

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #38

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Emergency Mules

“Cool. So now it’s only two miles after crossing the stream.”

“You mean the stream we just crossed or another stream to cross?”

“Pretty sure it was just the one stream... and then a bunch of boulders shaped like a big...”

“You dipstick! That’s the path west. We’re going south! We should have passed a giant oak tree that looks like it’s got a pair of big...”

“Watermelons? Hey, I think I see some wild melon patches down that hill. Think we can fancy a stop.”

“... yeah, I’m actually pretty hungry. Jason? How you feeling?”

For being a merchant of pride, the raccoon driving their rickety wagon wished for about the fourteenth time she had one set of earplugs among their pile of garbage wares. Desmond and Yuki had been arguing almost as soon as they had left the last town. It only took about ten minutes upon entering the woods between territories for them to wind up completely lost. Truly, Jason felt her comrades’ map reading abilities were beyond comprehension.

When no answer came from their grumpy driver, Yuki stuck her head out the closest window to check on their health. The slight overbite of her white fangs contrasted with her black fur in the waning sunlight.

“Jason? Honey? You sure you don’t want some watermelons?”

“I think we got plenty of melons in the cart already.” Jason did not look anywhere but straight at the forest path ahead. It was clearly unused, overgrown with vegetation, but if she kept leading their donkey on they were bound to end up somewhere.

Desmond popped his head out to rest atop an annoyed Yuki’s. His blue and yellow markings adding some flare to all the black fur. Although his weight was crushing on his four-foot Nemian friend. “We’re not fruit merchants, Jason. Unless you’re holding out on us.”

“The only thing I’m holding back is my boot up both of your...”

THUNK!

“AAAAHHH!!”

The sound of something solid striking wood gave all three anthros pause for alarm. Jason only needed an extra second to realize an arrow had embedded itself into her seat, missing the crotch by inches. She snapped at the reins to make their burrow move its fat butt, only to find her action too late.

A multitude of shadows descended from the trees to encircle their wagon. As the last rays of daylight slipped between branches, Yuki and Desmond climbed out to find their forward path blocked by several humans baring weapons. Jason had quickly raised her hands free of her mount's restraints upon noticing bows aimed for her.

“They scurry so loud through our lands, you would think them to be worse than regular animals,” chided a slightly fancier bandit. He strode forward with an air of confidence befitting his feathered cap. “But alas, even on these old roads there are certain levies to be made for order and maintenance.”

Jason rolled her eyes in a huff. “You're really doing the high road act here? In the middle of bum-fuck nowhere?”

The man blinked before getting a grin that Jason immediately regretted. “Well, if you insist. Men! Take their wagon... and perhaps... their clothes. We can let these beasts wander their way back to a town in their best fur, or just kill each other for warm...”

FWOOSH!!

Jason had a second to see the bottle-shaped object fly past her before it struck the bandit leader square in his shit-eating grin face. The mans ragged dry clothes immediately burst into flames. And thanks to the panicked flailing, so did most of the clothes of his nearby men.

The scene unfolded into utter chaos while bandits either tried to thrash out their flames or get distance to keep their own dried leaf clothes from catching a spark. Jason admired this sight for a moment before turning to glare at Desmond. Another flask of red fluid sat poised in one hand while a ceramic jar rested in the other.

“What?” Desmond recoiled defensively upon catching his friend's stink eye. “Who just stands here letting the bad guy rant?”

“Much as I can appreciate a proactive outlook on trouble, I’m worried your passion for fire might burn down the whole... is that a grenade!?”

Desmond held up the jar quizzically. An unmistakable fuse snaked its way out the neck, thankfully unlit.

“Heck, yeah!” Desmond beamed before turning to face the three bandits that had been approaching their wagon’s trunk. “It’s for those guys back there!”

A splash of red alchemist’s fire fluid lit the fuse before either of Desmond’s female companions could comment. He did not need to dish out a threat, either. The sight of a lunatic holding an active bomb was enough to make every bandit not on fire flee for their lives.

“Hah!” Desmond puffed out his chest in pride, grinning up at Jason. “That’s how you deal with second-rate bandits.”

Yuki took a step back from behind Desmond. Her eyes spread wider than plates. “Uh... Dessy?”

“I’ll take your guys’ apology with a slice of your pie rations. We still have apple pie, right? Or was that last week?”

“Desmond? Jason and I really think you should...”

Jason realized the source of Yuki’s distress and began side stepping to put the cart between her and Desmond.

“Yeah, we probably should get out of here first. Those guys won’t stay on fire forever. You still got the map, Yuki? We can circle back to that other stream and...”

“LOOK OUT!”

Yuki snatched the still lit grenade from Desmond, knocking him on his thick tail in the process. With a panicked heave, she tossed the explosive far as both her arms could manage.

It was not far enough. The little jar flew in a high arch only descending when the fuse reached its limit. The fresh twilight was broken by a thunderous explosion of green fire that briefly lit up the forest. Most of the bandits now had the grave misfortune of being blind, deaf, and on fire.

Their ultimate fate would never be known to the trio of anthro merchants. While they had the sense to dive into their wagon for cover, not a thought was spared for their donkey pulling it. Now rendered senseless

and scared for its life by the blinding loud colors it broke into a panicked run well off the forest trail.

To say the wagon's cabin got chaotic would be an understatement. Yuki found herself getting hands, feet, butts, and even Jason's tits shoved into her face during their bumpy ride. Not to mention Desmond taking opportunities to grab at her own breasts and penis sheath. There was just no time to reprimand the tiny, horny squirrel.

Unlike much of the salvaged wares it carried, the wagon was sturdy. Over and over, its wheels bounced off rocks or logs, sending its cabin high into the air. The three passengers would have almost found it fun, were they not falling over each other.

CRRRKK!

Sadly, the bouncing ride had to stop eventually. Everyone heard something give in a loud snap before being promptly flung against the front of the cabin in a jumbled pile. The trio somehow managed to roll out and separate across a muddy forest floor.

Jason was the first to make sense of their new surroundings. A thick bundle of tree roots had ensnared their wagon wheels for the sudden stop. Of course, that had done nothing to stay their panicked donkey. Poor thing had broken right off its bonds to continue its blind escape. Much to Jason's dismay, it was nowhere in sight now. Then again, neither were the lights of fire to show their would-be robbers. Nothing but black silence came from the maze of tree trunks around them.

"Damn it, Desmond!" Jason whirled back to huff at her companions. "Who the fuck brings a grenade to a knife fight?"

"Someone who wants to win," Desmond huffed back, trying to look uptight covered in mud and grass stains.

Both of Jason's hands clenched and relaxed repeatedly, trying to calm her nerves. Getting angry would certainly not help their current situation. "Oh, yes. Thank you so much for trying to set the forest on fire and almost killing all of us."

"You're welcome!" Desmond broke into a relaxed grin. "Was it so hard to express some gratitude? At least I take initiative around here."

He had already turned to check the back of the wagon, so could not see Jason picking up the small log to bash his head in with. She promptly

dropped it when Yuki had blinded them both by finding a lamp to light during their exchange.

“Seriously, Desmond?” The nemian was no more pleased with this evening’s events, ruffling her feathered wings in a pout. “You almost blew both our faces off. Wasn’t setting them on fire enough?”

“I’m more happy my reagents didn’t get mixed in the ride.” Desmond’s fluffy tail bounced from around the side of the wagon while heavy shuffling noises broke the forest’s silence. “We could have ended up melting them, or fused into some kind of three headed chimera beast... which might look pretty sexy, depending.”

Jason exchanged a worried look with Yuki, who refused to comment. “At least the wagon is still in working condition once we dig it out of these roots.”

Yuki bit her lower lip, which naturally showed more of her overbite fangs. “Yeah, but, we lost our puller.”

“Eeyup! We lost the one ass that was useful and got stuck with the bigger ass that’ll probably get us killed.”

“Hey!” Desmond poked his head around the wagon, holding a flask of various colors in each hand. “Don’t put yourself down so hard when you volunteered to be leader. It’s not going to be good for morale out here.”

Yuki took a silent step back from a seething Jason. The lamplight she held made her raccoon friend look even more terrifying than the usual angry fits. Bloodshot eyes twitched violently, taking in Desmond, Yuki herself, the surrounding forest, then oddly at the flasks in Desmond’s hands.

To both their surprises, Jason straightened back up with a smile. “Yes... well... nobody’s perfect, right? Let’s work on getting out of here then.”

“Um...” Yuki let out a squeak from the way Jason’s head snapped to her like a possessed doll. “H-how are we going to do that without our donkey?”

“Oh, I dunno. Maybe Desmond could help with that.”

Jason almost pranced to the back of the cart. An act that unnerved Desmond enough not be out of sight with her for very long. Jason ignored him hurriedly putting the potions back into his trunk before rushing to Yuki’s

side where the light was. He never noticed the trunk's latch failed to lock in his hurry.

"I... I suppose I could make us a strength potion," Desmond said over the sounds of more violent shifting of objects from their wagon's trunk space. There was a lot of glass clattering and thudding for such a short raccoon woman to make. "Or maybe turn Yuki into a taur. You like taurs, right?"

"Dessy, I'm the smallest one here."

"So? We can make you a very LARGE taur. You'll be so big we can load all the stuff on you to ride into town."

Yuki's pointed furry ears dropped against her head. "I'm not your pack mule, Desmond!"

"Would you like to be?" Desmond retreated from Yuki's even sourer expression. "Then again, if we could find a squirrel or something we could have a new donkey in seconds. You just have to mix the golden liquid with the brown for the polymorph potion."

The sounds of Jason's activities stopped for exactly two seconds before resuming in an earnest clicking of glass. Neither really noticed over their conversation.

"You...is that why your reagents look like a unicorn vomited a rainbow?" Yuki raised an eyebrow at her friend.

"Look, writing things down in a book takes too long and is easier to lose. A little color coding never hurts if it gets results much faster."

A second light erupted from behind the wagon, with Jason coming around with their spare lantern. Two water-skins were tucked firmly under her other arm as she approached the others. "Well, can't argue with results, right? Like the kind that got us stranded out in the woods."

"Ugh!" Desmond shook his head sadly. "You really got to stop beating yourself up about that."

Jason's smile twitched a little crooked for the briefest of seconds. "So anyway, I'm going to go fetch us some water. We're a bit low and if our genius alchemist can't get us out of here tonight we might as well make camp."

That got a confused glance from Yuki. "Where are you going to get..."

“From the stream, silly!” Jason almost shouted the answer through clenched teeth, even going so far as to give her tiny nemian several rough pats on the head. “You two just get the wagon out, and maybe a fire started. Some of those roots look pretty dry.”

“But...” Jason ignored further questions as she turned to vanish into the woods. Her raccoon figure phased into the darkness until all either Yuki or Desmond could see was the lamp light hovering around. Yuki then turned to Desmond still looking disquiet. “I don’t hear a stream.”

“Me neither, but she seems to be under a lot of stress tonight. Best to let her cool off and get over it alone for a bit.”

“But you’re the one who...”

Desmond interrupted Yuki’s protest to toss her a shovel from the Wagon’s lockbox. It nearly made her drop her lantern. “Less yapping, more dislodging!”

Despite both anthros having the size and strength to rival teenagers, the job was not nearly as bad as they were expecting.

It was SO much worse...

After a long time of trying to dig, and then pry, the wagon out it became apparent the roots were deeply entangled with their wheels. That was when Desmond had the brilliant idea of ‘take an axe to everything’ and retrieved hatchets from their trusty tool box. While that did eventually remove enough to push their wagon back onto a solid surface it also left Desmond face down in the dirt heaving for breath by the time Jason returned. Yuki had propped her butt up against the tree trunk itself looking no better. Her tongue was hanging off to the side of her vulpine muzzle, looking ready to crumble to ashes.

“I guess building a fire would be asking a bit much of you two right now, huh?” Jason giggled in high spirits. That would have surprised her comrades, but they were too tired to barely register her words at all. Exactly as she had hoped to find them. “Good thing I brought the refreshments, eh?”

Desmond looked up to see a waterskin dangling inches from his dirty muzzle. His eyes glanced quizzically at Jason’s sparkling one’s behind that raccoon mask before a trembling hand reached up to take it.

“Mineminemineminemine!”

There came a loud whoosh of wind, sending Jason staggering back with hair going in a tussle. When she recovered, the leather pouch that had been in her hand was gone. The sounds of hurried gulps and splashes resonated softly through the clearing, noise Jason identified as Yuki not three feet away. The entire waterskin was pitched over their canine muzzle to douse her whole face in refreshing river water.

“Y-YUKI! You can’t... I mean, you shouldn’t... that was for...” Jason tripped in a panic over her words, as if stopping herself from saying something. That somehow got Yuki’s ears to flick before lowering the pouch to start confused back. “D... Don’t you eat energy or something?”

“Well... yeah, but it’s not nearly as refreshing as cold water all over hot fur.” Yuki giggled and resumed gulping more than her share.

Something that annoyed Desmond enough to climb onto his feet. “Going to share with the rest of the class, short stack!”

“Oh, like you don’t enjoy my stack. HEY!”

It did not take much strength for Desmond to snatch the waterskin away from the smaller Yuki. Not that he needed to be so brash. Jason had filled the pouch up to its limit and Desmond could easily see she had another one bulging full as well. He saw little reason not to guzzle most of the contents before passing a limp bag back to Yuki.

“So what’s our pla-HAWW for the... night?” Desmond blinked in a stupor at the involuntary bray that had escaped his throat. A startled yelp quickly broke that, directing his attention to Yuki.

“D-Desmond, you’re teef!?” Yuki gasped feeling an odd itching sensation in her gums. Reaching up to feel, she yelped again at finding her cute canines were losing their overbite. The fangs dwindled back into her upper jaw seemingly to feed the growing bulk of both upper and lower incisors. “M-my teef!? What’s HAWW-ppening!?”

Her identical involuntary braying had her and Desmond staring blankly at each other for several seconds. Even from lower down she could see his front teeth also growing into incredibly large biters as well. Almost as one the wheels clicked into place and they whirled to face Jason. Unfortunately, the raccoon had already gained a considerable distance from them. Only half of Jason poked out from behind a pile of rocks used for cover.

“Sorry, Yuki, that was supposed to be Desmond’s little medicine for our troubles,” Jason explained with a shrug. “But you know what he said; a little mixing gets us a new donkey in seconds right?”

Desmond’s face went pale at the realization of what they had really been served to drink. His nose was already looking a bit wider as his tail shed a lot of blue fur.

Yuki was going red more from the growing heat that was developing into an uncomfortable pinch in her pants crotch. “Y-you’re kidding right? Aahh haa-HAAW!!”

“Definitely no-HAWW-t! I know a polymorph trap when the changes get started.” Desmond muttered with a nervous fidgeting in his own posture. He looked more resigned to their fate. Not like he would have hands long enough to make the antidote. They were already getting stiff.

“Nggh! Haa haa haww!”

Yuki was having worse problems with stiffness, shown by the inflating bulge of her crotch. Friends may have always known about her altersex nature, but Desmond also knew for a fact she was never that well hung. There was also little that could be done outside watching the little Nemian fumble around with the buckle to her waistband. Yuki could see her claws melting into caps of hard chitin across the tips of her fingers, which were getting very hard to keep from pressing together.

Eventually Yuki ripped the peg completely from its buckle. Immediately, the rest of her pants crotch exploded in a loud rip. The giant donkey dick sprung out with a force that caught both changing anthros by surprise, almost smacking Yuki on her chin before landing on the forest floor in a flaccid state. While once Yuki had a bright blue glow of magic about her male organ, she could only watch it fade helplessly into a drab grey skin as it continued to snake along in a steady growth.

Desmond would have made a joke about such an enormous one-eyed snake, were he not going through similar tribulations. While he was distracted by such spontaneous growth, his own pants creaked in protest at the rapid expansion of his hips. With two loud rips, the seams along his sides gave way to some very muscular flanks, which flowed down into thighs that were also bulking for some hard labors ahead.

“Yeep!” Desmond grimaced as his entire posture changed. From inside his broadened pelvis came the constant groaning of joints under pressure. Despite his resistance, he continued to hunch forward the louder

the groaning became. Yuki could see his expression going from annoyed to panic as his balance teetered.

CRRRCK!

“Hee-HAWW!”

Desmond cried out along with the loud snap of his hips finally giving way. Hands squished deep into the muddy ground from new configurations working through his pelvis. The entire flank pulled back with another loud crack that smoothed out the shape of his butt. This proved to permanently lock Desmond in a quadrupedal state. He tried again and again to rear himself back onto two legs, only to crash down in harder thunks. With a gasp, he watched his fingers sink deep into the mud as hard chitin encased them into useless hooves.

SHRRP! SHRRP! SHRRP!

“Nggh! Awk! C-come HAWW-n!”

Desmond whimpered softly, watching over one shoulder as his ass exploded out what remained of his shorts. Donkey glutes puffed up with hard muscle as his once proud tail hung like a lazy noddle between their crack. The only remnants of its former fluff being the small tuft of fur at the end.

Yuki could not help giggling at the display, watching Desmond’s shins lengthen into tight towers of sinew. His toes flexed once before flowing together into hind hooves to match his dis-proportioned, former hands. Poor guy had the complete hindquarters of a donkey, with a dick slowly descending between his thighs as it steadily grew to rival the nemian’s in length.

“D-desm-HAWW-nd, joo lhook sho f-HAWW-nny!”

Suddenly talking with a heavily nasal’d lisp reminded Yuki she had her own horrifying transformation to deal with. Her partial hands flew to her face in shock. Judging by the way Desmond glanced over and smirked, it was just as bad as things felt.

By now, Yuki’s muzzle had grown both in length and width. Huge nostrils flared after becoming flush with thick upper lips. Her piercings stung a little now stuck in ears over a foot long with full rounded tips. Somehow her ponytails had remained but found her hair continued growing down her neck in a snow white man.

CHHCK!

“Breeeee!” Yuki whined as the bridge of her nose reversed. The entire shape of her skull became streamlined with her forehead while her face continued to extend downward.

“Why the lo-HAWW-ng face, Yuki!?”

“HAWW-ck you, jerk!”

Hard to believe Desmond could still commit to puns with the hindquarters and front legs of a donkey. Perhaps he still wanted to make use of speech while he still could. Yuki could feel muscles in her neck tighten to rob her of the privilege. Her charm necklaces pinched only a moment before the mounting muscles snapped their cheap clasps off.

Another cramp forced Yuki’s shoulders to scrunch together. Moments later a sharp numbness struck joints back there, causing both wings to flop to the ground completely lifeless. Yuki looked back with equine jaw hung in shock at seeing her glorious feathers molt off in a messy pile as the appendages were pulled back into her body. She would have reached for them, but her arms no longer had that kind of flexibility. It was all she could do to paw at the air with increasingly useless lumps.

KRRFFTT!!

“Naah-HAWW!”

Yuki cried out as her chest billowed out into a stronger ribcage. Her stomach and waist equally helping to shred the buttons off her vest as they filled out into a thick donkey’s barrel. The flesh of her wings apparently helped to feed her torso with lots of developing muscles and fats. As her shirt tore away, Yuki was especially alarmed at how flat her chest had become.

Until she looked further down to find her breasts now resting at her crotch, partially blanketing the thick rod of her dick.

Desmond was not far off from matching. An unusual expression overcame him as he tried to wiggle his forelegs. With each deep breath, his stomach gained an increasingly deep bulge to it. His waist puffed out soon with it, becoming more matching to the giant donkey rear bobbing about in the air. His face turned into a grimace as he bunched up forelegs close to his chest.

“Neeighed HAWW!”

It was a futile struggle that lasted seconds. Desmond collapsed forward onto his hooves again while the front of his own shirt tore down the

middle to let his chest swell outwards. He always did like to wear baggy clothes, so it was kind of funny to see the sleeves tear but still have a mostly intact shirt hug around his equine torso.

“Breei hee-hee!” Yuki gasped at suddenly feeling her back legs shift and lengthen. Their growth forced her to fall forward onto her own forehooves. Settling into a quadrupedal stance, it only felt natural the more her legs bulked up. She gave her toes one last wiggle before the mounting grown of hard shell sealed them into what would become her hooves.

The increasing change to equine legs steadily rose Yuki’s butt into the air until it became perfectly level with her wingless shoulders. At which point the main seam of her pants split asunder to let her rears muscles bulge forth in an explosive surge. She watched the three fluffy fox tails atop it wag as if to say goodbye before their fur molted even faster than her feathers. The last traces of her nemian self were soon nothing but fuzzy sticks with tuft tips swishing across her enormous, feral backside.

Desmond groaned as his own neck cracked and swelled with muscles. “Jas-HAWW-on! Awh shwarr yourreeii ariigh goieeng toh P-HAWW-y t-HEE-is! Hee-haww! Haww! Reei haww!”

Yuki gave him credit for at least trying to talk to the very end. Even attempting a little threat as his mane grew out and muzzle dropped into the widened dork smile of a donkey. A bit fitting considering how he brought this whole event around on them both, the ass.

After a few more angry brays, Desmond realized the ability to form words was now far above his new form. The two mules clopped around clumsily among their remains of clothes, fur, and feathers attempting to get used to the four-legged variety of motion. Of course, instincts always had a way of carrying over with potions. It made it fairly easy to at least to get the basics down.

Just as Desmond was sure he could walk without falling flat on his big snout, he noticed Yuki was actually scanning their little forest location. She shot him a questioning head tilt, which was when it became apparent Jason had not made sight or sound of herself during their transformation.

“Neiigh? Haww?” They both glanced around, braying softly into the surrounding darkness. Some semblance of fear could almost be taken away from their senseless cries.

“Oh, hey! Are you guys done finally?” As if on cue, Jason popped out from some thick beds of berry bushes. One hand was holding a lantern to

cast fresh light on her new mules, while the other clumsily fumbled to tuck her shirt in. "Sorry, I had to take a piss, and it's not like you guys needed me around."

The two changed mules exchanged an awkward stare before watching Jason approach.

"I must say, though, Desmond has got to make the best potions for anything. You guys look really adorable."

She reached out to give Desmond's nose a pat. That seemed to have snapped something because she spotted those donkey eyes narrow and barely pulled back in time from getting her fingers bit off. Yuki looked equally surprised, but tripped over her hind legs trying to back off. At least her mule ass landed in a soft muddy patch.

"Hey, chill the fuck out!" Jason huffed, but backpedaled when Desmond stamped a hoof aggressively. She took a deep breath, using her free hand to reach for a hip pouch. "You want to get out of this forest or do you want to waste your potions' time limit beating me up."

The way Desmond's upper lip retracted to show his enlarged front teeth almost looked like a cartoonish smile. Somehow Jason could tell which option he was favouring right now.

"B-besides, there's a whole patch of these right beyond the bushes!" Jason almost dropped the bundle of wild carrots in her panic as she pulled them from her pouch.

The mud caked roots immediately got Desmond's attention. Ears raised and lips sputtered apparently all but forgetting his reason for having ire towards the raccoon. Jason's muzzle curled back into a grin as even Yuki clopped curiously over.

"Yeah, you guys want these, huh? All that transformation has got to have left you hungry." Jason slowly set the lantern down before splitting her prized treat into each hand. Offering it to her currently feral friends, she found it adorable how greedily they nipped them up. "Good asses. I'm not a monster here. There are tons of wild carrots around to get fat on."

Jason giggled as they finished their little meal only to lick any traces off her fingers. Desmond even went so far as to push his snout into her chest with a gentle bray to beg for more. Any anger or doubts about their current situation had simply become clouded memories for the two mules.

They just wanted to make their masked friend happy in the hopes she had more treats.

And Jason was all too happy to lead them back over to the wagon by the rot end of more carrots. They neither noticed nor cared about how she rigged fresh reigns to the broken pole. Once her new mounts were secure, with bridles in their happy mouths, Jason made her way back to the driver's seat to get some bearings straight. One look at the parchment her friends had been fighting over almost made the raccoon drop her lantern.

"You dumbasses realize you were fighting over a map of the wrong area, right!?" Jason looked down at the mules, who were seemingly more interested in some passing fireflies. "Oh, right... sorry, Yuki. At least Desmond's potions wear off after a while. I'll make this up to you by having Desmond buy us new clothes or something, I promise."

The donkey that was Yuki gave a curious glance back at the strange yapping woman. It became obvious such words were no longer of her comprehension, at least for the time being. She just resumed looking forward with a lazy flick of her three tails. Who knew carrots were a bit of an overdose for equine instincts?

Jason absently wondered what would have happened if she had found some apples.

But then she was wasting time. Setting the lantern on a safety peg, Jason collected the reins for her new ride and gave them a gentle whip.

"YAH MULE!"

The pair of burrows immediately began clopping forward as if always trained for such labors. Their combined strength was nothing to pull the wagon over the roots that had once held them prisoner. And the speed at which they could move even for rough terrain was so much better than their last mount, if uncomfortably rocky.

Still, Jason's only worry was that they could find civilization before her friends changed back. She wanted a comfortable bed and armed guards to hide from their inevitable retribution.

Star Fox 63 Adventure

An annoyed kick against the Arwing's haul did nothing to repair its burning structure, but it did send a surge of pain up an already bruised leg. You would think that after saving the damn galaxy three times, maybe four, mercenary work would become an easy gig. By comparison, answering a spontaneous distress call felt like a typical milk run. One just had to go in, pick up some people, shoot some others maybe, and bask in heaps of gratitude and money.

The ambush might have been a slight deviation to the routine. So what? Star Fox had faced death in the face and laughed, at least on the third instance. The first two had still been frightening enough that the crew needed to change their pants afterwards. By now, Fox McCloud needed a lot more than remote piloted drones to get scared. His crew could handle the fodder while he did the whole rescue alone.

The thermal detonation of the distressed freighters reactor? Now that was just cheating. Fox had barely time to land on the ship before it started exploding, with none to make it out of the minimum blast radius. One uncalculated leap through an accidental wormhole later left the dashing rouges Arwing crashing on a jungle planet in the who-knows-where sector of the galaxy. All the gear that could have told him such important information was still on fire, along with the means of contacting help. There was only solace in the fact no one else got sucked through with him, or worse exploded with that trapped ship.

At least the black box survived the crash. Its distress beacon was only good for maybe a little outside the system Fox got flung into, but any hope felt better than none. Even better was his ability to get out the emergency supply kits before they went up in smoke. Now he had the basics of roughing it; tents, tools, rations, and enough water filters to survive for years. Unless this planet had some giant dinosaurs, this would not be the worst adventure in Fox's life.

For one thing, he had a blaster this time.

Once it was clear the crash fire would not be spreading to the surrounding jungle seeking shelter became the next priority. Fox slung the giant duffle bag of gear over his back and got to hiking. There were some soft hill peaks jutting out of the treelines to the west, making that the best option. High ground was always great, especially still in sight of the crash sight. With any luck, some advanced society might be in this system and already on route to investigate. Hell, after this day, Fox would be happy just to find a cave or something to make camp in.

Perhaps it was recognizing the jungle heat that made Fox look up, perplexed. This system had a pink sun. Either that or something about the planet's atmosphere made it look pink. It did not seem to hinder the environment any. As Fox walked along, his pointed ears danced, trying to keep up with the symphony of sounds around him. There were the expected birds, bugs, and frog croaks, but also roars and growls not as far off into the distance as an anthropomorphic man would like.

Oh well, the unknown kept things exciting. Not that any of the wildlife making noise decided to show up and introduce themselves. That was also just fine. Surviving a spaceship crash rarely leaves a sane person itching for a fight.

Fox felt a great relief to reach the hills to find a rather nice alcove directly facing his ship. Nothing like a little weather protection to go along with your camp. The rest of the day was spent setting up the tent before getting a can of hash cooked over a small fire. Any thought of building a signal flame was thrown out when a series of hungry yelps passed by the base of a hill, along with a rather violent disturbing of branches. Fox might as well wash his tail in barbecue sauce for whatever prowled the nights here.

With how cold the air got late at night, there was some small regret at choosing safety first. Even in his full flight suit and bedroll Fox was amazed

to wake up at dawn with ice on his breath. He quickly worked on a fire to brew up some coffee for much needed warmth. Taking a steaming cup of bitter caffeine in one hand, Fox hiked up the rest of the hill for a morning view of the land. Some smoothed out animal paths were worth noting that wildlife frequented this area.

“Ow! Ow! Mother frigging butt humper!” Perhaps stretching before a small hike would have also been a good idea. Fox staggered to keep his balance, filling the tranquil atmosphere with sophisticated curses. A sharp tension in his hips was making them difficult to walk normally, which resulted in a large portion of hot coffee splashing over his unexpectedly sensitive chest.

Forgetting how the heck clothes were going to be washed, reaching the hilltop proved worth the effort. That strange pink sun slowly climbed over the horizon, washing Fox with a soothing warmth. It elicited soft moan from his muzzle as one hand absently adjusted the waistband of his pants. They were getting a bit tight, but not enough to distract from taking in the scenery over sips of remaining coffee. Light played off almost everything for a rather colorful palette of purples and orange. Something was definitely up about this planet or its sun, but it did not seem to affect the indigenous life.

Speaking of which, the jungle was taking its time waking up. Pointed vulpine ears barely picked up a fraction of yesterday’s ruckus, which was rather welcomed. Fox spotted a lake not too far east and wanted to get there before breakfast finished their morning drinks.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Frigging bull steaming hell hole!”

How could the hike down become harder than the trip up? Not only had Fox’s hips gotten worse, but the tension had spread to his lower back. It forced his posture to walk in smaller steps with bushy tail bumping stiffly back and forth. First thought was that he must have suffered some kind of unnoticeable injury in the crash that was now trying to heal. Of course, any medical equipment to check was already charred black. All he could do

was pop some aspirin, grab a blaster, and hope things improved by lunchtime.

'Improving' would be a subjective term for Fox's ongoing ordeal. Trying to take a walk through the jungle got increasingly awkward the higher the sun rose. With pink rays illuminating against his back, the pressure continued to mount inside his pelvis. Hands occasionally scratched at his chest, which itched like crazy under his shirt. That coffee must have been hotter than it felt. There were some really firm boils pushing back against his fingers.

CRRCK!

"Aah!?" It was when Fox had to struggle over some fallen logs that things hit a limit. While trying to stretch a leg out to touch down on the other side, there came a sharp snap in the anthro's joints, which promptly relieved all the tension. That had to have meant he finally broken his lower body, but finishing the climb over he found both legs could stand perfectly fine again.

Fox resumed the walk and promptly realized functionality was not the same as normality. Something had completely knocked his hips out of place, making them rock side to side with more fluid tail wags. Worse was that Fox's stance had changed so his knees bent inwards and ground his thighs together. That made him have to stop every so often to work out the wedgie it dug into unintentionally bouncing rear.

On the bright side, no pain meant faster movement. Such an odd injury did nothing to slow Fox down once he got used to the shifting balance. Reaching the lake was hardly a problem, while sneaking downwind barely needing effort. Strange to suffer a crash and come out more agile from it.

Basic survival training had not let the confused vulpes down either. Several animals had already started gathering around for their morning

drinks. Some deers had failed to notice his approach, probably more concerned with the fluffy feline things across the way. The thrill of a hunt made Fox forget about his hip condition, but by the time anything heard his butt disturbing some branches he had already lined the shot. A single blaster bolt exploded from the underbrush, sending all but one deer fleeing in panic.

“Humming rubble fuggin blasted bumble!” Fox was running out of ‘child friendly’ swears after only being on this planet for less than a day. In his defense, trying to haul the deer carcass back to his camp proved to be a strenuous adventure all on its own. The weight on both shoulders nearly got him crushed, while his arms cried out for mercy after only dragging it a few dozen meters.

So much for getting breakfast. Fox slumped onto a tree stump scarcely out of the lake’s view, but covered in sweat and gasping for breath. The sun was already reaching the highest point in the sky, making lunch a tantalizing goal soon. Once his lungs stopped heaving, he took the opportunity for a swig from his water canteen before wiping the perspiration from his face with a jumpsuit sleeve.

“Umm...” Fox looked at the sleeve, blinking slowly. The cuff hung gaping around his limp wrist threatening to swallow up the attached hand. Now that it had his attention, the whole outfit was feeling loose on his body. The only exception was around his butt and chest, which pushed out the fabric in odd ways. He pulled back the sleeve and gave a hard flex. Once modest bicep muscles had lost much of their bulging splendor. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Now there was no denying this planet had some weird property to it. That or Fox was still in his Arwing, suffering the mother of all coma dreams. Not that either outcome eased his concerns any. All he could do for the moment was hop back to his feet, christ even his boots felt loose, and haul the deer back to camp.

Such an act still took a while, but harsh denial spurred Fox on. Eventually, he got a shank cooking over a fresh fire. Scrounging up some good chow was worth a surge of accomplishment over all these mutations.

Such positive feelings lingered until he realized the camp's water supply was nonexistent. Much as Fox did not want to, he picked up all the pots and bottles he could carry for a trek back. On the bright side, so many trips were making it easy to acclimate to his forced walking style. If anything, rediscovering his center of balance made each foot step considerably lighter.

Perspiration, on the other hand, was no less a problem. Fox returned to the lake and immediately filtered several long drinks of water, some for wetting his throat and the rest for drenching the salty sweat from his facial fur. Once the senses cooled down, his black nose twitch and then cringed. Whatever that deer creature had been rolling in had passed onto Fox's clothes as its parting gift.

A wash up sounded like a great idea anyway. This was a fine water source with some smooth rock beds nearby. With any luck, he could scrub the coffee stain out of his only available shirt, too. The damn boils that morning's spill had caused were swelling alarmingly huge. When Fox tried to pull his shirt off the tight hem caught against them. It took a few hard tugs before he could finally get them to pop out. And yet they did not break, only falling slightly with a gentle weight pulling on the vulpine's chest.

Probably because they were far from simple boils.

"Um..." Fox finished removing his shirt staring dumbfounded at the rise of his creamy furred chest. The way his white fluff curved out into a pair of soft sacks made little sense at first. Their stretched skin had been filled with an ample amount of pliable fats that left a partially rounded shape to rival cantaloupes. All the stretching must have really made the skin tender. Being exposed to gentle breezes caused Fox to shiver with goosebumps, especially with his bright pink nipples swollen larger than his thumbs.

Realization crushed Fox's denial with the force of a meteor. The widening hips, the tight pants, and now these chest sandbags brought back a haunting familiarity with a special vixen back on his flagship. Granted, all three traits looked a lot more amplified on him than her. A fact that did nothing to ease Fox's rising heartbeat.

The stained shirt was dropped onto the ground completely forgotten. In his daze, Fox moved shaking hands up for the mounds. Their flesh wiggled violently with the hard heaves of his lungs giving his slender fingertips pause. There was a great reluctance, yet need, to touch them. Physical contact was the only way to confirm if any of these bizarre altercations were real. That by some strange occurrence, he was changing to resemble a woman.

Fox's ears sprung straight up at a sudden thought, his hands stopping inches from his full breasts. For a few seconds it seemed like he had turned into a statue, but then in a burst of energy his hands shifted direction. Fingers shot down under what little slack remained in his pants to carefully take stock of his groin.

His scream cut through the lake, sending flocks of birds scattering in a panic from nearby trees. While Fox's arguably two most important bits were there, it was hardly with a presence that would inspire pride. In fact, he could feel them continuing to shrink away from his palms. Only the sound of his pant seams straining could be heard over the silence of the lake. His hips gained a bit more thickness in preparation for a different biological purpose.

Like hell that was going to happen. Fox turned to bolt through the forest, disregarding the water and even his shirt. The latter of which he regretted after about ten paces. Gravity taught him the hard way that it does not like huge tits. Without a brace, they bounced and flapped any which way threatening to send Fox splatting onto the muddy forest floor. Trying to hold them down with his feminine hands did little to help. That only alerted him to the fact these gazongas were suffering an even worse growth spurt than his hips. Skin continued to shift and push against his fingers with each passing second, inflating from cantaloupes to basketballs.

“Son of a blasted sharpclaw, fuck!”

The rest of Fox’s stature by contrast seemed to be fine with getting overly smaller. Pant legs became more clumped and loose nearly tripping him every time the cuffs slipped across his dainty feet. He also was not fond of how higher pitched his voice became with almost every curse uttered. There had to be something at his camp that could halt these changes before all traces of masculinity vanished. Maybe he had missed an environmental suit, or some toxin flushers in the medical box.

“Oh...” Fox had been so angry and flustered about his increasingly jiggling curves he failed to notice some new additions to his camp until only coming within meters of it. “Um... hello?”

“Hi!” A silver-haired horse woman jumped to her hooves with a happy wave. Fox could only watch helplessly as the coffee maker she had been admiring slipped from her grasp. The objectively most important item at the camp was left forgotten to shatter among the rocks while she clopped on over to stand before him. Her long thick nose dipped so glittering blue eyes could take in Fox’s thick body. “Good to see you’re still alive, and coming along rather nicely, I must say. The shamaness is going to find you really sexy.”

“What...”

Fox had been mourning the loss of his coffee maker, so her words took a moment to reach him. When they did, he found it hard to take eyes off any of the women. Two more were with the horse, a pigeon and a sheep, but they were taking it upon themselves to carve up the deer carcass into more manageable pieces.

Any hopes they might have been some kind of rescue were dashed for two reasons. First being that they were all wearing primitive tribal coverings; loincloths, sandals, some form of poncho were all made from

hemp or animal skins. Markings of red and yellow colors were painted into the exposed areas of their fur. Even the tools used to cut the meat were crudely forged irons. Definitely not a sign of intergalactic travelers.

The second part, which drove a spike into Fox's gut, was all three had no hope of covering the enormous breasts swinging with their steps. While he had been panicking about his bust inching towards the roundness of beach balls, all three women dominated him with sloshing beanbags. Their torsos were practically hidden behind thick blankets of furry, or feathery, mammaries that proudly presented areolas wider than car wheels for the stunned vulpine to take in.

A bubbly giggle from the horse snapped Fox's attention back up to her adorable star eyes. "You can call me Seno. We saw you crash, but it took a while to cut a path through the jungle. Allow me to welcome you to Bribez; planet of amazons and milk, as we like to call it."

"I'm... I'm Fox," he sputtered after a sudden cough shifted his tone another notch higher. Ears folded back at how angelic it made his words sound. That was far from a top concern as his hand gestured between their respective busts. "And I hate to ask, but is this.. uh... normal?"

"Hm? Oh! The swelling? Afraid so. You catch on real quick, Fox. Reminds me of when Roxie ended up here as a man. Remember that, Roxie?"

The sheep glanced at Seno, flipped her the bird, and resumed stuffing the deer meats into a hemp sack.

"She doesn't mind the fifty-pound tits, but don't you dare make fun of her thick lamb chops. You know what I'm saying?" Seno gave Fox a playful elbow nudge but got no response. Her new visitor merely rocked back and forth to the shifting weights of her smaller boobs. "Ah, we got a broken one, girls. Better than a freak out, I guess."

Come to think of it, all the girls had pretty smoking hot bodies Fox would have gone for on a Friday Night bar run. It was almost a shame their chests literally blocked most of that aspect. That and he was trying, and failing, to reassure himself that his own stretching, swelling, wobbling body was now slowly joining their ranks. It was only when Seno placed a comforting hand on his shoulder that the intense mental turmoil cleared from his mind.

“Come on, new girl. We’ll help carry your stuff to the village. You definitely don’t want to be camping up here forever.”

“I’m not a girl,” Fox growled, swatting the hand away. The fact his outburst was spoken in a clearly female voice did not help his case.

“We’ll see how long that lasts, Foxy.” chuckled the pigeon. While Seno had just smiled in understanding, her companions got a good laugh out of Fox’s protest.

They were still quick to gather up what little equipment Fox had for a hike down the hillside. Seno had not exaggerated about carving a path through the dense jungle. Her efforts with a sword made walking through feel like some casual nature stroll.

For Fox it might as well been a death march. The others became really excited to find a new member for their tribe. Conversation kept up a very light-hearted tone with every effort to include their new member. All he could give them were whines and groans of distress back. Any attempts to catch a deep breath for conversation just reminded him how progressively heavier his boobs were getting.

The real hell for Fox was how an involuntary spasm rocked his growth rate every so often. Bit by bit, the last vestiges of manhood sunk into a hallowing space inside his pelvis. He worried it would vanish entirely the second he stopped thinking about it.

“And here we are!”

Seno’s cheerful declaration drew Fox’s attention towards the sight rising out of the jungle before him. Trees cleared away into a spacious village lit up by a mix of electric and torch lights. Palisades stretched around the borders dotted by the occasional watch tower. Many of the wooden huts constructed inside rose to impressive heights, sometimes with three or four floors to them.

Walking past the front gates was like walking through another wormhole. One guard gave him a friendly smile while leaning on a wooden spear, while the other was too busy adjusting settings on a laser rifle to notice their arrival. Somehow, these tribes had integrated modern technology with primitive means. There was just something surreal about seeing someone cooking stew over a fire next to someone using a power stove.

Growing a pair of impossibly large boobs must have desensitized Fox to the concept somewhat. He found the village structures way more surprising than seeing nearly every resident sporting more mammary than body mass. Only exception was the flocks of children popping their heads out to get a glimpse of the ‘visitor’ walking through the main roads. Even the teenagers looked flat as a board under their ponchos, but still had some budding girlish looks.

The fact everyone in the village was an incredibly stacked female was certainly not lost to Fox. While Seno lead him from one block of huts to another, he could not sense a single drop of testosterone in the air. Another twitch in his groin implied his arrival would not change that anytime soon. The blushing fox could barely feel them anymore.

“Ah, here we are.”

“Oh?” Fox blinked as they arrived at their apparent destination; a hut small enough to be considered an outhouse. He would have almost missed it squished between the two story communal houses.

“The shamen will help set you up to live with us now. We’ll leave your possessions out here.”

Fox squeaked out some whines that might have resembled a thank you. He barely paid Seno and her friend’s departure any mind while the mare’s words froze him to the core.

‘To live with them.’

There was going to be no help getting off world. He was stranded on a planet full of amazon milk factories waiting for rescue to probably find him. Even if Fox’s crew managed that, their captain would be impossibly huge breasted and wide hipped as anyone else in this village by then. Fitting into an Arwing would be a miracle with those kinds of curves.

“Ugh!” Fox shook his head, trying to clear out all the ‘might be’ thoughts. At least his hair was not growing ridiculously wild like the rest of his body. Although his muzzle was feeling a bit shorter and fuller around the cheeks.

Another shake of the head gave Fox enough courage to ascend the few steps of the shaman’s hut. This was far from the end. He ripped back the cloth curtain and entered determined there must be some way to correct these changes.

A string of angry grumbles seeped from Krystal's muzzle while she tried keeping her Arwing steady. It had been some time since she had to make planet fall through such a dense atmosphere. The damn gases were

giving the blue fox enough turbulence to send her head over heels into a mountain if she lost control. Luckily, she had a boyfriend like Fox to teach a thing or two about handling rough cosmic disturbances. When he was not trying to show off, anyway.

Hopefully, the poor boy was not reduced to eating his shoe leather by now. Krystal did not need her psychic abilities to learn Fox did not handle isolation well.

“Whoa!”

There came a sharp kick before all turbulence stopped. Now free of the rocky atmosphere, Krystal could get her ship leveled out before taking in the pink tinting the landscape. All the jungle and mountains brought back memories of the dinosaur planet Saria. Here was hoping this place did not also accommodate a population of giant carnivorous.

Pretty scenery could come later. Krystal pushed down her anxiety to focus on the rescue mission.

“R-6 to Great Fox. I’m got on the planet safely. You reading this, Slippy?”

The young frog clicked onto the small dashboard screen, looking as amazed as Krystal felt. “You bet I am. These energy readings are going crazy. I’ve never seen anything like it?”

“Which energy readings? The planet or the sun?” Krystal glanced up at the distant ball of pink energy slowly crossing the sky.

“Both!” Slippy laughed. “Something about the atmosphere is magnifying energy from the sun.”

Krystal's ears folded back while scanning her ship's readouts. Slippy seemed to notice this with another joyous laugh.

"Not to worry. If these things were lethal, we probably wouldn't be talking right now. If anything, they seem to stimulate a lot of growth in the plant life."

"Hopefully Fox hasn't gone vegan by now." A button lit up, which Krystal quickly pressed. "I picked up his black box. We should be back for dinner."

"See you soon then!"

Slippy's image flickered before cutting the com screen to black. Krystal refocused her attention on plotting around some mountain peaks for a closer ground view. It was hard to shake the feeling something was off during the initial pass. The signal coming from Fox's downed fighter was weak to the point she was barely picking it up a few dozen kilometers away. State-of-the-art military ships like these came with distress beacons that could project out of a whole system for months on battery power.

Things got even more confusing when she eventually found the crashed aircraft around the third, most meticulous, pass. Krystal could barely spot the thing with it covered in camouflage. She managed to park on the ridge and hike down only to find it was no constructed mess of foliage. The whole craft had been overcome by the onset of nature. Metal parts were falling to pieces from ages of rust brought on by the elements.

Krystal could barely wrap her head around how the craft looked abandoned for years. Nothing about that made sense. At least a quick check of the storage bins and emergency gear found them all missing. No trace of remains meant Fox had to be kicking somewhere, hopefully.

SNAP!

“AH!” Krystal had been so muddled by her thoughts the sudden twig snapping whipped her into a panic. The space vixen whirled on her heels intending to shout a warning, but that plan went awry thanks to having a hair trigger blaster. A yellow stun beam fired off in a random direction through the dense shrubs.

“OW! Son of a bitch!!”

It was a horrifying surprise to realize someone had been hit, to say nothing of when a green blast shot back through the leaves. There came a blinding flash of light and next thing Krystal knew was that she was on a bed inside someone’s house made of wood and palm leaf. She slowly gathered the energy to prop on both elbows, finding a dull pain in her head and shoulder. The latter part had her shirt removed, so an area of singed fur could be bandaged up. Of course, it was her luck to hit someone with a stronger stun beam.

At least she hoped it had been set for stun. Catching sight of her flight suit hanging off a chair with a hole burnt through the fabric was not encouraging.

“Hi, lady!”

Krystal blinked, moving her gaze to one side. Sitting alongside the bed was a kit no older than six eagerly watching her every move. Under normal circumstances, she would have found the grass skirt and long white hair adorable, but there was something familiar about those copper fur patterns.

“H-hi, sweetie. Are you the one taking care of me?”

“Nope! Mom’s been fussing over you for hours now. I’m just watching in case you wake up while she does laundry.”

“Oh.” Krystal fought through her shoulder pain to push into a sitting position. A few awkward tugs on her bra and panties helped loosen them up a bit, if only a little. “Well, I guess I’m awake now. Where am I?”

“The village, silly. Where else can we go?” Before Krystal could react, the little girl turned towards an open doorway to scream, “Mom! Your girlfriend is awake now!”

“Wait...” Krystal tried to say, but the kid had already hopped off her stole to exit the room.

Not a minute later, an adult version of them came rushing through the doorway. Well, waddling to the best of their ability would be a more accurate description. Krystal’s jaw dropped trying to take in a vixen with anatomy thicker than she thought possible for their mutual species.

The copper vixen’s hips alone had to be almost three meters wide and stuffed with excessive fat. She had to enter the room sideways after all, forcing a lot of her softer parts to squish around the doorframe. Such swell of an enormous fuzzy butt continued down to thighs bulging so dense they forced her to walk in a wide stance as they rubbed together. And yet that couch of a bottom managed to be covered modestly in a hemp woven loincloth.

“Krystal!? Oh my gosh, I’m so glad you’re okay! Heck, I can’t believe you finally found me?”

“Wha-EEP!” Krystal’s ears bent with her raised eyebrow. Something about the mother vixen’s tone rang that familiarity bell again. Unfortunately, she had no time to process it before getting hugged face first into the softest pair of tits imaginable. They were like trash bags full of tiny foam beads; light and rolling their fluffy mass to engulf the blue vixen’s head. Her tail went stiff, noticing that she could even hear the milk sloshing inside them.

Some frantic slaps on her middle eventually got the copper mother to loosen her embrace. Krystal reeled her head back for a deep breath, only to realize the firm orb of stretched fur her hands were batting against. As if not wanting to outdo the huge breasts, the other vixen displayed her naked belly out in all its bulging, round glory. Several decorative lines were painted on the creamy white fur, directing attention to the outie belly button. Just to confirm what was obvious, a bump in the vixen's taut flesh chose that moment to bulge out gently into Krystal's palm making her gasp.

"Heh. Yeah, the kits are feisty today," The vixen agreed with Krystal's jaw-dropping shock. She moved aside to settle on the stool her kid had been using. It was yet another surprise she did not just crush the furniture with such a soft ass pouring over the sides. "It's so great to see you again. I thought you guys would never come get me."

"What..." Krystal had started, but pulled her gaze away from the woman's enormously pregnant figure to meet their eyes. Words fell away from a slack jawed muzzle as her tail shook violently. The face may have grown smooth and dainty with the beauty of maidenhood, but those smiling blue eyes filled Krystal with a sense of comradery nigh impossible to forget. "F-Fox!? Please... tell me that's not you."

"Heh, afraid it is." The vixen leaned back a little, trying to rub her stomach, which was jostling noticeably from babies shifting within. "Although I have to admit you might be a bit too late for rescues. Unless you got a shuttle for my big self."

"How the hell... nnggghh!"

"Whoa! Easy girl."

Krystal had tried leaping from her bed only for her knees to buckle under a splitting headache. Luckily she had the bigger Fox, or at least her pillowy boobs, to break the fall. Smooth, slender hands, much unlike the

man that used to embrace her stroked along the blue fur of her shoulder before gently guiding her back on the mattress. Krystal tried to ignore the gentle coos Fox made, as if consoling a child, waiting for the migraine to pass.

“Don’t worry, Gene’s blaster didn’t injure you beyond some light singeing and she’s very sorry about the overcharged stun.” Fox gave a sheepish grin, betrayed by her folded back ears. “Didn’t stop me from worrying myself sick when they dragged your unconscious body in. You must have really spooked your welcoming party.”

Krystal seethed a few breaths through clenched fangs. The headache passed way too slowly for her liking before she could ask, “Why... are you a woman!”

“Oh, you like it?” Fox brought a hand to her cheek, attempting a cute smile and eyelash batting. “The boobs aren’t nearly as heavy as they look, and it’s done wonders for my complexion. Although, I just can’t quit the military haircut. I’d be choking on my hair in my sleep if it grew out.”

“...Fox?”

“Okay, it’s that weird pink sun for this system. You know I’ve never been much of a scientist, but the village shaman says it gives out some kind of super radiation that enhances estrogen. This planet’s rough atmosphere acts like a greenhouse keeping it in too. Far as I can tell, it makes girls way thicker and guys... well, you can see what it does to guys right here. You’d find the holy grail sooner than a y-chromosome around these parts.”

To be fair, it was not the most ridiculous explanation Krystal had ever heard. She was a telepath that got possessed by spirits occasionally, so there was little room for skepticism. There was a minute of silence while they both looked each other over and analyzed the facts. Krystal tugged at

the front of her bra too lost in thought to worry about it pinching into her more normalized chest.

“But how could you have possibly already gotten pregnant? Like, you only crashed two weeks ago and if there are no men here...”

“Ah, I was worried that’d be the case,” Fox said more to herself than at Krystal. “It’s actually been six years now since I crashed here. Either the sun makes time distorted or that wormhole flung me back across reality. Even the former scientists villagers haven’t been able to figure that one out.”

“But how could you have a kid!?”

“Oh, I don’t have one kid, silly. I have three.”

“WHAT!?” Krystal whipped her gaze to the door, finding a trio of eyes peeking around at the blue fox curiously. The fox from before had been joined by a chicken and cat of the same age. Despite the different species, they all shared Fox’s copper fur color almost down to the pattern.

“Yeah. The shaman has an artificial inseminator that can use anyone’s DNA regardless of gender. Apparently I hit an unintentional jackpot with triplets.” Fox laughed, rubbing her distended middle with both hands in a longing smile. “Maybe twice if I’m this big at only six months too.”

“That’d be sweet if I wasn’t a little creeped out, Fox, dear.” Krystal gave a nervous laugh as she tried and succeeded in standing once again. “We should probably get you back up to the Great Fox. We can study this radiation and maybe help you out.”

“Oh, gosh! Did you bring Slippy and Falco through the wormhole too?”

They shared a knowing laugh unable to resist the mental image of their friends undergoing the same super-squishy transformation as Fox.

“No, of course not. They’re on the other side of the... hole.”

The sentence barely got finished as some realization rendered Krystal staring horrified, into the distance. Fox tilted his head quizzically until her own brain slowly drew together a few conclusions. Namely, that the wormhole did not like to stay open and nothing on this planet could open this side.

“You didn’t bring them through?”

“I didn’t know there was a time gap here. Finding out if you were alive was a bit more important.”

“Well, how long until Slippy gets another hole open?”

“Um... three to five days?” Krystal bit her lip, absently trying to tug some slack into her panties. “So that would be about...”

“Two years, give or take,” Fox confirmed with a nod. She looked in a struggle to say something encouraging to her old girlfriend, but her eyes trailed down noticing something else. A slight smile curled her muzzle lips. “If it’s any consolation, you get used to not seeing the ground really fast. Which will probably be your case come tomorrow morning.”

“W-what? I... um... ugh.” Krystal gulped, slowly following her fellow vixens gaze. Her black bra had somehow shrunk to look comically undersized trying to contain the pair of white furred cantaloupes squishing and bulging over their cups. The pinch of straps burned into her shoulders

with a mounting intensity the longer she dwelled on this heavy display.
“Ooooohhh... crap! They better not expect me to have any kids like this!”

Moussage Treatment

No sooner did Deiser step out of his car than dozens of aches flared up for his undeserved attention. The young man had no idea if this was because of his rough work week, a sudden drop in temperature, or his general lack of exercise. Honestly, he couldn't have cared about the reason. Its painful results were the real issue. Friends could point to any joint on his body and it was in some degree of pain.

Maybe that was why one of them sent a free massage coupon as a Christmas gift. They claimed it was a special promotion on their website, which became very hard to believe. Deiser had no idea such a place existed so close to home, given its near hidden location between a Burger King and Yoga studio. It must see some kind of business, though. Over a dozen people were in the studio, bending in impressive ways to work out their morning routines. He had a short pang of jealousy that they could be so limber and skinny before heading into the shop beside it. Its windows were all blocked by decorative curtains with colored lights intentionally set up to illuminate them. That added a rather charming air of mystery for new customers.

“Welcome!”

A cluster of bells shifted above Deiser when he pushed the door open, but apparently the proprietor didn't need the hallowed jingling to announce him. Given all the hanging paper lanterns, Asian style statues, and aroma dispersers, he expected to see some majestic robed lady behind the counter. Instead, he got a dark-skinned girl in her low twenties with a Switch in both hands. The furry animal ears poking out of her brown afro were a cute touch, though. They twitched at Deiser almost like they were really listening to him.

“Good morning,” he straightened his glasses, returning the warm smile. Happiness was contagious, and he needed any painkiller available.

Just digging out the slip from his pocket hurt a few fingers. "I got a coupon for a free session. Do I need to sign up?"

"Sweet!" The woman dropped her game console in a joyous rush around the counter. It landed a lot harder than Deiser thought one should treat with such devices, but she was already in his face snatching the paper from his surprised grasp. "You got some good timing. My other girl is busy with a client but I've had two cancelations today already. Wow! You got a golden voucher?"

"Uh, yeah? It was a Christmas gift actually." Deiser paused with his eyes locked onto the shorter women's hair. Getting a closer look at her triangle ears left him mesmerized by the way they twitched about. Only then did he realize there were no normal human ears visible lower down her head.

"Someone must have really liked you to get this, then. I don't sell them cheap." Deiser only blinked once, and she was already back behind the counter using a pen to scribble something on his voucher. Her whole body wiggled with energetic glee as she then slipped it into the register before sliding a clipboard towards the tired man. "You're going to love this. I haven't done a golden massage treatment in weeks. I just need you to sign here for record purposes and then head to room three when you're ready. I'll just need to grab a few things in the back."

"Sounds great," Deiser replied. Millions of tiny pins pricked across his arms while he tried to write, weakening his smile. It felt weird to be secret santa'd only one coupon until he saw the prices of normal season on the sign-in sheet. All the more saddening that he couldn't have saved the voucher for a more special occasion. Still, it sounded like this was going to be just the treatment he needed.

"Nice to meet you, Deiser," the lady said, reading the sheet upside down across from him. "You can call me Karla. Anyway, be right back. Also, if this is your first time, the more clothes you can remove the better an experience you'll have."

Deiser couldn't help chuckling at that. "Don't worry. I came prepared for that much."

He set the pen down and headed through the small hallway while Karla ducked through a curtain behind her counter. Getting lost wouldn't be a problem with only four doors to choose from. Two were firmly closed with 'occupied' signs on them, and the third housed three tanning beds. Process of elimination directed him into the one remaining room with a flat cushioned table surrounded by hanging incense burners and shelves of various tools or sculptures.

"Dang," he mumbled while stripping. A pair of spandex shorts had been purchased specifically for this visit, but the overweight body wearing it was less than pleasing to show off. "That's a lot of mismatched decorations. It's like an assembly line across the middle east."

"Thanks! I tried to organize them by region." Karla appeared behind Deiser so suddenly even her soft voice caused him to jump a foot off the floor. Arms cradled out in front of her, holding a wooden bucket full of bottles, brushes, and towels lacking identifying marks. "Sorry. Anyway, I love statues, so I thought I'd put my collection to some use. Everyone associates massages with some kind of eastern theme, but really anyone can get a license for it."

"And which area are you from?"

Karla gave an amused snort. "New Mexico. You going to lay on the table or what? Face down, please."

Deiser blushed, following the younger woman's directions. The cushions were amazingly warm against his bare skin, with a headrest that even had a ring for his face to comfortably rest in. Too bad the view of the tiled floor was not that relaxing.

“Wow, you look tense,” Karla observed in her routine of lighting burners and setting up lotions. The room quickly became filled with the scent of flowers and fresh grass, not unlike a good cup of tea. “Bet you really need a good unwinding.”

“You could say that,” Deiser replied, trying to chuckle. A pained groan came out instead thanks to countless kinks in his shoulders. “The first month is always hectic at my law firm. I’ve been sent running on so many errands I’m sure I ended up doing other people’s work by mistake. Not that they’d complain, or thank me for it.”

“Running a bit of a mouse maze, huh?” Karla’s sly smile revealed a hint of sharpening teeth. Fingernails slinked out into thick black claws as she dimmed the lights. “Hope jazz is okay.”

“I ain’t going to complain either.” Deiser shifted on the table, making Karla freeze in her tracks. He quickly settled back in, letting the ambience of slow piano music relax his thoughts. “These are the times I wish I could just become another person entirely. Forget about life for a weekend and have fun like those curvy senior lawyers do. Those ladies always seem to have the world in their hands.”

“Trust me, we all feel that way sometimes.” Karla’s fanged smile grew, mostly because her nose was pushing out atop her lips into the long bridge of a canine muzzle. Chocolate brown fur washed over the rest of her face, growing quickly over the rest of her skin. “Then this is truly your lucky day, because a golden voucher does everything it can to grant your wishes.”

“Heh! You going to make me some kind of wild party girl for a weekend?”

“If that’s what you like,” she said with a newfound growl to her voice. Clawed furry hands popped a cork off one of the lotion bottles, partially to cover for the large fluffy tail that erupted through a concealed flap in the

seat of her pants. It swished about happily across her buttocks while the coyote woman eyed up her current project with hungry, golden eyes. “Just think about your idea of a ‘good time’ while I work my magic and we’ll see what happens.”

Well, that was an easy enough request for Deiser to handle. Not being in complete pain while laying half-naked on this table felt like a great start. At least that much he knew this woman could deliver on. All this talk of becoming a new person and forgetting his worries just appeared weird. Maybe it was some kind of showboating for the voucher price, in which case she needed a lot more revisions.

Still, he wasn’t going anywhere in a hurry, so indulged in the notion. Trying to imagine himself as an entirely different person, unrecognizable to even his friends, did merit a lot of freedom. What if he was a cute, bouncy girl? That’d be a pretty damn cool vacation to remember or forget in some cases. Those hellish chores in the office were waiting on Monday, so why bother thinking about them? If he didn’t even remember himself, that’d be the easiest way to relax.

“AAH HAA!!”

Now getting something cold and sticky splashed against your lower back, that was not a great way to relax. Deiser tried to sit up and see what happened only for Karla to push him back with a smooth stroking motion. The sheer strength behind her arms surprised him, but the thoughts were derailed when her palms dug into his muscles, eliciting a spark of pain followed by a long moan of sensual relief.

“Geez, so tense!” Karla continued her up and down motions along Deiser’s bare back. The poor man twitched about, grunting with her every press into various hard spots. It had been ages since she had a client so rigid from lack of care.

As per usual, though, his body got softer and loose with her continued strokes. The oil she had dumped on oozed into every pore along the way doing its job. Before long, his flesh was like putty in her pawed hands, which made it easier to encourage a fine layer of purple hairs to grow across his back.

Even Deiser was surprised by how much he needed this. In just a few minutes of careful kneading, the pain burning across his back was gone. The pleasant warmth Karla left behind soothed his mind into an ever deeper trace. Idle thoughts of 'what if' turned to full on daydreams. He could see himself as a cute girl, and it was awesome.

His right arm rested limply when Karla took his hand next. Using deep calculations, she used her pointer and thumb to pinch at the joints of each finger. There came a little grunt from Deiser each time though not hard enough to break his half-slumbering state. She moved on to rubbing the back and palm, causing another rash of violet hairs to grow out of the skin. Digits popped again without needing contact, dwindling to a thin daintier size. Once Karla worked out the last bit of tight knots, she found herself holding a lady's hand smaller than her own.

"So, what are your plans for the weekend?" she said with a playful bark. Fingers pushed and pulled along Deiser's arm, coaxing the fur to slide down his wrist down the rest of its adjoining limb. Fat and bones thinned out in drastic ways, leaving his bicep in a more attractively smoothed state.

"Oh... I m-might stay ho-OOH!" Deiser arched his back against the table in a moan that snapped a few octaves higher. Karla had picked that moment to give his shoulders and neck a well deserved rubbing. Both of which deflated under her strong pressure, making his elbows naturally point inwards with their petite width. "I was t-thinking of staying h-home and playing games with a friend."

"Wow. Really?" Karla clicked her long tongue to the roof of her muzzle in mock disappointment. She continued along her path from

Deiser's shoulder to his left arm, seducing it with magical finger play until it matched the sleek furriness of his right. "That seems like a waste after going through all this. Why not hit up a bar? You got a whole weekend off. Grab yourself a spunky piece of meat and go to town. I know a few clubs. Heck, we can even go bowling."

That was a good point, Deiser had to admit. His tiny furred hands curled and relaxed their well-manicured fingers a few times enjoying their lighter refreshed nerves. There was no reason to be afraid of a little flaunting around the office. Hell, why would he even go to the office on a weekend? The beach sounds much nicer, despite it being winter. Maybe with a thin, curvy body he could try that yoga class next door. It'd be easy to catch the eyes of anyone he wanted with a full bouncing chest and ripe butt.

As if Karla could read his thoughts, her next round of treatment took her fingers under the sensitive parts of Deiser's armpits. She ignored the soft giggles and thrashes of her client's body while gently pushing out the tension along his sides. It was like his torso's mass became flowing water to her whims. The large bulge of his middle collapsed into a drastic inward curve with a few passes of her coyote palms. Seconds later, Deiser coughed from the tight pressure, causing his head to rise slightly out of its rest. What little pectorals he had became masked under thick developing mounds, giving them a slight degree of uplift while most of their soft flesh spilled out against his feminine biceps.

"An overworked mouse like you deserves a good time," Karla cooed, ducking her hands to rub at the sides of Deiser's sagging gut. It too contracted tightly against the man's abdomen, deflating almost like a balloon until it was just his inflated chest getting squished against the table. Not an ounce of fat could be gained from the fine fur covering his slim belly anymore.

Of course, Karla had to put all that girth somewhere fast.

“Mmh. Mouse?” Deiser was too lost in his delightful dreams to notice the complete warping of his torso. He had no clue why Karla would just randomly call him some animal, but it was already infecting his thoughts. Suddenly the fantasized female version of himself became even better, sporting a long rodent tail, round adorable ears and that signature pronounced front teeth. She had gone from cute to being downright adorable, and it was everything he wanted. “Oof!? Aah! I-isn’t that a little personal for a massage?”

“Just part of the package!” Karla explained while both her hands calmly, and roughly, kneaded the cheeks of Deiser’s behind. While her rocking tug and squish motions snapped hip bones into a position that forced his thighs together, all the excess fat from his midsection poured into the opening space this created. The coyote’s tail wagged faster as the glutes pushed her hands wider and wider apart. Her clients’ spandex shorts strained and tightened over the ever puffing shelf of a delicious female backside. It became too much that the waistband slipped down in a sharp jerk, exposing a deep purple crack.

The experience overwhelmed Deiser, silencing any complaints about boundaries. Everything from the neck down felt so good, filled with a pleasant warmth that had his pronounced hips bouncing against Karla’s palms. Things only got better when the coyote reached up to firmly pressed into the top of her spine. She ran it along the length of each vertebrae like squeezing out a tube, massing pleasure that reached its apex when she slammed into the pit above his rump.

“SQUEAAK!” he cried as a long fuzzy tail shot out from his lower back. It collapsed between his legs rapidly flicking between them in his rush of pleasure, unaware of the spinal extension slowly connecting to his brain.

“Now that sounds more like it.” Karla’s own fluffy tail wagged with her enjoyment of these results. The process was nearly done. Her hands alternated between Deiser’s thighs, making them shift and plump in different ways. The space between them quickly filled until they were pressing together, and then she moved to slim out his shins so they led into

the cutest dainty mouse feet. "You got the world at your feet. Forget about any problems and cut loose while you can."

"Y-yeah? Yeah!" Deiser parroted, his voice a fraction of its masculine self. Granted the lack of a certain bulge beneath that fat furred butt left pronouns in question. "Forget all about being some loser for a few days. Those office jocks can suck it. In fact, you couldn't pay me to suck them. I'm going to pick up some slamming guys that deserve a good time."

"Great plan! Now hold still."

Before Deiser could ask, Karla's hands clenched into the sides of his skull. The entire world, no, his concept of reality felt warped with her presses and strokes. Padded fingertips seemed to massage straight through his skull, shifting the grey mass of his brains with careful strokes of her claws. His nose popped, twitching as it stretched away from his face. Teeth itched from excess calcium, causing them to grow, especially his upper front pair. Each time Karla pulled back her hands seemed to run through more and more amounts of hair, allowing large rounded ears to flick about in their new position far at the top of Deiser's head.

"And that should do it!" Karla chimed with a brief glance at her wall clock. "Another successful massage in thirty minutes. Don't feel in a hurry to leave, sweetie. You had a lot of tension to work out."

A little squeak came from the purple furry creature laying on Karla's couch. Gone was the human man that had stepped into the room earlier, replaced by a body much shorter yet way thicker in all the right places. Slowly, its elegant arms and legs moved, rotating her into a sitting position that caused a hefty pair of breasts to bounce and swing from her chest. Epic amounts of plush in her butt gave a natural rise like a personal pillow. Pressure of her own short body caused the waistband of her spandex shorts to slide even further, leaving only the long locks of her brighter lilac hair to cover its exposed crack.

“Ugh!” Feeling the gust of conditioned air across her naked butt fur, the mouse wrinkled her whiskers in annoyance. She tried to pull the shorts back up to her tiny waist with some awkward shifting and failed miserably. Her bodacious hips were just too much for the inferior elastic to reach around. “How did I ever think coming in this was a good idea? I’m sorry if I ended up mooning you for the entire session.”

Karla shrugged, being busy washing the oil out of her hand paws with a towel. “I don’t mind, Deiser. You do have one of the nicest rears I’ve ever seen.”

“I said my name’s Sedire, you weirdo, but thanks.” the mouse giggled, stretching both hands towards the ceiling with a pleasant squeak. It was only after the fact she realized this thrust her rack eagerly at the happy coyote. “Ugh! Where are my clothes? It’s chilly in here.”

“Right by the door,” Karla answered, despite knowing the question had been rhetorical. Ears dropped slightly when she watched the mouse hop off the table and nearly topple over. “You sure you’re okay?”

“Never better! Just... man! You really loosened all the stress out of me. I’ve never felt this fluid before.” Sedire reached her clothes in several clumsy steps, almost as if she was unused to the hard sway of her hips. “I’m ready to forget about everything and just take over the world.”

“Well, you’re halfway there, ironically.”

“What?”

“Nothing! Feel free to take a card on your way out if you like. I’m always eager to have returning clients.”

“You may just have one,” Sedire yawned before slipping her white crop top back on. It was one of her favorites, sized just right, so there was

just as much boob pushing out the neckline as there was spilling under the hem. A mini-jacket helped make sure her slim midriff was visible at all times, which went well with her black sneakers. "For now, I can't wait to get swinging around a man's arms. Maybe a few girls too."

"Go get'm champ," Karla shouted after the departing mouse.

Sedire could have sworn there was a bit of echoing laughter tickling her satellite rodent ears. She was just too energized from the massage to really care about it. That clever coyote must have fused lightning into her curves. It was hard to stand still without bouncing in place.

"Hmmm."

She had started for her car but had glanced back to burn the shop's name into her memory. That was how the mouse caught sight of the yoga gym next door and the class of human and anthros setting out mats in preparation for a session. With a moment longer considering the options, she slipped car keys back into her jacket pocket and moved towards its open door. Her ropey tail curled into the air with devious glee.

"Hope I can get a spot up front. I wouldn't want anyone to miss how flexible I can be."

Rental Mom

The mid-afternoon sun beamed through the laundromats' windows, filling the front end with radiant warmth. Yet it was not solar radiation pouring on his bare back that got Nak heated. For a random Monday, the hefty cow anthro hadn't expected this establishment to be prospering so well. Three other anthros occupied various chairs lined against the wall awaiting their loads to finish while four more sorted clothes among the machines.

Unlike most of them, however, the cow sat in just boxer shorts with cartoon cat patterns on them. He only had so many good pairs of overalls to last a week, so he figured it best to get the most out of a washer's outrageous four dollar charge.

Luckily, no one was sitting there judging a half-naked steer in such a place. Heck, there was a bunny in his tighty-whities, taking their time sorting socks. Opposite him was a ferret woman fat enough to challenge Nak's for size dominance. Her sports bra and shorts were stretched possibly to their limits, trying to modestly cover full breasts and a butt that wobbled with every step.

Nak caught himself staring before the ferret did, his wide snout burning a little more red for his deviating attention. He tried to hide it by bringing up Pokemon GO on his phone. There was a Chinese food place serving as a pokestop two stores over, leaving a decent amount of critters to catch. It was a nice little distraction for another forty minutes while people came and went with their clothes. For some reason, the skinny bunny had no problem lugging his basket out the door while still stripped down to his underwear. An event just strange enough to catch the cow's attention for a few seconds before returning to his game.

Why it took Nak an additional minute to realize whose shirts and pants were in the basket remained a mystery.

"Sir!?" The cow leapt from his plastic chair, drawing attention with the loud landing of hoof feet. Nak was out the door into the hot open air without hesitation, just in time to watch the car finish pulling out. "I think you have my clothes by mistake! Wait! SIR!?"

If the bunny noticed a large half-naked bovine frantically waving both hands, it didn't stop him from shifting gears for a speedy exit back onto the main roads. Nak continued mooing and jumping in place until the vehicle turned a corner to vanish out of sight. At which point, a breeze across his back fur reminded him what a show this must be for others.

"Damn," he grumbled through clenched herbivore teeth.

Quickly making his way inside, Nak scooped up the grocery bag with his wallet and keys. The initial plan had been to jump in his own car and go after the little fluff ball, but they already had a pretty big head start. Breaking a string of traffic laws without pants might not look good in front of a patrol officer.

Nak's Plan B figured if he waited long enough, the guy might realize his error and come back for their actual clothes. Unfortunately, there was no way to know how long that could take. The cow had other places to be, preferably without his chunky belly showing.

Some of the other patrons gave the cow glances of empathy but refused to offer eye contact, much less help. Nak found it best to ignore them while desperately checking the dryers in hopes something got left behind. No such luck there, but he discovered this place had several hampers in the back serving as a dedicated 'lost and found.'

He was going to have to shop for new work clothes tomorrow regardless, so better to have something besides cartoon cats covering his shame. Nak scooped out various laundered clothes by the handful, thick nostrils snorting disapproval. He couldn't be the only person in this town wearing something larger than a size medium. Some of these shirts didn't look big enough to get around his head.

"Oh..." A ray of hope emerged near the bottom of the second hamper in the form of a large rolled up blue cloth. Whatever hope this might have given Nak fled when he unfurled it to reveal a shirt with the bright gold letters 'Rental Mom' around the stomach area. This was clearly a maternity shirt oddly made for a build closely resembling his own.

Searching for a few more minutes uncovered no real alternatives. Any other shirt lacked the sleeves for his thick biceps, and all the pants had no hope of squeezing around his meaty thighs. Nak wasn't ashamed of his body in the least. Society just liked to make being a big guy really damn

inconvenient. A fact of life no better demonstrated by leaving the laundromat in the newly gained Rental Mom shirt and a long flower skirt.

“I’m going to kill that bunny.” Nak stomped to his car so furiously his hooves almost cracked the pavement. He could feel the heated gazes fixated on him both inside and out of the laundromat. At least those oglers were smart enough not to say anything, given this turn of events.

“Um, excuse me, sir?”

So much for that. Nak paused with his key inserted in the car door, steadying himself for any kind of teasing remark. Instead, he turned a bit stunned to be locking eyes with the pretty face of the corpulent ferret girl. With only a few feet between them, he couldn’t help being momentarily captivated by the soft fullness of her cheeks.

“Can... Can I help you?” Nak offered when the silence between them became thicker than their respective stomachs.

Judging by the woman's elated smile, that was the exact response she was hoping for. Without offering an explanation, she rummaged through a purse from which a fistful of cash was placed into Nak’s very confused hands.

“I think that should cover it.”

“Cover what?” Nak glanced from the crumpled currency to the woman and back. Again she offered no answer, only standing there in her spandex sportswear looking expectedly at him for something. “I’m... I’m sorry, ma’am? What do you...you...Hnngh!”

The bills slipped from the cow’s thick fingers as he hunched forward with a strained moo. Nak’s thick bovine hands hugged his belly, doing little to ease the sudden discomfort. Something wiggled about deep inside him, growing at an alarming rate that forced his guts aside to make room. His skirt fluttered with the frantic thrashing of a ropey tail. Its rich brown tuft worked up a dirt cloud in the process.

“The... heck was that!?” Nak gasped, spittle flying from his snout with each labored breath. The strange stirring stopped almost as promptly as it began, only leaving a queer gurgling sensation just behind his belly button.

Glancing at the ferret still didn’t answer any of the dozens of questions going through his mind. Her rounded ears twitched in absolute

joy while giving their undivided attention to the stomach, Nak gently kneaded in an effort to ease its internal tension.

“Um...?” While his efforts did nothing to quell whatever was happening inside him, his gentle squeezes made Nak realize his middle progressively lacked the enjoyable squish of fat his friends enjoyed. Although he didn’t want to, he followed the woman's stare downward. “Holy MOO!!”

Nak reeled backward, smacking his rear end against the car door. His vehicle's presence was the only thing keeping him standing as hoof feet became momentarily weak. Hands yanked up the borrowed shirt in a jaw dropping panic, the cow unable to believe his own eyes even with his middle in full view.

It was like watching a sports ball inflate. As the seconds ticked by, Nak’s stomach slowly rose out of its gentle sag. The fine furry skin gradually firmed up and gained almost a spherical roundness to its edges. One hand released the shirt hem to gently poke at the surface and found it no longer had any give at all. He felt filled to his limits, unable to ponder what he was even filled with.

“Aah!” Whatever was taking up space inside the cow was clearly not done yet. Nak gave another yelp as he watched his stomach quiver before spontaneously expanding. Now he really did feel like some kind of ball being pumped up. His hand clamped around his abdomen, trying to hold this cascading load back with little success. Against his every effort, the swelling sphere pushed further out.

Things quickly became too much, even for a stocky figure like Nak’s. The cow fumbled against his car, fighting just to carry everything on his trembling legs. He tried pulling down the shirt again, horrified to find it now ill fitting with the distending bulge of his gut. At best, he could cover his navel, which didn’t last long as it continued to puff forward inch by inch. The shirt slid up the curved slope of his stomach in jerky movement until he was forced to give up with it crumpled against his chest.

“Hic!” Nak’s body nearly jumped a foot in the air with a sudden involuntary motor reflex. Two things happened in such quick succession that he almost missed them upon landing back down. There came a sharp jerking motion from the front as his belly button popped into a tiny bump, capping his enormous belly. A stronger twinge rocked through his pelvis,

leaving the skirt resting a lot higher up his thighs than seconds before. Two seconds of groping confirmed both the cow's hips and buttocks had grown significantly wider, and maybe fatter too. He was almost thankful it made bearing this alien load a lot easier, at least.

Speaking of which, the ground suddenly became little more than a myth from Nak's perspective now. Looking straight down only gave him a view of a grey and brown furred sphere jutting out of his midriff. The shirt he had borrowed for cover was useless against such a firm mound. It lay at the top so scrunched up the letters only spelled out the word 'mom.'

Something new stirred within Nak, making his tail whip crack in alarm. He placed both hands as far as they could around his enlarged middle, feeling its skin squirm and randomly bulge in places from something moving within. Perhaps even several things.

"I...you..." Nak looked again at the ferret intent on figuratively, and possibly literally, chewing her cute ears off in a rise of anger. Instead, he got one last surprise in the fact this strange woman was no longer the eye-catching figure of girth as when she left the laundromat. The clothes she wore partially sagged across a slimmed figure with only larger than average breasts and hips jutting out as any kind of support.

"Yes! This feels sooooo good!" The ferret squealed as she ran her little fingers over the many folds of her sports bra. With a happy squeal, she rushed forward to take Nak's larger palms and gently squeezed them. "Thank you for letting me rent the little dears out, mom. I'm happy to have them, but damn, is it a nightmare imagining two more months struggling to fit through doorways! Now I have time to heal up these poor feet of mine."

Nothing coherent came out of Nak's flapping snout for a while. Slowly but surely, the pieces fell into the most logical conclusion, no matter how insane it made the previous events sound. His aqua eyes drifted to the woman's now impossibly slim torso, to the mountain of stomach attached to himself. "You...you're pregnant!?"

"Well, technically you are now!" the woman giggled, leaning into the cow's sphere belly to plant a kiss on his cheek. "Such a kind gentleman wanting to help others in need. Hope they don't give you too much trouble, but I left you a big tip. Oh! I better help you with that. Take it from me. Bending over is going to be a pipe dream for a while."

“Hey!” Nak snapped when the ferret ducked out of view, thanks to his own stomach hiding her. When she jumped back into his sight, it was to place a stack of slightly dirty cash in his dumbstruck hands. “The heck did you do to me?!”

“I rented a mom. That’s what you advertised. Anyway, I better get going. Careful driving with triplets now!”

“Please don’t leave me,” was Nak’s pathetic whimper as he watched the ferret with a mother’s thick curves bounce to their car and drive off. He tried to chase after her but wasn’t in a fit state with sixty extra pounds weighing him down. All the cow could do was lean against his car, tail rapidly smacking against the chrome exterior.

Nak was at a complete loss and, frankly, totally defeated by his luck today. He opened his car door, intent on getting home before anything even stranger than spontaneous male pregnancy happened to him. Unfortunately, step one of this plan took a lot more struggling and shifting than usually came with entering a vehicle. Having his belly press into the car horn until he could squirm a hand for the seat adjuster was one thing. The cow had to practically sit on the armrest divider just so his child bearing hips could let the door close.

By some merciful generosity of fate, he managed to awkwardly drive the twenty minutes home without crashing or some other random incident. Not that the trio inside his, impossible to exist, womb were of any help. All their kicking and fussing made Nak unsure if he had a powerful urge to pee or craved food.

It didn’t matter by the time he got back to the apartment. He needed to get to the bathroom mirror for a full assessment of what had become of his body. Perhaps it was a desire out of morbid curiosity, or hope it’d help give him a sense of understanding of the situation.

“Ow! Now why is this... oh...” Nak found himself in for one more surprise as he tried removing his seat belt. The rough polyester rolled back so sharply it left a burning scratch between his pecs.

The pregnant cow rubbed at the irritated center of his chest, only to blink as his fingers slowed their motions. He certainly didn’t remember things being so fat and mushy. Not in this upper area of his torso, anyway.

One look down nearly caused his chin to slam into some significantly pronounced mound on his rib cage.

How had he not noticed that swelling over such a short drive? Nak shook his head, slightly disappointed that hadn't vanished the lump away. No. wait. A more thorough feel found it was actually two fairly large and distinct bulges pushing out around his nipples. His fingers clamped down on one, sending pleasure jolting through his nerves. His tail shuddered before he sharply released the swollen piece of flesh like it'd been electrified. They were a lot more pillowy than his baby-stuffed belly, but still well rounded in their own right, just like any other woman's...

"You gotta be kidding me!" Nak snapped aloud, yanking his shirt collar back for a better look at his new tits. Their silky skin flowed atop his stomach before gravity pulled them down the side slope in a semi-supported hang. Several minutes passed with the dumbstruck bovine staring at his chest, watching the mounds expand and deflate with his breathing.

The damn things looked huge in his whirling mind, although he wasn't an expert on anatomy sizes. Still, it made sense someone carrying a lot of pups would need to prepare for equal amounts of nursing. Nak tucked the shirt collar back, feeling heated again, reminding himself he wasn't the type of cow that's supposed to carry or nurse anything.

"This is insane!" Nak flung open the car door, hoping denial could help in some way. It sure didn't keep him from rolling clumsily off his partial armrest seat for a rough landing on hands and knees. Pushing back up took a lot of painful groaning, only for him to stumble back onto all fours. He had already been a big guy yet growing significantly gravid put on more frontal weight than his legs could manage.

"Holy crap! Ma'am, are you okay!?"

There was no time for Nak to collect himself. Someone else had suddenly appeared next to the cow, putting both hands around his bicep to help heft him back onto aching hooves. He paused long enough to be furious that his ankles were swollen less than an hour into pregnancy before his thick snout twisted into a grimace. This new persona's voice was forebodingly familiar. Judging by the small gasp the cow heard, even his thicker 'mom' form was still recognizable.

“Nak!? Is that... When did you get so big... ger? Why are you in a skirt!?”

With a defeated sigh, Nak turned to face his long-time friend. The brown-haired panda was dressed in his usual attire of trench coat and casual wear. A grocery bag rested near one of their boots filled with random food items. They were practically a footnote on the smaller anthros list of priorities at the moment as their wide violet eyes shifted rapidly between Nak’s exposed belly and T-shirt stretched over two unmistakable mammaries.

“H-hey, Jui! I’m having a day.”

“Understatement of the week, buddy. What’s going on? Are those boobs real!?”

“Well, you know us cows.” Nak forced a chuckle at his weak attempt at lightening this encounter. That didn’t last long with his bovine hooves reaching their limit. Both knees suffered a flicker of weakness that caused him to stagger forward. Fortunately, Jui didn’t hesitate to grapple the cow for extra support, and suspiciously steal a grope to confirm that the giant gut jutting out of his shirt was real. “Can we explain this in my place? I really need to sit down.”

“Like I’m going to miss this story,” Jui replied with a gleam in his eye.

Something about the sudden enthusiasm made Nak wonder, but he wasn’t in a position to deny some much needed and eager to help. He put almost his full weight onto Jui feeling the panda wrap and arm around his back while the other supported his belly. Or maybe his friend just enjoyed giving it a feel. All the bloated cow could care about was the throbbing ache those babies were putting on his hooves. It turned the few minute climb to his apartment into an eternity.

Luckily, Jui was far stronger than he looked next to a cow twice his weight. Soon he was helping Nak settle into their living room recliner before rushing out to retrieve his discarded groceries.

Flopping into the soft cushions of a seat he’d been accustomed to for years only made Nak flare his wide nostrils in dismay. Everything felt different thanks to the massive baby fat gained by literal babies, especially with the way his sides squished tight against the armrests. No amount of

wiggling or slouching could make him comfortable. It just brought attention to the increased thickness of his butt rubbing against the cushion.

“What?” the cow blinked as one of his dinner plates suddenly came to rest on the modest shelf of his stomach. On it sat a random assortment of crackers, sandwich cheese and carrots. His eyes followed the black furred hand supporting it to Jui’s grinning face.

“Sorry. I thought you might be hungry carrying all that around, so I busted open some snacks I bought. I’ll cook you a big lunch for six once you give the rundown of what happened.”

Nak’s eyebrows furrowed with a small snort. The first instinct after all this crazy, stupid day was just refuse and ask he be left alone to process the fact he could someone get pregnant. Instead, he couldn’t get the first syllable out before the little whatever’s inside him decided they wanted the attention. Hands came to rest on his belly’s sides, gasping when little bumps would push back against his palms. After almost a minute of dazed wonder at the sensation of holding life, the cow suddenly realized just how much energy all this had really taken out of him. With great reluctance, he reached up to take the plate.

“Thanks...”

Jui practically beamed as his hand hovered above the cow for a second. It seemed obvious he wanted to feel the wiggling cubs himself, but decided against it for now. With a quick back step, he sat on Nak’s couch, trying to remain as close to them as possible.

The snack was bland, yet welcomingly filling. Nak quickly scarfed everything down in mouthfuls between pauses to break down the weird chain of events at the laundromat.

“Well, damn! That is some crazy power for a shirt,” the panda commented once the story finished. He was quick to remove the now empty plate for Nak, enjoying the view of his friend reclining in the chair so their belly and breasts became more pronounced. Nak ideally tried, with little success, to pull the shirt over his girth. The stretching of the ‘rental mom’ phrase dragged a new line of ideas into the panda’s thoughts. “So people just throw money and you become whatever mom they want?”

“I guess?” Nak groaned, a burp escaping when one of the kids gave his insides a good kick. “That weird lady didn’t bother to elaborate, but I

assume you got to return a rental eventually. Not sure how... Jui, what are you doing!?”

The panda gave a happy purr, his grin flashing many sharp teeth while he produced a large stack of bills from his wallet. “Experimenting!”

“Don’t you dare!” Nak’s eyes went wide, sharp realization filling his bloated pregnant limbs with adrenalin. Unfortunately, the ample increase to his weight worked against the bovine. No amount of squirming could get him out of the comfortable resting chair before Jui leaned in to stuff everything into the neck of his shirt.

An eerie silence fell over the living room. Nak looked to his close friend only to see their attention remained glued to his rounded middle, and possibly his bust. His sapphire eyes followed that gaze in a whirlwind of emotions. The heavy expanding and contracting rhythm of his breathing caused the alien mammaries to scrunch the money wedged between them. Just when he’d hoped this random violation of personal space wouldn’t amount to anything, a twinge in his chest caused the cow to take a particularly deep breath. When it came out through flared nostrils, he gave a startled moo to see his chest didn’t recede.

“D-damn it, Jui,” Nak moaned despite a rapid onset of growth. The way his expanding boobs rubbed against the straining confines of his shirt felt too good to get that angry. Nipples triggered sparks through tender nerves with each flick across the warm fabric, making him squirm against the armrests more out of pleasure than desire to leave.

Just when the pressure became too much, there was an odd popping sensation at the tips of both mounds. Nak glanced down, letting his jaw drop at seeing the area around his areolas rapidly darkening with wet spots. He instinctively cupped the mounds through his shirt, causing a large squirt of pressurized liquid to spread the stains wider. The ropy cow tail slapped wildly against the recliner amidst deep, pleased groans. “Nnngh! W-why would you do this?”

“To be honest, I didn’t think we’d get this far.” Jui winked at the dirty look Nak shot for that response. However, further comments were waylaid as a deep rumble from the bovines belly perked both anthro’s ears. “Besides, you’re strikingly beautiful as a mom. No way we can waste this chance for a little fun.”

"You... you could have asked. Haaah!" Nak reluctantly released his filling chest udders, letting their new basketball shapes bounce off his distended gut. Hands grabbed the sides of that, trying to ease the harsh stirring from within. However, it did nothing to help the cow before he felt a familiar spark of something coming into existence inside him.

No. Several things were now joining the already crowded space of his womb and quickly developed at an impossible pace. All Nak could do was lay back in his recliner, feeling the cushions strain from his increasing weight. His hoof-tipped hands gradually moved wider apart while the belly hoisted into the air inflated into an impossibly massive ball.

"H-how many kids did you give me!?"

"I... I don't know?" Jui said sheepishly, recoiling at the panicked glance Nak gave him. "I was just thinking as many as four hundred bucks could rent me."

"Ooooh hell!" Nak bit his lower lip, hooves twitching the floor while his belly and breasts increasingly blocked his view of the living room. The recliner was rolled back as far as it could go and the armrests were cracking from the expanding width of his hips. "You're going to... pay for this. You k-know that?"

"Would it help if I ordered pizza for lunch?"

Nak looked like he wanted to say something indigent, but with his stomach looking packed with kids in the double digits and climbing, he only gave out a relenting snort. The cows' breasts never stopped their swelling either, although at a much mercifully slow pace. Excess milk was soaking through his shirt and into the recliner fibers.

"You better get me six supremes and cheesy bread!"

* * *

Nak awoke with a grumble, one hand rising clumsily in an effort to shield his eyes from the lights of his ceiling fan. Judging by the dank shade, the sun must have gone down some time ago. Slowly, the memories of a feast to end all binges came running back, followed by a deep breath expelled as a satisfied burp.

"Hope Jui had enough for my bundles of joy." Nak chuckled before remembering the finer details of what he was talking about.

Hands rested upon his chest, only half surprised to find a pair of enormous tits engorged with milk still hanging off it. Cold air blew over their bare fur, sending shivers through the soft flesh. Hopefully, all this leaking milk would stop at some point. It was making practically his entire front damp.

The parts of his front the cow could still see, anyway. While his tits were impressive at blocking the view, that honor still went to the even bigger dome the cow's stomach had become. Nak grumbled, half-content, half-straining while rubbing against the wide girth. The overly pregnant bulge had easily become the biggest part of him, which was saying something. Its fur had become especially sensitive to touch and caused his chubby, child-bearing hips to wiggle in groggy delight.

At least until hard cracks and snapping of wood caused Nak's ears to perk. With a bit of shifting, he looked around his distended waist with a muffled curse. His ass had gotten so fatted up with mom pudge it'd actually broken the armrests of his recliner. The apartment filled with tired grunts as he rocked on what remained of the comfortable chair. With a bit of rocking, Nak used the suppressing baby weight to roll onto his wobbly hooves proper.

There was a soft slap as the motion ended with the bottom of his gut hitting the apartment floor, sending stacks of pizza boxes scattering. It was only by the increased fat on the rest of his body that Nak had a counterweight to keep from rolling forward. The last thing he needed was to be trapped atop his own belly like it was a makeshift bed, wrecking his security deposit with milk trickling into the carpet.

No way there were less than sixteen kids in there. Their constant squirming made their numbers feel more like the low twenties. Jui might have gone a little overboard, though at this point Nak was struggling to even work up a reason to be angry at the little panda sleeping on his couch.

Even his legs didn't feel as strained despite having to walk to the bathroom carrying hundreds of extra pounds. Nak turned with arms waving straight out, trying to get a handle on a vastly altered center of balance. The motion alone knocked over another pile of boxes, emptied of pizza and hot wing contents. A few steps forward, further pushed discarded containers aside, including a small pyramid made out of empty two-liter

soda bottles. Weight might not be a problem, but hopefully he wouldn't have to be struggling with girth for much longer.

Nak could only give out a dejected sigh, struggling to squeeze through the door to his bedroom. And he sighed again when his stomach couldn't hope to squish through the one to his bathroom. It had always been annoyingly small at his normal size, often giving him the passing, though previous tenants might have been mice or something. A sink and vanity mirror were set up directly opposite to the portal, so Nak could still see the amazingly pregnant man he'd become.

Well, most of it was just his blimped stomach and the massive breasts oozing off its high shelf. Somehow, Nak suspected the mirror could barely fit all of him if he got inside the bathroom, anyway. A slow smile crept across his thick bovine snout, turning the best he could for different angles. Bright LED lights shined over his exposed half-naked body, making the milk-soaked fur glisten with his movements. This wasn't too bad a look, really. Maybe a bit unorthodox. The stuffing binge his friend had instigated finally seemed to quiet the kids down, though bumps appeared at random moments all across the taut skin. It was definitely a unique experience most men wouldn't get to indulge in. The cow almost hated that he'd go back to normal once the shirt was gone.

The smile on Nak's face slowly sank. One thought kept going through his mind while gazing at his mirrored image. His hand rose to clasp at its corresponding breast, ignoring the twinge of pleasure nipple contact brought. His opposite hand repeated the motion while his eyes steadily opened wider. With growing disquiet, the cow began patting all over his chest, sides, shoulders, and back. Nothing but naked fur met his palms, which got slightly damp with the unwitting spread of milk.

Jui was awoken by a loud crash of pizza boxes flying across the living room. Nak had exploded out of his bedroom with such cannonball momentum, his stomach bulldozed a path behind his wide figure. The cow ignored his friends' questioning groans while kicking around the mess of trash in every which way he could find.

"What's wrong, Nak?" Jui rubbed sleep from his eyes, sitting up with a yawn. "What are you looking for?"

“The damn shirt is gone!!” Nak said, barely keeping it above a scream. Knocking over the broken recliner with the weight of his belly made enough noise for the neighbors.

“O-oh? That’s a shame. Maybe it goes away on its own like magic. I almost wanted to try it out... myself?”

The panda’s thoughts screeched to a halt as his awakening mind processed the sight of his friend standing in the middle of the studio with only a pair of very miss-sized boxers on. His eyes traveled across the drastic curves of Nak’s breasts, down to his belly, threatening to drag on the floor and back up. This scan happened several times with Jui’s eyes growing wider each time, muzzle hanging open like a gaping fish.

“Yeah!” Nak snorted as he placed both hands on his hips, striking a pose to emphasize his physique. “You better hope this wears off, ya butt! Otherwise, I’m expecting a lot of child support and pizzas!”