

Rejuvenating Bimbos

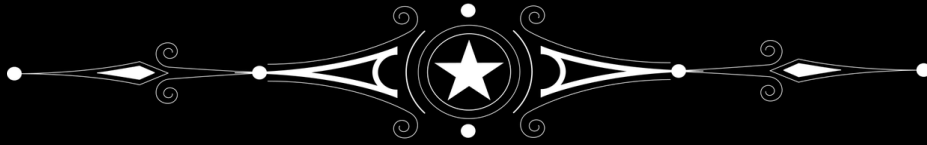
Commission for Shukko

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Female to altersex TG, hyper breast, hyper penis, muscle, masturbation, macro.

Read at your own discretion.



The things a jackal has to do for a decent grade was sometimes borderline insanity. Since joining a sorority, Carly received an endless waterfall of class assignments that left her staying awake until the rooster was crowing. Throw in constant hazing from rowdy sisters and it was a wonder she hadn't cracked yet. Not that things weren't already slipping. Mistakes were seeping into her final papers and those have a tendency to add up. There was only so much coffee a girl can take in order to keep her ears perked and feet from dragging.

Needless to say, this trip to the museum was an absolute nightmare for an already tired girl. A large group from Carly's sorority shared the same history class and she was probably the only one even interested in the new Egyptian exhibits. While they all floated around in clusters of their little cliques, the jackal had buds crammed in her droopy ears. The soothing voice of a recorded curator going over each display did make things enjoyable. Unfortunately, it was also threatening to make her fall asleep where she stood trying to take notes.

"Dude! Why is this one empty?"

A particular trio of girls walked right past the drowsy jackal to the display that'd caught the eyes of the collie among them. In one corner a sarcophagus had been placed upright with its lid left ajar. Even from a distance it was clear the thing had been left empty. Not a speck of dust lay inside the intricate carved sandstone.

"Beats me," said an equally disappointed lizard. She traced painted nails along the single velvet rope separating the ancient coffin from them. "I thought these things usually involved a dead guy."

"Says here it's not for burying." Their third sister, a cardinal, had stopped to read over the plaque about this exhibit. "It's some kind of rejuvenating pod priests and kings used in a ritual to infuse themselves with the gods' blessing. That was their way of keeping up with daily work when sleeping wasn't an option. They even listed their best translation of the spells used."

"Hah. Nerd!" The collie said, still more interested in her phone than anything in the museum. "And here I thought you were only into reading a big shot's bank account."

"Yes. Reading is just a lost art among the twitter crowd." The cardinal's feathers ruffled while she glanced off feigning disgust. "Not like we've seen a spec of gold this whole trip. Who the hell gets revitalized by being locked in a box?"

"I guess they didn't have Starbucks back then." The lizard girl giggled, turning to make another slide at ancient cultures. It fell off her snout when she saw past her collie

sorority sister to Carly struggling to move through the displays. "Looks like some of our new pledges could use a bit of god's blessing in their studies too."

The other girls followed her gaze. A few seconds of staring passed before their faces twisted into devilish grins. It said a lot about just how out of it Carly was when she barely reacted to several hands grabbing at her arms.

"Hum zah what?" Was the most coherent thing the jackal could get out. Her pointed ears perked, but her head rolled limply to one shoulder, catching sight of her sisters clustering around. "H-hey girls. What's up?"

"Not you. That's for sure!" the lizard said, ignoring giggles from her friends.

"Babe, you're about to keel over dead at this rate," chimed in the collie from Carly's other side. "Dedication is one thing. This can't be healthy. Let's get you some place to rest."

"Oh. Right. Um, thank you." Carly forced a weak smile as she let the pair guide her tired steps. Getting any excuse for a break was good enough, especially if her subconscious could blame it on someone else. All the more reason she didn't question why the trio were finding something incredibly funny. Heck. The jackal couldn't get her eyes open beyond blurry slits, so couldn't question why the cardinal had undone the velvet rope to an exhibit.

"In you go now!" The collie said while she and the lizard eased Carly inside the open sarcophagus. "Let yourself get nice and cozy. We'll take care of the rest."

"Mmh!" Carly fully closed her eyes and let her back lay against the back with a content sigh. The stone was ice cold through her clothes and fine black fur. For some reason that was oddly soothing on her tired soul. It practically welcomed her into the tranquil silence of her mind.

"Oh my gosh! Did she actually fall asleep!?" The cardinal could barely keep her voice level watching the new pledge resting as soundly as a mummy before them.

The collie had both hands resting on the swinging lid when she paused to watch Carly's chest puff and deflate with slow deep breaths. "Wow. She has been pulling a lot of all-nighters. I almost feel bad about this."

That got a dismissive snort from the lizard. "Almost?"

The collie's response was an amused shrug before she pulled hard. The stone swung with surprising ease and slammed with an echoing boom that had the three sorority members whipping around to check if anyone noticed their antics. A security guard was in view down the hallway, but seemed too busy helping sort out a group of kids. Inside, Carly hadn't so much as flicked her lengthy pointed ears at the loud closing. Her snores went largely unheard through the inch-thick stone.

“Hey. Wait.” The cardinal’s neck feathers rose slightly. “Can she breathe in there?”

“It’s not like we’re going to leave her in that thing all day,” The collie said, waving her hand dismissively. “Now get some InstaPaws vids of me reading these dumb spells so we can haze her when she’s awake.”

She didn’t even wait for her friends to get their phones out. Whipping the plaque around with one hand, she waved the other wildly in the air, barking the inscribed translations in a dramatic fashion. Their dramatized failure at acting didn’t go on for long before all three girls picked up the ominous thumping of heavy footsteps. An angry security guard was scary enough to make any of them faint. When one was an angry rhino hurrying towards them it triggered their natural panic instincts.

“What the hell are you brats doing?! Pictures of exhibits are a felony!”

The three sorority seniors didn’t think twice to take off running for the exit with the towering rhino in hot pursuit. Thoughts of prison and explaining bail to their parents easily took priority over the lowly jackal still dozing comfortably inside their stone casket. Very few people came past the room following that loud spectacle, leaving the sarcophagus to go unnoticed when its engravings began to glow a golden light.

That is until Carly snapped from her slubber sputtering on her own drool. If caffeine and adrenaline had a baby, that’s how she’d describe the feeling of raw energy suddenly rushing through her veins. Whatever had happened completely purged her mind of fatigue and washed her muscles of week’s worth of pain.

Unfortunately, location didn’t bring relief along with the jackal’s newfound clarity. Efforts to move or even look around were promptly impeded with only inches of space free on every side. Carly was trapped inside a box of rock yet could somehow see as clear as day time. She had no idea where this light could be coming from but she was more concerned about getting out immediately.

“Hey!” She howled into the stone slab facing her, both hands slapped against it with a strength Carly had never known. “What the hell, girls!? Let me out of here. Damn you all.”

Whether or not she could even be heard from anyone outside was impossible to tell. As the seconds ticked by without anyone even trying to call back to her, however, Carly began to suspect she was rather trapped. Not helping was how the invigorating rush that’d filled her had only continued to burn under her fur. Energy continued to well up in her body until she was panting from heat.

A few more bangs on the sarcophagus lid accomplished nothing but bruised hands. Carly would have almost ignored the throbbing in her fingertips if she hadn’t taken a good look at the hands splayed out before her. The nails she’d always taken great care to trim were suddenly an inch long and continuing to grow while she watched. Their color darkened into a deep black to match her fur while developing a

wide thickness. By the time they stopped her tips sported sets of wicked huge claws befitting a beast.

“W-what the hell!?” Joints popped and bones grew in rapid succession as the rest of Carly’s hands followed. Fingers plumped with rich muscles as knuckles popped from growing bones. Rings popped off in the process, making her momentarily lament that cheap jeweler’s authenticity. That thought was quickly waved away when her palms exploded across the stone lid they were pressed against. They became enormous even when compared to a bodybuilder’s physique.

“No fucking way,” Carly squeaked when the changes seemed to flow down her arms. In fact, she could feel and hear the crackling and popping of growing jackal amplified by her stone prison. Clothes drew tight around her body until the bulking muscle began showing as outlines in the straining fabric. The button and zipper of her jeans tore apart from the pressure, providing very little relief with her thickening hips quickly filling the space.

“Gah!”

Turns out the Jackal wasn’t just filling out with muscles either. One look down made it pretty clear her breasts were inflating like two rounded beachballs. Even with sturdy pectorals to support them, the tight squeeze of her bra got uncomfortable really fast. An especially loud tear from below and Carly could feel her panty clad rear smash against the stone as fat inflated it into an impressive shelf. The alleviation of pressure probably meant there wasn’t much of her jeans left.

There wasn’t much room in general left, for that matter. A panicked yelp escaped Carly when she felt her ears fold under the roof of her sarcophagus. Broadened shoulders were pushing in on opposite sides and her tits only pushed harder and harder against the lid with her enormous monster hands.

“Oh fuck! What’s happening?!” Thickening throat muscles had deepened Carly’s voice until every word came out as a roar. Shame she was too panicked to admire such a change. “I don’t want to be crushed under my own power! Someone let me out! Please!”

The thing about magic spells that didn’t get translated that well was the importance of always reciting an incantation perfectly. Such control of raw power over the elements required a strong mind and keen focus, for a single word flub could be disastrous for the caster and everyone involved. Needless to say, when Carly’s canine senior completely botched their reenactment of a long-forgotten ritual, she not only failed to close the output of godly blessings but left it amplified like a broken fire hydrant.

All of which is to explain why when Carly felt ready to explode under the pressure of her own beefy, curvaceous girth it was the sarcophagus that broke first. Her butt and boobs were expanding with a power long forgotten by modern civilization. Mere stone couldn’t hope to hold back the jackal’s unwitting ascension.

The rhino security guard was just returning to his post in a huff when his ears flicked at the sound of rapid crackling. One look at the closed sarcophagus elicited a swarm of curses forgetting any possible patrons present. Forgetting that the exhibit was exuding lights like a Christmas decoration, cracks were breaking out across its surface and spreading until they were a connection of spiderwebs. If those damned kids had damaged a priceless artifact, he was going to drag those college punks into proverbial graves with him.

“Um...”

Momentary anger at his job stability could have been the reason why the man didn't think to run until after the sarcophagus exploded. Chunks of thousand-year-old stone barraged the entire room, shattering glass and wrecking exhibits in a brief but powerful attack. And true to human nature, nearly every soul in the museum ran towards the room out of curiosity for what might have caused such a disaster.

The rhino rolled on the floor dazed and every so grateful to not be ripped into shrapnel paste. He felt less fortunate when a sneaker slammed on the marble floor inches from his face. Its impact generated a ripple of cracks several feet from the center. Even more alarming was how the foot stretching and contorting the footwear no longer resembled a persons. Thick black claws wear easily tearing through the thin leather, making way for rounded even sized toes elevated on plump, pink fleshy pads. With a thunderous crack its ankle arched out of the shoes back stretching high into the air on growing bones.

Carly lifted her monstrous paw curiously and flexed its unusual toes, sparking a surge of growth that annihilated what remained of the shoe trying to cover it. It settled back down with a gentle thud easily the size of the barely missed rhino guard. Her other foot has blasted out of its sneaker in a similar process and she had to stagger around a few clumsy steps in order to acclimate to a digitigrade stance. Dozens of stunned eyes were on the massive Jackal woman looming high over the destroyed Egyptian wing. The growling thunder of her heavy breathing could be heard echoing across the entire museum.

“Rwarf?!” A new kind of pressure centered around Carly's groin kicked her mind back into overdrive. Hands instinctively flew to her groin, eliciting a louder confused back when the denim began to push back against her hand pads. It felt like something had fallen out of her and seemed hell bent on inflating rapidly to catch up with the rest of her gigantic figure. The denim and panties inflated like a crotch balloon, forming distinct bulges as something red and shiny smooth bulged through the waistband.

Carly's power drunk mind couldn't deal with the tight squeeze of whatever was growing down there for long. With a mighty roar she grabbed at what remained of her pants and tore them free of her beefy rich legs. For good measure she also shredded her shirt and bra with relative ease given her new claws. Being freed of her last bits of civilized garments only seemed to spur her body with renewed growth. The blessing of many ancient deities continued to flow through her veins despite destroying the sarcophagus. Muscles flexed seemingly at random before blimping out larger and

larger. Fat poured into her tits, creating rolling boulders of fine black fur only matched by the thickness of her widening backside.

Of all the things the rhino guard expected today, being smothered by a sack of black furred testicles was not one of them. His mad scramble to get out from under the plush genitals that'd spilled out from between Carly's legs only helped draw her attention to the colossal dick that went with them. The red log of meat looked huge at full mast, easily matching her arm in length and girth. Her eyes went wide as a hand reached around her tits to touch its slick surface, just to confirm it was truly a part of her bulking form.

"Arrooo!!" The mere contact of her hand pads sent a ripple through Carly's goddess form that sent her slim tail wagging furiously. Her other hand quickly joined in rubbing and stroking the length of her freshly sprouted shaft. Pleasure like nothing in this world drowned her mind in a drunken euphoria. It didn't even register when her muscular back crashed into the museum's thirty-foot ceiling. Nor did she care when her body continued to grow upwards and outwards to the point she had to fall onto her blimp of an ass.

Balls continued to spill out from between her legs, which only kept pace slightly ahead of their growth. The last of the exhibits were soon crushed under massive jackal beef. Pedestrians and guards alike were finally catching on about the danger they were in and feeling towards any visible exit. Carly didn't even care when the walls began squeezing on her form. Divine power wouldn't be contained so easily. The brushing on her black furred muscles only compelled them to flex bigger. Hands remained focused on their work stroking all of her dick they could reach. Growls and moans flooded the cavernous halls over the crumbling of its very structure.

The three sorority seniors were over a block away before finally feeling at a safe minimum distance. Such optimism exploded along with the roof of the museum they'd just ditched their sister in. None of them could even fully comprehend the building sized Carly that rose up from the shower of rubble onto a full height several stories tall. Her black figure rich in thick womanly curves bulked up beyond any man on the college football team.

Even when the cardinal found her wits enough to act, it was the compulsion to take a phone video of the jackal's massive red dick. Especially when Carly dusted the rubble gathering in her canyon of dark cleavage before resuming jerking it off with both hands.

"Well, I guess that ritual wasn't so bad after all," the collie said, earning a look from her lizard friend.

"Is she going to be okay like that though?" the cardinal asked, trying to zoom in when she noticed Carly's house-sized testicles began to pull taught. In fact, the jackal's moans were growing deeply heated and booming with an obviously rising tension.

“Pfft! The damn slut is having the time of her life. I wish my boyfriend was that hung.”

The lizard opened her snout to say something but they were all nearly deafened by Carly’s wild howl. Windows around the little college town shattered from the sonic vibrations as her cock rose and pulsed in rhythmic throbs. What flowed forth from her towering red cock was an avalanche of milky white fluids that gushed into the city street, funneling down streets to overturn traffic and wash away unprepared onlookers.

“If we survive this, I’m going to kill you!”

The lizard’s final words would become a meme once the cardinal had taken a long shower and uploaded her video onto social platforms. It was the last thing clearly heard before the cum flood crashed into her camera, abruptly ending the recording.

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Afterward

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