

Between a Gut and a Soft Place

By: Firingwall

“So gorgeous today as usual,” Fiona cooed as she looked at her reflection in her phone, “Those girls won’t know what hit them.”

Fiona was a vain woman of 23. An egotist, she saw only herself and no one else as on her level. She was in love with herself and only those who kissed her ass. She was just unpleasant whenever the cameras weren’t around.

But, she was also drop-dead gorgeous by most accounts. She was thin, but not too thin that she looked starved. She was fit and in shape with her toned legs, arms, and stomach. She had an hourglass figure with a generous chest and round rear that she loved to flaunt. She was naturally blonde and needed no makeup or accessory to charm anyone, though she still loaded up on them.

Fiona was on top of the world and she knew it. “Ma’am,” Kaley, her personal assistant, spoke as she checked her own phone, “You need to get upstairs. They might start...”

“Like the show would start without me,” Fiona haughtily replied, whipping her hair back like out of a shampoo commercial. Fiona was in this city today for a big beauty pageant that she was determined to conquer. She had already won so many before in her life, but she was ready to add another win that night.

“Thanks again Haley for finding this thing,” yawned Fiona as she approached an elevator of the large building they were at, “I’m surprised I never heard of it before...”

“It’s Kaley miss,” flatly responded the assistant, typing something into her phone, “Anyways, just head for the fourth-floor and it should take you to the dressing rooms. I’ll be up shortly. Just need to take care of a few things.”

Fiona ignored everything but the fourth-floor comment, happily strutting towards an opening elevator that some animal men were exiting. She stepped into the small elevator and hit a button. However, just as the door was about to close, a large, meaty hand grabbed it.

“Hold up,” a deep voice spoke, “We need a ride up as well.” Fiona frowned and stepped back against the wall of the elevator. In walked two new anthro animal men: a lion and a bear. They were incredibly large, almost touching the ceiling, and only wore pants, completely shirtless and shoeless. They were rather muscle-heavy, but also had a slight chubbiness to their cheeks and with their big pot bellies.

Due to the size of the room, Fiona was stuck between the two large beasts, who did their best not to squish her. Though given their size, she still felt their large arms and guts brushing against her. As the doors closed, she gave her assistant an annoyed look, almost as if to say “why didn’t you stop them from entering”, but the assistant merely smiled and disappeared out of sight.

“Sorry about the squeeze miss,” the lion chuckled, “Thought we could all fit reasonably in here, but I guess Artair and me are a bit bigger than expected.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” the black bear laughed. Playfully nudging Fiona, “just between you and me, Apollo there is much bigger and heavier. He’s the real problem here.”

The lion laughed and the two animal men talked amongst each other, Fiona doing her best to ignore them. *Please let this ride be over soon.* Fiona angrily thought, her face twisting into an unbecoming grimace, *just let this end soon and let me get to my...*

CCCCCRRRRREEEEEAAAAKK. The elevator came to an abrupt stop, jolting a bit. The shake knocked Fiona face first against Apollo’s large gut and surprisingly thick pecs. A strong whiff of animal musk from his body flowed right up into her face and up her nostrils.

“Whoa,” Artair mumbled, maintaining his footing, “Wasn’t expecting that. Heh, guess you weigh too much big guy.”

Apollo chuckled, “Says the pot to the kettle. ...you okay missy?”

The large lion smirked as he looked upon the young woman buried in his thick fur and holding onto him. As much as he liked cuddling, now really wasn’t the time. Carefully taking her shoulders, he pushed her slightly away and into Artair a bit. There was a look of disappointment in her eyes, taking one last big sniff of the air...

...with her rather piggish snout. Completely flat, pink, and with two vertical holes on the flat area, her pig nose twitched as she sniffed the air.

“Why did you do that?” She complained, her mind fuzzy and her loopy. The lion’s strong, natural musk was intoxicating and his body felt strangely soft and pleasant. The thought of lying completely naked on him seemed so alluring, like spreading out on a big rug.

Licking her chops as she looked him over, her body tingled and her skin shivered. Dirty brown hair began sprouting over her carefully bikini-waxed body. Her limbs grew back their original arm and leg hair and then some. But it went beyond that, her back, stomach, and chest sprouted thick hair and her face developed its own five o’clock shadow. She had the body hair of an adult, burly guy it looked like.

Doing one more lick of her chops, she felt the fuzz across her face. When she pulled out her phone, she saw what was up with her arms and legs. “Oh crap oh crap!” She yelled, freaking out further when she saw her image, “I look like a freak, a monster and...”

“I dunno,” Artair said, shaking his head in disagreement, “I think you look pretty good, but that could be just me. You just need some more fur... girth... manliness and stuff.”

“I think so too,” Apollo chuckled, “Nothing wrong with a little hair on the body. I mean, we’re completely covered in it!” The two anthros laughed, but Fiona’s heart started beating faster. All of a sudden, she wouldn’t mind being more like them, even though it went completely against everything she believed in.

Pondering that thought, her body trembled and started growing larger. Her arms and legs tripled in size, all due to a mixture of muscle, but mostly fat. She jumped up several feet until she was just a foot below the guys and there was a loud gurgle. From between her top and skirt, her stomach bubbled and grew. Her shirt lifted ever so slightly, showing a protruding muffin top.

‘That’s the spirit!’ Artair declared to Fiona, who was looked confused and surprised by the sudden burst in size, ‘Come on over here for a big bear hug.’

He grabbed hold of her and shoved her right into his hairy, slightly protruding pecs, his gut pressing against her, in comparison, tiny stomach. She inhaled deeply, brown hairs starting to grow all around her snout, and sighed happily. He smelt pretty good too.

Breathing in him, her long, golden locks began to fall from her head. Her ears grew longer and stretched out into points at the end. They slid up to the top of her skull as the last of her blonde mane fell out, brown fur quickly sprouting over it and the rest of her head. With a creak and a crack, her skull changed shape, her face pushing forward and her brow protruding out.

‘Well aren’t you handsome,’ Artair chuckled, looking at Fiona’s new face and head.

She laughed, her voice deep and burly as she pulled out her phone again. She looked at the new handsome boar staring back and liked what she saw. As her arms were completely coated in brown fur and expanded, growing thicker and fatter, she thought, *not bad... not bad at all...*

Tucking the phone away, she managed to turn around to Apollo, giving him a big hug this time and burying her face into his torso once more. Her torso gurgled, her shirt and bra ripping off as her body mass swelled, growing fur and fat all over. Her breasts lost their perkiness, looking more like moobs and her stomach grew out into a large gut bigger than both other anthros.

‘Looking good, but easy there!’ Apollo chuckled, pushing Fiona away, ‘I appreciate the snuggles and hugs, but you’re getting a little weird.’

‘Heh,’ Fiona chuckled, ‘Sorry. Got carried away there.’ Her pants began stretching as her heels broke apart. Her feet had grown, toes merging together and hardening into two large hooves. Her legs had grown several sizes, shredding her pants and underwear easily.

As her rear inflated with fat and bulk, her thighs and hips losing their slender and curvy size, her crotch area underwent a significant change. From her female slit, male parts emerged. Rather big and fitting ones for her/his new form at that as well. He neither cared nor noticed, now a full-on male, fat boar that was quite satisfied with himself.

The elevator jerked again and started moving up once more. Artair laughed, ‘Oh sure, now it works. All it needed was a bit more weight.’

The boar chuckled, patting his big belly, ‘If that’s the case, you can all thank me now.’

‘Right right,’ said Apollo with a big smirk, ‘So... where are you headed?’

“Well I was going to enter a beauty pageant,” answered the new guy, “but I’m not really... in the best shape to do that anything like that.”

“Wanna head up to the sixth-floor with us then?” Apollo asked, “There’s a big weightlifting contest going on. Lot of big guys like us up there.”

“Oh sure!” Fiona chuckled, grabbing his cellphone off the ground, “Sounds like fun, especially if I can borrow some pants there. Better tell my assistant I won’t be coming.”

He sent Kaley a quick text that he would be unavailable, since calling her might freak her out, and not to worry. However, Kaley wasn’t worried when she got the text. She was rather happy and satisfied. After all, her biggest competition was out of the way and now she could shine on stage. All it took was some nice big, helpful animal guys with some transformative musk to make it all happen.

THE END