

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #30

By

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Thank you all for the support. :3

A Quick Milk

It was when Kiritsugu swooped in to give the biggest, most passionate kiss of their lives that a buzzing noise cut through the atmosphere in rapid pulses. Go figure. The alarm always likes to cut in just when dreams get good.

Xilimyth's hand whipped out from under the blankets, smashing all the buttons at once. That got her small electric clock to shut up, at least. Damn thing was fortunate, she was just having her Fate/Zero fantasies. If it had been the Macross one she might have hurled it out the window for such an interruption.

She withdrew the hand, using it to wipe the drool off her cheetah muzzle with a curse. Another rotten day of work with people so inept at computer programming, nepotism was the only reason they got hired. The minor 'incident' Xilimyth had a few weeks ago only made them more intolerable. Some people lacked shame to the point they can't even try to hide their staring.

Oh, right! Xilimyth didn't have work today. Most of the state was in an executive ordered lockdown thanks to being one of the worst hit by an infectious virus. It took literally martial law just to get people to stay inside except for necessary activities. Nothing was being done about their rent, of course, but she and her two roommates were pretty well off working from home.

She let out another curse, already too awake for a return to anime-filled sleep. A rush of pressure from her bladder also burned any hopes of remaining wrapped comfortably in warm covers.

One brief stop to the bathroom later and a very grumpy cheetah was dragging her feet into the kitchen. Spotted tail swept along the clean tiles, tickling at Xilimyth's ankles while she rubbed the crust from her eyes. Catching sight of dirty pots on the stove caused her black feline nose to wrinkle. Her buff and voluptuous body felt too much like putty to scold roommates this early, but she

made a mental note for later. Adorable as that blue squirrel can be, this cheetah was not his maid.

Trying to fix a good latte in the morning took all of Xilimyth's effort already. Ill coordinated hands nearly dropped a ceramic mug transferring it to the coffee machine, and then almost grabbed a marker labeled carton of god-knows-what instead of milk. Fresh ripples of grumpiness vibrated through the cheetah's tail when what lactose remained fell a sliver short of the usual generous amount required for her refined tastes. Whoever's turn it was for a grocery run might need a scolding, too. Nothing could be more rude than leaving no supplies for the next person.

Xilimyth took several careful, long slurps of her steaming fresh beverage. The kitchen became filled with happy purring noises as her spotted tail lifted off the floor in gentle wags. Just what the doctor ordered for placating grumpy aches and clearing the head. Still not the right level of creamy foam she liked. Probably best to put milk on the grocery list while it was on her mind.

"Hrrkk!?" Xilimyth could barely keep herself from spraying another gulp of hot liquid across their fridge. Eyes expanded to encompass most of her face, now fully awake and alarmed by some startling revelations.

When the trio comprising her, her sister, and a good friend moved into an apartment together several major systems were enacted to avoid grinding each other's nerves. One of which had to do with groceries. Each month they alternate which of them made the run for a restocking, with the other two filling a list of what they wanted and paying their bill later. It just so happened that this month's list proudly displayed Xilimyth's name on its header, which she was supposed to have fulfilled yesterday.

The same day the office shut down, while also suffering three software crashes at once. She was so ready to commit murder the idea of getting people their food might have slipped.

"Fffffuck," Xilimyth grumbled, chugging half her mug. A quick check of the fridges insides reassured her no one would starve anytime soon. There were still some eggs and veggies for those two dorks to cook with. Having no milk,

however, would prove a problem given all three of them enjoyed recipes requiring it. “Oh, hello!?”

The cheetahs fridge checking brought her attention back to the label-less carton. It had the same feeling of milky contents when she turned it, revealing a marker scribble on the back face. Ears perks with a curious mew slowly processing the badly written words ‘Monster Cow Heavy Cream.’

One of Desmond’s personal projects he warned the feline sisters about. He always loved to craft some odd potion or device resulting in many transformations, or unorthodox outcomes. Brenna had discovered it first when trying to use the bathroom. Xilimyth found them in a bathtub full of whipping cream, with the male squirrel trying to fasten a bra around Brenna’s newly grown breasts bigger than his body.

“Hmmm...” Xilimyth looked down at her own enormous rack, weighing this recollection of events. Going outside after an exhausting layoff week during a pandemic did not sound very enticing. On the other hand, she was not looking forward to failing her obligations as a roommate, especially on policies she set. “Ugh, the things I do for others.”

With grumpy cat resolve, Xilimyth popped open the carton. Fresh white cream flowed into her mug, filling the latte to its brim. That seemed a fairly safe dose, not that she asked Desmond directly about this potions potency. It did improve the flavors exponentially as she chugged it all down to prevent reconsideration.

“URRP!”

Xilimyth let out an unexpected burp and blushed sheepishly, setting her empty mug in the dish bin. Normally she hand-washed her stuff for tomorrows reuse, but time was now a serious factor. She dived for the bottom cupboards to fish out two empty milk jugs, and then another pair just in case. One other quirky behavior for Desmond was his need to have big containers for water hording in the summer. Hopefully, everyone would have plenty to drink by the time they woke up.

“Nya-aah! Oh, goodness.” Xilimyth just found a funnel in the back shelves when a cold chill filled her chest. Her blush depended watching the beach ball sized boobs pull tight against her ribcage. The flesh firmed up under a mounting internal pressure that she knew could only milk glands activating into hyper production.

As suspected, that dang creamer imposed quick acting effects. Xilimyth yanked her shirt up over her mounds, trying to hurry before the valves broke all over the floor. She set the funnel into her first jug, feeling hard pops along the front of each breast. Their increasing lactose content pushed both areolas out into miniature bulges like suction cups. Nipples quivered subtly, feeling ready to pop with each passing second.

“Hang on, girls,” Xilimyth grunted, her blush growing darker. It had been hard to tell with her breasts already so huge that their new found milk production had swelled them even bigger. It made pulling down the pinching bra cups an insane chore. Christ, she could almost hear sloshing against her lungs like this, eventually getting the taut feline flesh to roll out over the garment enough for her to grab at them. There was already a noticeable amount of moisture damping the fur below each nipple. “Got it! Just need...to...ooo...ooohhhmmhhh nyaaaah!”

Fingers alternated tugging on the engorged nipples, drawing on the pressure welled up behind them. Xilimyth’s ears folded embarrassingly annoyed when that got no immediate results. She could feel the pressure focusing into the narrow ducts, but refused any give. Attempts grew more forceful and frequent, almost bringing her into a rage until finally her tail gave a hard shudder and twin spurts of liquid shot out into the funnel.

A few more tugs got steady shots of thin streams pouring into the jug.

Minutes passed and the pressure only continued to mount despite filling at least three cups into the large plastic bottle.

Gradually the streams increased with their release, turning into thick jets of milk that blasted against the plastic cone with some spilling across the kitchen counter. By then Xilimyth had stopped caring. The constant rhythm she had set

milking herself became easy to get lost in. Her tail continued to sway high to the song of happy mews while the crotch of her nighties grew damp.

It took twenty minutes of work until Xilimyth's bloated tits finally stopped expelling more than faint droplets. Thank gods, all that constant squeezing had left them sore. There was still an odd sense of pride at filling a gallon jug with fresh milk, along with a need for fresh panties. She leaned on the counter, enjoying the scent of her own produce until her quivering body recovered enough to stand.

"Those dorks better enjoy this," she mused while tugging her bra cups back over the twins. The mounds were still tight and full, making it hard to squish them in. "Nya! Damn it! I'm going to be tender all over today. Probably shouldn't do this ever...again?"

Xilimyth quirked an eyebrow, watching the ample span of her cleavage ripple violently. Pressure returned only long enough for her to realize it before a hard rush yanked her forward to brace against the counter.

"What the fuck!?" Groans escaped both the cheetah and her bra straps digging painfully into her shoulders. Milk resumed filling up her breasts with such excess that the rounded flesh swelled like inflating water balloons. Cups snapped off the engorged nipples, letting small squirts of warm milk leak out across the thinned furry flesh. "No! No! Why the heck are you girls still going!?"

Their only answer became an increasing pressure on Xilimyth's lungs. She fumbled in a panic to undo the bra strap, getting some whiplash across the back from it being stretched to the limit. Even set free the inflating globes did not drop very far. Milk glands only continued to work in overdrive, setting a near constant leak.

Having one's cleavage rise dangerously close to the chin made it hard for Xilimyth to set up another jug. Before long, her breasts became so full she was dragging their bottoms across the counter with every motion. They left puddles of milk in a trail from fridge to sink.

“Come on! Come on!” Xilimyth bit her lip, having to strain an arm’s milking her nipples once more. The first blast nearly sent the light jug flying with pressure akin to a water hose. “Deep breaths, chee. It’s just a little mess.”

Some careful aiming got Xilimyth back into a milking rhythm, which did nothing to ease her nerves. No matter how fast she tried to empty, the feeling of tight pressure never left. She really wished the harsh lactose expulsions didn’t tease her nerves either. Knees pressed tight together to keep from quivering thanks to the jolts racing through her loins.

The jug filled up faster this time, with no sense of progress breast drainage wise. Xilimyth’s tail thrashed like a wild snake in her scramble to set up a third jug. Everything was getting out of control so fast she hadn’t noticed the pressure mounting in other areas until her hands reached under her boobs to lift them.

“Oh, you gotta be kidding!”

Xilimyth yowled in dismay as her hands bumped against some squishy lumps that had developed under her massive bust. It was impossible to see them, but she knew from touch alone that these were a second pair of breasts. Ones that were filling out rapidly as she held them. Why the ever loving hell was she growing two more?

No, wait, her hands traveled further to her belly, finding a third pair.

And then a fourth below those...

“I am going to murder you, Desmond. What was in this creamer?”

Forgetting the milk jugs, Xilimyth moved to the kitchen sink in an awkward panic shuffle. Her new eight breasts were all pumping with milk at an alarming rate, becoming a hindering weight even for her muscular figure. It was like watching two rows of melons going through various stages of ripening.

Ten seconds into milking again made it painfully obvious how futile the situation had become. No matter how much creamy fluid Xilimyth blasted into her sinks, it barely slowed her breasts growing. Meanwhile, the unattended ones

kept swelling along, intent on catching up to her already overloaded top pair. A goal they reached soon enough, despite the cheetahs efforts.

“God damn it! Stop!” Xilimyth protested as the weight of eight medicine balls forced her thick butt onto the kitchen floor. She laid across the tiles heaving and still trying to squeeze what she could out of each massive mammary. A pool of milk collected in front of her, cleanliness taking a back seat to increasing worry for just how much her milk glands can hold.

“Good morning, Xili. What’s all the mewing abo-GAH!”

It was falling into this helplessly bloated state that Desmond chose that moment to enter the kitchen. The blue squirrel man barely got two steps in before his paws splashed onto the light layer of milk flooding the room. Their black sclera eyes darted from the liquid to Xilimyth and back several times. He couldn’t see Xilimyth’s torso at all past the wall of stacked mammaries bigger than truck tires and in a perpetual state of lactation.

“Desmond!” Xilimyth shouted in rage, which promptly turned to joy and fear faster than an anime girl. “Thank the stars you’re awake. Please help me, quick! I...”

“Drank my cow creamer?” Desmond finished with a dejected sigh. Seeing Xilimyth bite her lip in a curt nod, he added, “I warned you girls not to try that. You’re lucky you’re not growing horns and mooing.”

“Yeah! Yeah! Can you get me an antidote or something now?” Xilimyth tried to shift position, only to remain pinned by the weight of potential gallons of milk. “Ngggh! These things are too full.”

“Well, duh. That’s the whole point of my mixture. Then again, these results are udderly ridiculous even for me.”

Desmond was lucky Xilimyth was in an exhausted state of post-climaxing and prolonged milking. Not even the weight of a thousand boobs could have saved him from a head bopping otherwise. “J-just help me before I really get in a moo-d.”

“Heh. No worries. I got a few things to bring those milkshakes down. Be right back with the milking machine.”

“...milking machine?”

Desmond paused at the doorway to shoot a confused look. “What?”

“You just...have a milking machine in your room?” Xilimyth paused with a pained grunt, all eight of her breasts noticeably rounding out further before releasing a waterfall of milk. “That’s something you need regularly?”

“More often than you think, especially when Brenna shared with me her boob problems.” Desmond’s ears folded under the look Xilimyth gave him. “Hey. You’re the one that asked me to move in.”

Since Brenna worked night shifts the biggest, buffest cougar of the apartment didn’t wake until nearly noon. Even then she only emerged to use the bathroom before returning to solitude for a routine round of exercises. The joys of having to work an ‘essential’ job during a pandemic.

Only hunger kept her from going right back to bed. Instead, she slipped on a shirt that wrapped taut around her firm, broad biceps and generously plump breasts. With any luck, one of her roommates cooked leftovers from breakfast. They all had a habit of making excess meals.

“Prff?” she mewed curiously, picking up the powerful scent of dairy before reaching the living room. Brenna stopped short, letting her eight foot height loom over the couch. “Guys? What are you...uh...”

Both her fellow tenants laid in a sprawling mess across the cushions. Xilimyth was buck naked with her head and breasts resting on Desmond’s lap. The cheetah’s eight mamaries remained ever bigger than the cougars, jiggling slightly when a hand moved to scratch the fluff of her flat stomach. Thankfully, the dopy squirrel still had his pants on, though no less visibly enjoying his company.

As she leaned in closer, Brenna's tail curled noticing their damp fur and hair. The smell of milk was overpowering to her feline nose and drove her back. That was when she spotted the stacks of milk jugs. Coffee tables, the fireplace, the loveseat. Virtually anywhere they apparently could find space was used to hold gallons of the stuff.

"Oookay." Brenna's eyebrows rose when she caught sight of Desmond's milking machine in the center of the room. Eight of its twelve cups rested on the floor, spilling small bits of milk across the carpet. She wrinkled her whiskers, looking back to the sleeping Xilimyth suspiciously. They looked way too peacefully cute. "As much as I'd love to know what the prrf happened here, I'm just wondering if anyone bothered to buy more eggs."

Press Nya to Dash

A sign above the door proudly declared whoever worked inside as 'capable of repairing anything.' Well, Janus felt more than ready to test that bold business advertising. The plastic bag in his hand shifted many plastic and electric chunks against each other on his approach. It seemed like an obviously hopeless case, but the blond man had little to lose by stopping inside after another grueling work shift.

Bells jingled with his pushing the door inwards. Cold wind from a running air conditioner washed over his heated skin for a refreshing effect. Summer wasn't too hot yet, but Janus still worked up a sweat at the factory.

"Welcome to Fix-It Feline, nya! How can I help you?"

One look at the shop owner across the main counter gave Janus the knee jerk reaction to walk right back out. Not only was the woman an anthropomorphic cat of indeterminate species, she also wore next to nothing on her petite curves. Not that the daisy duke's shorts and gold stard bikini weren't befitting her green hair, white fur and bright pink markings. Everything about this girl screamed supernatural trouble.

That also didn't stop Janus from approaching her, anyway. After being distracted for a second by the high wag of this cat's fluffy tail, he sat the bag on the glass counter between them.

"I...don't suppose you know how to fix a Nintendo 3DS?" he asked meekly.

The girl smiled, leaning on the counter in a way that intentionally showed off her chest. While seeing Janus' eyes dart downward reflexively blushing got a giggle, her amusement faded upon glancing into his bag.

"This was supposed to be something?" she scoffed. "Looks more like a bag of giblets from a star wars pinata. Did you take a sledgehammer to a droid?"

"I sat on it during my lunch break, okay?"

The feline's muzzle curled into a huge grin that made Janus' whole face turn red. "Sorry, I'm not the kind of witch that fixes weight problems. A butt that high density might be better suited at the gym four doors down."

"Can you fix it or not? Wait, what was that about witches?"

"At least you didn't think it was candy and started eating it. Hoo boy! I don't think Nintendo's warranty covers product consumption."

"Are you done?"

"I dunno. Do you also think the Amiibos are made of corn syrup?" The catgirl giggled for a long time, unable to make eye contact with Janus and his grumpy frown. Eventually she regained enough wits to straighten up. "Yeah, I'm done."

Before Janus could say anything the shop owner placed a pink furred hand on the bag. The plastic fluttered and expanded as if inflated with air. From inside, a weird green light pulsed several times, and the bag deflated once more.

“That’ll be sixty for the repairs, please.”

“Repairs!?” Janus blinked out of his stupor from her brief display of whatever the lights were. In rushing anger, he snatched up his bag. “You didn’t even do...o-oh!”

Ripping the plastic open, the older man was surprised to find it now contained a 3DS. It hardly resembled the one he was using this morning before the unfortunate crushing. The outer paint was a cheetah pattern of orange and brown spots devoid of the nicks and cracks born from constant use. It even smelled like out of the box new. Yet when he booted the thing up, his password and downloaded games were still on the memory card. A card that now had three times the original storage capacity.

“Um, thanks for the upgrade?” Janus offered with a cockeyed expression. The catgirl responded by holding out her hand, wiggling fingers impatiently. Still thoroughly confused, Janus fished out three twenty dollar papers for her eager palm.

“A pleasure doing business with magic, sweetie!” she rang up the transaction on her register, sliding Janus a receipt. “I added a lot of little upgrades and a few personal features Nintendo might not approve of. If you get time, please consider taking a customer survey on my website.”

“Yeah, absolutely.” Janus left the store all smiles. Lady luck rarely smiled this much on anything he set out to do, especially when things involved magic. He almost felt awkward to have a conversation with a witch and walk away, not transfigured.

It was looking to be almost an hour before the next bus. A perfect opportunity to check out these other ‘features’ the cat mentioned. Janus flicked through settings and games, quickly becoming disappointed. Whatever new additions were slipped in didn’t seem easy to find. Almost everything looked the same as before the 3DS’ unplanned demolition.

Still, a working DS is better than a collection of its pieces. Maybe now Janus can finally beat his current run of Megaman Zero. He booted up the game while getting comfortable on a bench. That was when an unusual pop up made his good mood falter.

‘Felidae calibration error. Realign to new user? Y/N.’

Janus had no idea what the heck even needed calibrating on a handheld device. Still, he liked to play it safe and selected confirmation to proceed. Suddenly both screens began flashing in random colors, transitioning between them in spiral motions. Anger flushed through him, wondering how pressing a button can break his DS for a second time today.

That quickly faded while he continued to watch the pretty colors dance. They were oddly engaging for a glitch, soothing his nerves and drowning out the sounds of nearby traffic. Janus’s pupils slowly contracted until they were barely visible black dots. The irises expanded until they were almost the only thing visible, shifting from a bright blue to a golden brown coloration. All cognitive

function appeared to head out to lunch, leaving the man stiffly holding his DS with an intent stare at the display.

Squeaking tires jolted Janus from his position, feeling stiffness in his joint. Confusion racked his brains trying to understand why the bus was already here, but it would not give him time to question it. A glance at the DS saw the Megaman Zero title screen waiting patiently for him to start too. Did he zone out into a nap and dream it broke? How lame.

Paying off the far, Janus shuffled his way for a seat near the far back. The engine noises back there were perfect to muffle the sound bits of his game. Many passengers gave him weird looks along the way, but had no way of knowing it was because of his slit pupil, animal-like eyes. He just assumed it was the normal grumpy aura that followed crowds these days. Soon the wheels were rolling again, and he could finally load up his save.

“Dash! Hehe!”

One of Janus' favorite mechanics introduced in the Megaman series had to be the robot's ability to dash. There were a lot of satisfying ways to innovate the maneuver for satisfying outcomes. Needless to say, he barely played two minutes in before having to execute it a few times. Each one felt surprisingly more satisfying than usual, making the middle-aged man bounce in his chair with mounting energy.

It was no exaggeration. Little jolts ran through Janus' body when he hit that magic button on his DS. Energy zipped through his nerves in a reckless drive into his core. The hair on his exposed arms stood on end before more grew out of the skin. After dashing through a big gauntlet of enemies, he paused to scratch his

face, noting a need to shave with the fine pelt of gold and brown spotted hair spreading across it.

“Dash! Dash! Dash! Woo!”

Janus enjoyed his game too much to resist adding his own sound effect. They were such a motor reflex after so long he never noticed making them anymore. Although, they did draw attention from the dozen other people riding the public transit. One by one everyone’s eyes turned to stay locked, dumbstruck by a man that seemed to be wearing cheetah patterned face and arm covers. Most of them become absolutely terrified when a series of more dashes sent Janus’ face popping out into a short muzzle, tipped with a tiny pink nose.

“Nya?” A loud ding went off signalling a request to stop. Janus spared only a curious glance before returning to his game. His stop still needed about fifteen minutes and it was time for a boss fight.

Rounded animal ears climbed up the sides of Janus’ head while he played. Their improved reception made the low volume sound even more epic while they swiveled in a sea of growing hair. A very hard section of platform dashing came up, sending his locks pouring across his shoulders in a waterfall. His usual blond brightened into a fiery red that rivaled his passion for the game.

Many in the bus pushed each other to get off upon stopping, including a pair that changed their mind about getting on. The three recording Janus’ transformation with cell phones continued to be unnoticed with another boss fight. Two older people near the front only gave him a disapproving glance before staring forward, trying to ignore the sounds of straining clothes and excited cat noises.

“Aah! DASH! Nya! Ha haha! Dash this, you punk!” Janus ducked and weaved between seats, piloting his DS as if it had motion controls. The fur coating his body acted like some kind of insulin, making the energy filling his muscles more potent. This boss was a hard one that he often struggled with, requiring multiple dashes at perfect intervals to avoid some hard damaging attacks.

The cell phones were more interested in zooming onto the exterior aspects of Janus. Bouncing between seats got increasingly hard with the way his form grew. Muscles thickened out across his arms, beefing up biceps until the shirt sleeves tore in several places. Pants legs puffed up like balloons, stretching denim to outline the unusually thick curves of strong thighs. If the cameras caught him just right between bounces, there was even a glance of some ridged abs trying to push through his shirt.

“Mreow! Dang it!” Janus pointed upon noticing his stop was coming up. The game had to be paused while he pulled the cord to request a stop.

In his rush to get back into the action, Janus took no notice of how small the bus suddenly felt trying to squeeze his way out. Footsteps fell with heavy clunks onto the metal floor while he had to dunk out the doorway. The amateur cameras followed him all the way until the doors closed. While two were trying to get a closeup of what looked like an effeminate cheetah man’s muscles, one got a curious shot of his sneakers with three or four rounded bulges pushing out their fronts.

Janus was too busy scrunching his shoulders to squeeze through the door of Barnes and Noble to think on it. More shoppers stopped in mid-task, watching an eight foot furry giant march its way towards the coffee shop. The poor barista looked ready to flee in a panic, which Janus’ low self-confidence took as a normal reaction to his presence.

“M-may I help you?”

“One large caramel macchiato with chocolate shavings, please.” Janus tried offering a smile so filled with fangs it made the girl recoil. Feeling even more self-conscious, he quickly paid her and took the hot dosage of caffeine to a faraway table. People always had to be so mean to someone just trying to exist.

Being able to finally unpause his game washed away any negative thoughts. Janus leaned back in the chair, unable to hear the loud groans of wood under his weight over the sound effects. It was hard to get comfortable after being wound up for a boss fight. More so since he unintentionally froze the fight in a very exposed position between enemy blasts.

A few frantic dashes somehow got Janus out of that pickle, even if the resulting swelling in his butt made the chair increasingly cramped. The waistband of his pants pushed down with the rapid rise of white-furred cheeks rolling over it. Just between their crack rose out a dense tuft of hairs that rapidly popped into the forming vertebrae of a ropy cat’s tail.

A couple put a pin in their conversation to try processing the developing span of Janus’ plump hips. With each dash his pants strained and sunk beneath a wide womanly curve, exposing a white smooth crotch. Fat piled in excess over muscles giving his bottom and thighs a very soft looking feel, emphasised by the way it rolled over the sides of his seat. The girl in the relationship glanced to her boyfriend, only to frown upon realizing he had become completely entranced by the squashed cheetah butt bulging out the back of Janus’s chair.

“Nyaaah! Dash, darn you! DAAAASH!” As the boss fight continued to stir Janus’ anxiety and sore her thumbs, the bottom heavy cheetah couldn’t stand her ridiculously tiny seat any longer. With another dash and a feline yowl, she leapt

into the air, mimicking Megaman's movements on screen. Her landing on a table ten feet away was the catalyst to send other customers scrambling from the bookstore.

Loud pops echoed over the chaos with Janus' graceful landing. The impact rocked his sneakers, which were already under a ton of internal pressure. They popped like balloons, setting free a pair of paw feet clawing at the varnished wood under them with black claws.

"Dash! Dash! Come on! Dash, you stupid bot!"

Things only got worse as Janus leapt from one table to another. Coffee cups and abandoned items flew everywhere, decorating displays with various surgery brews. The tables themselves barely took Janus' weight, much less held on the pushback of her jumps. It was like she was in her own epic shadow boxing with some unseen flow, breaking anything that dared get in her way.

Not even the pressure under her shirt could stop Janus from winning this stage. Her solid board of pecs vanished under the rising of softer pillow protrusions. Every jump and dash billowed them out further, collecting whatever body fat her greedy behind didn't want to take. Soon the cellphones that dared to record her coffee rampage were trying to focus their best on the rounded orbs tightly wrapped in a jedi knight T-shirt. Their harsh bounces and wobbles would become an internet legend in a few hours as they grew to surpass Janus' head.

"YES!" Janus roared with a ferocity that rattled the windows. With just a few more dashes, she finally whittled down the boss's health enough to finish them. She hopped onto the extended bar, heaving for breath with a triumphant smile. It had not been a clean victory with having to use all her healing tanks, but

she would take it all the same. Hell, that felt like a reward of coffee cake and ice cream at least. "May I..."

Janus looked up from her DS and lost all train of thought. Before her laid a dining area that looked like Optimus Prime had driven through it. Tables and chairs lay decimated as chunks of wood. Coffee permeated the air with almost everything soaked in it. What few customers dared to remain hid partially behind damaged book shelves, staring at her like one would a bomb.

"Oh, nya! Not again!" Janus turned to find an employee to question, only to catch sight of an amazing cheetah amazon in the mirror. She brought a hand up to a feline muzzle that wasn't there hours ago, and the reflection mimicked her action. Their red hair and gold eyes looked exotic reflecting off the dim overhead lights. A stark contrast to the basketball breasts half spilling out the bottom of a ridiculously small shirt, with an equally ridiculous hump bulging over the seat of her pants. "Well...at least my DS didn't get smashed again..."

Janus slowly stood up, noticing the ripples of muscles subtly moving under her fur. It was unavoidable she would find the urge to give a little flex. All this raw beef power made her rich curves that much more appealing.

They also had a thing for straining clothes to their breaking points. As her biceps and quads inflated with tense sinew contractions there came a symphony of tears throughout the store. Janus blinked several times, her smile slowly dropping the longer she stared at the now naked cheetah amazon in the mirror. Bright red nipples pointed at her at erect attention while a cool breeze tickled the area her manhood used to occupy.

"Nyaaaa! Darn you laws of physics!" Janus pouted on her awkward shuffle back through the bookstore's lobby. One hand held her fluffy tail around to try

covering her crotch. The other hugged around her mammoth bust, holding his DS to their soft flesh. "This is so humiliating. I don't wanna shop for women's underwear today."

Dog Duty

An unexpectedly sharp turn rocked Kendra out of her muddled thoughts. She watched various parked cars pass through the window of her Uber until it slowed to a stop before a series of steps leading to double glass doors.

“This the place?” the driver grumbled without looking back to her. His sagging eyes were on the GPS of his dashboard, already knowing the answer.

Kendra glanced at the building’s numbers, fighting back butterflies in her stomach. “That it is. Thanks for the ride.”

“Sure thing.” At least the driver gave that much courtesy, ticking off this latest fare from his app. “Just be careful not to get lost or something.”

“Oh, I’ll be fine,” Kendra lied as she climbed out of the old car. She didn’t bother watching it drive off, needing every ounce of willpower to climb the few stone steps.

This was pretty much it; the last shot, Hail Mary, bottom of the barrel desperate attempt at kick-starting a career. Four years of late night studies eating ramen soup finally got Kendra the PHD for her dream job, and it didn’t seem to matter for beans. No one hired bright eyed, young interns unless it was for free labor. Because a twenty-five-year-old blond woman can live on nothing, rent and food just magically tend to themselves.

At least getting angry about her situation gave Kendra the courage to open the door and go inside. It was one of those large but very plain office buildings inside a neighborhood of other buildings and factories. The kind of work areas where if you didn't bring a packed lunch you were screwed. One of the last places one expected to find a research lab, but probably better here than next to a food market and daycare.

Seeing that the receptionist was a freckled guy possibly even younger than her gave Kendra a renewed hope for this little adventure. Apparently he hadn't expected a female peer to come stomping in today either, cause his shocked eyes invariably scanned downward before zipping back up to maintain proper contact.

"H-hi! Welcome to Moonlight Genetics. Want to date I...I mean, how may I help you?"

"Um..." Kendra paused at the questionable company name more than the dudes Freudian slip. Neither would stop her from reasserting a professional aura. Being an actual field researcher came far before dating and this was the last lab in the state taking applicants. "I'm Kendra Trask. My uncle Mitchel should have set up an interview."

"Oh yeah! Mitch mentioned that a few days ago." It was a relief to see the boy's eyes light up with recognition, though Kendra kept her smile straight and neutral. That got a bit harder when he checked something on his computer and glanced curiously towards her. "You're...the new security guard?"

"Yes!" Kendra gave a confident nod, hoping she wasn't sweating already.

After the last deal with a lab up north fell through, Kendra ended up attending her kid nephew's birthday party where uncle Mitch caught wind of the fresh graduates' problems. It wasn't exactly the deep, challenging study job she wanted, but working security still meant being around real labs with experienced scientists. All she needed was a year or two subtly impressing them with her own skills in biology and chemistry. A promotion into the field would be inevitable.

That is, if this receptionist stopped looking at her so quizzically. Kendra's attempt to appear calm and professional threatened to crack the few seconds this jerk took at double checking his computer for some apparent information. Eventually he shrugged and the standard work smile returned.

"Well, Dr. Pain has you scheduled so looks like everything went through on Mitch's end. Take the left door and head on through to the back."

Kendra meant to say thanks, but some words stuck in her brain. "Wait a second, his name is really Dr. Pain?"

"Don't ask him about that. You really don't want to."

"Oh...kay." Kendra slowly took her exit down the indicated hallway. The glimpses captured through cracked doorways quickly overshadowed the oddity of their lobby. Her heart fluttered in childish glee at seeing professional labs, beakers, computers. Anything from movies and more teased at Kendra's eyeballs steeling herself to land any kind of job here no matter what.

Such resolve received its first test a lot quicker than the young woman expected. As Kendra approached the door she caught sounds of angry yelling from the other side. Before she could consider that, both sides flung outward, narrowly missing her face in the crashing swing. An older, balding man stumbled past her, mostly under the control of a large brown bear hoisting him by the shirt collar. If they noticed the alarmed Kendra pressed against the wall in fright, their little scuffle didn't allow a chance to acknowledge her.

"What the fuck?" Kendra whispered while watching the pair gradually and aggressively make their way down the hall. Upon closer inspection it was not a bear, but a dog escorting the angry swearing man from the building. A German shepherd was wearing a blue security uniform and possessing hands. Hell, he even wore boots. Years of scientific research wouldn't allow her to explain it off as a suit either. That wagging tail looked way too real.

"Oh, some idiotic reporter tried sneaking in to get dirt on my research. Oops, sorry, miss." Another man in a lab coat had followed behind the scene so silently that Kendra missed his presence. Granted, eyeing up the inexplicable dog man didn't help her perception much. "Honestly, there's so much garbage trying to pass itself off as the media these days. He was going through my samples, no doubt trying to find some way to frame me as a Frankenstein monster. Incidentally, who are you?"

"K-Kendra Trask," she said upon peeling herself from the wall. The shepherd came back into view, strolling down the hallway with ears perked in a much happier position. "My uncle said he'd contact you. Wait, you mean that dog is your research."

"Call me Frank." The dog offered a clawed hand with paw pads on each finger to Kendra, amused by her surprise at speaking. "And yes. The doc here calls me one of his works in progress. I assure you, we don't bite."

“Right...” Kendra knew her face was burning hot, but good mannerisms allowed her the nerve to shake the offered hand.

“Yes, well, I’m Dr. Pain.” The other man butted in without offering a shake. His emotionless eyes scanned across Kendra’s body in an eerie analytical kind of way. “You’re a bit taller than your uncle said, but everything else seems on point with the calculations. Follow me and we’ll get you adjusted for work.”

“Wait, really?” Kendra fell into step behind Pain at a complete loss. More so when they went through the double doors into a scientist’s dream lab. They even had a giant laser machine. “Weren’t we supposed to do an interview or something?”

“That wastes too much time and as you can see, we got lots of funding to earn.” Dr. Pain cracked what might have been a smirk at seeing Kendra’s fascination with a machine full of petri dishes. After a second of fumbling through some desk drawers, he flipped out a small packet of papers. “Just sign these consent forms and waivers while I make some preparations.”

“Oh, sure!” Kendra thought she might have a heart attack. The writings were barely a blur in her rush to sign every dotted line. After dozens of attempts at biting and clawing into the industry, she finally had an in. She didn’t even pay Dr. Pain any mind when he began swabbing her arm with sterilizers. “So do I start tomorrow or-OW!”

“Hm? If you wish.” Dr. Pain dismissed her cry, focusing on administering his injection. A green substance emitted a soft glow as it slowly depleted into the

woman's bloodstream. "The effects are fast acting, so you should be fit for duty by then."

Kendra wisely waited until they pulled the needle from her vein before throwing a fit. Any sense of professionalism left with it. "What the fuck did you just jack me up with!?"

"Why, this procedure is standard for all our security staff." Dr. Pain calmly stared back in genuine confusion.

Frank, however, bit the lower lip of his muzzle with a meek ear flick. "Doctor, I don't think she was told about that part yet."

"Are you serious?" Dr. Pain whipped his gaze between the two, showing the first instance of emotion yet. Too bad it was panic. It didn't inspire Kendra's confidence. "I would have assumed your uncle went over everything before setting up this arrangement."

"I'm going to...slap him later for...this," Kendra said, finding breathing suddenly very difficult. Hands shot out to catch herself against a table, knocking over equipment her hazing thoughts prayed weren't expensive. Something latched firmly onto her shoulders, which turned out to be Frank. "I feel...off..."

"Yes. That would be my latest serum starting the restructuring process. As a side effect you're going to be unconscious for the duration, so try not to panic when you wake up a bit different."

“Fucking...great...” Kendra managed to cough before collapsing against the big dog’s chest.

* * *

“How could you let this happen!?”

It was not so much waking up as snapping out of a trance. Kendra’s eyes shot open in a rush of alert energy and got promptly blinded by bright lights. Aside from grunting to rub her scrunched eyelids, there was no aches or grogginess to ward off.

“Don’t blame me for this just because I got the fur coat. You’re the one that invited that stooge in and left him alone in here.”

Ears twitched irritably at the nearby voices of Frank and Dr. Pain apparently going at it. While waiting for her eyesight to clear Kendra focused on what information her other senses could relay. Judging by her position, gravity, and chill on her ass; they had laid her out on a metal table buck naked. Trying to take in a deep breath proved difficult with the massive weights set on her chest. Bastards couldn’t have given her a blanket or something at least.

“Mmph?” Kendra tried to speak only to manage a snarling grumble. Wonderful, her tongue felt bloated and flopped about in the struggle to work her jaw. Something about the muscle movements were off and took a few tries to get a handle on.

The barely human noises were still enough to break up the men's conversation. Dr. Pain's milky silhouette entered Kendra's vision before blinding her again with a penlight.

"Oh, good. Are you with us again, Ms. Trask?"

"Y-yeah. God damn it! Get that out of my face!" Kendra pushed the invasive instrument aside, trying to ignore how her voice sounded slightly deeper in pitch. The job barely mattered to her anymore. All her priorities focused on if the hack had yanked out her kidneys or something during the blackout.

Having this damn pressure on her upper torso didn't help investigate for scars either. Kendra lifted her head to find two round beach balls on her chest, obscuring her vision. For some odd reason they had a fine layer of brown fur instead of rubber, looking slightly deflated enough to pour against her sides. Even so, there was no way to push them off, no matter how hard she tried. Palms merely sunk into their soft fuzzy surface with a consistency like foam. For some reason that tickled her nerves too. "What the fuck did you do to me?"

"To put it briefly," Dr. Pain started, slowly going over his choice of words. "Part of the waiver you signed was full consent to take part in a breakthrough of gene splicing this facility is running. All of our security is doubling as test subjects to cross with the DNA of canines, which was the injection we gave you upon hiring."

"Oh...shit..." The more Kendra's racing mind took in, the less she wished her eyes would clear. Bringing a hand into view, she saw the entire arm wore the same brown and black fur as the round weights on her chest. Each finger tip ended in a long blunt claw and a puffed up bulge of skin that felt spongy to the touch. A black blur caused her to go cross-eyed, making out a big black nose at the end of a

long, wide bridge. Working control of what she realized was a much thicker tongue, she passed it along way more sharp teeth than a human should normally have. "You gotta be kidding me!"

"Try to take it slow now!" Frank offered when Kendra pushed herself against the heavy pull of gravity. "There's been a bit of a...complication with you."

Kendra ignored the advice, sitting up with all the strength she could muster. Legs slid around to dangle off the side of the table, looking just as furry as her arms with clawed, paw padded feet at the ends. It hardly surprised her to feel a fluffy tail brushing lazily across the top of her ass cheeks.

The size of said ass when Kendra glanced back. Now that was a surprise. Her former lithe frame positively ballooned with over a foot of additional hip span, packing enough fat atop each glute that her backside squashed across a wide amount of table top. Turning back, there was no longer any denying the heavy sphere's were her breasts. Their beach ball size blocked any view of the floor. "This is a complication, eh?"

"Indeed! A rather irritating one, too." Dr. Pain glanced over some papers on another table, frowning his brow. "We thought that reporter Frank kicked out was attempting to steal some of my mixtures. Looks like his goal was sabotage. You were supposed to become one of my experimental super guards, but an unknown reagent added in has also...enhanced your attributes to a drastic degree. I can assure you I will include compensation in your paycheck for this inconvenience."

"Consider me assured," Kendra grumbled through clenched fangs. She gently pushed onto her feet, nearly falling over immediately. All the new mass shifting

around created a different center of balance to work with. "Super guards isn't exactly a scientific term either, doc. You guys got a mirror?"

"Over here," Frank said with a jerk of his thumb.

The journey across the lab started slow and unsteady until Kendra became more accustomed to her expanded figure. There was a lot more bump and sway than what she was accustomed to. Reaching the full body mirror near a washing station, she gazed in to find a german shepherd woman staring back, kind of beautiful, in an exotic alien way. She still had her original blond hair and blue eyes, which seemed to mesh well with the brown patterns of her fine fur coat. Too bad being more stacked than any porn star she'd ever seen overshadowed everything.

"Ugh!" She stuck her tongue at the mirrored image while giving her enormous boobs a hard bounce. Their sloshing weight will be a nightmare for a while. "Do I really have to work like this?"

"I am afraid so," said Dr. Pain, still nose deep in report papers. "The sabotage was very sloppy, and we even found some reversing serums contaminated. I must flush the entire stock and brew from scratch. That's going to set us back by at least six months."

"I got to be a flea bag for half a year! Uh, no offense, Frank."

"None taken."

“You will be a ‘fleabag’ a lot longer than that, Ms. Trask.” Dr. Pain straightened up, finally looking Kendra in the eye. “Sabotage or not, you still signed a contract that keeps you on security detail to this facility for two years, with opportunities for extended service. In fact, with a base test group to compare results for the second compound, your contributions to this research have become invaluable.”

“Test group?!” Kendra parroted with a glance to Frank. “How many of us are there?”

“Counting you? Five.” Frank could not keep his eyes from darting below Kendra’s chin for a split second. “And just fair warning, you’re our only female too.”

“The good news just keeps pouring in,” Kendra declared, arms instinctively trying to hug over her exposed nipples. Even her hands had trouble reaching each other around that mammary shelf.

“Well, I was expecting to hire at least two more ladies today along with you,” Pain continued. “Now I can’t risk it without knowing the extent of the contamination. Sorry to say we must put you on maximum security detail for the immediate future. That means in the lab at all times. Another breach like this and we could damn well lose our funding.”

“Like I really want to be stuck like this,” Kendra scoffed, but then her pointed ears perked with a sudden thought. “Wait, you want me in the lab hovering over everyone all day?”

“Yes!” Pain threw his hand up in exasperation, oblivious to the increasing wag on the new dog woman’s tail. “That is exactly what I pay you to do along with the

practical testing. I want you half mutts to be aware of every damn thing that happens in this lab from now on.”

“Oh, you can count on me to do that much,” Kendra affirmed with a wide smile. She couldn’t believe after all this crazy mad science her dream plan still played out perfectly. If she was security over everyone in the lab, opportunities to show off her brain power behind these thick curves would come on a silver platter. With any luck, she might become Dr. Pain’s assistant long before she became human again.

Still, it’d be nice to not look like they had spliced her genes with a dairy cow. Spotting a trash can under the hand wash sink, Kendra gave it a weak kick to vent frustration out on something. The result was a metal bin sailing with enough force to explode through the concrete-reinforced wall on the far end of the lab. Her canine mouth dropped at the sunken hole of shattered bricks, chunks of which broke off with the collapsing structure into a pile of rubble.

“Whoa!” She squeaked out, flexing her biceps curiously. Oddly enough, the muscles under the fur didn’t swell anywhere near what she expected after a feat of strength like that. “That was kind of cool. I mean...I’m so sorry, doctor!”

Kendra’s words died out when she turned to find Dr. Pain smiling so wide he showed some white teeth.

“I call you my super guards for a reason,” he explained in an aura of pride. “Not just improved strength; smell, hearing, reflexes. By the time your body finishes adapting to the serum, you’ll be stronger than most standard army marines. And when my research is finished, countries will beg us to make half animals like you a standard part of their military.”

“Guess that’s worth putting up with a bubble butt for a few years.” Kendra gave a deep sigh, drawn to the gentle wobbling that caused against her pectorals. “You are going to get me a bra for these bombshells, right?”

“The underwear may take a while to measure, but we should have something fitted for you in time for tomorrow’s morning shift.”

“Good enough. I’m just getting a bit cold here.”

“Welcome to Moonlight Genetics!” Frank laughed in a silly barking way as he patted Kendra on the back. “I’ll get you to a bunk and we’ll find you a mumu or something before meeting the others.”

“Sounds like a good start,” Kendra admitted. Instinct caused her to smile with raised ears and a tail wag, which Frank responded in kind. She let the senior canine lead her out of the lab, still annoyed by all the sashaying her body did, but hopeful about the career that laid before her exaggerated movements.

An American Werewolf at the Concession Stand

They told Dianna she needed to curb her temper. She told them customers only get what they earn from her. If some dumb blue moose wanted to knock over displays, they're going to deserve a good shakedown.

For some reason, the fluffy feridae still had a job after clocking out of Target that afternoon. Dianna would love to think it was because she had the strength to move four pallets in an hour, but the reality was the high employee turnover rate. Finding someone that stuck with such rough overworking conditions longer than a month was rare, more so with someone that could do tasks fast and efficiently. Her trick was being more valuable than any problems that surfaced.

Dianna considered it a blessing and curse that she was that outstanding. Being from a magical race, she came off looking like a hybrid of a maned wolf and rabbit; possessing their strength and energy, respectively. Only small black horns poking out in front of her long pointed ears hinted at being anything other than a typical anthro.

The more she thought about it, the less Dianna wanted to head straight home. Going to the gym for a few hard reps didn't hold much appeal at this moment either. She climbed into her car feeling like this day went a tad more awful than most. It needed a distraction before dinner to lighten things up. After buckling up, she glanced out the front window, ears perking at the AMC building peeking out from a mini-mall down the street.

Christ, Dianna couldn't remember the last time she'd seen a movie in its theater run. Long random work shifts might have some blame, but they were getting really expensive to justify a trip. Not that it helped Hollywood kept playing it 'safe' with nostalgic shlock and reboots. Even so, for the sake of a little

indulgence, she rolled out of the parking lot on a set course. It might be worth at least checking out the current releases before deciding.

Yup. Nothing but a list of shlock remakes. This was worth the two minutes of gas. Dianna could have a better experience watching the originals at home with a pack of beer. Her black nose flared in an angry snort, ready to leave when her water blue eyes caught the very bottom listing.

“An Awoo Odyssey?” Dianna asked the ticket vendor, a very bored looking duck woman. “What is that supposed to be about?”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” the vendor replied, not even glancing from her newspaper. “Apparently it’s an independent film that got really long. Everyone that’s seen it retells a completely different idea of the plot. I’d swear even the director had no idea what they were doing.”

Dianna scratched her chin fur, contemplating the title for a moment. “Eh, sounds like a time killer. One, please.”

“Suit yourself!”

The ticket was printed out and passed along to Dianna without further conversation. That was fine. She was ready to plop her butt in a chair for a few hours of breathing room. Rediscovering the prices of concessions, however, killed what little enthusiasm for the show she could muster. With a lot more deliberation, she ultimately settled on some nachos and soda for the price of a full meal anywhere else.

Most of the meager nourishment was consumed before Dianna even got into the theater. It only now struck just how hungry work stress left her, forcing a return trip for a pair of hot dogs. Getting inside revealed a lack of anyone else interested in what this Awoo movie had to offer. Unsurprising turn out for a mid-week afternoon showing, anyway. Perfect chance to get a good seat in the middle of the upper rows.

Dianna didn’t bother turning off her phone when the lights dimmed. If there wasn’t a single sole to annoy with her current game of Candy Crush, then she preferred it over a half hour of commercials and previews. They all passed by in a blur of flashy lights and dubstep before too long.

In fact, it took a bit for Dianna to notice a deafening silence in the dark theater. A quick look to the screen showed a lot of nothing. Did they forget to start the movie or...?

“Oh!” she gasped softly, eyes blinded by the sudden cut to a full moon over a forested area. At least she assumed that was the shot, since tree branches swayed about in an upward perspective. Dianna turned off her phone on reflex to give the movie her undivided attention.

Three minutes later, her temper flared. Nothing had changed outside the same still shot of the moon. Only wind and insect noise gave any sign a movie was even running. No wonder this was an independent production. No sane studio would put their money behind endless nothing.

Seven minutes of staring gave Dianna half a mind to pull out her phone again. Yet her hands remained gently on her chair’s armrests. Despite being angry about it, she was having a hard time looking away. They had already invested too much time in this hack of a showing. An eager anticipation rose in opposition of leaving, eager to see when or if something happened.

The two conflicting thoughts became so distracting Dianna lost track of everything. Her eyes only blinked occasionally, taking in the full moonlight projected off the screen. As the minutes ticked by, their dazzling blue irises darkened to deep blood red, reflecting a crimson glow easily spotted in the dark theater.

“Hngh? Thank god something’s going on.”

The scene changed so abruptly Dianna’s body shuddered out of her entangled thoughts. Arms raised up, stretching out fingers towards the ceiling, legs straightening out against the chair in front of her. Almost twelve minutes of staring at a moon left her body stiff and a bit sore. Today’s unloading shift must have been a bit more taxing than it felt.

Any excitement that this dumb movie was finally starting became short-lived. The shot changed to a panning view of an actual forest, and then another, and yet more views of trees and clearings. It wouldn’t have been so bad if each one didn’t take five agonizing minutes to complete.

“Oh, come on!” Dianna barked when all that waiting brought another long shot of a full moon. At least it was at a different angle, with light reflecting off the surface of a pond under it. She slumped back into her seat, fuming over how freaking long they planned to hold it this time.

Too damn long! Dianna was far from wanting a staring contest with the moon, even if that’s exactly what she ended up doing. All the annoyance at this poorly paced nonsense coupled with an expensive ticket couldn’t get her butt off that seat.

Although it didn’t stop the feridae’s rear from expanding across its cushion. Somehow the moon’s enticing glow kept Dianna from noticing how her body inched along the velvet seat cover, becoming both taller and thicker with the passing minutes. Her back popped with widening beef while it rose over the seat head. A large gap formed between work pants and shirt showing off a midriff becoming firm with abdominal muscles.

Dianna still didn’t budge when her widening hips squeezed around the armrests of her seat. They tried creaking in protest, unable to support more than her elbows at their absurd length. Trying to keep legs tucked in became even worse. Despite bending her knees completely, they continued to push over the row in front of her. Maybe it was a good thing no one else wanted to see this movie. A fifteen foot giant squatting across three chairs might have been intimidating to sit around.

“Grrrwarg! Movie is putting it generously,” Dianna mumbled to herself after another seventeen minutes of moon watching. The subtle flapping of her muzzle allowed projector light to flash off the surface of fangs larger and sharper than the ones she came in with.

To the movie’s credit, the next cut showed something of substance; a pack of wolves idling around a lake. That still wasn’t the most amazing thing to watch for another grueling eight minutes. At least it was something animate. Dianna even had a fondness for wolves. They helped distract her from the various discomforts going on.

Dianna’s hair itched around the base of her growing horns. The black bones rose long enough to rival her flicking ears, becoming jagged along the edges. Hands ideally pulled on her pants and shirt, unable to shake their tight pinching.

Stubborn fabric hugged every curve of her enormous buff figure. Most of her shirt's buttons pulled pucker thanks to the swelling in her breasts. Soft flesh coated in rich snowy fur bulged eagerly through the small openings, unwilling to stay contained.

Of course, the eventual next cut went straight back to another shot of the moon. This series felt like some guys ran around a national park all night for the sake of running out their camera batteries. Dianna found herself unable to even get angry by now. She propped her legs over the two rows in front of her and chugged what soda remained, settling in for yet more star gazing. Christ, it might have been cheaper to buy a telescope and do it live.

The rapid tears across Dianna's clothing sounded so soft she confused them for the forest ambience on screen. Even with both legs propped up into view her eyes failed to notice the warped distortion of her sneakers. Glowing red eyes cared for nothing but that lustrous white space rock this movie's director obsessed over. When the ends finally exploded from a pair of enormous paws, the only reaction their emergence got was a relieved sigh out of an extending muzzle. The once petite black nose tripled in size riding atop her bridge, becoming sensitive to the smells of stale food permeating the theater. Meaty round toes flexed out a chorus of cramped pops as they shook off what remained of Dianna's shoes.

The destruction of Dianna's clothes turned into a less glorious series of tears in her slow, steady growth. Pants tore along the sides as her legs continued hanging over rows of chairs in front of her. A rapid thickening in her ass snapped pants and underwear off. Buttons flew off her shirt, scattering to the floor below, letting free a pair of white breasts big enough to smash a car hood. Muscles bubbled up from under her flesh so dense they didn't need to flex to rip apart the sleeves keeping what cover remained on her body.

CRUNCH!

"ARF!? W-what the hell?" While the air conditioning on her now naked, twenty-foot form did nothing, having the six chairs supporting her backside give out broke Dianna from her trance in a painful fashion. She stood up, intending to rage at an employee for shoddy equipment, only to find her view of the theater a bit high. In fact, it was strange they suddenly turned the light back on with a reddish tinge. "What's up with this theater? It's got doll sized seats I can't even

put my feet on. Wait, were my feet always this big and...clawed? Where are my shoes?"

Ka-FLOOF!!

A sharp pain ran through Dianna's butt, focusing on the small bit of spine that made up her petite tail. It stiffened under a tight pressure, building into a sudden pop. She stood ridged for a moment, unable to comprehend the odd sensation until a rapid brushing across her bare rear caused her to twist for a look. In that half second, her once adorable wad of fluff grew out into a massive tail thick with silky fur that remained copper on top and snow white underneath. "...what the actual fuck?!"

AAWWWOOOOOOO!

"Arrgh!" Dianna whirled back at the screen, finding it showed yet more wolves. While the reason was not obvious, a standard for this movie, the canine trio began arching their heads back in the majestic song of their people. It was like the deep vibrating yells snapped something in her brain, grasping some instinct alien to feridae. Even knowing the image before her was fake didn't stop the changed wolfess from reeling back in response. "Awwoooo!"

"Hey! Down in front!"

Dianna blinked several times, her crimson eyes setting their glowing gaze upon the theater's top row. Apparently some kind of blue squirrel and a tiger in a top hat decided this movie was a perfect way to kill brain cells too. While the tiger gawked up at her at a complete loss, the squirrel was the one shouting demands. His gaze remained indigent while unable to stop gorging on popcorn out of a big bucket.

"Um, excuse you!?" Dianna huffed, crossing arms over her breasts while trying to adjust her much bigger tail around her crotch. "I kind of just turned huge and naked here. Not sure how you expect me to get out of the way."

"Not my problem!" the squirrel grumbled with a spray of chewed kernels. "You've been blocking all the good parts since we got here. Not to insult your dump truck butt here, but if I wanted to see that kind of full moon we'd have just grown Max and saved us ticket prices."

“What!?” screamed the tiger, regarding his squirrel friend with alarm.

“Ah, screw you! This movie’s plot makes no damn sense, anyway.” Dianna half stomped, half shuffled out of the seats, her expanding body crushed. It was hard keeping such enormous paws from tripping over everything in the confined space. Ignoring how this seemed to amuse her unintentional audience, she eventually made it to the side stairs and gingerly followed them around to the lobby exits.

That was about where her journey for a refund stopped. Squatting down with a thick canine tail sweeping the floor behind her, Dianna’s eyes narrowed in deep thought.

“Now...how the fuck do I get out of here?”