

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #29

By

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# An American Werecheetah in Perpetual Lunation

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This descent was going too smoothly to be true. All lights flashed green across the control console. Very little weather patterns turned up, causing virtually no turbulence. Going in expecting the worst made good results oddly surreal.

“Huston. This is Spear Six. I have broken the atmosphere and am making a smooth approach. Landing sight in range. ETA two minutes.”

“Read you, Spear Six. How is visibility?”

Hilda glanced out her landers left porthole and laughed. The young astronaut didn’t think it was possible, but they had discovered a planet with an endless night cycle. Science boys back on earth had talked her to death about how thick gas’s only let certain kinds of light through, most noticeable example being its three full moons. Seeing nothing but a black void full of stars made the transition into a gravity well almost seamless save for the planet’s surface.

“Visibility is surprisingly bright,” she replied into the radio. “I can see three full moons on the east horizon. The planet’s surface is also covered in many sources of bright light.”

“Understood. Can you make out any vegetation or structures from these sources?”

Hilda rolled her eyes, scoffing. Hands busied themselves either managing the navigation stick or working its appropriate instruments. She was only in a free falling sphere miles above the place. Plenty of time to take close observations. "Hard to say, Houston. Can confirm structure-like formations near the drop zone. Preparing for landing now."

"Acknowledged. Remain vigilant."

"Yeah, I'm only making first contact on an alien planet. Good thing I didn't bring sunscreen."

Not that Hilda was the type to transmit her smart remarks. Having to deal with so many 'by the book' personalities really dulled the excitement of exploring space. Even so, she wasn't so carefree to dismiss what structures meant. Probes couldn't get much orbital surveillance done with the dark gas shield. Just about anything could be populating this rock.

First Hilda had to live long enough to meet any inhabitants. Another button press fired off boosters to slow the lander's fall. Instruments continued to work with exterior cameras and laser guidance, directing the vehicle towards a plateau. She bit her lower lip, trying to gauge the area's rapidly approaching size. There was a lot less open space than her staff had estimated and needed a quick course recalculation.

THUMP!

Metal legs slapped into solid rock with too much drift. A sharp yelp came from Hilda as the cockpit rocked forward, teetering on two of its four landing supports. Joints groaned from their long drag several meters across unknown soil, threatening to roll the whole thing upside down. Getting a breath, Hilda slapped another button pulsing boosters in the opposite direction. The push back was just enough to stop their uncontrolled slide, leaving the craft balanced on its side for a few seconds before gravity made it slam back onto all fours.

“Oh, thank god for me!” Hilda slumped back in the pilot’s chair, running a hand through her short brown hair. Looked like she’d have to apologize to the staff for all her technical worries. If this lump of metal wasn’t working so perfectly that would have been a rougher landing. Much of the console’s gauge meters were now yellow or red, unfortunately, but they also packed her plenty of spare parts. She cleared her throat while switching the radio back on. “Houston, touchdown made with some turbulence. External sensors reporting a breathable atmosphere and warm temperatures.”

“Confirmed, we’re getting the same readings here. Assess damages and begin initial camp site preparations.”

“Roger that,” Hilda mumbled before getting up. Just one boring procedure after another. Finding out why the plants glowed sounded like a way more interesting activity than unfolding beacons and flashlights. If only they had given her a shotgun or something, she wouldn’t have to worry about running into some monster out of a James Cameron movie.

At least the environment was comfortable. Centuries of space development reduced all the clunky aesthetic to slightly thicker than a catsuit. Of course, it still needed thick boots, gloves and a helmet. Shame there were no residential aliens to witness the oddly dressed creature climbing down a strange aircrafts ladder. Hilda always wondered what it’d be like on the reverse of an old sci-fi movie cliché.

Oh well, maybe people did notice her arrive and were taking a while to climb this particular mountain. A quick hop off the last step and Hilda's boots hit the ground with a solid landing. Gravity seemed only a little stronger than Earth's, there's a good sign. Brown grass grew out all around her landing area. There were even some illuminated pink flowers that proved delicate under her curious touches.

For a planet of eternal night, everything looked so bright and full of life. From her prime vantage point Hilda could see practically everything. Past the breaks in trees came the glow of shrubs, vines, and other assorted objects. It reminded her of being in a fluorescent light bar or something.

Having three moons in orbit also helped reflect a lot of star light across the planet's surface. Hilda glanced up for a moment to admire how huge they looked floating across the sky. There were hardly any stars finding room to shine through, and she was fine with that.

All this calm lunar light felt warm and soothing through the protection of Hilda's suit. It brought back old memories of sitting on grandma's knee, being told stories of her ancestors. She came from a long line of protectors and pioneers. Seeking out unknown lands and protecting them was in her blood, all the way back to when they were merely tribals worshipping the moon for its power.

"Ugh!" Hard shudders rocked through Hilda, making her wonder how long she zoned out. Were the elements influencing her health? Initial scans showed breathable air with no harmful toxins to humans. Flicking a switch under her right breast turned on the suit's air filter system, perhaps too late. The skin tight protection irritated her skin, causing a rash of itching while sweat built up around her face.

All the more reason to get the damn camp set up quickly. Moving around to the damaged legs gave Hilda more glorious bad news in the form of awkwardly bent joints. Another few feet would have snapped both supports clean off her lander. This was going to make exiting off this rock a huge pain in the ass. If the legs can't retract it left the whole ship vulnerable to burn apart in the atmosphere.

Fixing this problem will probably take about a week and a half, scrubbing out all the fun stuff Hilda wanted to do on her mission. Unfortunately, the longer she stood there fuming at the ship, the more sweat built up in her uncomfortable suit. She kicked open one of the lander's storage hatches to fish out camp beacons. Mission control will go into a panic if they don't start getting signals from her soon.

"Ow! Fucking hell!" No sooner did Hilda get the transmitter set than a cramp seized her left shoulder and bicep. Her right hand squeezed it and then began scratching rapidly. It did little to help through the protective cover, but made her notice some oddities.

The material no longer clung to her heated body thanks to all the sweat. Her fingers shifted a layer of something else between it and her skin, which seemed to cause the itching. That just made the conditions hotter until the woman's mouth impulsively hung open in rapid panting.

Hilda couldn't take it. She rushed into the lander, barely getting the door closed before tearing off her suit. It became a compact oven against her figure. A feeling that turned real with the struggle to remove boots cramping her feet and gloves pinching her fingers. The suit itself took great effort to peel from her body like ripping off a snake skin. It was worth it for the relief of stale recycled air blowing across her matted fur.

“...what the holy NYAH!?”

Standing in the transport with just a bra and panties made it easy for Hilda to figure out the source of her discomfort. She twisted about, finding every visible surface of her half-naked body covered in a thick layer of soft hairs. Its patterns were easily recognizable as those of signature animals; white covered her chest and stomach while the rest had a bright yellow decorated in dark brown spots.

Needless to say, this was highly alarming even for Hilda.

“Hggnh? Gah!” Before she could properly evaluate having a spontaneous coat of fur, a pushing feeling in her lower back announced that was just the beginning. Both hands shot to her ass, feeling along the nook of her tailbone with increasing alarm. The little nub of vertebrae reversed its curve and pushed out a bulge of skin that grew with the development of more bone platings. Despite the woman’s efforts, her spine slinked through her fingers, becoming several feet long until a fluffy white tip brushed along her ankles.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Hilda wailed, watching her new tail twitch about on nerves she had no idea how to control. More itching redirected attention to her ears, only to find the sides of her head smooth with a fine layer of fuzz. Her actual noise receptors were located a second later, higher up the skull in a rounder disc shape. Their ability to flick and wiggle toward sounds was a bit surreal. “What the fuck is happening?”

Unwitting twitches made Hilda’s golden eyes go cross. The tip of her nose had shrunk into a pointed triangle shape while whiskers popped out of her upper lips. She rushed to the radio, trying to ignore the pressure mounting behind her flattening face.

“H-Huston, come in! I have...I have a p...ah...aaahhh...Nya-AWOOO!”

Pleasure rushed through Hilda’s changing body with an unexpected pop. Fingers clenched on the console controls, tearing through metal like butter with their thickening digits. Her back arched and head rocked back in a feral cry of bliss. She never knew having her jaws stretch out into a short feline muzzle could feel so great.

“Spear Six, this is Houston. Could you repeat that last transmission?”

“Chirp! Grrrawwwrrrr! Nyah!”

Hilda temporarily lacked the focus to respond, wondering if the series of animal noises she transmitted confused everyone back on earth. A second dose of pleasure caused her body to writhe, tearing off the console’s facing with snapping of hard bolts.

While the metal chunk slipped off Hilda’s meaty fingers, her tail gave a hard snap, feeling the rest of her body shifting violently. Bulges rose out from under her skin like odd boils, only to deflate into a solid definition of muscle mass. It almost tickled, making her body stretch out, animal ears inching towards the roof, breasts puffing out over the cups of their tight bra cups, hips cracking wide to make room for an inflating butt.

When everything finally stopped Hilda had to shake her head, trying to adjust to the feeling of being in an even smaller spaceship than usual. She looked



over the damaged controls with a meek meowing noise, one hand absently trying to tug tight underwear out from between her thickened glutes.

“Spear Six, do you copy? What’s your status?”

Oh good. At least the radio still worked. Hilda grabbed for the second receiver and noticed her palms and fingertips now possessed round fleshy pads. A quick check of her feet found the same paw-like developments.

“Uh, Houston? I just...well, frankly, I just turned into some kind of buff cheetah monster. I think my tits swelled bigger than my head too. Please advise?”

Static was the only forthcoming reply for a long time. Hilda paced around in circles, chasing her own tail in a desperate attempt to calm down. This twist of events was bad enough without her accidentally tearing billions in government funding a new one. Repairing all that damage might be impossible, even.

“Spear Six, this is Houston. Breast levels aside, we acknowledge your transformation as a success. Are you still fully sentient and able to proceed on mission?”

“Do I sound like a snarling B-Movie costume over here, Houston!?” Hilda’s muzzle curled in a snarl, too confused to bother with protocol. A sudden thought promptly made her slit eyes shoot open. “Wait, you fuckers knew this would happen?”

“We had no definitive idea how three moons would affect you, Spear Six. However, your extended family were very confident in your latent therian

heritage activating at this most opportune time. They expressed concerned that a single moon sparked no signs from you.”

Whiskers vibrated so fast they created a slight breeze across Hilda’s feline lips. “So my family wanted me on the mission because it’d make me a werecat?”

“Affirmative. The benefits of a therianthrope state should allow for better exploration and research in an alien environment. Analyzing what we learned about your heightened senses, natural predatory aspects, and strong healing metabolism made you perfect for an alien environment.”

“Why does that make more sense than it should?” Hilda sunk her snout into both hands to muffle some angry growls. Damn, these finger pads were surprisingly soft. “Why didn’t anyone bother to tell me?”

“We feared any skepticism would be counterproductive to the mission. Not to worry, the lander has been fully fitted to accommodate your enhanced physique.”

Intelligent animal eyes rose out from between the werecheetah’s fingers, staring at the remains of her console. Few lights remained flickering while wires occasionally shot out sparks. “...right. About that...”

Bright lights flashed through the glass portholes, eliciting a yelp from Hilda. All the fur on her spotty tail fluffed on end so it appeared double in size and totally ridiculous. She gave up trying to smooth it down, approaching the window in a way that kept her hidden.

“Well, shit,” Hilda gasped with disbelief. The beams shined from the hood of a wheeled vehicle sporting a pointed, angular design. It was not too different from her own four-wheeler back home. Unfortunately, her more sensitive eyes burned trying to see past it as blurry figures climbed out the side doors. She rushed back to the radio, trying to keep her voice steady, “Houston? A situation is developing with local life forms outside.”

“Copy, confirmed life forms on the planet’s surface. Are they intelligent?”

“They’re driving a Honda. I’d say so.”

“Any signs of hostility?”

“None yet, but I can’t stay in a metal pod half-naked forever.” Hilda took a deep breath, suddenly glad to have sharp retractable claws on her fingers. She’d still prefer a shotgun. “I will try contact.”

Hilda signed off without waiting for a reply. Finding out she only won this position on account of being a freaky cat monster struck a blow to her mission morale. She made a note to have a lot of angry words with the family upon returning home, if not a literal gnashing of teeth. Until then, maybe a brief interaction with the locals could be a cheerful distraction.

Or about as cheerful as a predator climbing out an alien transport to greet a pair of wide-eyed prey can get. Hilda expected this place’s equivalent of men in black, or at least soldiers with guns. Instead, she got two animal people, a boy and girl, that couldn’t be more than teenagers. Long floppy ears, pronounced front teeth and feet so big they probably evolved beyond shoes gave them a resemblance of bunnies back home.

God damn this entire mission. Now Hilda really felt like the plot to a sci-fi movie. Just the thought caused her lip to curl with an angry tail flick. An impression that sent her reception backing against their car.

“Um...” Hilda’s ears dropped in a whirlwind of thoughts. There were some plans considered for making contact with sentient life, but they didn’t include her being a thick cat woman looking ready to flex out of her painfully tight bra. Trying to put on a smile that showed off many sharp fangs in the bunnies headlights, she moved her fingers in a split down the middle forming a V sign. “Live long and prosper?”

## A Magical Werewolf in the Hen House

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Eric was too young for this shit, literally. The world taught him that turning twenty-one is supposed to be a liberating experience, that everything could be obtained with the powerful energy and conviction of youth.

But then he had to go and fail the entrance exams at three whole colleges. The parental figures almost immediately slammed him with some ultimatums to contribute something to society.

All that sugarcoated talk now felt more like a trap, leading him into the corporate grinder for the rest of his helpless life. Instead of conquering the world, he was spending twilight hours on a Saturday cleaning out the barns many gifts its animals left for him after being fed that morning. Sore sweaty arms ground the shovel across a last bit of hay covered floor before flinging the smelly nuggets into a bin for fertilizer processing. Another amazing job he did not look forward to in the fall.

Maybe by then Eric's lanky brown skin will bulk up into those hulking farmhands he'd seen depicted in internet art and anime. That'd be some saving grace for being forced into humdrum labor. Setting the shovel back on its peg, he went outside for less stinky air and a drink from the well.

Even operating a simple turn pulley became difficult after managing livestock all day. Weekends were especially brutal with having to move most of the feed around for Monday's inventory shipments. This was far from Eric's ideal lifestyle choice, but still seemed better than the military by a slim margin. At least his uncle won't flog him for falling a little behind their chores, although the older kook seemed a lot more scarce with outdoor work as the week went on. It looked like family isn't above taking advantage of cheap labor.

Despite tired agitation, the well water sure tasted good going down. It's cold temperature from being deep underground left such a refreshing flavor that Eric almost forgot to save some of the bucket for washing up. It wasn't one of those 'old fashion' farms devoid of technology. Eric's uncle just refused to pay too

high a water bill when a free source was literally under their feet. Whatever works. He was ready to lock up and play League of Legends until he passed out.

Figures the internet would be amazingly fast out in the sparse countryside.

About a minute into his last chores, a panicked chorus of clucking dashed all hopes for relaxation. Eric wheeled towards one of three hen houses, gasping. Night was setting in but in the bright light of a rising full moon he could see its front grating laid on the ground torn from its hinges. Almost on instinct, he raced back into the barn, remembering his uncle's training on wild animals wandering in. He was denied access to guns, but there was a machete and flares that usually worked to spook off foxes or badgers. The northern farms closer to the mountain forest were the ones that had to worry about cougars and coyotes.

What emerged from the henhouse by the time Eric got back was none of these animals, leaving him feeling very under armed. At first, the creature could be easily mistaken for a fox. It had the sleek head and large ears coated in fur so white it glowed in the moon's light. But then a body larger than the farm's horses impossibly squeezed out a square hole only two feet wide. The tiny chicken ramp didn't even creak under the weight of its huge paws in the quick exit onto fresh grass. A flutter of three fluffy tails almost as large as its body fanned out into the open air behind it.

The large vulpine licked its muzzle of what Eric realized was egg yolk with a satisfying moan. Only a second later did it seem to catch the dumbstruck human standing in its peripheral. It turned to face him, seeming just as confused by their presence, folding its ears upon seeing the large blade.

"Now, let's not do anything too drastic. Okay, buddy? I didn't hurt your chickens, just plucked a few eggs to keep me going through the night. You understand, right?"

Eric's mind faltered to the point he needed a second to comprehend the creature's rapid muzzle flapping was generating a form of recognizable language. The giant monster fox was talking to him.

"I..w-what are you?"

The fox gave a very human snort of resentment. Its hind legs stretched in presentation of its rear. "Kid, haven't you heard of a kitsune before? My seven tails aren't that hard to miss."

"I only see three."

"Oh!" The creature bounced its backend once, causing four more giant tails to unfold into view. "Forgot I had to hide those to even fit in your coop. Get the point though?"

"Not really, this is Idaho."

"Well, at least you can grasp the concept of geography. Bravo, kid."

Eric's grip on the machete tightened, feeling his face burn red as the large mythical monster clapped its front paws in sarcastic applause. Not that he planned on attacking the thing and see what it does when aggressive. It was just hard to articulate when something so ridiculous just casually raids produce on his shift. "No, I mean, why is a kitsune in America?"

He regretted that question the moment his foxy visitor gave that condescending smile. "Kid, we may be out in the boonies, but this is the twenty-first century, is it not? My papa came here during the gold rush and I haven't felt inclined to leave, unless your president goes full insanity, but that's another story. Point is, there are plenty of coyote spirits and witches living it up in Japan."

"Yeah, I get it," Eric said with a defeated eye roll. He had no idea what his peaceful night of overworked toiling had turned into.

"Great. May I trouble you for some milk then?"

"Uh," Eric lost his thoughts again, looking back to the kitsune to find them smiling in a more childish friendly nature. "Sure, why not?"

Despite knowing his uncle would rant an ear off for missing stock, declining a request from an embodiment of magic felt significantly more dangerous. Eric also had no idea how much that thing could drink, so settled on just dragging out a whole tankard of that day's efforts.

It vanished in less than a minute. The kitsune didn't even wait for Eric to come back before lunging forward and snatching the warm cream out of

his hands. Using both paws to tilt the metal canister back, they chugged it in deep, long swallows that caused its slender neck to bulge in almost cartoonish lumps. After which the tankard clanged to the ground, forgotten while the kitsune licked excess from its fur, interrupted briefly by a belch.

“Gracious! Milk is always best when fresh. Thank you for that.”

“Yeah. Right. Can I go to bed now? I just want to remember this madness as a weird fever dream.”

Eric turned to leave, only to find massive paws clamp onto his shoulders. A warm rug of scruffy fur pressed into his back that he realized was the monster’s chest. It gave off happy rumbling noises that caused a weirdly relaxing vibration effect.

“Now hold on there, I have to confess I’m not here at random.” The kitsune’s grin grew when the human in its grasp gave no immediate resistance. They had piqued Eric’s curiosity. “I was detecting a lot of negativity in the area and just had to see what was wrong. That’s usually a sign of spirits at play but turns out you’re just a grumpy little boy, eh?”

“You have a point outside mocking me?” Eric surprised himself at how calmly he could speak with a giant predator hugging him with enormous claws.

“How about I pay you back for the eggs and milk?” The kitsune offered with playful licks through the man’s hair. “I know a few things I can magic up for you that might be enjoyable.”

“Hell no!” Eric pushed forward, not expecting to be released so easily. The kitsune still had that wide unearthly grin watching him stomp back towards the barn. “I know enough about mystical beasts that you don’t make deals or accept gifts with infamous tricksters. My Sunday will be bad enough putting up with this and explaining the food shortage. Probably going to get punished for stealing with my luck. Just take off already.”

“Now those are the words of a frustrated human desperately wanting power to take control of their life.”



Eric's pace slowed to a stop right on the barn's threshold. The place went silent for a few seconds before he did an about face. "I'm listening."

"I thought you might," the kitsune said with a chuckle. It sat back onto its hunches so it could raise its forelegs in a very unnatural meditative like stance. From between its wiggling paw toes came a sparkle of glitter that gradually solidified into a star pendent on a silver necklace. With a gentle wave the conjured garment went floating through the air, forcing Eric to drop his blade weapon to catch it in both hands. "This talisman is a favorite creation of mine. It'll form a direct link between us, allowing my magic to power up and transform you. In return, you just have to do an errand for me every few weeks."

"Wait, seriously?" Eric flipped the necklace around in his hands, unsure if it should be revered or feared. "So it's just like a henshin?"

"Yup. Good to know you at least heard of those shows." Ignoring another dirty look from Eric, the kitsune rose onto all fours, untangling its massive tails with a hard shake. "Just hold it up and say 'Let's get furry' to activate our link, and when you want to go back the reverse phrase is 'Let's get normal.'"

"That's it?"

"Yup."

"That sounds really corny."

"Yup."

"Are you doing this just because I hate it?"

"...probably," the kitsune confessed with a snicker.

Eric slumped his shoulders, thinking it better to just accept this at face value. "So what will it turn me into? I'm guessing something big and fluffy like you."

"Not like me, but an accurate way to describe it. There are a lot of fun things you'll get to do with a demigod on your side."

"True..." Eric continued palming the conjured jewelry in frantic thought. Practically every fiber of logic told him this was the worst decision to

make. However, there was also that one thought that made a very compelling argument. A notion so strong that it pushed all opposition aside while raising the pendant towards the moon.

Whatever catch this kitsune was plotting can't be worse than shoveling shit all day.

"Let's get furry!"

The effects of Eric's half-hearted cry were fast and intense. The pendant grew rapidly hot until it threatened to melt in his hands, only to teleport around his neck in a flutter. He glanced down, following the unexpected relocation, and screamed with confused alarm.

As the pendant continued to shine with a star's intensity its warmth disintegrated the clothes off Eric's body. Overalls, shirt, boots, even his underwear crumbled to dust that blew away on magical winds. Being naked didn't help his rising panic, since it allowed full view of the other changes.

In a strange one-two motion Eric felt tension as his muscles thickened out his limbs before falling several inches in overall size. There were definitely some impressive guns when he flexed, even a bit of tone definition on his stomach, but it was like his outline had softened. Shoulders and hands slimmed into more elegant shapes, while things south of the equator became drastically more affected. The space between his thighs closed with their flesh plumping up too soft to be solid muscle. Hands ran gently along his hips while they spread wider, getting surprisingly more fatty than he expected.

"Oh, crap!" Eric squeaked when a harsh tug vibrated behind his groin. By the time he grasped at it the damage had already been done, leaving the female equivalent to great his bewildered mind. "I..I'm a...this wasn't my idea of a demigods strength!"

"I know," the kitsune beamed down at the changing former man. Its many tails were hitting the ground in their wagging, threatening to tear up chunks of dirt. "But I prefer my servants to look a bit cuter. You'll grow to like it, I promise."

"I'm not your...rrggh...arrggghh! Ach! Haaah! M-my voice!" Eric staggered over his words, feeling the muscles on his face twitch and reform. He

felt along a much slender girl's neck, catching strands of brown hair growing down his buff back in a waterfall. "Oh fuck. I'm really a...ah!?"

Given the clear-cut signs, there came only a minor shock when Eric felt his chest strain and puffed out into a hefty pair of breasts. Thankfully, he didn't have to process the source of many teenage fantasies before bright lights enveloped his torso and conjured up a steel breastplate to cover them.

"What the hell!?" Eric gawked at his new armor, finding it pushed his chest up in a non-protective display of cleavage.

One by one more lights clung to various parts of his newly amazon body, leaving behind more bits of bright silver and blue armor. A thong formed a modest covering on his hips that gained protective side plates. Long boots flashed onto his thighs, oddly designed to leave the front of his feet exposed. Shoulder pads and pauldrons donned the muscles of his arms, joined by fingerless gloves under a pair of bracers.

"I thought you said this was a henshin!" Eric whined, annoyed by the screech of his own voice. Twisting and turning showed the 'armor' left a lot more skin exposed than protected. All at once the realization of that popular trope made his softer face scrunch in adorable fury. "Oh, my god! You made me a fucking magical girl!?"

"I said they're like a henshin. Really, a lot of word meanings get confused in translation." The kitsune leaned in eagerly, unnerving Eric with the way it scanned his body's curves. "Besides, we're not done yet. Still got the best part starting."

"And what in hell's name is tha...aaargh? A-ARF!?" The fact Eric let out a very animal sounding bark was overshadowed by a needle prick just above his thicker buttocks. From an unnoticed hole in his thong unfurled a two foot long thread of spine and muscle tissue, thickened by a dense layer of rich brown fur. Alien nerves connected with Eric's brain, eliciting another bark while he twisted to watch the fifth appendage wag across his fat glutes. "T-this is madness!"

"More like fan service," corrected the kitsune, earning a perturbed stare back.

With the wolf's tail properly in place, the last stage of Eric's transformation spread like wildfire across his skin. Fur rushed to cover the swell of Eric's backside and hips, pouring down each leg in a cascade across his exposed thighs. There came a loud groan followed by a gradual rise of many deep ridges. Muscles thickened with godly power, stretching out the material of his leg covers until the ham hocks looked ready to smash melons between them. Toes cringed against the grass moments before systematically puffing into giant canine paws.

"Shit. Shit. Shit." Eric gave little doggy whines watching his gracious cleavage grow a field of the soft brown fur too. More charged down his arms, enriching biceps into enormous boulders before reaching his hands. Before his eyes rose tough leathery pads of skin on the end of each digit. Knuckles popped as each digit from thicker, nails curling out into dark black claws. "This isn't what you sa-aaah! Aah!?! AWOO!!!"

Instinctive urges rushed over Eric's mind with the fur across his face. Unable to fight the impulse, his head rocked back in a feral howl towards the illuminating moon overhead. In the few seconds needed to air out impressively strong lungs, his face cracked and popped into a thick lupine snout while ears emerged from the top of his bushy hair as pointed triangles.

Soon as she realized what she was doing, Eric clamped both furry hands onto the long bridge of her snout, despite being too late to stop the wild call. She slowly withdrew the furry digits to gaze cross eyed in bemusement at her big canine nose. This development was a bit of an unexpected twist. There were plenty of partial animal magical girl anime's, but almost never full half-animal human hybrids. Even so, the muscles and curves gave an amazing body to work with, all things considered. Aside from the fur itching under the questionable armor, the only real bother was trying to walk on digitigrade feet. Those damn paws were gigantic.

Rapid thumping knocked Eric from further self-examination, raising an eyebrow at the kitsune applauding them in genuine delight this time.

"Now that's what I like to see," said the mystical creature. "You grew out rather nicely in the end. Might even be the strongest magical werewolf I've made so far."

“Yeah...about that?” Eric gestured with both hands at the swell of her fluffy armored chest. “Why make me a furry girl!?”

“You wanted power, this is how I like giving it out.” The kitsune lazily scratched at its neck, staring off across the distant farmlands with mild interest. “Every transformed warrior needs a theme, right? Werewolves just happen to be very hot. Anime’s really don’t do them justice most of the time.”

“Hold on a second!” Eric barked, silencing the kitsune with one raised paw hand. “What do you mean, warrior? What are you expecting me to do?”

“Feed me, of course.”

Eric felt her tail drop between her legs. “...what?”

“Why do you think our body energy is linked, silly?” The kitsune sighed, giving a look one does when explaining to a child. “There’s a blight spawning all manner of creatures in those mountains to the north, which is why I thought your negativity was being influenced by them. As my avatar, you’ll free them from their physical form so I can devour their spirit energy.”

“So you made me a monster girl to kill food for you?”

“I’m pretty sure that’s what I said.”

“And you can’t do this yourself, because...?”

“I don’t know. What usually happens when a human sticks their hand in a bucket of acid? That’s what corruption magic feels like on creatures like me.”

“But I’m still just bound to you as a food service?”

“If it sounds any better, you’ll also be purifying the forest as a side job.”

Nothing could make the kitsune’s request sound less like another tedious chore. As if Eric didn’t have enough giant animals to tend to daily, although now she favored her uncle for being a lot less condescending.

There better not be shoveling kitsune shit involved with this second job either, or Eric would give up the furry muscles for another state to live in.

## Shiftcon

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New conventions liked to go all out on making a good first impression. The hotel lobbies got decked out in some authentic bamboo and silk decorations for a traditional eastern flare. Those could not have cost a pretty penny, unless Walmart was doing a sale at the same time.

A lot of the staff also seemed to keep animal dress-up as a uniform standard; not full fursuits, but animal ears and tails wagged a plenty with their activities. Mostly just fox and raccoon ears to go with ShiftCon's running theme of Japanese folklore. Everyone loves kitsune and tanuki's, but there was the occasional noodle-style dragon. Every membership package even received decorative fox-tail soap and leaf mint candies.

Good thing too, considering Janus had forgotten to bring any soap with him. In fact, the blond man had to waste time at the corner store after registration because airport security sent his luggage to Mexico. There were no hygiene products to his name; just a carry-on bag with his art supplies, electrical devices, and one emergency set of clothes. He would have to make due until his stuff got shipped back to Las Vegas, hopefully before the con itself was over.

"Just try to enjoy the weekend," Flux said for the fourth time since meeting Janus at the airport. The dark-haired man was busy setting up his Switch for them to enjoy later. Six hours on a plane had been a bit exhausting, so meeting up with friends could wait until everyone was done with registration. "If you need extra pants, we can hit the Target a block away."

"If I need pants!?" Janus parroted, performing his own set up of fresh travel toiletries beside the bathroom sink. They piled up into a rather nice alter for his

Transformers miniature to stand on display. "I can't just walk around for five days in the same pair of pants. This is a furry convention."

"Yeah, they encourage a bit of cleanliness." Flux raised an eyebrow, watching Janus through the TV's reflection. His friend had darted from the bathroom to snatch up the fox-tailed soap on the desk. "Didn't you buy soap already?"

"Yeah, but this is authentic con fragrance. Not using it would break the rules."

"What rules?" Janus heard him say before the bathroom door closed.

Not wanting to pop his head back out to explain convention logic, he opted to just get a shower going. Spotting a flower designed kimono hanging off the door hook in place of a bathrobe was momentarily distracting. It's brightly colored gold trim and red base made him compelled to feel the sleeves. The material was soft, but there was no way it was real silk. No convention, or hotel, would go to that much expense just for a theme. Maybe a previous guest left it here or something instead.

Getting back on track, Janus jumped into his running shower after tearing off the gimmick soaps plastic wrapper. A sharp yelp echoed off the white walls before he adjusted the water to a hot temperature.

Whoever made this novelty convention soap must be really passionate for the craft. Soon as it got wet, the bathroom became permeated with an aromatic scent of flowers and fish. Janus would never have the nerve to attend an authentic bath house, but he imagined this was a typical atmosphere for one. Just rubbing the bar between his palms sent shivers across his body, helping his



muscles relax. With something this strong, the deodorant might have been a wasted purchase.

For being only a two-inch long fox tail, the soap was also insanely concentrated. Janus soon found his hands nearly engulfed in suds, easily spread to other parts of his body like a freshly scented cream. The more he covered, the easier it was to relax. Fatigue seeped out his pores with along with the sweat and dirt accumulated from stuffy airports, leaving a sense of invigoration. He even lathered up his hair with thick suds, getting behind his ears like grandma would always scream.

“Mmmhh!!”

When Janus stepped back under the faucet to rinse it gave him the world’s fastest, yet strongest, body massage possible. His body shivered hard with goosebumps breaking all across the skin. Sensations clouded up all thought as Janus rocked his head back with another moan. Its higher squeal went completely unnoticed, much like how the view of the ceiling made it impossible to see the black cloud of body hair washing following suds down the drain.

Janus came back to reality feeling totally pumped for this con now. Every movement brought a firm bounce to his chest and a hard shake of his hips. There was just so much energy to let loose for the night. Nothing like a good shower to help catch a second wind.

It was when he leaned in to turn off the water flow that Janus paused. There was an awful lot of wet hair clinging to his upper back. Maybe a trip to the barber might be in order after meeting up with some pals. Did they even have a hair place in this area?

That did not matter, Janus was ready to take on the world; right up until he ripped back the shower door and nearly tripped over himself scrambling to pull the cover back. Staring directly at him from across the room was a blond woman with a rather pleasantly toned body. They looked just as freaked out at being caught wet and naked in the shower until Janus realized he was looking at the mirror.

For some reason, this discovery did nothing to calm her nerves.

“Um...hi!?” Janus gave her unfamiliar reflection a nervous wave, shuddering at the cute voice that squeaked from plump lips. Of course, the woman across the way perfectly mirrored the wave, followed by a shaky climb out of the shower on dainty legs. One look down shattered whatever delusion this might have been a prank. Her nose almost got buried between two plump mounds bouncing on her chest to every heavy breath. A quick brush between fatter thighs confirmed what she could already feel drastically lacking deep inside.

“O-oh! Okay...okay...don’t panic. First thing; get dressed. Second; find Flux and panic.”

Even that rudimentary plan did not want to work in Janus’ favor. Hands moved to feel the wide span of her hips and then the soft cheeks of her butt. Eyes then moved from the woman mimicking her in the mirror to the men designed jeans on the floor and she gave a sad headshake. No way those would ever fit on this badonk. Without another option, she waddled on unbalanced steps to the kimono hanging off the door.

“Mmpphhh! Wow!” Despite the weirdness of her situation the Japanese robe slide over her body perfectly designed for stylistic cover. Fabric tickled across her smooth, perfect skin like a million feathers. If doomed panic had not been Janus’ dominating emotion, arousal might have easily taken over. This thing must

have really been silk. The slightest movement felt like scrubbing with the soap all over again. "Oh, duh!"

Janus whipped back towards the shower, accidentally smacking herself with her own hair from the motion. The fox-tailed bar still sat resting on a wall-mounted shelf, not even showing signs of being used yet. Part of her wanted to grab it, but feared further contact might somehow make this situation worse. Even if it did not, what kind of scene would be made from a half-naked wet woman complaining to the registration office.

It occurred to Janus that these bars of soap were being handed out to everyone at the con right before a pressure near his shapely backside derailed all further thoughts.

KA-FOOF!!

Janus nearly slammed into the door feeling a sharp jolt run through her spine. A second later she could register something heavy and wiggling weighing down against her butt. There was a bit of hesitation to look back, as if that would somehow invalidate these new feelings attaching to her senses. When she relented to take a glance, her jaw nearly hit the floor at seeing a multiple of furry limbs at the base of her spine. Each one was the same golden fur and white tip style as the soap not six feet away; a bush of fox tail wiggling against each other like wild snakes.

"Crap! Did I just grow tails!?" Janus watched two of the alien limbs wag back at him. It took a few tries, but he counted a whopping nine of them. "Yup. I just grew tails. O-okay, this is fine. I can...can...NYA!?"

FWUB!

The hem of Janus' kimono fluttered from an explosion of pelvic growth. In the brief seconds her privates were on display, her hips had popped over three feet wide, while a waterfall of fat poured into her rear to give it a bubbly wobble. Janus herself was way more concerned that with the growth came a thick matt of rich golden fur covering her from waist to groin. Looking back at the mirror, she squeaked louder to find a patch of white fur along her inner glutes had stamped her rear with a heart shape.

The robe settled back down barely long enough to keep such a heavy bottom covered. Any movements would tug the hem up and give viewers a teasing glimpse of a plump lower rear and fuzzy white crotch. For some reason, the notion of strutting through the hotel lobby with such a teasing get up intrigued her.

"OW! Hey! No, stop!" Janus squeaked from an itching that notified her the changes were not over. "I'm bottom heavy enough, thanks! You don't need to go that far south."

Fur ignored Janus' protests, proceeding to blanket her thighs with gold and white along the inside. Both got a lot thicker while also lengthening at the same time. They became better suited to flow into her bubble butt as changes continued down her shins. Here Janus had to stagger against the sink for a brace, feeling both her girly feet seize in a hard cramp.

CRACK!

BWOOMP!

In a sharp motion, her heels shot up into an impossibly high arch thanks to her feet gaining several inches of length. Her toes strained from having to bear

the entirety of her weight for only a moment before their base puffed out into enormous platforms. Contact with the floor became slightly less cold thanks to firm black pads swelling under them for further support.

PWT! PWT! PWT! PWT!

One by one, the toes attached to such swollen feet popped over five times their normal size. Each became a rounded meatball coated in creamy white fur, while blunt black claws slinked out in place of toenails. Everything except the pinkies, which slinked up along the high arch and dwindled away to barely just a claw. At least they were all a lot more evenly sized to make it easier for standing on them, especially when little black pads swelled out under them.

Those helped a lot in keeping a grip on the wet bathroom floor when Janus suddenly found it hard to control her fingers. More cramps seized up her fingers, compelling them into tight fists. Janus groaned softly, barely keeping one eye open from the discomfort. White fur thickened out across the back skin that soon enveloped over the knuckles and wrists to match her massive paw-feet. Golden fur quickly moved to envelope the rest of her arms, but Janus was focused on her hands pulsing. As she raised them up for a closer view, they were rhythmically expanding and deflating with her heartbeat. Fingers pressed tighter against each other in a mounting struggle for room. There was even a glimpse of claws and pads growing out of the exposed thumb tips.

SCHLOMP!

Finally, in one especially hard surge, Janus' hands flung open as her palms ballooned triple in size. The digits attached to them could barely be recognized as fingers; each ending in round plump tips possessing sharp black claws and a puff bean pad. Their size slightly hindered the attached knuckle joint, making them not quiet hands, but also not paws like her feet.

The changing, former, male could not help but admire a few test wiggles of her new digits while the rest of her arms thickened out with an admirable amount of muscles. Enough to get a bulge out of her bicep, but still leaving the paw-hands as the biggest part of the extremities. That still made her stronger as a gender bent foxy lady than as a construction man. She would have almost stayed lost in the fur between fingers tickling themselves if the biggest cramp yet had not seized her chest.

“Oh, no...”

KER-BOOOSH!

In a split second Janus considering clamping her squishy palm pads against her breasts, and then promptly wondered if it would have helped. It did not matter since she took too long deciding, anyway. The tiny oranges of her breasts stiffened under a rush of pressure filling inside them. One blink later the front of Janus’ kimono flew open under a torrent of bouncy, white furred medicine balls. Their motions were so powerful that Janus’ twitching fox ears could pick up the milk sloshing.

There was just enough time for her passive perception to pick up on the ear oddity before gravity asserted dominance once again. Breasts fell forward in a hard tug that yanked her from the sink in a forward fall. Luckily the bouncing globs of fat were also excited to prevent Janus’ face from breaking the floor.

“Well now wha...aaah...nnngghh!?”

Having a painful fall onto her boobs did not prevent Janus’ face from breaking in other ways. His eyes went crossed alarmed at the sight of her nose

puffing out. It slowly sunk lower to become more flush with the upper lip, losing its tip for more pronounced nostrils.

“Flargh!? Bwaah!?”

The ability to form coherent words was temporarily withdrawn as Janus found her tongue flopping out several inches too long to stay behind closed lips. Her mouth itself was flapping about in clumsy growls and yips, much to her surprise. Every sinew and muscle was beyond her control while it toughened or changed to fit a semi-human anatomy. It was almost a welcome relief when the bridge of her nose extended out further into her lower field of vision. Lips thinned out but stretched along an extending jawline. Teeth grew into sharp-pointed fangs while several more popped in the empty gum space.

A single final pop made Janus yip softly, seeing her nose surge into a big black button at the end of a sleek vulpine muzzle. Not wanting to bite her own tongue off, she slowly focused on getting the lengthy muscle back into her cheeks before clamping her mouth a few times to test how biting works.

“Well, that was odd,” she huffed, but then perked her ears. “Oh, thank primus, I can still talk. Guess the boobs should have been a clue, but you never know.”

Grasping the sink with both hands, Janus levered herself back onto shaking legs. All nine of her tails wagged in endless excitement at the stunned anthro fox staring back through the mirror. The poor kimono was struggling to keep her fat butt and wobbling boobs covered. Its neckline could not be closed, no matter how much she tried to stuff the white globes back inside. There was little choice but to let them hang out, hem only inches away from revealing bright pink areolas.

A loud thump from beyond the bathroom door reminded Janus that she was not only at a convention, but in a room with other people. In a way it tore her mind in many directions; most notably the questions on if the staff office had a procedure for suddenly growing boobs and if Flux would still be up for that trip to Walmart. But most importantly of all...

“I wonder if I can get in the fursuit parade like this.”

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Ten minutes earlier

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“Yeah, but this is authentic con fragrance. Not using it would break the rules.”

“What rules?” But Janus had already closed the bathroom door. Shrugging to himself, Flux flopped onto his double bed, enjoying the thick comforter. Eyes soon drifted over to his own pile of convention material, and the leaf candies resting on top. “Meh! Why not?”

Hearing shower water run probably meant there was time for a quick Fortnite match. No reason not to try a chocolate treat while queueing.

“Mmph? W-wow!” Flux barely popped the thing into his mouth before a rush of sweet fudge engulfed his tongue. He had expected that plastic tasting garbage from a dollar store, not some imported drop of heaven. A few test swishes inside his mouth melted it in seconds, making him moan with delight.

Another two popped in at once before Flux leaned against the bed’s headboard to focus on his match. He tried to chew on these a bit slower to make



them last, only to discover they were multi-flavored. Small explosions of fruit-flavored jellies filled his mouth, making him get headshot by the distraction.

Oh well! Respawn time gave him an opportunity to try another, and then another when he got fragged after that. Flux was far from a bad player, but it could not be denied his ratio would have been better without his attention divided. So many flavors lingered on his tongue long after swallowing. He could barely wait for an opportunity before unwrapping the next sweet surprise. It was amazing because they were not that big for candy pieces, maybe after-dinner mints at best. Someone working this con really went all out for quality, even on the little things.

Needless to say, Flux was sad when the small pile ran out. If whoever made those things was not selling them by the pound in the dealer's den, that would be a true crime to everyone here. Maybe Janus would be interested in sharing his when he got out of the shower. Coming back from the sugar pleasure rush only made him realize his horrible game stats on the ending screen. At least the little snack was filling.

**BURRRRPPLE!**

Maybe a little too filling. Flux sat up, directing hands and attention to his stomach with a raised eyebrow. Gentle strokes and kneading through his shirt did nothing to appease the tension. His insides strained tighter than after Thanksgiving dinner, making the skin surprisingly taut and sensitive. No sooner had he thought to just ignore it in favor of a new game than the flesh under his shirt pushed back.

“Um...What the...ffffuuuugh!”

A surge of pressure made Flux double over, clutching his stomach. It did not help stop his previously flat abs from swelling outwards. Hands tried to push down, only to be forced back by a mounting bulge. Firm flesh became hidden under several levels of fat that made Flux looking like he really ate a thanksgiving meal, followed by a second turkey. Within seconds it got so big that his belly bulged over the waistband of his jeans. The hem of his shirt slowly crept up the round pudgy curve to expose his belly button. Beer gut would have been a gross understatement with how it swelled between fingers. His whole middle was a rounded medicine ball of dough and grey fur.

“Wait. FUR!?” Flux pulled his shirt back further, jaw dropping. The sagging bulge of his belly and chest had sprouted a fine layer of soft grey hairs. Even more continued to spread in a wave from this center, switching to a darker shade when moving around to his sides and back. For some reason his waist looked a bit more caved in despite collecting enough pudge for love handles. He tried to pull the shirt down, not wanting to witness this weird morphing any further, except his belly had continued its plumping inflation and refused to be covered anymore.

Something suddenly broke with a sharp ping that made Flux gasp from the relief. Both the button and zipper of his pants broke under mounting pressure, allowing his stomach to pour out further. He knew immediately that was not the only part applying pressure. All the seams around his hips were strained and squeeze down on his itching rump. No amount of wiggling on his bed seat could relieve their stress. It just made them slip down his legs.

CRRCKLE!!

“Aaahhhh...mmh gawd!”

Flux had reached down to try pulling up his jeans only to get them thrust aside by his hips. They exploded into a wide span that dwarfed even his fattened waist. There was no hope of pulling them back up, especially when more fat

poured into back. An onslaught of rich fuzzy butt cheeks overflowed the hem, pushing it down to his thighs while a deep crack spilled over the edge.

POIT!

“Um...” Flux blinked, twisting to look over his shoulder at the chubby ass squishing around his white briefs. Right atop its cleft had sprouted a little nub of muscled flesh coated in thick orange fur. Giving it a nervous poke confirmed it as an extension of his spine, which wagged if given enough focus. The bright color confused him further, but made a bit more sense when the nub grew longer, muscles bulging out, attached to fresh sinew that glued itself to developing vertebrae. “Wait...what!?”

Much like all previous attempts, Flux grabbed hold of his new tail with one hand only to have it continue slicking from his grasp with a rush of growth. Fur puffed out along its gaining length to become a very dense bush. Its pattern developed a series of rings; orange, yellow, black and dark grey. The dang thing did not stop growing until it was as long as his legs, thumping against the headboard in Flux’s rising anxiety.

Getting used to a new appendage was overwhelming for the changing man. Both hands stroked along its soft fur, so sensitive he could not hold back a grin. He recognized the colors setting in; they almost perfectly matched those of his fursona. A quick peek at his flanks confirmed their signature ‘power light’ markings; an orange dot inside a circle with crosshair lines connecting them. And yet, this was also a bit different. Flux, the furry, was not supposed to be so bottom heavy, or fat in general. Not to mention he was supposed to be a fox. Having fluffy ring tail markings made him look more like a...

“Whoa!”

Flux had been so lost in thought petting his fifth limb that he failed to notice the arms themselves changing until fur swept across his hands. Grey hairs had swept across his shoulders down to half the biceps before sharply shifting to black 'gloves' just how he liked it. While his arms thickened out to match the rest of his bulking curvy frame, the hands became concerningly smaller. As he watched, fingers slimmed and lengthening while growing claws that looked professionally manicured. Little boils rose out of each tip forming a firm textured black skin, perfectly matching the huge pads that developed out of his palms.

"Hnngh!"

It was no surprise Flux's legs followed a similar shift. Well, similar at first anyway. Thighs rubbed together from an intense itching traveling down them. No doubt a side effect of growing much more fur. Whatever area the sensation passed over immediately began inflating with ample deposits of muscle and fat. Flux blushed, panting as his legs blimped out like sausages. Their girth drew the denim of his jeans tight enough to be mistaken as a second skin. Buying those extra expensive quality brands almost felt like a mistake with such stubborn seams.

POP!

CRRRK!

Socks, on the other transformed hand, never stood a chance against the coming changes. Flux could barely stifle a scream after watching fat flow down his shin and then his feet deformed with a loud popping of bones. They doubled instantly with additional bone and muscle presence, before another crack angled them away from his legs, leaving the heels in a high arch. It occurred to him that Flux had digitigrade feet moments before the end of his socks inflated like balloons. The elastic quickly reached its limits, wound around toes that were bloated into plush golf balls attached to a massive platform.

SHRRRTT!!

It was a given the sprouting of claws would see to the demise of both foot coverings. Fabric snapped away while a pair of plump paws rushed out the torn openings. Whatever remained flapped loosely against the fur of Flux's inhuman heels.

"O-oh!? Ah crap!"

Flux had considered calling for Janus until the itching began creeping up his neck. In a rush he was off the bed and almost tripping onto his fat ass trying to get to the desk mirror. Each step was forced into more of a waddle thanks to his thick hips refusing to let his jeans be pulled up, while hammy thighs made it hard to pull them off. Throw in having to suddenly deal with walking on tip-toes and he had to fall across the desk for a brace soon as it got within reach.

Tufts of hair draped across Flux's vision, prompting him to notice the tips dyed in the bright orange colors. Propping up for a better mirror view, he could see all his hair had changed; becoming a bright teal with orange all along the ends. Strands in the back tickled his shoulders as they poured down across his spine in a waterfall of growth. The sensation would have been enjoyable if he did not remember Flux was not supposed to have black hair. Years of growth happened in moments until there was a cape of rich fibers tickling his exposed bubble butt.

Pressure behind Flux's nose whipped attention back to the mirror. Fur washed over the last human skin of his face, mostly grey except for a black 'mask running across his eyes. The skin around the tip and nostrils darkened into a rough black texture that quickly grew moist before his entire face pushed out. His

lips curled back from the tension of an extending jawline, inadvertently showing off rows of teeth that were developing sharp pointed edges.

With a final pop, the tension relieved itself, leaving a lot of nose blocking the bottom of Flux's vision. It was an animal's muzzle all right, just not a fox's level of length or width. Watching his ears rise out of the rich forest of hair as fuzzy round discs confirmed his suspicions; he had become a raccoon.

An...obese raccoon version of his character.

"How and why would someone do this...to...my character?" Flux needed a second to catch on the voice coming out of his flapping maw was just as alien as his body. The pitch had become incredibly higher, leaving him with a very feminine squeal. A rub down of his neck confirmed the absence of an adam's apple, also making him notice the raccoons face had a softer, sleeker feel unbecoming of a man. "Oh, you can't seriously be making me a-EEK!"

THWOOMP!

Flux's pupils dilated smaller than pencil points. In a rush of pressure, the flesh over his right pec surged out into the size and shape of a soccer ball. His shirt could barely contain the addition of dense mass as it fell into a gentle hang atop his pudgy stomach. Refusing to look at it directly, he watched dumbstruck as the anthro in the mirror raised a shaking finger to give it a test poke. New, very sensitive nerves, cause his jiggling rump to give a hard shudder as the finger sank all the way to its second knuckle without resistance.

THWOOMP!

A left breast promptly followed the same rush of inflation action, this time eliciting a scream from Flux. It fell to hang next to its sister as two grey blobs of milky fats. The shirt's hem shot all the way up to his freshly voluptuous chest, unable to spare any room as the lower parts of both boobs bulged out from under it.

Developing an instantaneous rack bigger than anything Flux had ever known brought about another shocking notion. Both furry hands shot down under the sage of his belly, confirming a complete lack of something very important for a man, but finding another thing very important for a woman.

Before Flux could explore any further, there came a click of the bathroom door handle before it creaked slowly open. Her mind raced with excuses, each more implausible for this sudden transformation than the last. Nerves barely remained steady enough to turn and face her room share with a blushing face. Trying to remain balanced on paws entangled in too tight jeans was nothing short of a miracle.

Whatever gushing statement had been planned fell away with a golden fox woman emerged from the bathroom. Her enormous butt and beach ball ranking boobs could barely be contained in a tight-looking kimono. The only thing more amazing than her figure was the bush of nine wagging tails trailing behind her.

"J...Janus!?" Flux gasped, unable to deny their obvious identity. Only one person had gone into the bathroom and they were nowhere to be seen.

The kitsune seemed to have the same train of logic when she met the raccoon's gaze. "Flux!?"

An awkward silence filled the room as they both looked each other's fuzzy body up and down. Both looked ready to bust out of their small sized clothing for

slightly different reasons. Neither was really sure if they should be jealous of the others developed build.

“Why the heck are you a cow proportioned vixen?” Flux found her voice first.

Janus blinked and then got a goofy smirk on her slender muzzle. In retaliation, she reached out a finger to give a sharp jab at Flux’s exposed belly button. The raccoon woman instinctively clasped at the mound of gut pudge, giving a girlish giggle.

“Oh yeah? Why the heck are you a chunky tanuki?”



## Do the Time

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Tension struck deep in Psi's belly button, sending a ripple across the rest of her body. Tendons drew taut, locking hips in place, slowly lifting her thick serpent tail in an unwitting flash of panties under her maid skirt. This included locking the muscles in her fingers, letting the vase she was delicately washing slip out. Its resulting crash echoed across the cavernous hallway doubtlessly heard by much of the attending staff in nearby rooms.

"Damn it all," the ferret dragon hissed once the assault had ceased. Her quivering hands lowered to a rest atop the distended round bulge of her stomach. Already its hefty cargo of eggs was slowly descending onto her crotch, eager to force open her passage for delivery. However, eyes glared furiously at the broken shards of antique porcelain sprinkled around her huge dragon paws. "Why can't you gold makers wait another hour? Mistress is going to make me pay for that vase now."

"You're damn right she will!!" a familiar male voice alerted Psi to the rapid approaching of heavy boots. She let out a squeak, whirling in place to present herself submissively to the palace seneschal. The robust blond human served as her boss when the higher ups were not using the ferret dragon for entertainment. "How are you still this pathetically clumsy after this long? We expect more capability, even from a pseudo-dragon."

Psi's wings gave a flutter, but she maintained eye contact without a sign of searing offense showing through. A rising contraction helped distract her draconic instincts, raising hands out of position to grip the sides of her stomach. "F-forgive me, sir. My... um... my eggs are about to drop and I underestimated the time I had to NNNNGGGHHH f-f-finish up."

"Like that's a viable excuse for a king's maid." Despite his disproving glares, the seneschal waited for the contraction to pass so Psi can straight herself. "Never

forget you're still a prisoner, and aren't deserving of sympathy, dragon or otherwise. That aside, Lady Matilda will have my head if I force you to dawdle in a hallway when it's time to atone for your crimes. Get out of here quickly. The vase will still need cleaning up when you're done."

"Sir!" Psi said with only the slightest of skirt curtsy. There was no desire to show gratitude for being allowed to perform her highest priority job. They had a very clear relationship; the seneschal hated having to 'babysit' a huge clumsy beast, and Psi wanted nothing more than to roast this impudent human on a spit. Sad that such comforting dreams have to wait. Already she could feel the back of her birth canal yawning open with the next contraction. If there was any saving grace to this indentured servitude, Psi found it in how fast these routine clutch drops went. An hour or two sounded a lot better than a normal woman's eighteen.

Psi waddled past the angry nobleman, not intending to hit him with the pointed tip of her tail, but feeling good about it, regardless. It never failed this crap would happen just as she was ready to finish another maid shift with plans for a hot bath and tea. Only four months ago she had been a tiny ferret man that got conned into being the fall guy for a produce heist. Long story short, never steal a dragon's eggs and milk, less they transform you into one as forced compensation.

Technically, Psi wasn't a 'pure bred' kind of a dragon by the kingdom's standards. She still had the standard package of thick tail, horns, wings, and fire breathing, but aspects of her old ferret self still shined through. Brown splotched furs intermixed with areas of shimmering green scales, and her roars often came out as adorable 'dooks.'

Appearance didn't matter in terms of what the transformation required Psi to do. To say the magical changes in her biology helped repay the cost of commercial goods would be a vast understatement. Her half-scaled, half-furry breasts bloated even faster than her belly, requiring rigorous milkings every morning. They usually generated a yield of three to five buckets worth a market price most commoners could retire on. Dragon milk not only tasted like cream from the gods but also worked as a powerful reagent in many common medicines.

Between working as a cow, chicken, and maid, Psi's already voluptuous form only continued to grow wider and heavier with each rotation. Most of the servants compared her towering eight foot frame to the decorative gourds their king enjoyed growing around the castle.

They were not wrong. Her hips spanned wider than most sofas and swayed in hard bumps with each step. A lot of material went into the construction of her maid dress, which barely covered anything. Her bodice always felt tight again by the end of the day, breasts bulging out in generous cleavage refilled with milk. The skirt dropped around her hips low enough to not flash her panties with every tail wag, but occasional slips still happened.

At least the guards showed a ferret-dragon the courtesy of opening double doors upon her hobbling approach. Psi couldn't fit through just one side when at full term, while contractions reduced the limits of her operative capacity to standing. The weight continued to press upon her hips, tearing her open from the inside.

"T-thank...nng! GAH!?" Psi didn't make it across the threshold before feeling a twinge deep in her loins. Not a second later, water poured through her panties, forming a puddle around quivering paws. Her blushing gaze dropped to the floor with a hard tail smack against the marble steps. While they had expected the event, showing it in front of guards was less than preferred.

"Hang in there, m'lady."

Psi glanced at the door guard between heaving pants. Words of encouragement were very rare for her fat ass these days. Considering it was a younger male ram speaking, she could only guess they weren't trained on how to handle the palace pet. Or maybe they knew the gist, since neither guard moved from their post while she clenched her gut in labor. Any help in her duties was strictly forbidden under threat of sharing them.

"Thanks," Psi forced through grit fangs. Her walk continued with no care for the wet hazard left behind.

Showing good manners was the least of Psi's problems. With her water broken came the body's natural desire to push its falling load out. It made the short stroll to her hut in the castle courtyard an agonizingly slow march. Even if she ignored the call of labor, strengthening contractions made sure the eggs would come out, eventually. By the time she got inside, the first ovoid was already sliding through her tunnel. Its bulky presence forced her stance into a wider shuffle.

While technically a humiliated prisoner Psi found life as a draconic produce factory not that bad a trade off. The little hut royal engineers supplied contained more comforts than any street alley or horse stable. A straw bed came with silk sheets. Resting at its head was a small chest with grooming tools, some tailored clothes, and even a pile of steadily growing payment for her services. Sure, things get a bit cramped when her figure bloats up with subsequent layings, but she would never complain about that. This was far from a slaves lifestyle in many regards.

Trying to untie thirteen dress laces while an egg shoved rudely against her pussy, however, felt worth a lot of unladylike curse words. Psi slipped off her panties with a practiced wiggle of her thick tail, no problem, but a dragon's fingers were too thick for the ties humans loved to excessively put on clothes. Being the only uniform made for someone of her size created a strong desire not to soil it any further, less she performs tomorrow's work naked while it's washed. An event that's happened more times in Psi's detainment than she wanted to admit.

"Hnngh!" Psi's draconic muzzle scrunched under the quivering tension in her belly. Sadly, the eggs didn't care about her work habits. Reluctantly she sunk into a deep squat with her tail stiffly curled into the air.

Being in the privacy of her own chamber afforded Psi the freedom to push with total conviction now. She wanted these blasted things out of her womb as badly as they did, just not in the hallways where nobles can make it into a spectacle. Those unfairly rich lower life forms loved to make it a joke she present for all the capital to watch the fate of anyone that crosses a dragon. More likely they were all just perverts with a scalie monster fetish.

“Hah! Pah pah pah!” Luckily contractions were already pressing the first egg against Psi’s pussy lips. It only took one firm push to get them spreading open in an unveiling of a wet, glistening shell. It’s widest part fought with her muscles limits for only a second before popping out with an audible squelch.

Liquid dripped from Psi’s pussy as it closed again, though not all the way, basting the fresh egg in a steadily growing puddle. The ferret dragon’s toes flexed, digging trenches in the dirt floor with their claws. Gods, part of the reason perverted humans wanted a spectacle was because of how much it worked her up. She didn’t even intend to get aroused during layings. The damn things were so big they had a tendency to rub along very tender spots on the way out. And it only gets worse near the end, with her strength waning so shells really had to be ground past her clit.

“Mmmh. Fuckers...”

Speaking of which, Psi sucked in a deep breath, feeling number two falling into her shaft. She gripped both knees tight, shoving with the contraction for another quick deposit. Unfortunately, stomach muscles betrayed her just as the tip began poking out and decided to take a breather. Not wanting to tire out this quick, Psi forced herself to stop, letting most of the egg slide back into her. Attention returned to her uniform laces, hoping to remove it before all this excitement caused her breasts to leak.

She almost got the garment loosened enough when the shack’s door flung open. A figure even larger than hers blocked most of the doorway, blue scales glistening in the sunlight.

“Sorry I’m late dear. You know you’re supposed to tell me when you start contractions.” Matilda waltzed in like she owned the place, because frankly she did. When a blue dragon with mammary glands bigger than pumpkins showed up willing to share, it surprised no one to find their king bending over backwards for her. It was one of those things most people don’t see in a lifetime. “Ugh, and you’ve soiled your panties again on top of the other two incidents? You can at least act like a dragon and not leave a trail of messes for me to follow.”

“S-sorry, ma’am. I wasn’t pre...prepared and...ooooOOOOHHHH!!” Psi’s blush nearly covered her entire face as her belly drew tight once again. All she could do was reflexively push, popping out another egg next to the one between her feet.

“And you’ve just started too?” Matilda tutted, nudging the door closed with her massive tail. “I’ve been so stressed this past week working on the upcoming spring festival that fucking your next clutch was going to be my big pay off. You better not have been trying to hold them in all day.”

“N-no. Of course not, m’lady.” Psi gripped her knees harder, not wanting to point out how futile the act of fighting this body was. Trying not to drop her first couple clutches led to the public display that made her so popular with the nobles.

“Whatever. Let’s get you undressed before you make a total disgrace of yourself...again.” Matilda lowered onto her knees, gently untying the last knots to Psi’s dress. That was when Psi noticed the blue dragon wore very little herself. A basic bra just barely supported her bust, much of which overflowed the top. The basic loin cloth around her waist did nothing to hide the penis long and thick as a warhorse’s, especially with the rise of a soft erection. “There. Now we can do this proper.”

“Do what, ah!?” Psi yelped in surprise when Matilda stood up, yanking her maid dress off with the motion. Any comfort or privacy felt destroyed with the onset of labor pains shortly after.

Matilda frowned slightly seeing a fellow dragon reduced to such a sad state, but it was part of a punishment so she dared not show too much compassion. She still neatly folded Psi’s skirt on their bed while a soft thump behind her signaled egg three had arrived.

Most of Psi’s clutches usually sowed in eight to ten eggs the size of a goose’s. Judging by how little her stomach shrunk so far, this would probably be on the higher end of the spectrum. While a good profit, that certainly didn’t suit her mistress’ immediate needs.

Matilda watched Psi brace for the next drop, dejected at being denied such a wonderful green pussy for a while. That was until Psi's dragon tail lifted with the internal muscle flexing, presenting her spread ass cheeks to them. The sight alone sprang the blue dragon's cock completely out from under her loincloth, inspiring her with an alternative.

"Yeek!" The harsh squeeze brought onto Psi's fattened glutes broke her laying rhythm. Superior strength forced her to tilt forward until her hands slapped the ground to keep from face planting. From her new position on all fours, Psi glanced over flared wings to find Matilda kneeled down before her raised rear, kneading it together with a hungry lick of her lips. "M-mistress!? What are you...this makes it much harder to...to lay my...aaahhh..."

"Shut up and keep pushing!" Matilda snapped, never losing her devious smile. She took her time squishing Psi's butt, admiring just how soft and rich eggs had truly made their figure. The glorious size might have almost been cause for jealousy, were it not influenced by a curse. Didn't make her want it any less. Her pointed snout nuzzled its way between the ferret-dragon's comfy pillows, dabbing along the tight ring of their anus with salivating licks.

"Gaah haaaahh!!" Hard shudders rocked Psi's hips, her breath struggling to go in. Instinct drove her rich butt higher into the air while her draconic mouth sunk between folded arms to muffle pleased moans. A few times she had to be milked while laying, but this was both better and worse. Trying to bear down against gravity was already a challenge without someone basting your backside.

Matilda enjoyed the struggle of watching Psi's pussy bulge and slowly part in the crowning of another egg. She couldn't resist stroking a finger over their swollen clit, causing the ferret dragon to cry out again as the egg sank back slightly. Only a slight delay before another heave pushed it out into the blue dragon's waiting claws.

"That's my girl. You're getting pretty strong at this." Matilda eyed the gapping pussy dripping with birth and arousal juices. Much as she wanted to feast on that, her throbbing erection could not be ignored.

“T-thank you, m’lady,” Psi gasped between breaths. Her bloated breasts squished hard against the ground with each expansion of her lungs. The unexpected stimulation left her in a euphoric daze that she didn’t notice Matilda set the egg with the others before standing up. “Aaah!”

It was noticeable when Matilda grabbed the ferret dragon by their tail, pulling it harshly to one side with a handle-like grip. Psi opened her drooling maw to protest, only to clench her teeth in a seething growl. Hands raked claws through the dirt under her, feeling something press hard against her anus ring. The muscles proved tight for a dragon, but the excess lubrication provided allowed Matilda’s cock to force it’s way inside.

“N-no!” was all Psi got out through the rush, blinding her with pleasure. Tongue rolled out with the word to hang dumbly against the side of her muzzle. The next egg acted almost in sync, stretching her vagina from the opposite end, trying to squeeze past the intrusive member’s girth. She didn’t think it possible to feel this over stuffed and it was glorious beyond words.

“Mmm, I told you I needed a good lay. And you’re too occupied with your own to serve yet.” Matilda gave Psi’s butt a smack, eliciting a cute ferret chitter. Giving the green dragon tail a firmer squeeze, she began rocking her hips against the ferret dragon, loving the way their coming egg traveled along the bottom of her dick. “Better hope you get that clutch out before I cum, or else you’re going to be railed raw all night.”

Given Psi’s current mental state, that hardly felt like a threat. Her chest continued to grind along the ground with Matilda driving into her ass at an increasing pace. It didn’t take long for her sphincter to grow accustomed to even their mighty phallus, though trying to push an egg out while quivering with pleasure proved much more problematic.

Thwoomp! Thwoomp! Thwoomp! Thwoomp!

“Oh goddess! Aaah! AAAAAHHH!!”

Psi bit into the fur of her forearm, unable to muffle an orgasmic yell. Her insides convulsed around the objects jammed into both holes, milking Matilda’s



member while unable to control the muscles to push out her egg. It was somehow a torture and the best climax since becoming a dragoness.

“Ah fuck yeah~!” Matilda was just happy to have something massaging her cock in all the right places. A few more booty smacks helped Psi through the rest of her orgasm before the blue dragon felt a shove against her balls. Pulling out a bit further than usual, she grinned to see another egg flop onto the ground. “I’m proud of you, Psi, but try a bit harder still. I’m getting very close already.”

“Mmmhh! Hmmm!!” Pathetic whimpers were about all Psi could offer in response. Soon her body began rocking under the powerful thrusts of her mighty dragon mistress, beginning another rise of sexual tension in her sore and tired pelvis.

Getting these eggs out like this was going to take a lot more than originally planned. Psi had no idea how many eggs remained in her room, or if she could finish before her mistress.

Considering what would come after, a strong part of her didn’t want to.