

# The Pupper of Bust and Buff

By: Firingwall

“And it’s our favorite customer, right on time as per usual,” Cassidy remarked. She snapped her fingers and a watch appeared on her wrist. She added with a smirk, “And almost down to the same second to boot.”

“H-hey,” Ricky mumbled, folding his arms and blushing, “Don’t make fun of me.”

“I’m not,” Cassidy chuckled, “I’m just saying you’re predictable in when you show up. Though, the location for calling us seems different. Do I spy a beach outside the window?”

Ricky nodded, “Yeah...”

The young Hispanic man, faithful fan and customer of the witches had called upon/wished for them to arrive like per usual. This time though, the location the shop was brought to wasn’t that of someplace downtown or outside of a local park. It was near a beach, the shoreline awhile off in the distance.

“Hmmm, where did we pop in? I hope not on someone’s sandcastle... or on someone.”

“No,” Ricky answered, “When I wanted you to show up, I was standing out in a tall field away from the beach. Buuuuut, people might be showing up soon, so maybe expect a rush.”

“Well in that case,” the witch yawned, “let’s get down to the business. What do you want to transform into this time around? Something good for the beach I suspect, correct?”

“Definitely!”

“...it’ll be a curvy beach girl, right?”

“Well yeah...”

“As always... oh well. Any particular curvy form you have in mind?”

“Of course! It’s all... ummm, Isabelle.”

“Isabelle who?” Cassidy asked, leaning across the counter.

“...Isabelle from Animal Crossing.”

“HMMMMMMMM, I see.” The witch stroked her long, pointed chin, thinking carefully about that. “Give me a few minutes of research online and I’ll have a potion for you in a jiffy!”

“Really? It’s... it’s not too weird or anything?”

“Well, I did My Little Pony transformations for you before,” chuckled the green woman, “Why would something like this phase me? Lighten up a little!”

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“And I’m all... done.” Cassidy stepped back into the front and was greeted by a lot more people than just Ricky now. There were quite a few beachgoers, including some teens and kids. There was even a police officer, who didn’t look too pleased to be there.

“Do you have anything to prevent sunburn all week?” asked one woman.

“Can you make me into a dog girl... but one that won’t overheat in the sun?” a teenage guy asked curiously.

“Can I be a grownup?” one little girl excitedly asked.

“Do you have a permit to be here?” the police officer inquired, his arms folded as he cast daggers at the witch.

Cassidy blushed, a bit overwhelmed. “Umm, let’s see. Yes, yes, I don’t offer anything to minors, and my permit is more for the whole state and being anywhere there. It’s complicated.”

“Ummm,” Ricky interjected, holding up a hundred bill, “Can I get my potion?”

“Sure,” the witch remarked, taking the bill and handing the potion bottle over, “Ahhhhh, come again and make sure that maybe next time, just envision the doorway to our place instead of the whole building, okay? It attracts less people all at once.”

Ricky nodded and left the place behind, leaving Cassidy to deal with all of the pesky, inquiring visitors and customers. He stepped back onto the grassy shore, the beach not too far off now.

The fresh breeze of the ocean, salty smell regardless, was refreshing and the water looked absolutely wonderful today. There were a few clouds in the sky, but otherwise clear and sunny. It was a perfect day... and he was ready to make it even better.

He rushed back towards the beach area close to the parking lot, eyeing up a structure he wanted. It was a small changing hut. It was one of many along the edge of the beach and it was just what he needed.

He dove inside and closed the door, locking it up tightly. The floor was mostly sand, and the structure seemed to be made out of bamboo with a hardened, plastic roof. There was a small wooden bench and a rack upon the wall to hang clothes on.

Smiling, he tossed the bag he had with him onto the bench and kicked off his sandals. *Okay, he thought, time try out a new form!*

Ricky looked over the potion for a second before popping it open, a bright yellow liquid resting inside of a clear, heart-shaped bottle. The scent of it was very sweet, and he felt oddly happy and blissful. He carefully took a sip of it before corking it again. No need to drink too much and waste it all like that one time before.

The feeling and change were almost instantaneous. He felt his face grow warm and tingle. It was a pleasant sensation that had yet grown to be tiresome.

The light stubble around his lips and across his chin began to brighten. Its color faded to a bright, snowy white as the hairs grew out. More hair began sprouting, thickening up around the very front of his face.

As the white fluff covered a decent amount of his mug, it slowly gave way to a very bright shade of yellow. The soft fur covered every inch of his face, moving all the way up to his hairline at the top of his neck. He felt tingly and warmer than before, but not uncomfortably so despite the weather.

The inner warmth only grew, traveling to the very front of his face. The tip of nose blackened, spreading across to his nostrils. The skin turned bumpy and wet, becoming the only part left not covered by fur. The nostrils flared out and the tip raised, forming a tiny dog snout.

He heard a crack and creak in his face as his jaws stung for half-a-second. His teeth shifted and molded to a more canine-shape as they inched forward. His nose stretched with it, moving to the end of the growth. His face didn't pull too far though, forming for him a very short, cute canine muzzle.

He felt his snout and a small giggle escaped from it. His voice was lighter sounding than before, but still distinctly his own. He sniffed the air and chuckled, "Heh, can really smell that salty air now."

His ears gained a golden shade of fur next as the warmth flowed into them. Their shape morphed and rounded, pulling downwards for a floppy look. Their position changed, shifting up his head and through his hair until they were almost at the top of his head. His ears stretched more, hanging all the way down past his chin and even darkening in color as well.

Ricky now distinctly had a canine face and head to boot, but it was still not exactly everything he needed. He didn't look quite like Isabelle in the head department, despite having her fur and cute muzzle.

But that was shortly fixed. His dark brown hair began brightening up. What once was murky tone had cleared into a lovely, bright, pale yellow. His hair even thickened up just a tad, gaining a luscious tone that gave it a certain gleam as sunlight struck it.

And then, his locks began growing more. The hair upon his forehead grew ever thicker and just as puffy. In the back though, his hair gained inch after inch. It fell gently down his back, almost reaching his waist. Its color darkened along the way, turning to a similar golden shade as his ears.

Just as the hair settled into its new length, it flung upwards, back up his back. It flew into the air as hair beads appeared. They wrapped themselves around the base of the locks in the back, forming a cute, puffy ponytail for him.

Ricky giggled again and playfully twirling his new ponytail. *There we go!* He thought, *now that's what I needed!*

With his head all fully transformed, the light fur began to spread its way down his neck and to his shoulders. His Adam's Apple shrunk a bit, the pitch of his voice raising to an even more feminine pitch. His shoulders lost their broadness as fur covered them, gaining a slimmer width as them.

As the fur crawled over his torso and down his belly, he also watched as the soft coating engulfed his arms and hands. Much like his shoulders, his limbs slimmed down by quite a bit, losing a lot of muscle definition to them. The same thing went with his hands, gaining their own soft pelt and delicateness to them.

With his arms fully transformed, Ricky took note as he felt the fur growth finish with his torso and spread on down beneath his shorts. He blushed, the transformative feeling growing stronger within his loins for a moment. But then, it passed and the bulge within his shorts went with it.

He let out a sigh, and his shirt loosened, its size much baggier on him. His torso had shrunk by quite a bit, losing excess body fat and any semblance of pronounced muscle and girth. It brought him down to a more slimming shape and form. His waist pushed in considerably as his back arched, pushing his chest forward beneath his top.

His cheeks reddened beneath his soft fur as he felt a tingling sensation grow within his chest. He sighed and closed his eyes. *And here we go...*

His chest began packing on small amounts of fat, sliding ever so gently against the underside of his shirt. His nipples erected, sending shivers down his spine as they touched the cotton shirt. The feeling grew stronger as more fat and body mass built up within the tiny mounds, swelling rapidly.

The soft bump quickly inflated into a small set of breasts, barely noticeable beneath her shirt. However, their size would only expand more, climbing cup size after cup size. The bumps quickly grew into full-fledged, round breasts that pressed tightly against their shirt prison, longing to escape and be fully seen.

She giggled and smiled brightly as her paws clutched her chest, feeling her mammaries' weight and size beneath her shirt. These would serve her quite nicely.

The warm feeling lingered within her lower half as she felt the area bubble. Her hips widened and curved, stretching out into child-rearing size. Her thighs thickened and expanded,

rubbing ever so gently against one another now. Even her rear ballooned, stretching the back of her shorts until they conformed tightly against her. In fact, her rear expanded so much that her ass crack poked out, her shorts unable to fully contain her cheeks.

Ricky giggled again, casually shaking her hips from side to side. She felt an extra weight to her rear, bouncing and jiggling subtly. She loved the sensation of her moneymaker in action, her second favorite part of any transformation.

As she swung her booty, her backside gained one more new addition. A small nub creaked out above her rear, slipping through her fluffy fur. It stretched only a few inches, barely noticeable compared to other anthro canines. However, it acted just the same, beginning to wag up a storm as she shook and growing its own set of fur as well.

With most of her body transformed, the pelt finally made its way down her flat legs. The soft fur quickly eradicated the last remaining trace of her humanity, leaving her completely furified. Her toes wobbled, merging together until they were just three large, puffy digits per foot. Their bones shifted as well, pushing her up and onto the balls of her feet, which gained their own dark pads.

Ricky had fully crossed over into canine womanhood, her form that of a voluptuous, porn-ified Isabelle from Animal Crossing. It was just what she wanted for her trip to the beach that day, ready to turn heads and gain tons of lovely attention.

Her shaking ceased, and she glanced down at herself, her massive melons obstructing the sight of her lower half somewhat.

“Gees,” she remarked, “This outfit is not going to work...”

Ricky turned back to the bottle and picked it up. She popped open its cap and carefully dropped a single drip of the potion onto her shirt. Setting the bottle back down again, she looked upon her top as it quivered.

Her t-shirt’s shape began to shrink and reshape, its hemline rushing up as its collar headed downward. The material lost its cotton softness as it became water-resistant and tight. Her sleeves shrunk away as the collar dipped more, in turn making the shoulder area more like straps. The hemline rushed up to her breasts and material shifted more, turning green and gaining a roundish shape over the chest.

With a few touches, Ricky now on a lovely green bikini, covering enough of her breasts, but not so much so that she couldn’t tease a little. Satisfied with those changes, she yanked her shorts off and tossed them in the bag, turning her attention onto her boxers.

She used the potion one last time, dropping a little splotch onto her underwear. The material quivered and rapidly shrank. The boxers’ legs pulled back up into the crotch as the area over her butt shrank, revealing her butt cheeks. The color went green like her bikini, giving her a nice, matching bikini bottom.

With her bathing suit all set, Ricky smiled proudly. “Aww yeah!” She declared, doing a fist pump, “Riley the Doggie is ready to make her debut.”

Riley giggled and tossed everything she didn't need into her bag, throwing it over her shoulder. The weight was a tad heavier now, but she paid it no mind. She was set to head out and show off her luscious form to all the cuties and hunks.

The yellow dog girl stepped out of the booth and looked towards the beach. There were tons of people already out, including some people playing volleyball and others taking up all the spare beach chairs left out by the nearby hotel. She had her blanket and was ready to set herself down in the middle of it all.

Smiling, she strutted onto the beach, swaying her hips from side to side as her breasts bounced ever subtly with each step into the sand. *Heh*, she thought with boastful chuckle, *I wonder who will come fawning over me this time?*

Walking along, the muscles within her legs began to twitch and pulsate. Not too much that it was noticeable, but that it was enough to signal what was to happen. Unfortunately, she was not paying attention in the slightest.

With each step, her legs bulked up. Her calves were first to grow, but her thighs followed suit shortly after. The muscles within swelled ever so subtly, getting thicker and denser by the second. Her thighs pressed tightly against each other even more than before as her pace suddenly picked up.

The muscle growth continued up her legs and to her hips. There wasn't much expansion there, maintaining their sensual, curvy form. The muscles and tendons within them merely strengthened, better able to handle her legs' increased girth.

She strutted along, passing a few various beachgoers. A few of them gave her a look but were too busy with their own situation to really keep staring. She frowned. *Hmm, you'd think this form would have sucked some people in by now...*

She pouted as she walked along further, her body continuing to expand. Her torso widened slightly as muscles swelled up within it. Her shoulders broadened a tad, and her stomach toned. Beneath her fluffy fur, her abs tightened, pushing out into quite the pronounced six-pack that was somehow visible despite her fur.

Riley continued walking along, frustrated until a voice called to her, “Hey, you! The golden dog girl!”

She immediately snapped her attention to the left. There were a small, outdoor gym area with weights and lifts. There were a few different men and women, some of which were anthros, busy working out. However, one in particular, a Husky gal, was waving to her.

Riley pointed at herself and the husky nodded. “Yeah you!” the dog giggled, “I like your muscles! How long did you work out to get them?”

“Muscles?” Riley mumbled, “What is she...” She glanced at her arms, just in time to see them transform. Her muscles bulged out quite a bit, biceps inflating as her forearms thickened. They soon doubled their original size, giving her limbs some nice, dense definition.

Looking down at herself and running her paws across her belly, she realized the new amount of bulk she picked up. She blushed gently and looked back to the husky, who seemed to be unaware of her arms swelling. “Ummm,” Riley replied nervously, “It’s ahhhhh... trade secret! See ya!”

She quickly dove down the beach, closer to the water edge before dropping her bag down. *What the heck?* she thought, opening her bag and grabbing the bottle out of it, *what’s with the extra buffness? I didn’t order this!*

The dog girl looked over the bottle carefully, examining every side of it and even looking at the cap itself. Checking the bottom, there was a peculiar message written right there. “For the guy who wants it all, why not try a little buff with your bust?”

Riley frowned. *As always... oh well.*

*Oh man,* she thought with a frown, *she decided to spice up the potion I got, didn’t she? Come on! I just wanted to be curvy, not...*

“Hey there!” Riley quickly tossed the bottle into the bag and turned around, the husky woman now standing there, looking at him curiously. “Whatcha run away for? Come on! Let’s work out together! There’s so few dog girls out here today and none of them are interested in working on their muscles besides me!”

“Welllllllll... okay then.”

“Great!” the husky cheered, taking her hand and leading her back to the workout area, “Let’s try some big weights first!”

Riley grabbed her bag and followed behind closely. There was a sly smile on her mug, thinking, *well, guess this works better instead. Hope I can keep up with whatever routine she’s got, or this is going to be embarrassing...*

***THE END***