

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #35

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

Holly's on Call

The prison wall fell away without warning, blinding Holly in a flood of outside light. All she could do was huddle in a far corner, waiting for her vision to clear. This day was going awful already, with being snatched off the kitchen floor and stuck in a dark box for who knows how long. There was very little hurry to see what awaited outside the cramped space.

Eventually, as all things go, leaving the container became the only real choice. Hunger pains stabbed Holly's stomach, to say nothing about thirst. Neither of those were coming to her on their own.

Pink paws inched her towards the opening on light steps. Pointed snout whipped back and forth in search of the slightest threat. Whiskers on the end twitched faster than Holly's tiny heart. Fear still loomed over her thoughts, but there were smells coaxing her forward.

It was not the sharp sour stench of cleaner coating the marble floor. No, this was a scent of something delectable. Holly did not have to look far to find the source. Someone had left a large block of cheese mere feet from her shoebox, with a bowl of water paired next to it. Something must have been used to coat it, because it was giving off the strangest green glow. That might explain what made it smell so tasty.

Hunger proved a great motivator for dropping inhibitions, but Holly still took a moment to observe her surroundings. Rushing in blind got her locked inside that dreadful box to begin with. The ample lack of any other life seemed to make her caution almost unnecessary. She found herself in an enormous white room lined with mirrors and bright lights. It looked big enough to fill with dozens of humans, but the only thing in it besides the mouse was the food in front of her.

What the point and purpose her captors had for doing this to a street mouse was beyond her understanding. This seemed rather extreme for just feeding her. Not that she would question it on an empty stomach. Throwing caution to the wind, Holly trotted over to the block of dairy as big as herself, taking several cautious nibbles when her muzzle was in range.

It was not a flavor of cheese the mouse could recognize, but all she cared about was how damn good it tasted. Holly threw herself upon the block, biting off big chunks with her pronounced front teeth. Whatever had been mixed into it left the texture creamy, making her enjoy the way it ran down her throat. Dang food even left a pleasant warmth stirring inside her belly.

Before she realized it, she had consumed a mouse's weight in cheese. Holly squeaked giddily at having her sides almost comically bulging out with food. It was a rare treat to feel full in her days of scurrying. She then moved on to the water bowl, which helped swell her body out further. The cold drink was so refreshing on her dry throat that Holly almost drained the bowl.

Holly rolled off to lie on her side with a satisfied burp. Perhaps she had overdone it just a little. The heavy load stretched her skin so much it ached. Rounded rodent ears curled, practically picking up sloshing noises from her belly. It did not change her mind that such a feast had been well worth it. There was no telling when something like this would be offered freely again.

Brrph!!

That was an unusually strong shifting of gas, Holly thought while placing forepaws on her middle. The warmth all that cheese brought seemed to get stronger as it digested into her system. She tilted her head, continuing to watch her belly expand and deflate with her breaths, as if that would offer some explanation. Was she already getting hungry again?

BRRRRRRRPPPPHHH!!

“Squeak!!” Holly’s hairless tail slapped the floor, going stiff. A powerful shifting struck inside the tiny mouse’s stomach, radiating out across her body. Muscles became tense, drawing taut in a powerful flex. She grit her teeth, struggling just to keep inhaling through the gaps. Perhaps she had walked headfirst into a trap after all. Regret filled Holly as she wondered if this is how poison had claimed many other street animals.

By some miracle the tension passed, or at least weakened enough that Holly’s muscles could relax. She sprawled out in a daze, trying to comprehend the meaning of that. Heat continued to boil the mouse up from the insides, even her drool making steam as it leaked onto the floor.

Through the hazy confusion, she noticed something else weird happened. Pulses washed over Holly’s body almost in perfect rhythm to her heart. And then her fur became itchy as it tugged along the ground, almost like she was being dragged.

That was clearly not the case, since nothing was even grabbing her. Holly looked down at herself for the longest time, seeing her fur and paws twitch with her pulses. It was not until she caught a side glance at the empty plate and bowl that she got a clue what was really going on. Both dishes seemed comparatively smaller from her shifting perspective. Before she needed to climb the bowl to get in, but now she could probably stand on hind legs to lean over the edge.

“Haah!” Holly squeaked again, too boggled by her growth spurts to notice a hint of intelligence creeping into her vocals. She was already the size of a large rat with the rapid pulses showing no signs of stopping. Fur became denser while sides thickened, bones lengthened with muscles working to keep safely wrapped around them. Within minutes Holly might have been mistaken as a house cat, and then she surpassed the size of a strangely tailed doberman. It felt weird watching the bowl seem to shrink down to the point she could carry it in her paws.

Her... paws?

Holly gazed down at her front legs at a complete loss. Size was not the only change overcoming her form. The bones in her toes were giving off rapid popcorn pops as they lengthened. Extra joints formed in a drastic increase to their dexterity. The little numbs off to the sides even plumped up into a stout digit that would make grabbing easy for her.

“Nnngh! Oooowww!” The front legs themselves soon gained their own growth spurts. Joined in by her back legs, making her even larger by the second. A hard cramp caused her shoulders to hunch, only to stretch outwards by an expanding collarbone. Holly suddenly found herself able to rotate her front limbs in many directions they could not go before, making it hard to still consider them legs, or even paws. They were becoming impressively lean with muscles, and perhaps pleasingly plump with fat. “Ooooh! HUGH!?”

Speaking of which, her hips were going through a cramping expansion of their own. Harsh grinding in the joints compelled her hind legs to rotate out from under her. Paws scrapped their claws across the tile floor until walking on all fours felt strangely uncomfortable.

The constant widening of Holly's hips also dramatically reshaped her rear the process. Grey fur ruffled in a slow rise while glute muscles jutted out from under the base of her noodle tail. A large deposit of fat rolled on top of them, further rising the curving cheeks until she had a thick pair of buns leading into some powerfully shapely thighs.

Holly's tail thrashed as she raised up onto her hand legs for the first time. It took a bit of waving from her... arms, but she found some balance. Having limbs streamlined with her spine made that easier. Trying to walk around on two paws, however, was a different beast.

Not that she knew what to look for while exploring the room from a human perspective. The box she had been in minutes ago looked silly

laying next to her paw foot. Holy could even hold it in just one of her pink-skinned hands.

A fluttering in the chest caused it to slip from her fingers with a gasp. Both hands clenched atop the area, feeling the sensitive fur around her teats wiggling. Without warning, her chest pushed back, hard. Despite all efforts, her palms were slowly shoved further away from her chest by increasingly sensitive mounds. Fat just seemed to pour around her sensitive pink numbs, bloating the milk glands around them with increasing weight. Within seconds the pressure became too much, causing gray fur to bulge between her thin fingers.

“B-breasts!?” She did not understand why, but somehow knew she now possessed mammary glands like a human would have. Huge ones at that. In fact, she was suddenly aware of a lot of things that seemed familiar and new at the same time, things she had no memory of ever learning about. As she let the soft mounds slide out of her palms into a gentle hang, with a bit of a jiggle, she was certain they were of an above-average size.

Just what she needed; more bounces and wiggles on her changed body while moving about the large room in search of answers, or at least an exit. It was just mirrors after mirrors all along the walls giving her multiple views and perspectives of her toned muscles and healthy curves. Such a sight was nothing to complain about. Holly had never considered, much less desired, being made part human, but dang if it did not make her look a heck of a lot cuter.

GGRRRRHHHHAAALLLL!!

Besides, her rodent stomach had much more pressing concerns. There was no way of telling what her captors were planning to do after her sudden transformation. She just hoped feeding would be part of the agenda soon.

“Hello? Anyone?” Holly called out in a still mouse-like squeaky pitch, but human sounding enough. Not that she had any idea when or why she suddenly knew how to communicate like them. The hunger and trapped situation took a higher priority. “Is anyone here monitoring me? I can only assume this is some kind of experiment about metamorphosis, because obviously I’m proof it’s working. No offense, but you seem poorly prepared for it. Leaving me naked is unsanitary, and I have no place to deposit waste if this is a long-term thing.” The anthropomorphic mouse said with an intelligence she certainly did not possess a mere ten minutes ago.

Silence returned the moment her muzzle snapped shut. Rounded mouse ears twitched back and forth but could hear little beyond her own breathing and the hum of light bulbs. After a minute, one of her paw feet began drumming its claws irritably against the floor.

“Seriously, are you guys listening to me? It would have been at least standard to provide audio receivers with any observation cameras. That weird cheese experiment left me starving after I finished. You can at least provide me with an adequate meal.”

Realization hit Holly with her own sense of foolishness. Her brain may have altered with her body to become smarter, but even the best had ditz moments. Glancing down made her tail wag at the sight of the green glowing cheese still resting on its plate. It was still a decent-sized block by human standards after she had nibbled off a sizable chunk.

“Nevermind, this will do,” she shouted with a giggle. Without hesitation, she scooped up the heavy morsel to rip a much larger chunk off with her pronounced front teeth.

Something about her taste buds must have changed with everything else, because this flavor burned her soul with such delight. Happy mouse hips could not stop thrashing their pink tail around in hard bops. Thanks to having a much bigger muzzle Holly finished the tasty morsel in no time. She put thickened lips to use sucking on her fingers one by one trying to savor what crumbs of dairy remained.

“Well, that will do for now, as far as nourishment goes. URP!” Holly blushed after unwittingly releasing gas for the first time. What an odd sensation that was. Surveying the room one more time found nothing new. There had been a faint hope once she had finished the cheese, and possibly the experiment, someone would come out to explain their next step. “It would be nice if someone came along soon, though. I don’t want to waste this amazing new body just waiting in a roo-oooOOOMMMM!! W-what the frick?”

A wave of tension washed over Holly’s abdomen, causing her to hunch forward, hugging it. Spite flew from her mouth in deep heaving breaths as the muscles of her torso flexed in several hard pulses. Maybe she was not supposed to eat the whole cheese if the result was becoming sickened. Fear seized her mind that maybe it was still poisoned. Becoming human like might have been some unforeseen side effect.

Knees quivered in their struggle to keep the mouse standing. Everything sure felt labored and sore despite barely moving from the room’s center. The pulses were coming with increasing intensity, sending ripples from her center across every cell and hair in her being.

“What the...” Hugging her stomach made Holly notice the shifting in her abdomen first. Muscles under the furry skin crawled from the energy infusing into them. They writhed against her palms disturbingly before puffing out with rapidly increasing density. Deep ridges formed until the muscles were squished against each other, resembling a rack of bread buns.

Granted, these abs could not possibly be considered soft. Holly’s shaking hands traced along her defined tummy, finding them incredibly sensitive despite the steel-like firmness. As she watched, the other muscles around her waist smoothed out of any fat only to swell into more angular, hard ridges of power. Even her back bubbled with many supportive wedges around her spine. A human doing hundreds of crunches a day would probably never reach this level of torso power.

“Gah!” Holly’s curious arms shot out in a waving motion, struggling to keep balance. Swelling mouse paws streaked across the floor thanks to a surge in her height. It only seemed to pause for a few seconds before her body stretched taller and thicker again, and again. She had to constantly readjust her stance to keep from tripping over her own growing feet with how fast her satellite ears crept towards the ceiling. Looking down only helped make her nauseous. Having a perspective of the floor moving away was like falling in reverse.

BWOOMP!

THWOOMPH!

Holly nearly fell over when her breasts and butt exploded out in opposite directions. Hands slammed up, trying to hold her expanding mounds only for the soft flesh to overflow the space between fingers. When she eventually gave up, their hefty mass fell into a deep hang that covered her top pair of abs in mammary flesh. They had both easily surpassed the mouse’s head in size, looking so full she could hear milk sloshing.

Curiosity brought her hands back around to cup the thick swell of her ass cheeks instead. It was hard to tell if it was filling up with more fat or muscles, and frankly both sounded like a pleasing option. Her rear jutted out so firm and soft that a normal sized human could probably sit on it without trouble. To say nothing of how her hips had expanded double their previous width. She was having a hard time guessing an exact measurement considering her continuously growing height rising past twelve feet.

“Hnnngh!! Oh... oh my...” A loud pop filled Holly’s sensitive ears, which she realized were her shoulders spreading to match her hourglass hips. The flesh underneath bubbles underneath, bulging out the skin with strengthening muscles like she was wearing protective pads. That quickly changed with her biceps thickening out in a wave down her arm, only pausing at the elbow for a second until an involuntary flex inflated her shins

with titanic strength. "T-this is not an e-e-experiment I would expect. Nnngh! Mah! B-but I guess I c-can't complain."

Spasms struck the mouse's thighs, sending her staggering into a wall. The mirrors simply could not handle a sixteen foot mouse woman's force, shattering most of the glass upon impact. Holly barely felt a thing, being more interested in watching the space between her legs fill up with strong beefy fibers. Her legs were soon forced into a permanently wider stance with such rich thigh muscle, combining with the bulking of her shins to swallow her knees in dense ridges.

BONK!!

"Owie!" Blunt pain trickled down from where Holly's scalp crashed into the ceiling. She slumped onto her fat butt, trying to find space in an increasingly shrinking room. As her hands rubbed around the tender bump, fingers noticed an odd thickness to her head fur. "Ugh. Hair too, huh? Seems silly to come out now."

Despite the complaint, hundreds of fine fibers continued growing around the fingers holding them. Holly soon became a bit impressed with the silky texture to her new hair, more so when she caught sight of her meaty curved self in the mirror. Having a long flowing cape of grey swishing across the middle of her ridged back added an air of cuteness to an otherwise intimidatingly huge and muscular physique.

"Maybe it is a bit late, but at least it's over before you wrecked the building."

Holly blinked at her reflection in the still unbroken mirrors. It took an amazing amount of seconds to realize that was not her voice speaking. Whirling to face the wall she had fallen into revealed it had been completely retracted. Much like the shoebox, there was now just a wide square gap leading into a dank metal hallway. One that, thankfully looked high enough for her to stand in at eighteen feet tall.

“Down here!”

And then the mouse looked down, having to crane over the reach of her chest mounds to see a little blue fox guy standing next to her knee giving a cheerful wave. It was hard to get a read on his role in all this due to having cargo shorts and a t-shirt under an open lab coat. Not the expected appearance of a scientist.

Still, it was another life form, albeit a quarter of Holly's size, so she offered a warm overbite smile back. “Hi there? I'm Holly. Did you do this?”

“Wow, you named yourself? That's amazing progress from our projections.” The blue fox seemed to talk to himself while jotting notes on an iPad. His fuzzy tail, which was bigger than his actual body, wagged happily from this observation. “And yes, this was a little mutagen enhancing experiment I wanted to try out. Call me, Desmond. I hope you don't mind the unexpected growth spurts.”

“Well...” Holly flexed both her arms. Tense muscles inflated nearly twice as thick before being drawn taut as she winked to Desmond. “I think I can survive like this.”

Desmond was blushing, though that might have been more to do with how her breasts vibrated with the tensions. “G-good to hear. Please come this way.”

“Um... okay?” Holly rose onto feet hunched over until she got out into the larger hallway. Her little host moved with surprising speed to stay ahead of her stride. “So may I ask what purpose you've caused me to meta morph into such a tall and... shapely state?”

“Hm? Oh! My friend is sick, so I just want you to help comfort him until he gets better.”

Holly nearly tripped over a corner following Desmond. Having vastly improved intelligence did nothing to help her wrap sense around that kind of answer. "You mean you picked a random mouse off the street, fed them mutagen to rewrite their physiology, and drastically increased their sex appeal just to tend to one sick person?"

"Yeah!" Desmond glanced over his shoulder, looking like Holly's protests had been inappropriate for their situation. "The flu is no joke. I'd do anything for my buddy's morale and health."

"Would it have not been more cost effective to have just hired an already amply endowed mouse woman instead of creating one?"

"Geez, you're sounding like my wife." Desmond paused in front of a shutter nearly as tall as Holly. Fingers tapped rapidly across a glowing number pad. "No one ever wants to do the fun thing and watch you grow over a hundred times in size. Put this on, please."

The shutter whipped up fast enough to be considered a safety hazard. Beyond it, Holly was only mildly surprised to see a nurse's dress big enough to engulf a car. Having the opportunity to stop conditioned air from blowing across her naked fur prompted her to do as asked. To her surprise, the material was pretty fitting despite so many random factors that went into her body's macro growth. Even the tight area around her bust and hips was compensated by the material's rich elasticity.

"I don't think I have the skills to do proper nursing, Mr. Desmond."

"Please don't make me feel old by being formal. And don't worry about that, we're just doing the dress for cosmetic purposes. Unless the poor boy gets a heart attack seeing you, in which we have emergency alarms installed."

“That is not very reassuring.”

“It’s the flu, not a terminal illness.” Before Holly could counter with mortality rates, she had no business knowing, Desmond gestured to a door several yards away. “Anyway, the guy is in there. Do anything you feel like to make him happy. I’ll go get you both something big and tasty to eat.”

“Um...” Holly watched the little man skip off without a care in the world, even humming the theme to a kid’s show she could not readily identify.

With a shrug she took the few steps over to enter her sudden patient’s room, having to duck over the doorway’s top to avoid another headache. This room was almost as bare as the last one she was in. A single bed was set beside a spacious bay window with some monitoring equipment that was not set up. A stand on the far wall held a TV with consoles for gaming, and books for reading.

“Oh...wow! I told Desmond I wanted a huge nurse as a joke. I hope he didn’t force you too big.”

A bunny man was resting in the bed, eyes wide as plates, watching Holly squeeze inside. She had not thought it possible, but he was even smaller than Desmond. Hair was almost clean shaving on top of an adorably round head that matched his extra large hands and feet. The teal and orange fur made her wonder if everyone at this facility was exotically colored, perhaps because of the experiments conducted.

But such inquiries were not part of Holly’s current job. After taking a moment to pull her skirt back over her rump, the mouse sauntered her way to the bedside. Looming above a bunny small enough to be a pet only seemed to excite him further.

“It was a bit... excessive,” Holly admitted, rolling her shoulders in a flex that made her chest bulge against the tight gown buttons. A sight that

made her patient blush. "Still, I can't find a reason to complain yet. You can call me Holly, cutie."

"I... I'm Jeff. This is great to meet..." The bunny was cut off by an involuntary series of coughs. Holly promptly dropped her flirty posture to rest a comforting hand across the entirety of Jeff's back. "S-sorry about that. God my throat is sore."

"Well, no need to talk too much on our first meeting. I feel you'll be with me for a long time." Feeling inspired by Jeff's adorable smile, Holly sunk into a squat. The bunny's grin vanished to one of confused squeamish when half his body, along with the bed, became overflowed with pliable boobs. Unable to get his arms out from under them, he could only look over the mound's crest into the mouse's alluring grin. "What's saying we start with me hand feeding you lunch. Then you can spend the afternoon playing video games in my lap. We can wing the evening from there, but if you're good, I'll give you a bath."

Kenny's Expansive Escape

Bandits were the scum of the earth. That was not counting people like politicians and salesmen. Those that wanted to spend life causing more direct damage to others simply deserved no remorse. Robbing and killing to gain riches not deserved was the most reprehensible of crimes.

Which was why Kenny had no second thoughts about the morality of stealing from such criminals. Word had been spreading fast through the kingdom of Durge about increasing raids along its borders. Almost no one could be protected as the royal guard spread itself thin, trying to route the biggest marauding armies attacking the inner cities. Pretty much every mayor, count, or village old man was offering bounties to any idiot carrying a sword. At the very least, it gave residents a faint sense of protection.

There was no speaking for any old idiot, but Kenny felt confident that he had read more than enough adventure books to give some criminals their own deserved troubles. After all, he was... small... thin of muscle and fat... and a great hugger, especially with the bigger monster races that had such round midsections. These were the perfect starting traits of a thief bent on stealing from evil doers.

In hindsight, he should have also considered the practicality of such actions. The young man had many good intentions; waiting until the camp of cut throats had fallen asleep then stuff his sacks with their ill-gotten valuables. He could drag them back to a surviving village and be heralded as a hero returning stability to their lives.

Six minutes into that plan a loose lid of pepper seasoning among the pile of goodies had caused Kenny to sneeze. The brown-haired boy would never go into detail of exactly how thoroughly the night guards kicked his butt, or the additional butt kicking the rest of the camp gave him for waking them up. Suffice to say, that was how he ended up in a cage meant for large animals grateful to have all his bones intact. Luckily, his captors had been too drunk or tired to check his hooded robe for secret pockets. Basic rule of adventuring was to also have a backup supply of healing items. One quick vial of healing salve and his bruises were mostly gone when he awoke at sunrise.

Too bad he did not have a complement of acid or lock picks for the cage, but again, hindsight.

“Hey, kid? You okay in there?”

CRSSSH!!

“Wha? Huh!?” The sound of crushing metal was quick to rid Kenny of his waking grogginess. Eyes shot open only for him to cry out again under the blinding dawn lights. Door hinges squeaked in protest as whoever had spoken to him entered with heavy footsteps. It helped his vision a bit when the visitor stood over him to block out the sun.

“Sorry, hun. Didn’t mean to wake you, but this cage sure doesn’t look comfortable.”

“It... really isn’t.” Kenny found the relief to let out a chuckle. Any bandit would have just struck him with something for kicks, not break their own cage lock. “Thanks for the hel-ah!”

As Kenny’s vision cleared, a bright colorful blur darkened to a confusing blackness. It was only when he inched back that he realized it was the chubby bulge of a woman’s stomach. Coal colored scales glittered about its soft surface as the owner shifted on equally chunky legs. Craning his head slowly back, Kenny could make two smaller, but no less plump, breasts spilling out across the stomach’s crest. Peering back at the human boy from the space between them was a face with a thick snout full of smiling teeth and partially covered by loose locks of rich blond hair.

She was a dragon, Kenny realized, and a very naked one to boot. He promptly took a huge scoot back until he was pressing up against the bars, not out of fright but from how uncomfortably close her crotch had hovered near his face. It was quickly played off as simply trying to get a better scope of her figure. Pear was a great word to describe it; a strong upper body that poured outwards into a belly and hips that could eat a chair. The thick meaty tail slinking out behind her gave the shocked Kenny a friendly wave of its hairy blond tuft as it thunked around the cage floor.

“Never seen a Drykmir before?” she asked, clearly amused by his reaction.

“Nope,” Kenny confirmed with a nervous laugh. “Never! You’re just...amazing. Way more gorgeous than rumors of the race say.”

“... oh.” She blinked taken aback by his words. It may have just been light reflecting off scales, but Kenny almost thought she was blushing.

“Well, good to know someone appreciates it. These guys probably never met one either. Otherwise they would have used something stronger than hemp to tie up their new ‘pet.’ Sorry, I’m a bit bitter about the whole being captured thing. Name’s Levian.”

“Kenny!” he squealed when the large woman suddenly reached out a hand for him. Collecting his nerves in a deep breath, he happily accepted it. “Whoop!”

FWUB!

Now Drykmir were not actually full realized dragons. They were more of a distant relative often theorized to have evolved from centuries of human crossbreeding. Still, there was plenty of power packed in their bones to be worthy of association with such legendary beasts. When Levian tugged on Kenny’s hand to help him up, it was done with such unexpected force that he flew off his feet to land upon the woman’s thick belly.

She felt even softer than his loving eyes could have dreamed.

Levian blinked when the human did not dislodge his head from between her breasts immediately. His hands naturally landed in a tight embrace around her waist, but at least they weren’t seizing the opportunity for some groping. “Um...you sure you’re okay, kid?”

“Mm hmm!” Kenny flashed a thumbs up before eventually pushing away from the lovingly soft gut. The deep gasp that followed implied he had little choice in the matter. “I’m twenty-seven, actually. Still just... uh... waking up though, but a nice hug sure helps a lot.”

“Right... hug.” Levian gave him a suspicious raised eyebrow stare, only to shake it off with a slight grin. “Come on, we need to get going before these dopes wake up. I may have knocked out your guards in my effort to find food.”

“May have?” Kenny pondered while following Levian out of the cage. His gaze drifted slightly off her distracting hip bounces to note the pair of bodies piled and partially hidden by a loose tarp.

“By the way, are you a mage?”

“Huh!?” Kenny’s eyes shot to Levian who was too busy observing the assortment of tents for trouble to face him. He absently wondered if those wings on her shoulders could even lift such a heavy-looking body. “N-no. I was just passing through for a quick snack.”

“Oh. Pity. We could have started a few fires or something. You should lose the hidden robe look then. It might send some mixed signals.”

“But I like hoodies,” Kenny huffed, glancing at his blood stained blue clothes. The fact it was his blood made fires sound almost appealing. “Besides, that’s gotta be some kind of human stereotype. More than just magic users wear cloaks. Uh, speaking of... why are you...”

“Hm? Oh this?!” Levian looked over her shoulder to Kenny then followed his gaze down to the red rear she was sporting. She gave her tail a few hearty wags that nearly caused her human companion to get a nosebleed. “Thought I already mentioned these yutzes caught me down by the lake yesterday. They took pretty much everything I had and thought it’d be cute to ‘tame’ me. Just as well, I was using a bedsheet for a skirt.”

“... what?”

“Hey, find me a tailor in a human kingdom that works with dragon hips and I’ll gladly tend my obligation to public decency. A pair of pants that actually fit my thighs would be great right about now.”

“... so what’s the plan then!?” Kenny forced a wide smile, wanting to think about anything besides Levian’s juicy thighs. At least not while they were surrounded by napping cut throats.

Levian raised a hand for him to be silent, then gave a quick wave to follow her. They weaved and bobbed between tents, trying to avoid the more open fire pits smoldering with old ashes. Only an occasional guard was spotted wandering about too tired from their ending night shifts to notice them. Both knew that would not last long with the rising sun.

“Grab everything of value and run, duh!” Levian answered once they found a spot between tents she felt secure in. “I worked hard killing skeletons for my bits of coin, and some scummy thugs aren’t getting it. Just stay quiet and close to me. We’ll rob these bastards and be gone before any of them notice a thing.”

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

“Soups on, you wretched scumbags!” A voice called out over the distant banging of a cowbell. It cut through the tranquility of the early morning with enough bite to make Levian clenched her acutely pointed ears. “Hurry and get your share! I ain’t responsible for any late risers!”

Kenny could already hear rippings of grunts, groans, and cursing with the waking of many surly men and woman. “Leave it to the cook, huh? Whoop!?”

One of Levian’s clawed hands latched onto the front of Kenny’s robe, yanking him along with the big girl as she dived into a nearby tent. She barely got the flap back in place before they picked up the sounds of several people shuffling past. Luckily Kenny saw there were not even more bandits in this tent. Instead, it was practically full to the roof with crates and chests of various random objects.

“Well, we found their stash.” Kenny chuckled until another angry bunch of waking bandits walked past. Noise was growing all around the camp, making Kenny have to work up the courage to whisper. “So now what do we do?”

“Well, if you got a flint this tent is perfect kindling?” Levian offered with a joyful gesture to their surrounding containers. Her smile dropped under the intense stare Kenny shot back. “Okay, I have a better plan, at least... in a practical sense. Help me dig through these stolen clothes.”

Breakfast for bandits was traditionally a chaotic, unorganized mess in every possible way. Survival of the fittest was the most important law, even among their own numbers. As such, the first hours of the morning were usually spent arguing and, literally, fighting each other over bowls of stew. They were not even allowed chairs or spoons anymore with how often such utensils made good murder weapons.

By the time Levian and Kenny had found the right attire for her scheme, most violent noises had abated. They could only hope the coma brought on by full bellies would allow them some leeway in sneaking to safety.

“Who the fuck let you out, beast!?”

“And who said you could get your grubby hands on our loot?”

“She looks kind of sexy though.”

So much for that plan. Levian stuck her head out for a peek and almost head-butted one of three bandits getting ready to enter the same tent. Good thing for stupid bandits, though. None of them even made a move for their swords, trying to stare down a dragon that loomed two feet above them. They would have suffered a few easy gut punches for

referring to Levian's hands as 'grubby' but she resisted the urge with a deep sigh.

"So sorry, great humans," Levian put on her best submissive sounding voice as she stepped fully out of the tent. Every motion of her corpulent body rang out with a chorus of tiny clicks and clack. Besides sliding on a belly dancer's bikini over her thick assets, the dragon had also snapped on as much jewelry as her body had space. This proved to be quite a lot given the dozens of bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and headpieces glittering in the sun.

It was certainly overdone enough to leave the bandits dumbstruck for several seconds.

"Yes, sorry!" Kenny shuffled out around Levian to face the guards. He smiled despite utterly loathing his eyepatch and hat disguise. The young man had to ditch his robe for smelly unwashed clothes to better match the bandits in front of him. "I was just getting her ready to entertain the boss and had some trouble finding the slave tents."

"There are no slave tents, you stupid newbie!" One thug reached out with both hands to pull Kenny up close. Their raw fish breath almost made him gag with every word. "Lucky for you, the boss is waiting for his new pet. Try to show us up again and we'll take your other eye."

Something about being previously flung about by a fat dragon woman made this potentially drunk guy's threats a lot less intimidating for Kenny. Even with both arms, he could not be lifted beyond his tip toes. The fact they had lots of sharp knives was still worrisome enough.

"S-sorry, bud. It won't happen again!"

"Better not! Now snap to it, both of you worthless chubs."

Kenny was released with a hard push, which he recovered from before toppling to the ground. That seemed to satisfy the trio as they circled around Levian's girth into their supply tent.

The pair exchanged a look that Levian followed up with a jerking of her thumb. They moved quickly as they could between more tents, only now the constant rattle of gold trinkets hitting each other had everyone in the vicinity watching them.

"Guess we got no choice but to see the boss now," Levian grumbled under the ruckus she was making. A hand absently reached back, snapping the hem of her thong and causing a ripple across her butt. "On

the plus side, I really need to know who makes clothes with this much elasticity. I haven't worn something comfortable in years!"

"Um, that's great and all." Kenny gulped, too nervous about the fear of death to admire the bouncing booty in front of him. "How do you even know where the leader is?"

They rounded a bend upon which Kenny saw an open face tent several yards away. A red carpet had been rolled up to its entrance where a particularly battle scarred man sat upon a decorative throne. Pillows and decorative plants were all laid about while a pair of vixens in chains and dancer bikinis stood waiting on their master's whims.

"It's always the one that enjoys showing off," Levian explained with a smug glance back to Kenny. "We'll have to just wing something and start running if it goes wrong."

There were a million other plans Kenny would have loved to hear over that one. Too bad their options were severely limited as they entered the leader's tent. Both wrinkled their noses almost in unison thanks to the strong scent of lavender seeping through half a dozen burners.

"I'm going to have to give Frank some due credit," The leader laughed while eyeing up Levian's expansive curves. "After you nearly broke his arm yesterday, I was worried you'd be difficult to manage."

"Of course not, kind master." Levian kept her tail still, forcing the nauseating words from her mouth. Playing coy was just another adventure for her, and she made a point to keep her eyes darting around to appear meeker. "I was merely taken by surprise, but now this feels much better than roughing it in the forest."

"Oh, yeah?" The man shifted to lean forward, his gaze intensifying around Levian's breasts bulging in her bikini top. "What are you? Some spoiled mother from a beastman tribe? Can't imagine your fat ass as a hunter."

That got a few nasty chuckles from the guards and other slaves observing Levian's every move. If only they had been as sharp as Kenny, they might have noticed the slight flaring of Levian's nostrils. But that moment of anger was promptly buried under a very wide sharp toothed smile.

"Of course I can't fight. That's just silly. I was dancer to an inn from a previous village your handsome boys burnt down."

“Really?”

“Really?” Kenny parroted, realizing his mistake under the death glare Levian shot him.

“And who the hell are you?” The leader snapped with a matching irritation. He looked almost surprised, as if speaking had alerted him to Kenny’s presence for the first time.

Before he could think of a response, Levian’s beefy arm coiled around his shoulders and slammed him firmly against the rolling fat of her hip.

“This is old cook friend from same inn. Also, my dancing coach. We used make big performances every night for guests.”

Kenny went limp, giving off a muffled groan into the dragon’s squishy red scales. Such a lame story was so full of holes no sane person would ever hesitate to...

“Oh, okay. That checks out then.” The leader reclined back in his seat. A snap of his fingers spurred one of the vixen slaves to bring him a bread roll snack. “The boys and girls can always use some new entertainment to beat each other over. Go ahead and give us a dance now.”

Another muffled, much louder groan caused Levian to smack Kenny upside his head. That got the little human jumping back to attention on his surroundings.

“Of course, great masters! We will dance splendidly for you.”

“You had better.” The leader scowled for a moment before snapping his fingers twice. Both of his vixens whipped around with ears perked and tails stiff to await their commands like trained dogs. “Get some instruments. I want music for our entertainment to dance with.”

Both vixens were off quick and quieter than trained assassins on their task. While Kenny watched them go, he risked a peek back out of the tent. Any hope of finding an escape route was dashed. By now most of the camp was awake, alert, and gathering outside with a keen interest in the ‘fat red monster’ scantily clad for their benefit.

“So, uh, Levian? Can you even dance?”

“Nope.” Levian also seemed to regard their surroundings, weighing out options. She was particularly looking at the roof and sky a lot. “Can you?”

“Not in the least. I’ve played some clarinet but...”

“Don’t worry about it. My plan will work regardless.”

“Plan!? What pla-aah!”

The vixens returned in a rush; one with a flute, the other a harp. They resumed their places standing on either side of their human master making swift work in tuning their instruments.

Soon as they popped fluffy tails back in, Levian grabbed hold of Kenny to back him up slightly outside the tent’s open face. All the crowding bandits backed away in unison to give them a generous dancing circle. She also had to act fast, directing one of Kenny’s hand onto her hip while gently holding the other for a traditional waltz.

“Listen and don’t talk back, Kenny, I... Kenny? I said listen!!” Levian’s last word came out with a searing hiss that snapped the human from his dopy daze. He had gotten lost in the feeling of repeatedly squeezing the fat along her curvy sides. “We’re going to try giving them the lewdest show two talentless hacks can improvise. When I go in for a kiss, I want you to take a deep breath and blow all your air into my mouth.”

“Wha... ah!?”

“Just do it!” Levian hissed again as the vixens played a slow melody. She rocked her hips with a hard step that nearly flung Kenny around like a doll.

Thankfully, the big dragon calmed her nerves, and they settled into a more rhythmic dance together. Kenny did not think himself capable of leading, but Levian had the fortunate lack of patience to already assume that role. Jewelry clattered to the hard bumps of her tail swaying. Each step Kenny followed only to find her plush scaled belly smashing against his chest and face. Rolls of jiggling fat bounces and squished around his smaller stature, occasionally whacking his hair about with the swaying of her even softer breasts.

It was like he was experiencing heaven and hell in a glorious mix of emotions. Levian may act abrasive, but her body generated a soothing warmth and sense of protection. That and Kenny really loved hugging what he called ‘big softies’ back home.

“Now!” Levian whispered when the song reached a tempo that slowly dropped off. She worked in time with the music to pull Kenny off her gut and squat down just enough to wrap her muzzle against his lips.

Kenny had just puffed out his lungs with all the air they could hold before he felt plump dragon lips wrap around his mouth. Closing both eyes, he pushed back as Levian requested, blowing out down her throat with all he had.

FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!

Of all the things Kenny expected from this plan, actually accomplishing something was not one of them. From deep within the dragon’s gut came a hissing noise remaining consistent with the force of his blowing. Hot air blasted down Levian’s throat without the slightest hint of resistance. She even rolled her eyes back with a sensual moan while taking it all in. When it ended, the same eyes snapped back urgently, staring into Kenny’s. Her hand left his on the thick dragon’s hip to pat rapidly against his chest, but the moment he caught on to take another breath their dance song resumed.

“Keep calm, and get ready to do it again,” Levian muttered when she broke their kiss.

It was obvious something drastic had changed soon as they resumed a dance. Levian’s steps had become stiff and unbalanced, trying to continue leading Kenny through their waltz. Hips had lost their energetic bounce, unlike the thick lizard tail that stuck almost straight out bobbing behind her. Everything about her limb movements looked inhibited. When his face met her chest, the scales sprung back with the highly taut skin, generating a hollow drumming sound inside the dragon.

“No, seriously, what?” Kenny looked up at a grinning Levian getting annoyed at her lack of sharing odd plans. Even her shimmering breasts looked way too firm to just be supported by a stretchy bikini.

“I have magic fire breath,” she said while purposely going into a stiff dip that flashed her thong butt to a cheering bandit audience. At least the dragon knew a thing about creating distractions. “The gist is that I’m building it in my mouth so when you blow air in I can change it into a gas on the way inside me.”

“Why would you want gas...”

“Trust me!” Levian spun, almost smacking Kenny over with the whipping of her tail. She lead him through another few steps that Kenny could have sworn had a squeaking tune. The music once again slowed so the playing vixens could take a rest. “You’re about to see something really awesome, so pucker up and get ready to blow me hard!”

“Wait, wha-hmmph!?”

Sweet dragon lips latched across Kenny’s surprised face again, leaving him no choice but to grip her soft curves taking it all in. Instinct, and hormones, promptly compelled him to tease the dragon’s muzzle with light smacks and tongue play. A startled moan meant it was Levian’s turn to be surprised, but she managed to pus the pleasing stimulation aside. Some hard hip bucks that slammed her belly against Kenny reminded him there were more life-threatening matters at stake. With most of the camp enjoying their impromptu make-out session, he had an easy time taking deep breaths through his nose.

What resulted from his efforts would be on Kenny’s mind for weeks to come. Little squeaks could be heard from across Levian’s body with each breath blown into her. The dragon went tense, drifting arms from their embrace into a more stiff position at her sides. All other movements became just as locked under the mounting pressure of gas. She reminded Kenny of the wooden mannequins armor smiths would use.

Until the dragon in his arms began expanding, anyway.

At first it seemed like Levian was simply pressing her belly into Kenny in a flirty manner. Something that happily encouraged him to pump a large breath down her gullet. It was so big that Levian’s entire middle swelled out into a tight round bulge that forced them slightly apart. With a loud pop, her waist reversed to push out and become flush with the belly. The push also dislodged their crucial lip lock, leaving Kenny flabbergasted by Levian’s more bloated body. Her cheeks and limbs looked fuller despite her weight feeling noticeably lighter.

“Wha...?”

“Just keep going!” Levian snapped in a panic. Light jerky movements of her head and fingers tried to lean her back in for Kenny’s lips.

“Hey, newbie! What the hell are you doing to my new pet!?”

Angry yelling from a bandit leader was all Kenny needed to grab Levian’s puffy face and feed her another good, long exhale. Loud squeaks

like rubber carried across the camp from Levian's body rapidly expanding out and up. Her already thick rear billowed out behind her, stretching out the golden weave of the slave thong with surprising comfortability.

Likewise, the ample black breasts ripened out as two smaller spheres to her gut, even bouncing off the crest like children's toy balls. Much as Kenny wanted to enjoy the tight mounds sliding along to envelope him in their cleavage, the other bandits were recovering from the sight of a dragon bloating up bigger than their tents.

Pain and ache burned at Kenny's lungs, which he did not let stop the biggest breath he could muster. The whole scope of Levian's plan had become rather obvious, making him hellbent to see it through. Besides, the sounds of slow gas hissing into her body, and its subsequent creaking, was pretty dang fun. It was especially nice how her body expanded to push its scales firmly against his body. Almost all semblance of joints were quickly hidden under the swell of her hide. The tail was reduced to a giant squeaky tube erected into the air like its tuft was a blond flag.

TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!

"Oh, crap! My jewels!!" Levian whined since only her face was left with any functioning muscles. Every last piece of treasure applied to her body proved too shoddy for such rapid gains. Hinges broke off, clasps snapped, and necklaces shattered off the dummy thick dragon in a shower of glittering debris. There was barely time to mourn their loss when Levian felt a tingle run over her scales. Some slight shifting rustled her lower body before the whole dragon floated off the grass. "No, no, no! Kenny! Grab my treasures, quick!"

"Someone kill them!!" The leader shouted to his dumbstruck tropes.

"Sorry, Levvy! I don't want to learn if you can pop like that."

"Don't you da-MMPH!"

Kenny wiggled deep into Levian's cleavage, rather liking her at the size of a house. Unfortunately, his added weight was just enough to keep her anchored to the ground. While the surrounding bandits scrambled for axes and knives, he shot forward to give Levian one more exhausted kiss.

FWOOOOM!!

What little treasures remained on Levian fell away from her expanding mass, causing more distressed whines from the dragoness. At least the thong and bikini continued to stretch snugly over her assets

while they squeaked or bounced with increasing size. Her bloated rear draped in gold rose above all the tents as she surpassed the size of a decent cottage.

“EEK!” Looked like this kiss filled her with enough gas for the escape plan, and not a moment too soon. Kenny barely finished exhaling when Levian’s body shot off the ground completely free of gravity’s pull. If not for the bikini, Kenny might have slipped out from her literal boulder-sized cleavage from the rush.

FWING!

An arrow whizzed past so close the wind rustled Kenny’s hair. Bandits in the rapidly shrinking camp below took several more pot shots with less luck. Some even threw axes and spears, coming no closer to hit the giant dragon blimp floating away. Before long they were caught up in the air currents, getting whisked across the countryside to relative safety.

“You okay there, Kenny?”

Levian’s squeaker voice made it impossible for Kenny to hold in his laughter. Only after almost two whole minutes of giggling while the puffy face of a helpless dragon glared on did he finally catch a breath. His poor lungs were going through a lot today.

“Y-yeah, just some vertigo... squeaker.” Kenny giggled a bit longer and eventually settled into the fold between Levian’s breasts. “So, uh, do you do this often? You sounded very knowledgeable about inflating yourself.”

Levian was already flush, but such a question made her face burn. “I’ve had to escape a few messes like this in the past. That’s all.”

“Sounded more like you enjoyed it, though.” Kenny’s eyebrows wiggled. “Sure you only save this trick for escapes.”

This whole situation of bloated suspension over miles of farmlands almost felt like a mistake. If experience taught her anything, Levian realized she was stuck floating with this pervy dork for a long time. “Don’t read too much into it kid. I swear we’re never going to do this again.”

A firm snuggle around the tree trunk that was Levian’s neck was Kenny’s response. “If you say so, new friend, but I’m going to hold my breath for you.”

“... make any more puns and I swear I will drop you.”

Yuki's Displacement

Nothing like a milk run to help clear out the old bar tab. Yuki liked these simple jobs. They were a good way to keep her skills sharp without posing much danger. She even dared to hum a merry melody while she worked. Her ample mouse rump bopped to the beat, waving its ropey tail through the air as if its twilight colored tuft were a flag. Ancient locks rarely stood a problem despite their reputation. They just took a lot of time and concentration to get the picks into their proper joints.

Today's job involved a little scout and retrieval in some place called the Tomb of the Cat King. Which is a fancy way of phrasing 'break in and steal everything shiny' kind of jobs. Nearby churches had already sent out their best to bless the area so undead wouldn't be a problem. Now the place was waiting for the local rich snob lord to send a team for their legal form of grave robbing.

The perfect in-between period for non-conscripted experts to step in.

"You have to make so much noise?" Desmond whispered, eyes darting from Yuki's burlap shorts to the bedrock entrance and back. "You always take a day and half with this stuff."

"If I explained how clockwork locks are made, it would take a day and a half." Yuki blew locks of her hair out of the way, its strands matching the starry sky appearance of her tail. A glance back caught Desmond's eyes averting too late from her rear towards the murky cavern ceiling. "Besides, I thought you liked when I performed."

Desmond folded his cloak in front, trying to hide the tent in his pants. The disgruntled sneer he shot back was ruined by the blush painting his squirrel muzzle. "Normally that's on a well-lit stage with plenty of drinks, you nerd."

“First round’s on me when we get back then. Ah!” Yuki squeaked triumphantly when there came a soft grinding that led into a loud click. Before she could act, the giant padlock broke away into three pieces, slipping past her frantic paws and creating loud clanging echoes throughout the tomb. “... oops.”

“Yeah. No kidding.” Desmond had clamped on his pointed ears barely able to hear his friend and partner through the ringing. “Are we in?”

Yuki gave her own head a shake, flapping rounded rodent ears against her skull. With a gentle push of her delicate tiny hand, the metal door swung on rusted hinges. “Yup. We are good to loot.”

“Thank Abadar.” Flint struck steel, generating the spark Desmond needed to light up a torch. The pair of blue anthros became lit up along with the stone passages before them. Being races with dark vision didn’t make the light a complete necessity, but they found it easier to spot treasure with something to glint off it.

They didn’t have to go far for that.

“Wowzer!”

Soon as they stepped into the first chamber, Desmond had to recoil from all the shinning metals surrounding him. A half-dozen doorways moved on deeper into the bedrock. Every space between them was filled with display shelves lined with many forms of trinkets. Yuki saw large busts of feline creatures, Desmond noted all kinds of pendants showing off teeth or paw emblems.

The chamber’s center is what really got the adventurers’ attention. On its own pedestal towered the ivory statue of an anthropomorphic feline man. They couldn’t specify the exact species, only that his muscles were

incredibly impressive across four flexing arms. Not to mention the ornate gold and silver armbands on each wrist.

“Dibs!”

Desmond let out a squeak as Yuki shoved past him towards the statue. He staggered several steps able to catch himself on the nearest shelf of treasures to avoid being introduced to the disease covered floor. “Check for traps, you damn cheese brain.”

“I already did while you were gawking,” Yuki explained after already removing two of the bracers. “Wow. These things are lighter than they look. Do you think this guy was an actual cat king?”

“I doubt it.” Getting over his friend’s enthusiasm, Desmond absently rummaged through a shelf of various necklaces with his free hand. “He was just some guy that really liked cats, far as I heard. Some people even claimed he caught a few magical ones. Geez, I think this pendant is nothing but pearls.”

“Great! Start stuffing sacks.” That happy bounce returned to Yuki’s hips while she worked the remaining braces off her statue friend. “Not sure why the guy would need a set of four, but it’s whatever.”

“Yeah.” Fluttering noises filled the room while Desmond pulled a pair of bags out from his cloak. One look at their size compared to the treasure around them made his tail droop. “I doubt we have enough to drag even a third of this bling out of here.”

“Get creative then!” Yuki replied. When Desmond glanced over with a raised eyebrow, she slapped a pair of her newly gained bracers on each wrist for an example. “I’m sure even your neck can handle a necklace or ten, hun.”

“If only we had a way to store things on your bottom heavy figure. That’d be way better.”

“Yeah? Shame you’ll never catch me doing a belly dancing-OOGH!!”

“Yuki?”

At the sound of pained squeaks, Desmond dropped his partially filled bag and twirled in her direction, hands clasping the hilt of a pistol. His mouse friend was hunched forward, bracing against the statue’s pedestal with a distant stunned look in her eyes. The jaw of her mouse muzzle flapped awkwardly, gulping for air.

“W-what’s wrong?”

“I... I don’t know. Ngh!” Yuki’s face scrunched with tension, baring her teeth with a bit of saliva dripping out. Arms wrapped around in a self hug, pressing intently on the area under her armpits. “T-there it is again. It feels like... Ah! Something’s trying to push out of me!!”

Even if Desmond could ask, Yuki didn’t remain in a state to elaborate. The tunnels filled with her strained groans as she writhed against the statue, struggling to remain standing. As her friend looked on Desmond found his eyes widening with a growing panic to see her hands being pushed back by something under her tunic and cloak. Bulges stretched out the sides of her clothes growing larger despite her attempts to hold them back, wiggling about in unexpectedly flexible ways.

“Ooooh...” The strange affliction drained out of Yuki after only a minute, leaving the mouse heaving for breath trying to process what just occurred. A sudden jostling under her clothes broke her concentration with a startled squeak. She glanced at Desmond clearly hesitant but worked up the courage to heft her tunic. “Holy shit!”

All of all the things they expected to fall out, a pair of extra arms was not one of them. Actually, Desmond hated that as he looked closer, the anatomy was too far off to be that simple. These new limbs attached to his mouse friend under her armpits possessed joints that only allowed them to jut in front and move up or down. At the ends were thick paws twice the size of her original hands. Despite having appealing pads under each rounded digit, they were also flashing some sharp silvery claws with Yuki's unwitting test flexes.

"I... Why do I have four legs!?" She sputtered out. The alien sensation of extra limbs left her mind still spiraling. It was when she dropped the tunic's hem that she noticed a bright glow opposing Desmond's torch. Both bracers were shining with a light source of their own, filling her wrists with a burning warmth. "D-Desmond? I think these bracers are cursed."

"I'm sure that's a safe... Look out!"

"Wha? AAH!"

Though Desmond saw it first, his warning came too late for Yuki to avoid the other pair of bracers shooting off the statue's base towards her. Despite the speed they hit her new limbs ankles with a soft landing and promptly locked themselves into place. Almost immediately the warmth surged to an unbearable inferno, spreading to encompass all of Yuki's being.

"D-Desmond! Heeeeeelp!"

There was little the squirrel-fox could think to do, given they didn't come prepared for curses. His ear dropped watching Yuki stagger about while crunches and snaps emitted from her changing body unseen by her cloak. It was especially disturbing how she seemed to grow slightly taller every time she moved past him.

“Gack!” Yuki suddenly stuck her tongue out, choking softly. Hands fumbled around the tie of her cloak. Her neck itself was growing thick at an alarming rate, digging the string painfully tight into the soft fur. With one frustrated yank, she managed to at least break it off from one side, gulping for fresh air.

Thick was certainly a good way to describe the mouse’s growing problem. With the cloak’s cover shedding, Desmond got a full view of the mouse’s seven foot and growing body. Even without extra legs, a two-foot gap separated her tunic from her pants, exposing a stomach ridged with incredible muscles. Yuki flexed her arms, watching them thicken and stretch out with additional stronger bones. She was developing a buffer form than many of the human fighters they’d seen at taverns.

The decreasing prominence of her feminine curves, however, was not as encouraging.

“What’s happening to me?” Yuki whined. A sudden itching brought a larger hand over her head, taking off a clump of her starry hair with it. She yelped and felt over her head again, only shedding off the rest in the process. Something tickled at her ears and she realized they were growing too, with the tips developing into long acute points. “ARGH!”

With a loud crunch and a flex, Yuki’s feet surged in a mini growth spurt. Claws shot out the end of swelling meatball toes scraping at the floor before the sudden developing of pocket slits retracted them out of view. A second surge traveled up into her legs, making them massively fit for pouncing. The cheap pants could not contain so much beef, shredding off in an unceremonious display. She fumbled against the statue, now nearly tall enough to reach its chest at nine feet, trying to get a view of the monstrous paws that matched her upper set of legs. It was getting harder to stay balanced.

Desmond did a double take. At first he thought his torch was going out, but then realized he was having trouble seeing Yuki because her fur was changing color. Blotches of pure black appeared across her pelt

rapidly spreading to interconnect with each other. While she looked at him with pleading eyes, the outline of her narrowing muscular body became almost one with the darkness beyond his light. "T-take the damn bracers off?"

"Sque-mreow!"

Both of them jumped at Yuki's animal expletive seemed to change species midway. All the more prompting she had to grab at the metal protectors on her lower legs.

"Oh, no? Oh nooooo!"

Sadly, Yuki couldn't get at the clasps before a shifting sensation locked up her fingers. There came a hard crunch that collapsed her shoulders, followed by an unpleasant-looking rotation that forced her hands out in front, just like the limbs below them. A perfect display for the helpless pair to watch as Yuki's fingers slowed their wiggling as the flesh puffed out. Joints vanished from them much like her thumb sliding up to rest as a mere claw on each wrist. With a pressure and give, palms and tips inflated into dark pads to support her new paws.

"GRWAH!?"

That wasn't nearly as disturbing to witness as Yuki's chest popping outwards with a mighty roar. Another crack billowed her ribcage with enough force to rend the front of her tunic. Rapid pops and gurgles filled out the adjoining muscles for a mighty beast. Yet all Yuki could think about was her distress, watching the plump mouse breasts shrink away into the short black fur.

"Des-mreow!" Yuki cried when an even worse dread struck her hips. What remained of her sides streamlined with the rest of her body, forcing her stance to change. All four upper legs pawed at the air with her frantic

teetering. She could feel the last of her adorable mouse fat drain out of the buff angular buttocks. "H-help mew! I'm going dow-rrryu!"

Much as he wanted to catch Yuki, he thought better about her four flailing claws. With a final crunch of altering hip joints, his friend slammed into the ground in a perfectly natural stance for a feral creature. The long angular body rippling with energy was a far cry from the bouncing pear shaped mouse she had been minutes ago.

"HNGH!"

Things only continued to get worse on the way to the finish. Tension in Yuki's upper back caused her tail to snap against the stone floor. That one motion proved enough to shatter her tuft in a cloud of useless hairs, leaving the appendage with only a pointed tip.

"GROOOWL!!"

Much as she would lament her tail later, Yuki's face contorted into a snarl that showed off teeth way too sharp for a mouse. From her shoulders protrude two sharp bumps that tented her black furry flesh. Their growth pushed against her from the inside in a tight struggle before she felt the hide finally break. With another angry howl, tentacles erupted from her back in a flurry of thrashing strikes. Desmond dove for cover behind the statue while developing thorn barbs sent treasure scattering across the floor.

"Nyaaah! N-no!" Yuki heaved her hulking chest in short, rapid expansions. It took a bit of calming to regain some control over her multi-limb feral form, only to lose it again when pressure seized up her face. The bridge of her nose cracked in a sharp rise to run the curve of her forehead, nostrils flaring into a wider snout to better suit her savage fangs. "Des-reow! Make it sto-yaah! I'm losing mew voi-rrrice. I don't rrraw-nt to mreow! Growl. Nya. Prrtt!?"

“Oh!” Desmond popped his head around the statue, watching the last bits of Yuki face pop into that of a feline’s. At least she still had her star-pupil’d eyes, full of intelligence and a mix of angry intrigue over her new form. “That’s kind of neat! I’ve never seen a displacer beast up close before. Do you think you can teleport?”

The beast that had once been an expert thief looked up at Desmond with a hanging jaw of clear exasperation. Yuki followed that up with a disgruntled snort before turning her buff body towards the exit. She got half a step before middle legs became entangled with the front, and her tentacles somehow twisted around her backside. A tangled mess that sent her slamming headfirst into a shelf, causing the treasures that remained on it to rain heavy metal upon an already tender head.

“That’s it!” Desmond cried upon seeing the glittering gold surrounding Yuki. She braced up on her two left forepaws to give him a questioning growl. “Don’t worry, Yuki. I know exactly what to do!”

* * *

It was with his brilliant plan Desmond kicked open the door to the thieves’ guild, sparking a roar of alarmed cries and curses. Those closest to the entrance backpedaled out of their seats, not daring to turn their backs to the monster cat the size of a horse striding in behind the squirrel-fox.

Trying to act fearsome in this form was too easy for Yuki, given her already grumpy state about it. Dozens of sharp claws clicked across the floorboards with her powerful strides, working in chorus to the chinking of shifting metal in the many heavy sacks she carried on her back.

“What the fuck is this nonsense now, Desmond?” The fencer, to his bovine credit, stayed neutral behind his secured exchange door as Yuki approached. Somehow they both knew such security measures wouldn’t keep her out in a pinch, anyway.

“That!” Desmond cheerfully pointed to the load tied across Yuki’s back. “That is a king’s ransom in gold and treasures we were hoping you could give us a... fair price on fleeing, my good cow.”

He suddenly toppled forward in a pained yip thanks to one of Yuki’s tentacles smacking its non-spiked side against the back of his head.

“Oh yeah. Could you also give us any references to mages and alchemists that specialize in removing armor curses? Yuki is adamantly against the idea of doubling as our transportation for a while.”

A New Hat Trick

Selling hats at a convention. What an unusually quaint idea. Shiftcon had given itself the impression that it was more towards a fantasy-furry kind of theme. Of course, whatever dunderhead was organizing this event barely made anything specifically known about it. While there was its fair share of fuzzy suiters and animal people's art, they were mingling with anime and sci-fi cosplayers too. No one seemed to mind since it made for some really wild photo opportunities.

The variety of goods to be had inside the dealer's den was no exception. A bit of headwear was not the strangest commodity Max had seen this morning, but they easily caught his attention. He could probably never afford a fur suit, but hats never went out of style. Something with a good, classy design was all the young man needed to stand out, especially when it matched his brown hair and blue eyes.

This table had such a hat. Hanging off an outer peg beckoning to Max was an orange-colored trilby with a black band. His eyes hovered over this perfect specimen of fashion for longer than he cared to admit until a gentle nudge from passing con-goers snapped him back to reality. The proprietor of this stand was already busy interacting with some girls interested in animal eared hats. It was a wonder they could conduct any business dressed as a mouse partial with a collar suit. Those giant mascot heads were hard to see out of.

Still, there were plenty of vanity mirrors hanging around. As long as he did not look ready to run off with it, they probably would not mind. Just enough logic for Max to pluck the hat off for a test run. It was only when his hands slipped through them he noticed there were some decent sized holes cut into the rim. Looking back, he noticed one of the customer girls was wearing a pair of large wolf ears. Both she and her friend seemed elated to find they flicked about almost perfectly to her emotions.

Talk about a clever marketing twist; selling animatronic ears and hats to fit around them. Max was sorely tempted to go for the bundle package already. But first he slipped in front of a mirror, letting the trilby drop atop his head. Just like he expected the thing looked positively perfect on him.

Its bright orange blended perfectly with his eyes, meshing seamlessly with his hair. Some quick turns left and right allowed him to admire what the brim's front slop did to his profile. Too bad he did not have a striped suit to go with it. Dressing in a complete tiger theme to match the tiger ears would be a great way to stand out among furries.

Max froze as something about his reflection suddenly felt off. Blue eyes sparkled in the glass as they shifted their gaze towards the top of his head. Poking out the hat's pre-cut holes was a pair of exceptionally fuzzy rounded ears. They reacted almost immediately upon being noticed, swiveling to face their lobes forward with curiosity. Definitely some impressive technology for them to react in time with his thoughts, but Max was certain he hadn't put on animatronics at any point during this con.

"Ow!" Okay, trying to forcefully yank them off was a painful mistake. Max recoiled, cradling the tiger lobes trying to ease their ache. Slowly the eyes of his reflection grew to the size of dinner plates with a sunning realization. Hands drifted down to the sides of his head no longer finding the usual drooping human ears, just flat skin covered in soft orange fur. "What the-nya!?"

"Gah! Careful buddy."

Max tried to back away from the mirror as if that was some way to escape the strange series of afflictions imposed on his reflection. In doing so he ended up backing into a woman strolling past lost in their own shopping. He retreated to the mirror, offering his best apologetic smile over his shoulder. The woman raised a quizzical eyebrow but decided not to halt her walk and soon vanished into the roaming herd of shoppers.

It was pretty clear what perturbed her when Max took fresh stock of his reflection. His sideburns had been converted into a fine pelt of orange fur that continued to spread across his neck and eyes like some kind of mask. This changed drastically to a snowy white around his mouth down the front of his throat. A pair of black stripes grew out along his dimples like some kind of divider between the two sharp colors, yet his hair remained brown and fairly untransformed.

"HRRK!?" The rest of Max's face, on the other hand, still had some apparent changes to suffer through. He could only stare dumbfounded at the mirror while his lower jaw clicked and flopped about barely under his control. The entire structure of the man's skull was changing, elongating

into a wide blunt snout. Thick fiber whiskers sprouted out the sides of his upper lip before the nose bridge popped into a slow extension. Eyes went crossed to observe his own nostrils creeping into the bottom field of his vision. The skin turned to a wet rough black texture as Max felt his nose become flush with his upper jaw. He tried to utter a few more words, but his tongue was too short to function, needing a few extra seconds to catch up with a much bigger mouth. All the loose lip flapping made him notice the many rows of sharp fangs his teeth with shaping into.

Max's reflection lifted a hand to feel the ends of his distinct tiger muzzle. It was a shockingly familiar face he never expected to see in such a realistic fashion. Almost every furry had an anthropomorphic representation of themselves, but few got to experience the warmth of their own fur.

A bit of whisker poking made Max eventually take notice of his hand itself. The fingers grew tipped in sharp claws while the fingers and palms had swollen with plush black pads. More of the snow white fur covered it and his other changed hand like a glove. Pulling back the sleeves confirmed they only traveled halfway up the forearm before going to the orange and black striped tiger patterns.

He was not about to strip in the dealer's den, but Max could tell by the itching that fur was sprouting all over. A sharp pop in his lower back caused him to lean against the table with a groan. Something extra thin and fluffy slinked its way out Max's pants to swish gently across his butt. Twisting to get a view, he was barely surprised to have grown a tiger's tail. He was more taken aback his jeans had somehow gained an accommodating hole for it.

There was little time to consider that when hard cramps seized his feet. Max kicked off his shoes, anticipating what was to come. Not a moment later, his heels gave a series of sharp pops that reconfigured them into high arches off the ground. The front of his feet swelled to compensate with toes inflating into round golf balls straining their cotton socks. His coverings lasted a few seconds but soon as sickled claws grew out the bulbous meatballs everything exploded in a mess of cotton scraps. Max shuffled awkwardly trying to adjust walking on the toes of his new cat paws feeling his facial fur burn red.

"HEY!"

“NYA!” Max nearly tripped right off said paws staggering for balance with his stripped tail sticking straight up, fur puffed on end to make it look extremely thick.

The table’s mouse dealer seemed to have finally noticed the transformation completing its course on the poor attendee. Her green eyes were narrowed with ears folded back in a scowl. It made Max realize she was also not in a suit; a kind of ‘no duh’ moment after what he had just been through. If not for the spontaneous transformation, he might have found her mixed humanoid features adorable.

Not that the mouse found any of this amusing either. A finger stiffly jabbed its manicured claw at a sign that Max was fairly sure had not been under the mirror before.

‘Magic transformation hats contain one charge only! You wear it; you buy it.’

Max read the sign six times over, glancing up at his reflection each time. The shock wore off fast. All things consider he liked how the hat matched his looks even more now. A sentiment he carried when turning to give a toothy smile to the little mouse girl.

“Do you take credit cards?”