

Day 7: Footwear Return

Ariana hurried down the sidewalk, each step bounding her farther along towards her destination. It was time for a return to the shoe store.

Her feet had outgrown her shoes once again. The large, brown furred feet stretched out almost an extra foot in length now. Her toes were inflated and wide, making the tips of her feet even larger. Combined with the large, tannish-pink pads that sprouted below each toe and on her soles, there was not a remote chance that her new shoes could even come close to fitting.

So there she was now, running back to the store. Her breathing was heavy, but not from exhaustion. It simply was heavier due to her bigger lungs and diaphragm, taking in more air than before.

Her chest lifted and fell with each breath as she ran. Her shirt stretched a little with her breathing, her top much tighter and form fitting on her now. Her chest was wide and broad, her breasts almost nonexistent.

She arrived at the store in no time flat, lightly jogging through the front doors. Much to her delight, her heart aflutter at the sight, the female employee that helped her earlier was there again. She grinned and approached.

The clerk was busy cleaning the counter again, unaware of Ariana as she stepped up to her. The changing gal shook her head and spoke, “**Excuse me...**”

Ariana cleared her throat. “**Excuse me, miss?**”

That caught the employee’s attention instantly, her head darting up. Instantly seeing Ariana brought a big, warm blush to her cheeks. “O-o-oh! H-hi! Sorry, I-I was busy with my cleaning and... how may I help you?”

Ariana smiled. She was cute when she was all flustered. “**Wellll, I was here a few days to get some new shoes and wouldn’t ya know, they somehow don’t fit anymore. I need to return them, and I was wondering if someone as sweet as you can help me out.**”

The hairy/furry girl shivered. She felt so saucy and forward talking like that. It was fun.

The clerk’s face was beet red, but she tried to compose herself as best she could. She smiled and nodded, saying, “Y-yes! I can help. All I need are the shoes and the receipt and I can help you out, sir.”

Ariana shivered. “Sir”. She liked that. They liked that. They liked the sound of it. The bulge in their crotch twitched, pants tightening. They may need to get a new pair of those soon if that “thing” kept growing down below.

Ariana handed her the shoebox from under their arm and the receipt, which the clerk took. She looked at the shoes, the receipt, and then back at Ariana. Her eyes widened as something seemed to click in her mind. “Oh! I remember... you were here a few days ago. Wow... you look so different now.”

Ariana grinned and playfully lifted their hand up to scratch the back of their head, showing their thicker arm. **“Really? You think so?”**

“Y-yeah... you’re much... umm... hairier-I mean, bigger than before!”

“Hairier, furrier, and larger. All of that is right, cutie~” Ariana shivered gently, watching the employee get further flustered. They were loving this. It felt great to flirt.

“R-right! Anyways, while I take care of this return, do you want to go find a pair of shoes that fit better in the meantime? It may take a moment.”

Ariana chuckled, shaking their head. **“Nah. Shoes are overrated. Barefoot is surprisingly more comfortable, and I move much faster.”**

“Right right, whatever you say, sir... I’m probably being too formal and cold here.” She smiled awkwardly. “I shouldn’t keep calling you sir. Wh-what is your name?”

Ariana smirked. Now she was being rather forward. They liked that. **“My name is Ariana... I mean, my name is Arin. What’s yours?”**