

# Pumping Up to Shirley (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

**Tip. Tap. Tip. Tap. Tap. CLICK.**

“Saved.” Cathy Groves brushed her forehead and fell backwards, leaning and slouching up against the soft backside of the couch.

Four hours later and she had finally finished her paper from class: another long winded, but frustratingly important business essay discussing the benefits of stocks and how they have affected companies in recent years. She adjusted her thick-rimmed glasses, mumbling under her breath, “Should have gone for a basic business degree instead of this...”

Lifting a leg up, she leaned it forward and closed the laptop with the back of her foot. She let out a small sigh and reached a hand over to the right, grabbing her MP3 player. Popping the earbuds on, she started to listen to some music.

*Now... to burn away the time... she thought pleasantly, a smile forming on her lips.*

The young college woman listened and listened, wasting away the time as she enjoyed her music in peace. She could do this all day. She felt too tired to celebrate successfully conquering the paperwork or do anything else. On that same subject, she recalled the text she got from her old sister about wanting to party it up.

She sighed, *wonder if I should have went out. Not like the paper is due soon... but... getting it done now does feel-*

**BOOF!** The couch shook gently, the feeling coming from both sides of her. Cathy’s brow furrowed, her face dropping to an annoyed frown. Then, she opened her eyes.

“Howdy Cath’~”

“How’sa favorite lil’ sistah doin’?”

“EEEEEEEEEP!” Cathy jolted from the couch, diving over her the sofa. She cartwheeled a bit before zipping around, getting into a runner’s position almost. Her heart was beating out of her chest, her face completely red, and heavy pants echoed out of her mouth.

She looked at the two figures that had suddenly appeared on the cushions beside her a moment ago. Both wore southern belle-style dresses, colored yellow and cut very low in the top to show off an incredible amount of cleavage. In fact, it was astounding their backs didn’t snap with their puffy chests on their thin waists.

Besides the dresses and body types, the two women were very different. One was this big, fluffy bunny in bright pink fur, her ears folded and sitting elegantly on top of her head. The other was a skunk woman, indigo with fluffy fur and a big, bushy tail scrunched up behind her.

They stared at Cathy equally with gleeful looks, applauding her excitedly. “Wonderful darlin’!” the bunny declared, getting up and walking towards her, “Simply wonderful! Yah so full of life ‘nd energy! Mary was so all gosh darn bothered that yah was too tired!”

“But it looks like yah full of energy ta me!” the skunk exclaimed, “Guess that means ya can come out on th’ town with us tonight~”

“STOP!” Cathy yelled, straightening up and holding out her hand, “Don’t take another step!! Who are you, and how did you get in here?!”

The ballgown-wearing ladies looked at each other and giggled. The bunny reached into her cleavage and pulled out a small key, flashing it at the young lady. “Why, mama gave it ta us so we can always get on in here~”

Cathy went quiet, staring at the key and then at the two. Thinking about what they said before, her mouth twitched, and she slowly, nervously asked, “Ummm, Rachel? Mary?”

“Yeeeeees?” the two busty anthro asked back with gleeful expressions.

A soft, relieved sigh escaped her lips, the young woman slouching forward. “Oh thank god,” the youngest sister declared, looking at the two, “you two really freaked me out, just showing up like that!”

Despite the oddity of the sight, Cathy wasn’t particularly bothered. She was used to it. Rachel loved all things transformation-like and constantly ended up turning into something or somebody else for one reason or another. Seeing Rachel as a big, rather familiar-looking pink bunny was “normal”.

Now, as for her other sister, Mary, as a big, toony, skunk woman, that was a different story. Cathy eyed her smelly sis curiously, asking, “So... why are you like that? I thought you couldn’t stand Rachel’s “silly” fun.”

The skunk woman chuckled, her chest jiggling softly on top of that, “Oh this lil’ o’thing? Welllllll, sistah Rachel made a very convincin’ case that ah would love ta be like her ‘nd, well, have a gander at th’ new me~”

*Convinced? Riiiiiiight.* Cathy didn’t believe that, turning her attention onto Rachel, who was trying to be as innocent as could be. *Knowing her, she probably “convinced” her by surprising her with it. Oh Rach...*

As Cathy sighed, a thought bubbled to the forefront. *Wait, they wanted me to come out with them before and I bet they looked like this then...*

Looking at her fuzzy sisters, Cathy asked curiously, “Wait, I’m going to guess you’re not hear to say hi and show off the new looks you have, right? I’m guessing that offer to go with you two is still very much on the table.”

Rachel nodded her head furiously, her long, floppy ears somehow staying in place. “Yah-huh! Ya got dat right! We’re goin’ out ta find a hootenanny ‘nd we wanna have ya join us!”

“Just think, three gorgeous belles like us, stunning ‘nd capturin’ tha hearts of men ‘nd women alike at whatevah party we go to!” Mary proclaimed. Both Rachel and her sighed happily, pulling out paper fans and fanning themselves.

“Ahhh, don’t you both have boyfriends? Why do you need to capture any more hearts than you already have?” Cathy asked.

The two anthros looked at each other blankly and then at their sister. They stuffed their fans behind their backs and shrugged, declaring, “Ah dunno. Just thank it be a lotta fun!”

“I... I see.” Cathy frowned, scratching at the back of her head and looking between them nervously, “Look, the offer is nice, but... but I dunno. I don’t think I’m really up for transforming or changing all that much.”

“Nonsense!” Mary declared, zipping over to Cathy’s side. The younger sister flinched. Whatever transformation she experienced, it really gave her eldest sister a bit of a speed boost. “This is tha perfect thing for ya! Really made meh a believah!”

“Ehhhhh, I’m not really...”

“Cath’!” whimpered Rachel. Cathy flinched again, realizing that her other sister had suddenly teleported right up to her face. She gave her a pouty, sad expression, her eyes watering and her bunny lips trembling. “We... we just wanna treat ya’ll ta a good o’ time! We... we would nevah hurt ya!”

Cathy blushed, her heart beating fast. She glanced at Mary and she was doing the same thing, though with her skunk tail laying limp on the floor, like a deflated balloon.

*Oh god, these two.* She knew it was just a guilt trip, no if, ands, or buts about it as far as she could tell. These two wanted another busty, furry friend with them on a night of... whatever they were planning. There was going to be nothing but trouble, she could be sure of it.

However, that all being said, she couldn’t help but blush harder. Her heart was beating faster, her palms and forehead getting all sweaty. She looked over her sisters again. They were so cute and undeniably attractive, to the right crowd, with their furry bodies, impressive curves, and incredible, classy dress style. She wasn’t attracted to them obviously, but their appearance was making her think.

She gulped, clearing her throat. “Well,” she mumbled, nervously twitching, “I mean... I... I guess it wouldn’t be too bad to go out with you all if this isn’t permanent or anything.”

And like with the flip of a light switch, the two sisters’ expressions turned on a dime. Their faces lit up with a joy and eagerness, the two grabbing their hands and twirling in delight. “Oh, ah say!” Mary declared, her tail perking up straight away, “What a glorious thang ta say!”

“Ya make dese ol’gals so happy!” cheered Rachel, “Let’s get ya all dolled up!” Before Cathy could inquire about what that exactly meant, the bunny sister reached behind her back and pulled out something brand-new: a small bike pump with a tiny hose attached to it.

Cathy eyed up the little attachment to the device, flinching slightly. “Ummm, that doesn’t go in anywhere... uncomfortable, does it?”

“...probably could be, don’t ya worry a pretty lil’thang about dat!” reassured Mary, ruffling her sister’s hair, “It only has ta go into yah mouth!”

“Oh... wait... what? OOF!” Before Cathy could address any further questions, the hose was shoved into her mouth. Not too far in that it would cause her to gag, but stuck in so that it could not easily be dislodged.

Cathy tugged on the hose, but it did not budge. Rachel smiled, declaring, “Don’t worry, hun. Ah made sure ta clean it before sticking it in. Now, let us pump up!”

With an ever growing grin, Rachel pulled back on the lever of the pump and pushed it back down. A small bulge raced through the tube and straight into Cathy’s mouth. Her cheeks puffed out slightly as a blast of air entered her mouth before deflating almost as quickly.

**POP! POP! POOOOOF!** Cathy’s eyes went wide and her head jolted down. The top three buttons on her dress shirt had instantly popped right off. Not only that, but her collar faded away and the shirt stretched out, baring most of her shoulders.

Mostly curious those was her short sleeves. She only caught the ending, but she witnessed them suddenly balloon out into these large, poofy sleeves half the size of her head. Instead of the pale blue, their coloring took on a pink tinting to them instead. Wrapping it all together was a lace coating around the holes that arms popped out of.

Looking at her sleeves and then at her sisters, Cathy instantly recognized the clothing adjustment. Mary giggled, “Awww, yah already adoptin’ our fashion style!”

Rachel said nothing, just giggling and putting in another pump. **POP-POP! PLUFF!** Cathy’s twin ponytails suddenly ballooned outwards, going very long, fluffy, and thick at the same time. They grew so thick that the beads she used to hold them in place popped right off, sending her hair cascading.

The bunny beamed with joy, quickly working the handle again before her sister’s hair could finish. Its dark blue shade brightened almost instantly, turned to a daisy yellow that expanded out from her follicles to her mop’s tips. Freed from its bands, her hair fell down to just below her shoulder blades, curling up ever so gently.

On the front of her head though, her hair swelled even great. It plumped and thickened faster and faster, curling just as quickly. Her hairstyle looked almost like a pompadour on steroids, eventually stretching out for an inch or so before curling back inwards like a snail’s shell.

Cathy reached a hand up, feeling her new, fluffy, cowlick-ish pompadour. She didn't have a good idea of what it was other than toony, even when Mary pulled out a large, full-length mirror from out of nowhere to give her a good look at herself. She wasn't sure what to think about the new hairstyle either, being a bright blonde with a silly haircut.

"Ya feelin' it Cath'?" Mary asked, pushing the mirror closer to the girl.

"Mmmahnnnnn," replied Cathy, unable to really voice her opinion.

"Mahbe ya need 'nother pump?" Rachel suggested, stroking her bunny chin. Without waiting for a reply, she quickly slammed down on the handle, sending a much larger air bubble straight into Cathy's system. The younger sister's head swelled slightly before deflating back to normal size, her head wobbling at the impact.

**VA-BOOSH! Pop! Womp.** Her breasts suddenly warmed, the feeling within them growing rather sensitive and weird. Soon after, they began swell, her bra stretching to contain her mammaries. After barely two seconds, the top button ripped off, plinking off the mirror as her breasts heaved forward. They mashed against the glass with a soft thud, expanding all the way up to a full set of E-cups.

Cathy's face was bright red, looking down upon her enhanced chest. She could feel her bra snapping off and falling out of her shirt, unable to hold in her new mounds. However, despite their new girth, she didn't notice her breasts sagging at all. In fact, they seemed perfectly fine, as if held by some invisible force.

She gulped and brought her hands to her chesticles, shivering slightly as they made contact with them. They felt so soft and squishy, almost like they were real. It was like squeezing a plushie or a bunch of foam.

"Liiiiiiiiike?" Cathy twitched, noticing her bunny sister's delighted grin as she began to raise the handle again. "Bewbies are all too squishy 'nd soft! Buuut, I betcha yah gonna be much more dan that in a sec!"

The bunny slammed down. **FWOOSH!** Cathy's shirt trembled slightly, right down to the tiniest of thread and strings. The material toughened in some areas, while also softened in others, its color changing to a soft pink as well. Buttons vanished as the shirt sealed together in the front, string and wiring appearing afterwards. More of the shirt dipped further, reshaping into a very low neckline of sorts.

A few more subtle changes and Cathy's shirt now resembled the top of a fancy, old-school dress. While a little loose in the chest, as if built for a being with bigger melons, new, fancy shirt fit her rather well. It gave her an elegant feel, even though it was clearly missing some features.

Mary smiled, pulling the mirror back a bit so her chest wasn't squished against it any longer. "Mah mah," she declared, fanning herself with her hand, "Ah do declare, yah turnin' into a mighty fine lil' lady now yahself."

Cathy stared at her changes so far. She was definitely looking weirder than before. But she had to admit, being transformed into such an incredible woman was quite invigorating, if not a bit exciting. She simply nodded as she witnessed another air bubble flow right up the hose and into her.

**Psssssssssssssssssssssh.** The sound was much different than the previous ones, not simply vanishing after a sort burst. It was similar to that of a balloon and to her, it was very apparent why.

Cathy's skirt was expanding, swelling and flowing down, quickly passing her knees and going to her calves. The folds of it flattened out as its fabric turned silky, lacing appearing around its base. The hips of it pressed out a good foot or two in width, just on par with the other ballgown-wearing gals in the room. Its dark blue changed only slightly, moving more into that of deep purple instead.

Just as the bottom of her newly enhanced skirt reached the ground, Rachel followed it up with two quick spurts from the pump. No sounds followed it this time, instead having two evening gloves appear on her hands. They were snow white like her sisters', going as far up to her shoulders almost.

Rachel paused, Cathy noticing she was sizing her up. How could she not though? Her clothing was immaculate. It looked just like their own, if with some slight color differences. The same heavenly gown and elegant gloves clothed her body now and it almost a perfect fit.

Mary was doing to the same. However, she looked a bit more concerned than the middle sister was. She sighed, shaking her head. "Well now, ah do say ya do need sum slight boostin' in yah britches 'nd yah mounds, if ah do say so mahself. Dat dress ain't for no flat chester, dat's for sure!"

*"Flat chester?" With my chest?* Cathy thought, looking strangely at her impressive breasts, still perfectly firm and held up.

Any consideration for flat chest went out the window as Mary snatched the bike pump from Rachel's hands. She sat it on the ground and pulled up on the handle. She pulled up and up and up until there was more handle than pump, it now higher than Mary's own head.

With a devious grin, the skunk gal leapt up and slammed down on the handle as hard as she could. A basketball-sized air bubble zoomed out from the pump, down the hose, and all the way into Cathy's mouth. Her cheeks ballooned out to basketball-size as well before deflating.

The air simply went elsewhere. **VA-VA-VOOOMP!** Cathy's chest exploded forward, jumping several extra cup-sizes to reach the pinnacle her sisters had achieved. Her dress was no longer roomy in the chest, the whole area filled up and even stretching to hold in her breasts.

**BA-BOOM!** Meanwhile, beneath the skirt portion, her lower regions got a major boost. Her hips widened considerably, rounding out to full-figure sizing. Her thighs thickened further as her rear inflated. Her panties stretched and stretched, being sucked in between her butt cheeks as the area went full bubble butt.

Growing a few extra inches, her dress extending to accommodate that, Cathy looked incredible. While still having the same face, her body was out of this world with her G-cup breasts and wide hips and rear to sport it. Nothing ached or hurt as she stood there. Everything felt perfectly in balanced.

Cathy looked back into the mirror, her face turning red once more. With a soft smile, Rachel took the hose and gently yanked on it, the tube popping out of her sister's mouth at last.

"Oh my god," Cathy spoke, adjusting her glasses and leaning forward. She gazed carefully at her reflection, tracing every inch of her body and dress. "I'm so... I'm so... I'm so beautiful and... and big!"

"Ya sure are, lil sis!" declared Mary, letting go of the pump and giving her a big hug. "Beautiful, big, 'nd busty, just like us!"

"Reaaaally? Ummm, thanks..." It felt weird to be called all those things, especially "busty" or being called that by her sister in general. However, she couldn't help but like it a bit. She did certainly feel all of those things, especially when her eyes kept falling on her vast cleavage.

"Hmph."

Both sisters turned to the right. There stood Rachel, who had a displeased, annoyed expression on her face. It was the same look Mary was giving only a few minutes ago.

"Is... is something wrong?" Cathy asked, her spirits lowering. "Is there something wrong with how I look? I-I thought you wanted..."

Rachel held up her paw, shaking her head gently. "No, no. Yah just fine, mah dear. However, ah thank thare can be more room for improvements. Ya simply... lack a certain "oomph" factor!"

Before she could elaborate, the bunny snatched up the hose and shoved it back into Cathy's mouth. Mary jumped back in surprised as the fluffy rabbit grabbed the pump again. She started rapidly pumping it with short little burst, sending bubble after bubble into Cathy.

The younger sister's body went all tingly and hot, her eyes rolling back. All the constant bubbles were making her feel really funny inside, way more than any single burst she received before. It was making her jitter and tremble excitedly over and over.

Her eyes turned back to the mirror swiftly, realizing she needed to see what was happening now. On her cheeks, splotches of white were sprouting up. She raised a gloved hand up, touching

the spot. Even though she couldn't feel it exactly, the texture and sensation weren't fur... but something else more animal-like.

The splotches rapidly grew, covering her freckles and then the rest of her face like a tidal wave. Brushing the area again, she twitched slightly as her hand made some of the splotches raise up. It was clear to her now that they were feathers, very soft, small, thin ones at that.

She watched the white feathers spread across her neck and to her shoulders, like raging water through a burst dam. They coated the entirety of her chest, covering her breasts before moving onto her torso and her limbs. She could feel the soft layering rise up beneath her clothing, which bulged ever so slightly.

“Ooooh, ah see! Yeah, this is better! More much “oomph” for sure!” Mary exclaimed, clapping excitedly.

Cathy's mind swarmed and swirled as she looked at herself. She was definitely looking weirder by the second and more fitting with the toony animal girls surrounding her. She wasn't sure if that was necessarily a good or bad thing for her though.

**RIIIP!** There was a sudden burst of pinching around her feet before the sensation was silenced. A weird tear followed after, prompting Cathy to carefully grab at her ballgown. She lifted it gently, revealing that her feet had also undergone a beastly metamorphosis.

Her feet were completely inhuman. They were bright orange and flat, with just a touch of muscle and meat to them so they weren't essentially cardboard thin. They were an extra foot longer and wider as a whole, very wide at where the toes should've been, but thin at the end. They were just like duck feet.

Most of her legs were duck-like as well, except for her thick, feathery thighs. *Danggum*, she thought gruffly, *ah'm gettin' real birdy now... 'nd ah'm thinkin' like how mah sistahs talk too! Well... ain't a bad way ta talk! Heh, ah sound all southern-like now~*

Rachel licked her chops, raising the handle once more. “Ah thank its time ta finish this,” she declared, “Don't ya'll agree?”

**SLAM! POOF!** One final burst of air shot through the tube and into Cathy's mouth. However, it didn't go into her lungs this time. It merely dissolved within her trap, her face growing numb and strange. It was like taking a shot of Novocain at the dentist.

That's when her mouth shook and rumbled. Her teeth rapidly merged together before pushing out of her maw. They merged with her lips and then even her nose, shooting forward like a lightning bolt. Her face and teeth morphed rapidly with the new growth, forming a large orange bill that stretched from cheek to cheek.

Her hose shot out of her mouth at the growth, ending things at long last. Her glasses even went flying with the shot, her ears sinking into her head and no longer holding them in place. Her



eyes widened, her jaw dropping. She felt new face, grasping new, orange duck bill. It felt firm and set into place.

“Oh wow,” Cathy mumbled, shocked, “Ah’m a big quacker now!”

“A beaut of a quacker at that!” declared Rachel with a giddy squeal. Wiggling her hips and dress side to the side, she tossed the bike pump behind her back and grabbed her sister’s hands. She twirled her around, declaring, “Oh dearest sistah! Now yah finally complete ‘nd pretty like us!”

Mary giggled, shoving the mirror back into her own pocket dimension. “Ah’ll say! Ya make a fine duck, mah fellow southern belle!”

Cathy tingled, a big smile splattering her duck bill. “Ahhh, thank ya kindly!” the new duck girl declared eagerly, “Ah say, ah say do look like a doll now!”

Rachel stopped their twirling and hug her sister tightly. Mary came up from behind Cathy, mashing her breasts against her back and hugging the two. “Awwww, ya gals are alright!” said Mary, sighing blissfully, “The three of us are perfect!”

Cathy couldn’t help but giggle. She never felt so close and personal with her sisters like this before. It was different, but not unpleasant sharing a transformation bonding moment.

However, it was time to move on. Cathy pushed herself from their grasps, surprising the two of them. The new duck merely smiled and asked, “Now, ya gals was talkin’ ‘bout findin’ a hootenanny ta party at ‘nd maybe capture sum hearts, right?”

The skunk and rabbit nodded their heads excitedly. “Ya-huh!”

Cathy reached around back and pulled out her own fan instinctly, fanning herself. “Well, ya got yah a fine bird, don’t ya say? How ‘bout we go out on tha town tonight?”

*THE END?*