

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #25

By

[Desmond Fallout](#)

Contents

[Dreams of Curvy](#)

[Hyper Digivolution](#)

[Shopping Breaks](#)

[Raine's Osmosis Woofs](#)

All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners.
Thank you all for the support. :3

Dreams of Curvy

Ah, sleep, one of life's best options for escaping the daily hell it puts people through. This past week had been especially stressful between project deadlines, witless coworkers, and management being detached from their workforce. There was only one cheetah woman out of twenty furies that seemed to know how the new mandated software even worked. It was only by her forgiving nature, and a paper trail, that she did not light the building on fire after clocking out every night.

But that was six hours ago, practically a lifetime away. A dresser clock lightly illuminated the spotted yellow and black fur of membrane style wings hanging off the neighboring bed. Minutes slowly ticked by, displaying the time to be around one AM as the dracat laid fast asleep. Warm spring air left her mostly without covers and spread in a messy heap, betraying her usual regal appearance. One hand had wormed its way between the hem of her button up Fate ZERO pajamas to scratch at the abs of her white stomach, the other flopped lazily onto its adjoining hip. Her legs rested bent at different angles, occasionally twitching in response to her dreams of chasing playmates across ground and through the air.

Xilimyth might have been out like a rock, but her roommates could attest she was not quiet like one. Bits of drool glistened off her whiskers with jaw hanging open to seep out more. The fabric of her shirt billowed out and deflated in a slow rhythm, matching the tandem of her deep breathy snores. The day had ended on a fulfilling high note after finally hitting the gym for the first time in weeks. All that pent up anger towards overpaid dipsticks got burnt off in a series of squats, legs presses, dumbbell curls. The cheetahs toned muscles ached with the dull fatigue of a hard workout, making it so much easier to rest for tomorrow.

Had anyone been watching her over the next couple of minutes, that would have been morally questionable, but also could have prepared the cheetah for an unexpected surprise. A sudden itching oozed over Xilimyth's, causing the hand on her stomach to shoot up and knead her breast. Her little pink nose ruffled in a series of irritated snorts while shifting her position. The aching passed before it could truly interrupt her pleasant dreams and snoring once again resumed with face resting on her palm.

The only difference now was that Xilimyth's lungs were not the only part of her expanding. With each heavy breath she drew in, the front of her pajama top pulled forward by

two rising points. Fat grew at impossibly fast rates inside her already perky breasts, giving them an increasingly rounder definition under the fabric.

By the time the clock rolled over to two AM, her girls were already bulging over the rims of their once loose C-cup bra. Buttons drew tight in the developing dip between them in a fight to keep their increasing mass covered. Each new centimeter they filled out Xilimyth's front drew the straps in back tighter against her defined shoulder ridges.

"Mm-hmm!?" Xilimyth eventually sputtered her last snore before eyes struggled open. She stared up at the ceiling, confused until the pinching against her back slowly registered. A quick glance at the clock had her reluctantly lifting onto elbows to take stock on what was causing such discomfort. In the dark lighting of her room it was hard for the half-asleep cheetah to notice that her pajama top was a lot more inflated than when she had gone to bed. The added weight of full milk glands and fat were nothing to her expertly trained muscles. "Ugh! Stupid bra! Don't tell me all that lifting broke them..."

Xilimyth sat up fully with a loud fluttering of her wings. Eyes fluttered still half open while she fumbled in back to undo and redo the clasp of her bra. Letting the shoulder straps slip down helped ease the pinching upon re-clasping it, but Xilimyth found her lungs oddly pressed in when trying to give a small yawn. That she could deal with in the morning, though. She flopped onto one side, eager to resume her pleasant dreamscape with the few hours left before work.

Somehow upon laying down the pillow had found its way between Xilimyth's arms. It forced her biceps apart, heavily squishing the tender soft mass between them, making the cheetah growl at being forced more awake. One hand reached back to yank it away, only to grasp the familiar texture of pajama covering. Both feline ears and tail perked now in rising awareness. Xilimyth continued blindly rubbing and clenching her chest, finding a lot more definition and resistance under her usual sleepwear. Eventually this caused a sharp jolt of pleasure to rush through her spine, finally forcing the cheetah to bolt upright again with eyes open and aware.

"What the actual heck!?"

Both hands shot up to rest upon Xilimyth's breasts. The notion they made contact much sooner than they should have sent her tail thrashing against a still warm pillow. Her once sharply defined mounds had already upgraded into thickly inflated balloons that spilled over undersized cups into her fingers. Worse was how holding them allowed the cheetah to feel their growth still continuing. Tender fur and squishy fat continued rolling forward aggressively pushing back her palms.

Wings gave a hard flap, helping Xilimyth spring off her bed onto quivering paw feet. The weight of her growing boobs were being felt now in all their bouncing glory. Small gaps opened between her pajamas buttons as it looked like she had cartoonishly padded the inside. A few awkward shakes of wide spotted hips and thick tail regained a little balance for the alien size. Enough for Xilimyth to feel confident heading for her room's door, anyway. She needed to get to the bathroom, find out what was happening to her, and hopefully get things under control before...

“HNNNNNGH!!”

Xilimyth was only halfway to the handle when exactly what she feared happened. Hard muscle cramps seized her ribcage, transferring the energy directly into her engorged breasts. She could feel their insides filling near instantly, drawing white furred skin taut. She tried to fight the tension by forcing another step towards the door. That motion alone sent her chest stiffly bouncing like two inflated balloons. Bra cups could hold them back no longer and slid under the firm mammaries as barely effective supports for their hefty girth.

“Ngh! Haa! Haa! N-no! D-d-don't!” The cheetah panted for breath, arching her back in response to another surge entering her chest.

Her boobs responded to the pleas with a soft rumble, followed by a rocking sensation that generated loud sloshing noises. Xilimyth slapped both hands on her butt, arching as far back as her spine could allow. Luckily she was a very limber cat despite hours stuck in a programmers office. The mammaries she reflexively pointed to the ceiling rippled violently with several hard pulses. Fat and milk expanded in them with audible gushes, like two halves of a ripening watermelon. The tender skin poured around her muscular rib cage, pushing off each other while excess flowed under her armpits. Her tender nipples prickled, rising like mountain points against the tightening pajama fabric and causing her loins to get embarrassingly wet.

“Gah!” Xilimyth’s abs flexed the best they could while still worn from the previous gym visit. She straightened up, only to get sent staggering into a soft crash against her bedroom door. The insane amount of new weight her girls gained in those few seconds were beyond anything she could prepare for. At least they were good at cushioning her impact against the cold wood.

Another jolt of pleasure rocked through Xilimyth’s groin. Damn boobies were becoming so delicate, even pushing her nips against the door was amazingly stimulating. She pushed the arousal back with a growl, focusing on exiting into the hallway in a dash for the bathroom. Funny how two giant water balloons bouncing on one’s chest can turn a few meters run into a mile of balancing issues. More than once did Xilimyth trip over her own feet, which were becoming difficult to see, slamming into nearby walls to remain upright. A trail of falling picture frames ended up in her wake.

“Aah!” Xilimyth flipped on the bathroom light and reeled back blinded. Nothing like staring directly into the bulbs to improve a situation. Toe claws clicked onto hard tiles in careful steps until she got a firm grasp on the counter. There she stayed, feeling the gentle wobbling of her mammaries with each breath until her eyes adjusted enough to assess the damages. “Oh... crap baskets!”

A quick turn for a profile view confirmed Xilimyth’s PJ top jutted out at least a foot at her breasts peek. The ample curve of their circular undersides had stretched buttons into wide gaps, allowing tufts of white collar fur to bulge out. She hunched over the sink, causing matted purple bangs to fall over her eyes, but they never left the reflected view of deep hanging cleavage. It was a miracle her poor anime sleeper could hold this much cheetah.

Shame that did not last.

“Nya-gah! O-oh...shiiiiit-haah!”

Ripples slinked up Xilimyth’s spine, fanned into an inferno under her ribcage and inciting a yowl. She rolled her shoulders back, fingers curled into white-knuckled fists on the counter, trying to brace against the pressure that poured into her already bloated breasts. A hard flex of

her wings accidentally slammed them into opposing walls, knocking off the shower curtain and towel rack in a loud metal clattering.

An aroused gasp sprayed spit across the shelf of Xilimyth's bust moments before it cascaded forwards. The mirror gave a perfect vantage point to watch the soft globe squish against each other in a fight to take up whatever room remained in her PJ top. Soft tidbits bulged out the space between buttons, causing them to bend. Lots more poured out from under the hem, seemingly without end. A sudden pinch made her yelp as nipples engorged from the pressure to tent through the fabric like mountain peaks. Legs shifted but had no way to prepare for so much instantaneous growth.

“YEEK!”

With a loud pop, the cheetah's favorite sleep wear finally lost the war. The pressure of Xilimyth's god-tier cleavage snapped off every front button, many of which hit the mirror with enough force to break cracks in it. If that had not woken up her roommates by now the crash when she fell into the sink made enough commotion to alert someone of a potential problem.

Technically, it was Xilimyth's tits that fell into the sink. Her sprouting milk bags had far exceeded conventional sizes in one surge, filling the porcelain bowl with rich cleavage. Excess flesh spilled out the rim sending most of the counter toiletries scattering around her feet. She waited for the rest of the bathroom to stop spinning before a few weak hefts eventually dislodged her breasts from the bowl.

“Good lord! Why did I swell as big as sis?” Xilimyth cupped the hanging mounds, looking dumbstruck at her shattered reflection. As if that busty and confused cheetah could answer her question any better. There was actually a sense of hesitation to feel that without even comparing them, she had grown even bustier than her sister. It was hard to even grab a hold with how wide and far they expanded out from her chest, hanging like curtains to cover much of her upper abs.

“Xili? Is that you?” Speak of the devil. Xilimyth's ears and tail shot up at catching the low but tired voice of Brenda approaching on slow, heavy footsteps. “I thought I heard a crash. Are you all right?”

“Y-yeah! Don’t worry about it, sis. I just... oh, nya damn it!” Xilimyth spoke with an amazing calmness while the air conditioning assaulted her thickened nipples. It was only when she noticed in the mirror that the bathroom door had remained open that her tail fur stood on end. The ground shook slightly with approaching footsteps, eliciting Xilimyth to do the sensible thing and dive into the adjoining laundry room.

“You’re what? Ah!” Brenda reached the open portal, instantly recoiling in the sting of bright light. The cougar woman was nothing less of a giant she-hulk in her own right, seven feet tall with several hundred powers of powerful ridged muscles. Her extra-large t-shirt for this evening was a solid black with orange question mark blocks from a popular video game positioned over her beach ball sized bust. One meaty paw hand rose to protect her eyes, allowing the glimpse of a cheetah’s tail ducking behind the side door. “Nee-chan? Ack! Why is everything knocked over? Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’m totally fine,” Xilimyth lied while sliding back into the room so she faced away from Brenda. “I just slipped trying to potty. You can go back to bed. I’ll clean this up.”

Everything she did only raised Brenda’s concern. Buff shoulders wedged their way in, preparing to demand what the cheetah was up to, only for her to pause with hand reaching for Xilimyth’s shoulder. A red t-shirt that tented the cheetah’s toned body replaced their usual pajama top. It’s front bore the favorite initials of Brenda’s old college IAC.

“Did you just take my shirt out of the laundry?”

Xilimyth tried to suppress a shiver, forcing a barely audible affirmation noise. She was doing her damndest not to face her sister feline, lest they notice the way said shirt swelled out in front to make a shelf out of its distorted letters. “H-hope you don’t mind. My top got... uh, dirty?”

“Prff? Of course not. But you know that shirt is for my... milkshake incidents, right?”

Xilimyth nodded vigorously, face burning bright red. Her sisters occasional growth spurts were exactly why this shirt had been picked. Brenda's issues more involved occasionally over productive mammary glands and not... whatever madness was taking hold of the cheetah. Still, if this garment did not keep things contained through the night, nothing would. Wings gave an involuntary flutter while she silently pleaded for the cougar to just leave. Anything to keep them from seeing their sister so inflated like this.

“What the... Nee-chan? Did you stuff your pillows under there?”

Well, so much for tonight getting less embarrassing. The wing flutter had only been a second, but was all Brenda needed to see something amiss about her sister's silhouette in the bright light. Xilimyth had looked down and figured out the same problem a second later. The rounded curves of her breasts had fattened up even worse than feared, spanning nearly a foot past her shoulders to be visible even from behind her. They really surpassed Brenda's boulders.

“I... I... gah! I don't know what's happening! EEK!” A firm cougar hand came to rest on Xilimyth's shoulder, sparking her to whirl around with a startled cry.

Brenda could see her beloved family member was distressed, even if the reason was not entirely clear yet. Her biggest mistake had been leaning in to offer some words of comfort. That put the cougar's chin in perfect position for when Xilimyth's turn brought a pair of giant mounds into her face with the force of fifty-pound litter bags.

“PRRF!?” Brenda saw stars stumbling back to brace against the doorframe. As vision cleared, she remained staring in a daze at the warped cloth hanging over Xilimyth's extremely pronounced front. “Wha bah huuuuuh!?”

“Sorry, sis,” Xilimyth squeaked meekly. “I just started... blowing up and WHAAA!? BREN!”

Any explanation that could have been sputtered out fell dead when Brenda clasped both hands onto her sister's chest. It took three solid yanks to convince her the things bulging out her

shirt were real. Xilimyth's blushing mews and hip wiggling helped serve as further evidence of authenticity. Only then did Brenda's rational thought made her realize what happened and yanked hands behind her back with an equally intense blush. "Um, prrf, sorry Xili. I thought..."

"You could have just asked, jerk!" Xilimyth snapped her tail, yanking up the hem until half her boobs spilled out from underneath it for Brenda to see. "Do these look fake to you!? I need help in case it's not...are you laughing!?"

"Sorry. Sorry!" Brenda had a hand on her muzzle, doing little to stifle the giggling 'prrf's' that escaped. "All those years of teasing ME about being a cow and look what happens to you overnight. Did you get into Desmond's food again?"

"Sis, this is serious... oh, wait..." A far away stare overtook Xilimyth's violet eyes. Memories flashed back to helping herself to an open carton of heavy cream before bed, only vaguely aware of the biohazard sticker on it. "Okay, odds are good he might be behind this, but is he even awake?"

"I sometimes wonder if he even sleeps. Want me to go get him? I can go fetch my milker while we're at it? Hee!"

"Bren! Come on, this is... is... o-oh! Oh, gosh!" Xilimyth's tail gave another hard snap, a shiver racing through her hips up into rippling mammarys. She dropped the shirt back over them but it did nothing to ease tightening in their overstretched furry skin. "Aaaah! B-Brenda h-help! It's happening agaaaEEEEENNNGGGHHH!!"

BWOOSH!

Brenda's eyes bulged out of their sockets in slack-jawed awe. With one thunderous slosh her sisters new assets inflated out into a shelf you could set dinner on. The shirt specifically designed for dealing with breasts overloaded with milk was drawn tense in seconds. Red fabric perfectly defining the round mounds as boulders even a cougars thick muscles might have trouble carrying.

It was hard for Brenda not to feel a pang of jealousy at having her bust size surpassed in less than three seconds. All of Xilimyth's upper body was now hidden behind a bouncing blanket of milk glands, spanning much wider than her shoulders and hips. Amazingly, they remained firm enough to keep all that upturned flesh hanging above her belly button. The shirt had quickly reached its limit, however, allowing a bit of under boob to fall out of the hem.

"Gah!" Xilimyth coughed, resting hands best she could on either side of her spacious breasts. Brenda did not need to ask what next, as she could also see the tubs of jugs ripple like soft waves under their covering. The round spheres inched ever bigger, causing strands to groan until light tears began forming.

"Prff! Don't tell me..."

"Ah, I... I can't stop it!"

And so even Brenda's legendary shirt failed to contain Xilimyth's unstoppable growth. The cheetah tried hugging her mounds, unable to even connect her hands around them, but it did not help. One tear after another opened up, allowing tender tufts of boob to bulge out.

Brenda's tail smacked against the door, upset her sister had not thought to just remove her favorite emergency garment. She did not get a chance to even voice the concern before it broke under the mounting strain.

A large split formed at the hem, rending the front in a dramatically loud unveiling of Xilimyth's cleavage. She responded with a yelp, trying to hold the bottom halves together, which forced her rising mounds to surge out the opening squeezed together. Pressure mounted with increasing speed, causing her arm muscles to bulge, trying to hold the shirt in place. It was a battle Xilimyth knew she would not win, but kept up the fight all the way until she lost her grip.

The one thing neither cat expected was for the cotton to be under such pressure that both halves of Brenda's torn shirt sprung back to smack Xilimyth in the face.

"NYAAH!?" Xilimyth staggered back seeing a white blur until her butt smooshed into the counter. Freed hands quickly reached back to brace against the hard bouncing of heavy wrecking balls. Her buff legs could barely support the weights with each drop yanking on her chest. God the sloshing became an audible rumble at this size. No wait, that was something behind the shifting liquids. "Brenda, look out!"

"... oh!"

Brenda only had enough time to process her sisters warning before a wall of white fur slammed into her front. It may have been softer than any pillow the cougar had ever experienced, but its plush consistency also allowed her no way to grip or push against it. The ever rolling blob of tits shoved the cougar onto her back where it quickly oozed across their muscular curvy form.

Xilimyth gasped as her breasts resumed growing without end this time. Before long all she could see was a rising crest of snowy white cleavage pushing into the ceiling. From somewhere directly in front came her sister's final cry before succumbing to the onslaught of boob blankets. At least she could still feel Brenda squirming under the inflating mounds. It was almost a bit of a turn on.

To say the cheetah was going through another growth spurt did not do it justice. Xilimyth felt more like someone had attached her chest to a hydrant before breaking the valve in an on position. Within a minute her girls had already filled the bathroom, squishing into the bathtub and bulging to get out the doorway.

"Brenda!? D-Dessy? Somebody help!" Xilimyth squeaked as the pushback forced her onto the sink counter. Her wings pressed against the mirror, increasing its damaged cracks. Ears folded back, unable to take all the groaning and gushing noises echoing from inside her teats. Odds were good her roommate could not save her from being crushed by her own boobs, even if they were awake.

A loud crash made Xilimyth cry out for fear of the end. Instead, her ears perked back up, confused that the pressure had released. The fact the bathroom no longer had two of its four walls quickly explained that.

“Oh crap! Oh crap! Oh, crap!” Xilimyth tried to move, but that was pointless with two literal hills of fat spawning from your pectorals. And still her growth pushed them into the hallway, across the laundry room, where ever their pliable form could find space to fill. When that became a problem, it was a simple matter of surging out until the house walls caved in. “The landlord is going to kill me for this. Oh god, don’t kill my friends either, you damn wild boobs!”

All Xilimyth got in response was one crash after another. A shattering from the living room alerted her to the destruction of the glass case that displayed her anime figures in. Some metallic crunches signaled the end of their video game center. Her boobs must have reached the garage at some point, because there was a lot of loud popping and crunches before a gust of air soothed the soft fur.

There was an amazing lack of pain for having one’s breasts imploding out of a house. Not that Xilimyth could complain in her trapped position. Cheetahs are just made of naturally sturdy material. If only the same was true about plaster and drywall.

“Ack!?” Dust rained upon Xilimyth’s little pink nose, making her cringe with a snort. She followed its trail upwards to a sight of shattering ceiling that made her ears slam back against her head. “Oh, shiiiiii... ”

What few support the house still had gave out under the relentless growth of cheetah tits. While the twenty foot high mountains of milk containers were relatively fine, the remaining bit of house against Xilimyth’s back gave way. There was only time to give out a scream as debris rained down upon her until all was black.

“PRRF! Whoa! Xili? Hey, calm down!”

“Wha-wha-HUH!?” It took a few seconds of screaming and thrashing before Xilimyth realized she was not dead. More importantly, was the fact she laid on her back in bed once more. The ceiling looked to be still intact, although the smiling snout of Brenda’s face blocked the view. “Brenda? You’re okay! And I didn’t smash the house with my boobs!?”

“Wow, you really were having a bad dream with all that squirming. Take it slow, neechan. You took a pretty bad hit.”

“A dream...” Xilimyth flopped back against her pillow with a sigh. Relief had never felt so good as this. “Of course it was all a silly dream. Guess that means I didn’t outgrow your favorite... shirt?!”

Brenda watched her sister try to sit up only to immediately meet with some very hefty resistance. It was a little funny watching the gears turn behind Xilimyth’s eyes as they looked over the crest of medicine ball sized breasts to the bloated pink nipples capping them. Their thick span could almost double as a blanket poured to rest over her toned stomach like that. “Oh, you prrffing broke my favorite shirt all right. It gave you a damn concussion as a thank you present too. We’re just lucky you stopped after that. You haven’t had any more spurts all morning. Not that we need you getting any more bigger than me.”

“Oh, shush! It’s not like I planned this,” Xilimyth grumbled, pushing into a sitting position. The hang of her new breasts flopped right into her lap and sagged across her thighs. So the growth happened until the point her fears of never stopping took over. That made a little sense, along with being a minor relief. At least they still had a house. Passing hands along the outer shoulder exceeding girth caused her tail to twitch. Their weight was not so bad after a while either.

“You okay, Xili?”

Before Xilimyth could form an answer, the bedroom door swung open, allowing the blue squirrel form of Desmond to poke his head in.

“Morning girls! Did one of you drink my creamer last night? It was a sample from a monster cow experiment Janus... oh...”

“Yeah, oh!” Xilimyth huffed to mask her budding approval of the jiggling mammaries her second roommate had stopped mid-thought to ogle. “I should have known this was your crazy shenanigans again. You owe me some new bras.”

“And I want a new milky shirt!” Brenda pipped in.

Desmond looked between the two felines, though his eyes never lifted above their collarbones. When he was clearly sizing them, Brenda offered a soft warning hiss that jumped him back into reality. “Hey! We agreed my stuff is on the bottom shelf. You tall gals got no business foraging down there.”

“Don’t care, Xili want bras!” Xilimyth crossed her arms letting them squish low into the soft cleavage she now sported. Yeah, these definitely felt a lot nicer than onlookers might think. “Sis, I’m still a bit woozy from the brain damage. Can you go take Dessy shopping for us?”

“Sure,” Brenda said as she stomped towards the squirrel-filled doorway. “I’ll call work and let them know you’re... sick today.”

“Wait, you two can’t just decide...”

Brenda gave little care for Desmond’s protest, grabbing the much smaller male to drag him out by his tail. Xilimyth could still hear a struggle for a little ways until she caught the slamming of the garage door. With that little business done, she lowered onto her back with a heavy sigh. Hopefully, the headache caused by Brenda’s shirt breaking went away soon.

At least there were some awesome tits to stroke in the meantime. That quickly helped alleviate a lot of Xilimyth’s discomfort.

Hyper Digivolution

Restricted access? The entrance was covered in glowing red stripes flashing the two words over and over. It was almost a laughable sight. While most would find this a dangerous warning not to proceed further, Zoe was a renamon that enjoyed a challenge.

With a cracking stretch of her three-fingered paw hands, they gave the air before her a soft tap. Before the digital vixen manifested a skeletal outline of a keyboard and monitor. Something her paws began typing furiously across breaking out the coding that restricted her passage deeper into the network she was playing on.

“Hmm,” she mused raising one head to the side of her diamond-shaped muzzle. A green visor materialized over her blazing emerald eyes, supplying a feedback of data that was not matching up with her consoles feedback. “A backdoor hacking trap? How cute! You guys can’t even make it that well hidden.”

Both hands returned to the disembodied keypad to resume their flurry. Zoe’s eyes flicked rapidly processing the information of both monitor feeds faster than most humans could probably comprehend. One by one the red stripes broke down into metric cubes of data that vanished back into empty storage. Foolish system admins thought just having a lot of firewalls meant she could not get through them. They were such simple, outdated, programs it only made about an hour worth of difference.

Frankly, she was not even after anything on this section of the internet. Hacking up a random network was just the digital monsters way of wasting time anyway. At worst she was going to come in, rearrange some vital file locations, and flood the rest of the hard drives with terabytes of porn. Growing up in the rough wilds of a digital world forced a wild girl to find her own forms of entertainment.

“Aaaaand gotcha!” Zoe barked in victory watching the last restricting barrier crumble before her epic hacking might. She stepped forward letting the console and visor vanish back into her code for later use. The fluffy fox tail wagged happily high in the air to the bump of her hips. “Now, let’s see what naughty things humans are keeping in here.”

Transitioning from the open internet to a private network was always abrupt. With just a few steps Zoe's paw feet went from being tickled by soft grasslands to suffering the chill of white floor tiles. She blinked slowly letting her instincts adjust to a sudden enclosed spaced hallway surrounding her. Bright white lights hummed overhead working with the bright orange paint to nearly blinding degrees. The large claws tipping her four-toed paw feet clicked with her steps, echoing with surprising audio in the cavernous maze. Every now and then Zoe came across a door of a different color, but found nothing of interest behind them.

"Boring!" she declared around the sixth of tenth doorway.

It did not take long to deduce this was yet another business center connected to a cluster of personal work computers. Almost every door leads to a station full of spreadsheets, software projects, and personal email rarely breaking social rules enough to be interesting. It only got worse after a few hours when bank transactions, projections, and stock exchanges became the norm. Companies were just scum sucking leeches interested in profit. They never had anything worthwhile for Zoe to piss on, much less prank.

A sentiment she quickly changed upon rounding a corner. Red lights washed over her in pulsing blinks in a much denser pile of warning signs. That was a bit new and got the renamon's pointed ears to perk. The initial lines of code seemed to identify this batch of data as some kind of secret project research.

It made Zoe wish she had been paying attention to what kind of company she had been breaking into. Oh well! A head tap flashed her visor back into existence not wanting to come this far just to reject some more hacking practice.

"Geez, for not wanting people in you guys are just sad," Zoe grumbled to herself while her paw hands worked their magic. There were over a hundred security programs over this thing, but they were so rudimentary she wondered if they were developed back in the eighties or something. Even a human could punch their way through if they had a few days.

Zoe cleared out the last red tape in a few hours. It had been reduced to such a repetitive grind she had not realized when it finished right away. They had better be protecting something amazing, or everyone would be coming into work having to deal with a lot of bizarre fandom pictures to sort through.

It was not an amazing secret. Hell, Zoe's tail thunked the cold floor as she barely registered it as cool. Toes angrily drummed their claws so hard that cracks formed in the pseudo-data.

There was nothing about 3D modeling projects that seemed to mandate such high security efforts. The doorway had led to what materialized as some kind of art gallery layout. Zoe paced around the various displays growing from disappointed to annoyed. A lot of them were many glass boxes displaying full sized models similar to her own digital body. Others were open windows that displayed samples of in progress works, skeletal layouts and jiggle bone functions. And some like the section she stopped to growl angrily at were just PNG's of concepts not even large enough for an impressive resolution size.

"This sucks," she spat while turning away. Her arm intentionally shot out to backhand a display over with a satisfying shatter of glass. "I am so hacking everything in here to have pokemon heads on them. Maybe I can get their systems to play marching band things when they turn on too."

SQUISH!!

"...the fuck?" Zoe observed the puddle of red ooze she had just stepped in with raised eyebrows. Damn stuff squished between her rounded toes sending an unbearable chill through her tail. Attempts to step back were fought with a glue-like resistance, stubbornly keeping her paw attached to the puddle by several long strands. Slit eyes followed it's trail back to the pot she had knocked over taking a moment to read over it's warning labels. "Carmelita DLC? Experimental avatar project? What's a Carmelita?"

Almost in response the ooze gave off a soft gurgling noise that caused it's slick surface to vibrate. Before Zoe could process this, it made a lunge at her foot following the strands connecting them. She recoiled with a frantic flailing that did nothing to prevent her extremity

from becoming engulfed by the substance. Cold seized up the muscles in her legs sending her toppling into another shelf of jarred items.

“Holy hell!” Zoe exclaimed over the loud shattering around her. She fought through the icy feeling overwhelming her lower body to kick the afflicted foot rapidly. Still no luck, the entire mass of goop remained happily attached to the renamon's paw.

In fact, it began to consume more fur as it slinked up her shin.

“Argh!” Zoe growled when her visor began flashing red warning lights.

ALIEN UPLOAD IN PROGRESS!

FIREWALL CORRUPTION ERROR!

UNZIPPING DATA TO SUPPLEMENT PROGRAM OVERLAY!

“Wait, what?!”

In this specific case of digital terms ‘overlay’ was a simplified way of describing the data making up Zoe’s sleek renamon form. That made it understandably concerning rogue data was forcing itself upon her like this. Attempted to punch up security measures on her consoul got the same kind of errors. For some reason all her tools simply refused to consider this dogpiling onto her code as a virus attack.

Fear turned to anger when Zoe began to get an idea what kind of supplements this blob intended. Her paw foot had changed very little, maybe narrowing a bit, but the bright yellow fur of her leg became dyed the same copper red by the ooze traveling over it. Halfway up her thigh

large amounts of data inflated it up into a plump drumstick disproportionate to her still normal leg.

“God damn pervert programmers,” Zoe grumbled, hands flying to her backside. The goop tickled her palms as it glided under them, filling out her rear like rising bread into a thick red bump. Hips popped considerably wider than her shoulders, giving the big rear more lift that forced its soft flesh to bulge between her three fingers. “The bouncing bimbo look is so NOT cool for elite hacker girls. Argh!”

More data continued to fill out her pelvis until she had a booty that could crush apps under its girth. Zoe immediately hated how the wider hips forced her stride to have a hard bouncing sashay. From there the program split, some trickled down her other leg to close what little gap remained between crimson thighs with rounded curves.

Some more goop grasped around the base of Zoe’s tail, making it considerably longer and thicker as the fur turned red on top, and a woody brown underneath. As if the excessive junk data jutting out behind her did not make things bottom heavy enough.

“Mmph!” More of the chestnut coloration overtook the white fur of Zoe’s stomach and chest while the yellow encompassing the rest of her became completely red. She was reluctant to accept the subtle rising of dense muscle bumps along her belly and sides felt insanely good. Even her arms thickened out with strong muscle, drawing the forearm sheathed tight around them.

It was when her vision became blocked that Zoe began to worry again. From underneath her thick bush of chest fur rose out two pointed mounds coated in a much finer layer of fuzz. Like two islands breaching water they only continued to push outwards, gaining an increasingly rounder shape as programmed gravity took hold of their heavy data.

“Hell no!” Zoe grasped the inflating breasts, finding their growth just as unstoppable as her butts. Plush mass rolled around her palms gradually pushing them further away from the renamon’s ribcage. Their tight pressure soon forced her to relax, causing globs twice the size of her fists rolling out into a heavy hang. Most of her once beautiful crest fur remained forced between some deep cleavage unable to hide such mammaries. “This just totally ruined my whole mantras. Real ninjas are stealthy with udders flopping around!”

The fact that stealth was kind of decorative in a digital world was lost on a raging Zoe. She could still hate the fact her cool agile body had become fattened out like some human porn model. Trying to find the process of uninstalling this kinky cosmetic will probably take her days of network searching. Why had she not taken liberties backing up her personal data on peoples cloud storage?

An itching around her scalp alerted the freshly copper digimon that her changes were not over. Her hand shot up to grasp a thick hand of blue hairs undergoing a growth that took humans in the real world months to achieve. Several curses echoed across the network halls while she helplessly watched the bangs grow thicker and longer until she had a wild mane of blue hair tickling down to the top of her broadened backside.

“Now this is just stupid! Who ever heard of a renamon with blue hair?”

Zoe tapped her paw foot fuming for several more minutes. Ranting to herself in empty space would not help immediately but it did calm her processing power a little. Considering some of the images she had seen people draw up on Twitter, this could have gone substantially worse. Now it just meant she was seriously going to scramble this whole network system before heading home to find clothes to crame her fat ass into.

SQUILCH!

Or the system could still be in a mood to scramble Zoe some more. She barely got two steps towards the exit when something yanked her enlarged tail, using it to anchor her in place. A glance back over the shoulder found the jars she had knocked over had merged together into an even larger pool of data, grasping her with a thick disembodied hand of rippling blue fluids. She could only give out a dejected sigh shifting her gaze to the shelf they had been on. It only hand one large label handing off the top.

“Alpha Krystal projects; do not use, ever. Well, that’s promising.”

The room became filled with a noise akin to a vacuum cleaner running, compliment by the high squeal of Zoe's alarmed cries. Blue liquid flowed in a spiral through the fluff of her tail, crashing into its base and vanishing between the vixens plump cheeks. It was like some kind of reverse waterfall that overloaded any coherent thought the digimon's coding had left. One that quickly had adverse effects on the renamon's already altered figure trying to find room for so much data.

A streak of light washed over the shifting fur of Zoe's behind before it swelled another inch out behind her. She hopped in place giggling at how that bounced it bigger and bigger still. Hips groaned in between sharp cracks that cause her digital skeleton to spread wider to accommodate the thick fatty deposits. More excess data leaked further down billowing out her thighs until she was forced to widen her natural stance. Even then there was still no gap between them.

Zoe bit her lower lip unable to fight the rising arousal corrupting her code. She was like a balloon under a running faucet and could not help but love it. A feeling no better emphasised when her hands gently rested atop her tightening breasts. Much like her butt, the rapid gush of data junk flowing into her cause the mounds to surge in hard, rhythmic growths. Each time her bust thrust forward into an increasingly firm shelf, adding a wait her bloated behind happily compensated for.

"Mmh, fuck!" she hissed, giving the fury pumpkins a hard squeeze. They were becoming a struggle just to grip. So much sloshing mass underneath constantly flowed around her fingers they might as well be plastic bags of milk. She eventually just settled on teasing her stretching areolas as the internal pressure made them puff out like tight rubber caps. By the time they finally stopped growing most of her new abdominal muscles became hidden under a blanket of eccentric mammaries.

Despite being rendered more boob and butt than vixen, there was still plenty of blue goo eager to enter the vixens couch-sized derriere. Now the data flow seemed to shift into a more dedicated purpose, compiling digital skeletons that applied themselves onto the vixens heavy form before installing skins that made them tangible objects.

A bikini top and loin cloth were the first to form with amazingly supportive sizes on Zoe's prominent curves. Both had a gold and brown tribal decoration to them complete with interlacing strands of beads. These were matched by the braces, pauldrons, and shin guards that came next. As a final touch her height raised slightly with the appearance of sandals under her paws, and a crown of decorative beads resting atop her thick hair.

“OOF! Ugh, what the heck hit me?” Zoe staggered forward several steps when the torrent of blue data stopped with a harsh smack against her rear. Twisting around revealed there was no longer a sign of any liquid ever being in the scattered glass containers. However, they did leave her tail wrapped in a pair of white bandages that helped contain its ample fluff.

If only the same could be said for the rest of her. Zoe alternated between pinching the fat of her lower and top body. Bright blue patterns had now become etched in her fur, forming rings on her biceps, ankles and wrists. Their significance or meaning were completely lost on her with all the junk data sloshing under the fur. Giant blue spirals had also formed on her hips, with triangles painted around their edges to make a star shape.

Another dejected sigh escaped Zoe's tired muzzle, hefting up her beanbag breasts and letting them fall. They bounced so many times with the audible sloshing of fluids that it almost started to hurt. Fairly sure the swelling part was over, at least, she spun on her new sandals, almost toppled over with all the loose fat bumping around, and stomped towards the exit. Forget hacking, she just wanted to get out of this sick network before any more data decided to destroy her good looks.

THWUMP!

“Um...” Shades of purple formed along Zoe's face when her advance came to an abrupt stop part way out. The open doorway that symbolized the networks connection to open internet space had suddenly become too small for a vixen of her massive data storage. While her boobs remained pliable enough to squish them around the narrow rectangle, it was cleared through what little gaps she could see through that the expanded hips were made of firmer stuff. Much more than the frantic pushing of chubby paw feet and hands could dislodge.

Zoe slumped forward letting the doors pincer hold on her rump keep her from crashing onto the floor into her own breasts. After a long period of silent fuming, she began to laugh a disjointed creepy way. “Oh hoooo. I am going to burn this place to the ground!”

Shopping Breaks

It all started on another routine Wednesday afternoon. That was the day supermarket coupons and sales changed over, allowing new opportunities for savings and dinner options. A certain trio of roommates needed ample amounts of both, with the amount of calories they collectively consumed. For two it was a byproduct of sporting ample amounts of muscle on their even more ample feminine curves. Vigorous gym workouts required lots of fuel.

Their third party just somehow consumed food without recourse to his scrawny physique.

Point being weekly shopping had become something of a regular part of life since their move in together. Brenna, a she-hulk level of cougar woman, had drawn the short straw, but Xilimyth had no qualms tagging along. Their lithe cheetah body had an easier time snagging things on the lower shelves, while a chance for some outside interaction was always welcome.

“I’m thinking lasagna tonight,” Xilimyth mused while her cougar sister eyed an end-cap of bagels. “Look at all this discount sausage. Dessy likes sausage, right?”

“Prff if I know. That guy is a vacuum when it comes to food.” Three packs of blueberry bagels fell into the cart before Brenna maneuvered to grip the drive handle. “It’s easier to make a list of things he WON’T eat, honestly. The spicey stuff might be a bit much, though, ni-chan.”

“Oh, he’ll be fine with this level.” Xilimyth placed several packs of ground pork and beef in with their small collection of food items. “Spice is good for his heart metabolism.”

Brenna gave a look suggesting concern for her own taste buds safety with Desmond’s. Her cheetah sister had a fireproof stomach that sometimes affected how much seasoning went into their dishes. A bag of hatch peppers already sat amid their rations. On the other paw hand, thinking about a hearty pasta dish set the cougars muzzle drooling. “I’ll go see about some garlic bread and salads, if you want to grab noodles and meet up later.”

“Sounds like a plan, pomf!” Xilimyth wiggled her draconic wings in gleeful skips towards the nearby aisles. “I can grab some toilet paper too. I’m pretty sure Dessy said we were out.”

“Oh, he better not have used the last roll, that lazy prrf!” Brenna wrinkled her nose but her sister was already too far away to vent annoyance.

She turned back to observe the meat freezer again, only to notice a badger had stopped midway pulling out a sack of burger patties to ogle the cougars chest. The medicine ball mammaries firmly stretched out Brenna’s into a spacious shelf, distorting the ‘PAC’ stitched on its front. Their hang was just enough to rest upon her knuckles holding the shopping carts handle.

A deep rumbling cough from behind Brenna’s power chest muscles proved enough to snap the dazed man from his trance, along with drawing attention from two other shoppers. His eyes immediately shot up to meet her furrowed brow glare, dropping the heavy bag of frozen beef on his foot in his confusion. Watching him stagger in a flustered pain quickly deflated any agitation Brenna had left. It even got her to smile a bit.

“Dairy is the next section over if you’re that thirsty for it,” she quipped, driving the cart off with a whip of her tail.

“Oh, uh, t-thanks,” was all the embarrassed man could offer.

Brenna was blushing too hard herself to be hard on him. It’s not like she entered society to eat up the attention her bulking curves drew. Once she met back up with Xilimyth, they could both retreat to the comfort of gamer isolation before any more awkwardness happened.

Not twenty feet away, attempting to collect pasta noodles, the lithe cheetah stopped in place to give a small sneeze. She blew her nose with a pocket tissue, only to grunt at a sudden pressure pinching both shoulders.

“Goddess curse you, lovelies,” she grumbled with a backward glance at fluttering dragon wings. As much as she loved having them, bra fashion was still a decade behind in designs. Her sudden jolt from the sneeze completely displaced the undergarment, forcing her to dig underneath and redo the clasp.

“Um... what?” Xilimyth’s tail rocked in perked confusion. Somehow re-locking the straps only made things worse, now harshly squishing breasts against her ribcage. A glance down had her gasping to find her modest C’s had ballooned into a more E-cup range. The expanding shelf hefted up her shirt hem by several inches, exposing her toned midriff. It’s formerly snug fit quickly grew taut, wrapping the growing mounds tight enough to see their now undersized bra outlined in the fabric.

“Oh, fuck no!” Xilimyth’s tail whipped the ground with fur rising on ends. She dropped the packages of dried lasagna noodles to hug at her chest. Not that such an act ever stopped their growth spurts. The fatty milk balls continued to push back against her, puffing out excess over her forearms in their steady march through conventional bra sizes. “I’m not growing now. Not here! I’d have to pay for this stuff! Nya-haaah!!”

In defiance of her own wishes, Xilimyth’s body staggered back against the aisle shelves, surging larger in overall size. There was a dizzying rush of vertigo with suddenly becoming eight inches taller. The gap between shirt hem and waistband stretched even wider, unveiling the white fluff of her stomach. Said waistband slipped lower with the push of her thickening hips and buttocks. Despite that, pant legs crept halfway up her shins exposing FATE ZERO socks.

Glass shattering filled the air, complimenting the cheetahs string of curses. Her growth spurt and subsequent larger tail were shaking jars of pasta sauces off every shelf level. This drew many unwanted shoppers and store worker's attention, several arriving at both end caps in time to watch a rather tall and voluptuous cat woman in comically small clothes struggling to get her bra undone. Xilimyth’s tits began resembling the size and curve of very large melons, which drew the straps too tight to get any slack out of them. It took several pricks with her claws to cut them with a stinging snap across broadening shoulders.

“Ah damn it,” Xilimyth heaved a relieved sigh even as her growing bust bounced hard in its sudden freedom. Her shirt was already running out of room with their bottoms pushing the

loosened bra cups out from under its rim. Attempts to tug it back over them only cause a snap back against her blushing face. More people were gathering, forcing Xilimyth to leveling back onto her tight-shoed feet. “E-everyone of you guys should probably make for the exits. I... I will probably get a heck of a lot bigger than... ack! Right on cue!”

Another growth spurt struck, sending the cheetah careening into the opposite shelf. Knees wobbled as growing legs widened their stance. Hands raced in opposite directions, sending packages of dried pasta collecting under her rising frame. Ears folded back, not from the tension of bulking muscles, but from the loud tear that echoed behind her. A cold breeze of conditioned air under her raised tail was all Xilimyth needed to know her jeans had split.

More soft tears followed until a tingling caress across her legs told Xilimyth her jeans had fallen apart. The panties underneath put up a much grander fight, which proved to not be a good thing. Fat and muscles were rapidly expanding the cheetahs pelvis, causing her cheeks to swallow the fabric until they were barely visible. Nothing killed a good growth like a damn wedgie. The only thing worse was the painful pinch in her shoes.

SHHRTT!!

Well, okay, so much for shoes. Xilimyth’s toes exploded out the front of their synthetic covering, splaying across the cold concrete floor. While she appreciated the respite it also brought the crushing realization her claws had destroyed her favorite anime socks. It was hard to see over the increasing roundness of her bust and hips, but the cheetah could feel the shredded wool tightly wrapped around her enlarging ankles.

“Hrrp!?”

It would have been nice for Xilimyth’s shirt to have died in such an easy fashion. Each addition inch her breasts fell forward only drove the tight hem up to expose their tender soft flesh. No sooner had it reached her puffing nipples than what remained of her milky mounds fell out with an audible slosh. Instead of tearing, the rapid body expansion drove it up into a cluster around her neck and shoulders.

That would not have been such a problem if said neck and shoulder were not plumping up several times meatier like most of Xilimyth's muscles. While her breasts squished progressively harder across three shelves at once, the feline gal grappled against the choking shirt collar. It was only thanks to her progressing power that she could eventually rend the entire shirt from her body.

“Having fun, nee-chan?”

“Eep!” Xilimyth jolted out of her frantic shifting, noticing she towered over the aisle around fifteen feet tall. Hands clasping at the tops easily bent slight grooves into the metal tops trying to grip them for balance. Breasts rolled between her arms over the surface, eager to hang over the next lane for dumbstruck shoppers to admire. Each mound was already bigger than the cheetah's bulking torso, threatening to crush bystanders that admired her manhole sized areolas too long.

Brenna was not so easily intimidated, even well knowing those boulder boobs would to get a heck of a lot bigger soon. But what timing the buff cougar had to be collecting potato chips the next aisle over when her fuzzy ears picked up the familiar sounds of a cat in growth. That's one way to spice up an afternoon.

Xilimyth slinked back, trying to hide her blushing face behind the jumbo span of her bust. She forced a helpless grin, looking through the space between breasts. “Oh, you know, pomf, business as usual. C-can't really stop it eith-yeek!”

Panties chose that moment to lose their prolonged battle, slicing through the crack of Xilimyth's butt in a rubber band style flossing before joining the other shredded clothes between feet bigger than shopping carts. Tail and wings gave a reactionary shudder which sent the entire shelf of behind her toppling over. She sunk even further behind the loom of her breasts as loud crashes, shrieks, and shattering filled the store. If anyone had not noticed the twenty foot cat girl by now, that certainly announced her presence.

“So, what the prrf happened this time?” Brenna asked with an air of calm patience. Neither of them were the type of cat to demolish a grocery store at random, but fate made sure

they achieved this feat on a disturbingly regular basis. “You try a free sample from a wizard or something? I swear I can’t leave you alone for two prrfing minutes.”

“I didn’t do anything I swear!” Xilimyth giggled despite her naked figure continuing to stretch up and outward. The strain of her sinew strengthening on growing bones was a regular background noise for Brenna’s twitching ears. “I was getting the noodles and just... started blowing up. Five bucks says Desmond has something to do with this?”

It was Brenna’s turn to laugh. “I know he’s responsible for, prrf, a third of our ‘accidents,’ but the last thing I remember happening between you two was yesterday when you took his last muffin.”

“Hmph!” The cheetah’s blunt muzzle twisted into an adorably grumpy face that belied her intimidatingly swollen body strength. “I was late for work and hungry. He knows better than to leave snacks out unmarked.”

“Neechan, I admire your bravery to still accept anything that man cooks.”

“He’s not that bad a cook. Besides, I can’t think of anything... ooooh!” Xilimyth’s giant body stiffened, except for her breasts which emitted an ominous rumble from deep within that sent them rippling like water. She bit her lower lip, metal straining from her tightening grip on the store shelf until knuckles turned red. “I, um, I got to go, sis. Big spurt building up!”

“Yeah. Yeah.” Brenna could not help smirking with her eye roll. Without a glance back, the cougar resumed pushing her cart towards the checkout. “I’ll see you at home. Don’t make a mess.”

“Nyaa-aaah!” Xilimyth would have made some bad pun to counter Brenna’s parting line, but the jolt rushing through her spine overloaded every pleasure senses. Wings jutted out in a full stretch, knocking an additional aisle over while hips undulated against the shelf she was using as a brace. It only lasted a few more seconds before yielding to the power of her rippling biceps,

snapping in three sections, with the middle one becoming crushed under the chetah's swelling tits.

“Ah, fuck yeeeeah!” Xilimyth arched her back in a delighted cry. In the felines experience, which Brenna might reluctantly confirm, the big spurts were always the best ones. Every muscle, every cell, of their body contracted and exploded several times in size, sometimes not in sync but always in such drastic amounts that it triggered equally large doses of sensual hormones. As her head raced towards the ceiling, everyone could better see Xilimyth's stomach rise over the shelf glistening with sweaty fur around the ridges of hardened abs. Not far behind it was a woman's crotch, puffy and wet for very different reasons.

She was just glad Brenna was long gone with most of the other shoppers by the time her towering frame began plowing through aisles. When these cats went big, they brought a lot of collateral with them. It was worth noting, however, that they grew in slightly different ways.

For Xilimyth, muscles were actually the third runner in this race. While her powerful thighs could crush watermelons, it was the involuntary flexing of her glutes that drew the cheetahs gaze over her shoulders. The hump of her backside bounced rigorously with each rapid flex. As the seconds passed plump, fatty cheeks only puffed further out behind her adding heft to her rapidly wagging tail.

And that bodacious butt was still nothing compared to the breasts casting dark shadows under the scattered package beneath Xilimyth. Each hand reached down, stroking the underside of weighty mound big enough to smash cars. She hefted them up and let the pliable weight pour through her fingers to bounce with a ‘boing’ sound that resonated into the parking lot. Despite being the biggest part of her, there was nothing but pleasure with the motions. The strength of her pecs behind such boulder sized tits easily carried their weight, allowing her to repeat the heft and drop several times to pleased meows.

“ACK!” At least Xilimyth could enjoy herself until the rapid increase of her height eventually brought her head crashing into the stores ceiling. Ears folded back with her foreheads continued grind against the plaster and metal, filling her purple hair with raining debris. She especially did not like it when the nearby speakers crackled into the big round discs.

“Attention shoppers and associates; we have a class-two macro incident in progress. Please evacuate in a calm and orderly fashion. Walmart is not responsible for any death or injury incurred from stopping to take pictures.”

“Yeah, I’ll have plenty of time for that outside,” Xilimyth booming voice added, along with purring giggles. She considered dropping onto knees to give people a bit more time to leave, but another jolt surged through her spine, eliciting a yelp. The quarter mile cheetah tail cracked against the floor, shattering a shallow trench into it. Her body rumbled, pressing forehead deeper into the straining overhead until the walls shook with her. “Ugh! Speaking of which, I hope management doesn’t ban us for this next surge.”

In a comfy house a few miles away, Desmond was feeling pretty satisfied with himself. The kitchen sat perfectly cleaned with a fresh load of dishes set and ready for Xilimyth’s use. It was an unspoken deal they had made at some point that of the cheetah made food the blue squirrel-fox needed to do the cleaning. A reward his bottomless stomach would go through hell for.

Now with that hard work done, the cats third roommate flopped his big fluffy tail into their couch ready for restful rounds of Monster Hunter. A black furred hand reached out for the TV remote, only to have it slide away with a gentle rumbling.

“The frick?” Desmond perked his pointed ears as another vibration shook the walls and everything attached, followed by another. It was certainly not an earthquake. He straightened out to count them, each arriving around three to five seconds apart. Some kind of rhythm that, the more he thought about, the lower his tail sagged until it lay limp across the cushions. “It can’t be footsteps. Not on Lasagna night!”

Desmond snatched up the dancing remote, turning the TV to the first news channel he could think of. A slight groan escaped his lengthy fox muzzle, not surprised to see a cheetah woman going for a stroll on live camera. It went without saying that being naked and forty-some feet tall was what made her excursion worth of breaking news. Their muscular figure and thick curves cast a wide shadow across nearby buildings, especially with mile long dragon wings. Or

maybe it was the zeppelins she had for boobs bouncing so hard they made clouds part with the shock waves.

It was with this discovery that Desmond noticed the vibrations not only synced with TV Xilimyth's footsteps but also became stronger with each step. Throwing the remote down, he rose onto large pawed feet expecting to get a tongue lashing for this latest development. Like those hulking felines did not have plenty of 'accidents' before a mad scientist moved in with them.

"I hope she remembered the toilet paper, at least."

Raine's Osmosis Woofs

Raine did not hate spontaneously transforming into a wolf keidran. It was just majorly inconvenient in a world run by closed-minded humans. Despite proving just as capable as any other humanoid race, animal people were slaves at worst, and mildly paid labor at best. Trying to live a normal life where a tail can pop out at any second was frustrating.

Her traveling companion, Red, barely made things better. The thick headed doof held a deep grudge against Keidran that often had him insulting the race and trying to flirt with her in the same breath.

Under such circumstances, being stuck at the Legacy Estate with Grand Templar Trace and his group should have been an awkward nightmare. Yet two miracles seemed to happen in Raine's favor. The first being that one of the most feared magical beings in history did not remember her and her family, much less the darkest years of his life. Second was the mansions sole caretaker, Rose; a white wolf keidran that turned out to be her distant cousin.

It was only through Rose's reluctant guidance that Raine found any hope against her condition. That her shape-shifting was a fact of magical genes and not a templar curse was still taking some time to adjust to. Slowly but surely, the pair spent an increasing amount of time together. For all her intimidating poise as a servant, Rose possessed much knowledge and power to back up her stance. Raine soon gained the focus she needed to direct her own talents. She might even rid her fear of herself with a bit more control.

"LOOK OUT!"

But Raine was still a young dog with a lot of new tricks to learn. Another attempt at manipulating household objects suffered a hiccup, turning the priceless dinnerware into lethal projectiles. In a rare moment of breaking character, Rose's voice broke into a squeal while she dived to the floor to avoid decapitation from a cutting board. Raine could not regain control of the objects before they punched several large holes through the studies far wall.

"S-sorry about that. I, uh, slipped?" Raine offered, weakly blushing. Her thoughts had drifted back to Red, and the potential of a night out at a new restaurant in the local town.

Rose adjusted her oval spectacles as she stood, smoothing out the creases in her dress. "Yes, well, at least we weren't careless enough to play with the cutlery...this time. Perhaps we should call it a day, Raine."

"No! No!" Raine shook her head so violently her long white hair whipped about. "I almost had it that time. Ugh! I just...I dunno, maybe I need something stronger to focus on than Trace's antiques."

"Shame, I'm sort of enjoying watching you smash his things," Rose said with a deadpan face, making Raine unsure if she should laugh. "The problem seems to be you're applying too much will for the simplest actions, like throwing a stone instead of lifting it. Perhaps some mana crystals to help weigh against you might help teach you a better sense of balance."

"Okay, awesome!" Raine tried to psych herself up, watching the older wolf produce a small box from a dresser. From inside, she produced three glowing blue crystals to set atop a coffee table. "So you just want me to move these crystals."

"Oh, heavens no!!" Rose's eyes went wide with horror before she coughed to regain her stoic face. "That might blow up this entire wing of the estate, and I am not sweeping that up. No, I want you to try moving the table while I use the crystals to weigh it down."

"So we're just playing tug of war."

"Again, no. I want you to meet my force, not come at me with everything you have. Find that right spot and memorize it so you don't endanger those around you with every spell you cast."

"O-okay, I'll try." Raine moved to stand opposite the table from Rose.

Allowing a slight grin on her tired muzzle, Rose's eyes emitted an ethereal glow. The crystals between them clicked rapidly against the wood from soft vibrations, soon shining to make her energy. "Begin."

Raine nodded, using the exercises she learned so far to conjure forth mana. She took a lot longer than Rose, but there always came a huge swell of power to answer her call. Flexing paw-fingers, she got the idea to try imagining her wrist as a dam. It only allowed a small part of the overwhelming force to trickle from her claws to grasp at the table.

Rose's pointed wolf's ears flicked in recognition of the magic trying to push her back. As expected, that was the only sign of anything happening. The coffee table remained firmly rooted despite Raine's attempts.

The gate in Raine opened a bit more. This time the crystals vibrations intensified. Rose's brow furrowed with a sign of strain.

Raine must have been getting close, which made her worry. If she gave too much more, the table might sail into the ceiling, and possibly explode them both. Too little and she would just end up wasting Rose's time and efforts being so weak.

Anger burned under Raine's thoughts. A real skilled mage would have mastered shape-shifting ages ago. She was getting so fed up being a failure of a woman and a wolf. Those absolute dicks in the templar screwed both her potential life's up sticking her like this.

"Raine, don't..."

Rose's attempt to snatch control came too late once again. Even with three mana crystals, she could not handle the geyser of raw willpower that Raine's anger allowed to burst free. Instead Raine's spell infused them into her will to amplify the effect several folds.

The explosion that resulted from mana overload proved non-fatal, pretty even from Raine's blinded perspective. Windows blasted outward in showers of glass, allowing thick plums of blue smoke to ooze forth. It seemed almost endless despite nothing being on fire.

Trace's expensive coffee table was completely toast, however. Between coughing fits and desperate paw waving to clear their vision, both wolves found nothing but a perfectly cut hole burned into the floor, leaving wood and part of a rug disintegrated, but creating quick access to the kitchen below.

"S-sorry!" Raine said between coughs. She brought a hand to her muzzle and then gasped at finding her nose a lot closer to her face now. "W-wait...I think I did it?"

"Y-yes, well..." Rose continued trying to clear her throat in a dignified way, only half succeeding. As the cloud thinned, she could see Raine had indeed turned back into her pale skinned, silver-haired human form. "Exercises like these can create unexpected results now and then. Do you remember what you did?"

"N-no? I was just really frustrated about being stuck and...uh..." Raine looked up at the ceiling hole her magic explosion had cut.

"So emotions are still your biggest enemy, it seems," Rose said with a stern nod. She produced a handkerchief to wipe the dirt from her spectacles. "We should probably cease training for a bit then. This room is no longer suitable for such...rough results."

"Uh, okay," Raine said with eyes drifting to the ground. If she had a tail and ears Rose was certain they would curl back too. "Maybe tomorrow we could-gah!"

Rose chose that moment to flutter her dress skirt, kicking off a large amount of the blue dust. A good portion of the cloud caught a drift into Raine's face, burning her human nostrils. The older wolf immediately saw the signs of mouth slowly pulling back and eyes squinting shut.

"Oh, dear."

"ACHOO!"

The obvious sneeze was easy to prepare for. What caught Rose off guard was the bolts of magic lightning that flew from Raine's mouth with the motion. They struck across Rose's body with a cackling boom that sent all her fur bristling with static energy. Even her carefully braided red hair came undone into a messy afro.

"What the...aah! No!" Raine wiped at her nose, yelping to find it stretched back into the unwanted black nub on a canine snout. That one involuntary reflex proved more than enough for an instant shift back into a keidran. "Why the heck did this happen now!?"

"It must be a residual effect of the mana crystals," Rose guessed while having to re-clean her glasses. "All that extra mana must have latched onto your body and is trying to work itself off. Best to keep somewhere more open until it's all gone."

"Not a bad idea," Raine agreed with a nervous chuckle. She glanced back to Rose to offer thanks and ask where such a good spot on the estate might be. Instead, her long muzzle almost dropped through the floor hole in startled shock.

"Is something the matter?" Rose asked as glasses came to rest back on her muzzle bridge.

"Y-your HUGE!" Raine gulped, a shaking finger pointing at the way her cousins dress stretched and creaked. The other wolf's backside had practically doubled in size within the

minute she had been watching. It still continued to swell, rounded checks becoming well defined in the tight, pulled silk covering it.

"Oh, I know that, but thank you!" Rose only continued to stare intently at Raine, ears cocked in confusion by her outburst.

More than the wolfs rear was growing. The hem of her dress steadily lifted like a curtain unavailing to show off feet that could barely be called such. They had crushed expensive high heels under massive paws with thick rounded toes. Their stockings shredding by a combination of sharp claws and a high-arched heel. Even thighs looked less humanoid as her hips seem to collapse, making her rear more angular.

KRRTTTH!!

"YEEP!" Both girls gave off a startled cry when the front of Rose's dress tore open. A pair of extra legs exploded straight out of her hips, causing her to fall forward onto them. Another set of shoulders popped and expanded around them before her rear extended out behind her. Bones and organs formed into an entirely new set in seconds, widening out a healthy barrel between front and hind paws. And yet the forming of what looked like a feral wolfs body attached to her waist did not phase Rose. She straightened out her hair with musings of, "S-sorry. Not sure what made me trip there."

"Wait, seriously!?" Raine gawked, continuing to point at the giant centaur-like underside of Rose. "You don't notice growing a giant... d-dick!?"

"Hmm?" Rose finally bent down, lifting a front paw to view her dense furred second belly. From between her hind legs dropped a sheath thick as a jumbo burrito, supporting a hanging a sack of jostling softballs. With a hint of a sly grin Rose felt her new member tingle before the tip of a sleek skinned red cock poked out. "After a while of growing up a wolf-taur you tend to get used to it. Of course, if you want a go it looks like your attention is getting me a bit excited."

"A... a go? What the... no! I mean, no thank you!" Raine gulped, backing away from Rose's scary, stern gaze. "You just uh... surprised me."

"Not to worry. I'm sure once you get the hang of focusing your magic you'll be able to shift into a form way bigger than mine. Not that anyone has matched my guns before."

"Your what? AAH!"

A hard flex was all Rose needed to bust out the tight sleeves of her blouse. Her arms bulged in a rush of muscles the wolfess hadn't possessed two minutes ago, swelling out shoulders and back to help rid her of the tight garment. All the ridges and bulges rising out of her fur looked fit for crushing boulders, complete with a rocking six pack of abs. Just looking at them made Raine feel trying to punch them would shatter her hand.

"Aah, much better!" Rose said with a relieved sigh. Resting a hand atop her breasts, she consequently did not bat an eye when the snowy furred mounds spilled forward to hang further and heavier off her chest. They quickly became like large bags of flower dropping to her navel before stopping. Having two backs full of muscle must work for her, because the sloshing weights did not register as Rose moved about the room.

Specifically, Rose was maneuvering towards the bed. She sprawled herself out in a way that made it easy for hands to reach her fuzzy sheath, giving it a few gentle pets. A sudden rush of need in her hips made it easy to coax out more of her thick wolf cock. Before long she was playing with the tapper tip of a red meat thick as a human's arm.

"Well, if'n y'all don't want to help meh 'rest' best to git on elsewhere," Rose murmured. The wonderful heat of teasing her loins had dropped even her focus on house duties, a bit of her true accent slipping out. "Ah might be awhile in here."

Raine was already backing out the door before her family mentor had finished speaking. Something told her even if she was more educated in magic she would have no clue what the hell just happened. The only thing more worrisome than her teachers sudden bulking up and gender

alterations was how casually she treated them. To do physical and mental changes at once required one hell of a backlash.

"Oof!"

Maybe she should also watch where she was fleeing in this maze of a mansion. One sharp turn found the poor woman bowling over none other than Trace himself. If not for the tiger keidran, Flora, quickly reacting to brace them, everyone would have fallen over in a tangled heap.

"Whoa! Raine?" Trace helped steady the frightened girl before brushing himself off. "What's going on? Are you okay?"

"I, uh, I'm not sure?" Raine stared dumbfounded between the pairs worried expressions. "It's...it's Rose. I think I might have accidentally made her a huge four-legged beast..."

She bit her lip in an awkward pause. Trying to think of how to explain someone growing an animals junk in a non-vulgar way was pretty hard. To her shock, it was Trace and Flora's laughs that broke the silence.

"Well, that's a bit of a feat with how big a monster she is already."

"Y-yeah," Flora piped in, averting her eyes with a blush. "I'm still sore from my 'therapy' with her the other day. Can't imagine that canon of hers getting any bigger."

It was like Raine's brain had melted trying to comprehend the meaning of their words. "...what?"

"Seriously, though, is everything all right?" Trace's expression straightened a bit, glancing over Raine's wolfish figure. A pang of guilt flushed through him when she winced, though he could not be sure why. "How's the training with her going? She managed to get you in control of your human self?"

"Well, maybe? I, uh, she... aaah ACHOO!"

KZZTT!!

"Oh no," Raine mumbled, wiping her nose to find it flat against her face again. The very human hand raised in front of her eyes told all she needed about what that sneeze had caused. She then looked up seeing Trace and Flora recoiled back with tiny bolts of lightning coursing through their raised hairs. "Actually, I think there might be a huge problem with that."

"A little static discharge is nothing to worry about," said Trace even as ears climbed out into fluffy white triangles through his blue hair. Hair that grew increasingly longer to the small of his back while facial features softened. When he spoke again it was with a sultry female tone to match. "It's not like those weird lawn gnomes that made Natani a giant, after all."

"They also made your boobs and my butt too big to fit through doors," Flora added with a pained expression at the memory. Her striped orange fur was bleaching out at a rapid pace into a solid grey. The hairs on her tail were getting especially thick, losing its feline sleekness.

"You didn't seem to mind smothering your face between them," Trace teased, giving Flora's swelling butt a squeeze. His hand looked a bit thicker, tipped with claws and pads just like a keidran's paw. In fact, every open area of skin from face to legs was becoming coated in dense white fur, which did not seem to bother them in the slightest.

Raine was more interested in something specific Flora had said, dropping eyes intently onto Trace's chest. Slowly the fabric lifted and stretched around two soft mounds, their mass inflating like balloons until the changing man had a rather impressive rack of melons.

Man being a liberal term, given the slim waist and full hips stretching out her pants too.

"Urf!?" Trace suddenly grimaced with a very canine growl. Not because her nose was turning black, but when she pulled down the seat of her shorts a big fluffy tail unfurled to wag atop a shapely rear. "Dang lack of tail holes. Wish Mama Rose would stop trying to breed us and sew decent clothes."

"I keep telling you, it's much easier to just go all fur."

"Mama?" Raine gulped, attention looking to Flora when the former tigress spoke. Like Trace, they had gotten much larger overall; big paws, firm muscles, and huge boobs. And like most Keidran, Flora was used to not having to wear clothes. All she had on was a green shirt that had grown tight over her thicker arms and chest. That made it easy to watch when a wolf sheath and furry sack grew out from between her legs. It was no behemoth like Rose's, yet still made Raine wince trying to imagine it 'performing' for her.

Trace looked to Flora with a devious grin, not even faltering when her feet arched into digitigrade paws. "Well, you don't have to try too hard to get my clothes off, anyway."

"Hah, you bitch!" Flora moved in to embrace Trace with a kiss. Their enlarged tits firmly smashed together as hands roamed each other's curvy backsides. "How'd a dorky wolf like you ever become grand templar?"

"Natural charisma and a perfect ass."

If anything Raine found it amazing neither still failed to notice their changes. Their kissing got awkward with jaws cracking and noses growing into wide snouts, completing their transformations into white wolf keidran. The bright shine of Flora's massive foot long boner seemed a lot more deserving of a female Trace's attention.

"Want to join us, Raine?" Flora asked once their tongue battle had ceased. Although now her hips were jerking erratically thanks to both of Trace's paw-hands stroking her member.

"I...you guys...wah?!"

"Well, make your mind up quick. Trace is very eager today, so I probably won't last long."

Raine continued gapping at the pair as they fled into the nearest door. It was such a sharp turn of events it never dawned on her that the couple had dashed into the pantry for their 'therapy' session.

"Yeesh! They never know how to show restraint, huh?"

"YIP!!" The masculine voice had come behind her so suddenly that Raine nearly dove out the window on instinct. "Sythe? What the hell? Wait, you saw Trace and Flora just now, right?"

The brown wolf keidran nodded, though his face furrowed with disgust. "Sure did! It's not even heat season and those two keep going at it. Puts us other wolves in a bad light, you know?"

"But...but...Flora had a huge dick!"

"...yeah, I am a bit jealous she never gave me that attention when we were betrothed. You don't need to call that out. I got over it weeks ago."

"T-that's not what I meant, I...ugh..."

"Hey. You okay, Raine?"

Things felt anything but okay to Raine. The flustered range of emotions, and a strong scent of musk filling the hallway, made her knees buckle from mental exhaustion. Being a gentle wolfman, Sythe was quick to rush forward and catch her.

BZZZZTTTT!!

"Oh... crap..." Raine panted softly, almost enjoying being in a big wolf's arms. But any sense of romance got crushed upon noticing his fur standing on end with static charges running across it. "Not again?"

"W-what's going on, Raine?" Sythe asked, his voice already cracking into a higher pitch. The already weak girl in his arms went limp, unable to cope with his muzzle losing its hard edge and eyelashes growing thicker. "Hey! Hey?"

Sythe hoisted up Raine, draping an arm over his shoulders to help carry her down the hall. Giving the constant bumping and muffled yips from the nearest door, he figured he was on his own for this one. Even if the magic would let him, the wolf was too busy struggling with Raine to notice his coat washing into a snowy white color, much less his figure gaining some thick feminine curves and breasts.

At least the rich muscles of an experienced hunter remained, otherwise Sythe might have found her fellow female companion very heavy.

"What on earth is this?" The blond human, Eric, gasped when a full female Sythe came into the study practically dragging a human Raine and wearing nothing but a loincloth. "I didn't know you two lovely girls were interested in being painted."

Sythe glanced over and huffed. Of course the pervy human would get ready to do another of his art sessions. An arrangement of paints sat before a canvas with an apron protecting his bare chest and pants. The feline keidran and somewhat slave Kat looked up at the new white wolf's arrival from the midsts of arranging flowers around a couch. Being bent over like that offered Sythe a view of her spotted furry butt, making her loins moist.

The weight on the white wolf's shoulders helped Sythe push primal urges aside for the moment. "Forget that, I think something's wrong with Raine."

"What? Oh!" Kat set the flower pot aside to rush over. Eric set his brush down right behind her. "Did something go wrong with Rose's-EEK!"

No sooner had the cat's delicate hand tried to brush the hair out of Raine's face than a surge of blue magic shocked her body. Scruffy brown hair erected into a messy honey bun as she recoiled.

Eric yelped, catching his startled feline friend, receiving his own residual shock that frazzled his blond locks into a wild state. "W-what was that?"

"Some kind of magic thing," Sythe explained in the most scientific way he could. "She got me with it too. Help!"

Kat took Raine by her other arm, easily taking the weight with the fresh muscles thickening out her generous curves. Her nose was already popping and stretching as they eased their friend onto the couch. When she glanced to Eric, it was with the much longer snout of a fluffy wolf's face. The rest of her fur was quickly losing its exotic spots for a plain white shine.

"Well, I'm not a real expert on this, but she doesn't seem all that injured." Eric's ears and tail flicked about happily as they grew out. When he bent down to look Raine over, his pants slid off the swelling cheeks of a plump female butt, matted in fine white fur giving some cover to a

smoothed crotch. She stood back up, feeling a heavy bounce of plump furry breasts stretching her apron. "You think she would mind being propped up with head and hands on an armrest? That'd make a great natural painting."

Sythe wrinkled her nose, first in disgust, but then caught a whiff of masculine musk wafting from Kat's direction. She wiggled up to Eric, draping arms around their shoulders as boobs squeezed into them. "You know if you want a fellow wolf to paint, there's plenty to choose from."

"Oh? That's not a bad idea either. Poor Kat hasn't been able to nut in ages." Every word Eric spoke cracked into a higher octave, matching the growing of her wolfish muzzle until she had become a blond white wolf in her own right. She stepped thick paw-feet out of the pants pooled around them, wondering why she even bothered wearing them. Glancing to the former feline keidran with brown hair, she added, "Up for a more nature themed masterpiece, Kat?"

"Erica, you dork. It's only been four days since my last romp." Kat leered at the female wolf's squashed together despite trying to protest. A hand was already rubbing at her crotch, coaxing her twitching wolf cock out of its sheath before it finished growing in. "But Sythe might have the stamina of a wild keidran to keep up with us."

"Hah! Bitch, you won't be walking when I'm done with you."

Sythe and Kat advanced on each other with their boobs colliding in the middle. The white wolves embraced each other with a vicious lust, licking each other's facial fur while hands blindly squeezed various parts of their rich womanly curves.

Eric was all too eager to pad her fluffy but back to the canvas. It would not be the first time she had to paint with one hand and finger herself with the other. That was an art in itself.

"Ugh, what?" Raine broke out of her brief slumber when heavy weights crashed on the couch, almost crushing her. It took almost a full minute to realize the writhing lumps of fur were

a pair of keidran in the onset of mating. Upon which she bolted out of the seat, not stopping until her back practically embedded into the far wall. "How the hell!?"

"Oh, welcome back, Raine!" A voice directed her attention to the blond bombshell somehow working a brush with four fingers stuffed into her vag. The huffy, growling voice could barely be recognized as Eric's. "If y-you're feeling well enough, grrr, to help us out. M-maybe you could, yip, let Kat sit on y-you while you, grrrr, fondle her junk? Gah! Arf! That'd be sooo hot."

"Y-yeah, join use, Rrraine!" Kat extended out a shaking hand in invitation back onto their couch. Sythe had taken her whole member into their muzzle, head bobbing softly in a teasing suckle around her growing knot.

Raine was out the door fast enough to leave a small smoke trail. Her prompt departure was forgiven, mostly because of the three fresh wolf keidran being horny as all hell. Not that she cared, Raine had to go...somewhere. Who could she even turn to now to fix this spreading wolfification?

She thought to ask the dragon, Reni, for aid, but paled at what prospects that could lead to. Anyone that got even close became infected with some perverted twisting of her condition. Gods only know what that kind of transformation would have on a dragon. She had no clue if the effects would even wear off, assuming anyone else noticed them.

It was really discouraging when Raine felt a rising heat in her loins. She tried to ignore it, but had to stop running when her thighs pressing on something new became painful.

"Nooooo!" She whined, leaning against a wall to catch a breath. Slowly peeling back her pants revealed the familiar white fur rapidly spreading in her return to wolf form. However, her very of the normal pussy quickly became blocked by a swelling set of balls. Another ruff of loose fur pushed out and opened into a lengthy sheath above them. Masculine hormones overwhelmed Raine as new organs connected with her brain, subsequently causing the red tip of her penis to poke out of its warm coverings. "T-this is crazy...a nightmare."

"Raine?!"

"Oh lordy," Raine barked, now back to full wolf form, plus cock. A red-haired human had poked his head out from the kitchen, still chewing on a hunk of turkey leg. "R-Red, what are you...nevermind, stay away! Everyone turned into wolves and I'm some kind of freak cause to it."

"Whoa! Raine, slow down. You're not making any sense." True to his thick-headed nature, Raine's high-school style crush rushed forward with no regard to her warnings. Hands came to rest on her shoulders, helping ease some anxieties with gentle rubbings. "I know this palace is stuffed like some smelly zoo, but that's hardly your fault. With the way Rose whips everyone into being wild horny animals, I'm surprised the town even allows this place to exist. It's absolutely disgusting."

"Gee, thanks?" As Raine regained her composure, the rising need, and length, of her shaft seeped into her thoughts. Worries turned to anger at just how thoughtless Red's prejudices can get, especially for things she could not help being. Even with memories of a lifetime being altered he still held onto those, it just made her lengthy red member throb. "You know what? To hell with it."

"Wha-HMMPH!"

BZZZTTT!!

Red got no chance to question her intent before a white paw-hand clamped down across his face. As the largest surge of magical energy yet unloaded itself through the man's fragile body, Raine used her improved keidran strength to shove him back into the kitchen. She forcefully deposited him upon a clean prepping table, enjoying the already thick wolf's tail slinking out between his spread legs.

"The heck are you...oh...oh wow," Red's surprised protests trailed off when she looked up to see Raine fully removing her pants. A ten-inch long wolf member stood at attention while she

pulled her shirt off, setting free a pair of boobs that felt heavier than this morning. A dull thunk brought their attention to Red's shoes as they slipped off developing wolf's paws, making quick work of the man's socks.

"You hate wild animals, right?" Raine licked her lips, putting on her best predator grin while she attacked Red's belt. A spurt of growth in his hips made his pants hard to remove in a sensual manner, but it was fitting this pervert gained the biggest furry ass of all her victims, excluding Rose's taur state. "Maybe I can help change your mind."

Red bit his lip, showing a bit of sharp fangs while contemplating such a devious offer. He showed no resistance as Rain pulled his undergarments off to reveal an erect manhood rapidly retracting into his pelvis.

Unable to fight her urges, Raine gently pushed his plumping thighs apart to give the human member a final send off. The length of her licks drew drastically short with each pass, but they seemed to have a wondrous effect on Red. His half keidran body bucked softly back into Raine's wolf's snout, giving off little yelps that shifted in pitch. Before long all she had to nuzzle and slurp was a little pink nub tucked into the thick bush of his crotch. With an audible pop his sack folded in on itself vanishing under the same fur, only to have the area open up into a slit blasting Raine's nose with feminine musk.

"Mmmh! You make a very convincing argument," Red said in a gruff but female voice. Her face still looked hard around the edges but would be a far cry to call manly. The assault of Raine's tongue still kept her wolf paws twitching, but watching the other wolf shiver violently sobered Red slightly. "R-Raine? You okay?"

"Awwooooo!"

The smell of a fresh woman in need was enough to melt Raine's inhibitions. She leapt atop the transforming woman as if they were a meal, heavy breasts smashing into Red's surprised face. They greeted it with great enthusiasm until a sharp buck of Raine's hips caused her to give a muffled cry. Realizing she hit the wrong hole, Raine reluctantly pulled back to aim accordingly.

"W-wait, Raine, d-don't..." Red whined, trying to hold Raine back with furry paw hands. The waning strength in her slender arms made them look like pencils compared to the thickened ridges of Raine's biceps. All she accomplished was kneading the bigger wolf's tits, feeling their hard member slide against soaked crotch lips. "Aah haa! T-take it slow. Please? Take it slow. Take...nnngggh...awoo."

That was the last thing Raine wanted to do. Hips slammed against Red's for all she was worth. Grinding the ex-human against the countertop. Giving into full beast mode, she rocked back and thrust again, building it into a rhythm that steadily inflated a new fleshy knot.

Speaking of inflation, Red's chest was gaining a bit more bounce. Ample furry mounds stretched out her shirt, coaxed into swelling with Raine's humps. Her dainty wolf's hands clasped onto them, but could not stop their sloshing. The hard grinding of her back against the table left Red massaging her endlessly growing mounds, rolling her head back in growls of pleasure. Once her tunnel got used to Raine's girth, the sensation of being stretched so taunt was overwhelming.

KKHHTTT!

Sadly, the shirt was not long for such a massive bust. Raine grinned at how Red's shirt tore in several long gashes across her tightly packed mounds. She placed her hands atop Red's melons, giving them a hard squeeze before rending the garment off. That got an exceptionally sharp bark of excitement from her new mate, relishing the freedom of itchy human constraints.

"Aah aah!" Red got only a few seconds to grope along the mountainous swell of her boobs before one of Raine's thrusts cause a strange spark shooting across her spine. Red's paws recoiled, slowly pulling back into the air around the larger wolf's hips. Every muscle in her pelvis grew uncontrollably tense, making her grasp Raine's muscular arms with all her might. "Aah R-Raine! Something's happening. I...aggh...I think I'm...oh gods, I'm gonna...I'm going to c-c-c...AWWWOOOOO!!!"

Red arched her back until her breasts ground against Raine's in their strong fucking. The orgasmic howl that escaped her stretching muzzle surprised even Raine with its strength, rising into a majestic song the more wolf-like Red's face became.

That did not keep Raine's attention for long with the hard contractions milking at her cock. It was just the force she needed to pop her knot through the tight folds of Red's pussy, eliciting another hard shudder from the wolf under her. No sooner had Red completed her transformation into the keidran white wolf pack than she felt a rush of heat flood her insides. Raine's cock pulsed against the tight juicy walls, unloading its first ever batch of baby batter. Almost as if practiced the pair caught their breath to let loose another howl in unison.

Fatigue rushed upon Raine with the rapid decline of her male orgasm. Apparently those rumors about men being 'one and done' were not that exaggerated, which was annoying since her knot would keep Red close for a while now. Thankfully, the other wolf lunged up to plant a firm kiss across their muzzles. The sweet scent of her sweaty fur got some energy back into Raine. She brushed hair through their amazing red locks, finding it rather beautiful on all that white fur.

"So, what do you want for lunch?" Red asked after a few minutes of tongue battles left them breathless. "I mean...once you deflate and all."

Raine could only smile at the ex-virgin pressed against her chest. Just looking into those adorable shining emerald eyes made her knot still twitch. Surely fixing everyone's transformations could wait a day...or six.