

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #43

By

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Purging Problems

Tracy woke up the next day immediately regretting that third box of Dandy Boy Apples for dessert. Trying to scavenge around the Mojave wasteland rarely turned up so much pre-packed food in one abandoned house. It wasn't like they could just carry a bag of hundred year old junk food around for days on end. Besides, a hefty dose of sweetness helped wash down the slimy texture of bloatfly meat. Her traveling companion in the next room wasn't any better at cooking either.

The carbs and calories processed into old world food weren't the issue facing the mutated woman anyway. Soon as sunlight broke over the Nevada mountains it was clear the damage was getting out of control. The fact she didn't even need to sit up to see the crest of her rough gray skinned belly looming overhead was telling enough. It's soft rounded mass jiggled gently with the rise and fall of her breaths, threatening to push the equally bloated, and annoying, breasts resting at its base into her face.

Those weren't the only telltale signs of developing problems either. As the grogginess of sleep wore off her mind began to register one subtle change after another. Like the fact her impossibly rotund legs extended over the bed enough that her flat, nearly toeless feet rested on the floor. Hell, Tracy was well aware most of her body took up the rusty queen-sized mattress at this point. That was about three more inches and twenty extra pounds added on during the night, easy.

She drew in a deep breath that puffed her belly up like a balloon, got lost at the surreal feeling of staring up a mountain for a second, and then slowly blew the air back out her nose. Normally this was a well practiced exercise for people in need of calming their mind and steadying nerves. Both things Tracy found very hard to do with her nearly two foot long nose flapping against her tits like a wild snake. The steady expulsion of air running through the thick trunk of muscles came out in a sharp whistle, no doubt giving her neighbor a rude awakening by accident.

Being transformed into an elephant woman was quickly becoming a big pain in every possible sense. With a little nostril flexing Tracy could have probably altered the pitch to sound more like a beastly trumpet, but the

mood wasn't there. At least now she was awake enough, if not considerably disgruntled. She pushed off the moldy old bed with one arm, finding it possessed more than enough strength to lift her bulking body up and onto her massive stumps for legs. There was some pleasure to be had in the fact not all her pachyderm physique was piling on fat.

A ropy gray tail flicked its red furry tuft across Tracy's expansive backside as she waddled the short distance to a dusty dresser. There was just enough of a vanity mirror shards left for her to squat down and take in at least some of her new body. At nearly ten feet tall her long red hair was getting plaster shavings stuck in it from being dragged across the ceiling. She didn't care much for all the rips developing in her vault suit either. Said elephant ass was practically falling out the back while the zipper down the front had long given up the ghost, becoming a deep V line all the way down to the sizable phallic bulge between her thighs. Of course, that part was still stubbornly squeezing around her growing balls something fierce. Yet in an oddly pleasurable way.

Before a really deep examination could begin, the sounds of more bedsprings creaking caught Tracy's attention. Another occupant inside the house hopped onto gentle paws and began making their way over. The movements would have been almost silent, were her earlobes not as large as the room's curtains.

"Good morning, Yuki," she grumbled before they had reached the doorway. Sheesh. Her voice still came out way too high pitched and fruity. Way too sharp a contrast for such a giant form that only got worse with each growth spurt. "Sorry if I woke you."

"Forgot you have a trunk again?" Yuki said while her muzzle was cracked open in a wide yawn. As far as contrasts go, the blue rodent mutant was Tracy's perfect match. She stood barely three feet tall, remained fairly compact, and spoke with a deep, commanding tone even when smiling like a kid. Granted, one quick scan over Tracy's overflowing curves and their expression narrowed into a frown. "You ate the rest of the irradiated food too."

It wasn't a question.

"I was hungry!" Tracy barked back. Meaty fingers fiddled with her trunk as ears folded over her face trying to hide the blushing guilt.

There was a second of tense silence before Yuki rolled her star pupiled eyes with a dismissive lip bubble. No point in digging in the 'I told

you so's' now. She just wished her new wasteland partner expressed a little more self control. Both for their own stature's sake and the fact she might have wanted some candied apples for breakfast.

"We really need to find a way to get that radiation off you," she decided to comment on instead. "You're getting to the point even a light dose today might make you too huge for shelters."

"I know," Tracy wailed, caressing her hips with both hands. Her gaze lifted from the short mouse to the doorway they were taking up. No way this dumpster rear was fitting through that without some effort. "I used all the RadAway we got and my Pipboy still says I'm near lethal levels. It never removes any radiation, it just seems to slow me down for a while."

It was an odd condition to have after Tracy's initial transformation from human to elephant; having a new body that sucked up Rads more greedily than carbs. Even a chug of unclean water had the adverse effect of increasing her bustline a few centimeters. The new tears that formed along her biceps when trying to collect her backpack were yet more reminders how big a problem this was going to become. In a world made from nuclear fallout, avoiding exposure to radiation was a literal fantasy.

"Welp!" Those negative thoughts got pushed down, at least for now, with a happy clapping of Yuki's paws. "We just got to find something stronger than. Let's have breakfast and move out."

The mention of food also helped Tracy also forget her woes about becoming half-naked. An elephant's stomach happened to be growing along with the rest of her. They were just lucky to have stumbled across a house that still had a whole crate full of Cram under the kitchen sink.

Soon to be an empty crate and a sink full of used cans.

Getting out of the room proved to be a more harrowing feat than either anthro woman could have predicted. After almost ten minutes of improvising with tools and several acts of violent body slams, the doorframe had been successfully renovated into a much wider, circular hole.

Tracy's reward for the exhausting effort was getting the front of her vault suit shredded by loose drywall. She had to go virtually topless with breasts resting bare atop the shelf of her plump stomach. Neither of them had anything remotely large enough for cover, and the few intact bedsheets around the house smelled too rancid to risk it.

“Great! I’m going to be so big any wild cowboy can snipe me from New Vegas.”

“Mmh!” Yuki wanted to say something more encouraging with the surviving city of wasteland sin being a distant light eight miles away. Unfortunately, she also noticed the elephant was scarfing her sixth can of Cram without a second thought. She could practically watch the big lugs lower half oozing off the two chairs they were using for support more and more. “I dunno. I’ve met a lot of people on the strip that are into... big ladies.”

“Wait, what’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing! I have an idea where we can go to get you help.”

Tracy’s chewing slowed as she watched her tiny friend avoid eye contact. “Person, place, or thing?”

“A good question! I have yet to figure it out, myself.”

“That’s not comforting.”

“Trust me.” Yuki batted her eyes, brushing some of her thick dark hair behind one rounded ear. Tracy could never get over how that mouse’s starry night hair coloration looked surreal, especially when it seemingly glowed in the daylight. “Finish up your Cram. We still have a long walk ahead.”

She would come to regret inviting the elephant to feast on even more old irradiated goods. The complete removal of the house's front door would be required upon their departure back into the wasteland proper, along with the decimation of the wooden porch heavy footsteps tend to cause. Thank god homeowners insurance no longer existed or the pair would be worrying about more than some random raiders.

By the time the sun finished rising a now eleven foot tall elephant was thumping their way across the desert being carefully directed by the child-sized mouse riding on one beefy shoulder. Tracy gave up on caring about modesty by then, letting the tatters of her vault suit cling to her corpulent curves wherever it could. Even her dong was starting to see some sunlight fighting to stay packed inside the aggressively taunt material.

One funny thing about society is that some coping mechanisms never cease to develop among its members. No matter how awful a situation or profession can get, people love to cling to a special case that leads to it being heavily romanticized. For the Mojave there was always the infamous

courier six; a creature that came back from hell and trekked across half the valley to get revenge on the guy that killed them. After an event like that lots of stupid travelers got the notion wandering a wasteland is either super easy, or full of amazing action.

The exact opposite could not be the case. Unless they stuck following the ruins of old highways, Tracy and Yuki were unlikely to see another living creature for days. They considered themselves extremely lucky when that happened. Very few monsters born from nuclear annihilation could be considered 'easy' even with high caliber ammunition. Doubly so when the bastards had enough motor functions and thumbs to shoot back.

Which was all an elaborate way to explain why the next six hours involved little more than the rhythmic thuds of Tracy's steps, with the occasional complaint from Yuki over winds blowing sand into her hair. At least becoming an elephant meant having skin so thick the elements barely mattered anymore. By midday, however, even Tracy couldn't ignore becoming thirsty and fatigued. They were going to have to break for water at the first opportunity, which meant likely bathing in radiation. Just more additions to her literally ever growing problem.

They were halfway climbing up a hill when something on the air gave Tracy pause. Her tail curled as ears fanned out in stiff alertness. "Did you catch that?"

Before a drowsy Yuki could ask, her own ears perked and quickly jolted the mouse from her thoughts. "Gunfire?!"

Tracy scrunched her shoulders on reflex, forgetting her looming size in the effort to become smaller. "I think it's coming from the other side of this ridge."

"Oh, good. That's where we need to go too."

"I was afraid you'd say that."

Their steps became more cautious and calculated, which did little to muffle the noise. Being the weight of three brahmin can only allocate so much to one's stealth. The only saving grace was the increasing volume of semi-auto fire, possibly masking their approach. Tracy was semi-sure they weren't noticed upon reaching the top. Not that she stopped to check before squatting behind some boulders big enough for her impossible figure.

A position Yuki utilized to climb off their head for a scouting vantage point. The dejected sigh that filtered down to the elephant's ears told her what they already suspected.

"We got raiders. Four of them shooting up the place."

"Fantastic," Tracy mumbled, swatting her friend's sagging tail tuft off her trunk. The rest of her mouse companion slid down afterward, accidentally stepping on her trunk in the process. "Ow!"

"Sorry!" Yuki mumbled once she'd reached the ground. One paw rapidly tapped the ground, ears folded back in a wasted effort to drown out the bangs and vulgar cries only a few yards away. "This is pretty bad. They seem to be having a fire fight with someone holed up in the one shack we needed to get into."

"Cool." Tracy's trunk flapped about in another sputtering sigh. Nothing like the exact kind of situation she didn't want her enlarging balls to get caught up in, but if the adorable rodent said they needed this then her hands were already pulling out the trusty old Winchester from her backpack. It looked like a twig in her clumsy thick hands at this point. Poor rifle had to have its trigger guard snapped off just so her index finger could work the damn thing. Least it can still blow off a bastard's head when needed. "You got a plan? The second I step out to shoot they're all going to unleash hell on me."

"Mmh!" Yuki shifted her gaze over her friend's looming figure, sharing their concern. At least for five seconds before her ears perked with an apparent revelation. Their tail began sweeping the dusty desert ground at a pace way too excited for Tracy's liking. "Hey. Yeah! Tracy, you're a genius."

"...what?"

The mouse was already scampering around Tracy's tree stump feet, pistols drawn as she stayed low just behind the mountain's ridge.

"Count to forty and then get their attention," Yuki explained over her shoulder. "We'll beat them at their own ambush."

It took the elephant a minute before her nostrils flared with ripe irritation. "You mean, I'm the bait!?"

That got Yuki to pause long enough to shoot a very apologetic smile back, and then she was gone behind various rocks and desert bushes.

"I hate the wasteland..."

Tracy took a deep breath to steady her nerves, pushing breasts around the girth of her closed forearms in the attempt. Anything that might make her even a little smaller would be worth getting shot at. She tried to hold onto that weak attempt at self motivation while the sway of her trunk nose counted off the seconds. Forty came and went in no time at all. By which point things might have worked in their favor as her enormous ears noticed a steady decline in the rate of gun fire.

Shame there was no ceasing of the villainous humans taunting and vulgar threats. Lowlife scavengers really liked trying their best to sound more viscous than they were. Hopefully Yuki wouldn't get mad that the trembling elephant waited a few extra seconds until she heard the clink and scraping of switching gun magazines to stomp out from her cover.

Despite inching into sizes large enough that'd intimidate super mutants, the four trigger-happy humans never noticed Tracy emerging onto the ridge just inside their periphery. She certainly knew better than to waste that opportunity. Unfortunately, lining up the sights with a hose nose and thumbs thicker than her guns actual barrel was still taking some getting used too. Times like this made her wish Vault-Tecs hard on for their Pip-boy devices included a system for auto aiming.

A stray reflexive twitch of her trunk nudged Tracy's aim just enough for her to totally blow her free shot. A loud crack broke the temporary silence, sending a bullet zipping between the space of two raiders and into a rain barrel some feet past them. Its impact made a loud enough gong sound that everyone could hear over the cruel taunting.

If she had been a smart elephant Tracy would have used their period of confusion staring at the barrel where the loud noise came from to duck back behind cover. Instead she tried working the bolt in for a second shot, only for the damn lever to jam. Her neglectful habits concerning gear repairs were circling back with a vengeance as the group turned to follow the shot back to its source. The resulting curses and outcries made sure to confirm she'd definitely been spotted without having to look up.

Still, the job of being a distraction had worked perfectly. When Tracy looked up to assess how properly screwed she was it was easy to spot the blur of blue mouse racing into the crowd of raiders that'd turned their entire attention upon her. It wouldn't have mattered that they were still in the process of reloading their weapons. Yuki ended the confrontation within seconds. Tracy tracked her friend as they leapt upon the closest humans back and jabbed a thin tube against her neck. She then used their shoulder

to springboard to the next raider, stabbing them in the neck before moving onto the third.

The last guy had been blessed with just enough time to realize something was wrong. But all that granted him was taking part in an event Tracy would be teasing her friend endlessly about later. She could almost see it in slow motion as the guy turned at the same time Yuki lept. Their expressions twisted into perfect mirrors of panicked realization at the now altered target of her attack.

Yuki may have only been three feet tall, but she still had some nice womanly curves, in Tracy's opinion. Enough that they were still prominently visible under a child-sized vault suit. This is why when she ended up body slamming into the larger human it left him thoroughly conflicted over the mouse breasts smothering his face. Just the kind of pause she needed to stab at the man's neck.

All four raiders fell from the mouse's assault but they weren't being rendered unconscious. As Tracy made her way down into the small plateau she could see them all grasping at their necks in the throes of anguish. She figured Yuki had gone for a quick jugular slash at first. A much cleaner death than the wastelands worst deserved.

That was clearly not the case when she got close enough for a better look. Their necks were blistering a bright red around the contact area and quickly spreading to the rest of their faces. The first girl was having it the worst. Skin peeled off in thick chunks thanks to shimmering scales growing in their place as her pained cries sounded more guttural the longer her rounded muzzle pushed out.

Tracy raised an eyebrow watching brow fur growing across the exposed skin of all four raiders. "What did you stick them with!?"

"Nightstalker mutagen," Yuki said with an air of satisfaction. One tiny hand held up her used epipens for the elephant to see before being tossed aside. "Something I found while we were in Vault seventy-two."

"You didn't take anything else while that place made me an elephant and haven't told me yet, have you?"

"Not at all."

"...you sure?"

"Don't worry about it!"

“Oh fine.” There was a pause while Tacey scratched an itch at her bare backside. “Should I be worried about the group transforming into nightstalkers five feet from us.”

“Uhhh...” The sparkle vanished from Yuki’s star-shaped pupils. With a quick turn and clap of the paws, she marched hurriedly towards the shack blasted full of bullet holes. “We should probably see if the reason we came here is even still intact, hun.”

Tracy snapped her trunk to emphasize the knowing scowl she was giving Yuki, but the expression went ignored. The hilltop was starting to echo heavily with the growing yelps and barks reminiscent of coyotes, prompting her to thump in line behind the mouse.

Inside the little home looked about as wrecked as its outside. Appliances were in pieces, furniture overturned, and it was hard to ignore the dead raccoon guy slumped against a broken fridge. Tracy’s ears fell knowing their status just from the excess blood pooling around their legs. His salvation had arrived just a few minutes too late.

“What do you suppose they wanted him for?” Yuki asked so close to her leg Tracy almost jumped. The mouse was looking just as somber as Tracy felt.

“Probably doesn’t matter now.” Tracy squatted down, but it did little good. She had no choice but to grab the door frame and push until its sides folded outward enough for her squeeze in.

Yuki casually strolled through the gapping fresh hole after her. They didn’t spend ten seconds scanning the wreckage before perking her tail in an excited squeak.

“It is here! That’s great!”

“What?” Tracy watched her friend dash over and flip a piece of desk debris.

The mouse ignored any inquiries while shaking her ample hips in the air. With a bit more digging she straightened up now hefting a steel lockbox pulled from a secret compartment in the floor.

“Some old notes I got from the vault talked about research into stronger ways to remove radiation poison,” she explained, dropping the box with a loud clang. A tiny hand whipped out a hairpin from somewhere inside the mouse’s thick mane and began picking at the box’s lock. “This is

supposed to be a working sample of the result. Something they called a Rad purger.”

“That doesn’t sound very epic.” Tracy huffed through her trunk as loomed over her working friend. “Besides, RadAway doesn’t get rid of anything, so a stronger dose probably won’t help.”

“Ah! But this isn’t just RadAway!” Yuki squeaked her triumph, flipping the box open. Inside she produced an injection gun perfectly preserved, which she loaded with one of three vials of glowing green liquid. “This is a mutagen substance based on the FEV and projected to have over twenty times the potency of normal medicines. Completely wipes the atoms clean and strengthens them back up like bleach.”

“And you want to stick that in me!?”

Yuki stared up at her elephant buddy with a sly grin. “Nice wording, but seriously, you want to keep growing and see how being twenty feet tall works out? Cause I think you’re pretty gorgeous up there.”

Tracy blushed furiously in a mix of anger and embarrassment. After a few seconds of chewing her lower lip to stall for time she relented. “Fine!”

There wasn’t even a tickle when Yuki put the gun against Tracy’s thigh, the highest she could reach, and started the injection. It was still obviously working with how the tube slowly fed its contents into the elephant's bloodstream. Once there were only a few drops left in the vial did Yuki pull away. The fact she was backing away several steps like she’d armed a bomb wasn’t inspiring confidence.

“How do you feel, big girl?”

“Still large and bloated!” Tracy grumbled, crossing arms in unwitting support of her naked breasts. Her irritation only increased with each second the pair spent silently watching her jumbo body for any signs of the surems effects. Just when she’d had enough and was about to whine about the complete waste of their day, and her destroyed vault suit, the elephant's stomach gave off a rumble loud enough for them both to hear. A hard cramping of muscles made her insides lurch, causing her to nearly stagger on top of Yuki. “O-oh! Nevermind... I feel something. Yeah. Something is definitely... happening? Aaah!”

The effects were so potent Tracy was worried she really did fall over at first. She had been absently gazing at the roof dangerously close to her head when suddenly it rose in a sharp jump away from her. Eyes whipped

to the floor confirming she was still firmly standing upright, but now the floorboards were considerably closer too. That had to have shaved a solid foot off her height in one go, maybe even two.

“Holy rads. It’s working!?” she exclaimed with her short tail wagging. She studied her hands in excitement, watching them lose their meaty thickness slowly but steadily before her eyes. Skin softened across her body as it slowly lost its gray pigmentation. “I’m actually turning back! This is amazing, Yuki.”

“Hah! And you doubted me?” the little mouse beamed just as overjoyed to watch her friend regress in size.

“I apologize for everything,” Tracy cried earnestly while watching the stumps of her elephant feet warp. Their bases were stretching out again, dwindling nails bulging on the tips of nubs that’d soon be toes. Her voice was especially dropping in pitch with the weakening of throat muscles. Though it also helped her trunk was stiffening as it shrunk back into her face. “I can’t wait to be normal again. I thought I’d never be…”

The gushing excitement died off with a grumbling of confusion. It didn’t take Yuki long to figure out what was bothering Tracy. Her elephant friend had shifted their attention intent on watching her tits and stomach regress with the rest of her, only they weren’t going away nearly as fast as the rest of her mass. As they started to drop closer to average human size those parts were even starting to look like they’d stopped regressing entirely, leaving her still busty and plump for her altering size.

Yuki couldn’t help a quick glance down and blushed that Tracy’s penis also remained pretty dang impressive for their size.

“Please don’t tell me I’m going to stay a chick!” Tracy whined. The question was practically answered just by the way her voice still sounded high and very womanly. Her head still possessed thick, wavy hair that was turning a soft shade of blond and soft features to match. “I mean it’s a step up, but still.”

Yuki was failing to get words out of her muzzle. Her friend had hit their previous height when they were human, only to continue shrinking away one inch at a time. A loud crunch echoed through the shack making her wince. Tracy grimace going cross eyed to watch the remaining foot of her trunk suddenly stiffen straight forward from her face. The symphony of pops and snaps could not have been comfortable while it all reformed,

growing pronounced front teeth and a round black nose off the tip of a slender snout.

“Oh crap! Oh crap!” Tracy wailed and grasped at her ears. While the lobes dwindled considerably from curtains, they also became well rounded and rose to a higher resting place on her skull. She then pulled the now dainty little appendages aside to watch them become covered in fine white hairs, much like the rest of her body with a sandy brown blanketing her back. “What did you do to me, Yuki!?”

“Uuuh.” That was a very good question. One that snapped Yuki into action by digging out a moldy notebook from her backpack. “Oh. The note is smudged by coffee stains, but I think it warns that FEV is highly mutagenic. Most likely I accidentally got some of my fur mixed into the needle gun.”

She looked up to find herself now practically eye level with a three foot Tracy. It might have been more like two feet-six, since she stood slightly above them for a change. Not a speck of elephant remained on her friend's corpulent form as she watched them dance nervously on tiny, digitigrade paws for feet, but they were replaced by familiar rodent aspects. They even had the same star shaped pupils in their eyes.

“You turned me into a freakin mouse!?”

“Nemian!” Yuki corrected curtly. “I keep telling you there's a difference. Besides, at least you're not so huge you fill a house now.”

“Whoopie.” Tracy huffed as her hands roamed across the excess pudge of her new furry breasts and stomach. “I lost five hundred percent of my body mass and I'm still somehow fat. That's truly incredible.”

A whine drew their attention through the destroyed doorway. Speaking of mutations, neither mouse was surprised to see their former raiders were long done too. Each had become a fully anthro version of a nightstalker, possessing the signature cobra-like heads and coyote bodies. What really amazed them was how all four possessed femanine curves thick and ready for hefy egg clutches. A fact they must have really been in a mood for with the way they were pawing their snatches and cocks needfully.

Yuki turned to put the needle gun back in its case, relatching its locks. “We should probably take this somewhere safer to study, actually.”

Tracy couldn't help rolling her eyes. "Why? Afraid they're going to eat us?"

"Not at all." The blue mouse suddenly returned their friend's smirks. "I mean, unless you want to get caught up in the orgy that's about to happen. The stress relief might be good for us."

"Oh." Come to think of it, there was quite a heavy scent of lust in the air with a pack of canines only yards away. Tracy needed almost a full minute of considering the small tingle in her sheathed rodent cock before snapping out of it. "Yeah. Let's just get out of here before I mutate into a sex fiend."

Krystal's Wash Up

Nothing breaks a tranquil morning's ambience quiet like an energetic fart. Having the acoustics of a well tiled bathroom even helped maximize the probability all the neighbors could hear it. Such are the joys of living in an apartment with thinned walls.

Fortunately, the vile sputtering noise didn't actually come from the blue vixen taking her routine shower. That fact only mildly eased her disquiet since her mind was already overrun with ideas of what potential listeners might be thinking. Krystal eventually snapped free of such insecurities and frowned at the pitiful droplets of shampoo her efforts had squeezed out of an empty bottle. It couldn't hope to lather up her head, and it's not like her girlfriend had their own stash to bum off of. Must be nice to be a species that didn't have to worry about hair hygiene.

Well, that's another item on the list of things to do today. Krystal gave a soft sigh as she yanked back the shower curtain, making a basketball style shot that dropped her empty plastic bottle into their waste bin. The satisfying thunk on a perfect landing gave her a small sparkle of satisfaction. She needed that energy to try finishing up with what little lather she could get.

Another ten minutes of frustrated scrubbing and Krystal emerged back into her bedroom content to be cleaner than when she'd woken up at any rate. With only a pair of clean white panties on, she scooped one of two cellphones off the dresser. Summer weather was getting to the point it dried fur a lot more refreshingly than a blow dryer. Plus, she liked the excuse to mess around on twitter for a few minutes while her soaked tail lazily swished about.

I'd totally hire you if the role needed a chunky milf. You rock!

Krystal couldn't help wincing as she read over the tweet twice. Boy, it didn't take that long for social media to kill what little joy she could find in it. There wasn't much malice to be taken out of the posters' praise, but after a career that's run dry the posters choice of wording still pricked a nerve. It was fine, though. After a surprisingly well received 'return' when her last video game job was a decade ago the vixen couldn't complain about still having a passionate fanbase.

She also couldn't help pulling the phone back to rest a free hand on her bare stomach fluff. Eyes narrowed with intense scrutiny. Ears folded back with another sigh, this time in annoyance. A thin layer of fat hardly qualifies someone as 'chunky' in her professional opinion. It wasn't even a bulge; barely visible if she wasn't currently topless.

And yet, the sight of her profile in the mirror had the vixen putting a visit to the gym on her growing list. She hated to admit the last one was over two weeks ago.

Time favoriting and posting interactions passed a lot quicker than expected. Soon Krystal noticed the weight of damp fur vanished from her person, prompting a return to the important matters at hand. She turned to overlook the king size bed in the corner and grinned. After all that activity the large lump snoring under thin covers hadn't moved an inch from where she'd left it. Tossing a sneaker on what she assumed was the lazy oaf's backside helped fix that problem.

"I'm up! I'm up!" The lump mumbled between incoherent growling noises. An obvious ploy when it stirred for a few seconds before trying to go back to sleep. Launching a second sneaker finally caused the renamon to bolt out of their hibernation in a rage. "Damn it, Krystal! Just five more minutes."

"You said that when I got into the shower. No sleeping in," she countered her girlfriends glare with an adorable raspberry. "We both got jobs today and rent is right around the corner."

"Yeah. Yeah." Renamon yielded. There wasn't much either vixen could do against the ever-present reality of renting. The yellow fox Digimon arched her back, reaching both three-fingered paws into the air with an impressively loud yawn. She relaxed a few seconds later intending to talk further, only for her sleek golden eyes to lock onto Krystal's bare chest.

"Don't even try it!" Krystal turned her back to obscure the free view and dug a bra out of their shared dresser. "Much as I'd love to play around, you got some work today too. Right?"

"If you can call mo-capping a fighting game work." Renamon finally took the hint, rolling off their bed onto enormous pawed feet. Her own full bust arched forward with her bending spine before leaning forward to touch at the floor. A display of exercises that filled the room with many cracking joints. Krystal couldn't help being jealous at their ability to stay so limber. "What are you in a hurry to get to?"

"More voice work," the blue vixen shrugged her way into a loose t-shirt and jeans. Even her sharp ears couldn't pick up Renamon's light footsteps over to the dresser. She was only alerted to their presence when they deliberately let their tails brush against each other. A subtle contact that always sent a shiver up her spine. "The half-life mod ended up being so popular that fans are eager to put me in other things."

"Nice! What game this time?"

"Devil May Cry, if you can believe it."

"No shit?" Renamon giggled, slipping into her own designer choice of halter top and spandex shorts. "Which one?"

There was a second of silence in the bedroom. "You know, I don't think they told me."

"Hah! Just don't let them troll you into the second game."

"No one plays the second game anyway. It's practically non-canon. What about your fighting game?"

"It's not my fighting game, hun." The Digimon rolled her eyes before plucking the other cellphone off the dresser top. Her eyes went wide noting the time, or perhaps a few new messages. Krystal couldn't tell. "They just want me to do the complex action sequences and stunt work. Knowing my luck some lame nut like Bowser will be rigged over it."

"Oh, I would love to see him try a high kick like you do. Might end up breaking his shell in the attempt."

They shared a giggle, which led into the vixens leaning into each other for a few light kisses.

"Love you, Kryst. See you this afternoon." Renamon made for the door, stopping at the threshold when another thought struck. "Is it your turn to get groceries, or mine?"

"Mine, dumbass!" Krystal snapped, unable to keep from smirking. Taking the obvious opportunity to sneak some free food for the week was always so tempting. Unfortunately, the first time she pulled that on the forgetful Digimon they made sure she'd never want to do it again. "I need to get more shampoo while I'm out anyway. You want a fresh case of deodorant too?"

"Nah. I'm great for now." The equally obvious hint at Renamon's lack of a shower this morning went completely over their rabbit-like ears. She

returned their smirk and gave a parting wave. "Get me a pizza or three though. I'm always starving after a workout."

"Yeah..." The deflated tone of Krystal's voice went unnoticed as her girlfriend exited the apartment. Simply mentioning exercise compelled her to check the mirror once again. Goddess. It had to be her imagination. Her butt never looked that big in jeans before.

Renamon probably won't mind if she bummed a glass of Slim Fast for breakfast today.

* * *

Entering the gym five hours later with its cool recirculating air was a welcome relief. The modding people that'd hired Krystal were nice enough directing her voice recordings. It just sucked they had to rent a studio with no temperature control to speak of.

Oh well! At least the place wasn't that crowded for a weekend afternoon. She saw the usual collection of professionals that practically lived here in one section of the weights area. They were going to make a wonderful distraction for the next few hours. Other than that, she spied the odd people of various ages and species doing their own thing. A few of which averted their own gaze a little too slow for Krystal to not catch that they were scoping her out in return.

That just made her more aware of how her sweat-soaked clothes clung to her body without even exercising. What an out of shape joke she must have looked like stumbling in so disheveled.

"Happy thoughts, vixen!" she mumbled in a calming mantra. The whole point of coming here was to shave off the pounds. After a quick change into a dry sports bra, the vixen was out on the treadmills. Some classical music blasting through earbuds helped bring her back into a more positive train of thoughts. No way things were that bad if she was still getting by on the passion projects of fans.

In Krystal's opinion, working video games turned out a lot like working in the movies. Her career might have consisted of fewer titles than she had fingers on one hand, yet somehow, she had slowly grown what is called a 'cult following.' Just one day she was doing another temp office job to fit the

bills, when suddenly coworkers were spamming her emails with inquiries about internet content she had no idea existed.

The porn probably had something to do with the rise to fame. Boy did a lot of talented artists like taking obscure game workers into their creative fantasies. There was everything from amateur novels, to full blown 3D movies. Hell, some really zealous fans dedicated a whole month to celebrating their favorite blue vixen. She had no idea how to take that kind of attention, so Krystal settled on generally enjoying the idea that people liked her existence.

Now if only her actual body possessed the same youthful vigor depicted in so many bouts of fictional intercourse. What started as a dejected sigh rolled into an annoyed growl. Krystal's pace picked up against the machine's rolling treads. Her hands balling into fists while they rocked with her perpetual stride. If she could get a rigid six pack of abs people liked to meticulously give her belly in pictures, that'd be nice. Maybe add on tits so incredibly perky Renamon would be a drooling puppy over her. Whatever stopped people calling her colorful alternatives for fat. Why did people keep calling her a 'milf,' for that matter? She'd never even had kids.

"Aah!" Perhaps it was best that Krystal's lungs decided it was time for a break before her fuming got too volatile. She hadn't noticed her light walk had turned into a run until her knees began to buckle from the strain. There was just enough energy to keep her upright long enough to hit the kill switch and slow to a stop. Arms trembled as they latched onto the rail supports to keep the vixen standing with dignity intact. "So much for happy thoughts."

Glancing toward the crowd of bodybuilders in her labored frailty, Krystal took note of an impressively large rhino woman squatting weights. A small deliberation followed on if it'd be rude to wobble up and ask for tips. By the time she caught her breath it was decided the vixen looked pathetic enough without also acting desperate. She straightened up with renewed strength in her burning thighs and wiped sweat from her brow.

The plump black nose at the end of her snout twitched upon catching a subtle, yet rank odor. How fantastic. That lack of soap this morning was coming back to haunt her in spades. It looked like another shower was already in order.

One of the big draws to this gym turned out to be its fully accommodating bath house. Krystal had always wanted to experience a

spa day with her girlfriend but doing it in public threatened to kill her with embarrassment. Luckily the shower stalls were private enough with wall dividers, although springing for curtains would have been nice.

More importantly, this place was loaded with vending machines. No better method to run on minimal staff and still turn a profit than offering a wide variety of amenities through individually priced automation. There were the usual snacks and drinks, but also fully cooked meals, on a calorie counters diet, of course.

Krystal ignored all of those, going straight for the set that offered toiletries for women. She slipped in a twenty bill and picked the first thing that had shampoo on its label. Brand never particularly mattered, especially in a cheap corner shop like this. Anything that'd help scrub the salty muck off her fur would do just fine at any price. Her pointed ears soon perked at the sounds of whirling machines followed by a thump of the selected product being dispensed.

The bottle she fished out of the reciprocal was a lot shinier than expected. Its cylinder shape had been dyed an almost painfully bright neon green with an awfully contrasting orange biohazard symbol on the front. Carefully painted words identified her modest purchase, in glitter of all things, as 'Radiation Rumble' apple scented shampoo. Maybe taking a closer look at the selection would have been wise, if inevitably pointless. A glance back at the machine and Krystal could see she'd bought the last of anything from their soap shelves.

This would have to do. She wasn't about to go strutting into the men's baths just to buy something more traditional brand. After getting a one-use towel and scrubber from the machine, Krystal collected her change and made for the first shower open and as far from everything else as possible. Even then, she only removed her jeans before turning on the warm water. A wet sports bra and panties can dry in the baking hot sun outside just fine.

"Ahhmmm!!"

Few things in the world tickled the pleasure center like hot water pouring onto a body chilled by old sweat. Krystal quivered from ears to tail unable to keep her sensual moan from echoing across the chambers. She could practically feel the salty residue rinsing off her fur on contact, rushing warmth back into her veins. If any other gym visitor heard the ruckus they were, thankfully, keeping quiet about it.

The shower only got better once she'd started to lather up. Krystal stepped out from under the constant torrent before dumping a generous glob of shampoo into her tangled cerulean hair. Only a few seconds into scrubbing and she suddenly found herself being overwhelmed in a downpour of suds. For selling such a cheap little bottle its contents proved way more concentrated than it had any business being.

Nice to finally have a boon for the day. She wasn't about to refuse a chance for a full body scrub down, so Krystal began bopping her hips with renewed joy as she continued washing. Hands worked slowly and deliberately firm as they alternated between raking her hair for excess suds and scrubbing them into other parts of her furry body. The supply seemed almost endless no matter how much she scrubbed, providing all the cleansing formula needed to warm the vixen at her core.

Wearing sports garments didn't matter either. Each pass over her breasts and butt sent an exceptionally pleasing tingle through her nerves, coaxing her to scrub them again and again. Her breathing grew increasingly labored with each pass until her moans were echoing off the shower.

Perhaps for a little too long. By the time Krystal remembered where she was and what she had started doing several minutes must have passed unnoticed. Hands remained clenching at her bust, which had gotten so heated from the simulations it was like holding a pair of warm loafs. An even more extreme rush of heat flooded her vision, no doubt blushing from the lethal amounts of embarrassment trampling her thoughts. Despite that she managed to keep a stiff demeanor while sliding back under the shower nozzle for a rinsing.

But there was no washing away the special kind of moisture heating up between her thighs now. That mess was as confusing as it was surprising for Krystal. It'd been months since a shower of all things had worked her buttons like this. She might have to google this brand of shampoo later if it could work even her old senses so sweetly. If there was any silver lining to making a public exhibition of herself, it was that Renamon was in for a hell of an evening after dinner.

"Haaah!?" Krystal had barely gotten the water turned off when her world spun out of control. One arm shot out just in time to catch a guard rail to keep her standing on buckling knees. Despite losing her embarrassment, the heat wasn't leaving. The opposite, in fact. She was starting to boil like a wet dog on a tanning bed. "D-did I get a heat stroke or something?"

She could barely get her voice out in a whisper. Tension squeezed at her muscles, forcing her lungs to work harder at sucking in fresh gulps of air. The rapid drums of a wild heart beat vibrated against her ribcage threatening to break her ear drums. Just as she worked up the focus to call for help there came a hard jolt right behind her breasts, sending them pushing against the confines of her sports bra. Krystal's head dropped in bewilderment, finding a sight that caused her scream to die on the tongue.

"My...my boobs!" Krystal's ears folded all the way back as she cupped the base of her mounds. The sight seemed impossible but the combined efforts of direct contact and tight squeeze of her sports bra confirmed her breasts had suffered a growth spurt. Not some minor bloating from rough kneading, either. It was clear from a casual glance the cups of her once modest top were now woefully small for their load.

A growl escaped Krystal's snout as another kick surged her chest forward several more cup sizes. Within seconds there were ample amounts of creamy furred cleavage bulging out a neckline stretched to its limits trying to hold her blossoming girls back. The vixen could barely comprehend what was happening as her breathing began to struggle. With a third surge most of her massively swelling boobs were getting shoved painfully back against her ribs. Their tender flesh squashed hard against each other fighting for any inch of neckline they could escape out of. Yet most of their mass was using gravity to their advantage and escaping out the much more elastic give of the sports bra's waistband.

When a fourth surge welled up inside Krystal she'd had enough. As her formerly perky girls began to reach peaks that overshadowed basketballs her hands reached forward to tear wildly at the taut fabric with all ten claws. Violent Tearing roared through the showers for a brief moment but she hardly cared about modesty at this point. She was just happy to have air circulating through her pained lungs again. A relief that lasted only until the weight of her freed globes yanked her forward with the full might of their weight.

"Holy shit?" Krystal grabbed at the hefty balloons hanging off her chest, tail curling around one leg. More like tried to, anyway, as their sloshing mass made it near impossible to get a proper grip anymore. There wasn't much time to try. Only a few seconds after the spontaneous growth seemed to finish passed when the vixen felt the same jolt rock through her hips, electing as panicked yelp. "Oh, no way!"

Krystal hands released her tits to slap at her sides right before they began to bubble and spread. Her pelvis was expanding even faster than her breasts, creating a disturbing amount of cracking bones in the process. Thankfully, there was no pain. Her legs had regained their normal strength to stand again, but that was a small comfort with the elastic of her panties reaching its limits. Soon her ass joined in, rapidly billowing out behind the vixen until it had snapped the thin underwear off with ease.

“What’s happening to me?!” Krystal paced around the shower in a panic. The new, and very drastic, way everything shook or bounced with each step did little to ease her mind. Attempts cover up with the cheap towel proved futile, especially when her thighs began to fatten until the space between them was almost nonexistent. “Argh!”

Just when she thought this nightmare couldn’t get crazier, Krystal doubled over feeling like someone had sucker punched her gut. She hugged herself, dumbstruck at how the slight pudge that’d developed on her stomach squirmed in her palms. When she was able to straighten up again, the act stretched her entire body with it. The furry hide pulled taut, flattening her flab along with it until she was patting a perfectly flat waistline.

“Haangh! F-fuck. Wow!” The vixen blinked, admiring the leaner build on her arms and shins. That was certainly a development that further complimented her extra padded hourglass figure.

Not that she stayed that way for long. A hand was lazily tracing around the firm area of her belly button when it began to flex and bulge back. Krystal staggered thanks to tons of muscles involuntarily flexing in rapid succession. With each one her stomach puffed outwards in an entirely different way, forming six sets of deep ridges leading up to her enlarged breasts. Her fingers prodded gingerly along the blooming abs unable to resist a giggle. Even Renamon might hurt herself trying to punch a wall this tough, but she never thought to be the one sporting it.

The effects exploded across the rest of Krystal’s body from there, sending the vixen nearly tripping out of her stall. Her waist developed armored bulges to match the firm abdominal muscles, spreading across into a series of mountainous bulges on her back. Biceps plumped into thick chunks of beef while under the curvy fat of her thighs came the strength to deliver door breaking kicks.

By the time it was finally over Krystal found herself stomping out of the shower more tenderized than if she’d been working out all day. Her

every little joint still tingled long after the heat of growing muscles had passed, and for good reason. Just the heavier thumps of her footsteps range in her ears during a clumsy dash for the interconnected bathroom and its sinks. At least she wasn't feeling winded anymore. Hell, she felt ready for a jog across several state lines.

There was certainly a good reason for such ambitious thoughts. Several, in fact. Once she'd finally found a bathroom, Krystal could barely recognize the naked vixen gawking at themselves. While in the throes of her transformation, she had failed to notice her overall size had grown along with everything else. The health tracking station along one wall provided a height measuring tape, but her thickened shoulders far surprised its maximum height of eight feet. She was practically looming over the shower stalls making it easy for anyone to take a peek at her exposed breasts.

And good lord, was there a lot of fox mammaries to take in. While her body rippled with more beef than the rhino she'd been eyeing, it was Krystal's curves that wanted to steal the show. She turned to check out her profile, unable to keep her damp tail from flailing in delight at the wide shelves her womanly attributes made both in front and behind. No wonder her underwear couldn't take it. This was the body type of legends.

As fun as the thoughts of her new self were, they did bring about the hard realization that she was still out in public and now very naked. There wasn't much hope of getting her pants back on with a hip span that can crush a couch cushion and a half. Krystal's mind raced for solutions on her way back to retrieve said clothes, if only for the wallet and cellphone in the pockets. Not to mention the still half-full bottle of shampoo.

She was just glad no one was paying attention to the enormous klutz nearly falling on her even fatter ass trying to bend over. This new height and center of balance was going to take some getting used to. Her foot falls hadn't become that heavy, but she couldn't help still picturing them like rolling thunder to announce her approach.

It was her only hope the vending machines sold tops in a quadruple XL size.

* * * *

Talk about a rare surprise to make it home before the girlfriend. Renamon didn't like pointing it out, but the obscure video game vixen usually got smaller jobs than a franchise's iconic Digimon. That and she was hoping dinner would be going with the fresh groceries Krystal hopefully remembered to get. Her motion capture work had involved a ton more stunts than originally planned, leaving her paws sore and stomach rumbling. That was clearly an abuse of overtime work she just couldn't argue with. She should probably read over contracts a bit more carefully in the future.

Oh well. Taking one of those shower things Krystal bothered her about sounded a lot more reasonable now. Her golden and snowy fox fur was clumping pretty bad from two days' worth of sweat. No way she'd even be allowed in bed smelling like an old sock.

She headed on into the bathroom too busy stripping to hear when the front door opened. A three-finger hand turned on the constant spray of water just in time to squelch the rhythmic shakes of approaching footsteps. Renamon had barely gotten herself inside the shower when the bathroom's entrance creaked open.

"Ah hah! I see you finally took my advice." Krystal's voice boomed inside the bathroom with such an unexpected energy it made the Digimon jump. "Glad I could catch you in time, too."

"H-hey. You're usually home first." Renamon shook off a sudden bout of nerves and tried to relax by drenching herself under the running nozzle. Despite it clearly being her girlfriend there was something imposing about her arrival. "How was the job? You sound a bit...off. Are you doing all right?"

"Never better!" The shower's glass door rattled with Krystal's approach. Their blurred silhouette blocked out a lot more light than Renamon ever remembered her partner being capable of. "The job was fine, but too hot for my fur. Although, I did have an engaging experience at the gym."

"Mmhmm? You tried those yoga poses I taught you?"

"Not yet. It's probably best I just demonstrate my success for you."

Renamon had been reaching for a bar of soap when there came the familiar click of their shower door flying open. This was hardly the first time they'd seen each other naked. She just wasn't in the mood for shenanigans between being dirty and hungry at the same time. Turning to tell her

adorable blue vixen this, however, left the Digimon momentarily confused. All she could even make out at first was an enormous pair of fluffy white tits squeezed around the frame, slowly taking in the chiseled muscle built around what was an impressively curved waistline and hips supporting them. After a moment her brain began to work again, prompting her diamond head to tilt back and meet the playful grin Krystal was giving her from several feet above.

“Gang way,” said the giant vixen as she scrunched to fit inside the shower. It gave Renamon no warning to move before Krystal’s bust pushed into her face, trapping her lover’s muzzle deep inside surprisingly soft cleavage.

“Gah!” The air rushed out of Renamon as she became pressed against the wall by Krystal’s sheer girth. Thankfully when the blue vixen moved to reclose the door it gave her enough slack to squeeze out from their breasts into what little free space the shower had left, putting her directly under the nozzle. “What the hell happened to you? And... what are you doing?”

It almost seemed like an afterthought that Renamon noticed the much larger and buff fox was completely naked. The only answer she got was a giggle from Krystal while they worked the cap off a green shampoo bottle they’d carried in with them.

“Taking a shower with you. Duh! Making massive gains really works up a sweat.”

“Yeah! About that!” Renamon grabbed at Krystal’s chest, eliciting a surprised, yet clearly amused, yip. “What the hell did you do to become so massive? These are bigger than-HEY!”

“Trust me, hun,” Krystal interrupted while dumping her bottle’s contents atop Renamon’s head. The Digimon tried to back away only to have stronger blue fingers whirl them around to face the wall. Once in position she could only fidget as Krystal began scrubbing the goo into her fur. Globes of suds formed in surprising excess despite the small amount of soap, slowly dripping down across her more modest curves. “It’ll be a lot more fun to just show you.”

“S-show me? What are you talking about?” Renamon tried to wiggle away, but between the limited room of their shower and Krystal’s palms moving down to work soap along her shoulders and back, she found herself being trapped firmly in place. Putting up a fight in these conditions

seemed fairly pointless anyway. At least the cleaner was working its way into her fur, filling the Digimon with a pleasantly warm sensation.

Her diamond shaped eyes suddenly widened with suspicion. One hand slowly scraped a bit of shampoo off her arm to examine it while the suds rinsed from her palm. Tingling began to overtake her three thick fingers, growing too intense to just be a simple herb formula. "You didn't!"

"Not on purpose, I swear. But when in Rome?"

Whatever Renamon had planned to say in response got cut off by the sudden kick in her stomach. If not for Krystal supporting her by the waist she would have probably collapsed to the floor. She still toppled forward bracing both hands against the wall. Her breath pumping in and out rapidly trying to ride through the tension clenching her insides. It ended mercifully quick, leaving her midsection alarmingly tender. The light touch of her girlfriends' hands massaging along her waist was tickling her nerves enough to get her moist.

"Y-you jerk!" Renamon managed to gasp out between struggling breaths. Her gaze dropped between her arms to be greeted by the stunning abs her stomach had just grown. It was obvious Krystal was enjoying the opportunity to trace her claws around the area, feeling every new bulge and crevice powerful muscles formed under the soft creamy fur.

The view didn't last long. Renamon became confused again when something wet and snow white dropped to obscure her view. Everything was happening so fast her mind actually needed a few seconds to realize it was her breasts bloating like the shower was filling water balloons.

"Oh fuuuck!" She pushed off the wall trying to straighten before the hanging weights became too much. Instead, her center was already changing so fast she ended up falling against the soft pillows of Krystal's mammaries for support.

It created an opening Krystal wasted no time capitalizing on. Her beefy arms tucked under her girlfriends in a hug that allowed her hands to easily cup their growing tits. Fingers pushed into the soft fleshing, getting excited moans out of both of them. Gentle kneading only seemed to spur Renamon's growth faster. Soon the blue vixen couldn't even scrub them properly as creamy white fur poured out of her grasp.

"That's so beautiful," she cooed into her partner's ear. Hands continued bouncing the massive breasts her partner had grown, gauging their weight while they sloshed around. Suddenly her ears perked, picking

up a shallow gasp from Renamon. The little Digimon in her grasp tensed so hard their tail refused to move. Krystal's eager grin spread wider watching Renamon bite her lower lip trying to hold against what was coming. "Yes. That's it. Grow for me, babe!"

"Haah aaah!" The devilish whisper in her lengthy ears sent Renamon over the edge. Her muzzle flew open in a sharp bark as the tension released through her body. Not a moment later her figure exploded upwards and outwards.

Barks of feral ecstasy rang through the apartment. All manner of conscious thought left Renamon's eyes as she thrashed in Krystal's embrace. That was a feeling the buff blue vixen could totally understand. She was relishing the way her lover was rubbing up against them as their mass increased. The way her arms had to spread their hold, mixed with the golden ass pressing into her crotch as it fattened up was divine. It was hard to resist letting go to squeeze on both cheeks.

By the time the transformation was down, virtually all their shower's spare room had been filled. The shampoo had worked its magic delightfully well, giving Renamon a great boost in all her physical attributes. It did come as a slight surprise Krystal was still the taller of the two by almost a foot. But that seemed to be made up for by giving the Digimon a pair of breasts so large and full they hung to her navel.

"You nasty, mischievous witch," Renamon growled in a way that made her arousal obvious. When she turned to fully face Krystal it caused a shining glitter effect with her wet fur stretched taut across the muscles thickening out her stature. It was hard to tell which of them had the beefier biceps.

Granted, they both had more important thoughts in mind at the moment.

Renamon gave a playful growl as she pounced upon Krystal. Neither really noticed when their combined weight slamming into the shower wall caused several tiles to break off. The blue vixen barely felt the ceramic falling off her shoulders. Their muzzles locked together in a slick kiss until Renamon's eager tongue forced them open for a bit of sloppy play. Firm blue hands clenched at her butt even harder, causing the expanded hips to wiggle about. She paid the gesture back by tracing dense three-fingered paws back and forth across the ridges of Krystal's muscular waist.

"You could have warned me about this," Renamon said when they'd eventually broken apart. She glanced over her shoulder to admire the bulge of her rear. Water still rained down from the shower head, giving her back an amazing resemblance to a stream running over rocks. The fluffy gold tail attached to the bottom waved back in a sign of her approval.

"And miss seeing that amazing look on your face when you finally broke?" Krystal asked in a mock tone of innocence. They shared a laugh before going in for a shorter kiss. "So, Did becoming a furry amazon make you as horny as I am?"

"Oh! We are going to destroy the bed tonight," Renamon agreed vigorously. Before she could even begin hinting it was time for them to vacate this cramped stall, another feeling caused the Digimon's smile to drop. "Before we get to scissoring, though, that really made me hungry. You got the groceries, right?"

The look of stupefied fear in Krystal's eyes was all the answer needed.

Curse of the Weretoy

Someone had left their wolf pool toy in the hot tub. A fairly good one for that matter. Fully inflated, it rocked gently on the bubbling water looking slightly bigger than the average anthro. An excellent paint job detailed its cartoonish smiling face and fur patterns. There were even foam nubs to simulate paw pads on the ends of its stumpy inflated arms.

Seeing such a huge, expensive toy like left here raised so many questions Al didn't know where to begin. Not that he had much desire to start, either. If someone was missing it, they'd come back eventually. Worse case, he could always leave it at the hotel's front desk when he was done taking a dip. The goat wasn't about to waste precious vacation time fretting over a little oddity.

Ignoring the large rubber figure's lifeless stare, Al eased in one hoof after the other, shuddering in delight at the shock of hot water washing over his shins. It was a stark contrast to the fairly cool evening air. He waited a little bit for his body to acclimate to the temperature before descending the small steps until he was submerged up to his thick waist.

"Nice accommodations, huh?" he said to his latex company. The exaggerated fake smile continued staring back, which is why Al laughed at his own silliness. Soon he found the perfect seat where two jet streams blasted against his swimsuit and tank top from either side. That alone was enough to make his muscles start melting before he finished easing back for a deserved rest.

Squeak!

"Ah!?" Or the goat would relax if he hadn't grossly underestimated this pool toy's ability to invade his personal space. There was barely a minute to relax before Al jumped from a sharp prick on his cheek. Bleating in annoyance, he used one three-finger hoof hand to push back the bloated wolf snout that'd pressed into him like it was a kiss. Thinking better, he clenched the squishy wolf face, eliciting another loud squeak, and moved the whole toy out onto the concrete side of the hot tub. "Nothing personal, buddy. You're cute, but I just want to chill for the night."

The pool toy continued to lay where he'd left it staring aimless at the full moon crossing overhead. Al snorted as he tried to settle back in, only

now he couldn't relax. The spot where that inflatable had booped him stung with surprising intensity. A quick feel revealed a small trace of blood. Another check reassured him that whatever wound had occurred was already healed. Still, the goat's chin beard whipped about as he eyed the splatter on his hoof and the wolf's latex teeth. That thing didn't even have an edge, much less anything sharp about it.

He tried to shrug it off as a weird mind trick. Getting cuts without noticing happens all the time. Al leaned back into the water letting his head roll for a nice gaze into the star lit sky. Glowing brown eyes eventually locked with the great big moon floating along above them. It was easy to imagine the bright illumination of reflected sunlight was making him warmer than the foaming water he was in.

Just as Al was forgetting about the short interruption his ears picked up a constant drumming noise that shot them erect. It was soft and would have been barely noticeable if it wasn't sounding like it was right next to him. He needed a second to recognize it was that hiss air makes when forced through a hose. That was enough to avert his gaze away from the sky in curiosity. The pool toy wasn't the culprit. It was still laying there grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Hope this thing isn't broken," he said in regards to the hot tub's air vents. The hissing only got louder in his ears while trying to locate a source until it felt right on top of him. "What... uh?"

Al tried to stand for a better look around, which brought him to discover several developments that'd been happening under the water. Namely his stomach had gained a lot more bloat than his usual pleasant pudge warranted. The point where his tank top hem overlapped his swim trunks waistband had become split to make way for the excess mass. That wasn't nearly as surprising as how the exposed area had lost its coat of fine white fur. Now it was dyed a rustic chocolate brown that gleamed with a clearly inorganic material. Even his belly button was protruding out in a distorted shape. A timid brush with his fingers sent a shiver of pleasure up his spine with the realization it'd become a plastic nozzle.

"O-oh!" Al gasped, placing both hands on his middle as it slowly, but steadily continued puffing out. His eyes darted back at the motionless wolf toy and then up at the moon. It was easy to feel through his palms now how his insides were shifting, hollowing out while air hissed into existence to fill him. "T-this is...unexpected. Mmmgh! B-but not unwelcome, to be honest."

Still no response from the grinning latex wolf, though Al was now sure there was lots of activity behind those hollow painted eyes. He had his own grin permanently plastered on his muzzle as he began rubbing around his expanding middle. The hard hoofed fingers made so many adorable loud squeaks with the hot water rolling off his smoothed skin. Every touch resonated so strongly even with his organs and nerves vanishing underneath. The goat didn't even try hiding his approving moans.

A rush of pressure surged into Al's backside, not giving him time to gasp before his little tail stiffened. A second later he was jolted forward with a splash thanks to his tail expanding over three feet longer in an instant. He twisted back the best he could with a solidified waist and began to giggle. The sight of a balloon shaped like a wolf's tail bouncing with the rocking of his hips was just too awesome.

The rest of him wasn't too far behind. Al's hips gave an involuntary twitch before rapidly spreading out in every direction. Creases smoothed across his swimsuit when ample amounts of air rushed into his rear. He bit his lower lip blushing a very deep red from the sensation tingling over his growing body. Shame all forms of flexibility had already faded from his inflated abdomen. It made trying to watch the changes below the bubbling water difficult.

The material had become a tight squeeze even before the changing goat's thighs started to blimp up. Now he was thankful to have grabbed something bargain bin as the swimsuit couldn't take much more of his inflation before mercifully tearing apart. If Al's tail was capable of wagging, he would have been generating waves when he caught sight of the smooth brown surface of his revealed pelvis. The crotch area glittered back smooth and sleek, though that never stopped the amazing amount of pleasure that had him heaving for breath. He must be made out of some quality latex to have a bottom growing nearly three times in size.

Al tried to shift in his seat but his legs were already refusing to work normally. He settled more than content on leaning back to watch the brown pseudo-fur melt across his real white fur. Upon covering his knees, they became compelled to lock at almost perfect ninety-degree positions. Good thing he wasn't planning to go anywhere tonight. The way the cleave in his hoof-feet slowly closed while puffing into stitched fake paws was cute enough to get him giggling again, anyway.

"Aaaah!" Something squeezed tight on Al's lungs forcing him to bleat in surprise. Instantly he realized he no longer felt the need to breathe at all.

That didn't stop him from continuing to squirm as his chest barreled out into his tank top. The neckline creaked as it was stretched out to its limit. Shoulder straps snapped softly in several places desperately trying to hold back a swelling that was sending the goat into pure bliss.

The exposed bits of white fur over his pecs rustled and became devoured by the latex brown creeping up Al's form before the whole shirt split off him. Both hands eagerly went to feel the rounded curves of his new torso. It was hollow and light just like everything else but so amazingly sensitive to his touch. He began to wonder if it'd feel this good being handled by other people. This in turn built an unexpected desire to be around more swimmers. Having others to play with would make this night so much fun.

Al tried to moan again, but his throat muscles were no longer there. Without warning his eyes opened to their widest, and then continued stretching bigger and shinier. Within seconds it was no longer possible to blink, so it was a good thing they'd ceased being actual eyeballs soon after. He got his hands to his face just in time to feel his muzzle puff into a goofy rounded bulge of the brown latex. Lips peeled back and vanished to show off the glossy fangs of a painted canine mouth instead. Another tingling passed through the goat's scalp and he reached up to feel his horns dwindling away.

Unfortunately, he couldn't keep examining his increasingly fake and wolfish head before his shoulders literally popped, forcing his limbs to jut forward. While his hands absorbed into the bloating mass of his palms to become stumpy rubber paws, the goat lost what little weight he had left. The force of the spas jet streams rocked Al from his perch with a buoyancy that left him bobbing along the hot tub's water without a care in the world. About the only thing left on the now inflatable werewolf that resembled its former self was some extra sculpted plastic to resemble hair bangs and the near impossible to get rid of chin beard.

It was like time no longer passed for Al, or maybe that was part of having one's brain transformed into air. Just the gentle rocking of water with bubbles tickling along his smoothed underside already made this the best vacation he'd had in months. Still, all that's missing was a few people to play with. Hopefully his friends got bored in their rooms and came along soon.

That wish was kind of granted a while of floating later. Al was snapped out of his pleasant catatonic daydreams by the creaking of the

entrance gate. A young mouse girl in uniform entering his limited vision, took one look at the pool toys and began cursing up a storm that he thought was very unprofessional.

“Seriously? Two this time!?” Giving a very dramatic sigh of contempt, she moved to collect both of them under each arm. “This is ridiculous. Who the hell keeps leaving these here every month?”

By a Hair

Ava considered herself lucky when she didn't dislocate her shoulder ramming into the RV's steel door at a full run. Of course she had left the thing unlocked for specifically this reason. It flew open from her impact with a loud crash against the inside counter, allowing her to stagger on in. After three steps she gave a hard pirouette that sent globs of mud and grass flying off her battered figure so she could slam it closed again.

Luck remained on her side when she dropped an equally dirty bag on the aforementioned counter that served as a kitchen. Freed hands worked swiftly and steady in a rush to slide the many deadbolts into place, only getting three before something much larger than the buxom young woman slammed into her vehicle home. Thankfully, that was enough to withstand the force. By the time her pursuer worked up another bullrush the hatch had been completely locked down. All subsequent bangs accomplished was slightly rocking her mobile home on its weighted wheels. Her money was well spent making sure the force of two elephants couldn't knock this vehicle over.

There was a lot of growling from outside, followed by the scrapping of claws along the outside in a slow circle around Ava's RV. Such a deliberate scare tactic annoyed her more than anything. The walls were equally platted and the windows were barred with inches of pure silver deterrents. She flopped onto the couch with a tired sigh, relishing an opportunity to catch her breath.

"Why did I think petting a werewolf was a good idea!?" she said aloud in self chastising.

Sure. The giant hulking monsters were lethal on full moons like this. But they were also big, fluffy, canines with limitless potential of human emotions under that rush of instincts. If any normal person came by seeing one curled up and whimpering like a sad little pup because other animals made fun of it, their first reaction would have undoubtedly been to give gentle pets and tell it everything would be okay.

That was Ava's first mistake.

She was just glad when the damn beast finally lost interest in breaking her RV. A normal person also wouldn't have come out to the middle of nowhere woods specifically to find werewolves without a lot of safety precautions. Even then, it was a close call in her wild run back here when the specimen realized she was a potential meal instead of a threat. The pepper spray had barely slowed it down enough for a head start. Ave was going to have to brew something stronger for those big sensitive noses next time.

Still, the mission was now a total success. The young woman sat up with a triumphant smile as hands worked to straighten her messy thick mane of brown hair. Like the rest of her buxom body it was caked with mud. Occasionally she even found sticks or leaves mixed in. Both jeans and jacket were also badly torn up from the wild chase. There were even spats of blood in off places although Ava was having trouble finding a wound under all the mess.

“Whatever. I'd feel it by now if I had a serious injury.”

There'd be plenty of time for a change and cleaning up in a bit. Ava sprung into action, snatching the bag she'd brought in before setting up a small hot plate and mixing equipment for some portable alchemy on the dinner table. Now that she had the fur and saliva of a werewolf her experimental strength potion had the perfect catalyst. The RV wasn't the most spacious for a complex project, so she'd prepared the necessary reagents before setting out. All she had to do was pour everything together with her monster samples and let it stew.

That part, unfortunately, was going to take a very long time. Close to a full day if she hadn't screwed up the alchemy math. Now, though, it was the perfect time to get personal upkeep out of the way. Once she got the brew combined and simmering, Ava hopped into the compact closet of her RV's bathroom. A nice blast of hot water and shampoo made all those aches from the encounter feel like a distant memory already.

The red abrasions around Ava's hip and shoulder that might have once been claw marks didn't even register while she scrubbed the mud away. They'd completely faded by the time she stepped back out to find fresh clothes. Amazing luck to go on an adventure like this and not break so much as a nail. About her only casualty of the werewolf's chase was the number it did on her pants. Finding denim tailored for her generous backside was always a pain.

She settled on a simple nightgown before flopping into bed. With tonight's danger wandering off to hopefully not bother anyone else it was time for a well-deserved rest. There was just enough energy left to set her phone's alarm before she sank into the pile of pillows with a triumphant sigh.

Next thing Ava was consciously aware of was the intro music to Mega Man 5 blaring in her ear. While this was the aforementioned alarm she'd set, the fact it was waking her up was what surprised her. After bolting upright to turn it off she made a beeline to the windows. Sure enough, the day was so late she could see the sun already approaching the distant treetops on its way down for the evening. Her phone's clock confirmed it was now late four pm, over thirteen hours since she'd gotten settled.

The exact time calculated for the strength enhancing potion to fully brew.

That reminder of why she was even out in the middle of nowhere Forestville made her whirl in place. Everything was right where she'd left it. Only now the brew had brightened to a translucent blue coloring that glowed brightly with the magic its reagents had synthesized. Ava could see from the way it gently bubbled jets of steam that it'd also thickened to a syrup consistency, making her timing getting it off the hotplate near perfect.

More so when she realized she was hungry, giving a welcome distraction while waiting for it to cool. Ava moved to the small area of her camper that served as the kitchen almost on autopilot. The primary source of nourishment for most of these experimental adventures was a stash of medium-grade MRE's. Some of her budget had to be cut with the prices of alchemy components these days and food was the easiest hit to manage. At this point quality and flavor were hardly the priority. Her stomach was demanding protein like a hungry predator.

Sixteen pouches of freeze dried meals that she didn't bother cooking later, Ava let out a burp that echoed in her trailer with surprising intensity. Too bad no one else was around to brag about it. Kicking aside the many freshly open food containers littering the floor, she plucked the beaker with both hands for a hearty chug. Thank the goddess it went down smoothly. A nice beverage was just what the alchemist ordered after all that dried jerky and salted nuts.

Can't say the pine needle flavor was all that appealing. Oh well. She still finished the whole bottle in under a minute. As long as the results went according to plan that was a minor annoyance. Ava licked off the excess stuck to her cheeks while moving over to the duffle bag holding all her clothes.

It was already near six when she stepped out into the open woods again. Another good reason to have no one around was how the Hawaiian t-shirt and jean shorts hanging off Ava's curves screamed tacky. They were the only things she could find at the dollar store that fit over her already generous curves with plenty of slack. More than likely they weren't about to last the night anyway, but at least she was going to try and retain modesty.

"Oof!"

Speaking of which, Ava groaned as her stomach began doing summersaults. Enough of that potion had worked its way into her system that the young woman could feel it starting to affect its influence everywhere at once. She dashed further away from the RV so as to be better witnessed by its many surveillance cameras for later study. The footfalls of her sneakers cut into the trails of abnormally large paw prints that littered the ground of her campsite.

She got to the estimated perfect spot just in time. Another hard shirt in her stomach made Ava double over with a gasp that sent drool spilling to the grassy floor. Hands gripped at her stomach, and she could help smiling at how they could already feel the skin of her midsection shifting and pushing out. When she felt good enough to straighten out she hefted the hem of the overly large shirt. Getting to see the chiseled bricks of her abs puff out around a deeping belly button was such a rush Ava couldn't hold back a triumphant bark.

The noise was surprising but too much was going on for her to focus on it yet. Especially when the woman began to spring taller. She dropped the hem to better admire her quick escalation of height. The way her arms slinked out of the sleeves while biceps blimped with muscles until they were straining the fabric. Her legs were pretty much down the same, shoving the denim shorts harder and harder into her pelvis thanks to a drastic downpour of beef into her thighs.

"Oh yeah! That's the stuff!" Ava flexed both her arms, a bit disappointed they didn't bloat enough to tear the sleeves. Still, she was

making her bargain bin clothes strain with raw power as her size tapered off around a towering seven feet. Of course, things didn't stop blimping as she felt her chest jiggling from pressure mounting within them. "Mmmmh! Of course it's not complete without you girls. Make mommy proud!"

The sensitive skin groaned before billowing out in front of Ava. The front of her shirt became hefted by the increasing mass of her rapidly inflating mounds until the hem rose above her buffed navel area. All the straining nerves and heat assaulting her skin sent Ava's eyes rolling into the back of her head. She couldn't keep her hands from stroking them through the shirt, hoping to gode them bigger and fuller. By the time they stopped she assumed to have tripled in size, which was saying something giving her a normal stash of G-cup bras. There wasn't a lick of slack left in her cheap shirt with sove cleavage pushing out the front and a mountain of muscles pressing through the back.

"Damn nice!" She twisted around trying to admire the potions' handy work. Ava's glorious ass hadn't been spared a little addition either. Muscular glutes spilled out the high cut legs of her shorts with enough plush fat to resemble brown bread rolls. A few moments had to be spent giving both good slaps to admire their jiggle. "And those professors said werewolf catalysts would be dangerous. Wait until they get a load of...um..."

If she hadn't been admiring her own butt, Ava wouldn't have noticed the nub sprouting just above its crack so quickly. She continued watching in jaw dropped fascination as it slinked down the back of her shorts. New vertebrae grew within seconds, becoming connected by many nerves and muscles that she realized she could control enough to make it twitch. It was only when the monstrous fleshy growth dangled over two feet long that she shivered from a series of pin pricks along its surface. In a flash thousands of long brown hairs blossomed in a nearly cartoonish effect, leaving her with an unmistakable wolf's tail.

"Oh right," Ava said, raising her hands to watch the same brown hairs spread across them in a finer layer. Nails curled as they grew out into dark black claws. "Werewolves. This makes too much sense."

Her body was itching all over from not used to being covered in fur, especially under her shorts. Shoes got especially cramped with the development of pads on significantly growing feet. But that was nothing compared to when everything hit Ava in the face. Cries of discomfort turned

into feral roars while the sounds of her own skull breaking and growing deafened her stretching ears. Knowing the muzzle pushing out was coming did nothing to lessen the intensity. She was just glad when it finally ended as square glasses fell off her elongated face.

Although seeing the jet black skin of her canine nose taking up the bottom of her vision was going to take some getting used to. Suddenly the evening forest sounded more alive. She couldn't help smiling with many sharp fangs as her pointed ears twitched out the top of her thick chocolate hair.

"Cool!" she said with another passive self examination. The bushy long tail was waving frantically across her broads backside with the renewed excitement. "Maybe it's just the fur, but damn I look even stronger now, or at least thicker. I should have brought the heavy weights for this."

The initial plan for testing out her newfound strength had been some simple chores. Exercise equipment ran up costs way out of her budget, so there was an ax in the RV for some wood chopping instead. Maybe after that she'd take a jog around the area for an endurance check. Turning into an anthro wolf threw all projections for human limitations into a ditch. Hell, even with twilight nearing its end the full moon's light was enough for Ava's altered eyes to view everything bright and crisp. Any data gathering that'd satisfy her would require a fully equipped lab and three colleges for monitoring.

"HRRK!?"

Before Ava could decide how to proceed with these results the mother of all muscle spasms sent her staging against a tree for support. Claws racked chunks out of the rough bark holding on for dear life as her pulse began to climb. A long tongue dangled out the side of her muzzle with her desperate heavy breathing. The natural instinct to pant did little to help cool the heat washing over her body. Tanning beds weren't this damn intense.

"W-what the hell?" Ava turned with her back to the tree expecting to find herself under attack by some force. Instead her eyes widened as they took in the blazing sight of a large spherical moon drifting in the night sky. "No... No! Crap! That werewolf didn't get me! Right? It... c-couldn't have."

There'd be time to reevaluate the safety protocols for infectious monsters another night. Denial didn't change the fact her muscles were throbbing in time with her heart. She could see the veins writhing through the fur of her arms. What didn't expect was all that molten blood to go falling down into a new growth tenting the crotch of her pants.

"Oh fuuuuuck me!" Ava said in a slurry growl. A trembling furry hand smacked the front of her shorts feeling an alien organ swelling underneath the fabric. It rapidly bulged larger and larger with a snug press that tickled so many nerves she'd never had minutes ago. Unfortunately her bubbly behind was already filling out the back to near bursting, so there was little slack for anything else inside the cheap denim. The moment it went from a press to hard squeezing she panicked and yanked on the busted zipper until she split the entire front open.

The dark red cock that flopped out at half mast was not only shocking, but also pretty impressive as were the thick furred balls ripening under it. Ava could only gawk at the growing phallus on her loins, gently feeling around it with timid fingers before checking behind the hefty load to confirm she still had a vaginal lips too.

"Fuck!" she said reflexively. If it was in response to the sensitive explorations of her new phallus, or the hard shifting of her body with a renewed transformation was unclear. Ava could only snarl, one hand on her member while the other clawed at the tree behind her.

Even claws couldn't secure a grip when her feet cracked and lengthened. Tendons drew tight trying to stay connected forcing her heels to arch out of their sneakers. That didn't stop the fronts from squeezing incredibly tight thanks to her toes popping rapidly larger like popcorn kernels. When the stitching finally gave way the paws that rushed out in a tickle of overwhelming relief were big enough to stomp a melon to pieces.

In spite of their monstrous size, having to suddenly balance on digitigrade feet was too much for Ava. She collapsed onto hands and knees unable to hold in the growls that became louder with the thickening of muscles on her neck. Not just there but every bit of her flesh bubbled and bulged, adding more and more to her already enhanced body. What remained of her pants couldn't hold back the outpour of girth in her hips. The seams split from the pressure bolstered by her ass bumping into its own brand of full moon.

The changing wolf could barely register all the sensations going on at once. Her muzzle remained locked in a tight snarl as drool rained from her lips. The shirt ended up compressing hard against her lungs thanks to her breasts also filling out beyond any normal person's limits. Its front gave in little rips and tears that let pinches of her soft furred mammaries poke through, but it was her drastically broadening back that finally broke through the dollar store attire. Ava's eyes shot open with a deep gasp of chilling fresh air, gaining a rush that sparked a level of lust she'd never thought possible. Her member twitched a drizzle of pre nearly going into orgasm right there and she arched her back looking up to face the moon empowering her.

"RrrrRRRRAAWWWWWOOOOOOOoooooo... fucking hell!"

Somehow, Ava found the focus to roll into a sitting position. At least the fur had gotten thicker along with her curves. Although the drizzle of moisture from her slit left her new balls fairly cold on the night air. She tried to ignore it in the aftermath of her changes, hoping to take stock before any other surprises happened. Getting big and huge had always been a likely part of the plan, so she wasn't about to miss the plus-sized clothes she'd just demolished. Overall she put herself large as a horse, and that was when quadrupedal.

"This is so cool!" Ava said. The gruff vibrations of her deeper voice alone were enough to keep her horny. She imagined looking and sounding like one of those buxom anime villains that could toss a boulder across the horizon while looking good in a dress. Hell. That sounded like a good first test.

"Nyaaawwwoooooooooo!!"

Before Ava knew it she was back on all fours, body stiff, ears erect, and cock twitching. Someone had actually returned her unwitting howl? That was a pretty 'duh' moment. Of course that werewolf from last night was still around. She thought that meant a territory dispute was imminent, but then the aching need pulsing through her double equipment started giving her wilder side some ideas.

She took a breath to give off a much shorter howl. That was just to let them know a new friend was approaching before she galloped off into the trees. It looked like she had the perfect partner lined up for a night of stress testing.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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