

Make Out Tactics

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Macro growth, anthro chocobo TF, male to female TG, kissing

Read at your own discretion.



They had faced great dangers. Fought legions of cosmic monsters. Saved entire planes of reality. Cheated death, and even brought people back from the beyond.

So why the ever-loving frick was Stephanie losing at a children's card game?

"And then my chocobo knight goes in lower grid left and flips all three. That's game!"

The chubby goat woman threw the remaining cards in her three-fingered 'hoof' hands up in the air while making a loud, angry bleating noise. Her three fingered hands made mostly of hoof shells came slamming back down on the table between her and the blue feathered chocobo man sitting across the way. Nostrils flared at the end of her wide snout hot enough it caused their long beard to flutter. A second later she flipped the three-by-three grid game board over the man's head, sending all the cards on it flying as well.

That did very little to phase Desmond. He'd seen, and done, far worse reactions when a gamer suffered their sixteenth loss in a row.

"This game feels a lot easier when we're playing it online," Stephanie said once she'd flopped back into the foldable metal chair.

"Most of those are computers," Desmond countered while his feathery wing hands started recovering their cards from the floor. Seeing his prize bahamut card got bent in the flying board trip got his beak clicking a few times, but he opted not to test and already irate goat. "Plus, I'm not crazy enough to grind for hours getting the ultra-rare stuff for like fifty million points."

That got an amused scoff out of Stephanie. "But you will buy a bunch of booster packs at a card shop?"

"You're the one that wanted to come here," Desmond shot back, making an impressive raspberry for being a bird. "I wanted to spend our day going bowling."

The small mom and pop card store slowly went back to its usual business when it became apparent Stephanie's brief outburst was now over. From what she and Desmond could hear, the table next to them was having a DND game going. A few other various groups had their own card or board games going on. It was a typical Friday afternoon for such a place.

Granted, the two were the only ones trying a physical version of Triple Triad.

"Yeah, but bowling bowls aren't all that great for some of us." Stephanie held up her hand, wiggling fingers so their hard hoof-like surface clicked together. "Fast food and games never get old anyway."

"Maybe if you still had anyway," Desmond said, munching the last bit of a hamburger that Stephanie had bought for her lunch an hour ago.

That got the goat snorting again, looking ready to lunge her hefty figure across the table at him. "See? You can't deny you're enjoying this."

"You're the one that wanted to take bets. Don't blame me if you keep wagering good stuff."

"One more game!" she demanded the second Desmond has set her recollected cards on the table, along with the game board. "Give me a chance to win something back."

Such an outburst didn't come as much of a surprise, though it did get Desmond blankly clicking his beak at her. They'd started with money, shifting to food items when that dried up, and finally with the sunglasses Stephanie hated seeing resting on Desmond's side of the table.

"Do you even have anything left to bet with?"

Stephanie held up a finger about to say something, and then quickly rummaged through her purse. Her ears folded after a few delayed seconds. "I got a Starbucks gift card."

"Anything left on it?"

"I...don't know."

"Maybe we should stop with setting the stakes? I don't mind a little for fun."

That seemed to spark something inside Stephanie, as her expression twisted into a grin rather quickly. "If you really want fun, how about you wager the last burger?"

Desmond looked down at the last untouched food item among a small mountain of wrappers. "For?"

The goat leaned forward, resting her chin in a cradle of interlocked fingers trying to mimic the flirtiest pose she could recall in video games. "I'll do anything you want?"

"That is a very dangerous thing to offer a guy like me."

"And you think I'm all that innocent?"

They stared each other down until Desmond's beak matched her grin. He couldn't help feeling like he was the one making a bad bet here, but that's what made it exciting. "Fine. It was your hamburger anyway. Same rules as last match?"

"Damn straight!"

The board was straightened back out between them before they selected their cards for one final showdown of destiny.

Flip.

Flip.

Flip.

"I win again," Desmond declared after only the fourth turn.

Another bleat rang through the comic shop as their game board was sent flying amidst a shower of playing cards.

"I need better cards. Dang it!" Stephanie fumed while slouching back in her chair. There wasn't much she could do except watch Desmond chomp into her last chance at lunch. Her bacon ultimate cheeseburger was gone in under four bites. "So, what am I doing now? We going bowling after all?"

An awkward hiccup was Desmond's first response before he wiped grease off his beak. The grin that was practically painted on now curled the hardened mouth wider. One wing-hand rubbed at the pudgy bulge of his belly under a bright green shirt. "Nah. Too full for that now. But if you're that sore, you can give me a kiss to make it feel better."

That got a snort from Stephanie. What he wasn't expecting was for the bigger goat to stand with a bright twinkle in her eye. "Okay!"

Desmond grin washed away in an instant. Eyes grew wide enough to consume his forehead watching Stephanie slow walk around to his side of the table. Cards scattered across the floor became forgotten under her heavy hooves. "Wait. Really? That was just some friendly teasing."

"No backsies!" Stephanie snapped when she stopped to loom over the stiffened bird. Like any old introvert, he clearly had no idea what to do when random flirting got reciprocated. Her hand cupped the chin of his beak with its three fingers, helping hold it up as she bent down to plant a quick smooch on his lips.

"Wha...oooooh my!" Desmond could barely get a squawk out after she'd pulled away. A sensation like cold water drenching across his feathers assaulted the bird's nerves in such wonderful pleasure that all coherent thought ceased.

The effects of her charm were a lot more apparent to a smiling Stephanie. She moved a casual hoof back letting her chocobo friend's body fluff up its feathers as Desmond shivered in his chair.

The body under the fine soft plumes was growing a moment later. Height creeped up in inches, spreading more of his back across the chair's rest. Soft down on

his pudgy belly spilled out through a yawning gap between shirt and pants. Yellow scales on his feet flashed in the neon lights in their slow creep across the floor. Seams creaked in their effort to stretch across a bird getting several sizes past the intended measurement. It put a rather nice squeeze on his arms and thighs that Stephanie bit her low lip watching get deeper.

Like most joyful things, it was over all too soon. By the time Desmond regained enough sense to reopen his eyes he was only mildly surprised to find himself staring eye level with the seven-foot-tall goat while still sitting down. He tried to adjust his position and nearly fell out of the suddenly smaller chair.

"I...don't recall requesting a growth with that kiss," he said with a dazed look that betrayed his attempt at a scolding.

Stephanie gave his beak a playful flick, creating a soft clicking noise from it. "And I didn't see you trying to fight it either. Looked more like the bird brain was enjoying it."

"Wark." Desmond tried tugging his shirt, but it refused to go over his gut even a little bit. A blush darkened the feathers on his face when he glanced back at her. "May I have another?"

"Mmmh!" The goat was up in his beak again in an instant. Arms dropped over the slightly bigger man as she put her all into a much longer kiss. When she broke away again it was hard not to laugh at Desmond's flustered chirps. "I guess I did promise anything. Right?"

"Waaaark!" Desmond was practically singing a swan song when the growing picked up again. Pant legs and shirt sleeves torn to shreds with his limbs elongating across the floor. Wing-hands had to pile on his lap to keep from accidentally being sat on. Tail feathers brushed away chairs while his hips overflowed and crushed the metal seat under him. It was barely noticeable since his butt pouring out the waistband of his jeans didn't have that far left to fall. "Ooooh! Huh?"

Something else struck inside the chocobo's hips, causing him to wiggle against the shops floor. Scaled bird feet getting half as big as Stephanie crept past the goat knocking over their gaming table with just their girth. With a few loud pops of expanding hip bones, Desmond's plump rear tore apart what was left of the pants struggling to contain it. He ran curious wings over it and his thighs, finding them to be a lot curvier than even his natural avian physique flaunted.

A curious notion that got confirmed two seconds later when a different kind of pressure pinched the front of her already straining shirt. Desmond gave a startled squawk that came out with an airy femininity that hadn't been there seconds ago, arching her back so her chest thrust out towards Stephanie. The act unintentionally showed off for the goat how two breasts pushed out against the material, growing into rich mounds that gently dropped into a hand before rounding into impressive head-sized globes.

"Let me get that for ya!" Stephanie said happily as she stood on the tips of her hoof toes to swat at the taut fabric around the chocobo's impressive rack.

"KWEEEEH!" Apparently the cotton was stretched so tight that little knock of friction was all it needed for Desmond's breasts to explode the front of her shirt with a shower of confetti across the goat. Such an intense rush of relief sent a chirp of pure ecstasy ringing through the shop. At her size it was enough to make drinks ripple and the front windows vibrate.

And Stephanie was all smiles at helping set her massive bird friend free of such pesky obstructions. Now essentially naked and larger than an elephant, Desmond had captured the attention of everyone else in the comic shop. Granted that would have been easy without the pleasant bird calls. Her feet had interrupted the D&D game by straddling the table along one shin while tailfeathers spilled over the main display counters in the opposite direction. Fat, blue butt cheeks threatened to shatter the glass coverings protecting tons of rare collectables within.

"Well, now!" Desmond cooed, taking in her much bubblier voice. "I didn't recall gender swapping on the menu either."

"That's rich coming from the dork that turns people into cute women out of habit."

"And some people I know don't need my help for that." A feathered hand big enough to lift a recliner moved down to ever so gently brush Stephanie's curly brown hair. She seemed to consider something. "Got one more in ya?"

Stephanie was too busy enjoying the sensation of being a doll with such a large wind caressing her body for a second. Though, technically, she might have been more the size of a big cat by comparison, but it was still fun. The idea she'd been asked a question took a moment to sink in. "For you, I could keep going until you fill the store. Yeep?!"

Apparently, she'd given more than enough invitation for Desmond to wrap both her big wing hands around the goat. It took no effort at all to pluck Stephanie off the ground and hold her muzzle to an enormous beak again. Goat hooves dangled out from the chocobo's grip limply in the air.

"Get ready," Desmond said, soothing the goat's beard with warm blasts of fresh breath. "Because I'm going to hold you to that."

"I see what you did there," Stephanie shot back with a raspberry. She reached out with both hands to cup the smooth surface of Desmond's beak chin, leaning in to give the tip her best kiss.

What she wasn't expecting was for Desmond's chest to puff out, shoving her breasts against her lower body in a deep breath. There was a seconds pause for Stephanie to realize what the smug bird was planning before the kiss was returned, with a hard blowing of air into her mouth along with it.

The hoof hands tightened their grip on Desmond's chin, but the goat did nothing to fight the pressure puffing out her cheeks and forcing its way down their throat. Being the experienced goofs they were, Stephanie already knew this wasn't normal air filling up her belly. Pressure spread out across the rest of her body, pushing at her from horn to hoof toes from the inside.

Their interlocked lips pushed harder against each other. Pleasure tickled at Stephanie's nerves making her body shiver inside the chocobo's grip. Slowly, steadily, the hands rubbing at the bird's chin began gaining a larger reach. Three fingers squeaked with their harsh pops and surges of additional mass. At the same time her hooves began to drop towards the floor, though not because of any movement on Desmond's part. Their limp dangle increased with each extra second of air given.

The best part was how Stephanie's body itself was gently pushing away the giant bird wings wrapped around her. Her blouse strained and torn several gashes down the back thanks to broadening shoulders. A rapid expansion in her plump chest caused all the front buttons to pop off and become lost in the chocobo's cleavage.

The long skirt she wore to go with it didn't fare much better. Its waistband managed to last long enough that her butt began to fall out from under its rising hem, which was looking thick enough to crush a deluxe couch, and finally snapped off a waistline way too rounded for its material.

"Bwah!" Desmond clearly wanted to continue this little connection their mouths shared, especially with Stephanie's lips having increased in size to reciprocate on her beak. But even larger bird lungs can only hold so much air in one breath. By the time the ache in her deflated chest forced them to separate, her wings were doing all they could to support Stephanie from under the goat's armpits.

Not that the goat needed much support anymore. Her hooves were only a meter off the ground now, which Desmond still gently lowered her down to in order to be polite.

"Anything means anything, eh?" she ribbed while stripping off the torn fragments of her clothes. With just one kiss her size had literally been inflated to nearly double its previous seven-foot state. In a way, she was almost disappointed to only get that far. Granted, that was enough for her bra to pinch into her shoulders trying to hold breasts proportionally oversized for the smaller garment. To say nothing about the stubborn panties somehow holding on enough to squeeze at her butt overflowing their waistband.

"I can't just well leave you behind," Desmond said, slipping one finger around the goat's hip and pulling the tight panties fully off her chunky legs. "You look like you're overdue for a little growing. Among other things."

"Pffft! And what is that supposed to m...mmph?"

The airy pressure inside Stephanie took an odd shift into her head, forcing her muzzle to clamp shut against her efforts to speak. Eyes went crossed watching the

nose on the end puff and creek from the mounting stress. Fur washed away for a jaw line a lot more shell-like.

"Whmmm. W-wark!?" Stephanie finally got her mouth to open amidst several light struggles, letting out a soothing bird song instead of a gasp for air. Hands felt over the front of her face, chirping softly at finding her snout had popped into a thick pointed beak. A slight itching further up led her fingers to find horns and ears vanishing into her hair, becoming replaced with the rise of stylized crest feathers. "Oh, kweh! It seems you're rubbing off on me too."

Stephanie hugged herself under the wave of itching that descended across her naked body. Cashmere clumped together in a twisting process that turned them into small feathers on her bubbling skin. When her arms unfolded again, the hard shell that'd been fingers chipped off in favor of much larger wing feathers.

"You do sound pretty cute chirping like that," Desmond offered. A slight blush formed on his cheeks watching the goat's changes moving down her body.

"I bet you say that to all the girls you-WARK!"

A sharp pinch in Stephanie's rear caused her to twist around. The little nub of a goat's tail flicked twice and promptly vanished under the explosion of rich, extra-large feathers growing out the small lump of muscle. Seeing such a thick bush of soft fluff got her chirping in earnest. Already wide hips undulated in a silly dance that swished her avian tail around.

"Oooooo! This is nice."

"You sure are!" Desmond clicked her beak enjoying the little show from the higher vantage point. "Feathers are totally in style for the spring."

"That sure is a happy coincidence." Stephanie brushed her hair away from her much larger beak face. Walking the short distance between her and Desmond's lips, the clapping of hooves became replaced with the clicking of claws on scaled avian feet. "But don't tell me you're done collecting your bet already."

"Not even close."

The blue bird wings coiled around Stephanie's waist, tugging their newly chocoboed friend in until their breasts mashed together. Having two beaks clash together didn't stop them from partaking in another wet kiss. Lips interlocked in a small symphony of clicking sounds. Tongues diving in past the barrier to greet each other.

Stephanie gave off a cheerful moan, grinding her hips into the larger bird's lap when Desmond's hands roamed down to give her butt a squeeze. She made sure to reciprocate by kneading their feathery mammaries like pizza dough.

And that was before both birds began growing again. Their public make out session continued relentlessly in spite of their thick feminine forms filling out more and

more of the shop's space. Or it could have been their stretching mass pushing against each other urging them on.

Time itself didn't really seem to pass for them except for the brief moments they had to separate to catch their breaths. It was only after the second time Stephanie noticed her head feathers brushing the ceiling and had to sink down to her knees. The brown birds size seemed to be going slightly faster in a desire to catch up to her already huge blue friend taking up over half the shop space.

What few patrons had remained to witness this nude display of affection were realizing their window of escape was literally being closed fast. colorful bird feathers oozed across the floor of expanding curves, crushing displays and knocking over shelves to block most doors. That didn't stop them from trying to crawl over what they could between Desmond's thighs and Stephanie's hips.

None of this destruction or increasingly smaller bystanders disturbing their plumes registered with the pairs girth surpassing the size of rig trailers. Stephanie could see the wall beyond Desmond's deeply hunched shoulders starting to crack apart in spider web patterns. Her own tail feathers brushed against the opposite wall seconds before her butt was pressing into it.

The big brown chocobo took having to hunch forward to keep her head from pushing into the ceiling as an excuse to go in for another kiss. Seconds into Desmond's lips sucking on hers both their crowns were breaking through the drywall anyway. The glass that made up the front of the store shattered in a thunderous chorus. Little more than scaled avian feet could be seen breaking out of the shop, pushing aside cars and vans smaller than their sausage three-toes. Blaring car alarms meant nothing while Desmond's wings stroked Stephanie's sides the best they could when even those were starting to make the foundation break apart.

When the pair broke for air again there wasn't enough room to separate more than a few feet. Plaster and debris rained down from the crumbling ceiling over their beaks. The tips of their pointed mouths continued to click playfully against each other. Hot blasts of aroused breathing pelted the soft feathers on each other's faces.

"You realize this is another game shop we're probably getting banned from?" Stephanie said with a giggle. Giving an idle observation of their mischievous antics didn't stop her wing fingers from digging in against Desmond's thighs, pushing off chunks of brick walls in the process for more room to squeeze the plump bird meat.

Desmond responded with another quick peck on Stephanie's beak. Just enough for their short growth spurt to bust cracks large enough for sunlight to filter on through. "Totally worth it! But let's try not to grow into the Wing stop three stores down. I'm going to be hungry after this."

She started to push their breasts together for another kissing round when the blank stare on Stephanie's face gave them pause.

"What?"

"You're a chocobo...and you want to eat fried chicken wings?"

"Don't make this weird, Steph."

"But you...ah forget it!" Stephanie yanked Desmond the few inches left between them, riding her tongue along the other bird's beak.

Desmond's giggle was short lived before she joined in. Their hardened mouths nuzzled along each other's sides, with enough reach for a few teasing nips, preening the feathers along their tender necks. Meanwhile the last bits of the building around them crumbled to dust. Their immense forest of tail feathers washing over the wrecked cars in the parking lot, which soon became flattened by widening hips and rolling ass cheeks.

Those eye witnesses that still felt the need to hang around had a sinking sensation that the two women, swelling larger than the buildings around them, weren't going to stop making out any time soon.

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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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12

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