jeep.

And there was another problem. Pulling out pits of metal rods and panels, he quickly assembled a container designed for heavy shock absorption. A little gift from his employers in their desire for a secure delivery. When fully assembled, however, Sassa was less than thrilled to find the box looked barely big enough to house one egg. Leaving the other behind was not an option, with so much money at stake. Maybe the shells were sturdier than they looked.

Well, best to just worry about it as he went. The mother could be back at any time and that notion quickly got the half-breed securing an egg inside his provided box. It came with a strap for hanging off his pack, so he figured it wouldn't be too bad climbing with one arm while cradling the spare.

SCREEEEEEEE!!

"Gah!"

Of course, a monstrous cry would pierce the cave's tranquil silence just as Sassa got the egg in his claws. With but a frantic jump, the hefty slick shell flew from his palms in an arch that carried it far over the nest's edge. The leafeon barely got out a curse before a sharp cracking noise drowned him out. Racing after it confirmed the prize was beyond saving. The glittering shell laid in unceremonious pieces across the rocky floor. A surprisingly purple goopy inside glazed over the area, irradiating a strange heat almost in reaction to its freedom.

Sassa would have kept kicking himself, except another wild cry rang through the air. This time it was definitely closer and got his long, pointed ears swiveling to locate its source. An impossible feat with the cave acoustics throwing every vibration around.

"Oh. Uuugh!" Sassa took a deep breath to steady his nerves, and coughed. The air had suddenly grown dense.

A quick glance found the egg remains had become so hot they steamed purple vapors. The cave hastily filled with a dense fog making it difficult to see.

Between a potential poisoning and mauling, Sassa sarcastically thought this adventure had taken a drastically positive turn. Scooping up the box with his remaining egg, the leafeon dashed out of the cave, leaving his pack of supplies in the nest. Wisps of smoke clung to his body as if trying to keep the hybrid tethered to the cloud. Dragon wings and tail fluttered in an attempt to shake it off. If anything, it seemed intent on seeping beneath his pelt, leaving a slight itching behind.

Sassa ignored this in favor of checking his surroundings. Long, pointed ears rotated in search of any strange noises across the rocky slopes. Eyes scanned the skies, finding a lack of threats or even wildlife. That hardly meant he was still alone on this peak.

“Ah, screw it!”

Summoning up a burst of courage, Sassa ran from his last bits of cover onto the natural rock steps leading from the nest. From there it was an easy leap off the mountain ridge, wings fanning their widest to catch a rush of air moving to greet the pokemon-dragon. Gliding along with the eggs' additional weight made things a bit difficult while he stayed close to the slope without crashing into it. Sure, it was a straight flight back to his car at the mountain's base, but with no clue to the nest owner's location flying in open air was just asking to be dived on.

Sassa also felt his forward weight increasing the longer he descended. The hike up couldn't have tired his upper muscles that much already. Still, after a few minutes of slowly drifting his balance wobbled enough to force a landing. Luckily, he rounded a pile of boulders in time to spot a small ledge in the terrain. It's flat base made for a perfect platform for a short rest.

“Ugh!” Sassa touched down with a clumsiness he hadn't experienced since childhood. Clawed feet paws staggered across the stone floor, scratching a trail towards the back wall. It ended up being the only thing saving the poke hybrid from falling over. He was just glad his bounty remained safe in its container.

Still, one egg didn't feel that heavy to be throwing off his balance like this. Sassa gently set the container down before taking a seat to collect himself. A wave of sickness was causing the world to spin, making him fight

the urge to barf. As if there weren't enough reasons to regret abandoning his gear. Like any experienced traveler that included a supply of simple medicines.

Not to mention food. No sooner did the nausea pass than Sassa felt his stomach clench in a painful demand for nourishment. An odd one-eighty that couldn't be helped. All he could do was try rubbing his midriff, hoping to calm his squirming insides for the remaining trip down. There'd be plenty of camping food waiting in the car for a celebratory feast out of this area.

"The heck!?" Sassa's ears perked in surprise when his hand landed on his stomach sooner than it should have. Looking down, the leafeon-dragon's eyebrows also shot up at seeing the front of his shirt filled out in a modest bulge. Nerves confirmed with a few test gropes this additional bump was still his stomach, yet was too firm to rule as spontaneous fat. How could he have gained weight if he was hungry?

"Oh... what's..." His voice trailed off while pulling up the hem of his shirt. Sure enough, his minor abdominal muscles were gone under a rising gut of fur and scales that pushed tight against his belt. Sassa's mind whirled through a storm of questions and concerns, especially with the near constant squirming pressure continuing to build under his tight hide.

"Aah haah!?" Muscles deep inside his pelvis that the hybrid couldn't recognize clenched so hard his stomach quivered. Not a second later, the area behind his belly button pushed out, causing his entire bulge to swell even larger. Both hands slammed on either side of his expanding belly, trying to fight against this growth with no noticeable success. Sassa only found his fingertips being pushed further apart as his middle rounded and hung like he'd eaten a basketball for breakfast. "This... this is madness? Did I get poisoned back there?"

That weird egg smoke was the only thing that made sense to cause his midsection to inflate. Yet Sassa never heard of any kind of poison that'd produce such a drastic reaction.

"Hmnngh!" Speaking of which, a shifting sensation rolled across Sassa's hips sparking an expansion of their own. Hands dove under the curve of his bloating belly to undo his belt buckle before it pinched him in half.

No sooner had the restraint been undone than the button on Sassa's pants snapped. Despite having his waistband loosen, the leafeon felt his hips continue spreading into a wide berth. At the same time an astounding

amount of fat poured into his seat, making seams strain while it spilled further across the bedrock.

“Ack!” Something deep in Sassa’s pelvis popped, causing his legs to unwillingly press together. His entire posture changed in an instant so his knees pointed naturally inwards and spine developed a supportive curve. This brought attention to how much plumper his thighs had swelled without his noticing.

Sassa shook his head so hard his folded ears flapped about. Denial did little to undo the bizarre metamorphosis overtaking his body, nor did trying to cover his stomach with his shirt. By now his midsection had filled to resemble a hanging beach ball. The hem could stretch to his farthest point over the curved surface no matter how hard he tugged.

Although, the taut cotton pressed down on two other mounds rising from the leafeon-dragon’s chest.

“Oh, no flipping way those are real!” Sassa squeaked, gasping at how his voice cracked into a higher octave mid-sentence.

He continued watching in disbelief as his shirt billowed forward from an impressively developing shelf inside it. The new parts were instantly recognizable, yet the hybrid was fearful to acknowledge them as his own. Before long their mass reached considerable size to ooze over the crest of his even larger stomach.

“What the...?” The words left Sassa’s softening muzzle with a light airiness that was unmistakably feminine. Not even his face was spared changes, but the leafeon-dragon’s attention became fixated on an unexpectedly sweet scent wafting through the air. His narrowing brown nose twitch with rapid sniffs down to his full and tender bust. Moist spots were forming in his tight shirt around their front where he realized engorged nipples poked out like tiny tents. Fingers lightly brushed over the area finding what they were secreting to be of a sticky consistency. One test lick instantly made him realize the familiar substance. “Okay. So I’ve grown boobs that lactate honey. What the hell kind of job did I get hired for?”

“One that doesn’t pay enough, clearly.”

A high squeal of fright echoed off the surrounding terrain, while Sassa backed against the wall, slapping his wings flat against its stone. A sudden bundle of green hairs flung into his face from the motion, which he swatted aside and realized was his own hair. Years of growth had occurred in

minutes, leaving him with a mess of locks hanging down to his plumped girly ass as a pseudo cape.

Not that he had time to ponder these last parts of his transformation with a much taller female dragon strolling along the hillside into his hiding place. Her natural black and white colors made her rich hourglass body move like a shadow among the rocks and plants. Rich hair mixed in blue and red sections swished the ground with the wagging of her long thick striped tail. A pattern that matched the plentiful mane falling off her head down the center of her back. Many parts of her body were also covered in thin layers of blue and yellow patterned wraps that gleamed in the sunlight.

“I know you didn’t ask, but my name’s Leandra.” The dragon stopped a few feet away, looming over the sitting Sassa with hands on her slightly chubby hips. Her head tipped to one side, regarding him with a mix of two-thirds amusement, and a third of what might be annoyance. “And yes, that was MY nest you just cracked a magic egg in so casually. Unbelievable I just moved out here hoping for a nice summer holiday and you stupid treasure hunters already tracked me down. I’d almost be impressed if I didn’t have to air out my bed tonight.”

“Um...” Sassa was well aware he was facing down a pure blood dragon with a beef to address. However, at this distance, his sparkling wide eyes couldn’t help noticing the blue and white coating Leandra’s body was not clothing. Instead, the dragon had covered herself in ample amounts of paint. Somehow the hybrid had a feeling this was to attract attention towards those areas rather than for modesty’s sake.

Leandra silently confirmed this by fanning out her wings and doing a little spin in place. The intricate colored patterns along her back made Sassa ponder how she accomplished such a feat.

“Like my little summer look? I was just touching that up when I smelt the magic smoke you were messing around in.”

“Hey! Listen! I’m s-sorry about losing one of your eggs up there. Seriously,” Sassa stammered, still surprised by the cute girly voice coming out of his frightened muzzle. He tried standing to address her properly, only to remain pinned by the weight of his altered form. “I don’t suppose I can talk you into undoing whatever that egg did to me? As an expert treasure hunter, I got a nice private collection a dragoness could love back home.”

“Tempting, really, but you’re going to be paying me back in a way you apparently haven’t realized yet.” Leandra lowered into a squat, tail wagging

faster as her grinning face drew within inches of the leafeon-dragon. "See, I got so tired of losers stealing my eggs that I found a perfect trap spell that adheres to the old saying; 'you break it, you buy it.' Looks like being half dragon is slowing the curse a little, but I wouldn't worry. That amazing belly of yours looks ready to pop soon."

"Pop!?" The word sent a shiver through Sassa's gravid body, causing his own tail to slap the stone floor. Both hands stroked the girth of his midsection, tickling the sensitive furry hide. The last puzzle piece had fallen into place for him, and it left his feminine jaw hanging open. "No. Oh no! You can't possibly mean I'm going to-Hey! Let go!"

Leandra ignored her unwanted visitor's protests while she used position and dragon strength to yank Sassa's pants and underwear off with several hard tugs. "These clearly don't fit that fat butt anymore. Besides, you'll be glad not to have them on shortly. I... Oh, this is interesting."

Sassa swallowed the lump in his throat following her gaze. Between his full thighs not only remained his cock and balls, the last vestige of the man that climbed up this mountain, but it stood fully erect against the underside of his rounded gut. A soft tongue clicking made him regard Leandra with concerns. The sight of a dragon's member certainly didn't repulse her, but she was regarding it with a disturbing pensiveness.

After a few moments of unease, Leandra shrugged her wings with a spirited giggle. Her hips rose high into the air as she moved on all fours until her face vanished between Sassa's legs. "Sheesh! I'm supposed to be angry and instead we find ourselves here. I guess the only way to move things along is to give your little boy a proper sendoff. Lucky you."

"What the flying heck does that me-EEK!"

The painted dragon wasted no time wrapping the hybrid's firm sack in her palms. Manicured fingers stroked expertly along both testicles before moving up to the member itself.

"Ooooh hell," Sassa seethed through grit teeth. His hips jerked the best they could under his hefty stomach load. The sensitive cock pulsed against Leandra's fingertips in response, making veins visible through the stretched skin.

Another pulse surged through the leafeon-dragon's breasts, further damping his shirt and filling the little ledge with rich honey aromas. Unable to reach whatever Leandra was up to, Sassa settled on groping his plump mammaries instead. Each firm squeeze brought on a rush of pleasure with

the small release of more nectar. It was enough to send his tongue flapping out against his cheek with rapid breaths.

“Mmmh! Don’t drain those tits too much,” Leandra teased, her horns and eyes peeked over Sassa’s belly crest. “I might want some of that for tomorrow’s breakfast.”

If there was any sense left in Sassa, his soft female face did not show it. That was fine for Leandra. Giving an impromptu hand job was getting fun. On every pass, her fingers brushed the tip of the hybrid’s member and dragged fingers along its side in a slow descent back to its sack. It certainly seemed to please her half-dragon kin, judging by the hip wiggles and leg kicks.

Considering how a transformation likes to leave a subject extra sensitive and often aroused, that might have been enough to finish things. Then again, Leandra hadn’t had a good opportunity to vent her own stress in a while. No reason they both couldn’t get a little enjoyment out of this attempted burglary.

“Oof!” Sassa had become so engrossed in his self milking it didn’t occur to him that Leandra had stopped dick stroking until the dragon straddled her full weight atop his hips. The leafeon-dragon met her grinning snout with aroused confusion. His unspoken question was quickly answered as her striped tail lifted and a very warm, wet slit pressed into the head of his member.

“Ooooo fuuuuuck!”

Both hissed their approval while Leandra allowed gravity to lower herself onto Sassa’s lap. Her insides stretched so wonderfully wide in acceptance of his penis that she laid partially across his pregnant belly to savor the moment.

Unfortunately, Sassa wouldn’t stop stirring beneath her larger weight, rocking Leandra back to the task at hand soon enough. It might have been ages since her last good romp. Being on top was just extra cream for her insides. She enjoyed getting to do half the work of lifting her jiggling rump before letting it slap back against Sassa’s balls. It was going to please the hybrid regardless, so she could do whatever.

Particularly that honey smelled superb. In between the rhythmic process of drilling herself with Sassa’s cock, she scooted until their ample breasts squished against each other. By now the squirming leafeon-dragon’s shirt was totally drenched in goeey nectar. She only needed one

tug at the collar to completely rent the shirt off, sending Sassa's breasts flopping free.

"Nom!" Leandra wasted no time latching her watering lips onto Sassa's leaking boob. Honey sprayed over her eager tongue with every suckle, causing her wings to flutter.

"Haa haa!" The helpless hybrid wasn't about to complain if it eased the full aching in his bust. Sassa alternated stroking Leandra's horn and hair with one hand while the other continued massaging a steady stream of goo out his free breast.

Neither slowed in their mutual humping, even when Leandra broke from the savory nipple to give Sassa a proper kiss on his gawking muzzle. Their lips interlocked, drizzling spit and honey on each other for a few moments, until the dragon was drawn back to her nursing feast.

Sassa bucked his hips the best he could to meet Leandra's butt drops. His cock was getting railed in all the right ways. Rapid slaps of clashing thighs sent both their thick dragon tails thrashing about like wild pythons. Under such stimulating assaults he was amazed to have lasted this long. But then Leandra began clenching around his shaft and ground away what little restraint he had left.

"HNNNGGH!" Both of the leafeon-dragon's hands grasped Leandra by her horns, firmly keeping the pure dragon's muzzle pressed against his lactating breast. Pressure in his ball rose to agonizing levels, teasing at the breaking point of release. His mini-humps broke rhythm, going in a wild frenzy trying to delve deep into his lover's snatch.

Leandra wasn't about to complain as she continued drinking the fresh honey practically gushing from her new toy's nipples. Both of their breasts were glistening in the sweet surgery glaze while sloshing about in the throes of pleasure. The least she could do was let Sassa enjoy this last hurrah before feeling the member filling her insides stiffen and pulse.

"Oh god yes!" Sassa squealed his girliest scream yet when she came. His draconic member swelled and contracted in several hard pulses, quickly filling up Leandra's tunnel with a different gooey honey. Golden eyes rolled into the back of his head, too overwhelmed to even care about the strange pressure pushing down on his trembling cock. It was almost like his orgasm was trying to pull it inside him.

Leandra arched her back, pressing into Sassa with a guttural cry of approval. It wasn't just the hybrid orgasm that helped her to finish, but also

the feeling of his member withdrawing from her with its rapid throbs. Bit by bit it shrank away until with one massive flex it released a sputter of cum that leaked across both their thighs and fully withdrew from the dragon, never to be used in such a fashion again.

"It's kind of a shame," Leandra said with a grin soaked in afterglow. Her nails traced over the Sassa's belly button just in time to watch it pop outwards from the internal pressure. "I bet we can have better fun after dinner and a movie, but I have to remember you tried stealing from me."

"Mmmh." Sassa blinked, his body squirming from the gentle caress and odd twinges striking across his fat hips. Strength drained from his limbs with the last bits of his orgasm, leaving the leafeon-dragon heaving as he sat against the rocky wall. "W-what did you do to me?"

Leandra's tail wagged once with her soft giggle. "Oh? Can't you tell yet?"

One of her hands dipped below the far side of Sassa's belly out of his sight. Before he could comment, his ears shot up, feeling her fingers land on his crotch and... slip inside him!?

"Aaah gah! Y-you got to be fucking kidding me!" Sassa cried, horrified by the way her vaginal tunnel instinctively flexed around the dragon's invading fingers. The hybrid's inner muscles were still tender from experiencing their first climax and leaking all kinds of juices.

Leandra seemed to enjoy Sassa's flavor when she withdrew her to lick them. "We kind of did. Sorry, but we can't have that old junk hanging around. It gets in the way of you returning my egg."

"Returning your... OH!" An involuntary flex in her abdomen rocked Sassa from her stupor. She groped at the swollen bulge of her stomach, feeling the things under the taut furry skin squirm. The tension lasted several agonizing seconds before abruptly releasing its hold. "Ooooooh hell no! You didn't!"

"Oh shush! You're getting more pleasure out of this than the last thief." Leandra gave the contracting hybrid a playful raspberry. "Besides, you'll get used to it after going as long as I have."

Sassa couldn't work up a response before the bulge in her hands descended into her crotch, electing a startled yelp and thrashing of her leafy tail tuft. The pressure inside her pelvis increased a hundredfold, with another muscle contraction tightening around her insides. Something

snapped from within, causing another soft cry as water gushed from between her legs into a small puddle on the stone ground.

The back of Sassa's newly formed vagina suddenly found itself split by something huge and smooth. She tried to fight this urge to bear down on it, but the contractions seemed more than enough to drive this thing rapidly towards her yawning slit. It soon filled her entire tunnel to its limit, forcing the hybrid to spread her curvy legs.

"Phew! Phew! Phew!" Sassa panted, unable to do anything but grip at her round ball of a stomach, tail and wings fluttering in her mixed arousal panic. The dropping object was pushing so hard against a sensitive patch of vaginal surface on its way out it sparked a mini-orgasm. Her eyelids blinked out of sync, getting very heavy. The world itself blurred out of focus for the laboring leafeon-dragon. "I hate you, Leandra. Haagh! I hate you so much."

What might have been the pure dragon gave a jostling laugh. It was getting hard to discern one blob from another. And as the massive load in Sassa's gut began emerging from her vaginal lips, she was finding it very hard to stay awake.

* * * *

Next thing Sassa could coherently understand, she was on a bed wrapped in a warm blanket, and it was early morning. Both of these, and the room she was in were quickly recognized as her own. The actual memories of getting to her car and driving back home to sleep things off were blocked by a pounding headache not helped by the dry pain of thirst. Only the rough image of Leandra's plump dragon shape came back clearly, and the hybrid really hoped she hadn't decided to stay overnight with them.

Sitting up was unfortunately enough to confirm that wild gender bending trip had not been some elaborate dream. Pulling back the blanket set a pair of plump furry tits shaking in the refreshing air. They and her legs were still crusted over in dried honey and cum fluids, making the fur clump in messy bundles. That was just dandy. So she lost her gear, her payday, and her manhood. Hopefully that wouldn't be forever.

"Ugh! At least I can still hunt treasure like this," she muttered to no one. Trying to see the bright side of all this was about the only thing that might help her defeated mood right now.

That and a shower. A really long, hot one. Sassa shifted in a roll off her bed, sparking a dull ache across her nether region and thighs. She

really didn't want to be reminded about laying the mother of all omelette ingredients, but at least that part was over.

It was a quick trip to the bathroom where Sassa took the time to splash a bit of cold water on her softer face. Ears wiggled curiously as she saw her changed self in the mirror for the first time. Yeah. Things could have been a lot worse. At least she was a bit of a cute bombshell, even when so unkempt after sex. She couldn't help striking a few poses for the sake of trying to feel a bit better.

"Um..." She turned for a profile view and paused upon noticing something. A shaking hand came to rest on the center of her stomach, confirming a small but firm bulge near the belly button. Millions of questions and concerns rushed through her mind while the green dragon tail smacked against the bathroom wall behind her. "That damn dragon! She better not have made that part consistent too."

Sassa fumed at the bathroom sink for a while before eventually realizing what little good it'd do her now. Not like she could just drive back out there without equipment or money and demand her dick back.

Besides, another thought made her wonder. Maybe her employers wouldn't care about the source, as long as they got their magic eggs.

Summer Grump

TSSSUUUUUUUU!

BOOM!

YIP!

A sharp whistle and a bang. Nothing like the sounds of impending death to serve as the perfect alarm clock. Luckily it wasn't actual cannon fire or some kind of destructive spell. The local townspeople and their spawns of hell simply felt a need to set off miniature explosives every five minutes.

Once her heart stopped trying to beat out of her ribcage, Karen begrudgingly sat up to assess how bad the coming day would be. The act alone caused a lot more grunting and curses than for a normal person. Damn hips were already putting up a fight, aching at having to bend in ways that would have been perfectly natural hours ago. That's too bad for them, because Karen refused her body to assume anything but a human posture so long as her joints could still bend that way.

Accomplishing that small victory caused the woman's fluffy tail to wag against her pillow. Seeing it had grown over a foot longer and gained ample amounts of red fur killed whatever joy Karen had left. She left out a few more curses while running a furry hand over her face. That also jutted out considerably longer into the makings of a sharp muzzle. Feeling the top of her head found only a small bundle of the brain hairs that used to completely cover it down to her shoulders. Contact with the enormous triangle ears there made them instinctively twitch and fold with her sour mood.

Karen's blackened nose wiggled with a snort as she pulled the hand back to examine it. There was still a thumb with flexibility to it, but the extremity still more resembled an animal's paw. Fingers barely had enough joints to make a fist, with all the thick brown pads swelling out the tips and palm. Blunt, useless claws were only going to make it harder to work with tools as the day wore on.

She was turning into a fox. No complex way to explain Karen's problem than that. Ever since that dreaded night in the tavern on Sunday

she had been finding her body getting smaller, furrier, and a lot less human. It was a slow burn too that just made working for a cure all the more frustrating.

If anyone bothered to ask Karen that poker game had been rigged. She was all set to win the pot with a full house and that smug, stupid mage had to pull a straight on her. And of course she wasn't about to forgive that Karen didn't actually have all the money to pay out either. A quick bit of magic was all it took to reactivate her formerly dormant vulpine curse.

When Karen pointed out the wisdom in her inability to square a debt stuck on all fours, the mage simply laughed and said the entertainment would be payment enough. That mage was getting punched when she was restored to full strength again.

On that note, best to not sit in bed letting the last bits of humanity slip away.

BANG!

"Mother blasted scum sucking..." Karen rolled back and forth across her pillow, hugging her big vulpine ears like it could shield their sensitive drums.

Today was the kingdom's sixth anniversary of the king's crowning. He was secretly a real douchebag and the reason Karen quit knighthood for mercenary work. Shame the rest of the kingdom was mostly fine with his rule. To mark the occasion, he paid every alchemist in existence to produce little things called fireworks for every settlement across the land.

They were meant to be pretty and exciting. To a transforming vixen they were annoying and dangerous. Once the last bits of pained ringing left Karen's ears, she sighed and rolled off the bed.

THUD!!

Looked like she had gotten a lot shorter than last night, too. A simple drop turned into a hard fall that left her rolling around the floor, cursing for several more minutes. It was a miracle her head didn't split open landing on such a hardwood floor. These damn inns need to invest in rugs.

A gentle rapping on the door broke Karen from her grumpy fit. By inn rules there wasn't a lock, so the handle lifted for it to open a small crack. Just enough for a bar wench to poke her otter snout in curiously. They needed a moment to find the tiny fox person sprawled on the floor.

"Everything's alright in here, madam?"

“Could be better, Pearl. Are the baths still hot?”

The servant girl wiggled her whiskers with a giggle. “Yes, miss. I’m sure our regulars can find room to squeeze you in.”

“Don’t make me kick you,” Karen fumed, but the door had already closed. “Curses would be a lot more bearable if people took them seriously.”

Letting out a sigh, she rolled onto all fours and needed three tries to get back on two feet. Karen ignored the underwear that slid off her scrawny body, letting it remain where it fell in an awkward waddle to her footlocker. It was not like she had enough curves left for such garments right now.

From the trunk now almost big enough for her to hide in, Karen produced a small shirt and shorts. They were a purchase from a tailor yesterday, who really thought his ‘big ears’ jokes were amusing. A set designed for a child of eight years, Karen was bemused to find they still draped over her mostly fox self like tents. She required a hole roughly cut in the back for her tail and a rope knot belt to keep the pants hanging from what little waist remained.

After securing a money pouch and kitchen knife to said rope belt, she felt almost capable of taking on this bothersome Friday. Shrinking down to a normal fox size had left her usual swords and daggers virtually unusable, so she settled on anything for a weapon, if only to have some security of mind. Whether she could wield it when needed would be an issue to deal with if the time came.

Karen had to jump to work the latch her otter maid had handled so easily before, but eventually got the door to swing open. Boots were left under the bed for a third day in a row. Having paws didn’t make them necessary, especially with the tension in Karen’s heels forcing her onto the balls of her feet with each step.

“Morning, Karen,” a rounded balding man said before she even stepped into the cleaning rooms. Even with a shower glistening off his skin Karen’s increased sense of smell picked up too much tobacco on him. “You look different today. Did you have a growth spurt overnight?”

A few other tavern regulars chuckled from their stalls. Some were taking showers, while most occupied themselves with cheaper sponge baths. For Karen, the wench had arranged a water trough meant for animals as a pint-sized bathtub.

“I’ll destroy all of you,” she grumbled while stripping for her warm water dip.

Such threats coming from a tiny creature with a high-pitched voice only incited harder laughs. A barbarian woman had poked her head out from behind a stall curtain to shoot Karen a challenging wink and flex before returning to her cleaning. This is why the changing fox hated unisex commons.

Of course, having fur and shoulders that were increasingly harder to rotate made even bathing a prolonged chore. Thankfully, this inn offered sponges on sticks for back scrubbing. That allowed her tiny paw hands enough reach to really get at her feet and lower back. Now if only fur didn’t feel like being wrapped in fifty pounds of steel when wet. It took eight silver pieces worth of towel rentals to finally dry out. Hell would freeze over before she shook off like an animal in front of a cackling peasant audience.

“You know a fox cleaning at the riverside would be a lot less conspicuous.” The innkeeper kept his eyes on Karen’s money as it was shoved over the counter. “Also a good tip if you need some for tomorrow.”

“I’m paid until monday and you know it,” Karen snapped back in a display of sharp teeth. Even at a size that needed a stool to reach the counter she could make a mean growl.

“That doesn’t make you exempt from our ‘no animals’ policy.”

Karen stared down the dark man’s smug grin for several seconds. Realizing her angry temperament wouldn’t gain any diplomacy points, she hopped off the stool for the door. There were places to be while she still had a working voice. “Don’t you dare try stealing my stuff.”

The door swung open before Karen got halfway there. She gave off a meek yip, taking a dive to avoid the massive boots of two grizzly bear adventures that came stomping inside. Both were too busy chatting amongst themselves to even notice a slim, tiny fox scrambling between their shins for dear life as they passed. Even so, Karen doubted she could be spotted underneath such corpulent buff giants.

Ignoring more laughter from other bar patrons that witnessed the event, Karen pushed her way outside, not wanting to be around for the bears to discover what everyone found so funny. The landing steps were too far apart for her shortened legs, forcing the part fox to hop down each stage until her foot paws landed on solid earth.

Amazing what losing two feet of height can do to your bearings. Karen looked around the bustling town buildings, trying desperately to familiarize herself with landmarks for a sense of direction.

BOOM!

SIIIIZZLE!

“Ah, there he is.” Karen mumbled after another little bomb shot into the air and exploded in a shower of yellow sparks. She’d never understand why several passersby would stop to ogle such a bright, noisy display. It’s like they never heard of signal flares before. That’s all fireworks were as far as she could tell.

Still, she followed its general launching point across back alleys and around trading squares to a little shop between the blacksmith and a bread stand. Its hand painted sign displayed a magic wand firing off little pops similar to fireworks.

BOOM! BOOM!

Much like the ones flying off from its backyard to explode over its roof. Karen definitely knew she was in the right place now. Stepping inside her tail dragged hard enough to collect dust. Setting bright blue eyes on the young blond witch manning the counter filled the tiny transforming woman with all kinds of emotions, most of them violent.

“Welcome back, Karen!” the shopkeeper oozed her words out with immense satisfaction, matching her smug grin. She plucked a strawberry from a fruit bowl that was most likely breakfast and offered it out on stretched fingertips. “Care for a bite? You’re looking a bit shrimpy in those big boy clothes.”

“Oh, stuff it, Teddy,” Karen lashed back in her slow walk over. A stool had already been set, which she didn’t hesitate to climb up and meet the witch gaze. She almost appreciated the big-breasted bimbo didn’t laugh at any point in her antics. “Time to finally set things straight after the hellish week you’ve given me.”

Teddy’s full lips opened for an annoyed huff, complete with brown eyes rolling. “For the last time, you brutish klutz, the dealer called twos wild. My straight was totally legal and you ain’t convincing the other six people there any different.”

“Not that, you dolt!” Karen untied the money pouch and tossed it at Teddy. The witch gave a startled yelp as it smacked between her breasts

before she could catch it. "That's everything I've earned here in the past week. Once I do this errand for you, our debt will be squared. Right!?"

"Oh? You saw my job notice on the boards?" Teddy dolled out the coins, taking a surprisingly short time to count from Karen's perspective. "Yes. In fact, after this I might even pay you some of this back. Although, are you sure you'll be... capable of working human jobs in a few hours."

"I will smack that smug grin off your face. Of course I'm more than capable of a simple job. If you have concerns you can always just remove your stupid curse now."

"Hah! Nice try, runt," Teddy said as she deposited the cash into a chained lock box behind her counter. Without giving Karen another glance, she jerked a thumb at the magic shop's back door. "My precious goods are out back. Just make sure they stay unharmed until six and I'll come relieve you. Oh! And leave the knife. I don't want to risk an accident."

Karen's black nostrils flared, but she complied, slamming her kitchen knife from the inn onto the counter before hopping down. If a simple guard shift solved her transformation problem, then it hardly mattered if she was armed by the end or not. Hell, she didn't care if she was standing watch on four paws by then. Her hands would come back in the morning if that gross flaunting mage was worth her word.

She was at least relieved the doorway was enchanted with magic. The latch lifted of its own accord upon Karen's approach and swung open to let cool morning air wash over what remained of her brown hair.

SRRRRPPPPHHHHH!!

FWOOMT!

It would have almost been a peaceful experience if not for the much louder proximity to the fireworks going off. Karen hobbled arching feet paws onto the landing, letting her eyes readjust to the sunlight. It looked like Teddy had gone to lengths clearing out her backyard for the flashy display. Near the base of the stairs, barrels of water and food were stacked up as probably a free invitation. While in one far corner, several crates were set out wide open. Each one was still filled to overflowing with various forms of the dazzling explosive creations.

And in the center of the yard a group of kids ranging from six to fifteen were laughing and playing about as they set up the next round. Karen's stomach dropped into her feet in the same fashion her tail hit the

wooden landing. She whirled on dainty paws only to have the magic door slam shut in her fox muzzle.

“Damn it, Teddy!” Karen slammed both fists on the door, but at this point they barely had the strength for a gentle knocking. “You didn’t say this was a babysitting job!”

“Hey! Mom sent us a kitty!”

Karen’s ears whipped erect upon realizing the attention she brought into herself. A slow turn confirmed the entire gaggle of adolescents were now fixated on the strange little animal in baggy people’s clothes. Some of the younger ones had already dropped their unused fireworks to converge on the steps leading to their new companion with giddy interest.

Her animal yips of terror could be heard for blocks away, although most townspeople assumed them for more fireworks they were unlucky enough to find in time to admire.

Epilogue

Karen couldn’t stop her tail from wagging as one of her charges yawned and leaned against her shoulder as the sky dimmed for the first time in an hour, as the grand fireworks show ended. She was fully changed now, and had been since about sunset, though Teddy was kind enough to let her keep her voice after the kids gave her big eyes in the afternoon when she started to Yip and Bark more than talk, despite her best efforts not to.

Karen would never admit it, but she had grown a little attached to the kids as she watched them. She found she was quite good with them after the initial period of poking and prodding had ended. They even helped her ditch her pants when even she had to admit they were ridiculously big and in the way, her paws lacking anywhere near enough dexterity to undo her belt, far better suited to walking on all fours, which she had finally given into around lunch. They spent the next hour experimenting with different ways of making her shirt work, turning it into a sort of game. Ending with her shirt swapped out for one off of the youngest, and her rope belt tied around what was her waist to keep it from dragging and getting caught in her hind legs.

Karen’s ears twitched back as she kept a close watch on the few that hadn’t passed out, ready to pounce on anything in order to protect her Kits. “Kids... not Kits,” she said under her breath, her instincts slipping in a bit.

Teddy had offered to remove her trigger for her Curse at 6 like promised, but Karen found it hard to resist the children's pleas to have her take them to the big show that night, a few extra gold from teddy was all it took for her to agree, promising to bring them back right after. Karen looked at the children sleeping around her, a smile creeping on her face as she curled up among them, her eyes open and ears scanning as she kept watch. She would wake them up to bring them home... eventually.

Special Technique

“Okay. Keep it together. You got this.”

She had been muttering that mantra non stop since getting off work, and Rachel felt no less relaxed. If anything, the drive to her favorite strip mall only seemed to aggravate her further. With a deep breath she turned the little blue wagon into the parking lot, blessing her luck some spaces were open along the storefronts. This particular strip mall had a bar and two restaurants so often found itself fairly busy even on weekdays.

The middle-aged woman wasn't here for either of those things. As much as a drink sounded pleasant. She cut the engine and clambered out wearing a black gi over her usual sports bra and sweatpants. Once the well used bamboo sword was fished out of her trunk, Rachel stomped in for her weekly visit at the martial art studio between the more casual businesses.

“Good to see you again, Rachel,” said Bill, the dojo's head teacher and, apparently, the receptionist for the evening. It was clear there were no classes scheduled, as only a handful of people were around doing exercises or light sparring with each other. “Another rough week?”

“Oh, like you wouldn't believe,” Rachel explained, while tying her brown hair back with a scrunchie. “Ted fucked up on his reports and somehow got me thrown under the bus for it. I'm going to pretend everything I'm swinging at tonight has his face on it. Ugh!”

“It's been a while since I've seen you this tense.” The older man's narrowed eyes looked her over with parental concern. He always had a way of treating customers like family. “You sure it's just a little reprimanding, setting you off? Or did you have another bad date you don't want to share?”

“Oh, shut up!” Rachel laughed despite herself. Her master had a point; it felt like something important had slipped her mind with all the stress sending her blood boiling. It took a lot of pencil chewing not to punch Ted and every manager in the room during her 'disciplinary' meeting. “I'm just really in need of venting some aggression. You know what the wise sages say about holding in anger too long.”

“Indeed. I guess it’s good then that Kevin stopped in for the night, too. He was hoping to catch you between shifts. It seems like you both could use a bit of ‘venting.’”

Rachel didn’t need to be told that, but gave Bill a thankful smile anyway. It wasn’t exactly a big dojo, so the red-haired man going through kendo forms in the back was one of the first things she saw coming in. She liked he was already donned in protective armor, so moved to get herself suited up too.

At first it’d been hard for her to find a decent sparring partner that liked a bit of swordplay. Three weeks into trying out a regular visit routine, Rachel had accidentally humiliated five regulars with her aggressive techniques, two of which got their professional egos severely wounded on account.

That’s why she found meeting Kevin to be one wonderful gift. They weren’t particularly close friends, just a couple grateful to have someone matching their paces. The first night they’d met ended with a fight so unexpectedly heated the nerdier spectators started comparing them to anime. Word quickly spread to the point people were signing up just to watch their conflict.

A fact emphasised by three twenty-something’s stopping their practices as soon as they noticed Rachel approaching her favorite opponent, helmet under one arm and sword resting on the opposing shoulder.

“Evening, Kevin!” she called out upon realizing he was too fixated on his form to notice her yet. Experience taught her never to silently approach someone in mid-swing unless you wanted a black eye. “Fancy seeing you here all alone.”

Kevin finished his stride, turned, and whipped off his helmet to flash a smile. Soon as their gleaming eyes met, Rachel nearly lost her breath. A strange impulse caused her heart to flutter. Skin burned under the heavy confines of her Asian clothes.

“A... nice coincidence to see the lady come calling without company once again.” The slight faltering of Kevin’s bravado didn’t escape Rachel’s notice, either. Although he seemed to recover faster to continue their usual

banter. "Looks like you've had a rough night. Sure you wouldn't rather go next door for a drink instead."

There was an awkward staring contest before Rachel shook her head to clear it. What the heck was that? The heat dial on her body felt like it got spun to a hundred. If she didn't start stretching out her muscles, they might start exploding.

"Maybe if you actually beat me one of these days, punk," she said with a bit more growl than intended. It didn't seem to phase Kevin much as they both slipped their helmets on. "Though just to warn you; I'm in extra bitch mode, so try to actually parry this time."

"Strange, I can't tell the difference from your regular mode."

Wire mesh might block their faces, yet Rachel laughed hearing the expected smugness of Kevin's obvious comeback. They raised their swords into a stance, causing the entire dojo to fall silent. Her toes curled in their thick socks, oddly scraping their nails against the mats. That feeling of forgetting something came back with unusual urgency.

Kevin's first move didn't give her time to contemplate further. He lunged in with a wide swing that forced Rachel into a back step to keep the distance between them. A quick parry opened her up for a thrusting follow through, which the bastard clearly planned for.

Right before Rachel's sword could jab into her target's chest the slick Kevin made a pirouette to the side. His wooden blade collided into the metal pauldrons of her waist with a gong-like echo across the shop.

"One-love," Kevin declared amidst the excited chatter of the onlookers. If he could hear the animal grumbling behind Rachel's mask, he didn't react to it. If anything, he sounded almost a bit reluctant himself. "Sure you want to do this tonight? Your form's a bit too reckless."

"I'm fine! I got this!" Rachel returned to a ready stance taking several deep breaths. It was a bold face lie as sweat already drenched her brow from that brief exchange alone. "Come on. The night's still young."

"I guess so-ACK!"

Rachel swooped in with the first attack, bamboo clanking together in a strong clash of power that she won. Kevin's sword arm got pushed aside

with enough force it tipped his balance. Just the opening she could enjoy jabbing her tip against his left breast with another gong.

“One-two!” she said, mimicking his smug tone. It had been a quickly established rule during their sessions that lethal areas like the heart counted as two points. “Are you doing okay tonight? Your own form feels a bit distracted.”

“Honestly, having a hard time keeping the human act up,” Kevin admitted. His labored breathing became noticeable with the rapid rise and fall of his armor. However, the phrasing of his words sent a cold chill down Rachel’s sweltering spine. “I knew I shouldn’t have come out during a full moon, but I guess we’re giving these guys a real show.”

“Wait, it’s a what!?” A million expletives raced through Rachel’s pulsing brain in a millisecond. No wonder work had upset her emotions so easily today, and she was in such a hurry to release the stress she somehow forgot tonight was one of the three a month she hated the most. “We... hang on. Don’t tell me you’re a...”

Now that she was aware of it Rachel’s arms felt more tense than ever. Still, she could bring the sword around in time to block Kevin’s next strike. They broke into a whole assault, neither refusing to give ground while the bamboo smacked together again and again.

“You seriously never noticed?” Kevin almost sounded amused, even as his voice gained a strangely higher octave. “I assumed there was only one reason you could keep up with me.”

Rachel couldn’t respond. She was too busy fighting back her increasing fear while trying to break out of Kevin’s attack. A faint to the left allowed her a chance to sweep back. Unfortunately, that caused the sleeves of her gi to briefly slide down to her elbows, showing off arms coated in a thick layer of brown fur.

“No! No no no!” Rachel trembled too much to counter attack. It was all she could do to hold on to her weapon while watching her hands puff double in size. Knuckles popped in a symphony of swelling muscles, causing each finger to lose some dexterity as they became thick fuzzy sausages. Firm canine pads boiled out of each tip to complement their nails, curving into jet black claws. It was like trying to wield a tool wearing foam gloves shaped like paws. “Damn it, Rachel. Keep it together.”

“Nya you don’t!”

Swords clashed in another series of rapid smacks. Having massive strain behind his words made it pretty clear Kevin was struggling with a few changes of his own. With every swing, the fabric of his gi tightened around flexing muscles and refused to go slack again. With every passing second his size grew in inches that caused the sleeves to ride up and expose the developing orange and black striped fur on his paw-hands and shins.

Neither of this meant anything to Rachel, since her own outfit was getting increasingly tight around her swelling body. Her head itched with the rapid growing of her brown hair fighting against its scrunchie. At some point between parries, her ears joined in the pain by growing into sharp points that moved up to press painfully into the top of her helmet.

“Argh!” Kevin’s advances were cut short when his feet literally slipped out from under him. As he rolled onto his back, it was fascinating for Rachel to pause and watch his socks shift and bulge. They were inflating like little cotton balloons, quickly developing defined round meatballs for toes. The base puffed out along the bottom to make a strong pad for walking on.

It wasn’t the claws bursting out that ultimately freed Kevin’s changing feet from their prisoners. The elasticity just couldn’t handle it when his heels cracked into a high arch that stretched them to their limits. Panic cries began filling the dojo at the clumsy unveiling of large animal paws. Yet amazingly only a few decided it wise to leave at that point.

“Huh.”

The sword in Rachel’s hands dipped, unable to break from this odd spectacle. Not that she was in the obvious presence of another therianthrope, but that Kevin wasn’t bulking up into the hulking beefcake of manhood she expected. Yeah, there was tons of muscle pressing out the gi and exposing his toned white furry belly. At the same time, his shoulder frame and waist looked to be narrowing. When her opponent stood up again, their whole stance seemed to change with it, legs pressed inward, with thighs gracefully thick.

“What are you staring at, doggo!?”

Despite the quip, Rachel was too distracted by the high voice coming from Kevin’s mask to avoid a hard thrust against her left breast. The expected gong was also joined in with several strained and snaps. Her

sparring armor had finally had enough and was falling off the thicker area like shedding a skin.

BWOOMP!

“Arf!” Rachel blushed behind the confining wire protection. Soon as the chest protector came loose, the pressure behind it sent the thing flying. Pawed hands grab at her gi too late. Breasts the size of beach balls covered in brown fur spilled free so full and soft people could have heard the sloshing were they not still fumbling about in a panic. A once snug sports bra could do very little to stay tightly stretched around her mounds bottom halves, while desperate efforts to close the robe only caused them to jiggle hypnotically.

“Holy fucking nya!?” Kevin tossed his own sword aside at the sight of Rachel. Now pawed hands grappled with his helmet a moment before slipping two rounded fingers under enough to remove it. “Why are you so... huge?”

“Gah?” Rachel blinked, trying to register the adorable tiger face her friend now sported. Their red hard had grown just as amply as her own, swishing along her elegant, strong back like a cape. Despite being half-animal, it clearly had feminine features to match its voice. “Why are you a woman!?”

“Why are you HUGE!?”

“I’m not that... grragh!” Cramps seized Rachel by the hips, spreading them so wide her gi was forced open even further. With a reluctant grunt, she released her boobs to pull down the back of her pants. Everyone’s eyes were momentarily drawn to the crack of wolf cheeks before a long and thick tail grew out from her spine.

“Geez, you even got an enormous aaa-haah!” Kevin couldn’t finish her smug jab before nearly repeating Rachel’s motion. Claws accidentally tore the waistband of her pants, trying to slide down the seat to let a snaky striped tail wiggled free from one of the legs. They looked at Rachel with a little bounce of her childbearing hips. “See? I’m just a tall plank of wood compared to that junk in your trunk.”

“Why dgggfraggle!” Rachel held up a pawed finger a second before her face began ramming into the mesh of her mask. She quickly reached it

off so her canine muzzle could grow out unabated. Loose locks poured free, draping over one eye. "Why are you even a woman at all?"

"It's a genetics thing, according to dad." Kevin released the straps of her chest plate, wincing at their tight snap. Removing it revealed an impressive white and black striped breast shelf, though still considerably covered by the gi wrappings. "Sometimes a guy becomes a girl, sometimes girls become guys. I drew a short straw there and my sister never let me live it down. Still not processing how your boobs grew ten times larger than mine, and I was called a heavy set in the family."

"It's not like I want to be flaunting these things around. Nggh!" Rachel tugged on her clothes a few more times, but the wrappings refused to cover more than half her bouncing bosom. She was considering wearing the gi backwards when a sharp ache in her heels sent the werewolf toppling over. "Aw-wooo! What the fu-oh!"

"Forgot you weren't done?" Kevin giggled, amused by Rachel's blushing stare. It didn't take long for the wolf's feet to shred up their fencing socks as they swelled into proper paws. "Geez! Even your paws are bigger. No fair!"

"You're taller than me, jerk!" Rachel snorted through her big black nose. The changes took a few extra moments before she felt comfortable standing back up on her tiptoes. Even with the added extension of her heels the words rang true. Kevin still had her eight feet beat by his nine, and then some.

"Yeah, but I'm practically a lanky noodle," the tigress pouted. An extreme exaggeration, in Rachel's opinion. Kevin was still curvier than most normal human women, by a dozen sizes. "Anyway, nice match. Always happy to kick you chunky ass."

"You wha-oh that is low, miss... ter?" Rachel's ears flicked up and down in a rush of conflicting emotions. The jury was suddenly out on her friend's pronouns for a second. "We were in mid-transformation. That last strike was a cheap shot."

"I didn't see you surrendering any time soon, either." Kevin put her paws on hips, sputtering a raspberry back. "Three-two my win. Unless you want to really give the people a show in that tiny gi."

“ARF!!” Rachel did a double take, finding a lot more people had wandered into the dojo curious what all the animal fighting noises were about. Hands flew to the tops of her breasts, doing more to show off their plush density than covering them. “Alright, you won. Now what?”

“I dunno, how about that drink?” Rachel stared at the tigress like she’d just suggested seppuku. “It’s ladies’ night at the bar next door. Kind of one reason I enjoy slipping by on full moons.”

Rachel’s muscular back lifted and dropped with her deep breath. A rough tongue traced along the black lips of her muzzle in calming thought. Her throat got a bit dry after such an intense little episode. “Yeah. Sure. Why not? If you try stealing a grope I’ll break your butt.”

“Are you kidding? Boobies that fine you got to work for it.”

Low growling mumbles escaped Rachel’s snout while the pair thumped towards the exit. Padded mats couldn’t muffle the weight of their paws every step. Such looming presence didn’t stop many onlookers from taking phone snaps of their bouncing figures walking past.

“See you weirdos next week,” Bill said as they exited. The old man’s attention stayed rapt at counting the stack of fresh admission fees he’d just collected.