

PHENOMENON ACOUSTICS COMPILATION #24

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Twilight Buffs

While it was true magic was a main driving force of Equestria, it was not the 'be all' solution to an anthropomorphic pony's problems. Things like handicraft and cooking skills were vital to the goings of daily life. One thing many a pony neglected was the importance of self care. The 'magic' of friendship often lead to many fun experiences at galas and parties, but it could not stave off the mounting calorie intake of a princess's poor inhibitions.

"Packing on the winter weight early, eh Twilight?"

Rainbow Dash had just finished her last set of squats with a hundred-twenty pound bar when she caught sight of Twilight Sparkle entering the gym. They tossed the weights back onto their hooks with a loud clank before the blue pegasus used it for a brace to catch her breath. It had been a strenuous workout today, having gone several reps over her usual routine. Toned muscles bulged through the spandex of her shorts and top glistening with sweat.

By stark contest the blushing purple alicorn walking in was bulging out of her work out uniform in a more 'doughy' fashion. Twilight Sparkle's hands went to her hips, trying not to gauge the way thick fat sagged her butt into jiggling thunder thighs. The soft stomach complemented them rolling out across the hem of her shorts showing off a deep belly button.

"It's not my fault Pinkie wanted to throw two parties right after Applejack's harvest celebration. I feel, and look, like I ate half a barn full of pies. Can you believe I tried three weight loss books already? I think they made me get even fatter. Oh, gosh! This is totally my last resort..."

Rainbow Dash's smile faltered, watching her friend try to squirm themselves smaller, as if all eyes of the gym were judging her. Quips would not cut it, so the pegasus opted to change tactics.

"Hey, don't sweat it! You forget you have a champion Wonderbolt for a friend." Rainbow Dash flexed an arm, pumping her bicep to a size that earned a few approving glances. It did not impress Twilight Sparkle in the same manner, but at least seemed to ease her anxieties. "I finished up for the day so I can be your spotter. Let me get a drink while you stretch out and we'll have that belly flattened out in no time."

"Thanks, Rainbow!" Twilight Sparkle's face reverted into her usual radiant smile. She was grateful, not for the first time, to have such caring friends. Although, to no one's surprise, her horn emitted its usual purple magic aura, and a book floated out of her gym bag. Rainbow Dash just caught the title of '101 Easy Steps to Gym Management' before the book flew open for Twilight Sparkle. "Let's see...stretches...stretches...ah! Am I supposed to start with touching my toes, or jumping jacks? They don't list an order."

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“W-whichever ones you feel like, Twi. You make your own order.” Rainbow Dash spun in a speed walk to the nearest drinking fountain. It took everything she had biting her lower lip not to erupt into laughter. Last thing she wanted to do was give her friend another indirect jab, but the ‘egghead’ side of Twilight Sparkle was unbearably adorable sometimes.

“Wow! Can you believe she’s trying to calculate the best calorie burn between push ups and lunges?”

“Ack! Bwppphhh!!” Having a presence appear literally from nowhere would have been startling enough. What made Rainbow Dash backwash into the fountain choking was the alarming familiarity in the person’s voice. It’s peppy dry wit tone always brought a sense of foreboding that the day was suddenly about to turn a lot less normal for everyone in the vicinity. “What in Celestia’s name are you doing here?!”

“Hi to you too, Rainbow Dash,” Discord said with a cheerful wave. The draconequus was more than used to such outlandish reactions to his poofing into existence. In fact, it was one of the many things he relished about being friends with Equestria’s favorite six ponies. “Is it uncommon for me to want to pay a visit to my wonderful pony friends? We hardly hang out, Rainbow Dash, and it looks like you just made plans too. My timing is so terrible, and I really need to burn some calories off my thighs.”

“Um...” Rainbow Dash’s wings fluttered uneasily as she regarded the odd fitting spandex shorts and top Discord wore on his lengthy body. “To be honest, you’re already skinner and more flexible than me.”

“Why thank you, Rainbow Dash!” Discord’s muzzle blushed from the indirect compliment. “But I was much rather hoping you could help me get into a better shape like yours.”

With a finger snap, Discord’s body became enveloped in a bright flash of light. When it cleared his entire body had become a physique of feminine strength; log thick legs leading to curvy hips and a firm set of jiggling D-cup breasts. If anyone had been paying close attention, they would have noted it was a body that perfectly mirrored Rainbow Dash’s muscular form, right down to the feathery pegasus wings.

“Like this!”

It was also a sight that almost shut off Rainbow Dash’s brain for several seconds. Her eyes blinked in one slow motion, being so grateful that when they opened again Discord was back to his usual long, noodle shape.

“I...could have lived the rest of my life without seeing that side of you.” She regained enough composure to remember she was thirsty. The water fountain made a great distraction until her

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stomach ached from the liquid intake. "Besides, getting in shape is a lot harder work than doing...whatever it is you do."

"Oh, I agree. All that routine; pumping weights, dieting, cardio. Poor Twilight has no idea what kind of long haul she's in for, is she?"

Rainbow Dash blinked, blushing that she had forgotten about her alicorn friend only yards away. She glanced in sync with Discord to see Twilight Sparkle had long since finished up her stretches. A bit of an amazing feat with how often the princess of friendship liked to over-analyze anything unfamiliar. Twilight Sparkle offered a cheerful wave back, looking as weary of Discord's presence as Rainbow Dash. The sight of sweat already glistening off her purple fur was not a good sign of the workout to come.

"You...might have a point, but if she wants to get fit, I'm happy to help." Rainbow Dash whipped her gaze to Discord so fast her namesake rainbow-colored mane hit her face. Jabbing the draconequus with an accusing finger, she added, "Please tell me you're not planning any shenanigans around this. She's self-conscious about this already and I don't know how I will lead her through measurements and body fat counts gracefully."

Discord's surprised gasp was so dramatically overplayed Rainbow Dash wished she had a stopwatch to time how long he took to inhale. "Dear Rainbow Dash, I am offended you would think so little of me. That I would come here just to ridicule friends for their efforts. What sort of psychotic embodiment of chaos do you take me for?"

"Exactly. Incidentally, why are you wearing roller skates?"

"So I can cheat on the treadmill," said Discord as he kicked off with his cloven goat hoof. The squeaking of wheels gently glided him across the matted floor to give a bemused Twilight Sparkle a hug. After a look of surprise to Rainbow Dash, the princess returned the gesture. "My dear Twilight Sparkle! How have you been? You look healthy as an ox!"

"Or big as one, at any rate," Twilight responded. Her forced giggles belied the weak attempt at humor. "I never took you for a gym member either, Discord."

"Well, like I was just telling Rainbow Dash here..." Discord draped an arm around the blue pegasus the moment she had walked up to their conversation. A hard shudder and stiffening of wings were clear signs of her disapproval at this contact, which went ignored. "...I don't hang out with all my other friends nearly enough. Poor Fluttershy really hogs up all my attention and I might get a bit too clingy about it. What brings you to the old sweat shop so randomly?"

"Heh, you're one to talk about random," Twilight Sparkle countered, but her smile dropped. "I'm planning a celebration with Pinkie for this year's spring gala and only got two months to fit back into my favorite dress."

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“Oh, is that all?” Discord waved his lion’s paw with a dismissive laugh. An act Rainbow Dash would have elbowed him for if he had not followed with, “You’re gorgeous as you are, princess. Don’t let any jealous ponies tell you otherwise.”

“O-oh, um, thanks Discord,” Twilight Sparkle said through a deep blush, but could not keep down a smile. “Still, I would like to trim down instead of making Rarity have to refit me. That would be such a bother during a busy season for her.”

“Not to worry. You got us to help you trim that waistline and bulk up some confidence.”

Twilight Sparkles pointed equine ears bent in sync to her quizzical stare. “Us?”

“US!?” Rainbow Dash parroted in a shrill cry of alarm. Catching the smug grin on Discord’s face, she coughed and forced a twitching smile. “Yes. Us. Let’s not stand around talking all day. A good start to burning belly fat is crunches. Let’s go over here, Twi.”

Ears perked back up with Twilight Sparkle’s elated nod. She looked as eager to leave this conversation as her friend. The foam padding muffled hoof steps on their way to the spot Rainbow Dash indicated.

Soon as the princess was a good distance away, Rainbow Dash whirled to face Discord with a warning glare that made him recoil. “Whatever you’re plotting, don’t! I already got this.”

“But, I could just...”

“No.”

Discord stared blankly at Rainbow Dash’s wings when she spun around to join Twilight Sparkle on the floor. The pegasus showed surprising restraint taking away the floating book to explain first hand what crunches were to her friend. Soon they were in the perfect position; Rainbow Dash holding down Twilight Sparkle’s hooves while they put hands behind their head.

Neither could see the grin on Discords face placed like that. With a wiggle from his bird hands little finger the draconeus skated off towards the treadmills to work on his cardio. Telling a professional in randomness not to spice up a normal day was like issuing a challenge. Seriously, his pony friends did not know him at all.

The dose of chaos magic that had fired from Discord’s pinkie was so subtle Twilight Sparkle remained oblivious to anything but a cold shudder that ran through her chubby shoulders. She passed it off as laying on top of some cold mats and then forgot it with Rainbow Dash’s urgings to begin the exercise.

It went against her competitive pegasus nature, but Rainbow Dash wanted to start small. In all the years they had known each other, she had never seen Twilight Sparkle be that much of a physical

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pony. Not to say she was lazy, just never really exerting herself for goals like weight loss before. Luckily Twilight Sparkle seemed to pick up the same vibes; wanting to see what the pair had to work with before setting hard routines. A simple set of reps would be perfect for that. Since the alicorn was mostly focused on the bulge of her stomach, there were few faster ways to burn that off.

The only thing was that it became faster than Rainbow Dash could have ever expected. She had started on a basic set; Twilight Sparkle would do ten crunches and then reduce by two after a minute break. Her friend took to this plan with gusto, but only for the first five seconds. Rainbow Dash could practically see the regret overtake Twilight Sparkle as she bent with her abdomen for the first time. The thick flesh of her middle compacted in on itself while plump breasts squished against her knees. A hefty breath escaped the alicorn's pressured lungs, and she nearly fell backward onto her wings heaving for fresh air.

Rainbow Dash's tail wagged happily watching her friends next attempt go a lot better. Things always got easier as muscles were worked out. Twilight Sparkle hit her knees without having to collapse back onto the mat.

Since her eyes were already on it, Rainbow Dash sensed something was off with Twilight Sparkle's midsection during her third crunch. The little pot belly was not crumpling together as drastically, while the alicorn's boobs squished a little harder against her knees.

There was no time to consider this as she had to keep a hold of Twilight Sparkle's legs while they worked. The fourth and fifth crunches went by only making Rainbow Dash's more confused. It was not until her friend had completed the entire ten reps that she finally got a clue. As Twilight Sparkle sprawled out catching her breath, it was clear the mound of fat around her belly button was a lot less pronounced.

Rainbow Dash's jaw dropped watching that purple stomach expand and shrink with her friends breathing. It was definitely smaller, perhaps losing a full inch off the waist. There was no mystery where that fat might have gone, either. Twilight Sparkle's breasts were looking rounder as they jiggled inside her stretched top.

"Discord!?" Rainbow Dash called whipping her gaze around the gym. There was only one obvious explanation if something weird showed up and a draconequus was around. Unfortunately, the stupid noodle was nowhere to be seen, making Rainbow Dash to wonder if she should call this workout off right here.

"Is something wrong?" Twilight Sparkle peered at her friend still clutching her knees. The fact she had a little more boob to look over did not seem to register to the alicorn. By now she had gotten used to just having to peer around fat in general. "Did Discord want to work out with us?"

"Uh...no. Nothing's wrong." Nothing she was sure of, Rainbow Dash thought to herself. Perhaps it was some morbid curiosity, fueled by the knowledge Discord at least liked Fluttershy enough not to

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cause her friends trouble, that she said, "I don't know where he poofed off to. We should probably just continue the set."

"Yeah, right?" Twilight shifted to get comfortable again, placing hands behind her head for more sit-ups.

Rainbow Dash could only bite her lip, watching whatever seeds of madness sewn into her friend slowly bore fruit. It was almost like watching some kind of mass pump at work; each crunch Twilight Sparkle did caused her stomach bulge to shrink and her breasts to swell. Soon it was mammaries bulging out the neckline of her top more than a stomach spilling over her shorts.

The next set of six sit-ups got even more extreme. What little fat remained around Twilight Sparkle's waist smoothed out. Skin even toned up a little, giving the princess a flat board smoother than she had ever known. But it was the absolute melons pressed together in her taut spandex top that drew attention. Having to admit the egghead suddenly grew bustier than her left Rainbow Dash flustered.

Ironically, the pegasus still had no idea just how far this was going. With the next four sit-ups there came a hard rush through Twilight Sparkle's torso. Thick fat had shrunk down only for muscles to blimp her figure back up. When her ample tits spilled between the spaces of her knees Rainbow Dash could see past them to Twilight Sparkle's stomach giving its own hard flex. Fur rippled in its shimmering sweat before rising out with many firm ridges. She rolled back, inadvertently showing off many more rising muscles under her ribcage and around her waist. The princess had literally done in one crunch what Rainbow Dash took years to reach.

Things only continued to swell with each subsequent sit-up. Skin pulled tighter with the rising of bricks arranged in two rows of three around Twilight Sparkle's belly button. Even more side platings of deep muscle rose under her inflating breasts and filled out her waist. Instead of getting tired Rainbow Dash noticed her friend doing each crunch faster and harder, nearly kicking her legs out from under the pegasus.

Twilight Sparkle did not even break before going right into the last two sit-ups. She completed the entire set with a cheerful cry of triumph. Unfortunately, the force of the last crunch paired with breasts big as party balloons hit Rainbow Dash right in the chin, knocking her onto her own toned buttocks with a surprised yelp.

"Oh...my gosh. Are you okay Rainbow Dash?" Twilight Sparkle rolled onto her feet, knees wobbling from the strain of never being so tightly worked. That could not stop her from shuffling over to offer a hand up. "I'm sorry. I don't know why that...happened? Is something...off about my...I mean..."

Rainbow Dash looked up with a slight drop of blood escaping her nostrils. It was clear what had thrown her princess friend off, since she was getting a gorgeous view of them from down on the floor too. Standing up only seemed to have made Twilight Sparkle's breasts grow even bigger. At least half

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their pliable mass was trying to spill out of her top, with enlarged areolas clearly outlined in the tight fabric.

To their credit, the concerned ponies coped with this turn of events fairly well. Rainbow Dash still took the offered hand and Twilight Sparkle blinked, finding it surprisingly easy to pull her friend up. Turning, the alicorn walked dumbfounded to the many mirrors along the gym's wall. Her reflected figure back barely made any sense; Hips and legs still sagged with the fats of excessive binging, flesh wobbled along the arms with their motions, but everything between neck and waist looked chiseled by raw magic. Seeing the complete wall of muscles that made up her stomach, she absently ran both hands around her belly button, leading them gradually up to cup her breasts.

A slight smile crossed Twilight Sparkle's face as she twisted to admire her profile. She was not as big as Pinkie Pie but they were some impressive milk balloons. Remembering where they were quickly soured her mood, and the princess turned back to Rainbow Dash.

"Discord?"

"Discord."

"Well, he said he wanted to help me," Twilight said, sheepishly trying to lick the dryness off her muzzle lips. A glance over her shoulder back at the mirror left her impressed how many muscles the back had improved. "This is...kind of cool."

"Yeah, I can't believe how extreme he gets with...wait, what?"

"I know, right? I can't believe it either." Twilight giggled, trying to mimic some of Rainbow Dash's most common flexes. There was only a slight swell out of her biceps, but she loved how posing made her abs wiggle. "Is this seriously how I can look if I work out like you?"

"Well...kinda?" Rainbow Dash rubbed her arm sheepishly. Normally when something went 'off plan' to this extreme her friend was a fidgeting mess of unstable nerves. To see Twilight Sparkle excited about ballooning into a G-cup was almost scarier. "I mean, those chest-balloons might be Discord's little idea of a fetish, but if you eat and pump enough iron, any pony can get pretty darn swoll."

Twilight Sparkle clasped her hands together in a joyous gasp, accidentally pressing her boobs together with the elbows. "That's a fantastic idea, Rainbow Dash! If I do more work outs, maybe the rest of me will 'pump' into shape. Can we do the weight bars next? Or is it more efficient to burn calories on the lower body? Ugh! Where'd my book go?"

"Well, I...if you want to keep going, I guess? I'm surprised you're not freaking out about this."

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“Oh? I am absolutely terrified but I think all this torso muscle is filling me with more energy than I know what to do with. Besides, I always wondered if I’d look as cool as you or Applejack all physically fit.”

“Gee, thanks,” Rainbow Dash felt her muzzle burning hot to still be cool with someone sporting a bigger set of abs than her. “Some leg curls might help even out those udders of yours...”

“Perfect!” Twilight Sparkle was off in a gust of wind generated by her elegant wings. Thank Celestia there were several of the weight machines open, or she might have bulldozed a poor pony off one. Her butt was bouncing excitedly in the seat waiting for Rainbow Dash to follow over. “So how’s this work, huh? There some kind of special gizmo I pull?”

“No, you just put your legs behind this bar in front and lift them up in front of you.” Rainbow Dash’s eyes narrowed watching Twilight Sparkle do exactly as instructed, nearly falling off her seat with the loose flailing of metal joints. “It helps more if you let me put weights on first, Twi.”

“Sorry...”

Rainbow Dash shook her head, moving to grab some metal discs off the rack. The logical thought was to start small as per usual training sessions, only for her to remember Discord was somewhere in the gym goofing things up. A fifty-pound weight seemed more appropriate, with the feeling she would come back for something heavier real soon.

Twilight Sparkle’s eyes grew wide at the heavyweight her friend carried, yet lodged no complaints. She must have had the same notions as Rainbow Dash slid it into place; either something embarrassing or amazing was about to happen to the princess of friendship. It set butterflies in a panic behind her fit stomach just thinking about it. Gripping the machine’s side handles tight in her delicate palms, Twilight Sparkle waited for Rainbow Dash to give an affirming nod, took a deep breath, and heaved with both legs.

Holy Luna’s moons, fifty pounds was a lot heavier than the big iron disc made it look. The breath Twilight Sparkle was holding came out a deflating squeal as thighs burned. Their extreme effort to flex sent her shins wiggling violently before the machine’s joint curled a few inches forward. That was the extent of their reach before the strain overcame Twilight Sparkle. The metal joint fell back into a sitting position with a loud clang as her legs gave out.

Even with that small advancement Rainbow Dash could tell a lot had just changed. Her eyes had been staring intently at her friend’s legs more than any sane pony should have been, watching flesh shift like soft pond ripples under purple fur and spandex. No doubt the alicorn’s meat was filling out while fat melted off or moved to some other fitting storage under the tail.

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This proved true with Twilight's Second attempt at a curl. A hard flex lifted the disc halfway up and as she continued to strain inched its way steadily higher. Her legs boiled faster than water, almost giving Rainbow Dash the impression the limbs might explode.

"Ah ha!" Fortunately Twilight accomplished her first curl without that being the case. Eyes beamed as she let out a triumphant cry, seeing the hooves of her legs extend out beyond the canyon of her new cleavage. They hovered in the air for a few seconds until gravity's pull on the weight forced her to lower them again. "Wahha!? M-my butt!?"

There had hardly been a need to call attention to it. Rainbow Dash's jaw dropped along with a few other curious bystanders watching what might as well have been a bicycle pump in action. As Twilight Sparkle dropped the weights, a huge influx of fat shifted into her backside, bloating it against the seat while lifting her slightly higher.

"Y-your butt!!" Rainbow Dash repeated in her stupefied amazement. She watched Twilight Sparkle reach back to squish and knead her engorged flesh pensively. The damn rear had not just gotten bigger, but firmer too. All that lazy sag had vanished under the support of strengthening glutes, allowing them to squish teasingly on the padded seat they rested on.

A glint crossed Twilight Sparkle's eye that filled her pegasus friend with a sense of foreboding. Without prompting Twilight Sparkle grabbed the handles and curled for all she was worth. The rings of metal clanging together soon drew the attention of every pony in the gym. Twilight Sparkle's horn suddenly emitted its purple magic glow and Rainbow Dash had to duck to avoid a concussion by two hundred-pound weights floating through the air.

There was not even a pause in her curls as Twilight Sparkle magically applied the new weights to her machine. This had evolved into a workout beyond any scope Rainbow Dash could have possibly dreamed of. With each flex the bar lifted with ease, causing the alicorn's body to pulse. Every muscle in her body from ear to hoof swelled and contracted, becoming a bit bigger. Abs continued to lift out under the fine fur of her stomach while biceps and thighs boiled over with ridges of raw strength.

By contrast, when Twilight Sparkle relaxed her legs into position, her breasts and butt would billow out a few more inches. Fat just seemed to magic itself out of nowhere around her once pudgy frame. Small rips formed under the strain of her spreading hips and tightly packed boobs. It will crush poor Rarity the 'super elastic that fits anypony' work-out clothes she designed the princess would fail at its very purpose.

"Hey? Uh, Twilight?" Rainbow raised a hand, only to recoil it when Twilight Sparkle's face jerked at an odd angle to regard her, legs left outstretched with muscles dense enough to buck over trees. The rush of exercise left a very disturbing smile painted across the alicorn's muzzle. "Maybe you should take a breather now? You know, before you crush the gym?"

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“W-what?” It was only when Rainbow Dash mentioned it that Twilight Sparkle blinked out of her adrenaline rush. Suddenly it was a big shock to realize she was looking down at her pegasus friend.

Way down.

“Oh, my Celestia. I’m...HUGE!” Twilight Sparkle dropped the weighted leg rest, inadvertently causing one more growth spurt that rent her uniform to pieces in an explosion of thick curves. Thighs like boulders shook as she levied herself from the machine, struggling to adjust for so much additional mass. Ears twitched as they brushed against the ceiling thanks to Twilight Sparkle nearly standing twelve feet tall over every pony present. The jutting shelf of her beach ball bosoms even cast an envious shadow over Rainbow Dash.

Before the pegasus could say anything with her conflicted emotions, there came a flash behind her and suddenly a hard weight pressed against the back of her head. Discord had suddenly reappeared in a heavy sweat, despite apparently not having done any work routines. Rainbow Dash’s head was making a great resting spot for his crossed arms, with his head nested atop those as he observed the looming transformed princess.

“That’s one way to put it. Honestly, I would have gone with ‘gargantuan’ or ‘drop dead sexy,’ but I worry that would sound weird coming from a different species.”

Rainbow Dash flailed in her anger, missing Discord but at least getting his sweating chest off her head. “What in Equestria’s sake are you doing to her!?”

Discord held his lion and eagle hands up defensively but never lost his grin. “Hey now! I said I would help bulk her up with confidence. What kind of friend would I be if I was lying?”

“And did you have to take that expression literally?”

“...was there another way I could have taken it?”

Twilight Sparkle was less interested in the argument Rainbow Dash was starting and more how her bicep twitched and inflated with her various flexes. “I kind of like it.”

“Really!?” the pair of anthro’s looked up at their giant friend almost in unison.

“The heck you talking about, Twi?” Rainbow Dash added.

“I dunno, it’s just...this.” Twilight Sparkle began striking poses, much to the approving murr murr of the gathered crowd. Even Rainbow Dash got a bit flustered with each twist and swell of the alicorn’s mountains of muscles. The wiggling of that plump purple butt and tits did not help either. “I think I can kind of see Discords point. If this is what I can look like with magic, then who knows what a year of hard work with you can do to me. The books don’t even try to describe how liberating this feels.”

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Well, the hulked alicorn was happy. It was hard to stay angry with that cute face admiring every hard bump and soft furry surface of their body. Rainbow Dash swallowed the lump in her throat before giving a defeatist shrug. "If you say so. Although, I've never considered a princess to be so big and beefy in the story books."

"You got that right, Dashy!" Discord nearly knocked Rainbow Dash over with a surprise friendly elbowing. "Can I call you, Dashy?"

"Hell no."

"Wonderful! Our dear Twilight Sparkle is way too amazing to be a mere princess. I'd call her the titan of friendship."

"Ugh!" Twilight Sparkle fidgeted in place, bringing both hands to cover her blushing face. "Discord stop! You will risk giving me an ego at this rate. I'm just...I'm..."

It was at that moment the air conditioners in the gym kicked on, sending a cold gust of wind across Twilight Sparkles fur. She gave a hard shudder about to complain how cold they were when the tingling brought something more horrifying to her attention. Hands slowly roamed down, brushing along the fur of her mountainous mammaries before finding the enlarged areolas capping them. She gave both tits a few timid squeezes, biting her lower lip with a deepening blush.

"I'm naked!? Oh...oh sweet Celestia! Everyone can see my...I got to find Rarity and...or Spike could...I'll be right back!!"

The crowd parted in a panic from Twilight Sparkles thundering hoof steps. Every pony was suddenly grateful they had built this place with wide double doors. Granted the princess still had to get on her knees to squish her thick bulky frame through them. Everyone got a nice view of her exposed butt before hips gave a loud pop out into Ponyville's open roads. Without the padding of foam mats, her steps gained even more strength as their steady booms faded into the distance.

"So..." Rainbow Dash turned to a smiling Discord while the rest of the gym regulars gossiped about this spontaneous turn of events. "She will turn back, right?"

"Oh, pffft!" Discord waved his lion's paw with a dismissive laugh. "It would have defeated the point of the lesson to keep her that way, but you got to admit I filled her with confidence."

"Among other things," Rainbow Dash agreed with a small laugh. She glanced back and forth as if suddenly afraid of being overheard. A strange paranoia confirmed when she leaned in closer to whisper, "Don't suppose I can apologize and ask you for a favor?"

"Ooooh?" Discord raised an eyebrow. Now it was his turn to get his curiosity peaked. "There was no harm done, Dashy, so don't sweat it. What would you like my help with?"

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Rainbow Dash's face slowly turned a lovely shade of violet, her eyes averted from Discord's to the ground as she muttered, "Could you, uh, make me bulk up like that for the spring gala?"

Max's Surprise Package

There had been some hard days in the household, but this time really took the cake. Never had such a blatant act of betrayal passed without facing justice. It just spat in the face of common decency before grinding a heel into everything noble people stand for.

“For fuck's sake, I'll buy you more mountain dew while I'm out,” Kameko said with a roll of her eyes. Her head also rolled back, finishing the last gulps of sweet fluid before crushing the green can with one hand. Without even looking, they tossed it several yards across the kitchen for a perfect landing inside a wastebin. “You get way too fussy about this stuff.”

“How does buying more later help my thirst now?” Max countered, having watched the perfect toss with uninspired anger. Striped tiger tail thrashed wildly high in the air with fur almost permanently stuck standing on ends. “Taking the last of my stuff is just rude.”

“So is using my shampoo, but you don't hear me crying like a girl.” Kameko twisted to wag her many, much thicker, tails back at her tiger roommate. “Do I even need to show you the receipts for my conditioner?”

“They don't sell that stuff magically enchanted at Wal-Mart, you know.” Max ran a hand through his shaggy brown hair, blushing over its silky fresh texture. “I like the smell too.”

“Just be careful how much you take. I might enchant the next batch with some growth hormones to go with the vitamins and lilacs.” Kameko busted into full laughs at the blush crossing Max's feline muzzle. Tail's became a writhing mass of happy snakes as she skipped past to the hall closet. Max leaned out from the counter to peek at her putting on a coat and shoes. “Seriously though, I got a date to meet. I promise I'll come back with more caffeine sludge tonight.”

“Better be a twenty-four pack this time.”

“Yeah, whatever, nerd! Have some of my tea if you're desperate.” Kameko blew him a raspberry before closing the door behind her. Magic allowed her to apply the locks without a need for keys.

Max remained sitting at the kitchen counter, wishing he had the chance to point out she never drank her own tea. It was probably the biggest commodity in their house, since the kitsune liked to snatch whatever he brought home instead. Maybe it was something to do with her nature, but that hardly excused regular theft. What was he supposed to do with his day? Drink water like some common peasant?

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Ugh, tea sounded like a kingly alternative to such bland refreshment. Max pushed off the stool in a silent landing on his feet's paw pads. Like a perfect feline, they made barely a sound in his slow walk around the kitchen. He did not know which shelf Kameko had even stuffed her teas, and odds were good neither did the kitsune.

DING DING!

"Nya!?" Max barely missed hitting his head on the sink, having to resort to out-of-place areas in his search. Curiosity perked his ears as Kameko would not need to use doorbells if she had returned early.

Straightening out the crease in his t-shirt, Max rushed to the door. Patiently waiting for him on the doormat turned out to be another feline. Granted, this one seemed to have a loose concept of professional work presentation. She wore a khaki uniform suggesting UPS employment, but the top was hand tied in a knot that drew her average bust together in revealing deep cleavage. The hem lifted so high it showed off the bright pink fur of her belly and white furry sides. Her shorts were even worse with the legs removed to become a tight bikini around her soft hips.

"Good morning, sir!" she said with clear amusement for the tigers slack-jawed surprise. Shame the slight scratch to her voice ruined a lot of her adorably sexy appearance. No sooner had Max collected his wits, and his chin, from the floor, then she shoved a digital pad in his face. "Sign here, please."

"R-right!" It was only then Max noticed she had a small box pinched between her thighs to draw more attention to the lewd shorts. He signed with slightly more legible handwriting than normal before passing it back. A nametag caught his gaze above the pink cleavage identifying this questionable employee as 'Sorsha.'

Silence fell across the porch. Max stared into the smaller felines youthful face with ears slowly folding back. Just as he worked up the nerve to ask a question, she responded by thrusting her hips forward. The box pinched between her legs jostled with the violent motion, almost slipping free.

"Well? Don't be shy, just grab my package, and maybe take your box too."

"Seriously?" Max grumbled, but Sorsha was too busy laughing at her own brand of humor. Somehow he kept his hands steady while pulling the package out of her grasp.

Surprisingly, there was no attempt to tackle the tiger or some other perverse act against him. Unless you counted when Sorsha turned so he could see her pull up the shorts riding into her butt crack. It was kind of interesting how the pink fur on her inner glutes formed a heart. "I always take my work seriously, sir. Have a fun day."

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"Sure...?" Max watched her tip a non-existent hat on her green hair before turning back to the delivery truck nearby. Not wanting to take part in this weirdness any longer, he shut the door in a hurried flicking of locks.

The box had the right address on it, but lacked a recipient name. A few light shakes rocked his paws with the shifting of a heavyweight inside. Most likely something for Kameko. Max had ordered nothing online lately, nor were his friends the type to send spontaneous gifts without notice.

That hardly stopped him from taking some scissors to the boxing tape. He needed something to do while waiting for the tea to brew. Stupid beverages are such a pain to make when not already in cans.

"Huh. Cool." Max dug his fingertips through the foam peanuts inside, letting his finger pads trace over something solid yet smooth.

The small statue he pulled out definitely fit Kameko's collective habits. Kitchen lights reflected off the polished, hand carved jade onto the walls in a decorative coloration. Someone had designed it into a perfectly shaped figure of a humanoid woman, but it lacked distinguishing features. Limbs only ended in stumps and lacked a head or tail.

What really had Max's tail curling was the statue's proportions. The thing was only about ten inches long, but its breasts and hips spread almost the same in width. No wonder it felt so heavy in his paws with that much solid mass. He could not help chuckling, trying to picture a real girl so hourglass shaped. Every attempt to get through doors would probably be a struggle.

"Ow!" Static pinched at Max's fingers, causing the statue to slip onto the kitchen counter with a hard thud. Several cracks splitting the surface proved it to be real jade, at least. The landlord might not find it impressive, though.

Max pushed that aside to look at his hands. A few finger flicks showed no signs of serious injury, just a light ache along his knuckles. He did not know stone could conduct static, much less give such powerful shocks. Now it seemed more like a good idea to let Kameko deal with it later.

Leaving the statue where it had damaged their counter, Max moved back to the coffeemaker to get the hot water it had been 'brewing' for his tea. Suddenly the bitter aroma of crushed flowers from an open box did not interest him anymore. Not with the lines of his stomach vibrating with a low growl. Good lord, had he become hungry suddenly.

Shame there was a reason Kameko was doing the grocery run today. When Max flew open both freezer and fridge doors, his tail hit the floor in a rush of despair. Between the two middle-aged nerds, they had several partially filled condiment bottles and a pack of expired hotdogs to their name.

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Devouring the latter did absolutely nothing to satiate Max's hunger either. He already knew there was no chance of waiting until nightfall for Kameko to return with food. The only option was to bite the bullet and enter civilized society for a quick run.

Or maybe a light stroll would be better. Max had to wedge his way through six pairs of pants before finding one that would not squeeze his pelvis. Ironically, it was the same pair Kameko's sister had gotten as a Christmas 'gift' a few years back. The tiger had ended up collateral damage during one of the kitsune twins ongoing prank war, resulting in his gaining fifty extra pounds until the new year rolled over. Their skittish giggles at his expense had been better than waddling around the house in nothing.

Thankfully, this was nothing so extreme, but the tiger wondered if his hips felt a little more full in his palms. Served him right for binging a whole week of new game releases and UberEATS promotions. The true price some people have to pay for a livestreaming career.

Finally, in a decent assortment of shirt and jeans, Max slipped into his sneakers. There were stores only a few blocks away so he could easily walk there before any online deliveries made it to his doormat. Which was good since his stomach began roaring by the time he got into Safeway.

The smell of slightly overcooked food probably past their life left Max barely getting a cart before bolting into the deli.

"How can I help..."

"Ham!" The tiger barked, making the young beaver girl running the counter jump. "Two pounds!"

The girl forced a smile behind her pronounced front teeth as she reluctantly collected the meat demanded of her. Drool trickled off Max's chin, never taking blue eyes off the processed lunch meat. It probably took everything he had just to hold out long enough for her to finish before snatching the bag out of her grasp. Claws easily tore through the plastic so he could promptly shovel the salty meat slices into his mouth. A task slightly more difficult as his jaws seemed to shrink smaller, gaining a more rounded edge.

"Thank you!" he said, letting out a burp. The empty bag fluttered into his cart while ham settled pleasantly into his belly.

But that was not near enough to satisfy this tigers problem. Max turned away from the frightened beaver to place two roaster chickens and a rack of ribs onto his cart. One of those he popped open into the child support seat to snack on while aimlessly hunting through each aisle.

More food was finding its way into Max's mouth than his cart. Ignoring the concerned stares of employees and patrons alike, the tiger showed no remorse finishing a whole chicken and busting

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open a bag of dinner rolls. Yet this never seemed to influence his stomach. Eight doughnuts in a row left him neither feeling nor looking full. He seemed stuck in a torturous state of perpetual hunger.

If anything, Max's midsection became thinner as he went; collapsing into an inward curve that brought attention to his bouncing hips. Luckily, they were one of many other areas happily accepting the mass he so greedily consumed. With each swallow, the ruffles of his baggy jeans smoothed out. Hips crept inch by inch into a wider span, hoisting up a rear that pulled the seat of their jeans tight.

As he rounded one corner, the tiger almost tripped with how hard his legs were pushing together. The girth of his thighs became so much he had to widen his walking stance, adding more bounce to his expanding rear. Even the striped tail whipping through the air to his steps gained a lot more fluff.

"Sweet!" he purred while tearing open a pack of Oreos. The joy of chomping down cookies to further fatten his lower body was too good to notice the higher pitch of his voice.

He did notice how destroying a whole batch of cookies left a harsh effect on his throat. Without regard for the display of hand warmers his left hip knocked over in a hard sway, Max made a beeline for the dairy section. There was only a slight pause in finding the whole fat milk before he was knocking back a gallon jug.

The effect of the tigers illegal binge witnessed by a lucky few was nothing short of seeing a balloon under a water faucet. Technically, it was two balloons. With each loud chug of creamy lactose, Max's pecs rose under the cheap shirt, becoming soft mounds that strained the fabric. They became impressively bloated before another shifting caused them to fall as hanging sacs of fat.

If Max even noticed the heavy melons compacted under his shirt, there was no sign of caring. He ripped open another jug intent on drinking it faster than the first. Streams of milk leaked down plumping cheeks to rain across the swelling shelf of his chest. The mounds gained a distinct roundness to them as they expanded, soon squishing together in a very pliable mess in the struggle to find room. By the time Max finished, his shirt had been so stretched, the hem lifted well above an exposed, heavily curved, midriff. The underside of two massively thick breasts squeezed under the tight band trying to escape. When he bent to deposit the empty jugs in his cart, everyone got another impressive view of his furry glutes rising out of his jeans.

"Will that be...everything, Sir?...ma'am? Will that be everything?" The cashier, an elderly bear man, could only keep a blank face watching Max dump empty packaging on his conveyor belt.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine," Max said, brushing stray locks of brown hair from his elegant feline face. He was too busy wondering if he needed a haircut to notice the mistaken gendering.

It was understandable. All the onlookers saw was someone with hips so fat they threatened to leave Max wedged in the tight check-out space. When more of his sloshing breasts slipped out from under his shirt, their combined mass almost broke the credit card machine off its steel arm. Despite

that, and her alluring sultry voice, there was the obvious bulge of a man's junk poking out of the broken pants zipper.

No one wanted to say anything as Max paid for his devoured feast and made off with what scraps of food remained. It was nice to feel full. Slimmer hands rubbed their suddenly manicured claws along his soft belly fluff, enjoying the breeze of fall through the bare fur and flowing brown hair. More than once cars would slow to give him honks and catcalls, but a simple bird flipping made them easy to ignore.

"Hnngh! What the frick?" Getting back into the house was a lot more difficult. Max tried to pass through the front door only for his hips to rebound off its frame. Two more failed tries forced him to shuffle in sideways. It still scraped at his chest and ass as they squeezed against the wooden edges. "Fucking cheap doors..."

Rubbing the irritated fur on his butt, Max bounced his way into the kitchen. Once the food that would encompass dinner was put away, his thoughts returned to his true aim for the day; wasting away on video games.

What to play suddenly became a very loaded question. That walk had not done the tiger any favors except fill him with a lot of energy and left him horny to boot. It took a lot of effort to resist rubbing his tender chest long after the scraps passed.

Oh, there was that one game Kameko got on the Steam summer sale. It was some third-party developed beat dancing game with very...detailed physics. Max remembered how the kitsune had streamed a bit to show off how both male and female dancers seemed to smuggle cantaloupes in their spandex. A stirring in his own underwear helped decide that would be a great way to burn off steam.

Good lord, the bouncing characters looked even more real directly from the headset. Max could almost feel the sloshing boobs smacking into his chest while trying to mimic their motions. He frequently missed the leg placement of his steps, but that did not matter as long as the great show kept dancing with him. There was an exceptionally risqué ending when the skunk model he had picked bent over to present her rear in a victory pose.

Needless to say that Max went into the second song with an insane boner straining his pants. And yet, it was not as exciting as he expected. Sure the dancing skunk was another hot babe, he just could not put a finger on why his excitement did not climb with her performance. Horniness hit some plateau, which was its own kind of torture. Maybe slower song with a random avatar might work the tigers mojo again.

Boy, did it ever. Max took his stance, trying to ignore the ache of his member being rubbed by tight underwear. A few seconds of black silence loaded up the stage, and then the huge buff mouse man materialized to begin the programmed routine. This was definitely a Kameko avatar snuck in

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while he was at work, right down to the swaying bulge of manliness in the digitized anthro's red speedo.

And yet, that was all Max could focus on. The tiger barely lasted thirty seconds watching a mountain of rodent muscle do pelvic thrusts that had to have been modded. Pants creaked under another rush of growth in his ass until one hard step caused them to split down the center. Exposed briefs looked like a bikini tightly eaten between the snowy fur of jiggling glutes.

What remained of Max's pants fell to catch a round stripped thunder thighs. The result was a startled yowl and sharp trip face first into the carpet. Luckily none of the gear got broken. The same could not be said of the tigers libido.

"Nuts to this!" he declared as he set the VR gear aside without bothering to shut them down. Clothes were removed in a less gentle fashion. His shirt had gotten so tight that letting beach balls of white fur bounce free was a wonderful sense of relief. Torn pants and underwear flew across the room onto a couch, both stained in various amounts of pre. "I... I need to cool off."

One hand was already grinding the length of his throbbing red shaft before Max even made it into the shower. He did not even know how tight the tension was until cold water rained across his expansive mammaries. Hot water quickly spurted out to help warm his fur, but by then it took a lot to convince him to lather.

Shampooing took longer than expected, giving most of Max's hair had grown down to the swell of his enormous backside. That also was where he decided to apply soap first. One hand on each glute rubbed the squishy flesh in circular motions that pressed them together. It made his striped tail shudder, wondering if that had always been such a sensitive area.

Chest came next, requiring even more work with how the plush mounds hung down to his belly button. Max felt like he was shifting through trash bags full of flour with how they poured over his palms and bulged through fingers. Having areolas bigger than said palms was also tricky to clean. Just touching them caused his tight balls to fire another spurt of pre into the shower spray.

Max was at his limit and both hands slicked their way back between his enormous thighs. Closing eyes tight, Max leaned against the tile wall picturing the same mouse hunk smothering him with their muscles. Water from the shower head became drool left over by gentle tongue licks across his neck and breasts. Hands became large and powerful, wanting to feel everything the tiger had to offer. One applied liberal amounts of suds to his tightened balls while the other teased fingertips around his members tip.

The time between breaths decreased while the feline groans exhaled increased in pitch. He did not need to work hard before rising tension seized up the muscles inside his pelvis. With one deep breath, his head rocked back in a yowl of orgasmic relief. Droplets of water poured across the tigers exposed neck, melting the subtle bump of his Adam's Apple away.

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Knees quivered before giving out entirely, forcing Max to slide down into a sitting position near the drain. By then she was too lost in orgasm to care. One hand brushed bangs out of her face while the other continued to rub at her dick, trying to prolong the flood of euphoria pulsing inside her.

Unfortunately, as the afterglow fizzled out, Max came to the realization there was no dick in her hand to rub. Fingers opened up, patting around between her legs with no sign of her manhood. Only thing that came close was a small fleshy nub with very sensitive nerves. Giving that a few curious rubs caused the vertical lips beneath it to quiver, making the tunnel deep inside Max secrete a sticky fluid of a feminine kind.

"What the fuck?" Max sputtered and then clasped at her slender throat. "What the fuck? I sound like a girl!"

"That's absolutely right!"

Before Max could ask about the disembodied voice echoing in his bathroom, a bright flash of light made the owner's presence known. When the tigress's eyes had cleared, a white vixen now stood over her inside the shower. Her white fur was decorated in winding trails of pink ceremonial markings. Both breasts and hips bounced gently to her slightest movement, covered only in small drapes of leather squares for modesty.

"I am Venus, goddess of fertility," she declared all smiles for the confused feline. It seemed legit, considering the ample mass of her appearance. Not to mention that despite materializing directly under the showerhead, not a drop seemed to touch her fur. Rather, it was drizzling down behind her as if smacking a wall. "I must admit I was concerned when you accepted my offering statue, but now your faith will truly be rewarded."

"I...I'm sorry? My faith!?" Max grappled with the guardrail to stand on still sexually weakened legs. "I didn't do anything to desire literal boobs and pussy."

"Sure you did! The desire has been growing within you ever since you got home. And now that you willingly expelled your male essence in offering, I am all too happy to bless you with the most potent fertility." Venus' eyes dropped slightly, causing both her and Max to blush. Even for a goddess body Max still had twice the level of thickness on her curves. "Maybe I went a little overboard in my excitement...Oh well, you'll bare many fine, strong cubs like this."

"I'm sorry, no!" Max snapped with tail raised. Seeing the recoil of surprise on Venus' face made her quickly drop the aggressive tone. "N-no, thank you, Lord... lady goddess? You were probably meant to bless my roommate, Kameko. I'd much rather stay a guy."

"You don't want...but I spent so much power on you."

Living with a kitsune for years had taught Max a lot of things about the nature of foxes. When their feelings got hurt, they would make this flat-eared tail hugging motion capable of killing a man with adorableness. But Max had built an immunity to this after years of even worse transformations than maidenhood. The goddess needed to try something way cuter to make her back down from this.

"I'm sorry, but could you change me back now?" it took all Max had to sound sincere while keeping finality in her request. "Making babies does not sound like fun, especially in this crazy season."

Venus released her tail, adorable washing off her scowling face. It was not Max's imagination that the bathroom lights got dimmer. "You dare refuse a gift from a god? That is the highest level of offense a mortal could inflict."

Maybe it was the sexual frustrations of her changes, or the lackluster release from the transformation that annoyed Max. Either way, she could never figure out what compelled her to throw both hands up with a replay of, "Then paint me awful and still make me a man again. I don't care."

"How dare you!" Venus lurched towards Max, causing the tigress to press against the wall in fear. Instead of going for the throat as expected, her snowy hands pushed under Max's breasts on either side of her belly button. "If you will not accept my favor as a gift, then take my wrath as punishment for your insolence!"

"H-hey, don't be hastiiiiieeEEEEEEEE!!"

A crackle of sparks traveled from Venus into Max's belly. The tigress gave out several alarmed mews, writhing under the energy flooding her center. It only lasted a few seconds but left her gasping for breath, insides bubbling tight like she had just eaten a buffet.

"W-wait..." Max tried to say, but Venus was done with them. Another flash brought the rooms light back to normal. Shower head resumed its water assault on the tigress without a goddess to stand between them. "W-what did you do...uuuughh!! OH!?"

Max doubled over, hugging at her stomach. She gave a startled gasp when the flesh underneath quivered back. All at once the pressure inside her mounted until it could take no more. The flat sheet of white fur gurgled and bulged against her palms. Within seconds she had a prominent bump that seemed a little off to just be pudge.

"Ah! Ah! Oh no!" Slim paw hands continued rubbing and pushing, but could not halt the stomachs rapid expansion. Max turned to her side, catching her profile in the tiny vanity mirror. Watching her middle continue to push outward gaining an increasingly defined round shape eventually reminded her this was a goddess of fertility. "No, no no! Please, I said I was sorry."

Max stumbled her way out of the shower, finding it hard to keep balance. Her hips had resumed growing under the weighted pressure piling on top of them. Every second drastically changed her center of gravity.

Finally, making it to the sink mirror confirmed what Max had already feared. Hands came to rest under the swell of her stomach already passed its first trimester. She continued to watch and feel it swell with each passing second. Its top rose to the point it parted her breasts, so their doughy mass flowed off either side. A strange popping sensation made her jump and then groan as trickles of milk leaked from her bloated nipples.

“Nnggh!!” Another pop toppled Max forward over the bathroom counter. She felt a flutter of movement that caused her belly button to snap into an outie. Knuckles turned white, gripping the counter when another fluttering of movement made her ass bounce in a final surge of fat. Yet another hard kick against her taut skin had her gasping for breath when the white sphere inflated to press at the wood between her hands. “H-how many kids did she freaking give me!?”

Max took a few careful steps back, trying to adjust the heavy load her body carried in all the best places. One look in the mirror was all she needed to sigh in defeat. Any semblance of a thin female figure was gone. Breasts had firmed up into tight bags of milk, with excess continuing to leak across a medicine ball of white fur loaded with kits. Her butt jutted out with so much fat it could hold a few drinks. The hips and thighs accompanying them only needed one look to tell squeezing them through the door would be an effort of epic proportions.

A sharp ring made Max jump so hard that both tits slapped her face. Quickly recovering, the tigress mom scrambled her mass through the door frame back into the kitchen where her phone rested.

“H-hello?” she said after a moment’s hesitation. The voice was still a bit jarring to hear, but Max had a few friends that were not already aware of his occasional gender shifts.

Except whoever was calling did not answer right away. There was soft breathing before a Japanese heavy accent offered a “M-Maxie?”

“Keata!?” Max said, truly surprised. It was not like Kameko’s sister to call his phone directly. “W-what’s up?”

A short laugh from the other end made Max’s ears burn. “I could ask the same thing. You sound like a...I take it my package ended up arriving at a bad time?”

To the tigresses credit, she only needed ten seconds to put the pieces together. “That was your goddess idol? What the hell?”

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"Yeeeeeah. Kameko was trying to make fun of my bust size last week, so I wanted to prank her with a bit of motherly love. Why on earth were you playing with the idol?"

"I wasn't playing! It didn't even have a name on the address."

"Oh, I didn't know people just open up random packages they weren't expecting."

"...then how did you expect Kameko to open it?"

"Point being, sorry you ended up in the crossfire....again. How about I swing by and we go shopping for your new body?"

"I..." Max really wanted to chew the damn three-tail out for another stupid kitsune prank. Unfortunately, a series of hard belly kicks reminded her that not even sweat pants would be functional until some tenants left the womb. "That would be appreciated. I don't think any of us keep maternity dresses around the house."

"Maternity dresses? Why would you...Maaaaaax? What did you say to the goddess when she appeared?"

It was hard to take a long, dejected breath with several fussy babies pushing on her lungs, but Max found a way. She could practically hear the devilish grin on that stupid fox's face. "It's kind of a funny story..."

That's Not Bathwater

Roux had been staring at the Artist Alley table for almost a minute now. Its merchant had noticed the brunette during that time, but put his focus on having light conversation with people that approached. On paper there was nothing inherently wrong with this scene. Another person in a tabby cat fur suit was trying to peddle some wares to people having a good time.

There was just something about the way he moved. A nagging part of Roux's mind was fighting the idea that this guy was not wearing a suit. The tail and ears curled in ways too fluid for animatronics. Nor can you fake the spark of life behind those blinking eyes. How on earth were other people not noticing this creature in their midst?

It took waiting until the latest passing patrons had left before Roux got the courage to step up. The merchandise itself was mundane looking compared to the owner. Most of it was for hygienic purposes; perfume bottles, bath bombs, soap, deodorant, makeup. Of course, all of them were given funny animal labels to fit the location. The sight of a small rack of 'anthro bathwater' gave Roux a hard pause.

"Hi there," the feline merchant offered after letting her stare at the little bottles for a bit. "I'm Cait. Cait Sith number Twenty-nine."

"A bit of a mouthful." Roux giggled, offering a hand that Cait shook. Even the pads on his hands felt warm and alive. "What happened to the other twenty-eight?"

"Perished in a tragic river dance accident ten years ago. So, the cat finally catch your curiosity?"

"Yeah...a bit," Roux returned a nervous smile, glancing around to see no other shoppers were nearby. "Speaking of which, I have to ask; are you real?"

"As real as the day I was grown! I mean, some of this stuff was ordered online, but I infused it with my own artistic flare to make it worth the price. Not many people can make chocolate soap work, I tell you. I even got the bath bombs to stop working literally."

"Okay, cool. That's not what I meant by...wait, what about bombs!?"

"Huh?" The cat stared blankly at a confused Roux. It felt like they had both missed something very important.

"...never mind. What's with the bathwater?"

"It's just a flavored drink, nothing special." Cait laughed, waving it off. "It's like those flavor drops, or kool-aid; just add a splash to water for max effect. Try a sample if you want?"

"Oh?" Roux glanced in the direction Cait gestured, finding a water cooler between tables. "Eh, why not?"

While Cait sold off some crocodile shampoo to a pair of oddly excited men, Roux filled up a cup for a quick drink. Refreshed with cold water, she refilled it before returning to the table. A trio of partially filled bottles were placed before her, only leaving the woman further confused. They were each labeled panda, dragon, and roo, but no clear indication of what 'flavor' they might produce. She almost considered taking the dragon just because it was nearly empty, a sign of a popular taste.

Hands flew to the roo bottle at the last second, perking Cait's triangle ears. Roux always had a bias for the awesome marsupials down under, anyway. Maybe this had some kind of taste similar to an Australian fruit. Not that she knew what grew there.

"BLEGH!"

Or it could just taste like dirty tap water. That was an unexpected, but not impossible, result in hindsight. Roux took several gulps before the taste registered on her tongue, sending what remained splashing at her feet with the dropped cup. A few other dealers turned their heads, watching the girl choke in an arguably over dramatic fashion. All of them quickly turned back to their work with a knowing eye roll.

"This...this is actual bathwater, isn't it!?"

"I flavored it too!" Cait insisted with his happy grin. "I think the mint and nutmeg really help compliment the aftertaste of kangaroo fur."

"You sick fuck. Ugh! I'm going to be sick."

Cait said nothing, watching Roux storm off, still sputtering and fuming. Part of her wondered if it would be worth throwing up what water she drank into a trash can. The other could not help wondering where that twisted merchant got access to a kangaroo's bath. Forgetting that, she needed to report this to con staff or something. No way whatever this strange talking cat was doing could be hygienic.

It did not help that her outburst was no exaggeration. Roux brought a hand to her stomach as she walked, feeling it do spin cycles against the neighboring organs. Her trip across the convention center slowed to a forced stop. The world wobbled on an awkward axis, while hard foot cramps made it painful to stand. It was all she could do to plop onto a bench by the stairs leading to her hotel.

Roux kicked off her shoes, trying to ease the aches. No way a few hours of walking would tire her out already. That damn poison was making her tense all over, skin rippling with goosebumps.

“Um...” she blinked a few times, eyes locked on the floor. There was something off about the way her feet stretched out their cotton socks. They almost looked longer, unable to fit in the protective shoes laying next to them. The fronts had become especially swollen, giving her toes a lumpy appeal.

SCHUTT!

“What the ffffff...” Roux bit her lip seething a long breath. Harsh cramps seized her left foot, tearing it out the sock tip in a massive growth spurt. Black claws pierced through the fabric with ease, dragging long strands of cotton under their sickle curves. They rode on swelling toes too misshapen to be human anymore, with the middle ones becoming enormous while stuck between nubby outer digits. The base had grown just as pronounced with a rough leather pad supporting the sole. A stark contrast to the stretching thin middle leading to an ankle raised in a high arch off the ground.

“Aah! Aaaaah! Nnngh!” Roux fidgeted as her right foot repeated this process. She slouched back into the bench heaving with exhausted panic at their intense transformation. Given the location, it was easy to recognize what was now animal paws at the end of her legs. Both were abnormally large, fuzzy, and displaying swollen pads a lot of her friends enjoyed in artwork. Some reluctant effort even got the toes to wiggle. “Seriously...what the hell!?”

“Oh, dear. Are you alright?”

Roux gave off a startled yelp in her grapple to stay seated. She looked up to find a rather huge grizzly bear looming overhead. One second of eye contact was all she needed to know that was not a padded suit either. This convention was getting surreal fast.

“I...I just...mmh. Uh oh!”

Roux felt an itching move up her pant legs. Rising fur underneath visibly rustled the fabric. Dense muscles and sinew better suited for jumping beefed up her limbs, making seams pop along their sides. Rich tufts of the soft fur bulged through while the cuffs of her pants slid halfway up much thicker shins. In fact, her whole body seemed to get bigger, exposing her stomach between shrinking shirt and pants hem and making eye contact with the bear a bit easier.

She was just glad her butt did not split the back when it puffed in size. Although, it pushed down the waistband in an embarrassing view of her fuzzy crack.

“Ah, first time transforming?” The bear nodded with a casual understanding that alarmed Roux way more than half her body growing animal hair. She could only gulp and nod stiffly. “Great paws so far, miss. You a bunny? Nah, got to be Kangaroo. The inner grooming claws are a dead giveaway.”

"Kangaroo!?" The mere mention of what her lower half vaguely resembled brought a stunning series of epiphanies to Roux. She leapt onto her new paws only to topple forward with the alien balance of walking on tiptoes. Thankfully, the bear shot out a massive paw hand to catch her arm. "That damn cat tricked me with spiked bathwater or something. Is this freaking stuff normal?"

"Oh...him..." The bear's eyes diverted to the side in an expression Roux could only guess was a mix of contempt and fear. He quickly passed back into a cheerful smile, trying to pretend it never happened. "Yeah, it's not uncommon to see changed furies at cons, if you look hard enough. That guy is just...all I hear is rumors that con security has trouble keeping him out every year."

"Well, that's great to kno-oo-ooooohhh! Fuck, it's still going?"

Roux involuntarily clenched her hands into fists, watching fur fuzz out their backs and quickly cover her fingers. When she uncurled them it was to the reveal of finely manicured black claws and lighter palm pads matching her foot paws. The hair shot up the rest of her arms in a wave, inflating the flesh underneath as they went. It was no body builder levels of improvement, but Roux could not deny having firmer biceps felt nice, however furry.

"Heh, oh they rarely stop half way. Come on, I know a better place to relax and enjoy the change." The bear gingerly released his hold on Roux's roo arm, leaving it hovering a few inches away. "Can you walk?"

"Guess I have to like this. Ugh! It's so hard with everything weighted forward."

"You'll probably get some counterbalance when your tail grows in."

"Fuck! I'm going to grow a tail!?" Roux's paw hands instinctively grabbed her rear, as if they could stop the sequence of changes overtaking her body.

The bear could only offer a chuckle. "Yeah, and roo's get big ones too. You don't want to be here when that busts out."

"Agreed. Where are we going?" Roux took a few wobbling steps after the bear, eventually finding a decent stride.

"I was just heading to a little gathering that might help you."

"Oh, thank goodness." Roux felt some relief that might mean an antidote center, or something. Anything that prevented her from having to prance around in naked fur or look for new clothes would be grand. Judging by the increased size and muscle definition, none of the pants she brought would fit her hips anymore.

The walk still felt like a march of death thanks to another interruption. Roux scratched her hair to ease a sudden itching and discovered her usually long brunette locks were shortening. She could not help pausing at a lobby mirror to watch everything in back dwindle to a tomboy shaved mane. It was almost like the length moved into her bangs. They were swishing out into a thick bush that hung off the side of her face. By then the pigment had finished shifting into an anime level of bright purple.

A hairstyle Roux felt silly for not recognizing earlier.

“W-wait a second. Am I actually turning into my...Argh. Gaah!”

The bear gave another affirming nod, watching the girl's nose turn black, bloat into a thicker meatball, and then get pushed out with the sharp popping of a forming muzzle. “I would probably guess if you think so. That’s one thing our resident TF jerk does well is fit things to a person’s tastes.”

Roux could not offer comment, unless you counted the discomfiting snarls her extending jawline was eliciting. She could watch as the bigger nose rose into her vision at the end of a very long, furry bridge. The girl in the mirror quickly lost her human features with ears sliding up her skull into long flexible points. Strangely, the fur only grew down to the base of her neck, leaving her torso still smooth and normal. It was still a face easily recognized as her fursona, right down to the muzzle freckles.

“Blarh!” she sputtered, testing her raw jaw muscles for the first time. After a few clicks of a longer tongue, Roux admired her much sharper teeth in the mirror. “This is even weirder than having paws.”

“Yeah, you’re coming in a bit uneven. Most of us start at one end and work our way to the other.”

“Gee, thanks?”

“Heh, this way. Sorry, I’m Ben, by the way.”

“Roux. Thanks for the help.”

“Anytime! At least you are not changing with a gut like mine.” Ben smacked his belly while leading Roux down a side hallway.

She giggled a bit, noticing after a few signs they were in one of the hallways for panel rooms. After a quick left, her bear escort opened the first double door they came to with a gesture that allowed her first access.

“Ooooh,” her voice dropped off after getting three feet inside.

A white board at the far end of the room proudly declared this place a social panel titled ‘so you’ve just been transformed?’ with a busty raccoon woman sorting out some papers on a folding

table. Over a dozen other people were already socializing in small groups, with only three of them clearly still human.

"This isn't a place to get an antidote, huh?" Roux asked Ben as he fell in behind her.

The question carried further than expected, causing several others to glance in her direction. Soon everyone else was also starting with the realization she was only in a partway stage of changing. A soft chuckle drew Roux's attention to the raccoon up front.

"Trust me, there is not, but you still came to the right place."

"Jason here knows all about spontaneous transformations," Ben added as he moved to fill up two seats. "It's a great way to survive the rest of the weekend."

"But I don't...oof!" Roux barely got to a chair before the next waved squeezed at her lung. More itching signaled her torso was growing a fine pelt of purple fur, with a much lighter shade over her front.

Then her shirt grew suffocatingly tight. Not from additional muscles, but the slowly rising chest spheres outlined by the fabric. After a few seconds of shocked gawking, Roux gave into the sharp pressure and struggled to unclasp her bra. Much like her shoes, the newly grown breasts looked ridiculously large compared to the cups they had just been in.

"Damn," said one fox, watching her metamorphosis. "I forget how awesome a TF is to watch."

Roux crossed her arms, trying to hide her fresh grapefruits squished under them. At least everyone seemed more interested in her change itself rather than how it improved her physique.

"Awesome? Yeah right," squawked a cardinal that was eyeing their own flat tank top with disdain. "At least she kept her boobs. I hate when people don't label the anatomically correct stuff."

"Try going for a cow next time, Ted. We could use the free drinks," Jason said with a smirk, earning a few laughs from the others. She flicked her ring tail, looking to Roux. "You look almost done. Want a skirt to wear back to the con after we're done?"

"A...a skirt?" Roux parroted with confusion. "Why would I need a-YIP!"

The pressure hit too hard and fast for any kind of response. In hindsight, Roux probably had no idea how to react to a thick, muscled tail exploding out the base of her spine, anyway. Many furs blushed and looked away as the denim was rent down the middle by a powerful fifth appendage. It rushed through the opening, flinging the charge out from under the startled roo with its girth. Thankfully, it's tip hit the ground way sooner than her rear could.

“Ahh...w-what? Wow!” It took Roux a second to realize she would not fall painfully on her butt, and then another second to realize her insanely thick tail made a perfect log to brace on. Many of the gathered furs expressed her admiration for a complete roo transformation that it filled her with a strange sense of joy.

That was until the air conditioner kicked on, tickling the fur of her exposed lower area in a soft chill. Attempts to close the torn gap in her jeans proved fruitless. The base of her tail was so massive it forced her whole pelvis into a wider spread.

“Y-yes, a skirt would be...fantastic,” Roux averted her gaze, hoping silently there was also a private spot to get changed. This weekend would go a little differently than she had planned.

Blow Your Horn

Bus wheels squealed along the pavement as it arrived at its next stop. A second later the whole rectangle frame rocked violently until an elephant passenger wiggled out the front door. Desmond stumbled several heavy steps onto the sidewalk, ignoring the death glares of other passengers that he inadvertently tossed in their seats. With a quick straightening of his hoodie and duffle bag, he began the arduous half-mile trek back home. Being forced to go out in public on grocery shopping days were the worst.

“Oh...my god!”

Case in point, the strange cat man sitting on the bus bench gawking up at the thick pachyderm. Desmond was around nine feet tall and three tons of mass, so this was a typical reaction. It still made his trunk nose wiggle with annoyed disgust every time it happened. No wonder women hated being eyed like prized meat.

Apparently Desmond was so captivating that he caused the man to miss the bus. There was a schedule for transit to uphold, and the driver was probably glad to be rid of the excess weight. This must not have been a big deal for the cat either, for Desmond stopped only a few yards down a neighboring hiking trail before turning to see them on his thin little tail.

“Um...can I help you?”

“You’re beautiful!”

The statement was said so casually, and without hesitation it caught Desmond by surprise. Stumpy feet thudded on the pavement in his slow turn to face this new admirer. They were of an exotic coloration under that coat and suit, hair rested as a straight snowy white top and cut short above the neck. Dark blue facial fur contrasted against the bright sky blue of his muzzle. It sort of highlighted the sparkle of their grey eyes as they scanned over every curve of elephant fat.

Desmond swallowed the lump in his throat, hoping he was not blushing. “Uh, what?”

That snapped the cat out of his admiration session. With a hard shake of the head, he bounded forward, offering a hand. “Oh, sorry! I got a bit lost there. I’m Vies. Vies Augmento.”

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“That’s a mouthful. Most people just call me Desmond, or Dessy.” Desmond took the hand in a gentle shake. His thick digits easily wrapped around the cat’s entire palm with ease. Another common occurrence when dealing with people. “I take it you’ve never seen an elephant before?”

“Oh, heavens! I’ve seen tons of massive beauties before; elephants, hippos, giraffes. It just never gets tiring to meet one up close.”

“Oh...” Desmond glanced down the trail, torn between curiosity over what this guy did to meet fellow giants so frequently and just wanting to go home. “Well, I’ve kind of...got places to be. I’m sorry you might have missed your bus.”

“Who cares about that? I can always grab an Uber.” Vies waved a dismissive paw hand. “Those tiny morons can wait while we have our big lovable fun. Oh, speaking of which!”

Without a warning, Vies whirled in place, sprinting back to the bus stop. Desmond just watched, dumbstruck, later regretting not taking this opportunity to escape. Something about the phrase ‘big lovable fun’ did not sound entirely welcoming. The number of times someone reacted to his excessive bulk with admiration instead of surprise or fear could be counted on one hand. He had no idea how to deal with one so enthusiastic.

A minute later Vies came rushing back with a briefcase in hand. They revealed its importance by opening it in mid-step, fumbling with a slew of small items before apparently pulling out the one he wanted. Being held triumphantly in one hand was a short cone-like device with a dotted mesh dome in its center, like the end of a megaphone without the handle.

“I happen to be an inventor that specializes in devices to help make others’ experiences more enjoyable.” He explained in words that barely made sense to Desmond. “Most of what I brought were boredom projects I wanted to sell off to companies this afternoon, but this baby I was hoping you could help me test out.”

“Yeah, I don’t trust anything without a warranty. Sorry.” Desmond snorted, hoping his scowl and turn to leave would end this conversation.

“I’ll also pay you two hundred bucks for your time.”

“You have my complete attention,” said a much happier Desmond sliding back to Vies. He sort of overshot his step accidentally bumping his rounded stomach into the cat’s face. An act that got Vies’ tail thrashing wildly over. “So, what do I do? Yell into it or something?”

“Nope. This goes on your trunk.”

“A nose blower? Seriously?” Hands absently reached up to fiddle with the long dangling facial limb. “Why would anyone even want that?”

“Well, it works just as well without an elephant, but I designed it specifically for people of your...wonderful dimensions.”

“And now I’m having second thoughts-WHOA!? Personal space!”

Before Desmond could think of leaving again, Vies had dropped his briefcase to seize the pachyderm by his nose. A solid yank on the trunk forced Desmond to hunch forward, giving Vies the slack needed for strapping his device over flaring nostrils. Desmond staggered back shaking his head around trying to register the new weight extending his trunk into a cone tip.

“Now then,” Vies said, nearly clapping with joy. “Can you give us a nice big trumpet, please?”

“Ah, what now?” Desmond had barely heard the question still trying to take in the machine weighing down his face.

“A trumpet! You know, that cry you elephants make when blowing out your nose.”

“That’s not exactly how it works but, uh...” It was almost embarrassing to admit that blowing trumpets was not exactly something Desmond did. That was an easy way to get kicked out of a condo with thin walls, after all. On top of that it was mid-afternoon and lots of cars were zipping past. “Is this really a good place?”

“As good as any, I’d imagine.” Vies shrugged, leaving Desmond to concede a good point. “Come on! It’ll be awesome for everyone to hear.”

“Ugh! Fine!”

Having money now involved with this interaction did not help moods much. Desmond still just wanted this moment to end more than anything. He took a few steps back, thankful that Vies did not rush forward to his stomach. They needed a little free space when he lifted his trunk, rapidly drawing in air. The rounded section of his middle inflated to an amazing degree that got his feline admirer blushing. Black skin poked out from the widening area between pants and shirt, thrusting a deep belly button towards Vies’s muzzle.

It was almost like watching a balloon inflate. Desmond felt a little off when his lungs finally stopped stretching, leaving his sides noticeably bulging along with his gut. This was a lot more intake than the last time he blew the horn, so to speak. He had not tried this in over a decade, a time when he was considerably smaller.

PPHRRROUU!!

After an awkward shuffling to let inflated lungs settle, Desmond wiped his trunk out, presenting its cone accessory like a flag. The strange device oddly had little effect amplifying his roar, which was

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good given the explosive force already packed into it. Rocks rattled around the pairs feet while plants bowed backward under the pachyderm's wind. Soon as Desmond was done he immediately hid behind his ears trying to look smaller. Every pedestrian within a mile radius had stopped in search of what could create such a thunderous cry.

Standing in the middle of an open paved trail made hiding hard, even for such a large creature. Desmond could not get his midsection covered under his shirt again, no matter how much he pulled. The damn hem kept shooting back up, wanting to rest on the peak of his bulging stomach.

"That was... awesome!!" Vies was hopping in place, clapping his hands giddily. A pointed smile of fangs stretched to his cat ears. Desmond had never seen a simple act make someone so happy. "Can you do it again? Please!?"

"Seriously!?" Desmond's face turned a deeper red, hands still struggling to tuck his shirt in. Being a naturally big guy made it fairly common for clothes to feel like they had 'shrunk.' Plus, this cat's childish greed was too distractingly annoying for him to question it. "I did what you asked. Can I just have my money and go home?"

"But you're so cool!" Vies's eyes sparkled in that way cats do to look cute. "Now you got an audience gathering to show what you're made of. Come on! One more go!"

Giving the kitten eyes was almost unnecessary. Desmond absorbed praise almost as greedy as his gut liked air. On top of the fact no one in his life had ever referred to his massive ass as 'cool' had reduced him to a lump of grey and black putty.

There was no backing down from that. With a surge of malnourished ego, Desmond spaced his wide feet into a better stance to put his back into another rush of air intake.

As the suction of winds passed through Desmond's puffed trunk, the device filtering it functioned just like Vies had planned. The elephant's stomach once again surged slowly out, creating a bigger gap between his clothes than last time. His sides equally spread, making his torso considerably round shaped. He enjoyed the suction filling him up so much that it never dawned just how long he could keep it up.

But that was not as enjoyable as watching the rest of Desmond grow. Once his lungs eventually reached full capacity, the horn helped relocate excess air to the rest of his amply available figure. His hoodie zipper snapped, leaving his chest swelling forward, pushing the hem all the way up to his pecs. Even then the fabric ran out of room while his pectorals billowed out with firm rigid muscles. Hands balled into hardened fists before flexing the inflating arms out of their sleeves.

Desmond's pants suffered a similar fate, busting open the button and zipper to let his hips roll out. Stumpy feet kept shifting heavily against the trail until his stance inched off onto soft grass. The

denim appeared to shrink around his broadening stature. Everything strained tight on his pelvis, making it look like he was wearing ridiculous summer shorts, complete with suggestively lewd rips. Vies could not resist circling the elephant to watch their ass push down the hem with its bulging fat.

TTTTHHHWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Desmond's jiggling rear proved to be a fatal distraction. He had been inhaling for so long that Vies failed to notice when the elephant finally stopped. The trunk rose into position at a much sharper angle thanks to several extra feet in length and unleashed a sonic blast that rocked the cat straight off his feet.

All sense of logical physics got blown away with Desmond's second trumpet. Despite expelling air at an alarming rate, his body only swelled upwards and outward with unprecedented weight. What remained of a prized hoodie and pants exploded off the firm pudge, expanding out his form into a huggable pear shape. Elephant feet dug trenches through the ground until smashing through walls of commercial buildings beside the hiking trail. People across the county were emerging onto their porches, wondering why the usual train whistles sounded so wet today.

Spotting a pachyderm flapping its sail-like ears in the distance had them quickly running back inside. Desmond was tooting for several minutes, reaching a good eighty feet tall before the burning of his lungs forced an end.

"Mmmh! Fuck!" Desmond said with a dizzy chuckle. Shooting upward so fast felt oddly like a rapid fall, leaving heavy vertigo in its place. Clumsy footsteps ended up crunching a few fences, and a parked car before the sloshing weight of his laden belly could balance out. Not that it mattered in his bubbly state. He brought hands up to his distended gut to caress it with a hard squeeze. Palms slowly hefted it up far as rough gray and black skin would allow and let it drop with a 'bwoom' that echoed across town. "Gawd...so nice!"

Vies was more than happy to enjoy the irony that being stuck under the giant elephants dangling junk was probably the safest place to be. His device had worked more than his wildest dreams could have imagined. The elephant stood in a wide stance, making his thick thighs and flaccid member some kind of decorative archway across the hiking trail under them. It was a glorious sight that made Vies regret not having his cellphone on hand. The sight of such a thickened elephant playing with his trunk was too adorable now that his schnoz dangled all the way to his belly button.

Something glinted at the end of nostrils big enough for cars to drive through. It was unexpected, but welcomed, to see the cone somehow remained attached to Desmond's trunk despite being insignificant in size. The thought it might still function under these circumstances was all the motivation Vies needed.

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“Again!” He shouted up at Desmond, unable to see anything beyond the mountainous belly and butt. “Do it again! Give the world a big blow!”

Several stories above, the elephant’s ears flapped, large gusts of wind picking up the cry for an encore. Desmond hardly needed the encouragement at this point. Blowing his nose felt so amazingly empowering it was a pure mystery why he never practiced this before. Rearing head slowly back, his mouth and trunk flared open to take the biggest breath they could.

Earthquakes could be felt a mile around Desmond’s feet, just from the groaning of his muscles alone. Whole buildings became leveled under his girth. Surges in both butt cheeks thrust a looming shadow over an unexpected retirement condominium. Without even taking a step, his feet dug up concrete sidewalks and pavement, rendering escape routes impossible. Many other nearby pedestrians were getting the idea and fled to relative safety between the elephant’s muscular legs. Having a phallus dangle above with two boulders in a fleshy sack left the view much to be desired.

Desmond breached a bank of clouds before the cotton wisps were sucked into his nostrils. His trunk had inflated into a bulging zeppelin shape trying to take in such a powerful influx of air. If it slowed down his bulking, that certainly did not show. The sag of a black crackly skinned stomach was visible several counties over.

Desmond must have reached skyscraper heights by the time his trunk deflated with the last bits of breath. The few people aware braced for the worst while Vies felt like Christmas had come early.

SHA-FRRROOOOOOOHHHHHHMMMMMMMMMM!!

The cry that billowed forth from Desmond’s inflated torso was the blast of legends. Every cloud across the northwest part of the country got blown away, leaving sunshine and rainbows across Montana. Buildings miles away in Seattle shook with an intensity that cracked windows. Those on the higher levels of skyscrapers could only see the bulge of a black-skinned belly squashed between mountain ridges as the source.

Once the cry had finished, Desmond hunched over, gasping for breath. Every inch of his towering fat body leaked a heavy sweat. The poor town his home was in ended up in a brief shower of rather smelly salt rain as a result. Too tired to care about that, he thumped over to a string of hills that were the perfect shape to rest his equally rolling rear on. Each footstep left a crater miles wide, and several yards deep in the short walk alone.

“Well, that was...different?” Desmond said between heaves. Eyes went crossed, awed by the length of his trunk laid to rest well past his feet and down the countryside. It was easily the longest part of his gigantic grown body, at any rate. That was saying something since even sitting down he could see the curve of the planet.

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“Hell yeah!” cried a tiny voice that might have been inaudible without the elephants dangling ears. Rising up slightly allowed Desmond to see Vies had somehow come to rest all the way at the tip of his trunk, tail wagging before the tunnel-like nostrils. “Do you think you got one more in you? Pleeeeeease!?”

“Oh, for the love of...” Desmond huffed, but then another thought brought a disturbing smile to his face. “All right. Just don’t blame me if the planet can’t take it.”

Before Vies could question it, the long tube of muscle under him puffed in the strong flex of its muscles. Pointed feline ears twitched, slightly confused when the sounds of a vacuum cleaner seemed to fill the air.

Everything immediately in front of Desmond’s nostrils held out for exactly six seconds before the building force of suction began uprooting things piece by piece. Trees toppled, houses burst apart, whole cars were flung off the highway. Everything in a large cone miles long was gradually sucked into the void of his nostrils.

It might have been Desmond’s imagination, but the goliath elephant could have sworn Vies was smiling when the trunk vibrations tipped him overboard to join them.