

Two kinds of BWOOMP!

1

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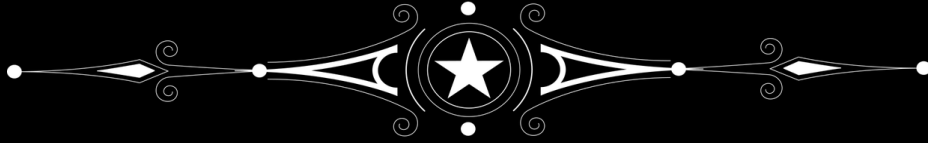
Commission for Gwen

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Immobile blob weight gain, macro amazon muscle gain, and planet-sized macro growth

Read at your own discretion.



This day could be going a lot better. Considering the frequent series of life-threatening events that made up Trace's life, that was saying something. Despite being one of the supposed most powerful mages in human society, amnesia rendered him hardly capable of conjuring a cheese sandwich without messing something up. A fact his enemies were thankfully unaware of, or they might have had an army assaulting his estate.

Or, rather, what was left of his estate. An excessive amount of soft furry flesh recently forced Trace into a hasty evacuation to the main garden, where he could only gawk at the two Keidrans rendered immobile by their own excessively fat bodies. Not thirty minutes ago they had been his tigress girlfriend Flora and wolf maid Rose. Neither were overly recognizable outside their fur patterns now. Heads had sunken into the squishy sinkhole of their shoulders while rolling piles of their forms continued to steadily expand, pushing the remaining mansion wings over in crumbling crashes. Every so often Trace caught a glimpse of a miniscule tail wagging atop the small hills that were the ladies' butts.

This continuous bloating of corpulent physique was all the result of a convoluted plot of Flora's to get bigger breasts. Something Trace was adamant about not explaining in detail when some of his friends found him in a stupor. From somewhere around Rose's left thigh came running his basitin friend, Keith, followed by his bodyguard Madelyn, and the wolf assassin Natani. He had managed to warn some other friends about the evacuation, and could only hope as the pair of Keidran became wider than the estate foundation that everyone got out alright.

As they drew close, Trace made an instinctive lurch back to keep a few feet distance. In the chaos of watching two furies bloat out he almost forgot the wild magic was still passively active in his body. A single touch could have a static effect on probably anything and the last thing any of them needed was a third mountain of fat rising on the horizon.

Natani growled something in the Keidran language, but despite his time with Flora, Trace could not understand it. Luckily, Keith's expression grew serious as he nodded to her.

"I've heard of some disastrous magic misfires, but you must have set a new record with this one."

Trace's shoulders slumped in a huff. "Gee, thanks. It's not like any of us wanted to do this."

“Are they going to stop anytime soon?” Madelyn chimed in with a worried tail flick. “Their butts are starting to eat your bush animals.”

Keith and Natani blinked before the basitin said, “That is the weirdest thing I ever heard.”

Trace tried to ignore the wolf’s giggle as he straightened up. “No, she’s right. I have no idea how big these girls are going to get. They might even reach the town by nightfall at this rate.”

Keith’s pointed ears perked. “So, stop it!”

“I would but Flora destroyed the spell, along with the rest of my room.”

<I guess I might have to lend a hand then?>

“GAH!” Trace jumped a second before the rest of the group did. The voice in his head held that gentle yet powerful presence that felt all too familiar. He had never been so happy to find a giant white dragon resting behind him. Even laying on her belly the mythical beast loomed over everyone with a long shadow. “Nora! Oh, gosh it’s been a while. Talk about perfect timing.”

<So, I see!> Nora craned her long neck back taking in the fat mountains nearby. Her mental voice carried a tingle of amusement into everyone’s mind. <You should really know better than to tap into magic this hard, Trace.>

“Don’t you start.” Trace started to get indignant, backpedaling when Nora rose onto her four giant paws. “This was all Flora’s idea. I just tried to be supportive.”

<Yeah. She’s going to need a lot of support with her legs sucked into her rolls like that.> A calm purring noise emanated from Nora’s throat. No amount of backing up could outpace her approach on Trace. <But I guess I can’t leave them to smother half the continent. Don’t worry, Trace. I’ll fix this in no time.>

“Wait! Nora! Don’t touch me!”

It was already too late. The dragon pressed her snout gently but firmly into Trace’s chest in a display of affection. A long-forked tongue slinked out to lash across his face, messing up his already scruffy blue hair.

<OH!?!> they both felt the jolt of energy that fired off Trace into Nora’s nostrils. The dragon reeled back more confused than alarmed, going cross-eyed watching her nose wiggle rapidly. <Trace? What was tha-aaaaahh...oooh...>

“Crap...” Trace gulped watching his wayward spell take hold.

Nora’s eyes blinked once trying to brush off the strange fuzz overtaking her thoughts. On the second blink her eyes drifted off in the opposite directions completely overtaking her unprepared will. Claws dug into the ground as she shifted weight between paws. The muscles in her neck became relaxed, bobbing her head about in an

almost drunken swagger. It unintentionally matched the flailing of her thick tail as it sliced through several hedge fixtures. Gibberish telepathic speech began to fill the heads of everyone in a two-mile radius. It almost gave everyone a clear indication of Nora's intelligence fading away, along with their best chance of saving this situation.

Trace glanced at his friends desperate for any form of help. Not that he expected anyone to be capable of tackling this problem, but seeing them huddled several yards away like he was dead incarnate did not help the man's stressful day. He would have appreciated Natani not pointing the knives at him, at least.

The wolf barked something in a panic, that Keith was eager to parrot. "What the hell did you do to her?"

"That damn spell is still active," Trace explained defensively. "It's feeding on my mana like some kind of conduit. Practically anyone I touch might end up-HEY!"

<Mmmmh! Trace, you smell like tiger milk and cookies.> Nora giggled in a bubbly sense very unlike her usual playful nature. Her head rammed into Trace from behind, nearly sending the human flying off his feet. More tongue licks and aggressive nuzzles did little to help him keep balance. Rows of sharp teeth dripped drool on his robes while Nora damped his hair with labored breaths. <I bet you're just as tasty too. Have I ever mentioned how adorable you are when you blush?>

"Constantly, yes!" Trace pushed back against Nora, which was about as effective as stopping a rolling boulder. He could practically see the floating hearts coming off her face as it rubbed over every inch of his body. "N-Nora, get a hold of yourself. Please? We need to undo this spell before..."

"She's swelling up!" Madelyn cried out in a mix of childish wonder and fear.

"Yeah...that," agreed a dejected Trace.

Already being pressed against Nora's soft shining scales gave the grand templar plenty of indication to the dragon's initial growth. Scales along her feral chest shimmered with sunlight as it swelled into the tiny human's face. It almost looked like Nora was taking a deep breath, but as Trace tried to push her bulging mass back, he could feel the muscles in his palms vanish under puffing layers of fat. More and more plush dragon armor bulged between the space of his fingers until the pressure became too much, knocking him from the embrace of her plumping forelegs.

<Oh, my love, Trace. I'm so sorry.> Nora shuffled awkwardly to nip on the front of Trace's shirt and lift him back onto his feet. She nearly nuzzled him back over until a shiver down her neck added over an extra foot of girth to it. <Uuugh! G-getting hard to move. Come rub my belly, please, Trace? I need your hands on me.>

"Uh, yeah, one moment," Trace said nervously watching Nora's legs slowly become encased in blobbish folds. Her attempts to stay close to him with heavy wide steps slowed to a standstill with her joints unable to bend. The once regular sleek form of power vanished with each extra pound magically stretching out her scales. Looking

back, it was no surprise the aforementioned stomach was already racing to become the thickest part of Nora. Its mass oozed along the fresh cut grass slowly raising her no less expansive backside into the air, brandishing her log of a tail like a flag.

None of this seemed to disturb Nora, who gave a bubbly giggle after her fattened head pushed low into a row of flower beds. <T-Trace! Hehehe! Your garden tickles me. Come give me a scratching, please?>

Trace hated to ignore the pleas, though it was no different than the faint cries of the much fatter tigress and wolfess looming over them. All he could do was stagger back with each dragon growth surge to avoid getting crushed while trying to think of a way to undo his spells.

This casting especially seemed to have a much stronger effect, no doubt from Nora being a creature of pure magic. In such a short time all her features were inflated several times larger by almost pure fat, rendering her immobile on her sloshing soft stomach. There was almost nothing left to resemble a dragon about her shape with legs slowly sinking into the goopy scales of her torso. Interestingly the lengthy anatomy of her neck and tail gave her form a more bread loaf shape, contrasting Flora and Rose's dinner rolls.

"OW!" A sharp pain struck Trace in the back of the head, which turned out to be Keith throwing a rock to get his attention. "What was that for?"

"Well, you planning to just watch dumbstruck as a dragon blimps up like the last two you cursed?"

Trace felt a flush of anger that he pushed out with a slow, heavy breath. "I'm open to suggestions here. I didn't exactly mean for our saving grace to start crushing my garden with her inflating gut."

<Incidentally, I think a few hedge figures got stuck in my butt. Want to dig them out and give me a bath, Tracy?>

A quick glance over his shoulder made Trace groan. Nora was fattening faster and denser than her two bloated contemporaries did. The pointed end of her tail wedged between Flora and Rose's mountainous shapes, intent on making space for the jiggling ass to follow through. At least the draconic head didn't become swallowed by the increasing softness of her shoulders, only smiling drunkenly as increasing neck girth pushed it away from the main body.

"Ow!" Trace winced from another rock. "Keith, I will come over there and give you the strongest hug I can."

"Stop admiring your obese handiwork and do something then. At this rate Nora might destroy the nearby towns."

"Like what? It's not like we can just heft them onto our shoulders and carry them off."

Natani grumbled something that got a questioning look from Keith.

Trace didn't care about whatever she said thanks to an idea he just gave himself. The entire spell might have gotten destroyed in Flora's initial growth stages, but he remembered the base components. If the opposite intentions were invoked then would that result in the opposite effect?

Everyone knew the wolf Keidran was buff even by some wolf tribe standards. Trace also knew without having to speak the language that Natani would never go along with a crazy experiment. There was little time to argue if they were going to mitigate this disaster anytime soon. While the two discussed something in the wolfen tongue, he weaved hand gestures reciting ancient runes.

"Keith, tell Natani I got an idea and to brace himself!"

"Wait, wha-AH!" Keith gave a side glance that turned into an alarmed double take.

Natani and Madelyn followed his gaze, ears dropping hard in shock. Trace launched his spell the moment he finished speaking in hopes of catching the wolf assassin off guard.

Turned out the grand templar didn't give assassins enough credit. While Natani didn't find the awareness to simply dodge out of the energy beams path, his hands lashed out without hesitation to drag Keith into the line of fire as a living shield.

In a turn of events that surprised everyone present, Keith's eyes shot open and gained the same instinctive urge to drag Madelyn in front of him.

"H-hey! What are yo-ooooOONNNGGGHHH!"

The little basitin squirmed unable to break Keith's grip before Trace's spell slammed into her chest. Her ears and tail shot up stiff, hands curling into fists unable to fight the energy forcing its way into her body. Realizing the implications of what just happened, she was unceremoniously plopped onto the dirt while Keith and Natani tripped over each other in fear of proximity.

Madelyn got to her paws trembling from head to tail. Eyes widened in fear watching her hands clench and open several times. Within seconds she could feel heat rising within her chest where the spell struck. Its magic drew on her as a source now, increasing its energy like a building supernova. The center of her ribcage drew tight, feeling ready to explode.

"Noooo! I don't want to be a giant blob lady too. I don't...w-what the...heck?"

The power of Trace's spell reached a breaking point that stunned Madelyn. Every muscle in the basitin's body gave one hard, synchronized flex against the power surging through it. As a result, Madelyn watched dumbstruck as the sleeves of her uniform drew taut. The outlines of ridges became visible in the fabric along her biceps and forearms.

“I have...muscles?” Madelyn raised a hand in a much harder flex, yelping when the grapefruit swell of her bicep tore out of her tight shirt sleeves. Looking down confirmed her legs had also grown bulkier to the point her pant legs lost their slack. Pulling up the hem of her shirt left everyone blushing at the eight sets of abs rising out of smooth belly fur. Even Natani didn’t have a wall this impressively thick. “What is... T-Trace? What’s happening to me-eek!”

POIT! POIT!

A rush of flames filled Madelyn’s chest a split second before it tore apart her restrictive bandages in a rush of growth. She dropped her shirt even as fat of a different kind billowed out to give it forward lift.

BWOOMP!!

“Oh my god!

It was a good thing the back muscles had stretched out her shirt and shoulders first, otherwise Madelyn might not have possessed the strength to remain standing when her newly grown breasts decided to triple in size. Their eruptive gains still rocked her forward on stumbling paws before gravity asserted control to drop them against the larger bones of her ribcage. She needed so much of the basitin’s shirt that the hem remained permanently drawn up to show what abs weren’t covered in squishy mammaries.

Madelyn could barely comprehend having muscles and breasts, much less ones that dwarfed even her moms, the mighty king of basitins. They always said her development would hit hard and fast, even after turning twenty with no luck, but having the ground obstructive by brown furry cleavage seemed a bit excessive. Her fingers couldn’t stop shaking in a tentative journey towards the round globes, almost scared to touch them and confirm this as reality.

BWUB!

“OH MY GOD!”

Instead, Madelyn’s hands shot around back to grasp her butt. It did nothing to stop fat from cascading into her pelvis, squeezing over her pants waistband before breaching through the seams. Ass flesh fell out into her palms, bulging through the space between fingers in an unrelenting desire for space. In two loud cracks her hips spread almost two feet wider, giving the ones wooden figured young lady an amazing hourglass curve despite the bulking muscles.

“O-oh...wow!” Madelyn’s tail curled around one tree trunk thigh while she turned to Trace. Her desire to ask if this spell would stop turned into wonderment at the realization, she also grew taller in addition to everything else. She easily loomed over the other, non-fat, members of the group by several feet. A gap that only continued to widen while she watched the ground shrink away from her vantage point. “You know, Trace, I never realized how cute you are...”

And then there were other, more important realizations on her mind. Ones that when expressed bleached the grand templar's face white.

"Sweet mercy, no!" Trace cried too late to run.

PLOOP!

With Madelyn's steadily increasing size she only needed three steps to close in on Trace. The adorable human squeaked as he was scooped up in both hands for a firm hug between the rich pillows of her chest. There was a sharp snap of metal thanks to the swelling of her neck breaking armor straps. Both her cape and shoulder guards slid down the rocky landscape of her back. Curves, muscles and height continued to pile on the basitin rending what remained of her clothes off her expanding form.

"Aw, Tracy! I love you so much!" Even Madelyn's voice grew deeper to match her hulk-like power. Yet her grip remained delicate enough to handle eggshells.

Something Trace was very grateful for being trapped between breasts so massive he can hear their milk sloshing. Whatever pleas he could form for Madelyn only got muffled with her steps causing the flesh blanketing him to bounce and jiggle about. It wasn't too bad of a massage, actually. He likened it to having magic water flow along his skin.

<I love him more!> Nora's telepathic voice cut through their minds. It might have been meant as a warning, but a childish emotion riding behind it left everyone relaxed.

"No, we're the ones getting married!" Flora's voice came off distant, yet more clear than Trace expected.

Glancing through the gaps in Madelyn's muscular arms allowed Trace to see the growing basitin was walking them over to the now trio of mountain-sized fatties. Nora laid out along the ground practically a squishy mattress, while Flora and Rose rested on either side of what was once a rear end and tail. A formation that Madelyn utilized by flopping atop the white dragon while using the Keidran rolls for pillows.

"H-hey! Don't hog him!" Rose chimed in, unable to fully turn her head towards Madelyn in her state. "I was with the master long before any of you."

<I doubt that. Besides, I got to play with his...>

"Now girls," Madelyn cut in with a tut noise. "There's more than enough Trace to go around, and we ain't going anywhere fast."

Trace really wanted to object to both those points, except Madelyn coaxed him out from between her boobs to plant a kiss literally on his face. She easily reached forty feet tall by now and continued to relax on the fat dragon bed unwittingly provided for her titan build. Getting her to move everyone to a safer isolated location seemed a bit out of reach at this point while the four large ladies surrounding the grand templar showered what praises they could offer.

Not too far away, due to ladies' growths finishing around the edges of Trace's estate grounds, Keith watched with folded ears utterly defeated.

"I don't understand what's happening anymore," he admitted to a strangely relaxed Natani. "How screwed do you think we are?"

Natani's tail gave a wag as she shrugged in response. ~I dunno. They seem pretty happy to me.~

Come to think of it, during the short glimpses Keith could spot Trace being passed between loving girls he did seem to reluctantly enjoy their gushing embraces.

"Even so, what do we do now?"

~You're seriously asking me? Even if the mansion still had those fancy tables, I'd need several wagons of mana crystals to even attempt a spell to undo this.~ Natani clicked her sharp teeth a few times, also not wanting to admit the hulking look really made that tiny basin look smoking hot. She especially didn't want to show a slight regret in not initially taking Trace's spell herself. ~We can't do dung, Keith. What's say we find who's left, hit a pub in town before it might get destroyed, and hope something else comes along."

Keith stomped a paw until the frustration of his helplessness faded into dull numbness. With a final look at the striped hill that might be Flora's thigh, he released a heavy breath. "Why the hell not? Maybe getting drunk will give us a good idea."

~That's the spirit!~ Natani gave him a playful jab before turning in the first direction that wasn't blocked by giant butts or boobs. Finding a road to navigate out of this crazy former mansion would be no problem for expert travelers like them.

<Gaaah!?!>

They didn't get far before one last series of random events had to happen. Feeling a bit weighted down by breasts the size of hills, Madelyn rolled over and began snuggling into Flora's tiger flab, with Trace between them, of course. That same motion accidentally let her tail flicked across Nora's snout serving as the foot base of her makeshift dragon bed.

Keith watched in mounting dread as the dragon wiggled her nose frantically. The thick cone of Nora's neck collapsed into itself like an accordion. The desperate attempt to hold off building nostril tension was clearly failing.

"Natani! Duck!"

~What now?~

"HAAA-CHOOO!"

Not even assassin reflexes could save the wolf Keidran a second time. While Keith already dove flat onto the earth, Natani whirled just in time to take the sonic force

that was Nora's sneeze dead on. All he could tell for the next six or so seconds was that his paws were not on the ground and he had no idea which way was up.

With Keith's face in the dirt and Natani breaking a new record for mid-air summersaults, neither were able to see the magical energy that rode the shockwave out of Nora's mouth. It enveloped the flying wolf in a blanket of its power, seeping through the heavy fabric of body covering robes into his female-shaped body underneath. By the time Natani landed on his fat butt with eyes spinning too fast to think, its presence had already vanished from view. The wolf sat up unaware of the powers already working vigorously on his physique.

"Natani!" Keith bolted to his paws in a dash towards him, only to slow to a stop several feet away. "Are you all...riiiight!?"

~I think so?~ The world was still spinning, or maybe it was Natani's brain, discouraging him from trying to stand right away. Rapid blinks brought his pupils back into focus so they could stare at Keith. ~Why'd you stop over there? HNNNGHH! The hell!?~

It was like something struck Natani in his muscular feminine stomach. He let out a confused growl hunching forward with both arms hugging his waist. That wasn't nearly as scary as watching his paws flex their toes and suddenly shoot out from under his robes. Protective bandages snapped off his animal feet, claws digging through the dirt in their rapid advancement towards Keith.

~Oh, come the fuck on!~ Natani howled in blushing anger. The feeling passed quick as it came, but it was clear to both him and Keith that the wolf just grew significantly bigger. His entire shins stuck out exposed from the hem of his robes, same with forearms when he raised to check the sleeves. The robe itself lost almost all its slack, showing off the muscular female body underneath. ~What unholy curse spell did I just get sneezed on? That is so gross. Keith! You got...got to...gggrrrrwaaallllll!!!~

Natani clenched his teeth unable to fight back the rushing surge overtaking his body. Chest bandages tore in a chorus of rips, setting free a pair of breasts that were already ample on their own. The robes over them only held out a few seconds longer before exploding off the wolf's body from the pressure of a massive growth spurt.

Keith yelped, diving to avoid the wolf paws that charged past him, followed by sleek powerful wolf legs. Being trapped between two beefy thighs the size of churches felt scary enough. When Keith looked up again, he nearly fainted from blushing and promptly turned away from the cleft wall of wolf flesh looming mere yards away. One more second of growth might have forced him to really get acquainted with Natani's feminine side in a deep way.

Hearing an echoing yelp from overhead, Keith looked back to find the now giant wolf covering his crotch with one hand and exposed breasts with the opposite arm. Any feelings of modesty didn't last very long, given the futility of his situation. Natani let out a

deep sigh, instead opting to help gently lift Keith away from him before another size rush set in.

"Good lord, you got huge!" Keith said, feeling embarrassed he had nothing comforting to say. What can you really offer someone that went from tall to looming in a matter of seconds?

~In one way, at least,~ Natani added with a glance towards the fur pile not far away. While it was true Natani now rivaled the others in size, her giant tail swatting away shrubbery didn't hold a candle to the massive guns Madelyn unwittingly showed off whenever she moved. ~So much for getting that beer together. At least I'm not falling madly in love with Trace.~

"I guess, but now we're even worse off with...Natani?"

The wolf clambered to his giant paws leaving deep bean imprints on what was once a beautiful garden. He got just enough time to smile down at the cute little basitin before another gut punch made his tail freeze mid-wag. ~ARRGH! H-here comes another one. W-watch out!~

Experiencing a size altering spell for the first time was, for lack of a better term, surreal. Natani's instincts told him to try standing perfectly still upon feeling the power boil his body to its breaking point once more. Maybe he could mitigate further damage to an already desolate landscape, but two seconds into another growth spurt showed the futility of such efforts.

Natani's head rocketed towards the sky with his height increasing dozens of yards at a time. Pointed wolf ears generated strong gusts of wind in their rapid flicking about, while the fluttering of his long brown hair could be audible for miles around. He could only imagine what kind of sight a rising wolf Keidran must be from a distance. The vantage point got so high he could see the outline of Trace's estate grounds within stepping distance of his paws. Hell, there was some pretty views of the surrounding villages miles away.

The bloated forms of the four girls beneath Natani were starting to look like small pets compared to him. To say nothing of poor Keith, who he struggled not to lose sight of. His basitin love interest became busy scrambling out of the way when Natani's paws rapidly widened their stance. Without even moving the wolfs pads dug opposing trenches through the dirt that only got deeper with every mile of additional height they had to support.

There was some odd satisfaction for Natani in knowing he had the biggest breasts and butt in probably the whole world now, even if that was only relative to his size. The tallest mountains in sight barely came up to his knees and continued to shrink away from view. It filled him with a sense of calming power, even if everyone could see the cursed female features of his titanic form. Let them gawk, nothing can hurt him at this point anyway.

Hopefully no one got crushed under paw either. Natani found it hard to see anything outside the deep pits his pads broke into the earth, including Keith hiding under Nora's bloated tail for cover.

Another rumble sounded off across the mountains before his face rose through a thick cloud bank. Unfortunately choosing that moment to inhale also sucked half a cumulus cloud into his nostrils.

~GAAAAAH-CHUUUU!!!~

Natani accomplished two amazing feats in one involuntary motor reflex; clearing the sky of clouds within a twenty-mile radius while projecting his constantly growing body free of the planet's gravity. From Keith's perspective the wolf went rocketing backward in a dramatic fall that drifted him out of sight beyond the horizon. Yet there came no fissure causing quake with his landing. The world would have gone dead silent if not for the constant sloshing and slapping of the other fur giant women trying to snuggle Trace.

Glancing up into the squishy fat pile told Keith that his grand templar friend must be long past the point of consciousness under such a relentless assault. He almost considered climbing mount Fat-Rose to save them when a distance ominous rumble sent everything violently jiggling. He fell back against Nora's thick back leg watching the sky grow dim.

~KEITH!? ARE YOU STILL ALIVE? YOOHOO!~

"N-Natani?!" Keith staggered onto his own paws trying to gaze in every possible direction. Even with the immobile blobs of Keidran he was sure the wolf should be visible from somewhere. Where are you!?"

"There she is!" Madelyn declared with a beefy hand pointed joyfully at the sky.

Keith stared at her cockeyed for a second before directing focus where the hulk basitin indicated. There did seem to be some odd discoloration breaking up the normal solid blue colors. When they began to shift it slowly but surely dawned on the basitin general he was staring at a pair of eyes in the sky, which blinked back every few seconds. Continuing to draw vision slowly back allowed him to connect a very familiar wolfish smile to go with them.

"Holy shit! Natani? You...where are you!?"

The giant wolf face in the sky licked his lips with a dismissive shrug. It could not help drawing Keith's attention to the breasts that looked to practically be resting on the horizon's curve. ~You might not believe this, but I'm big as the planet now.~

Keith swallowed, looking around as if something, anything, could help him with a response to that. Finding no such thing, he simply gazed up at that gorgeous wolf face with his own smile. "All things considered; I'd be made to believe it."

~Yeah, um, not sure what we can do now. This is...kind of really cool though. You all look positively adorable down there and...are you smiling about this!?!~

"Oh, sorry," Keith blushed with forced laughter. "I was just thinking how silly this keeps getting. Trace might have four couches for wives, but I ended up with a goddess as a boyfriend. We've been through way worse situations."

"Arrrrroowww!?" Natani could say very little with the word 'boyfriend' causing his brain to short circuit. There came a thunderous boom in the distance as his breast really did press into the planet in his need for a brace.

As the now celestial-sized wolf pondered just how awesome this new state of existence can truly be his tail began to wag rapidly through the darkness of space, accidently generating a hurricane somewhere in the south hemisphere.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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