

A soft sigh blew through the air. The chair squeaked as the occupant leaned back in it, balancing on two wooden legs. A bushy, yellow and black-tipped tail swung back and forth, dusting the ground underneath it. A fennec fox with tired eyes and oversized ears stared at the open books in front of him, entire tomes strewn about his table - all illuminated by a single crystalline lamp.

He had to thank the design, having hailed from another dimension entirely - even if it was modified to work within their particular world. Using a metal half-sphere to warp the light of naturally occurring luminescent crystals, it kept the pages strewn about the desk decently lit—albeit in a light blue hue. While the designs adorning the sheets may have looked mathematical in design at first, a closer inspection would have revealed that they were actually *runes*.

The fennec twiddled his pen between his fingers before nibbling over the end of it - regardless of the inky danger such a move might have possessed.

Math wasn't entirely an incorrect way to put what he was working on. Magic, in this world, operated on a similar basis. It had rules and equations - it wasn't such a simple task as uttering a magic word and using one's life essence. No...not at all. In fact, it was *very* complicated - and one of the reasons he was a student in one of the land's most prestigious magical academies. To cast a spell, one must be able to hold the entire 'equation' in their head - how it interacts with the world and the arcane properties to achieve the change they desire.

He yawned softly, stretching his arms out over his head, the chair wobbling slightly, causing the fox to cut the action short. The chair clacked as it landed on the stone floor on both legs, the vulpine grumbling softly as he rubbed under his eyes.

Kris had always wondered what it would like to be bigger. Not just height, but in size as well. What it would be like to essentially have an eitherly different body type. He was skinny, short—unremarkable, really. While it didn't bother him, the fennec comfortable within his own fur, it always left a niggling curiosity in the back of his mind. What would it be like to be *huge*?

Apparently he seemed to be the only one with that question on their mind - at least when it came to those who were magically inclined. Being physically fit or even overly muscled wasn't prized in their field. Why be a big bruiser when you could use your brain to magick your way out of a situation?

...But why not use magic to make yourself bigger to overcome challenges?

Too bad the rest of his students and professors didn't care too much about it. The newly crafted spell he was on the cusp of finishing was relegated to a side project - something he feverishly worked on between classes, and several cups of highly caffeinated foreign coffee.

He stared at the last page, the last few pieces of the puzzle eluding him. The longer he stared, the more the ink on the page seemed to mock him, his face screwing up as his brows furrowed. Reaching out, the fox slapped the book shut, huffing quietly as he tucked it under his arm. He stood up, stretching his arms over his head properly this time as he pushed the chair out from under him with a soft squeak.

The room around him was fairly sparse. Just a bed, a desk, and a closet for sets of robes and sandals. He was thankful that the academy was fairly temperate all-year round; no need for extra wardrobes when it came to seasonal changes.

Dropping his book onto his nearby bed, the fox sighed softly. He moved to the nearby dresser, hopping up onto a for-the-purpose step stool before taking a look in the mirror. He looked just about as worn out as he felt, his eyes a tiny bit sunken, the beginnings of rings forming. His golden earring glinted in his right ear, the appendage folding back as he brushed back his fluffy tuft of light blonde bangs from his face.

“At least I don’t look too terrible,” he muttered under his breath, letting out a soft sigh. It was a fairly accurate statement. Kris was a fairly good looking fennec fox. He had beautiful eyes, a lean body that would have made most of the other mages in the academy jealous. His fur was a bright lustful sheen, and it was all tied up in an adorable 4’2” package—not counting his ears, of course.

He gave his headfur a quick brush, snatching the fur-riddled one from the top of his dresser as he smoothed down any errant hairs. Hopping off of his stool, the fennec made his way over to his closet, tugging out a Violet shirt and shorts along with a black shirt. It took a bit of fiddling, but the vulpine eventually got himself fully dressed. Tightening the last of his sandals, the fennec snatched his notebook, slipping his pen into the binding before dashing out of his dorm room.

A trip to the cafeteria wasn’t too far, thankfully. It was a cool day, even if it was late. The sun hung low in the far sky, making the rest appear pinkish-purple. He probably shouldn’t be going for coffee at such a late hour, but Kris wasn’t satisfied with leaving his puzzle unfinished - not when it had taken him weeks of research and sleep deprived nights.

He passed by a few other students along his way, several species marking the norm for the place. People would come from all ends of the nation just to study here, so a colorful cast was to be expected. ...Still, Kris firmly fit in the ‘shorter’ category with just about everyone standing at least a good foot taller than him. At least being short had its advantages! Being able to weave through crowds to get his favorite coffee, for example.

Pushing through the wooden double doors the fennec strolled down the short stone hall that led to the common cafeteria. He sighed in relief, spotting the vendor along the wall, a table with cups and other utensils adorning it. Just like his dorm lamp, the inside of the room was illuminated by glowing crystals adorning the walls - enchanted and grown into spirals and other

shapes to better serve a more elegant aesthetic. It was far from the utilitarian design found in most dorm rooms.

Thankfully, the coffee was easily accessed. A cylinder with a spigot on the end - or, that's all it looked like at first. Approaching it caused the object to hum softly in recognition of a user. A smile formed over Kris' face. It already knew what he wanted.

A flick of the fennec's wrist caused the tips of his fingers to glow. Like puppets on a string, a disposable cup, a stir stick, and some creamer went flying from the nearby table. A shameless display of magic, but far less extravagant than the average that occurred on campus. While it may have seemed like a simple feat of magic, what the fennec was doing was no simple spell. His mind's eye was busily fixated on the 'math' that would allow the arcane magic to do his bidding.

Soon enough the smell of freshly roasted coffee tickled his nose, Kris letting out a long, pleased exhale. Sensing the cup underneath the nozzle, the 'device' dispensed his favorite brew, filling it nearly to the edge of the cup before automatically cutting off.

Honestly, the real magic was in the dispenser. It was rumored to have been created by a headmaster of old - a particular connoisseur of coffee and other beverages. The magic to scan one's mind and to replicate the caffeinated drink of their choosing...well, it wasn't exactly a simple feat. The mind was still an unknown frontier, even amongst those of higher learning.

Still, he was just happy to have his coffee, the fox performing a small dance of magically twirling the stir stick in the concoction, spilling some creamer into it to lighten the dark liquid within. He took the cup into his hands, having dismissed the rest of the used utensils before taking a slow drink.

Instant dopamine hit.

He sighed pleasantly, taking his place at a table near the corner of the room before sitting down on the squishy bench. The leather creaked quietly as he wiggled into place, the fennec casually swinging his legs, unable to reach the floor due to his lacking height. He didn't really care either way - despite seeming childish, he always found that fidgeting around helped him think.

Popping his book back open, he stared at the runes, eyes fixated on them. He had most of the transformation magic already written down, the complex changes one would have to make to their body to support such an increase in muscular mass... He just needed a way to jumpstart the growth itself...

His large ear twitched, the appendage flicking a few times.

The chattering of nearby students could be heard. They sounded like ones that were invested in horticulture, or...herbology? He wasn't really sure, even though they seemed quite excited

about their topic at hand. Kris was just about to curse the fact he had a pair of all-hearing radar dishes on his head until something clicked into place. ...They were talking about growth.

...Plant growth?

Wait...

Magic should follow the same principles regardless of the living matter it was cast upon... If he could find out what combinations of glyphs they used to induce growth in their crops, then maybe...

Kris downed the last of his coffee, already feeling the caffeine hitting his system. He clapped his book shut, zooming to the other end of the room to toss his empty cup before dashing back outside. While he would usually head to the library for such research, the greenhouse along the edge of campus would more likely suffice.

The sun was already close to setting, the crystals that dotted the pathways beginning to luminesce from the lack of light. Passing out from the main buildings, the fennec could see the forests that surrounded the campus. Old growth that seemed to stretch to the heavens themselves. A pretty sight, but not one that Kris had time to stop and admire.

His sandals clapped over stone as he made a beeline for the greenhouse ahead, his journal bouncing along under his arm as he kept up the pace. He pushed under the heavy blanketing for the door, slipping inside. Immediately, Kris was hit with a wave of humidity, the vulpine folding his large ears back. He tucked his book a little protectively against his side. Sure, the ink was enchanted to be resistant to smearing, but it was still an old habit to break.

It only just struck him that he wasn't even sure what he was looking for; having singularly charged off of his train of thought, he had neglected to give it any planning.

His large ears swiveled as he heard someone banging around nearby. Across the lush expanse of exotic plants growing in soil and water alike, he spotted a lion at the end of one of those rows. He was much taller than him, yet he was balancing more than he should in his arms; pots, shovels, even bags of dirt? Maybe fertilizer...Kris wasn't entirely sure. The point was, he was overloading himself.

The fennec opened his eyes wide, gently placing his journal onto a nearby shelf before running over, reaching out to help balance an errant pot that was about to spill out of the feline's arms. "Th-thanks!" came a startled voice, the cat unable to see past the mass in his arms. After a few seconds of awkward balancing, the lion let out a sigh, wobbly lowering the contents down to the ground with Kris' assistance. "I guess that's what I get for trying to carry too much at once," he said with a soft giggle, adjusting his glasses before turning to the newcomer.

“Thanks for the help,” he said with a bashful smile. The cat was dressed in a light blue robe, the front of it open and exposing his creamy white chest. He was lightly defined - probably a product of tending to the plants in the greenhouse. “Have...I seen you before? Are you, uh, another student here?”

His bashful nature was infectious, the fennec letting out his own awkward laugh. “Oh, I am! I've just...” He tried to think of something to finish with, but just shrugged his shoulders impotently. “I’ve never been here before,” he said, gesturing to the rest of the greater greenhouse around him. I’m a student of transformative and kinetic/physical magicks.”

“Ooohh!” the lion said with an awkward smile. “Yeah! We don’t get a lot of visitors down here. Most, uh, people turn their nose up at herbology. Plants aren’t very exciting, even if everyone relies on them,” he said with a soft giggle. “Food, potions, medicines, even recreational, uuuhhh...*activities*,” he said with a particularly awkward emphasis on the topic.

As fascinating as it was, and...as awkwardly cute as this lion was, Kris *did* go there with a question in mind. “I hope you don’t mind, but I have a theory—if you don’t mind me talking your ear off for a little bit?” The lion seemed to look between him and the job that he had looming ahead of him. He shifted his jawline in thought before slowly starting to nod.

“Um, sure! But if we can be quick? I have to get the rest of these supplies all put away before the end of the night~”

Kris smiled, already having gone to get his journal in hand and cracking it open...

—

“Wow... Wait, so...” The lion stared, scratching into his long, dirty-blond locks. “That’s all you needed? Just a growth catalyst?” The fennec looked a little embarrassed, shifting on his sandal-wrapped feet as a small blush crept up into the insides of his large ears.

“I...I suppose so. I didn’t really think about using plant-based magicks until fairly recently, actually...”

The lion beamed in response, showing off dense fangs as his eyes squeezed shut. “Well, I’m glad that my field of magic can be of some use! Some spotlight is better than none, right?”

Another short giggle prompted a small smile from the vulpine nearby. This lion really was kinda cute, his smile and his bashful nature seeming to do a number on Kris as he watched him. It was almost enough to distract him away from his project.

...Almost.

“Can I see your notebook?” the lion asked, peering at the leatherbound book in the fox’s grasp. Tentatively, Kris handed it over, the feline flicking through the pages as he eventually found the unfinished enchantment. He hummed softly under his breath, squinting. It seemed he was one to pace when he thought because the lion seemed to decide to go on a joyride through the greenhouse with it.

“Oh, uh,” Kris started, his shorter legs swinging to keep up with the roughly 6-foot lion. “I didn’t catch your name! Mine’s Kris.”

The feline laughed awkwardly, looking away from the journal. “George! Sorry, I really get single-minded with things and forget the niceties sometimes—do you mind if I write in here? I think I know the right spell you need as a catalyst.”

The fennec bit at his lower lip, apprehensive at the idea of someone else penning into his notebook. However, he knew that he would have to let a pet peeve slip if it were to mean solving the final piece to his puzzle. He gave a nod, George brightening up a bit as he pulled the afforded pen from the journal’s spine. He started scratching into it, scribbling a few times, sketching a series of runes at the end along with some crude instructions.

Apparently his handwriting wasn’t the best, Kris arching his brow as the book was handed back, the fox looking over the chicken scratch. The underlying magic made sense at least - even though he had never performed it before. Again, magic was a lot like mathematics. As long as it checked out, everything *should* work...

The fennec peeked over the edge of his book, watching the lion attempting to gather all of the stuff up once more—something he knew was going to end in disaster. Just as he was about to open his mouth and dissuade the feline, he thought of a better plan...

“Hey...George?”

The lion blinked, peeking up over his glasses. “Huh?”

“Why don’t you leave that to me?”

The lion released the over-full crate, staring at the shorter, smaller fox. “...I mean, I guess we could try lifting it together?”

The fox smiled toothily as he flipped open his book once more, looking over the runes that would comprise his most recent opus. George stared, looking between the book and the fox, already feeling the beginnings of arcane magic surge through the air. “Wait... *Wait-wait-wait*... Y-You haven’t even tested your spell yet, right?? It hasn’t even been approved by a professor!” He bounced nervously on his feet, seeing as his stammering warning wasn’t going to dissuade the fox.

He just hoped he wasn't going to have to clean up his precious greenhouse—or the remains of the fox after.

Kris ignored the lion's complaints, focusing on the runes on the page, etching them into his memory as he bid the magic become reality. While the new portion of the magic was unfamiliar to him, the rest of it he knew like the back of his hand. The same violet-white glow enveloped him, arcane magic swirling around his form as the transformative spell went to work.

His brow twitched as he felt warmth bloom across his body, his loose robes becoming tighter, pulling around his body - as if they were a size or two too small. A soft, unexpected moan slipped past his lips - a surge of pleasure flowing through him that he wasn't counting on. The lion nearby watched in awe as the short fox began to *grow*, his shoulders pushing wider, his chest swelling up, shoving against the front of his shirt, the black fabric pulling under his pectorals as they ballooned into life and out into the air.

The lion took a hesitant step back or two, his face turning a hot shade of red as he watched the short, once-skinny fox outgrowing his clothes. Several pounds of muscle poured over Kris as he unbelted a louder, shameless moan at this point, the magic infusing his flesh with potent power as he continued to expand—everywhere but up, it would seem. He shifted his feet, his body shaking as it swelled more, his arms lifting as he felt his chest expand in ways he never would have expected.

Lats bloomed out of either side of his torso, shoving into his purple jacket, causing it to tug up and around his growing delts. He cracked his eyes open, peering down at himself, spying the growing pectorals that hung out and away from the front of his chest. Striations of muscle rippled under his creaking pelt, the fennec letting out a gasp as his eyes widened.

His spell was *working!*

Something about that fact allowed him to revel in the moment, moaning as the back of his pants swelled up, glutes blooming to life as they turned the back of his shorts skin-tight around them. His thighs ballooned quickly, catching up with his torso as teardrop shaped quads and shredded hamstrings engorged - giving him a distinctly hourglass shape with how wide his shoulders were. Veins raced down his arms, biceps swelling up, the fox lifting them curiously just in time to watch those newly formed heads split. His forearms similarly engorged, veins crawling up them and over the back of his hands as those pillars ground into his swollen biceps.

"I... *HHuuhh...*" He groaned, stammering as he realized his voice had deepened as well - no doubt a product of his thickening neck as well. In front of him, George's jaw was working up and down, the lion completely at a loss for words. Steam wafted off of Kris' body, the magic finally dissipating, leaving behind a radically different fox than a minute ago.

Taking his first step forward, Kris nearly tripped onto his face, not expecting his new center of gravity, let alone the fact that his thighs ground and slid around each other. His sandals were pulled tight around thickened calves, the muscle threatening to snap the laces of his footwear.

“Y-You’re...” George couldn’t get the rest of his words out, his eyes shooting to every overburdened corner of the fox’s body. He was a tank - a short one, but still. He was certainly on the level of professional bodybuilders of their world, the lion trying not to overtly stare at the deep cleavage that had now formed down the middle of the vulpine’s chest. “...Y-Yeah, I think you can help...”

Getting his bearings, Kris stepped forward. With every footstep, the fox’s mind adjusted to his new body, learning the new limits and the newfound strength rippling through his engorged form. Even though he didn’t say it outloud, the feeling of all that *mass* grinding together was nearly orgasmic. His arms were held out from his sides, biceps grinding against his pecs and lats as he walked, a distinct swagger having developed to his stride thanks to the mass that now inhabited his short form.

He hunched over, broad back threatening to split his shirt in half as he gripped around the box. He prepared himself, expecting it to be just as heavy as it looked.

...It instantly went up—so quickly that it almost threatened to fly out of Kris’ hands and into the air. The fox stumbled back, thick thighs slamming together as he regained his balance. George, nearby, was utterly speechless, watching the display of gross strength with absolute fascination.

“Light as a feather!” the fox said with a nervous laugh - clearly, and unsurprisingly, not entirely in control of the situation. “...Lead the way?~” George blinked before realizing he was being addressed. The lion waved forward, taking the overblown fox outside and to a back shed. He didn’t exactly realize it, but his engorge body was producing a fair amount of heat, sweat having already begun to form through his short pelt. The chilled late-evening air was a relief to Kris as he continued to walk.

Every step found him feeling more comfortable with this engorged form, the ecstasy of his body grinding against itself growing a little more tolerable as he continued. The crate found its home in a back shed, the lion having opened it for the stacked fennec, the vulpine having a good laugh with his deepened voice as he had to fight to squeeze through the doorframe properly with both the box and his larger self.

“Wow...” George said, locking up as he turned back to the fox. “...It really worked, huh? I’ve never seen a spell like this before.”

“There are a few,” Kris spoke, a tingle going up his spine from his own rumbling voice. “But none that are designed to make the user larger and more muscular. It’s usually enchanted strength where the magic does the work instead of the user’s body being transformed.”



"Wouldn't it be more practical to just use the normal enchantments? It's probably less stressful on the body..." He paused, waving his hands nervously in front of him as he stared at the half-wall of fennec. "N-Not that there's anything wrong with your method of course! It's... It's..." He struggled to find a word, almost seeming like he was about to blurt something...a little more *intimate*. "...Very unique!"

Kris thought about it, staring up at the lion, feeling the gaze of muscled traps flanking either side of his neck - an entirely new sensation that he didn't want to forget any time soon. "I suppose it isn't *entirely* efficient..." he muttered softly. "I've always wondered what it would be like to be...well, *bigger*," he elucidated, waving his hand, bicep swelling up into the air, forearm rippling in waves as he did. "What would it be like to be more muscular? To have a strong body? I don't know if you've ever asked yourself these questions, but, for me, it's been a daily wonder..."

George seemed to nod at this, a look of understanding passing over his face. "...I think I get it. I've...um, I've always been pretty scrawny. I might be a lion, but I really don't, uhh...have the strength that my species is known for. It's one of the main reasons I'm here while the rest of my family are blacksmiths, sellswords, and...uh, anything that uses a strong arm."

Kris giggled - or at least tried. The sound came out as a rumbling chuckle instead as the sound thrummed through his engorged neck. "Maybe I'll let you test once I work the kinks out of it. You might look good with a hundred pounds of muscle." He loved the way the lion bashfully fidgeted on his feet, the way his cheeks glowed a light pink. "Y-Yeah...! I... I think that might be fun~"

The two of them exchanged mutual smiles, teeth showing as they said their goodbyes. Content with his new size for the time being, Kris wandered his way back onto campus, following the roadway back to his dorm.

—

He let out a soft sigh, pushing open his door, turning slightly sideways to fit his engorged shoulders through. The lamp was still glowing, giving enough light for the heavily muscled fox to see. He put his journal on the edge of the desk before looking down at himself. He bit at his lower lip as he stared at his engorged size now that he was alone. Fingers crept over his chest, feeling over swollen pecs testingly. They were a little soft until he flexed them, bulging bands rippling to life as he did, turning them into balls of steel.

"This is so hot..." he muttered under his breath as he continued to fondle his body. He eyed his journal nearby, bringing it to him as he opened it up. He flipped to the next page after all of his painstaking work, deciding to start a proper record of the results of his spell. It was difficult to write, his thickened fingers fumbling with the pen as the ink scribbled across the page.

*...This isn't a professional log, but more of a journal of my thoughts involving this spell and its effects on me.*

*The spell was an utter success, my body is bigger than I ever dreamed it could be... Everything is so tight on me, I'm surprised my clothes haven't even ripped yet. While walking, I could swear I heard seams starting to pop though. It's...a gratifying experience. More than I ever could have hoped.*

A thought crossed through Kris' mind as he stared at his engorged arm, putting the pen down before bringing the limb up. He stared at the bicep, smelling the musky scent that was radiating off of his engorged form. It was as if something was drawing his attention to that vein-webbed peak. Slowly he opened his mouth, pressing his lips to it. A surge of pleasure shocked through him, a quiet moan bubbling up from his throat.

*My entire body feels alive. As if I was never truly living before this moment. I can feel every pore, every inch of my body. Maybe it's the extra size, or just all of the muscle but...*

He put the pen back down just to shamelessly shove his muzzle into his arm, moaning as he lapped his tongue along the spit of his bicep. Without a thought, he made out with the peak, nuzzling at the solid muscle that comprised it, flexing over and over, snapping his forearm back before flipping it back up, pumping his bicep higher and harder - willing it to grow.

*It's so hot... All of it. I never want this feeling to end—although I know it will soon.*

Putting his pen back down once more, the fox dropped his hands down, peeling his clothes off, tossing the over-stretched fabrics onto the bed behind him. He looked into the mirror, gazing at all his oversized glory. He looked like a living anatomy chart for muscle, his body proudly displaying the gift it was given. Every shift of his feet caused his legs to ripple, the fox reaching down to feel over the teardrop shaped quads that shifted and jostled his average sized junk around.

*My entire body is transformed. Every inch of me feels so powerful, as if I could take any blow without so much as a flinch. Even my stomach is radically different, abdominals filling out the space like living bricks as they ripple and twist. I'm so thick... So powerful! The crate that George struggled with may as well have felt like nothing in my hands.*

The fox moaned softly, having shamelessly reached between his thighs with his free hand, squeezing his endowment as he bucked his hips into it. His writing was growing shaky, but he didn't care. He wanted to get down these feelings while they were still burning hot inside of him.

*I can't stop touching myself. I know how much I'm going to miss this when it's over. It's like living in a desert your entire life and finally finding an oasis.*

*Never realizing how thirsty you were until your first drink.*

Kris gasped, his entire oversized body shaking as his hips bucked into his hand. Without much preamble, he painted the edge of the desk with his spunk, sweat trickling down his forehead and

over the rest of his heavily muscled form. He gasped, gripping the edge of the table. His weight caused it to screech across the floor, the otherwise heavy furniture sliding as effortlessly as an empty box, slamming into the wall, causing the plaster-like substance to crack.

It took him several seconds to recompose himself, shifting his heavy shoulders as he stood back up. Shakily, he grabbed his shift, using it to clean the worst of his mess off of himself and the table, getting the sweat off of his hands before going back to his journal.

*I'll find a way to make this last forever. I **need** a way for this to last... I can't go back.*

He penned the date and rough time into his journal, finishing the entry. He stared at the scribbles of raw passion, a shiver going up his spine at the vivid recollections—even though he had only just experienced it mere seconds ago. His hands continued to wander over his body, feeling over the muscular contours that rippled and stretched his pelt.

Much to his disappointment, he could already feel the magic beginning to fade, the gifted muscle bleeding off of his body and into the aether as he continued to shrink down, his shoulders pulling in, chest flattening back down until he looked just as he did when he started the day in that very room. He sighed softly, hugging at himself, feeling a tad sour about the restoration of his flexibility—it would never compare to the feeling of his body squeezing and grinding against itself.

Reluctantly, he climbed into bed, laying on top of the sheets, not wanting to sully the inner covers with his sweaty form. He'd take a shower in the morning. Right now, he felt...exhausted - no doubt a side effect to the magic. Sleep quickly claimed the fox as he dozed off, his arm draped over his chest - the earlier ecstasy continuing to trail him even into the realm of dreams.

—

*It's been several months since I've cast my completed spell. It feels like an eternity, yet just like yesterday at the same time. The feelings it evoked in me are burned—seared into my memory. I've dedicated myself to trying to replicate the results in a more permanent fashion. It's been hard work, stimulating my body manually, but it's been worth it. George—the lion I have befriended—has provided me plenty of resources. Supplements, shakes made of natural plant matter that he says should encourage muscular growth—among other things.*

*I haven't questioned him what the latter might mean, but I think I'm beginning to understand what he's been talking about...*

*In addition to my body growing larger, I've noticed my libido going up as well. Darker body hair has begun to sprout over my chest. It's getting harder to keep my face clean shaven as well, darker fur threatening to creep up onto my cheeks. My voice had been dropping as well, subtle, but people have noticed. As much as I don't care for the attention of the opposite sex, it's been a good metric to how my changes have been perceived by others.*

*...And there's the matter of my...personal endowment. The spell I had crafted certainly didn't affect that area—yet the supplements I've been afforded seem content on changing more than just my muscular size...*

*I've grown several inches down below, my lower anatomy hanging even lower, much fuller. I've found that I've had to sexually relieve myself at least once a day. Failure to do so has...produced some small mishaps during my classes—leaking from my robes being the top one, embarrassing as it is.*

*...Although, part of me—a very degenerate one—can't deny how attractive it all is.*

*Regardless, hopefully today's workout goes well. I can only hope after the attention that I've been attracting.*

*Until my next entry.*

—

The fennec fox groaned as he huffed, his feet spread wide as he curled. His moderately muscled arms flexed, sinewy limbs jumping to life as they pumped - over and over. The weights in his grip were anything other than tangible; glowing arcane constructs that were squeezed in his hands - conjured by the sweat-slicked fox himself.

It had taken a fair bit to figure out a solution to his dilemma. The entire campus didn't have any natural weights or even a gym. It wasn't entirely surprising considering it was a place of learning, but it still frustrated Kris considering his chosen path. Still, his growing body had stood out amongst the crowds of his peers. Either average or out of weight students watching him with curiosity. Some with disgust, but he could easily dismiss their gazes. It was the lingering ones of lust and envy that tickled him—the ones that he focused on.

He groaned quietly as he curled again, having honestly lost track of how many he had done at this point. He never would have guessed that lifting could feel so good - the feeling of the pump, of the sore yet pleased feeling of pushing his body. It was a wonder that he never took up the weights beforehand.

He loved how much mass his body had managed to pack on over the last several months. He had been eating like a horse, his body demanding nothing less, hunger pangs hitting him even in the middle of the night. Honestly, he would have been worried about becoming fat if it weren't for how intense his workouts were.

Several eyes were on him now, students lounging in chairs trying to study or playing various board games watching him. So many eyes roaming over his body... It was the reason he wore a little less than usual when working out. If people were going to stare at him, he wanted them to

see his progress—even if he was deathly shy at first. It was something that he learned to get over at least, at least for the sake of finding somewhere to workout. There was no way he could do it in his dorm room. Even with conjured weights, it still took more space than he had to utilize his full range of movement.

Kris groaned, letting his grip loosen, the weights instantly vanishing from sight, turning into wisps of arcane magic as they filtered through his fingers and into oblivion. His arms burned, biceps pushing hard against his pelt as they pulsed. Pain and pleasure both, an addicting cocktail that the fennec reveled in as he took several breaths.

His undershirt was pulled snugly around his chest, small pectorals pushing out of them along with the rest of his ripped form filling out his shorts and his calf-high sandals. While it wasn't nearly as large as the spell made him the first time, he was making progress—a far cry from the scrawny lil fox he once was. Deciding that it was time for a break, the sweaty fox strolled his way out of the room, giving a few waves towards the other students who were intently watching him. He enjoyed the blushing from a few guys in the crowd as they quickly dove their noses into textbooks, breaking their gazes.

As he walked, he couldn't help but notice that his thighs were starting to slide together once more. A pale shadow of what he experienced before, but he knew he was well on his way. It felt good, the tingle going up his spine reinforcing that fact as he strolled through the halls. At least the midday sun felt good through his fur, the fox sighing softly, his big ears folding back as he enjoyed soaking up the rays as he walked towards the cafeteria building.

Flipping through the heavy tapestry that marked the border between hallway and eatery proper. There weren't many students inside thankfully, the fox's eyes scanning around until he spotted a familiar looking feline. At the far end of the room was George, the lion swinging his legs, looking somewhat bored, a textbook unfolded in front of him. Smiling, Felix strolled over to him before dropping into the seat on the other side of the table, his newfound weight causing the chair to creak subtly from the impact.

Just like every day, he had been meeting the lion for lunch, the cat providing him with one of his specialty 'shakes'. Like so many days before, it was already sitting on the table and waiting, the fox reaching out as he snatched it. He chugged the contents down, Adam's apple bobbing as he tilted his head back.

George coughed, blushing subtly, his dark blue eyes shifting between his book and the spectacle in front of him - torn on trying to be subtle or completely mask-off obvious with his ogling. Interestingly, Kris seemed to notice, the fox leaning back, pushing out his chest as he flexed. His taut pectorals jumped, the vulpine making them bounce one by one before clenching them together shamelessly.

"That's...not fair..." the lion muttered, adjusting his glasses up his nose, trying hard to look anywhere other than the lewd display in front of him. "You know what that does to me."

“I have to pay you back somehow,” the fox said with a chuckle, licking over his lips as he finished the last of the shake. To the lion’s favor, the concoction didn’t taste like utter ass—like he originally expected when he was given his first one. Instead, it was pleasantly...leafy? It had the taste of fresh greens, something that wasn’t entirely appalling to the growing fennec.

He huffed softly, waving his hand. “It’s...fine. I’m just glad that I can help. Besides, you said you’re going to credit me when your spell is finally approved by the faculty, right?” The fox rumbled softly, giving a small nod before leaning back in his chair. He closed his eyes for a moment, allowing the churning mixture to digest inside of him, his stomach gurgling as it busily went to work breaking down the plethora of raw materials to make the rest of him grow larger.

The fox blinked, however. He could feel a pair of fingers sliding over his chest, his eyes fluttering open as he stared forward. The lion looked like his face was about to melt, having turned red, the insides of his ears glowing. He squeezed the forming pectoral, sliding his digits so they slipped around the underside of the fox’s taut shirt. It looked like he didn’t have a good answer for what he was doing. Not beyond the obvious, anyway.

“S-Sorry, I just...—”

“Don’t be,” Kris said with a smile, his own blush creeping over his face. “This isn’t the first time it’s happened,” he said with a soft chuckle. “I’ve had a few requests already while I’ve been working out. It’s...gratifying~” The lion seemed to bite his lip, reaching across the table, nearly laying across it to close the distance. A second hand was added, sliding along the other side of Kris’ chest, squeezing and massaging those pectorals. The vulpine closed his eyes, letting out a soft huff. He tried to keep the pleasure from his face, but it was a losing battle. If touching himself was a pleasurable sensation, then having someone else do it was pure ecstasy for the fox.

“You’re getting so much bigger,” the lion muttered, the awe in his voice palpable. “It’s only going to take a few more months if you keep this up—until you’re back to how you were...”

Kris bit at his lower lip, one of the lion’s padded thumbs brushing over a nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure through him. While he managed to bite back a moan, he couldn’t stop his face from screwing up, his large ears flicking back, golden hoop glinting in the light. George’s fingers crept up higher, feeling over his shoulders, then down over his delts before squeezing his arms. He seemed to almost stop in shock, pressing down against those meaty mounds a few times, in disbelief at how firm they were.

“Wow,” he whispered under his breath. “They have almost no give...”

A smirk crossed over Kris’ muzzle, cracking open an eye. “I *did* just finish several curls.”

“Have you, uuuhh...thought about getting new clothes?”

The fox looked down at himself curiously. “No, why?”

“Just...” The lion’s thumbs looped along the insides of the vulpine’s v-neck, showing off just how little give the elastic fabric had. “They’re looking a little tight on you.”

“I’ll think about it,” the fox answered with a wry smile. Even though he wouldn’t admit it out loud, he was wearing the same clothes on purpose, refusing to upgrade his wardrobe. He wanted to see how long he could get away with wearing his old clothes until ‘wardrobe accidents’ became a daily occurrence. Part of him wanted to be logical about it, as a way to prove just how much he had grown. But, he knew better. He loved the feeling of how his clothes squeezed over him, the sensations of the fabric fighting flesh as he tested their limits until they split open, a heavily muscled fox spilling out like a butterfly from a chrysalis.

Noticing that they were drawing a few looks from nearby, George whipped his hands away from the fox’s shirt, tugging them back to his side before hiding them under the table. He looked like he was about to melt, his eyes dashing just about everywhere else around him as he adorably fidgeted. Kris had a feeling he was into men the moment he laid eyes on his engorged body. There was no way anyone solely interested in women would have shamelessly stared at his embiggened body with such raw attraction in their eyes.

“Anyway, umm...” The lion fidgeted, getting up from his chair, trying to subtly adjust his pants as he gathered up his things. “I’ll see you tomorrow? I’ll be sure to bring another shake! The recent harvests have been rather potent, so you should see some better results!”

The fox smiled, giving his feline companion a wave, amusement making its home over his features as he watched the cat stumble over his feet a few times, his gaze seeming reluctant to tear away from the fennec’s engorged arms.

Looks like he had a fan. Not that he could complain.

Though, he had a feeling that he was going to get several more before he was done growing.

—

*It’s nearing the end of the year, and I can say without a doubt that I’ve been given more than I ever could have hoped for.*

*It’s difficult to make these entries with how large I’ve grown, but I feel compelled to share my experiences, even if it’s only with myself.*

*I’m nowhere the size I started at. I’ve gained at least a hundred pounds of muscle and my clothes barely fit. Just getting them on in the morning is a struggle. It takes me several minutes just to shimmy my shorts up my legs—such have my thighs grown so large. As embarrassing as*

*it is to admit, I've had to recruit the help of George just to get my shirt around my shoulders, the lion showing up in the morning just to help me get the last of my wardrobe one.*

*He complains that I should upgrade my wardrobe, and I know that I should—it would be a simple enough feat to have a new set of clothes woven for me, but...*

*I can't bring myself to part with them. The squeeze over my body is pure ecstasy, the feeling of the threads creaking, straining, even fraying as the day goes on... I can't bear to part with them—not until I've grown so large that they've been reduced to tatters.*

*It's not professional—none of this is—but I feel compelled. Something deep inside of me awoke that day...the day I was just as large as I am now.*

*There are some significant changes, however. It seems that George's mystery concoction has done a number on my body on more than just muscle mass. I've found that I've grown significantly more hirsute as well, darker blonde hairs having spread over my chest, down my arms and legs. It's thickest under my arms and between my chest, I've noticed. There's even a fair helping between my glutes—not that I can even begin to see behind me anylonger.*

*It feels good. The testosterone that's flowing through my body. Even then, more has changed than just my size and hair. My...endowment below has significantly grown as well. I've added several inches, a good foot in length even when I'm soft. It's very...embarrassing, but also highly gratifying to be so endowed.*

*Even if it's impossible to hide the outline in my shorts any longer.*

*Part of me wonders if George knew the side effects, or even purposely added something that caused this reaction. As much as I wanted to interrogate the lion and find out, I decided to let him have his fun. After all, I didn't mind—not in the least.*

*I've also found that testosterone hasn't had the predictable effects on me that I was initially worried about. Instead of becoming overly aggressive and irritable, I've found that it's instilled newfound confidence in me. While it's worrying that it's not of my own origin, it's a pleasant feeling to walk into a room without feeling intimidated, or out of place.*

*Actually, the latter is fundamentally incorrect. I am incredibly out of place in this academy now. My body stands out amongst the crowd, rippling muscle and vascularity on full display while the others hide their unimpressive physiques under robes and other concealing fabrics.*

*However, it's not as daunting as I would have thought. I rather enjoy the attention my newfound bulk has given me. Most would think me a mindless brute now, but the rest of the student body knows better, even respects me for it.*



*I think I've even inspired a few of my peers to begin lifting as well, some of them having come up to me, probing for the origins of the spells I use to conjure my weights. I'm not a snob, unlike some of the upperclassmen I know, so I freely offered my knowledge—even a few tips on form and a rudimentary plan for using said weights as well.*

*A few of them even requested to feel my body, something I wasn't entirely sure about at first—but a feeling I've grown to like in recent times, even highly enjoy. The shock of muscle going from semi-soft to hard as diamond with such a simple flex...it often shocked and surprised my peers.*

*...If I could call them that, in that setting. More like...worshippers, really—if I were to allow a fraction of egotism to slip through.*

*Ah, but I'm getting off-track.*

*I can't wait for tomorrow. A childhood friend is swinging by, something that's caused a small amount of uproar amongst the students. While not enrolled himself, he's one of the realm's most important figures: a Gatekeeper - a being tasked with ensuring the already tenuous boundaries between our world and others aren't broken entirely. While he was a user of magic, his was an expertise in combat prowess, something I've always admired about him ever since we were children.*

*We haven't managed to keep contact in recent years, so I have to wonder...*

*How is he going to take the new me?*

*Will he admire the physique I've managed to cultivate—being a man of strength himself? Or will he find it disgusting, as some of the other students in the academy have? Turn his gaze when he sees me, a warped reflection of his childhood friend?*

*The uncertainty fills me with a feeling of anxiety I haven't felt since I've started my journey. It's not a pleasant feeling, but at the same time, I'll have to confront it if I wish to resolve the matter.*

*Besides, I can't imagine that he would eschew our friendship over a physical change. After all, it was still me—even if it was underneath a large amount of muscle.*

*Well, hopefully I'll be able to keep these journal entries more frequent. However, I'm unsure how much longer I can keep it up if I continue to grow. My fingers have significantly thickened as well, grown more dense along with the rest of my body. I've already managed to snap several pens of low quality in the last several days.*

*I can only thank that mine is a little more forgiving of my stronger squeeze.*

*Well, until my next entry.*

- *Kris.*

---

The crowds were finally starting to part, gathered students wandering away from the entrance to the academy now that they finally got a good glimpse at the visiting Gatekeeper. Funny enough, they were expecting some sort of god-like figure. Instead, all they got was an average looking human with a short mess of forest brown hair, light skin, and a set of glasses.

He looked just like anyone else, even a student at the academy. The fact he wasn't wearing his typical uniform or his glaive didn't help his 'average joe' look.

Jose smiled, giving a few waves at disappointed stares, hearing a few "That's him?" and "I thought he would have been bigger" or "Shouldn't he be older?" comments. While he had learned to push them aside, they were still somewhat grating. His eyes swept behind his glasses, looking around the open campus, spying past trees and around several large, flowering bushes.

He had hoped to spot Kris early, to spend some time with him before he moved onto official business, but... There was no sign of the small fennec fox or his large fluffy ears. He stuffed his hands into the pockets of his tan pants, his forest green jacket flowing around him as he continued to glance around for his friend. Seconds turned to minutes, the rest of the ogling students dispersing from the lack of interesting activity from the unimpressive looking guardian.

Deciding to take a load off of his feet, Jose made his way under the shade of one of the larger trees, dropping onto a bench and enjoying the warm weather. ...Perhaps a little *too* warm, the human feeling like he should have reconsidered his choice of a jacket.

Biting at his lower lip, he decided to tug it off, tossing it next to him on the bench, revealing his dark shirt underneath. It revealed the contours of his body, solid curves that bespoke of his profession. While he wasn't overtly muscled, he had decently solid shoulders and a chest, his arms thick enough to make sure that he could make the most of his weapon of choice. Still, he wasn't the most brawny guardian; he might even go so far as to say he was probably the smallest of them.

Still, he didn't let it bother him.

Sighing softly, he leaned back on the bench, allowing his eyes to close. Minutes drifted by, Jose half asleep—at least, until a shadow darkened his closed vision. He blinked his eyes open in confusion, clearing away the blurriness until he noticed a pair of sandy furred globes hanging out over his face. He struggled to understand what he was looking at at first, his eyes squinting...until he realized he was staring at someone's chest.

“Hey, Jose,” a deep voice rumbled, a smile in its tone. The human nearly jumped, turning nearly all the way around to look at the heavily muscled figure that was looming over him. Sure enough, it was a sandy-yellow looking fennec fox with big, black tipped ears. The earring and the markings under his eyes were enough to reveal who he was, even if Jose couldn’t believe it at first.

“...K-Kris...?” he stammered in shock, looking the fox’s engorged body up and down. While he was just as short as he always was, he looked like he was twice as wide, traps flanking either side of a thick neck, meaty shoulders pushing out the sides of his robe, threatening to split from the pressure of his wide back and wing-like lats. His shirt looked painted on, black fabric pulled tight so that the majority of his cobbled abs and rippling obliques showed. Even his pecs weren’t fully covered, the deep cleavage between those hirsute mounds on full display—along with the stubbly beard that had formed over Kris’ more blocky jawline.

Before Jose could get another word in, the fox had lumbered around his bench, a distinct swaggering gait to his movement as those arms suddenly encircled him. The breath blew out of him as easily as if he were a balloon, being squeezed in those brawny, vascular limbs. He tried to voice his concerns, but he found that his words were just a wheezing jumble.

“I hope you like the new me,” Kris spoke up after a while, a rumbling chuckle coming from his dense, meaty neck. “...You do, right?” Jose looked like he was about to fall over, having been finally released. The human adjusted his glasses, pushing them properly back up his nose before giving the fox a good look. It was...shocking to say the least—from the human’s perspective anyway.

“Is...this some kind of spell?” he asked, stating the obvious question. Kris beamed proudly, showing off his pointed fangs as he slammed his knuckles onto his hips, his entire torso widening, looking like a proper bodybuilder as he did.

“It once was!” the fox answered giddily. “I decided I enjoyed the results so much that I wanted a more...” He paused, jawline shifting in thought. “Permanent version!”

“Y-You’re so...” Jose’s eyes moved up and down, looking at the fennec from head to toe. The vulpine looked like he was about to split out of his clothes at any second. Even his sandals looked incredibly strained, the wrappings looking like they were threatening to snap any second.

His smile widened, Kris soaking in the shock from his friend, loving how speechless he was over this. He had seen that expression—the look in those eyes enough times to know that Jose approved of his new form. Shamelessly, he lifted his arms up, curling his dense fingers, curling his fists in an impressive display. Biceps jumped to life, splitting as they pulled and strained along with his triceps around the hem of his shirt. Even his enchanted clothes couldn’t take the strain, fabric splitting open as it audibly tore open, those biceps bursting through the tattered fabric and eagerly into the open air.

Jose stared, almost as if he was in a trance. The human reached out tentatively, putting the tips of his fingers to those swollen heads, working over them slowly. The veins adorning them were nearly as thick as his own digits, the human's face starting to warm as this realization sank in.

He was unable to help but flex proudly for his friend. He had long admired him and his work—even when they were both students together. Jose always had such potential, and he practically worshiped the man.

...And now the tables were beginning to turn.

“...Like it?” Kris asked, his voice a low, teasing rumble as he watched his friend. Almost in a daze, Jose nodded his head up and down, the pink over his cheeks spreading. “Good! I want to show you more—if you don't mind?”

Jose shook his head, still fixated on those swollen biceps, feeling over them, tracing around the deep divot between the split heads.

The fox grinned, waving his friend along, the human trailing behind him like a lost puppy. The steps he took were heavy, his sandals thudding into the hard ground with every step, the straps straining, a few of them snapping. It seemed that his entire wardrobe was finally having enough of him, his shorts starting to split along his inner thighs as well, meaty quads pouring out as his hamstrings continued the destruction.

Thankfully, they managed to make it to his room before the damage became catastrophic. His clothes exploded off of him, elastic fabric breaking like rubber bands as his shorts completely burst, his sandals sharing the same fate as he ended up stepping right out of the ruined footwear. The fox laughed, a deep sound that rumbled from his chest as he started brushing away the mess of fabric from his body.

“Sorry about that...I've...been meaning to get a new wardrobe. Guess I have an excuse now, huh?”

Jose was gobsmacked, staring at his best friend, the fox in nothing but an overly taut set of underwear—the garment might as well have been a thong from how tightly stretched it was, the fabric pinched between his meaty thighs and the lower obliques. There was no doubt in his mind the same was going on behind him, the fabric lost somewhere between those meaty boulders for glutes.

The long silence between them caused a small amount of self-awareness to come creeping into the fox's mind. His own cheeks started to tent as he averted his gaze, coughing under his breath. “I'm sorry if this is a little much, I can—” He was silenced, those hands reaching out, feeling over him once more. He bit his lower lip, trying to choke back a soft moan as those hands squeezed over his chest, the human having to reach down due to the height difference between them.

“This...is all real?” the human asked, still sounding a little mystified as he spoke.

“Y-Yeah...” Kris mumbled softly, leaning back, pushing his chest up for his friend as those fingers continued to wander. He shivered, biting at his lower lip as Jose’s thumbs gently passed over his under-hanging nipples.

“How...” He asked, lifting those pectorals, pushing his hands under them as he gave those meaty semi-soft mounds a lift. “...When?”

“I...I made a spell,” the fox muttered, sounding rather flustered now that he knew that his friend was so into his body. “The results...were so...*good*,” he moaned the last word out, a hot breath following. While he was afraid that he might scare Jose off with such a pleasurable slip, it seemed that the human stood firm—continuing to touch him slowly.

Jose’s fingers trailed down, feeling over the fox’s stomach, tracing the slightly distended abdominals that pushed out from his middle. He wasn’t entirely sure what was drawing him to this, but he knew that he wanted to admire the changes that manifested over his once-scrawny friend. The contrast was amazing, the human finding himself transfixed by the subtly shifting, flexing muscle.

“Hey...Kris?”

“Y-Yeah...?” the fox muttered, looking up at the human curiously.

“Think you can flex for me?”

The fox could feel a surge of pleasure bristle up his spine at the question—the one that he had been waiting, even praying for. He didn’t waste any time, bringing his arms up as he took a step back. Breaking his friend’s touch wasn’t something he particularly wanted to do, but he knew he needed to - if Jose was to see the full extent of the fruits of his labor.

He hit a side chest, curling his arms around his torso, biceps jamming into his pectorals as he showed off his triceps. He snapped his arm out, twisting his forearm as the horseshoe shaped muscle on his upper arm swelled to life. It’s a good thing that he wasn’t wearing a shirt - else he would have blown it off all over again.

Again, Jose was rendered speechless. His mind was having trouble comprehending all of that muscle on such a short, squat frame. Yet, somehow, Kris made it work. More than that—he was *owning* it, the lil guy twisting and moving with the grace of someone who might as well have been born with that mass.

The fox turned, bringing his arms up into a double bicep pose, showing off his broad back. The massive expanse was split along where his spine ran - like a canyon between two, rippling,

tectonic plates. Every twitch caused his back to jump as he made those lats flare. He shifted his widened feet, his hide creaking subtly as his thighs shifted, hamstrings bulging impressively. Even his glutes shifted, bulging boulders reshaping themselves into serrated crescent moons beneath the shadow of his muscled back above.

Just as Jose was about to open his mouth, he could hear the sound of fabric failing once more. Down below, the sides of Kris' briefs were beginning to give way, the elastic fabric failing, snapping like rubber bands from the strain of the flexing fennic's bulging, muscled ass. Sandy-furred cheeks were revealed, lighter cream running down the middle of them. Just like the rest of the fox's testosterone infused body, it had a dusting of darker body hair over it.

Kris shifted awkwardly on his feet as his junk dropped out of its pouch, his dense endowment swaying like a blood-filled pendulum across his thighs. Despite wanting to will it down, his endowment refused—content with being half-hard from all the attention and stimulation he had been given. “S-Sorry,” he muttered under his breath. “Guess I’m a little...excited...”

“Hey, it’s okay,” Jose said, his voice a comforting, reassuring tone. He reached out, sliding a hand over the fox’s back, tracing the muscle as he did, appreciating his friend’s engorged form. “There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It’s just me here, right?”

A soft exhale passed over Kris’ lips, the fox nodding slowly, smiling a little—even if his face was burning with a red-hot blush. “Yeah, I guess...if you don’t mind.” He chuckled softly, a bashful sound even with his deepened voice.

“Don’t worry,” Jose said with a smile, turning the fox’s shoulders. Realistically, he shouldn’t have had a chance at even spinning the heavy vulpine around. However, Kris decided to humor him, shifting those powerful feet as he spun on the spot to look up at the taller human. “I’ll get you some new clothes. Just stay here in the meantime, alright?”

The fox giggled softly, a large, pierced ear giving a flick. “Try not to get them too loose, alright? I might be compelled to outgrow them as well.” Jose smirked, adjusting his glasses as he looked over his heavily muscled friend, the expression widening.

“I don’t know... It might be fun to see if you can. You’re enjoying it, right?” he asked, still fascinated with his best friend’s beefy body.

“*Absolutely*,” the fox answered, his voice a breathy, almost lustful tone.

A blush formed over Jose’s face, averting his gaze as he awkwardly scratched at his cheek. “A-Alright then! I’ll uhh... See about getting some clothes for you before my meeting. You like your usual style of robes, right?”

Kris pondered the question, his brows shifting as he did. "...How about something a little more revealing this time? I wouldn't mind showing off my body," he said with a confident rumble, smiling up at the human.

He chuckled quietly, blushing a little harder. "You got it..."

The fox watched as his best friend headed to the door, not missing the several glances he made back at his body. He made sure to flex, clamping his pecs together, making them ripple, bands bulging behind his pelt. It amused him when Jose picked up his pace, quickly zipping through the door, leaving him in silence.

Kris walked, every step thudding over the hard floor as he did. He managed to maneuver himself over his chair, the wooden legs straining, even bending a little under his weight. The fox pulled out his journal with a smirk, flipping several pages before pulling out his pen.

He couldn't wait to get all of his thoughts about today on paper...