

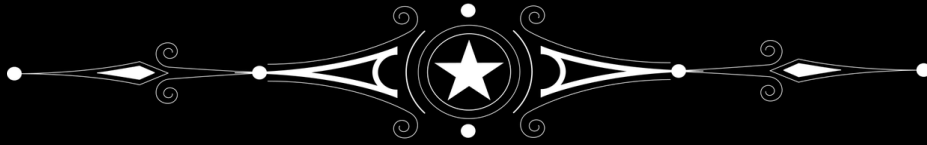
Dungeons & Disasters

Commission for Redbow

By
Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Kobold species TF, weight gain, rapid pregnancy, egg laying, public displays.

Read at your own discretion.



Part one

* * *

Seven months had been spent carefully planning this convention trip. Everything from budget to schedule was a timely calculation to maximize enjoyment and minimize energy. All for the sake of finally having the most perfect vacation post-pandemic possible.

So, naturally, things needed to go wrong.

“Crap! Crap! Crap!”

The frantic slapping of sandals on the sidewalk carried over a chorus of feminine mutterings. Normally both would be overshadowed by the usual ambience of a market street in mid-day, but considering the weight of the goat monster thundering their way past, it served as an adequate warning for people to clear a path. At such a fast walk her corpulent figure had the steering capabilities of a canoe in chocolate pudding while thickly padded curves sloshed in ways that threatened to bowl over anyone not paying attention.

Asibow was way too occupied to give her massive presence much mind at that moment. Her gaze whipped over the heads of most other pedestrians scanning the shops along her way. Long floppy ears slapped against her double chin with the harsh motions. Tail twitched like a puff of flame atop a butt so big it required two seats on the subway. Finding blue jeans to fit such a thing comfortably was an amazing accomplishment lost to curious bystanders.

This was pretty much the end of the line. If Google Maps gave another outdated location, then there was no hope left. The goat would have been stomping all over the city, wasting an entire day of precious time better used being a nerd with friends back at the convention center. But this was necessary, she had to keep telling herself. Nothing will work right without every piece of the plan.

“Yes!” Asibow’s mood promptly lifted upon spotting the shop sign. Heels dug into their sandal’s intent for a quick stop. Unfortunately, gravity liked to keep a firm hold on the enormous bulge of her stomach hanging out from under her Zelda t-shirt like an apron. She gave out a startled bleat staggering several steps forward before catching on a lamppost. One of her more graceful landings, honestly.

There was the usual bustling of bells upon yanking the glass door open and Asibow made her way inside. Like most entrances, this establishment had woefully constructed it for a regular person's profile. This required her to shuffle in sideways, and even then, it squished her hard around the ass and boobs.

"Welcome," greeted a bubbly voice. A white and pink cat anthro with leafy green hair was sitting behind the register looking ready to burst into tears after watching Asibow squirm inside. "We got a special on Pocky, but there's a donut shop at the other end of the street you might like."

"W-what?" It took a second to understand the words being spoken to, but once Asibow's brain had caught up to her paws, her full cheeks puffed in a blushing pout. "Who comes into a comic shop for food!? I need to buy three sets of game dice and some tabletop maps! Please?"

"Oh!" The cat, who's name tag read 'Sorsha,' finished slipping the old superhero issue into a protective sleeve before setting it on a pile she'd been working on. "That's much different then. One second."

Asibow was more than happy to give her a hundred. Now that the panic-induced adrenaline was satiated, the goat's legs felt ready to buckle under their own fat. She leaned on the counter case letting the white fur of her stomach squish against its glass while catching a breath. A few of the collectable card game items inside caught her attention for a while. At least until the clerk returned to set a box of various shaped stones by her hands.

"Three standard sets of four, six, eight, ten, and twenty, sided dice," Sorsha droned on in a robotic list. She then placed a thin tube canister on the counter. "And one of my special customization maps."

"What makes it so special?"

"I worked some major conjuration magic on it," the cat explained, giving Asibow a wink that only confused the goat. "It'll heighten immersion, can be altered on the fly, and very reusable for any campaign. Plus, it's set up to run very simple for newbie players."

"How'd you know...?"

"I didn't, but there is a convention two blocks away. Having the third biggest nerd I've ever seen squish her way into the shop might not be a coincidence."

"Oh." Asibow couldn't fault that reasoning, no matter how rudely delivered. Although the reminder of the convention brought back her reason for urgency. Eyes narrowed as they looked over the plain narrow tube. "And how much for such an extravagant map?"

"With the dice; it's eight bucks."

"...what?"

“That’s in USD, by the way. I know a lot of you come from all over the world.”

“Um... sure.”

There were some questions, and few suspicions on such a low price for tabletop related merchandise. One glance at her wrist watch, however, and the goat monster was shoving those aside, and a ten-dollar bill in Sorsha’s eager pink furry hand. She collected her change and new found items in quick succession.

“Need a push out?” Sorsha offered in a teasing tone.

“Very funny!” Asibow huffed. Keeping dignity after that exchange proved hard with Asibow having to wiggle her bulky self back outside.

“Oh! I almost forgot!” Sorsha’s head stuck out from the doorway before it could finish closing. “If things get a bit too crazy the map has a kill phrase. Just have anyone say ‘I’m done with this shit’ and it’ll immediately end your adventure.”

“O-kay? That seems a little foreboding.”

But Sorsha had already disappeared back into her shop. Deciding it best to ignore such oddities, Asibow made a beeline back down the street. This time it was the excitement at getting exactly what she needed for a perfect one-off game that had her charging forward like a rhino. Fortunately, only one distracted gopher in a suit got clipped by the sashay of her hips in passing. Even then Asibow remained unaware of how much he might have enjoyed the contact.

She made it back to the hotel lobby just as winded and sweaty, yet filled with a pep of triumph. Taking a rest across an entire couch, Asibow dug her cell out of a back pocket to begin letting everyone know the game tonight would be totally on.

After some messages, a stray thought made her look up with a pensive expression.

“Wait. I’m the third biggest customer she’s ever had?”

“I mean, have you met an elephant? Not even this place’s king beds fully cover them.”

“Oh!” The male voice suddenly speaking beside the couch made Asibow recoil slightly. A warm smile quickly broke the goat’s muzzle, showing off her pronounced fangs. “Well, if it isn’t the king of nerds himself. When did you get here?”

Desmond shrugged, his squirrely muzzle sputtering its lips dismissively. “An hour or so, I’d guess. Just took a shower and thought I’d look through the sea for familiar faces. Lucky me you’re really easy to find in a crowd.”

“It’s my gorgeous white fur. Isn’t it?” she leaned towards her much smaller blue furry friend. Eyes batted rapidly in that flirty way the goat saw in movies.

Of course, Desmond's black sclera eyes had darted straight to the massive swell of her bust stretching out the video game t-shirt. After a few seconds of apparently enjoying this close proximity, his gaze drifted even further down to study how Asibow's hips touched either armrest of the two-cushion couch.

"Yeah. Totally the white. It makes you stand out in all this crowd of brown fur."

"Heh. Give me three hours with you at the buffet. I'll make you just as easy to spot at a distance."

"Don't threaten me with a good time!"

They shared smug grins knowing full well a threat from a fat goat usually meant being fed until her subject weighed at least as much as their own dump truck behind. And usually, they went above and beyond that generous scale. Desmond wasn't one to refuse free food, however he also enjoyed not having to shop for new pants. A bedsheet worth of denim did not come cheap.

Not wanting the silence to get awkward, he directed a claw to the recent purchases in Asibow's meaty hands. "So, what illegal contraband you got there?"

"Oh! Just some last-minute things I need for a DND game tonight." She offered the box and tube to Desmond, which he plucked for closer examination. "I've never DM'd before, and almost forgot dice, of all things. Also got a map for the sake of visual reference. You know?"

"Neat!" There wasn't much to interest Desmond about the dice box, so his pointed ears immediately perked while looking over the map tube. Its seal popped open with a simple claw flick, letting out a rush of air. "Uh, weird to be pressurized. You sure this is authentic?"

"Well, it was cheap. But the shop owner said it'd be very immersive."

"I'll say!" Desmond's enormous fluffy tail twitched as he tipped the tube over and a roll of leathery looking paper fell into his waiting hand. "This is like real ancient parchment. They don't make this stuff easy."

"Really?" Asibow's own interest started to peak now that her aching paws got a chance to rest. She watched Desmond unfurl the paper into a surprisingly long sheet that almost surpassed his scrawny arm span. "It even looks like something out of a pirate movie. What's on it?"

"...Nothing!"

Her eyes blinked so slowly they made a creaking noise similar to rusted gears. There was little of Desmond to see behind the large sheet he held out aside from his tail and ears, so judging the validity of their words was hard. "What?"

“No, wait. There’s a scribble in the corner that says ‘speak destination to enter’ but otherwise...” He flipped the paper over, allowing Asibow to see that aside from the mentioned wording it looked just as blank and old as the other side.

She snorted a brief bout of frustration before her vast body slumped against the couch with an audible protest of its legs. Defeat oozed out the goat's tired muzzle. “That was eight bucks well spent.”

“Not a total loss,” Desmond offered. His nose twitched with much empathy for such a dungeon master situation. “We can get a dry erase marker and doodle our own on this thing. Worse case, you just force your group to use that old fashioned thing. I think it’s called imagination.”

“Hah! I guess you make a good point.” She took the paper back looking over its surface, almost hoping there was some secret text or anything to justify the ‘magic’ it’d been so blatantly sold on. “I can’t even begin to think of a dungeon either.”

“Oh geez. Asi!” Desmond chuckled as he leaned in on one armrest. He gently grabbed the edge of the paper with one hand and smacked it with the other. “It’s a blank canvas for a reason. Just make whatever the heck you feel like. The fun for the players is letting them play in your world, so go nuts.”

She rolled her eyes, but couldn’t resist slipping some thoughts into some of her favorite fantasies. “I’d just do something uncreative like a dungeon gauntlet full of kobolds and fetish traps. No one would be leaving there with their original species and waistline intact.”

“That’s not so bad. You just might want to ask first if they’re even into getting fat as a... why is the paper glowing?”

Asibow looked at Desmond, confused by his stunned expression and spontaneous topic shift. When he continued to stare with growing concern at the paper in their hand, she made ready to scold him over a trick of bright hotel lights.

Until she looked at the map directly and saw it was, indeed, glowing.

“...oh!”

There was no signal, bright flash, shimmering sparkle effects, or any other kind of transition video games and anime had taught the two anthro nerds over their years. One second, they were in a lobby packed to the brim with other nerds chattering and pushing around about their business at a convention. Without even seeing it happen their entire surroundings changed. Chatter turned to dead silence. Bright electric lights and spacious windows were exchanged for dank torch light and dark tight walls.

And the couch supporting Asibow ceased to exist.

* * *

Part Two

* * *

“WHOMP!!” The fall was short but no less impactful on the moldy stone floor, causing loose gravel from the ceiling to rain across the chamber the two found themselves in. “What the ever messy heck?”

“A very good question!” Desmond gazed around their new location with less panic than his sprawled-out friend and with more alert curiosity.

There wasn't much to this room, really. It had four walls made of brick that looked chipped away by decades of time. A shallow trench and vent along the floor allowed water and air to flow through. Apparently, it also overflowed at times with so much moss covering the place. Their only source of light came from torches notched to opposite walls, right next to wooden doors, no less. A bit vanilla in design, yet the squirrel-fox couldn't shake the notion that it looked exactly like a...

“Call me crazy, but I think we just got teleported to a dungeon.”

“You've always been crazy, Desmond.” Asibow's belly jiggled out from between her shirt and pants as her thick limbs shifted and then flailed. “Argh! Help me up?”

Desmond refrained from showing amusement while hugging one of his friends' arms and pulling her back onto her paws. Although a chuckle did slip when she turned and showed a large green wet stain splattered across the seat of her jeans.

“I think you're right, too,” she said, oblivious to her messy predicament. Realization stirred a rush of excitement in her as well. “That's... amazing! I said I'd send us to a dungeon and that scroll actually brought us to one. How cool is that? It really was magic.”

“Hold up!” Desmond's ears dropped while his tail curled around his legs. “You did not just say magic. Who gave you that paper?”

“Uh, some lady with cabbage hair that ran the comic shop two blocks away.” Asibow blinked, taken aback by his heated gaze. “I think her name was Sorsha?”

The curses Desmond shot out echoed a lot more than either of them expected, and he promptly dropped his voice again. “Sorry! She doesn't run that comic shop. Hell, the owner is probably lost in their own little adventure right now.”

“Do I dare ask what that's supposed to mean?”

“Long story. All that matters is that I'm going to kick the heart marking off her furry ass when we get out of here. I banned her from pawing off magic items to con

goers after last year's disaster, and now we got isekai maps to worry about. I really hope this weekend doesn't end with another outbreak of kangaroo..."

"Dessy?" Asibow's hand rested on the smaller squirrel-fox's shoulder to stop his frantic pacing around the room. "I know your ranting is important right now, but where's the map?"

"Relax! I have it right..." Desmond looked to his hand, which held nothing in its yellow pads. He checked the pockets inside and out of his hoodie, and then checked them again with increased distress.

Asibow just nodded to his unfinished answer. "Yeah. That's what I was afraid of. It's poofed away like everything else."

"Fffff-antastic!" Desmond broke away from her grasp to do a bit more pacing and a lot more cursing in Sorsha's name. Whole minutes might have passed before he calmed down enough to confront their situation. It was hard to tell since Asibow's cellphone vanished from her pocket. "Okay. Did she say anything about how the map works?"

"Something about conjuration, being able to make alterations on the go, and providing a very immersive experience." Asibow held up both hands as a barrier for the glare she received. "You know if she had advertised it as a real magical artifact, I might have asked some questions. Don't get grumpy with me."

"Whatever. We can make this work." A more thorough examination of their accommodations failed to find anything else of particular notice. Desmond could only pick a door at random, pausing to work both hands around its nearby torch. "I know Sorsha. She probably made this as some kind of pocket dimension so a DM can be a literal god of their own word. This dungeon is minimal because that's about all you mentioned before we accidentally sent ourselves inside. Most likely getting to an exit should zap us right back out."

"A god, eh?" While most of that exposition was hard for Asibow to wrap her head around, a few key words did resonate. With a devious grin, she held her palm out face up. For a few seconds her fanged muzzle scrunched in intense concentration before relaxing with a huff. "Hang on! If I'm the DM, then why can't I equip us with badass magic weapons?"

"Because your fat ass got sucked in too, genius." Desmond rolled his eyes and returned to struggling with the torch. "Players are meant to run the map, not the one writing it. Ugh! This thing is really strapped on here."

Normally any unflattering remarks about a monster goat's weight was just cause for a good head smacking. Given their current circumstances, however, Asibow settled on giving the squirrel-fox's back a glare with magically glowing eyes. The fact she placed hands on hips with significant squish to their ample flesh was also lost. Remembering their conversation pre-teleportation also brought back more concerning thoughts.

“Sure. And do you think you should be messing with that so forcefully? I also said this place is full of...”

One good pull was finally rewarded with a loud crack, releasing the torch from its nook. Desmond was even quick enough to see the wire string tied to its base before it broke off, winding swiftly into a barely noticeable hole in the wall. Not a second later a spring lock released a panel under the trigger, from which a metal dart shot into Desmond’s stomach.

“Traps?” He finished the goat’s sentence with a pained groan. Staggering backward struggling to keep hold of the torch, his free hand pulled the dart out, knowing full well it was too late for any help against its poison.

“Fetish traps,” Asibow corrected. Some light shades of pink decorated her face while trying to avoid Desmond’s panicked stare. Hands remained nervously sunken into her flanks. “I said I’d make us a dungeon full of fetish traps and... kobolds.”

“...you don’t have a farting fetish, do you?”

“W-what!? No!” Asibow recoiled from the spontaneous question, her face going full red. She missed when her foot sank slightly into the flooring on a pressure plate due to Desmond’s normally black hair bleaching into a snowy white before her wide eyes.

“Oh, thank all the gods!” The sigh of relief Desmond gave out was like he’d been spared the death penalty. He continued to check his stomach, somehow missing how his usually large foxy ears twisted and warped around to the sides of his head. They were soon unrecognizable as thicker, hook-shaped horns. “It’s bad enough you gotta hog the space. I don’t need poison gas-ACK!”

Something Desmond couldn’t ignore was when he suddenly began to shrink. A shudder crossed over his back, causing him to straighten up with a croaking bark. It was almost like two animals trying to make the same noise at once. All at once his stature plummeted into a short but violent fall over eight inches. He looked at Asibow having to crane his neck up slightly higher than normal with how much larger she suddenly looked. Not that the equally surprised goat monster could help with this turn of events.

Another sharp bark saw Desmond drop a whole foot in size. The third spasm seemed to shave off double that. Shorts and underwear slid off his diminishing hips, with his t-shirt now draping over most of his three feet, give or take, stature. Even then it threatened to swallow his arms in the sleeves.

“Oh, right. Kobolds.” Desmond held up his miniaturized hands watching their paw pads fade away and claws sharpen. All over his fur molted off in the world’s quickest buzz cut, becoming replaced by a shine of copper spotted scales. The empty room made it very audible when his muzzle crunched wide and blunt. Groans from the tension shifted his voice to a dry feminine pitch better matching the softer complexion. “At least you didn’t destroy my pants with this.”

“Oh, shush! You look cute!” Asibow couldn’t hold back a giggle watching her friend’s body thickening out with the plump curves of a short reptile. She especially liked watching Desmond’s signature furry tail puff out like a balloon before slapping against the wet stone floor as a thick slab of scaled muscle. The dense blue fibers exploded off it in a cloud that gently settled among the wet moss. “Still a bit too thin though. You barely got a butt at all.”

“Are you kidding me!?” The fresh kobold hefted up her shirt and twisted to examine her shaking lizard tail. While the transformation had left her chest with only a modest bump of mammaries under the cloth, everything below the waist inflated into curves even normal sized anthro’s would consider extreme. “Literally all the height that poison drained out of me went into my ass. And of course, ‘that’ is gone too! There goes my three-day streak of staying a guy.”

She dropped the shirt again upon realizing the free mooning she was giving an attentive Asibow. It didn’t stop the goat from stepping over to ruffle their shaggy white mohawk. The pressure plate gave a soft click the second her foot lifted, but Desmond decided not to point out the opening hole in the ceiling.

“Seriously, it’s okay to admit you’re completely malnourished,” Asibow continued to tease the tiny monster girl. Her chubby paws worked to bop Desmond’s head around by her horns like they were handlebars. “Hopefully this dungeon has some food. We’ll get you nice and healthy in no ti-”

There was a soft twang of a released mechanism. Desmond could just catch the blurred image of a dart sailing through the hole before it struck Asibow through the denim covering her left butt. The adorable squeal that came out of such an imposing woman shouldn’t have been amusing, but the little kobold couldn’t hold back her grin.

“Oh, shut up!” Asibow snapped despite their miniaturized friend’s lack of speaking. Her face contorted into a brief flinch of pain as she yanked the wooden dart out of her rear. It rolled between chubby paw digits while she tried a failed effort to discern the type of poison remaining on its stinger. “At least I’m not into anything extreme, so this won’t be too ba-ACK!”

The tear that sounded from Asibow’s jeans resonated around the small room like it’d been an explosion. Granted that was a very apt word for her stubby white tail’s spontaneous rush of growth. Most of her seat erupted in a shower of torn denim to make way for a rush of bulking mass and additional spinal cord.

It was enough to finally crack Desmond, and she doubled over with giggles watching the goat twist to gawk at her transformed appendage. The green scaled tail was clearly a kobold’s physique, only much fatter in shape. So much girth encompassed its base that it even tore apart Asibow’s panties and forced her butt to squish around most of it.

“Goddess save us both,” Desmond worked out between gasping for breath. “You look like someone shoved the world’s thickest ham hock up your arse.”

"I said shut it!" Anger faded from Asibow's voice looking over the short log of lizard meat growing from her spine. Some test wiggles made her blush. All that extra padding gave it very little flexibility. "I still look much healthier than you. OH!"

The rest of the magical trap kicked in with the goats sharp and rapid drop in height. Much like Desmond, her fur rained off with every motion, making the way for an armoring of lime green scales. Horns stretched out into larger prominence while floppy ears shriveled into barely visible holes in her skull. Before long she was facing her friend at eye level as little kobolds.

Unfortunately getting shorter didn't necessarily mean getting smaller. With each inch Asibow dropped, her sides poured out double the amount. She didn't so much as gain new fat as the amount already possessed became increasingly exaggerated. The effect was a lot like trying to pinch a marshmallow. Jeans remained tight around the hips while the legs dragged over her diminutive paws. Lighter grassy green ass cheeks rent the seat tear wider so their plush soft flab could fall out around her tail.

"Blorp!" Was about all Asibow could say as her face plumped to the point she no longer possessed a neck. Stubby short arms tried to pull her shirt hem down but it just couldn't get around the breasts overinflating to the point they might have been comical on her stature. Even if it could, her already distended gut worked with the mammaries to keep it hefted up. Its sag was so low it threatened to drag on the ground between her stumpy legs.

"Welcome to the gecko club, short stack," Desmond announced with a raspberry.

It turned into a yip when Asibow reached out to pull the forked mouth muscle between pinched claws. She held it for a second before letting Desmond reel back cupping her muzzle in pain. "Watch who you're name calling with a dump truck like that one you're driving."

The white-haired kobolds hands flew from her muzzle to tugging the back of her shirt down. That did little to cover her exposed rear. "You're the freakin whale here. How does someone get shorter and larger at the same time?"

"Why I never!" Asibow crossed her arms, which almost vanished between the folds where her breasts rested upon her stomach. Torchlight glowed off the scales of her bald head. "You really need to stop projecting your weight insecurities onto others. It's so damn rude when you're angry."

Angry sputtering filled the small room as the kobold that had been Desmond lost any coherent thought for a response. Some days it was hard to tell if Asibow did this intentionally for such brain melting reactions, or was truly oblivious to their impact on the world around them. Either way, trying to convince an ex-goat monster they had the measure of three kobolds wouldn't help their situation that much.

"I will bludgeon you with this torch! I swear to every goddess I worship!"

“How many goddesses do you worship, anyway?” Asibow asked with no reaction to the burning stick Desmond dramatically waved around.

“That’s not important!” Desmond pivoted on her paws, finding the door closest to her unlocked. Go figure. At least they didn’t have to worry about any lock picking or some crap. “Let’s just get out of here so I can get back to the convention.”

“Desmond! Don’t...”

It was only midway through flinging the wooden barrier open that Desmond remembered the lesson this dungeon had just taught both of them. The room beyond shined in bright contrast, being made of polished marbles decorated in rare metals. Pyres stood erected everywhere to give better illumination than the sun. Decorative furniture and bedding rested everywhere leading up to a throne on a high pedestal, upon which rested the small silver statue of a dragoness anthro encrusted with gems.

A statue that seemed to be glaring down at Desmond as its eyes pulsed with building magical energy.

“AsiyouDMskillssuck!” Desmond shouted fast enough to be one word before the twin beams of magical energy struck her square in the tits. The resulting squeal followed her as an explosion of green flames propelled the kobold into a high-speed flight backwards.

To be continued exclusively on my [Patreon](#) and [DeviantArt](#) platforms.

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Afterward

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