

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #37

By

Desmond Fallout

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All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners. Thank you all for the support. :3

## Booster Packs

The day's unexpected series of escalating destructive madness originated from one of its most common locations; the bathroom. Something about sitting on a porcelain throne reading a tablet full of self-published stories, with hot coffee in his other hand, was Desmond Fallout's idea of living a royal lifestyle. Very few routines so effectively relaxed the mind and refreshed the body, while also making the catgirl roommates question his sanitation practices.

It's a very important state of being for eccentric scientists and inventors. A calm mind can come to conclusions a lot faster than a stressed one. The little squirrel fox only swiped through three pages of a gender bending, breast inflating, short story when his phone's mandatory intrusive ads popped up despite paying for the service. Such timing ended up being perfect for adding a fresh idea to Desmond's current train of thought.

"It's about prrfing time," Breena muttered the second the door swung open. "I was getting ready to break in to see if you were dead."

"Sorry about that," Desmond offered with a blush. "I got a bit caught up in my latest invention."

It wasn't a surprise to see the muscular cougar woman waiting outside in a bathrobe. Their meaty thighs were squished together in an awkward stance that made her threat of busting barriers very real. Desmond would have felt bad if his attention wasn't still focused on his tablet.

"Did you really spend forty prrf minutes doing science on the toilet!?"

"Genius isn't bound to any one mere laboratory. With this new game we can do card battles with..."

"That's great! Prrfing move!!"

Brennan didn't mean to toss Desmond across the living room onto their couch. It's just not a good idea to get between a looming amazon and the call of nature. By the time her crazy inventor roommate recovered, the bathroom had become locked once more.

“Oh well. I’ll test with her later.” Desmond righted himself on the cushion glad to find his tablet survived his impromptu flight. Some people can’t appreciate inventing a mobile game in under an hour. They didn’t even keep a screwdriver in the bathroom.

Still, Desmond needed a test subject that wasn’t himself. A prayer that was answered with the clicking of heels entering the kitchen.

The more lithe, yet strong in her own right, cheetah roommate marched to their espresso machine dressed all business in a button blouse and skirt. Purple hair expertly pulled back into a ponytail, making it easy to see the zombie stare in her tired eyes. That’d explain why she poured coffee into a large thermos for the upcoming commute.

“Good morning, Dessy,” Xilimyth said, offering the warmest morning smile possible. “If you go out today, can you get more k-cups?”

“Yeah? No problem. I might need to visit someone.” Desmond’s claws tapped a few buttons on his game’s crude interface. “Speaking of which, smile Xili!”

“Wha-gah!?! Desmond!” No sooner did she turn than Xilimyth’s eyes were assaulted by a phone camera flash. She recoiled against the counter, looking wide awake. Being blinded by colored spots was the only thing that saved Desmond from immediate retaliation. “What the heck are you doing? Did you take my picture?”

“Sure did,” Desmond beamed, too focused on tapping settings to notice her warning growl. “It’s part of this new game I just made. You can incorporate any photo into a battle token and train it with...”

“Dessy, sorry, but I’m late for work.” Xilimyth sealed her coffee thermos before staggering half blind to get her keys off the foyer rack. “I’ll try it out tonight. Just keep the destruction to a minimum.”

“Yes, kettle, my name is pot,” Desmond retorted, watching Xilimyth’s curvy hips and spotted tail slink out the front door.

Oh well, hopefully the office gives her a stress-free day. Desmond set to work cropping his new photo of a barely groomed and alarmed cheetah woman for his test.

The game concept was nothing many a mobile casino hasn’t already tried before. Players collected character cards with stats that can be trained in a multitude of ways. Naturally, the need to monetize severely capped these things with ridiculous cool down timers.

Desmond's twist was that he could make a character card out of literally anything. Whether it was the coffee machine or a muscular catgirl fishing orange juice out of the fridge. As long as you had a phone camera, anything was collectable for battles.

But the squirrel-fox could play with a 'Brenna' card later. He had a perfect test subject now being processed through the games randomly assigned stat generators. Seconds ticked by, making Desmond note he should hire a designer for a more interesting loading screen. Just as he was ready to scrap the idea and go play *Among Us*, his phone let out a triumphant fanfare. A card came flying out of a box with showers of confetti to show off Xilimyth's morning face above blocks of information.

Now, with the admin UI turned on it was time to see how much 'training' it'll take to max out a typical champion. Desmond's tail twitched in anticipation as he decided to start with feeding his Xilimyth token tons of food. Each little item submission only upped her stats by a fraction of a percentage, so he was going to be hammering his phone for a while.

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"Chirp?" Xilimyth shifted in the driver's seat, reaching around to feel out her lower back. Only smooth leather and soft clothes met her fingers. Nothing remotely threatening that could have triggered the weird jolt near the base of her tail. That might have been a good sign considering last time Desmond borrowed her car a lot of cursed magic stones were left all over the floor. "I didn't even know Desmond had a license. Ugh?"

Reclining back against the headrest didn't help the cheetah relax much. After staring at the mother of all red lights a few seconds longer, she suddenly felt a pinching around her shoulders. It filtered down across her plump breasts suddenly filling her rib cage with a soft squeeze. Figures the shuffling would throw off her bra just as the intersection turned green.

One foot eased onto the accelerator. Sharp teeth pressed together barely letting an annoyed sigh hiss between them. It wasn't that long a commute to work. The stubbornness of feline pride demanded Xili ride out this discomfort until they were off the freeway at least.

That didn't mean she could easily ignore it. If anything, the straps dug deeper against her shoulders with every yard traveled. Drawing in too big a breath put a lot of pressure on her ribcage only strengthening the cheetah's annoyance.

Xilimyth remained oblivious of her situation's subtle clues until her turn off came up three miles later. Hands spun the wheel in their auto-pilot fashion, drawing her elbows close together. When that happened there came a sudden and even sharper pinching in her chest, along with an odd sensation of her arms hugging a pillow.

"What the-uuuuhhhhh!?"

Tires squealed over the long drone of a dumbfounded cheetah. It gave Xilimyth the outside stimulation needed to avoid making a sharp U-turn into a ditch. Even then, her mind was a confused mess of emotions while eyes darted constantly between the road and her chest. Soon as the opening came along, she drove in a reckless abandon in order to bring her trip to a sharp stop at the earliest sidewalk.

Now relatively safe, if triple parked, the cheetah focused everything on the massive bulges swelling out her blouse. Somehow between home and work, her breasts achieved a new level of thickness far surpassing the already DD-cup bra struggling to support them. Speaking of which, the accumulating pressure of the ill-fitting cups on Xilimyth's lungs broke her away long enough to struggle with the clasp under her clothes.

"Nggghh! Come on!" she seethed, with fingers fumbling over the surprisingly sturdy little metal. Eventually it gave way with a sharp pang, allowing Xilimyth to take a gasp of fresh air before her bust hit the steering wheel. "Gah!"

Damn mammaries were already past the stage of being larger than the cheetah's head. Most creases along her formerly loose blouse became smoothed over as every inch of fabric was needed to contain them. She could practically see both individual outlines with their increasing size forming more rounded shapes. Buttons pulled tightly puckered before her eyes, allowing glimpses of cleavage and white fur to bulge through the openings.

"C-come on! I have to work," Xilimyth groaned, not even believing her own attempt at sounding disinterested in her epic swelling. Nipples slowly rose like tents under the taut cotton.

She bit her lower lip with a feline purr, struggling to resist the tender skins unintentional rubbing.

"No. No," she whispered the word in the air of each labored gasp. It did little to help. Her tits adamantly ignored the command in their desire to block her view of the pedals. "Hmmm! GAAH!"

The middle three buttons of Xilimyth's blouse quivered. They managed a grand struggle right until a quick pop sent all three clicking off the windshield. Mounds heavy enough to crush a soda can rushed through the new hole eagerly collecting on the steering wheel. Their weight snapped the bottom button with ease, leaving the last one clasping fabric uselessly around Xilimyth's neck.

"Oh, crap! Oh, crap!" Xilimyth switched her chanting while trying to cup the soft, furry basketballs. Flesh oozed between her fingers too plush for a good grip. All it did was make her aware that their growth continued against her palms.

"Ow!"

Warmth filtered through Xilimyth's breasts across her body, causing her tail to shiver. A second later, she experienced a sharp headbutt into the car's ceiling. As stars danced across her vision, it became clear fast that her sagging milkers were no longer the only thing growing.

"Craaaaaaaap!!" Xilimyth squished over her own chest in a struggle to open the driver's door. She could feel her butt plumping into the seat cushions, the skirt around it crawling along to expose swelling spotted thighs.

Having steadily growing hands also made it tricky to work a latch that was tiny to begin with. Xilimyth barely wiggled her pinky into its hole in order to get a relieving click.

The tumble out onto cold pavement was not the cheetah's most dignified moment. At least Xilimyth landed on her bust, which reached a point of girth to support her two feet off the ground. Not having her nose smashed was only a minor comfort when her skirt pushed up in time to flash another car pulling into the parking lot with her growing butt. The pink panties underneath were barely visible sunken between the spotted cheeks.

Using the utmost care, Xilimyth put one foot under her and pushed herself upright. Even then, the act of standing hit her with a rush of vertigo. She staggered with a meek howl, slamming one hand on the car roof for support. The struts bounced harshly with the weight but remained stable.

Placed beside her vehicle gave the alarmed cheetah a good sense of scale. She must have rocketed to a good twelve feet tall. No way her body could get back into that seat if she wanted an escape.

That was without taking the other kinds of growth into account. Xilimyth paced around the parking lot on bare feet, distracted by the shaking and bouncing of curves much thicker than when she woke up.

Dainty paws had long since crushed their heels flat. Stockings tore in jagged patterns, trying to cling to spotted legs. Xilimyth's skirt barely covered half her broadened hips, leaving the lower half of a fattened butt exposed. Trying to tug it back down only caused more tears in the fabric.

Yet it was her feline tits that stole the towering show. Growing double her height only marginally worked to 'even' out those giant mounds. She tried to cup the fluffy white globes to gauge their weight. Each one felt amazingly full, yet easily squished around her arms. It was almost funny when her bra fluttered out from the fold of their hang. Shame the breeze across Xilimyth's stretched pink nipples took a serious priority.

At least whatever force felt like enlarging a random programmer girl into a tower of thickness seemed satisfied. She covered whatever boob surface her hands could manage in an awkward shuffle between other parked cars. Reaching the office was tight enough between the spaces. Now Xilimyth was sure her rack could crush a hood if she wasn't careful.

"Morning, Xilimyth. You ready for the... whoa!" The receptionist wouldn't have bothered looking up from his book if not for the soft cracking of glass. Crawling through the double doors on all fours towards the calico was the tallest, busiest woman he'd ever witnessed. Both breasts and hips had to be forcibly squeezed through the seven foot wide frame, cracking the adjoining windows from the force.

"In my defense, no one could have been ready for my day," Xilimyth grumbled in an attempt at dry humor. The reception area had a high enough roof that she could stand with only a slight hunch. Getting further in at her office would be a lot trickier.

"Are you going to need a sick day, or something?" the receptionist offered, unable to stop his nose from bleeding. At this proximity, it was near impossible to see the cheetah's face beyond the peak of her gently swaying bust.

A position Xilimyth was far too big to care about herself anymore. What remained of her blouse couldn't hope to be anything but a tiny cape. "Y-yeah? I somehow doubt becoming a giant will even phase those prudes into time off."

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Back at the condo, Desmond leaned on the bathroom sink groaning from how the flow of cold water soothed his aching thumbs. That had been a ton more item boosting than he had originally expected. Even for a mobile game, he should probably dial it back a bit, or maybe increase the overall stat inclines. Otherwise, it'd take an eternity for Xilimyth's card to finally cap off.

Once his finger joints finally recovered from excessive phone tapping, he still had to return to the stupid device for more testing. Now seemed a perfect time to give the traits loot boxes a spin. Another fun idea Desmond had to keep card customization interesting on any rarity. For a few bucks, each card could get up to three random power ups for all kinds of unique builds.

Of course, it cost money to get undesired buffs removed. That'd been implemented at the request of publishers.

But who needs cash with the admin controls? That thought set Desmond gleefully down the path to opening one lazily made loot box after another. Blasts of music and confetti needed a bit more work. There was barely enough to make each unboxing interesting beyond what actually came out.

"Minotaur's Bounty? Plus three-hundred percent production?" Desmond read one trait aloud with his eyebrow cocked. "Does that actually do something, or was I just horny at the time?"

With a shrug, the squirrel-fox confirmed the traits application. Watching the text weld itself in a graphic animation on Xilimyth's card is definitely one of the more impressive displays in the game so far.

\* \* \*

"Oh nyaaaah!" Xilimyth cried out when a sudden heat packed into her titanic breasts. Eyes and hands flew to the hanging mounds in a dead panic, kneading their fine fur in a desperate attempt to combat the disruption. It did little to ease the rapid pulsing of little things deep within.

Dozens of glands worked like water pumps to rapidly fill the cheetah's chest with a mounting pressure. Slowly, the soft, plush texture became firm against her fingers. Flesh groaned as it was pulled taut, retracting the mounds slightly out of their deep hang. With a gasp, her areolas gave off a loud pop, becoming little puffed capstones to the mountain peaks.



Xilimyth only nudged her nipple gingerly with a finger, curious about its puffed state. That was more than enough to break what weak blockage remained. A quiver of release sent pleasure rushing down her spine into her nethers. Red coated the cheetah's muzzle in her mix of arousal and alarm to see thick milk rush out of her breast and splash everything off the receptionist's desk. "Oh, you g-got to be kidding m-me! Nya! Watch out!"

Pressure surged in her other mound, but trying to clamp on its nipple only squeezed an even bigger burst of milk directly at the stupefied calico. She sputtered rapid apologies that probably didn't reach the poor guy anymore. He seemed content to just stay in the corner the blast knocked him into and take a short nap about bouncing feline boobs.

"N-no! No more! Please," Xilimyth cried, although her resistance was betrayed by the purring lust in her tone. She fell onto hands and knees with her spotted tail raised high into the air, drawing attention to the arousal staining her panties. Their breasts didn't even need help anymore. Combined throbs in both her pectoral muscles and milk glands worked as an almost automated milker.

Her hefty mounds squashed against the office floor firing one thick geyser of milk after another. Groans came out more like feral yowls of pleasure that echoed through the building. People learned too late it was a bad idea to open doors to check on all the racket. Milk plowed into whatever open space it could find, raising levels up to people's ankles with no sign of stopping.

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"Well, I made a really boring game," Desmond muttered. Hopefully, he could find someone to do better graphics and maybe rework the battle system. With the way things looked, it'd take literally thousands in cash to max out a common card like Xilimyth. Trying to do the same thing with higher rarities would probably be much worse.

Speaking of which, he still had that final system to test out. He wanted desperately to offer an alternative to getting rare drops, so set it up that combining three of the same cards would upgrade it to the next tier. Of course, the publisher had to make it ridiculous and pushed back for five of the same card. Whatever it takes to make money for the fun experiments.

"Whoa!" Desmond blinked upon watching the graphics of five Xilimyth duplicates spin and combine to an uncommon rarity. It didn't impress him

as much as watching Xilimyth's stats double, or even triple, their numbers. Now there's a boost that'd be worth some investing.

He couldn't wait to see how much the cheetah would increase at a rare tier.

\* \* \*

"Oh, come on!" Xilimyth cried into the floor when another alien force washed over her trembling curves.

Not a moment later she found herself slipping and sliding on the pool of milk her bounty of boobs continued to pour out around her. This was no act of clumsy neglect on her part. Everything just resumed growing at once. Her form stretched to fill the reception area, knocking away desks and chairs. A pinch against her feet lasted about a second before paw pads shattered the entire front windows, allowing her bloating ass to make a safe exit into the parking lot.

Arms slammed against the opposite wall with Xilimyth recoiling to avoid face planting into it. The cheap plywood stood no chance against hands reaching the size of pickup trucks and toppled to pieces without resistance. She almost felt bad upon crashing into a meeting room she was supposed to have taken part in twenty minutes ago. But since it was mostly occupied by mouth breathers that knew enough about programming to completely mess up the most basic of code, rolling them over with leaking cheetah tits was probably the nicest thing she could do to them.

They certainly didn't seem to mind when her growth carried her furry blimps past them. Most just floated in the two foot deep milk with goofy grins on their faces.

"I'm sorry for everything I'm breaking!" Xilimyth got out before her head had nowhere else to go but up. By that point, she was so big simply recovering back onto hands and knees would have taken out the whole roof anyway. A feat she did slowly, with deliberate hip shaking to make sure the debris slid off her richly firmed back away from ogling onlookers.

"Nggghhh! No way!" The thought of removing herself from what remained of the office building occurred to Xilimyth, just not in time for another hard shift that forced her to remain on all fours.

Technically, the cheetah started moving away from her place of employment. Hands crashed through the far walls, with her breasts rolling over what walls remained. Palms dug little trenches through the pavement

on the impromptu journey through the city sector, giving way for rivers of milk to flow in.

Somehow, those mammaries of Xilimyth not only remained the biggest part of her growing body, but were also outpacing it. Their firm mass pressed hard into the ground, filling parking lots and streets with creamy lactose. Cleavage bulged between her growing arms with even more snowy flesh spilling around her curvy waist.

That was all too distracting for the cheetah to barely notice how her paw-feet were kicking out cars and sending trash cans flying. Her legs and butt's journey across the parking was filled with untold vehicular damages before finally meeting more commercial buildings across the street. Many a workplace became disrupted with the sudden toes and paw pads crashing through Kool-aid man style. Those that didn't evacuate through the various holes Xilimyth's spotted legs provided were forced out by the incoming girth of her posterior.

"It's not stopping!" Xilimyth squeaked, looking from her quivering breasts the size of the surrounding buildings to the equally sized rise of her butt. The pause between surges barely lasted a few seconds before her muscles tensed and everything resumed its growing rampage. "Why isn't it stopping? Oh nya! Someone h-help?"

All the rumbling and explosions became an interesting spectacle to the denizens of Washington. From the east coast, people watched Xilimyth spotted tail snake its way through the sky, causing clouds to swirl apart with every flick. Her legs became spread enough to avoid most damages when her feet started digging their claws through Seattle streets for the mother of all potholes. Most were stuck fixated on her bouncing furry rump looming to blot out the sun in most areas. The implications of danger didn't even hit until those cheetah cheeks started squishing their way over and between skyscrapers, much to the determination of the structures.

The west side of the state, and the country as a whole, arguably had it stranger. Valley farmers were first confused by the sounds of a panicked female voice rumbling like thunder overhead. It wasn't too long they could spot the source with Xilimyth's giant head rising over the mountain tops. Her face still looked around and back at her unstoppable swelling body in a panic. From a distance, many thought it was a projected image filling up the sky, but then they noticed the other swelling mountains of white fur shoving their way over rocky terrain. Snow fell from the mountains before the cheetah's breasts spilled across the peaks into the valleys beyond. What

everyone thought were avalanches falling around her hill-sized nipples were quickly realized as massive waterfalls of milk. Rivers were soon running creamy white before flooding their banks in a rush to fill the valley.

Before long, Xilimyth was too big to barely recognize geography. A colder wet feeling at her toes meant she probably reached the Pacific. Meanwhile, she was pretty sure her breasts touched Idaho and were giving Montana a light lactose rain.

\* \* \*

“There! Finally maxed it all out.” Despite Desmond’s word he stared at his phone with nothing but contempt. All this testing for a mobile game made him realize just how much he hated the legal money scams. Still, he got his Xilimyth card to its maximum mega-rare tier and the stats for it didn’t look too bad. It’d certainly keep people interested in powering up their friends, but at a really insane cost. Maybe he could get away with lowering the timers between ‘feeding’ periods.

A light thumping of footsteps drew his attention to Brenna entering the living room. The cougar scanned her eyes into a lock on Desmond. He knew that brow furrowed stare all too well. It asked the very familiar question before her muzzle moved.

“What the prrf did you do now!?”

Desmond blinked, unable to help give a sly smile. “You’ll have to be more specific, Brenna. Science requires a lot of work.”

Brenna’s nostrils flared in a no-nonsense fashion, prompting Desmond to backtrack.

“I do not know what you mean. I’ve just been here testing my game.”

“Well prrf! Try putting the news on or check twitter more often.”

Brenna rushed over to the far window. The part of their condo that had a great view of Seattle’s bay a few miles away. “Or, you know, look at THAT!”

Confusion filled Desmond as he got up to join Brenna’s side. Outside seemed normal until he realized half of Seattle seemed to be missing. In its place was some large mountainous structure covered with white grass along the bottom, going up into yellow and black spotted forests. He followed the lights and whirls of emergency cars and helicopters along to the coast. Several rounder protrusions from the mountain shifted slightly to the effect of high tidal splashes flooding the beach areas.

“...is...is that a foot?” Desmond’s eyebrows shot up to his ears upon recognizing the curved shape of feline claws on each enormous digit.

“Yup. That’s Xilimyth.” Brenna gave a deep sigh while pulling out her phone. “There’s a satellite photo of her going all the way to Wisconsin. Look!”

One look at the cougar’s phone display got Desmond whistling with a big grin. “Holy hell, she got some great tits this time.” Brenna’s scowl changed his tune again. “Also, that’s a heck of a lot of milk. They might have to rename the great lakes after her.”

“Assuming you can undo whatever you did to her?”

“Why do you always assume it’s me?” It was Desmond’s turn to be annoyed. “I told you, the only thing I’ve done all day is test my game with Xilimyth’s... photo?”

Desmond glanced at his own phone, ignoring Brenna’s accusingly raised eyebrow. The gears slowly turned in the squirrel-fox’s head, unable to understand why the game and cheetah growth events correlated. Maybe it had something to do with his publisher being founded by kinky witches, but that might be a stretch.

Still, a smile grew to show his teeth at the notion this would need further testing.

“Hey, Brenna. Smile!”

“What? PRRF!!” The cougar saw Desmond whip his phone around, but couldn’t react before the flash filled her vision with blinding lights. All Brenna could do was stagger against the window, hearing her roommate giggle in that way she knew would lead to a bad evening.

## A Cheesy Date

Multiple hisses sounded off across the table. A musical number of fresh beer bottles having their caps ripped off, ending with the chorus of glass clinking together.

“Cheers!” The five patrons cried before downing their respective drinks. Another hard day of work had ended and the group of office workers were all too happy to spend their Wednesday night on a few drinks.

One in particular, a middle-aged man with brown hair, celebrated his coming day off a little too well. His neck kept on flexing heavy slogs of booze long after the others had finished their swigs. Only when the last few drops left the bottle did he set the empty container back on the table alongside five other companions. To his credit, no loud, disgusting burp followed, though he swayed unevenly in his chair.

“Geez, Joe. What happened today that got you hitting it so hard?”

Joe shook his head, which rippled across his whole body. It didn’t seem to help repress the clear drunken stupor he’d gotten himself into. This wasn’t a completely plastered case, but it took him two tries to focus on the concerned darker friend sitting beside him.

“N-nothing, really. Just the typical... all garbage the boss makes us work on.” He shook his head again, checking the other bottles in case some leftover beer still rested within. “Besides, alcohol helps me sleep and I need to call it an early night.”

“Already?” Said another guy from across the table. “You don’t even work tomorrow.”

“T-true, but I need to-WHOAH!” Joe attempted the age old challenge of doing two things at once, only to fail at rising out of his chair while speaking. Luckily, their table was bolted to the floor for a decent weight support. “I need to get home before it’s too late.”

“Got a curfew to keep?” another guy mocked, though the others gave a slightly annoyed look at teasing an inebriated friend. Picking up on this, his tone quickly changed. “Besides, no way we’re letting you drive home like that.”

"It's fine. I got him covered." A softer voice spoke up from the seat on Joe's other side. Thinner hands and arms wrapped around his bicep to help hoist the dizzy man onto his feet.

"Thanks Chris," he said, looking at the blond woman's high cut hair before finding her brown eyes.

Christine returned his uneven smile. "Not a problem. Let's get you home and I can drive you back here to get your car in the morning."

"I take the bus..."

"Even better. We can drive for breakfast instead."

"Oh. Um... okay?"

The rest of the table watched them leave, looking almost like a couple in a warm embrace. But this wasn't a movie and Joe had a hefty weight advantage on Christine. It took what muscle power she had not to let the stumbling drunkard fall over. She might end up crushed under him.

"Sheesh!" The third guy mumbled once the bar doors closed. "You think he's that oblivious to what Christine wants when he's sober too?"

"Probably," the teaser paused for more beer consumption. "She's been dogging him for weeks and the subtlety went clear over his head. I bet she's only been coming with us hoping for a chance like this."

Soft chuckling brought the two men's attention over to their third remaining friend. White teeth flash from ear to ear as if he'd just heard a joke. "That girl does not know what kind of tree she's been barking up."

"Okay. What context are we missing here?"

After a bit more beer drinking, the third friend shared a quick story that soon had the other two in disbelief, yet nearly laughing off their chairs at the implications.

\* \* \*

"Just... off right here." Joe tried to point for emphasis on his directions, becoming enthralled by the way his finger dragged across the passenger window glass. "Hope it's not too late now."

"You really are on a tight schedule, huh?" Chris patted his leg, enjoying the feel of its muscle under the denim. "Don't worry. I'll get you home in time for whatever appointment you have."

“Hm? Oh. I don’t have any plans. I just... don’t enjoy being out during full moons.”

“The what?” Chris had been busy fantasizing excuses on how she’d slip into Joe’s apartment for some ‘coffee’ and a night on the couch, but that answer proved unexpected enough to demand some focus. She shifted her gaze out her own door window, watching the large white ball still climbing over the horizon. “What’s so special about that? Are you a werewolf or something?”

“Mmhmmmmmm!” Joe gave an odd mix of cough and giggle that seemed to travel through a range of pitches in an instant. “Something like that. It’s super annoying.”

The blond woman stared at the road they were on, trying to process this answer. She soon joined in the giggling. “Wow. I heard you were just a tired drunk. The booze gives you a damn crazy imagination too.”

“Huh? Oh. I thought you knew.” Joe coughed again. This time, it seemed to permanently shift his voice into a higher range. “Guess I can thank the company for cracking down on the gossip.”

“Wait. You serious?” Chris risked a glance over at Joe, who nodded several times more than necessary. “And everyone at the office knows about this little joke?”

“It’s not a joke. I try to avoid being around them as much as possible because it gets so weird.” Joe groaned and spasmed from some kinda cramp in his lower body. After it settled, one hand passed over his forehead. He looked to be sweating heavily for a cool evening. “That’s why I’d rather just get home before the moon is up.”

“Oh. Hate to say it, but it’s been up for a few minutes now.”

“Ah. That... explains the itching.” Another giggle devolved into a strange guttural noise as Joe held one hand so close to his face it squished his nose. “Hee hee! Watch this. This is neat.”

“Holy shit!” Chris glanced over when Joe pulled back the sleeve of his raised hand. She did a prompt double take that nearly lost control of the car.

It was hard to make out in the dim evening lights of the car dashboard at first. Slowly the bright peach of skin seemed blotched with inklings of a brown tone that rapidly spread to encompass everything from fingertips down to the areas still hiding by his shirt. Chris had to almost lean in after



switching lanes in order to process this was actually a fine layer of fur. Fingernails extended out in what normally took months of growth, gaining a slight curve to make them milky claws.

“Y-you really are a werewolf?” Chris broke into a fevered laugh. The idea of suddenly being privy to supernatural information was exciting, but another thought rang some alarm bells. “You’re not about to go crazy and eat me at sixty miles an hour?”

“Oh, pssshhh!” Joe waved the furry hand dismissively with his best motorboat impression. The extremity seemed a lot thinner than a few seconds ago, although the bright fur overtaking his face was a lot more distracting. “I function just fine even after becoming that jerk. The drinking is to just keep them from making things too weird.”

“Ah. Cool.” Chris returned most of her attention to driving. She followed Joe’s instructions off the highway into a suburb. “I didn’t expect to fuck a werewolf tonight, but this might be cooler.”

“What?”

“This is your place, right?”

“Um...” Joe turned to look out his side window as they slowed to a parking spot. His nose smushed against the glass because of his jaw bones elongating. “Yup. That’s the one. Thanks for getting me here in time.”

“Not a problem. Let me help you inside.”

“It’s no problem. You don’t have...” Joe jumped with a surprised squeak when his passenger door suddenly opened. Either Chris was a fast runner or the drunken transformation was really throwing off his perception of time.

“Don’t be silly. I have to make sure you’re safe and sou-WHOAH!?” Chris had pulled with all her might, which surprised both of them as Joe came flying out of the seat light as a feather. She flusters apologies helping the changing man to his feet, only to blink at finding he now stood below eye level with her. “What the... Are you getting smaller!?”

“Heehee. You know it.” Joe’s voice became bubbly and almost childish to match its higher pitch. Now that he was out of the car it was easier to see a lot had changed during their drive over. Along with a foot of height, he seemed to have lost over a hundred pounds. The work shirt and pants hung like blankets over his thin furry frame with shoes flopping so

much they could slide right off. "I'm so smol the other guys keep saying I'm adorable."

"Uh, huh? Right." An awkward pause filled the night air only broken by the door opening from Chris' car. The now taller woman needed a moment to cope with her fantasies of riding a big buff stud literally shrinking before her eyes.

By the time the sizing part of his transformation stopped, he was barely reaching Chris' chest, trying to gaze up at her through long bushy bangs of chestnut brown hair. At least that part had grown in the process. Joe normally kept his hair finely shaved and was pretty badly bald around the top. Seeing all that covered with a spurting of unnatural growth was amazing in its own right. Although having a narrow muzzle growing out from the low hang in front ruined the mood. It reminded Chris of old cartoons with the hippie characters in them.

"This... this is fine." She laughed nervously, unsure how to feel when Joe joined in with an airheaded giggle. After getting a firm grip under his thinner arms, Chris led them both along the sidewalk and staircase up to his apartment. The whole time she couldn't help wondering if his shoulders had contracted too.

The door clicked open after the fifth time Joe tried and aligned his key into the locks. Chris let him stagger out of their embrace into the little living room. Shoes were sent flying with a one-two kick for hard thuds against the wall. She couldn't help glancing down to note the furry little feet barely poking out from the loose pant legs. He only had four toes now that were nearly of even length with claws like his hands. They practically resembled paws.

Joe continued walking through his living room before suddenly twisting to look back at Chris. They were seemingly surprised or confused to find her still standing on his doormat. "Want to come in?"

Now there was a question Chris had to pause and consider thoroughly. The strange fuzzy creature whose mouth was steadily pushing out longer and narrower was a far cry from what she'd hoped for tonight. Clearly, this situation has gotten well out of control with no idea what to expect next.

"Yeah. Sure. Thanks."

Of course, curiosity always got the better of her. Chris slipped on past the threshold enough to gently close the door behind her. When she looked

back, Joe's ears were growing out of the bushel of hairs, migrating up his head. The lobes were already gone, but they didn't have the acute tips expected of a wolf. Instead, they were getting really round like plates.

"So you wanna watch an anime?" Joe said with a yawning squeak, apparently oblivious to the intently fierce gaze he was getting. "Or we co-ooooOOOOOGGGAAHHH!!"

Not the majestic call Chris would have expected from a werewolf either. Another failed checkbox on a list of cliches that should have been happening.

Joe was a bit too occupied struggling with the clasp of his belt to worry about keeping to tropes. It took a minute for Chris to see through his flailing that some other changes were occurring. The waistband remained loose while the hips were pushing out completely taut. She could actually hear the seams strain and pop from the pressure of the expanding mass over his weak animal groans.

"Argh! C-can you rip my pants off?"

"... what?" Twenty minutes ago Chris would have loved to be asked that. Now she was just more confused than ever.

Joe's discomfort became a bit more understanding when he turned to present Chris with an ass bloating out the back of their jeans. The twin cheeks were positively huge, flowing with the wider span of his hips with more fat than muscle. Denim squeezed his gaining flesh stubbornly tight, leaving nothing about their curves to the imagination.

Not to mention the lump wiggling about under the fabric at the top of the absolute shelf of a butt. Its desperate attempts at escape only increased as it inflated.

"It's growing in and I can't get the damn belt undone. J-just help me get them off, please!"

"Uh, okay?"

Chris needed a second to steel herself before approaching such an impossibly thick bottom. She got up behind the changing man, trying to gently dig both hands into their waistband. There was practically no slack to them at all. His expanded hips ate up all the room they could afford and then some. Joe wasn't helping make it any less weird with his squeaking moans of pleasure having the sensitive fur rubbed.

Eventually their combined pulls wrangled the jeans off Joe. Somehow, setting his backside free to the naked air made it look even fatter. Tan fur flashed off the living room lamp light in a soft jiggle as a long snake-like tail that sprung out. It collided with Chris's thighs before thumping its tip against the ground where the discarded pants lay crumpled.

"Wait, a fucking second!" At first Chris just thought the tail hadn't finished transforming, but after several seconds of watching it flick around like a fuzzy worm she realized it looked more akin to another animal species. "You're not a-mmmphh!!"

By that point, Joe had pivoted out of his pants in a one-eighty. Their protruding chest squished hard against Chris' breasts with a tight hug and a drunken kiss on the lips. The act nearly sent them both toppling over since Joe's now inferior height required the office woman to try supporting them both. If anything, she was more surprised by how well a pointed muzzle could wrap around human lips. Too bad all the damn whiskers itched like hell.

"Gah!" Burning in Chris' oxygen deprived lungs gave her the refocus to pull the furry little creature off her body. After a lot of blinking, her eyes got a full look at Joe's new form and she found the muscles in her jaw going slack. "W-why are you a mouse!?"

Joe's rounded ears flicked against her ample, silky hair. They seemed almost confused by the question, taking a second to look down at themselves in a baggy button shirt and then looking back up with a smile that showed off two large front teeth. "What? You thought I was a werewolf or something? Damn, that'd be so much more awesome than being a short stack bitch."

"A... short stack... what?" Chris glanced down again, noticing something, before Joe turned in a drunken swagger towards the kitchen. Well, more like she noticed a lack of something. "You turned into a woman!?"

"Oh, gosh, you are so cute for a weirdo." Joe gave off a bubbly giggle as she vanished around a corner with a hard bump of her hip, tail cracking the air like it was giving a wave. "Didn't the boobs give you a clue?"

"I..." Chris glanced at the empty area leading into the kitchen. A stray memory recalled the meshing of their tight embrace. She stared down at

her own chest still feeling the warmth of their soft connection. “Why do you have boobs?”

When Joe returned, it was in blue briefs clinging tightly to her pelvis and a t-shirt that, while smaller, still hung loosely on her short body. Now and then, the low collar flashed a pair of mounds way larger than their human company’s hiding underneath.

Chris almost didn’t notice the two glasses of sparkling gold liquid until she was offered one. Considering the past twenty minutes, it was understandable that she drank half its contents without even asking. “Mmh! Apple cider and whiskey?”

“One of my favorites. Goes down smoother than beer.” Joe’s sharp muzzle cracked another smile, taking her drink in smaller sips. “Gosh! This is so cool. We haven’t had company in mouse state for years now. Stupid Joe-me keeps thinking everyone will find it weird.”

“Can’t imagine why,” Chris said, taking another chug to mask her sarcasm. “Should I be worried you’re talking about yourself in the third person?”

“What? Nah! It’s not like I’m a split personality or something.” Joe’s whiskers twitched for a second. “At least I don’t think we are. It could just be the beers talking or, HEY! You wanna watch some anime?”

“The what?” For being so small, Chris didn’t expect Joe to take her free hand in theirs and nearly toss her across the living room onto the couch. Even more amazing was how that aggressive act didn’t spill a drop of hard cider. “You know, I really shouldn’t stay up too late. I got work in the morning and then maybe we can go... get your... car... or bus... what are you doing?”

“You’re going already?” At some point, Joe had dropped their glass on the coffee table and climbed onto the remaining couch cushions to face Chris on all fours. Their eyes had suddenly become glossy with the tears of sadness, rounded ears flopped against the side of her pointed face while lips quivered on the verge of a breakdown.

Being able to clearly see Joe’s hanging breasts through the collar of her shirt didn’t help Chris, either. This bottom curvy bombshell had no trace of the man she had been hoping to be railing in bed right now. Even a short werewolf would have been better.

“Fine! Turn on the TV.”

A delighted squeak resounded from Joe as she bounced off the bed and began queuing up Netflix. Chris crossed her legs, taking another large gulp of cider, nostrils flaring with a large exhale. Was that adorable child act practiced or just something that came with the transformation? Either way, it was amazingly effective at deflating her angry hormones.

“This is going to be so good!” Before long Joe plopped her fat butt back beside Chris, promptly scooting up so their sides pressed together. Her rodent tail flipped over across the human’s lap where it gave an occasional twitch. “I don’t think I’ve ever had girl company before. All the guys that tolerate me on full moons just want a fuck my bubble butt. Can you believe it?”

“Yeah... I... That’s horrible.” Chris coughed away her guilt and finished her drink. Apparently, she was about to watch something called ‘Shield Hero’ on the TV. “Sorry to hear that.”

“Oh! Don’t be! The sex is usually fantastic!” Joe broke out in a laughter that had more squeaks than human noises. Both hers and Chris’ face were red for different reasons. “And if they get too rough or something I just threaten to make them weremice with a single claw scratch.”

“You can do that?” Chris immediately felt guilty trying to edge away from Joe’s relaxed embrace, but that only made the mouse girl laugh again.

“Of course not! But then again, how many of you know another weremouse?”

“Oh!” Chris chuckled as she slowly eased back against Joe’s body.

“Did you wanna have sex?”

“Hrrrkk!!” Chris reeled against the couch armchair, dropping the empty glass in her knee jerk panic.

“Hah! Knew it!” Joe scooted her butt along the cushions, laying herself entirely against Chris in a pincer. “Fun part about an animal’s nose is smelling everyone’s hormones. We could have planned something if I’d known you even liked me.”

“Yeah, well, jokes on me then.” Chris pushed back, so they were at least straightened out on the couch. That didn’t stop Joe from absently patting them on the shoulder and waist. She had to admit those claws felt really nice after a long workday. “You’re going to change back in the morning, right?”

“Ooooooh. Of course, I can! Hah!” The mouse giggled before their drunken mind gradually put together the implication. “I can change whenever I want except on full moons. They kinda force it and all. Are you planning breakfast with me?”

“Yeah. Let’s go with that.” Chris scoffed, unable to hide a grin. She reached down for the empty glass, waving it in the inebriated mouse woman’s pointed face. “In the meantime, can I get another of these? Preferably in a bigger glass, please.”

## The Heat is Mom

It wasn't looking to be too bad of a day. The family may have sprung some errands on Janus before he could escape out the door, but it was nothing he couldn't handle. All they wanted was for him to pick up more dog food, get his sister's medication, buy a case of beer, rent a movie, pay the water bill...

... find a screw that fits the missing chair leg...

... reorder dry cleaning for a funeral...

... destroy the power rangers...

... broker peace between the Maximals and a cheese sandwich...

Okay, maybe it was a bit much to do with the sun blazing down this weekend. Dad could have at least let Janus take the car without a broken AC, even if his sister and aunt needed the working ones. Only a few droplets of water remained in the Dasani bottle he'd gotten while filling up the dangerously empty tank, which he nursed desperately onto his dry tongue.

Shame all the moisture pouring off the blonde man's face couldn't provide decent nourishment too. Janus threw the empty bit of plastic into a bin and picked up a large box to continue his walk. Mentally, he continued assuring himself that everything was fine. This was his last stop on the mini-mall run. After that, it was a short walk back to his car where more water awaited. Trying to juggle all these new shoes, gift baskets, and stereo speakers was nothing for his trembling legs.

"Ugh! Now which store was it?" Janus looked between the two doors where he thought the appliance shop rested. How he really wished for a free hand to wipe the sweat washing into his eyes for a better look. It might not have mattered with how swirly the world was getting in his peripheral vision. Everything became incoherent spirals that, while colorful, left him thoroughly confused. He found it best to just guess on a door and go from there.

**THUNK!!**

They really needed to make more doors push to open for exactly these kinds of delirious situations. Once Janus pried his face from the



glass, he managed an awkward dance of pulling it open with the wiggling of his hips. Musical chimes played off while he slipped inside. Cold blasts of circulated air felt so revitalizing on his drying skin. He even got the armfuls of packages inside before the door swung back against his tired wrists.

“Welcome to Sura’s Authentic Curios! Are you the one o’clock, sir?”

“Yeah. I’m looking for a beagle with fresh varnish tires, please.”

“Um...”

Janus blinked slightly out of sync as he staggered into the store proper. Some tables were set up with various bottles and candles, among other knick knacks, making his balance teeter while maneuvering between them.

“Are you okay, sir?”

“Probably? Maybe?” he tried to laugh as reassurance, only to manage a dry cough instead. A final burst of stubborn willpower got him taking two more steps right into a display of jars. Breaking glass and wet splashes were all he could make out before everything faded to black. “Nevermind. Going nap time now.”

“What the crab baskets!? HEY!”

For a moment there came a loud snap, like wood burning on a fire. In that second, the lithe brunette blinked from behind the register to beside Janus in time to catch his fainting body. Well, it was more like easing him onto the floor considering the two feet and hundred pounds advantage he had on her.

“Hey? Hey, sir! What’s wrong?” Sura rolled her unconscious customer onto his back, green eyes scanning in a flurry for injuries. One hand brushed away the matted bangs on his face and recoiled. “Holy hell! You’re boiling up. Stay with me here. My manager doesn’t have accidental death insurance and he’ll kill me if you can’t pay for all that merch you just broke!”

Gentle cheek patting turned into hard pinches, followed by full force smacks. Rapid impacts echoed through the store for a minute until Sura realized how little physical assault would help.

“Oh, right! Water! Humans drink water to live, right?” Some more seconds of staring at Janus made Sura realize he would not answer. “Damn it! Where do I find water? In those cactus things?”

There was a crackling of blue energy, and Sura vanished in another blink. Everything fell silent for a long while with nothing but the sounds of ragged breathing from the barely conscious man on the floor.

“H-hello?” Janus croaked with a lot less effort than he expected. Maybe this was finally how he died; on the floor of a strange shop, doing his sister’s errands. Knowing his luck, her eulogy at his funeral would be criticizing never bringing her junk home in time.

With no one answering, he figured there was nothing to lose in trying to save himself. One hand hefted itself onto a table, only to lack the strength needed for lifting the heavy body it was attached to. Next he tried rolling onto his stomach and became soaked in a shallow puddle of sour smelling liquid. It almost went up his nostrils with one deep breath, helping motivate him into trying a push up.

Janus grunted as his face lifted and splashed back into the weird liquid. If anything, it smelled a lot like pickle brine. His hands flopped limply outstretched, amazingly landing upon an intact jar.

It was unclear if pickle brine helped hydrate, and Janus wasn’t in a situation to be picky. He used the last ounce of his strength to undo the lid.

“Whoa! Did... I find the Well of All sparks, finally?” Sometimes there was a hiss from preserved air pressure. In this case, Janus nearly got sent rolling around the store by a sonic blast. All the pickles inside went flying out in an odd, yet pretty, show of green and red lights. “I must have stumbled into a chilli pepper store.”

None of this stopped the man from resting back his head in several messy gulps of the jar’s spicey fluid. At least it was tastier than it smelled, good sweetness with a bite of peppercorns, if he wasn’t too delirious. When the jar was empty, or Janus simply ran out of fuel, he let it slip from his hand before curling up to take a slightly refreshed nap. Blurry eyes struggled to stay open, mesmerized by the glowing pickles floating above his exhausted form, but eventually he succumbed to fatigue.

The spirit wisps, as they actually were, continued to float around the poor human in a little dance. Their small cloud-like shapes flashed in time to murmuring too low pitched for human ears to make sense of. A conversation of sorts took place at rapid speed before they descended one by one upon Janus.

The first two landed on his head before promptly sinking through the smooth human’s skin. Every short, shaved hair on his head shifted before

exploding. Golden blond locks deployed across the floor in growth most people needed years to accomplish, giving him a mane several feet long.

From out of this thick brush extended the man's ears, pulled by an unseen force at the tips. They gave a quick flick thanks to new muscles and shot up to rest on top of his head as pointed pyramids. A very fine layer of fuzz developed along their outsides, taking on a slightly darker shade of brown to his hair.

A smile spread across Janus' dreaming face, being tickled by the fur trickling down to cover his head and neck. Although, tension in his jaw forced the muscles open in a silent yawn, which unintentionally showed off the sharp points his teeth were gaining. With several loud pops, his bridge elongated until his nose was nearly a foot away from his eyes. Nostrils flared as the surrounding skin darkened a jet black and became slightly wet, giving him a canine muzzle.

"Hey! Are you still alive?" Sura came rushing through a door in the back of her shop, ignoring the clattering of brooms and mops. She needed to work on her teleportation in a panic. Also, she never knew she had a cleaning closet. "I found a drink called Bleach. It says it kills all germs, so that's doubly good for you, right? What? What the HELL!?"

Sura stopped halfway around a shelf of magic statues in time to watch a swarm of five wisps land on Janus' chest. Wearing clothes didn't seem to impede their intentions as they quickly slipped into his body. Light groans escaped his slim muzzle with a very feminine pitch to them. Before the shopkeeper's dumbstruck eyes, his shirt bubbled and bloated outward like an inflating balloon.

Two balloons, as a matter of fact. The hem of Janus' shirt rapidly crawled up his waist, exposing a belly that was trimming down and gaining a deep inward curve as fur overtook all traces of skin. Every inch of slack was needed for the thick mounds rapidly piling atop the changing man's pectorals. He rolled onto his back with a pained grunt, letting the fatty flesh spill out under the shirt and through the stretched collar. Hands reached up to grasp them, eliciting another moan as fur blanketed his arms.

"Oh! No no no no no!" Sura would have stayed entranced by the breasts struggling to break Janus shirt if several more wisps hadn't started pouring into his hourglass waist. She threw the bottle of cleaner aside in a panicked squeal, rushing forward to grab at them. It was about as effective as trying to grab mist. They melted between her fingers with ease to vanish inside the fuzzy half-fox's stomach.

Janus grit his sharp teeth seething a sensual groan. Hands clenched tight against either massive mammary draping his torso. Fur along, his knuckles scrunched into a dense bristle before his palms surged to double in size. The mass flowed into each finger, thickening them out like filling sausages, except with big black claws sprouting out of the tips. He continued to knead and paw at his bloated breasts with the animalistic extremities. Losing a bit of dexterity didn't seem to hinder their gripping power any.

Two loud pops whipped Sura's attention to Janus' shoes where a similar process overtook his feet. Heels slid out the back with added bones and tendons, forcing him into a digitigrade stance. While his socks stayed wrapped around the growing platforms, the front of both footwear blew open from the pressure of huge lumps clad in cotton. As the elasticity quickly reached its limit, she could see fine outlines of several big digits almost perfectly rounded. The spontaneous growth of more black claws tore through the tight fibers, allowing an impressive set of paws to rush out after them.

More harsh snaps sounded off all along the sides of Janus' pants. His knees pressed together as everything thickened out with mixes of muscle and fat, especially around his broadening hips. 'Hourglass' quickly became a very applicable term to the man's new furry figure. When the juicy denim wrapped thighs finally parted, they revealed a smooth crotch area that gave Sura the impression he wasn't much of a man where it counted anymore, either.

At least this time when she gave a hard slap it actually got Janus to jerk back into an awakened state.

"I'm up, mom! Really!" The vixen ears twitched with her frantic head motions. Sitting up proved very easy now, despite two hefty mounds sloshing into her thickened lap. Janus didn't even seem to register their weight at first, taking in her surroundings, Sura's furious glare, and the number of glowing small clouds still circling his general area. "Who are you? Why am I on the floor? Does my voice sound off to you? Are those cloud-mmpphh!"

"Shut up!" Sura barked, clamping Janus' muzzle with both hands. The new vixen suddenly seemed aware of having such a long mouth, going cross-eyed with a muffled bark of concern. "You just staggered in here, fell face first into my display of resurrection spirits, and drank god knows how much spirit essence. Are all you humans just dumb as bricks?!"

She pulled her hands away, expecting a hurried apology, or at least an explanation of this turn of events. Instead, Janus kept focus on the black nose in her peripheral vision. Slowly her jaw opened and closed, testing out the tendons that worked her alien muzzle. It was almost funny when she bit her tongue, gaining the knowledge that was much longer now too.

“Whoa!” Janus had moved a hand to touch her vulpine nose, only to be enthralled seeing the big paw-like thing that obeyed her commands. With little effort, she got the meaty fingers wiggling. The fur rubbing together tickled somewhat. “Heehee! I got paws. I got boobies!?”

She had looked down to see what else might have been changed, becoming flabbergasted by the gentle shifting mass of cleavage blocking her view of the ground. Her shirt tore in several places with the plush mass eagerly bulging out. Hell, it barely covered half their rounded surface, wanting desperately to just spill out. Janus gulped, gently cupping each breast to feel their weight. Even with enlarged monster hands she couldn’t grab more than a fraction of their surface. It didn’t help that the stretched pelt made them very tender.

“Hey!” Sura snapped her fingers for emphasis, accidentally filling the shop with a green flash. Janus whipped her attention back on the shopkeeper and recoiled. “You have any idea how much trouble you’re causing me?”

“S-sorry, miss fox?” Janus’ ears folded back with her sheepish whine. Gone was Sura’s human disguise, leaving only a furious blue fox woman looming over them. Five very fluffy tails wiggled about behind her, though her feminine body was a plank of wood compared to Janus. “I didn’t mean to turn into... wait, why did I...?”

“Ugh! Just get up, you idiot.” Sura yanked Janus’ paws off her tits to help hoist the buxom vixen onto their new paw-feet. “Apparently, the wisps liked you. You don’t seem about to keel over dead anymore.”

“Um. N-no? I feel fine.” Janus patted herself over, trying to process the very alien way her body wiggled with her movements. Her black nose wiggled pensively as both hands came to rest on her ample backside. “Do I get tails too? Yeep!”

As if on cue, a surge of energy plunged down Janus’ spine until it slammed into its coccyx. Surreal forces caused the vertebrae to twitch before grinding around to reverse its inward curve. The vixen twerked with

confused animal growls as the skin just above her butt crack pushed out into a small tent. It quickly puffed out into an amazingly sized furry wart.

“Oh! Oh! Mmmmmhfff!!” Janus gasped for air, struggling to steady herself on the counter. Having ligaments and muscles shifting around was overwhelming enough. The rapid inflating of her backside became a mess of new nerves and bones. The weird lump soon surprised even her breasts in size and roundness, taking on a cartoonish balloon taped to her rump.

“Ack!” A sudden shift from inside the round bulge caused Janus to arch her spine, ears flipping forward in alarm. Claws racked at the countertop, which Suka made a note to add on their tab, while little bumps began pressing out of the thin furry skin.

Whatever was inside this inflated part of Janus wanted out with increasing ferocity. Bumps increased, stretching out further and further across the surface. The vixen’s hips began jiggling with its momentum as it boiled over until...

**POP!**

“Aw yeah!” Janus lowered her face into her paw hands with a look of drunk ecstasy. From her butt boil erupted a cluster of wiggling, thrashing new appendages. All of them looked to be fifty pounds of thick golden fur ending in slightly pointed white tips. She lazily looked over one shoulder eventually getting enough control to steady the new appendages for a count. “Sweet! I got nine tails in one go? That is so lucky and just completes the whole look. Don’t you think?”

“You’re lucky I don’t set you on fire!” Sura took a deep breath, burying her muzzle in her own animal hands. She really didn’t want to show a mix of emotions that the former human wrecking her shop spontaneously out ranked her in tails now. “Just... give me a minute to work a counter spell before...”

“YIP!” Something cold slapped against Janus’ lower back. The wisp had got around for a sneak attack, vanishing inside her abdomen before either vixen could see.

“That happens,” Sura finished with a defeated howl.

“What the heck are these things?” Janus reached as best she could for her backside, groping blindly at the fur the invading wisps had passed through. A sudden jolt from inside her waist made the vixen’s hips jerk. Soft

cheeks bulged, only able to fight off the escape of gas for a moment. “Bwurp! Is it normal to feel a bloated sensation? Ahh!?”

Bright lights flashed across her silky fur, giving it some pretty highlights as one wisp after another dived into Janus. They were all making a beeline for her middle, not caring if it was her front, side, or back. Her meaty paw hands racked their claws through the air, doing nothing to stall this assault. Eventually she gave up, settling on holding her stomach partially hidden by the hang of her breasts. There was a lot of harsh stirring right behind her belly button, leading into a growing tension.

“Yes,” Sura seethed as her eyes dropped to the golden vixen’s immense bust gently jiggling with their every breath. “In your case aptly so. I shouldn’t be surprised after you drank an entire jar of reincarnation spirit essence; they’d all be swarming you in a feeding frenzy.”

“W-what’s a reincarnation spirit? Hurp!” Janus gave off several more burps, making her shapely body bounce with the force. She brought her paw hands back around, surprised to make contact with her belly sooner than expected. “O-oh geez!”

A previously flat, slightly muscular stomach now jutted out into a small bulge around its button. It was hard to see around the cleavage of her bust, but Janus could feel both inside and out the building tautness of something swelling inside her. Plump fingers massaged the area with their plush pads, doing nothing to stop it from billowing further and further with each heavy breath.

“Nyaaah!” Janus whined, staggering in very wide, stiff steps until she could brace against the store counter. Her enormous fox paws were already straining from carrying all the weight developing inside her new sex. A third rounded curve was developing out of her middle to match the ones hanging off her chest. It was all her hands could do to hold on to its midsection and still get slowly inched apart by the steady swelling. “Oooh! Mmmnnhh! Ahh!! T-this is...”

“Serves you right for stumbling in here and breaking my stuff,” the other kitsune said with a snort. She could see Janus’ figure going from hourglass to gourd shaped in real time, losing her waist to an increasingly spherical midsection. The damn thing was hanging heavily against the fabric of her jeans. “You’re lucky. The spirits blessed you with a very powerful form. I don’t think any mortal could stand reincarnating the thirty-some wisps you just took.”

“Pah! Pah! Pah! It’s so goood!” Janus squealed in ecstasy. Both monster hands continued rubbing as much of her growing stomach as they could reach. The continued stretching of his furry skin was making it very susceptible to any touch, causing her tongue to flop out in ravenous panting.

Before long, the inflating vixen was getting so big that her stomach’s crest pushed up into her breasts even while descending against her thighs. The softer mounds were forced to flow apart on either side, allowing Janus to see her gut now stretched out farther and wider than either her boobs or butt. And still it didn’t stop growing. All nine of her tails wagged in the sensual overload, especially eager to see what a belly full of thirty babies looked like.

“Hnnk!?”

In hindsight, she should have expected such intense gravidity would cause other growth spurts. Heat rushed into the vixen’s hips moments before they broadened in a symphony of cracks and pops. The entire sides of her jeans tore open, exposing her thighs to the circulating air. That left no support when pounds of fat poured into her butt, puffing both cheeks big enough to probably need two full couch cushions. When the waistband was still too stubborn to break with so much kitsune posterior bulging around it, Janus reached back with both hands to tear both jeans and boxers off.

“Hold on,” Sura barked, muzzle slightly curled into a genuine smile. The blush over Janus’ muzzle after becoming naked from the enormous waist down brought something new to her attention. “Are you seriously getting off on this? Geez! You humans and your kinks never cease to surprise me. What on earth drives you to...h-hey! Don’t touch m-MMPPPHH!!”

Before she could realize what was happening, the bigger, stackier kitsune was upon Sura. There was a drunken lust prominent in Janus’ fixed gaze. Her paw hands came to rest on either side of the shop owner’s muzzle. She had just enough time to realize what was coming before being pulled in.

Unfortunately, Janus forgot both of them now possessed noses jutting a foot in front of their faces. The wet black buttons bonked together in a dizzying rebound, which she recovered from quickly. A slight tilt of the head proved better when wrapping her warm black lips around Suka.



It would have been almost romantic if the other kitsune didn't get her bopped nose full of vinegar and spices. Why spirit wisps love pickle brine was anyone's guess. Suddenly Sura had a new reason to hate it, too. Attempts to push back the over-bloated former human were met with little success. Her paws slipped right off the curve of her stomach onto hips too squishy for her pads to grip. She couldn't even get her arms around Janus' expanded waist.

That didn't stop her escape attempts when the golden fox shoved their tongue inside. Sura's eyes shot wide with a muffled yell, feeling the sticky muscle wrangle with her own in the throes of passion. Seconds later, she couldn't hold back a moan, eyes rolling into the back of her skull in momentary arousal. Having to exchange hot saliva and breaths was an exercise she hadn't gotten to indulge in for decades. Besides, rubbing her paws all over such massive boobs had a therapeutic effect of sorts.

"Mmh!" And then the bliss passed, with Janus pulling away for a breath. Suka could feel her ears burning red as she switched to shoving the massive mammaries. It had little effect with how much sink Janus' flesh had, though thankfully the gravid kitsune stepped back enough for a comfortable distance. They had to with her belly becoming larger than most of her combined body.

"Honestly! Do you humans have any other settings besides stupid, angry, and horny?" Suka wiped drool from her chin, unable to hide the amusement in her sarcastic words.

The response Janus gave was something of a moan befitting a porno star and a yip attributing to her new fox ish form. If she was even hearing Sura's words, they were being ignored while paw hands roamed over the enlarged curves of her backside and ridiculously spherical stomach. There were so many kits filling her womb that its rising top completely split her cleavage while the bottom sagged past her knees, which struggled slightly to hold easily hundreds of pounds extra weight. As the last few inches of growth slowed to a stop, her face twitched slightly as the belly button popped into an outie.

"I-I can barely believe it myself," Janus said with a giggle. Hands continued to roam up her belly, enjoying the little kicks that pushed back until gently cupping her flowing breasts. They hadn't bloated as much as her hips, but another sense of filling deep inside was generating rapid damp spots on the front of her taut shirt. She glanced at Sura, struggling

not to bluntly request help to relieve this mounting need. "I'll, uh, pay you back for the spirit things?"

"Oh, you definitely will miss milf." Sura chuckled, unable to take her eyes off the out-of-control lactation unfolding. Her stare became so intent that Janus promptly tried covering the blotted areas with her paws. It hardly helped stop the trickles going down their exposed breast fur. "I must say; it's interesting you're taking this so enthusiastically considering the last stage of the reincarnation process we have to do."

"Last stage?" Janus was once again drawn down to her thick figure. Trying to cover his nipples poking through the fabric had the opposite effect. Her attention became almost entirely focused on rubbing the little tents with her paw pads, elliptic bursts of pleasure with the spurts of milk released.

"Well, yeah! It's no different from how humans normally birth young, except a little faster."

All nine of Janus' tails stopped twitching. They remained perfectly stiff in the air while her ears dropped to the sides of her head. Hands dropped the fun squish boobs to rest along the sides of her expansive table of a stomach. When her muzzle slowly rose to point at Sura the eyes behind her looked like they had seen the face of death.

"Wait? Are you saying these things have to come OUT?!"

## A Date with the Force

“James? What the hell is a furry?”

“Fuck if I know, Kevin. Looks like a culmination of sports mascots.”

“What team mascot has green hair and neon-lit teeth?”

“I have no idea, but maybe I should look into them.”

Taking a weekend vacation to Austin for the summer was met with a strange turn upon arrival. Two boys, fresh off celebrating their twenty-second birthdays, stood dumbfounded in a Hilton lobby overrun with people. Considering they had flown out here for a convention that was barely surprising. It was the large portion of people wearing animal ears, tails, or full on body suits complete with cartoonishly cute heads. Some were simple representations of a typical animal, while others had an abundance of color pallets and accessories to stand out in the mob.

Something told them this was not the Star Wars convention the comic shop had advertised. The banners and wall decorations confirmed the boys had arrived at a convention called ‘Furrific.’ One Google search on their phones quickly educated them on the wonders of the furry fandom. The convention was even space opera themed, so wearing their jedi robes and light sabers did not make them feel that out of place.

“I blame you for this,” James mumbled as they stood in the check-in line.

Another Google search found their actual destination over twenty miles across the city. They were not going anywhere else for the weekend. Breaking butts working at McDonalds while keeping good grades up for their senior year only gave them so much budget to spend.

“Hey, my dad’s the one that set this up for us. Blame him!” Kevin scoffed. Their turn had finally arrived for the counter and he fished out a credit card with ID.

“You could have helped him a bit instead of just telling him to search for ‘space convention’ and pick whatever looked right.”

“Like I’d totally know there was another convention in the same city doing a space opera theme. Besides, I was in the middle of streaming my weekly Fortnite.”

The lady behind the counter giggled, but did not comment outside giving them keys and a brief rundown of convention rules. Going from that line to the one for elevators only made the pairs dejected feelings worse. Padding out your suit into many body shapes, including some of the thickest curves the boys had ever seen, made for less elevator space. James could only wonder how they did not die of heat exhaustion in those things.

Kevin was just happy to finally have a bed to flop on after such a long flight and Uber ride. If only hunger pains did not strike them both, he could have laid there for a while longer. The plane stewards had been sweet to give the boys extra snacks, but KIND bars only contained so much protein.

“Think we should register or eat first?” James had to resist the urge to take his shoes off and crawl into his own bed. The room was a standard

double twin, but paradise to their aching feet. There were just plenty of other things to do first.

Kevin groaned, forcing himself to roll off the cozy, thick blankets. “We might as well register first. Maybe they can give us some clue what furies gather to do at these things.”

Apparently, furies gather to stand in lines or something. In just the short time Kevin took for a rest, one elevator had broken thanks to crowds ignoring the weight capacity. The one remaining elevator had to go up and down with full loads four times before both boys could find space to get on. Granted, that meant wedging between a dragon with too much wingspan and a mouse with too much hips.

“You would think people would consider freedom of movement when wearing a padded suit with tunnel vision,” Kevin grumbled with no concern who heard him. Given those giant fluffy heads, hearing would probably be impaired too even without a lobby full of chatting nerds.

“It’s no different from the androids we would have been trying to shuffle around anyway,” James countered. When Kevin turned back to reply, he was surprised to see his blond-haired friend getting a selfie with a red-colored raccoon. “Besides, this is kind of cool. Maybe we can buy some costumes to go with our robes.”

Kevin scoffed despite his lips cracking into a grin. He had always wanted to spice up his jedi cosplay with some alien cosmetics. The main problems had been finding someone to even create custom costumes, and for a high schoolers budget. Some dreams just had to wait for a better wage job. Although, he was noticing some panther costumes that looked breathtaking.

Speaking of problems, it was only after the boys found the registration office that they remembered they had come to the wrong convention. Not only had they wasted money on pre-registering for the other place, but the line for a furry con extended all the way back into the lobby they had just left. Only thing more absurd was that they still waited it out expecting things to go smooth and fast.

Three hours of standing later left their remaining enthusiasm in shambles. Aside from an occasional compliment or short discussion about their jedi costumes the boys could not bring themselves to socialize much. They resolved that all they needed was a big meal and a hard night's sleep. A whole weekend of new experiences lay ahead that could easily turn things around.

But first Kevin typed in registration info with yet another problem to overcome.

“What’s a fursona name!?”

“You know, the character you used to represent yourself in the fandom,” the guy handling Kevin’s registration explained by holding up a badge drawn in color pencil. The elephant depicted on it had an obese body that could only be described as ‘sphere’ yet the man showed a solid pride in it. “Basically, what you want other furies to call you. If you don’t have one you can just leave it blank.”

“Well...” Kevin almost said yes immediately, but then he mulled it over. “Hey, James? Are you getting a fursona?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah, why not?” James had ended up on the register computer next to Kevin, making it less awkward to coordinate. “Might as well get into the roll of jedi fluff balls. Did you have anything in mind?”

“Not really. Saw some tigers pass by a while ago and I’m rather partial to cats.”

“Well, your mom only keeps three.”

“Not the point. I’ll just say I’m a tiger and work out the details later.”

“Cool!” Jame resumed pounding on the keypad with one finger using an unnecessary amount of force. “I’ll be a cougar then!”

Kevin just stared at his friend unsure. “... why?”

“So we match, obviously.”

Less than a minute of waiting later their badges had been printed out and handed off along with a hefty bag full of convention accessories. Kevin almost dropped his still unable to break his gaze on James.

“Those aren’t even the same breed.”

“They’re still cats, though. Come on, let’s go eat.”

“Yeah, sure.” They thanked the con staff and departed, ironically getting a rush of fresh enthusiasm to be free of lines. Kevin even found a handy map of places to eat, included with their membership package. “So what did you name your cougar jedi?”

“Cougarella. What do you think the artists in the dealers’ den might charge for designing... what is it?”

“N-nothing!” Kevin lied through his failed attempts not to laugh. “You decide you’re going to be a cougar person and that’s the best name you can think up on the fly?”

James rolled his eyes. “We’re both doing a work in progress here. What did you name the tiger?”

The smile promptly fell off Kevin’s face, his brown eyes pretending to take interest in a potted plant. “Tigeriana...”

To his credit, James did not burst into outright laughter. He just cracked a knowing grin before giving his best buddy an elbow jab. “Got to admit it at least sounds Star Wars-ish to fit in canon.”

“Yeah?” Kevin wiggled his eyebrows. “Which canon?”

James brushed past him with an exasperated sigh. He held the exit door for Kevin as they left the hotel, stating, “Don’t even joke about that or I swear I will light saber duel you right here.”

Before Kevin could utter the witty reply he had ready, a female voice sliced through their conversation.

“Now there’s a pair of cats if I’ve ever seen them. You two are already play fighting over everything.”



They both turned a bit annoyed to have a third party butting in, only to immediately forgive the interloper. The woman that had been intending to enter the hotel after them turned out to have a wonderful butt to go with her bubbling sweet smile. Her colorful Tye-dye shirt and bright green hair certainly helped her trim figure stand out even in this fuzzy crowd.

“Hi, I’m Kevin!” The blond boy recovered from this adorable presence to offer a handshake first. He had seen many older people were into this cartoon animal thing. Getting to meet someone that looked only a few years older was a welcomed encounter.

“Sorsha,” the girl shook his hand with a smile, and then turned to take James’ when his shot out in offering.

“James!” the black-haired boy chuckled in a lopsided grin. “How’d you guess we were talking about cats?”

“Your name tags are a bit less than subtle, no offense. I’m very fond of felines myself, but my master banned me from wearing my fursuit in public after the last outbreak.”

“Master?”

“Outbreak?”

Both boys had spoken at the same time, but were clearly focused on different details. If anything, they just seemed happy someone was talking to them. Sorsha continued to eye them up completely oblivious to their

inquiries. When she met their eyes again, all they got was an affirming nod, as if something important had been decided.

“You guys want some fursuits to go with those kick ass robes? I know the dealer’s den isn’t open, but I got a guy with partials that can hook you up for a good price. Good way to spend your first con.”

“How much?” James asked, surprising his friend with the lack of hesitation. Kevin was really more interested in some dinner.

Sorsha listed off prices that, while certainly hole burning, were not beyond the boys’ collective funds for the trip. It certainly gave Kevin pause for consideration while watching James count numbers in his head.

“Wait...” A thought suddenly struck Kevin, making him address Sorsha suspiciously. “How did you know this was our first con?”

“Oh, please!” Sorsha waved it off with a laugh that advertised air headedness. “Just listening to you guys talk makes it a bit obvious. So you want the suits or not?”

“I guess if they’re tiger and cougar related?” James glanced at Kevin with uncertainty.

Kevin remained staring at Sorsha’s grinning face, but he could not pinpoint why this girl felt so off. Not counting her outlandish choice in color schemes, of course. The fact daylight was burning forced him to eventually push such thoughts aside. He shot a smile at James. “We might as well then, eh? We’ll have to save up to get those character references later though.”

“Great!” Sorsha clapped her hands triumphantly. “You boys go have a good meal. I’ll meet you at your room later so we can exchange goods. Oh, what is your room number? Or do you prefer a text?”

After exchanging both information with Sorsha, the perky young girl danced past them with a parting slap on their shoulders. They were just about to shake that experience off and be on their way when she let out a gasp behind them.

“Ow! Hey, is this pointy thing one of yours?” They turned to find Sorsha sharing the backside of her jean shorts with them. She had bent down to retrieve some miniature pyramid toy that was cheerfully presented in one outstretched hand. “Looks like a jedi thing. Gotta be careful they don’t fall out of your dresses.”

“These are robes!” Kevin said with slight indignation. A lot of care had gone into decorating the garments with his personal flare.

“And that’s a sith holocron,” James added, taking the toy from Sorsha. It felt heavy and warm for its baseball size. “Did you bring this, Kevin?”

“We’re jedi. Why would I bring a sith accessory?”

“Just asking, dude. Maybe you should take this...” James had turned back only to stop mid-sentence in realizing he was talking to a closing hotel door. Sorsha had departed with such silent speed she was not even visible on the other side of the glass. “Okay, she is easily the weirdest thing I’ve seen so far out of this con.”

“Weirder than the cow suiter with the humongous boobs and udder?”

“... third weirdest thing, then. Sheesh, you’re so picky.” James chuckled and pocketed the holocron into his robes. “Remind me to drop this in a lost and found later.”

“A bit dangerous carrying around a sith device,” Kevin pontificate with his best ‘stoic jedi’ voice of prequel legends. “Be mindful of your surroundings, master Cougraella. I sense a trap.”

Much as he wanted to try, James just could not keep the straight faced expression of a jedi from the movies. His lips keep splitting in small fits of giggles. “I sense Mexican food. Let us meditate on these events over burritos, Master Tigeriana!”

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A short walk and a pound of refried beans later helped ease a lot of the boys’ concerns over this vacation’s progress. There was even a significantly less wait for the elevators once they got their stuffed bellies back to the hotel. Any promises of business with a strange girl were almost forgotten by the time they got into their room. Luckily, she seemed to have known this and both their phones vibrated a stream of new texts before the door had closed.

“How is she texting both of us at once!?” Kevin gawked at his glowing screen. Their phones were pinging with near perfect unison.

“Copy, paste, dude.” James laughed, pointing out they were receiving the same messages. “Gotta admit she sure had a fast phone, though. You want to take her up on that offer?”

“If it’ll get her to stop spamming us.” Kevin frowned at his phone as if the girl was watching him through the screen. He still typed out a reluctant invitation up to their room, an opportunity he would have normally killed for when it involved the other sex.

**KNOCK NOCK!**

“Wha?” Kevin jumped off his bed in a panic. Less than three seconds had passed after completing his text and yet he glanced out the peephole to find Sorsha standing across the portal with a big box tucked under each arm. “Is this crazy girl stalking us!?”

“I find her more energetic than crazy.” James shrugged only looking mildly concerned. “Besides, her offer is way cheaper than what we had to go through for these robes.”

“A fair point. I just hope they don’t end up paper bags and rubber gloves.” Kevin took a deep breath before opening the door.

“They’re nylon and synthetic fiber, actually!” Sorsha chimed as she promptly thrust one box after the other into Kevin’s startled grasp. She danced past him without waiting for an invitation, passing a flirty wink onto James. “Go ahead and try them on, boys. We want to make sure they work before I go running off to spend your money on kinky inflation art.”

“Inflating what?” James pondered, only to get a box shoved into his chest without an answer. After some clumsy shuffling, he opened its loose flaps with one hand. A blunt snout belonging to a cartoon cougar’s head promptly sprung out nearly startling the boy into dropping the package. Its stitched smile radiated a cheerful attitude, if a bit lifeless.

Glancing over at Kevin showed he had set his box on a bed to pull out a similar cartoon tiger's head with both hands. Both masks were of simple make, but pretty well done around the seams. It was clear by his pensive stare that Kevin was already brainstorming ways to modify them later. Some ruffles of hair and markings would add in a lot of personality.

"Well?" Sorsha piped up, making both boys suddenly realize they had been lost in their thoughts. "Don't just have a staring contest with the merchandise. Trust me, you can't win. Try them on."

James gave a shrug to his hesitant friend before slipping his real head through the cougar's neck hole. It was not unlike putting on a protective helmet, albeit way more fuzzy.

"Holy hell! How do people see in these things?" James had to turn in order to get Kevin in his view. Seeing his friend stagger a few steps after putting on the tiger head was understandable. Everything around their periphery vision was completely blacked out.

"It's also a bit hot in here..." James added, removing his head to a rush of fresh air.

"Well, duh!" Sorsha rolled her eyes and reached into Kevin's box. Her slender hand pulled out some sort of bandelier of liquid pouches stitched together. "You should invest in some coolant packs, especially for a summer con. Full body suits can boil a person alive without good preparation."

"Cool." James set the head aside. He dug back into his own box and found a pair of gloves along with a long, fuzzy noodle he eventually realized was a cougar's tail. All of them were stitched with the same fine

brown fur as his head. The gloves had a bit of flap around the wrists. Turns out this was velcro if he decided a need to detach the elbow-length sleeves for different style shirts. "These are pretty slick."

"I'll say!" Kevin's voice was muffled, yet rich with childish excitement. He had left his head on while slipping the entirety of his orange with black stripe gloves on. Most of the fur became hidden under the robes, posing little problem for him. The paw-like design of the hands was way more worthy of admiration. Each finger tip had been glued a plastic claw and squishy rubber pad, with an even bigger pad encompassing their palms. It did not impede their ability to grip objects, but they sure enjoyed the squishy feeling when they did.

"Welp! If you boys are happy..." Sorsha trailed off with a knowing grin, palm drifting in the air between the two boys.

"Oh yeah, sure." James finished figuring out his tail was designed to clip onto the belt loop of his pants. It felt weird and nice to subtly tug at the hem as he moved to collect the spare cash from his suitcase. Whoever designed it was a genius in how it looked perfectly aligned with his spine. He would wag it if he could.

Talk about weird thoughts. No wonder people loved this stuff. James counted out the bills, lamenting that he needed almost all of them, before passing the stack into Sorsha's patient hand.

"Thanks, boys!" Kevin was so glad to be wearing the head when Sorsha, almost casually, tugged the neck of her shirt down to stuff the cash between her perky breasts. She still shot him a wink, knowing full well what thoughts laid behind those cloth eyes. They both continued to watch her leave, only to suddenly stop halfway out the door. "Oh! And welcome to the furry fandom. Hope you boys get some fun new adventures out of it."

Kevin waited for the door to close before whirling to James.  
“Seriously, I don’t need the force to get a sense of foreboding off that girl.”

“Force? Ah crap!” James rummaged through his pockets, a difficult task with the thicker animal gloves on, and pulled out the triangle holocron. “I forgot to drop this dang thing off at the con headquarters. You think I should turn it in with the hotel lobby or wait for... was it always pulsing red light like this?”

“Aw shit, that’s gotta be her trap.” Kevin yelled, trying to lung for the little pyramid. Unfortunately, having tunnel vision does things to your perception. He not only failed to grab the thing, but ended up shouldering James into the room’s desk.

“Dude! What are you-ah!” Fun as paw gloves were, their smooth pads offered little grip. James felt the weighted holocron slip from his fingers in a hard thunk off the desk’s polished wood before landing on the floor at their feet.

**CLICK! CRRRRRRRRRCK!**

No sooner had the holocron hit the floor than all of its pointed ends sprung loose. Some unseen mechanism from within rotated them in a half turn that caused rays of red light to bleed out into the room. Kevin was quick to back away until his legs tripped over a bed corner. He had no logical way of understanding why James would squat down to get a closer look at what the thing was doing.

“That’s neat. Kevin, what do you think this thing does?”

**PSSSHHH!!**



Sometimes the universe has ways of answering our questions for us. All at once, a thick red smoke billowed out of the pyramid, quickly engulfing James. Kevin barely had time to roll over before he too was blinded. Synthetic fur suits did little to help as the room became filled with the boys' coughing. Their eyes were forced closed by the stinging mist, tears seeping out the sides. It was like their entire world was shutting down; senses dulled and skin tightened like pressurized plastic wrap.

Amazingly, the fire alarm did not go off, despite a small container emitting enough gas to flood a room.

"Gah!" Everything came back to Kevin in a rush, much like waking from sleep paralysis. Yet all he could do was lay there gasping for breath, waiting for his limbs to not be sore. A glance at the bedside clock confirmed he had blacked out for two minutes. He did not even remember falling to the floor.

"Ugh! Dude, what the hell!?" James' voice floated from nearby, obscured by the thick mattresses looming over Kevin.

"I know, right? Blargh!" Kevin stuck his tongue out and then coughed a few times. His and James' voice sounded a bit gruff. Hopefully, they were not being poisoned by some slow killing agent. Lots of dirt and crust around the eyes was making it near impossible to make out anything either. The field of view had been expanded, though. His furry head must have rolled off during the fall. Such a loss certainly did not make him feel any cooler. "I... I need to wash my face."

"Can you get me a drink while you're up?"

“Yeah, sure.” Kevin focused everything on his arms. Mild cramps surged through his biceps, pushing him onto his elbows, and then into a sitting position. “MREOW!!”

A sharp pain at the base of his spine was the push Kevin needed to get on his feet in a hurry. Oddly enough, when he turned to check there was nothing he could have sat on to cause such pain. There was no sign of the tiger head, for that matter.

“Duuuude, seriously? This is an odd time to practice getting into your fursona.”

“What?” Kevin shot a glare at his friend, or rather, the legs sticking out from the other side of the bed. James cougar's tail rested coiled around them, twitching lazily. At least the pain in his lower back was gone. “Shut up! It felt like something just bit my ass.”

“Cool! I’ll get my light saber on that in just a minute.”

“Sure you will.” What had meant to be a groan of annoyance came off as a guttural vibration in Kevin’s throat. His voice really got messed up if it was sounding like his mom’s cats. An attempt to rub his eyes clear only resulted in Kevin accidentally racking a claw across the bridge of his nose. “Ow! I thought these damn claws were plastic.”

“Pretty sure they are.”

“Forget it.” Kevin tried to yank one of his gloves off and mewed again when the fingertip burned him with another sharp pain. Giving up on that, he just settled for clicking the pointed claw tips against the wall, blindly

shuffling his way into the bathroom. Somehow, he found a way through the sea of blurs to the sink without any more injuries.

Cold water had a way of alleviating a lot of personal ailments. Not caring if his new suit might not be meant for getting wet, Kevin cupped both hands under a running faucet and splashed his muzzled face. Water caught on his thick facial hair and rapidly chilled tense nerves underneath. Such a soothing sensation made him roll his head around his shoulders, popping out a lot of kinks. The guttural sound consistently vibrated with his breathing, but he was too relaxed to notice right away. A bit of fumbling around and his claws came in handy hooking up a towel for drying his face. Kevin pulled the damped cloth away, feeling like a million bucks, minus the sting of his nose cut. He flashed a toothy smile at the mirror and the delighted tiger jedi reflected it back.

“Uuuuhhhh...”

Considering how great he felt, it took a long time for Kevin to realize why something felt wrong. He could have sworn the head had rolled off in his fall. It didn't feel warm or even impair his vision like just a few minutes ago. If anything, Kevin did not feel like he was wearing anything on his head at all.

The air conditioner suddenly clicked on. A fresh breeze blasted into the back of Kevin's ears, causing them to reflexively twitch out of the way. He watched the tiger in the mirror also flick her ears perfectly, like a cat.

“What the... oh fuck?”

Kevin spoke and the tiger's muzzle flapped perfectly matching his words. Lips peeled and tongue flicked in ways no paper mache head could function.

He recoiled, letting the towel slip from his pawed hands. The reflection mimicked every motion.

“Ooooooh no!” Kevin pulled back the sleeves of his jedi robes. His desperate searching found no end to the tiger gloves he had been enjoying. Their fuzzy striped fur continued long past his elbow, over his shoulders, and down the back. Pulling down the neck gave him a great view of a chest and stomach blanketed in creamy white fur to match. “No. no. no. no. What the fuck!?”

“Kevin?” James’ voice floated in to snap their friend out of a budding panic attack. “Are you noticing something is seriously wrong too?”

“You’re absolutely right, James! I was just thinking we should call room service for a few dozen more shampoo bottles.”

An even lower growl than Kevin’s was the response. “I just grew a cougar's face, can you not? Please?”

Kevin snorted, ears folding back with a surge of annoyance. At the same time, something slinked its way to bap between his legs. He twisted around and sighed at the long striped appendage swishing across his butt. “Fuck you, I just grew a tail.”

Silence settled across the hotel room for a second to the point Kevin worried he went too far. Rounded feline ears perked when they picked up a soft shuffling, followed by a grunt.

“NYOW!”

“James!? What happened!?”

Hearing a spontaneously pained feral roar sent Kevin bolting back into the main room. Spotting James over by the desk mirror as a living cougar-human creature was not as confusing as the pained expression he was giving his reflection. One hand was slapped onto the desk to keep him hunched over it while the other was reaching back, rubbing at the base of his frazzled cougar tail.

“Y-yeah, my tail prop became an actual tail too,” James explained with a nervous side glance at his friend. “And let me tell you, they do not want to come off easy.”

Kevin could only scratch his pointed pink nose, trying to hide a giggle. “Jesus, man. These things are literally our spines. Please don’t go trying to sever them.”

“No promises. Ugh!” James shuffled to the over fluffed recliner every hotel seemed to have and plopped into it. “REOW!”

Kevin giggled again, but James shot him a death glare while adjusting his tail for a better position. Those cat noises he was making were incredibly adorable. It caused his purrs to strengthen with a raised tiger tail every time.

“So, what do we do now? Hey, are you okay?”

“Nyaa.” Kevin rested a hand against his forehead much more mindful of the claws. “Just a little dizzy, Cougarella. Think my brain is getting fried under all this fur. Maybe we should try calling Sorsha about this?”

“Not a bad idea, Kevin, but why are you calling me that?”

“What?”

“James; that silly name we made up for our fursonas, Tigeriana. You know that’s not my actual name.”

“Of course I know that. You don’t have to be calling me Kevin when we both know my name is Tigeriana.” Kevin’s ears drooped. “Does anything about this exchange feel very off to you, Coug... James? Nya?”

“Mreow. Now that you mention it...” James trailed off as he became focused on his furry pawed-hands. They shifted and flexed individual digits under his pensive gaze, feeling both familiar and new. “Call me crazy but I think these changes are still going.”

“Okay, crazy Cougarella.” The cougar shot his friend a look that only made Kevin giggle. “But you’re right. I mean, that’s some really beautiful hair you’re growing.”

“Hair!?” James’ hands shot up to feel along his ears. Sure enough, the once bald, not counting fur, scalp had sprouted rich thick locks. They were not done either, continuing to slink between his fingers with their growth. James turned to Kevin and recoiled, cracking a smile of his own. “You’re not looking too bad with that bustling mane either, Tigeriana.”

Kevin blinked as one hand drifted up to explore his own head. Both felines locked eyes before sprinting to the desk mirror at the same time. Wide slitted animal eyes stared back as both sprouted a large locks of silky hair. Strands cascaded down their shoulders in a waterfall of fibers, achieving years of growth in seconds until it hung just above their tail bases. Even the color of their original hair had changed; leaving James' strands a rich chocolate brown and Kevin's jet black.

James' smile spread so wide the tips almost reached his ears. "Whoa, girl. This is totally awesome!"

Kevin wanted to correct his friends' use of pronouns but had become distracted by their voice cracking in pitch with almost every word. It did not escape James' notice either, for his smile dropped slightly while one hand gently felt along his neck. The normally prominent bulge of his Adam's apple had shrunk and continued to fade away under his palm. Mimicking the motion helped Kevin confirmed his own was dwindling.

"Oh...my gosh! I sound like a woman," James sputtered, coughed, and continued beaming at his reflection. His voice had dropped to a deeper husky pitch, but was undeniably feminine in tone. "A very hot woman."

Kevin nodded, grinning at their reflections. "Yeah, I think I'm... yeah, I also sound like a babe. Talk about changes hitting us hard and weird."

"Ah hell!"

"What?"

"Look closely at our faces!" James had leaned in closer with his tail waving high through the air. Hands gently kneaded along his cheeks

making his muzzle pucker, then felt along his forehead and eyes. "I think we're turning into girls."

"Heh... huh..." Kevin had no idea what to make of that claim until he also regarded the tiger face in the mirror. His skull seemed to be altering in very subtle ways; longer eyelashes, smaller scalp, more rounded around the jawline. Combined with their voices and ample hair there was nothing remotely masculine left about their faces. "Girls don't sound this hot. It almost looks like we're getting older, mew."

"Grwar!? Seriously?" James whirled to smile at Kevin. This was probably the weirdest thing he had ever heard happening to anyone. And yet, he could not bring himself to be concerned about it. The more he altered the more energy it gave him.

Judging by the smug grin plastered on Kevin's womanly features, he was feeling roughly the same. That was more because of a strange tingle that shot down his spine all the way to his tail tip. The noodle limb gave a hard crack and a peculiar warmth spread out across his body making every fiber of his fur stand on end. "Whoa! Did you feel that?"

"Errf!!" James' face and body scrunched slightly before relaxing. "Y-yeah, I think so. What is... o-oh!"

"Aw, yeah!" Kevin purred in a sultry manner, licking his whiskers as their Jedi robes shifted and stretched.

Thanks to their view in the mirror it did not take long for the pair to realize they were growing. The tops of their rounded ears lifted inch by inch until they vanished off the glass's top edge. Shoulders grew broader, forcing them to stand further apart.



“I think you’re right; we are getting older.” James mewed happily, pulling up his robe sleeves. “Looks like our robes are changing, too. I... whoa!”

“Wha...damn, girl!”

Both cats gave out delighted roars at seeing the cougar's arms had not only grown longer, but extensively thicker too. James' tail was thrashing in overdrive while watching the fine pelt ripple and crease in amazing ways. Flesh bubbled up underneath, especially around the biceps where most of the power accumulated.

Kevin practically tore off his own sleeve to find out the same process bulked up his stripped arms. Giving off a big growl, he gave a hard flex, blushing at the ridged ham his arm swelled into. He wanted to hold that pose forever, however something else from under the robes began swelling.

“Oh, no way!” Kevin’s breath grew heavy as relaxed both hands across his chest. There was definitely a lot more mass beneath the cotton robes, giving it a perky lift. With each gasp, they pushed back against his palms a little more. The front of his robes stretched out and down while James slowly watched his friend’s hands get pushed away. “Aw yeah, I think... I think I’m growing tits!”

“Kick ass!” James leaned in close, enjoying the way Kevin’s robes strained just enough to look tight, but still seemed to adjust, so they never broke under the mounting pressure. “From over here it looks more like you’re inflating a pair of volleyballs.”

“As if! You’re the airhead of this pair-nyah!” Kevin rolled his head back, letting his tongue flop to one side. A small spurt swelled his

mammaries into soft melons, surpassing any pair he had ever seen by a wide margin. Both hands gave a hard clench, sending a rush of pleasure to his loins. He would have never imagined boobs being so soft. “God fuck these are fantastic!”

“Let me feel!”

“Hey, wa-MREOW!”

As great as Kevin’s new tits felt, having someone else touching them amplified that feeling a hundredfold. James wasted no time cupping his fuzzy paws around Kevin’s stripped digits. Gentle but firm passes around the edges kneaded the mounds, coaxing them to keep rising and rounding out.

“Yup! You’re definitely blowing up some fine and firm basketballs, you helium tank.”

“Mew! J-just shut up and k-keep rubbing. This is giving me such a boner.”

“Reow!” James suddenly seized both tiger boobs in a hard clasp before withdrawing his fingers, much to Kevin’s annoyance. “Love you, Tigeriana, but I think my own beach balls are puffing up.”

“Cool, my turn!”

Before James could even blink, Kevin was pushing their grubby digits into his chest. The room filled with their mews of tense pleasure as striped tiger hands alternated between clenching each breast. Each time Kevin

released he would watch his friends' robes billow outwards, his rhythmic squeezes coaxing budding boobs larger.

"Mmmmh, I wonder which of us will end up biggerrrrr!" Kevin rolled the last word with his best sexy growl. Already he had squeezed James' boobs past softball size and hoped for some fun cannonballs to squeeze.

"Y-you're still the airhead," James seethed out between heated breaths. It was all he could do to hold on to the desk with each surge breasts mass grinding his tender nipples against the robes fabric. "Nyaaah! This is.... so cool!"

"Told you so, ya airhead!"

James retorted by lashing out both hands onto Kevin's equally ballooned chest. The hard squeeze he gave caused the tiger's tail to puff up with a sensual growl. Kevin responded in kind, leaving both boys ironically supporting each other while causing massive crotch tents under their robes.

"Aah!" Given that James was using the desk for a makeshift seat he was the first to notice when their swelling changed direction. His tail curled at a strange shifting across his buttocks, followed by both cheeks plumping out faster than rising bread. The pressure nudged him off the desk in a panic only to slap into Kevin's pillowy boobs.

"Nyah!" Being in a painfully aroused state himself, Kevin had no chance of taking in the force of James' spontaneous face plant. Both cats took a tumble onto the floor with only their beefed up bodies to break their fall. That and the cushions Kevin noticed puffing under his butt and slowly adding more rise to his hips. "Heehee. I guess whatever's happening decided we should have big bubble butts too."

“Mmmh! You ain’t just blowing hot air.”

To both their surprise James followed their natural urges while they were in a pile on the floor. His beefy furred thighs moved to straddle his tiger friend before leaning for a deep kiss. Their rich jostling tits mashed together as pliable as sandbags, making it hard to tell who carried the bigger weight.

PFFFTTTTT!!

“Mmph! Hmmpp!” Kevin's eyes went wide suddenly feeling James blow hard into his mouth. Instead of their lips logically forced to part from the pressure, he got another surprise when the air slid down his throat easily as water.

FWOOMP!

And for a third surprise, it seemed air went to one’s hips even quicker than fat. With a slight pinch of pressure, Kevin felt his entire pelvis explode outwards into a deeply childbearing curve. His hips gave a hard thrust into James’ crotch. Their boners bucked together under the tented robes thanks to the tiger butt swelling up into a thick shelf. Something James took great notice of as Kevin felt his padded hands gently caress a rich swell of feline ass.

Two can play at that game. Kevin pushed back in to suck on James’ tongue, preventing his friend from disengaging just yet. While that helped distracted his pervy cougar friend, Kevin drew in the biggest breath his pink triangle nose could manage. The pending attack went unnoticed until James was already feeling the gust of warm breath pressing into the back of his tongue and sliding down his throat.

## DOUBLE FWOOMP!

James' back arched, thrusting his rear into the air right before it busted out wide and plump. The seams of his robe strained taut to perfectly outline the crack of his glorious rear below a thrashing tail. Something Kevin found easier to latch onto and give a hard squeeze. A lot of muscle developed under those shapely hips, making it a joy to knead like foam pillows.

"Now who's a bubble butt?" Kevin teased when their puffing kisses ceased.

"Hard to tell, reow! Let's rub them together to compare." James leaned back to fully sit on Kevin's lap. Unfortunately, that was just the right position to make their crotch tents smash together. "Aah nyah! Grwar!"

"Courgarella, wha-aah!" Kevin felt his friend shaking atop him, but that resulted in his own boner being stroked in just the right ways.

"Paah! Paah! Nggh!" James tried to roll off Kevin's pulsing erection, but the constant rubbing of their sensitive flesh through the cloth kept his thunder thighs firmly clenched onto his friend's hips. "S-something's happening again. I... I can't stop it."

"Y-yeah, me too!" Kevin propped onto his elbow, watching through one squinted as their crotches inadvertently continued to rub together in their impulsive thrashing. Somewhere deep inside them, another organ was contracting with increasing strength. It slowly came together for the tiger that they had become smoking amazon catgirls in every regard except one, and their prostates, the last vestige of masculinity, were fighting for all its

worth. "Don't panic o... or anything, but... mmph... I think we're about to f-f-finish."

"W-what? Oh... oooohhh!" James' head rocked slightly with wide eyes. The sultry tone of his voice cracked and shifted with the release of breath. A moment later, his grin returned and soon his hips were rocking with willing force against Kevin. "Ah hell yes!"

"Nyaaahh! Rwarge!" Kevin arched his back in response, instincts taking over to meet each of James' thrust. "I... I don't know what's going to happen after this."

"To be honest, I don't think I want to go back." James shuddered, his grinding became harder as they both reached their peak. Neither really seemed to notice how easier the humping got with the extending length of their boner tents. Every ounce of manhood, their very existence, culminated into the single remaining organ.

"Mmph! M-me neither!" Kevin admitted. His hands reached up to grab James' hips, helping hold the cougar in the right position. "Although it was great watching you puff up into a fat whale."

"F-fat!? Nggh! You dumb blimp, we got inflated into tanks." James tried to laugh but his member gave a hard twitch, stretching his tent longer with a growing tension. "Ah ah! God, how big are these sausages going to pump up?"

"Hey, w-we have you to thank for that."

James would have fallen off the tigers lap if not for the strong grip Kevin had on their hips. Another sharp crack split his friend's words,

dropping him into a deep baritone by the end. He could practically see the Adam's apple bulging through the stripped neck fur before a twinge in his own neck told him the same was happening in there.

"What the hell is up with our dicks!?" James giggled after confirming he had developed his own powerfully masculine voice. It did little to keep him from resuming a proper lap humping, their tension rising once more with a vice grip against both changing boys' members. "It's like a rollercoaster of hormones in here. Mreow!"

"W-well... mew... they s-say the force works in... unnatural ways."

"Really? Movie q-quotes?" James was glad he was too horny for a cringe look. It did not help when Kevin tried to shoot him flirty eye bashes with such a gruff voice. "In our case, I'd say it's more like the 'fwoomp' than anything."

"R-really?" Kevin rolled his head back in a hearty man laugh. Their tits sloshing harshly with all the plowing both felines were doing. With a soft murr, his hands caressed along James' rear before adding, "Yeah, fwoomp is a great word for our problem."

"You... aaaahhh. Oh fuck!" James' body gave a hard shudder, his tail going stiff. The grinding stopped for half a second before his bucks resumed. "I... oh oh... I think I'm cumming."

"M-me too!" Kevin had a goofy smile on his face, feeling the muscles of his pelvis tighten their strongest yet. The constant sawing of James' dick against his made the grip on his friend's butt tighten. "L-looks like we're going together."

“A-always...” James barely got a laugh out before the tension of their loins mounted to unbearable heights.

Their muzzles curled into expressions of pleasure, eyes leaking tears as they squinted shut. Both felines gripped each other for dear life. The combined buckling of their hips created thunder claps of muscle and fat colliding. They felt their shafts stiffen, giving one final swell that ballooned them two feet long, and then finally hit that plateau.

**FWERRRRT! PFFRT! PFFRT! FWWWEEERRRRRTTTTT!**

Both feline cocks gave a small pulse, which then lead into an unending gush of release. Had the boys been coherent at the time they might have thought it akin to streaming an orgasm; the flow seemed endless. And yet, the strangest part was that no liquid came out. Instead, the room became drowned in the sputtering squeals of air rushing out of a tight valve.

As if the air releasing out of both boys was the cause, their very surroundings began to alter. The twin beds flattened down into a single mattress, supported by metal flats welded into the far wall. Their suitcases slide around under these cots, hardening into rectangular footlockers. Lamps vanished to be replaced by strings of lights that ran across the edges of the ceiling. Even the TV sunk into another wall where a keypad and controls merged through the plaster to work it. Granted, the plaster and paint were shifting into the stone hardness of steel. It quickly made climaxing on a cold grey floor fairly uncomfortable.

**PRRFT! PRRFT! SHLLLLLLLLTTTHHHHHPPPPP!!!**

Luckily, they did not keep it up long after their room had changed. What remained of the felines manhoods sputtered out of momentum to



promptly collapse in on themselves. The amazing lengths deflated like fleshy balloons, dropping the erected robe tents, until they pulled up into the crotches directly. What little remained of Kevin and James would sink into the furry flesh only to reopen into delicate female flowers.

“Wha-mmphh!?” Tigeriana would wake unsure why she was on the floor with her bunkmate’s tits lodged in her mouth. Normally, these would have been what made life worth waking up to. For some reason, it just bothered her not immediately knowing why they were cuddled together, and still clothed no less.

Plus, much as she loved Cougarella, the buff airhead was super heavy. Once Tigeriana reluctantly shifted her fellow feline away from her mouth, she began to gently knead those delectable boobs. It only took a few squeezes before the cougar’s face flinched and her eyes flickered open to meet Tigeriana’s. A smile crossed over Cougarella’s muzzle as she shifted to better press her chest into her companion’s palms.

“Good morning, blimp butt!” Tigeriana cooed, her voice once more the deep tone of a sexy female angel. Her hands met Cougarella’s gesture with firmer boobs squeezes. “Not that I’m complaining, but any idea what we did last night to end up on the floor together?”

“Nngh! Your guess is as good as mine,” Cougarella replied with her equally deep feminine voice. “I’m not even hungover, so it had nothing to do with bar hopping.”

“We’re still in the middle of deep space. I doubt we swung by a bar.”

“Yeah, well, unless you want something to happen, could you stop groping my girls?”

“But that’s the best part of you to grope!” Tigeriana protested only to get her face pushed away by the squishy pads of Cougarella’s hand.

The pair slowly climbed back onto their feet, boots clanking against the solid hull of their starship. Both took to stretching and stole glances of their sexy muscular bodies in the process. It almost seemed unnecessary. They felt like a million credits despite how they had woken up. Not a single kink or ache in any of their joints to work out. That really made them wonder, but not with too much concern.

Cougarella rubbed at her six-pack of abs through her robe. She might not be tired, but she was starving. If only their galley had any good rations left. “How much longer to Coruscant, babe?”

“Let’s see, whup!” Tigeriana moved for their room monitor and almost ended up tripping back on the floor. She looked down and promptly mewed in disgust at the simple robes entangling her legs. “What the fuck? Someone changed my clothes?”

“Mine too!” Cougarella confirmed after checking herself out.

Without needing to communicate it, both cats straightened up with a sign. Slowly their eyes closed as they entered the deep trance practiced over years of training. Together, they amassed energy from the very cosmos around them, drawing on the life force of the natural order.

**FWOOMP!**

Frankly, it was an abusive way to use the force, even for jedi on a budget. In one rush of energy, both ladies felt their robes billow out like sails in a wind. The skirts extended out to become puffy and wide, while

blouses gained stylized trims and sashes. They looked over their handiwork before gazing at each other, taking turns posing in their modified jedi dresses.

“You look fantastic, babe!”

“Thanks, airhead. Regal gowns are how we jedi act in style.”

Cougarella ran a hand over her face, giggling. “You will never let me live that down, huh?”

“Only when you stop using the force, sorry, the ‘fwoomp’ to blow up our enemies into busty bimbos.”

“Hey, those guys tried to kill us. Frankly, Kevin, I think we’re all better off with more boobs in the galaxy.”

“Yeah, I... mmphh? W-what? Kevin?” Tigeriana’s legs buckled under a wave of dizziness. Luckily, their highly trained reflexes allowed Cougarella to catch her for support. “Wh-who is Kevin, James?”

“I... nyah!” Cougarella flinched as a migraine crashed upon her frontal lobes.

The felines ended up having to support each other while their metallic bedchamber spun out of focus. Through the dimming light, images flashed by in a haze. A pair of young humans were in jedi robes similar to what they woke up in. They were talking to some strange shapeshifter girl with green hair. Suddenly another vision showed them in a cramped looking room. It appeared they had gotten their hands on a sith holocron, which

they made the stupid mistake of opening. Lots of fear and anger oozed from the pyramid, along with toxic gas, and then things came back into focus. Cougarella was practically bear hugging Tigeriana, gasping for breath, and a tightness in her ribcage told that her lover was returning the favor.

“The hell was that?” Tigeriana choked out once gulped some fresh air.

“A force vision?” Cougarella glanced around their room, reaching out with her feelings like their masters had taught. Still, she sensed nothing but the fear and confusing Tigeriana projected. It perfectly mirrored the cougar’s own. “You sensed that holocron? We could have just received a warning.”

“I don’t think so.” Tigeriana staggered over to lie on her bed. Breasts wiggled harshly from her still heavy breathing. “That felt oddly familiar, but I don’t recognize those places the boys were in. Maybe we have just glimpsed one of our past lives.”

“Oh, ew!” Cougarella’s disgusted growl caused Tigeriana to sit up confused. “The last thing I want to know is if I was ever a human guy. Gross! They don’t even have fur and they aren’t nearly as curvey as my epic butt.”

The cougar woman turned to present her behind to Tigeriana, giving it a hard smack for good measure. They would have both laughed were they not still feeling uneasy and winded.

“Typical ego trip as always, airhead? Just as well, there is nothing we can do but meditate on it after breakfast.”

“You just said my favorite word!” Cougarella skipped on over to their enforced blast door, which slid open automatically into a lengthier hallway. Something else crossed her mind halfway out the door and she turned back to Tigeriana. “Who is Sorsha anyway? I feel we should know someone by that name?”

“Sorsha?” Tigeriana scratched her chin, lost in thought for several seconds. When nothing surfaced in her clouded thoughts, she gave off a defeated shrug. “Odds are she was one of our past clients. We can look her up in the registry when we go looking for bounties to hunt. I agree, that name feels off.”

“Eh, bounties sound good anyway. If we don’t stretch our muscles they’ll end up shriveling away until I’m left with a wrinkled old kitten to love.”

“Ha! You’ll dry up like a prune long before me if you keep blowing hot air like that.”

Cougarella stuck her tongue out as her official response, twirling to leave, so it was the final say in their conversation. Tigeriana was quick to hop back onto her boots and follow. She was already planning out some makeshift breakfast of dried goods and powdered milks. They were really going to need some big jobs if they hoped to refuel and restock supplies in the next week with how that yapping cougar eats. Ah well, she would not have an elegant tigress for a mate if she was not endearing.

Tigeriana just hoped their next job would not end up with them waking up in an even weirder position.