

Pinning for and Gaining Monster Curves 2

By: Firingwall

Teddy's eyes stared long and hard at the tipsy weresheep woman at the bar. She was an incredible beauty. Small, but curvy and covered in thick wool that made her seem even curvier than reality, the young man was just drawn straight to her.

Okay Teddy, he told himself, slowly inching closer to the bar, just walk up and sit down beside her... maybe a seat away from her and start talking. Be direct... not too direct... right? I don't want to piss her off!

After carefully walking up, the dorky, scrawny bunny anthro found himself at the bar. He was a few inches away from the weresheep, but when he looked at her, his heart felt like it would explode out of his chest. In the end, he scurried several stools away from her.

Dammit, he thought, I just... I just can't do it!

"Good evening sir," the large, minotaur bartender spoke, looking down upon the bunny guy, "What brings you here this fine evening? It's already pretty late out."

The bunny blushed and mumbled, looking off to the side, his eyes falling upon the girl before doing so. "It's... it's nothing."

The bartender noticed the glance and chuckled, "I see. Well, while you're here, maybe you would like to talk to the lonely sheep over there? She could use some company tonight."

"Wh-what!?! N-n-n-no way! I'm... I'm no good. I can't just talk to her out of the blue!"

The minotaur smiled and turned around, grabbing an expensive bottle from the glass display behind him. He poured some into a small shot glass and handed it to the bunny guy. "I bet you could if you gave it a shot," he remarked, "Here, have a little liquid courage on the house."

"Oh," Teddy remarked, taking the glass, "Thank you?" He wasn't much of a drinker, but he couldn't help but feel a little intimidated by the large beast manning the counter. Perhaps he could humor the guy for a sec by drinking the shot and leaving without a fuss.

He brought the drink to his lips and chugged it. His pupils dilated the second the liquid hit his tongue and his entire body convulsed when it all went down. A strong heat awoke within him and he felt like he was burning up, sweat soaking his fur as his hands and feet clenched tightly.

But after a second, he stopped. He set the glass down and looked at the weresheep again. He felt oddly calm and collected, seeing the cute girl there by her lonesome. "You know," he remarked out loud, "I think I will talk to her. Thanks!"

He got off his seat and slowly approached the girl, the Minotaur giving him a big smile. Unbeknownst to the young bunny, who focused on his approach, his ears and tail wobbled and

shivered. His puffy, cotton tail slowly stretched out for a few inches, the fur turning shorter and straighter like a cat tail, but much shorter. His own ears shrank down and back towards his head. They shrank and shrank, even rounding out at the ends until they were two small, roundish ears.

He stepped up behind the weresheep, who was still busy drinking and not paying much attention to him. His eyes looked her down and up slowly, taking in her curves beneath her puffy wool fur. He still felt a tad anxious and nervous, but he felt far more confident before.

Alright, he thought, let's give this a shot!

He brought his hand to his mouth and tried clearing his throat a few times. Each clear or cough, his voice lightened up slowly. Though, it also turned a bit more feral and tougher in its depth and pitch oddly. By the time he finally spoke, "Excuse me", he sounded like a tough woman.

The weresheep sighed and turned around, facing him with a blush on her cheeks and a frustrated stare in her eyes. She studied his face, noting that despite the bunny vibes he gave off, he lacked the bunny ears and the two large front teeth. His eyes were also bright yellow for some reason.

"What do you want?" she annoyingly asked.

The bunny gulped, stepping back just a tad. The woman was a lot more aggressive than he was expecting, throwing him off.

But only for a second. He felt another surge of confidence arise within him, his hands clenching tightly. He stepped forward, his body growing a few inches taller. It also grew a bit of muscle as well, his arms and legs swelling ever so slightly.

"I just wanted to say you're pretty cute and ask if you wanted some company." His voice was firm and strong, despite it not matching his appearance.

The weresheep stared blankly at him, her head tilting to the side as she took another drink. Looking away for a split second to drink, the bulge in his pants vanished from sight and the chest of his shirt stretched forward a bit. Seeing him again, she was confused but ultimately wrote the feeling off.

"I see," she mumbled, "Humph. I appreciate the honesty, but I'm not interested. I only like strong, powerful people... though they always end up turning their backs on me in the end."

"What?" Teddy answered with shock, "No way! I would never turn my back on some cutie like you and I'm plenty strong!" He didn't know where those words were coming from, but they felt so right to say them. His body grew again, pushing him to near six feet tall and stretching out the sleeves of his shirt and pants tightly with growing muscles.

The weresheep glanced at him again, looking a bit more confused at the sight of him. "Well ah," she mumbled, "You talk big, but I doubt you mean it."

Teddy frowned, growing another inch. His short, blond hair suddenly turned dark red and grew longer. Its style went wild and scraggly, like he never brushed or washed it often. He paid it no mind and just said, “No way! I completely mean it! I’m very tough and I treat everyone with the respect they deserve. And you, hot stuff, need someone like me to respect you all nice and good.”

The weresheep snorted, some of her drink going up her nostrils. It was a combination of surprise and hilarity. She nearly cracked up at that last line by how silly and sincere it was but was also put off by his hair growth. She was further surprised when he jumped up an extra few inches more, towering over her.

“It’s not funny!” He stated, “I’m serious here! Come on, let’s get out of here and go have fun elsewhere.” His pants stretched and stretched, his thighs thickening and his hips widening further, giving him a round shape. His pants in the back also stretched, his butt tightening and rounding out as well.

The weresheep stared blankly at him, her eyes falling upon his chest again. The bump there grew larger, swelling out into a hefty set of DD breasts. Her eyes went to his face, watching as it pushed out into a feline muzzle, two large, sharp fangs sticking out his... her maw. The sight alone as she changed made the sheep rather... flustered and warm feeling.

Licking her chops, the weresheep asked, “Hm... maybe you are serious and tough. You’re certainly looking more interesting by the second too. What did you have in mind?”

Teddy shivered in excited. The look in the sheep’s eyes; they screamed in pure excitement. She didn’t know what brought about this sudden change, but she wasn’t going to leave anything up to chance. She needed to seize it.

Her fur turned a burnt-orangish brown, turning scraggly as well. Her hands enlarged, claws jutting out of her paws before retracting back in. With these final changes, another pulse of strength and power awoke within the former bunny and she knew what she needed to do.

Teddy grabbed the weresheep off the counter and held her in her tough, thick arms. “We’re going back to my place for one hell of fun, sexual night and we’re not stopping until one of us cries mercy.”

The weresheep grinned madly herself, her eyes brightening up and her body quivering. “Oh hell yeah!” She declared, wrapping her arms around the large sabertooth cat, “You are on! You may be all muscle, but I’ll show you what a real, tough experience is like!”

The two chuckled and went in, kissing each other passionately. All the while they did it, the minotaur bartender watched from afar, cleaning another glass. He chuckled quietly himself, murmuring, “Heh, another set of satisfied customers.”

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