

Fury of the Night Gains

1

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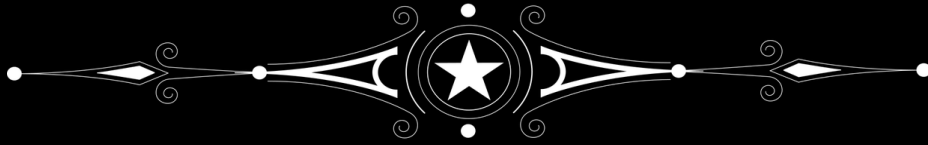
Commission for Asibow

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Anthro night fury transformation, guys with
boobs, weight gain, hyper fats

Read at your own discretion.



Maybe people didn't take Sorsha seriously because she was a nudist?

The young cat woman sat outside a movie theater drumming both sets of fingers on a suspicious metal barrel in her lap. Her snow white and bright pink body fur combined with neon green hair made her easy to spot from a distance like some kind of weird fruit.

Then there was the fact she only wore a purple cape and a pointed hat. Despite this, the breeze of a cold spring morning didn't ping on her radar. One of the many basic wards she placed on herself every morning kept the wrath of weather at bay. It could be a downpour of snow and the pink heart shape on her butt wouldn't feel a chill.

"No shoes, no service!" Sorsha turned to parrot words etched on a sign the establishment had hung by its entrance. "My paws have more protection with my weakest charms than those cheap hunks of rubber. You people are overpaying for junk."

She spent years learning how to twist the fabric of nature at a whim. Small miracles that defied logic were but toys in her palm. And yet the social standards of redundant things like clothing remained an enigma. All they ever did was inhibit her ability to channel magic. Pants were the absolute worst. Everyone's inability to explain to her why such tight things were necessary only solidified her belief in their pointless existence.

Who wanted to see a dumb animated movie about dragons anyway? Sorsha didn't care that their designs were awesome, or that the riders were funny. The added perk of being cuddled up in a dark room next to the crush of her life could be done any old time. It was totally fair that her refusal to follow arbitrary rules about fashion left her waiting bored outside. There was always the streaming release no doubt coming out in a couple weeks. She wasn't eager to see more of the cute dragons.

Hell. If she really wanted to see a dragon there were plenty of pedestrians going about their business. A little magic razzle dazzle could make one any time she wanted. And these would be the awesome kind, with anthro features and an enormous set of...

Deep purring drew odd looks from other furies making their way in and out of the theater's front doors. The rapid swishing of her thick tail and drooling smile left most of them happy to just ignore Sorsha. Just the notion of those same animated dragons as curvy anthro's set her mind a blaze with all manner of perverted thoughts.

It was the exact spark she needed to start earnestly working spell craft into the novelty large projectile cannon in her lap. As a wise man on TV once said, 'if necessity is the mother of invention, then boredom must be the father.'

No sooner had Sorsha gotten the last bit of her archaic power set when the movie must have ended. A small crowd began making its way out into the bright open sun once more. Two among them happened to be the same nerds that refused to loan Sorsha their pants so she could go inside with them. People were so selfish sometimes.

The blue chocobo guy was the first to spot Sorsha as she stood to greet them. Just the sight of a large device in her hands was enough to wipe the enthusiasm of whatever entertainment they'd experienced from his beak.

"Hey, Sorsha. Is that a t-shirt cannon?" Desmond said his words very slowly, as if unsure of how to proceed with the bubbly cat girl walking up to them. A common occurrence when it came to this particular witch.

"Yup." Sorsha brought her launcher at the ready, making the white monster goat woman accompanying Desmond recoil a few steps. "I made it myself!"

"When!?" Asibow got out as she maneuvered slightly to get Desmond between them.

"Just now. Duh."

Desmond blinked. "You've been sitting out here for two hours constructing a firearm?"

"I was bored and you meanies wouldn't let me come in!"

"You're the one that said it's sacrilege to conjure clothes with nature magic."

"A good waste of magic to boot. In any case, how was your movie?"

Tension fell from Desmond's feathers with his content shrug. Nothing was on fire yet so there was little point in stressing. "I still think the third movie is better, but Asi's going to be geeking out all day."

"That flight battle was awesome and you know it!" Asibow found her own confidence again, stepping up to Desmond with hands on her hips. "And when those night fury's all came together in a crane wing formation it was nothing short of beautiful."

"That's because you've been obsessed with the fish lovers for weeks now." He gave the goat a teasing pat between her horns. "Seriously, that can't be healthy."

Asibow's snout folded into a pout as she smacked the wing away. "It's some light infatuation for a cool species. And I don't need this lecture from the lardo bird with a shelf of Krystal merch."

Fury of the Night Gains

4

“First of all, collecting trinkets is a hobby. Second, Krystal is best girl no matter what. And third, don’t you dare call me fat, you half ton mammal.”

The goat’s expression curled back up into a knowing grin. “Yeah. You’d look much better as a reptile. Though I doubt transforming into a night fury would shed that many pounds off you. If you’re lucky, the wings might help propel you through doors.”

“Oh!? Excuse you!” It might have sounded angry, but the grin on Desmond’s beak practically mirrored Asibow’s. “You have some nerve making bold accusations about my girth when your ass could barely fit in the theater seat. Forget all the people you rolled over to get to a bathroom break. Something tells me you’d have a hard time trying to fly as one of those zoomer dragons.”

Neither of them was actually as obese as their yelling might have implied. Granted, they were still pretty plump with a sagging belly pouch and really wide hips. It was a tragedy they were so adamant about covering such glorious asses with garments. Another problem for her canon, that she was aiming at Desmond while they bantered, could solve very easily.

“If you two dorks are so confident about being a night fury, then I got the perfect test for ya.”

“Wha...?” Desmond turned to fully face the cat and his eye shot open wide enough to overtake his forehead. There was an audible click as Sorsha’s hand squeezed on the trigger, leaving him with only half a second of decision making. “Sorsha, I hate you!”

That would be a satisfying enough declaration before the canon let out a thunderous blast of air. Looking at it head on, the chocobo could already tell no t-shirt had actually been loaded into the device. Unfortunately, this was a Sorsha invention they had to deal with. From the enormous barrel erupts a cloud of glittering blue smoke with a sound like splashing waves.

He didn’t get time to comprehend the enormous tuna flying at his face before it smacked him to the ground.

“Huh. That had a bit more wallop than I expected.” Sorsha looked over her canon pensively gauging the strength of its fresh magic incantations. Startled curses from Asibow went ignored. “I guess this wasn’t meant to be fired point blank.”

“Oh! You THINK!?” Desmond bolted upright on the ground in the fastest recovery from a high velocity fish Asibow had ever seen. Granted that wasn’t what left her muzzle hanging open in stunned awe at the chocobo. “How many times do we gotta have this conversation? At least a fish cannon is a creative way to break...my...face?”

Getting rocked senseless with fresh seafood meant Desmond needed a hot minute to realize his beak wasn’t flapping like normal. A quick feel with both hands confirmed this was mainly due to the chocobo no longer possessing a beak. Instead, his face jutted forward into a snout that was flat and very wide, almost to the point it flowed

into his cheeks. Having a jaw bone covered with soft, squishy flesh always left him a bit disoriented.

Seeing said skin covered in void black scales certainly wasn't encouraging, either. The affected mouth area refused to stay contained, molting Desmond's remaining ocean blue feathers off in a messy rainstorm while they spread to encompass his head. His decorative crest that split his hair folded back and vanished at the same time two short, blunt fin-like flaps rose out of his temples to take its place.

A vicious snarl escaped curling new lips when he'd meant to squawk. There was a sharp popping sensation in his eardrums, followed by even worse disorientation. Longer pointed ears had flipped out from the top of his head, shocking Desmond's brain with some heightened hearing.

"This is a lot more uncomfortable when I'm not expecting it," Desmond said as he scrambled to his feet. A much longer tongue traced along his gums, surprised to find lots of sharpened teeth were hidden in sheath-like indentions. That kind of unique trait made it easy to guess what was going on. Giving a dejected sputtering that normally can't be done with a beak, he turned to Asibow. "How bad do I look?"

"You, uh, your head looks like a night fury's." An embarrassingly obvious observation to make, but the goat wasn't sure how else she could answer that question.

"Just my head?" Desmond did try hiding the ire for his rapidly changing situation. A peek inside his shirt collar showed the black scales had already poured down his neck and were busy molting feathers off his chest and back by the handful. He opened his mouth to berate Sorsha further, only to hunch forward with a gasp. Before Asibow could question it, he scrambled to yank the garment off his much wider head before it could be torn apart by two draconic membrane wings erupting from his shoulder blades. "Thanks, Sorsha!"

"Just helping you guys settle your discussion!" Sorsha puffed her modest bare chest out with an air of pride. As usually, there wasn't enough in that green haired skull to understand the context of sarcasm. It didn't really matter when she set her twinkling eyes on Asibow, making the goat monster's tail shake. "Speaking of which..."

The implication took a second to sink in during Asibow's panic. Another way Sorsha liked to play with her targets like any playful cat. She let the goat turn and run a full five feet and then unleashed another explosion of magic smoke.

A flying tuna struck Asibow dead against her backside, causing her to trip on her own feet. A meek cry escaped her snout as she toppled to her knees, face-first against the pavement with ass propped in presentation for her feline attacker.

Sorsha really appreciated the view when, not ten seconds later, the goat's short fluffy tail rent the back of their pants in an explosion of growth. The thick mass of stretching vertebrae and inflating muscles slapped the ground and continued to snake away from Asibow's hips until it was longer than her body itself. Fan-like fins for flight

control ruffled their way out of the black scaled surface into a fluke at the tip, as well as on either side of the impressive tail's base.

"Nice panties, lardo," Desmond giggled even as the chocobo wings that'd functioned as his hands cracked and converted into rounder, scaled paws. Digits ended in black claws for gripping that clicked against each other while he struggled to get the dragon wings on his back under control.

"S-shut up!" Asibow groaned into the sidewalk. While her position was highly undignified, there was little she could do about it while her hips inflated with Sorsha's imposing magic. Both hips and butt grow in rapid pulses, tearing her pants at the seams in a gradual unveiling of a pelvis now covered in the night black scales. Leggings tightened around her thighs before they split as well, showing off girth the changing goat hadn't possessed seconds ago. The real shame was when her feet cramped, followed by her sneakers popping off their souls. The massive night fury paws she'd gained were too much for such flimsy protection.

Now this was the kind of show worth waiting outside a movie theater for. Sorsha's purrs joined in the awkward groaning and growls of her changing companions. How could she not appreciate the beauty of such handiwork? One nerd got to be a bottom-heavy night fury literally growing out of their pants. The other sat almost perfectly symmetrical transformed from the waist up.

But the magic of projectile fish wouldn't let this moment last. Desmond gave out a sharp yelp when an eruption of dragon tail growth sent his plumes flying off in a dense cloud. Y-shaped bird feet crunched and twitched as they became the flat paws of a dragon.

Following not far behind, the back of Asibow's shirt ripped with the emergence of strong wings. Black scales climbed all along her back and chest, rushing down both arms to alter her hands with claws that pierced the concrete as they grew. She found newfound strength to raise her head up in time to roar at the heavens with the reshaping of her jaws. The once thick goat snout flattened and stretched into a proper night fury cast, adjusting her horns forward into head fins.

"There! Now both you nerds are dragons!" Sorsha looked between the half-naked anthro's, smug satisfaction all over her face. Their clothes were hanging on by threads squeezing the mix of fat and muscle filling out their scaly forms. It was almost as hot as if the transformation had left them completely naked. "You're welcome."

"I'm not sure a fish gun making night fury's is all that practical," Asibow mused mostly to herself. With the back of her shirt blown out by wings she was struggling to keep the front covering her enlarged reptilian breasts. The short walk back to Desmond made them shake enough that the front fell down in a flash of deep black cleavage.

"It makes other dragons too," Sorsha huffed back. Unfortunately, there weren't any other pedestrians within firing range to demonstrate the full brilliance of her magical t-shirt cannon. "This is going to make me super popular at the next convention."

“You know you’re banned from those.” Desmond rolled his shirt under an arm after attempts to put it back on were hindered by his wings. They were still twitching out of sync with his brain, adding to his grumpy mood. A shame he couldn’t control them yet, since giving Sorsha a high-flying jump kick sounded appropriate under the circumstances.

He decided a standard bapping on the nose would have to do. That plan only got about three threatening steps towards the cat girl when Desmond’s paw kicked something big and slimy. Being in the throes of metamorphosis caused both night fury’s to forget they’d been hit by some impressively large tuna fish. For a second their usefulness as a club was considered, and then the smell struck his nostrils. Before he even realized it, the shirt had been tossed aside so he could scoop the tasty meal up in both sets of claws.

“Aaaah!” Dozens of needle-sharp teeth shot out of Desmond’s gum sheaths, catching some of his drool. He needed those to chunk off one third of the five-foot long fish in a single bite. Jaws clapped like a steel trap, grinding the head into a digestible paste in open view of his companions.

“Desmond! Why are y-ooooh!?” That would have horrified Asibow but she also caught the aroma of fatty, sweet tuna meat. Her stomachs rumbling could be heard clearly across the parking lot. A pure basic instinct blindsided the former goats already fatigued mental state, leaving them scooping up the other available fish for quick ravenous bites.

Sorsha’s tail lifted higher watching the two dragons gorge on their meal. Naturally, the fish were magical too. She wasn’t some hack witch that stopped at just one enchanting effect. Adding them on in a domino effect was one of the best ways to inflict unpredictable fun against an unsuspecting populace. Multiple inflictions also made it significantly difficult to counter spell. Spoilsports like Desmond sometimes carried around vials of antidotes, but they can’t cure everything at once.

Given that Asibow was already a fairly large girl it was hard to notice her bustline putting increasing strain on her destroyed shirt right away. Desmond, on the other hand, swallowed his large glob of chewed fish and noticed how odd its weight seemed to take a short drop into his chest instead of his stomach. The remaining tuna slapped to the ground forgotten in the sensation, both paws being brought slapping against the black scales of his pectorals. Mounting pressure made the flesh underneath boil, jostling his fingers. It hit with an unexpected pleasure that made the haired night fury moan with a hard slap of his tail.

“Haaah! Ack!” Desmond could better ignore the rising boner in his pants when his hands got bowled over by an explosive growth of extra fat. Both sides of his chest billowed out like shimmering balloons being inflated, but with a weight that gently dropped into a heavy hang on his skin. It was all he could to cup the bottom of what were unmistakably breasts developing. They gained a more defined roundness to them as they blew traditional bra sizes in minutes.

Given the source of their predicament, things only escalated to cartoonish levels after that. Desmond's view of the ground became increasingly blocked by his own soft scaled boobs. Areola's black as the space between stars stretched at their forefront of their light reflecting scales. For a moment he almost thought their firmness was impressive until his fingers moved down and he let out another yelp.

Mammaries the size of hay bales weren't the only parts of Desmond's body piling on fish fats. His stomach had gained a sizable gut compounded by hefty love handles folding the scales along his lower back. Even so, most of his middles girth became aproned by tits large enough to fill a loveseat on their own.

"Oh nice!" Asibow cheered when Desmond's fat ass tore out the back of their pants. Those denim seams were no match for all the flab filling out the space between night fury thighs. She especially couldn't help noticing the still masculine shape of his figure, and erect cock, in spite of growing breasts. She flicked the last bit of Tuna into her working jaws, oblivious to the last bits of her clothes threads popping. "I told you. You look damn sexy as a whaled dragon. Nice of Sorsha to give you tits bigger than mine to-HOOUUUUURRRPPP!!"

A loud burp from the female night fury sent several hundred pounds of scaled flesh vibrating on her bones. That had been the final strain on her poor clothes. Thinly stretched threads that'd been keeping what they could over her massive hips split, sending her own jeans and panties crumpling to the floor. The feminine curve of her butt only made it shove out behind her further like some oversized shelf made of jelly. Its jiggling cheeks slapped together for several seconds before gravity could get the weight settled.

Asibow squealed as she attempted to pull her shirt up over a tidal wave of cleavage. She was about as successful as if she'd used a paper towel. The remaining cotton split down the middle, leaving scraps in her claws and her chest falling out with an audible sloshing noise. Their mass hung all the way to her hips even with a considerable belly in the way.

"You were saying?" Desmond's nostrils flared, his snout twisting into a grin. "You got some overfilled looking death stars swaying in the breeze, jumbo."

"Oh, don't even start with me," Asibow said in a surprising recovery to her rapid weight gain. She was smiling right back with hands resting somewhere in the middle of her expanding hips. Neither of hers or Desmond's chunky arms could hope to touch the sides of their girth now. "Flashing your night zeppelins like that while insinuating I'm fat is so immature."

"I'll have you know that I...I..." A loud rumbling from Desmond's stomach could barely be heard under his breast apron. Paws dug around under the hefty mammary sacks to rub at his empty gut underneath. Slivers of drool were starting to leak out of his muzzle with its teeth sheathed again. "I'm still hungry!"

“Yeah? Me too!” Asibow got a distant look while repeating the stomach rubbing gesture on herself. She whipped her head around so fast her pointed ears smacked the sides of her head. Eventually they spotted a suitable target in the form of a mini mall across from the theater's parking lot. One that was wall to wall restaurants, plus a Lego store. “I could sure go for an Outback right now!”

“Great idea!” Desmond had collected his partially eaten fish in the interim and was already finishing up the last bits of tail. Not that ten pounds of sidewalk seafood helped his appetite any. “Watch me eat twenty steaks and not gain a pound.”

Asibow made a sarcastic sputtering noise, breaking into an odd mix of a jog and waddle. A state of motion that sent all her fat undulating in loud slapping motions that could be heard for miles around. “Don’t lie! You’re going to get chunky thighs just eating their bread.”

“At least I’m not going to eat all the cake, you hog!” Desmond joined in the overweight night fury version of a sprint towards the unsuspecting restaurants. The wobbling of their own numerous folds joined in slapping against itself.

“Oh dear,” Sorsha said while watching the two naked dragons stampede away. Of course, a common side effect of Sorsha going full throttle on the magic enchantments is their tendency to over impose themselves. Only time would tell if their weight gaining hunger could be satisfied before every food store in the county was cleared out.

“It’s not really fair,” she pouted, tucking her fish canon away into a pocket dimension. “I bet those dumb bitches won’t get kicked out for not wearing pants, either.”

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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