

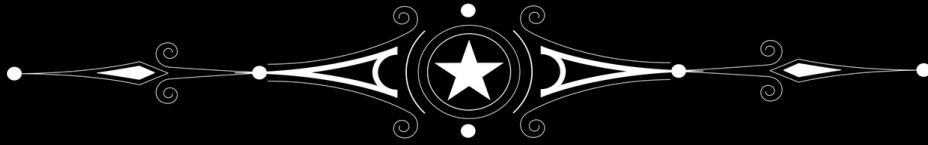
The Importance of Vaccination

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Werewolf TF, hyper growth, muscle growth

Read at your own discretion.



Like a vast majority of sentient life in the galaxy, Krystal hated needles.

“Is this really necessary?” The blue fox woman shifted in her seat. Ears were forced to stay upright trying to hide her emotions while watching an equally blue squirrel-fox thing glove up and prep the dreaded tool.

“Afraid so. It's a galactic mandate for visiting Earth.” He tapped the glass a few times to get rid of the bubbles. “Also, you should always keep up on your vaccinations with how many germs exist in space.”

“Yeah, but, it's just a simple performance gig. How bad can one planet's contagions be?”

The doctor scoffed. “Clearly you haven't read up on human pandemics. Now deep breath.”

Krystal inhaled sharply through her black vulpine nose, averting her gaze to the sterile room's corner. There came the usual cold prick of something sharp piercing her arm, followed by a few tense seconds of waiting.

“All done, baby girl.” The doctor chuckled, ignoring Krystal's annoyed growl as he applied a band aid on her. “And here I thought you were on the team that regularly saves the galaxy.”

“Stuff it,” she snapped, already slipping into her jacket. “We done here?”

“Yes. Yes.” The smaller squirrel-fox stripped his gloves and gave her records a passing glance over. “There will be the usual vaccine symptoms that should pass quickly; aches, pains, maybe some hot flashes. This stuff was made from a pretty advanced race of shapeshifters that really valued their medicine. Nothing serious is likely to happen.”

His enormous tail of blue fur twitched with a passing thought. Looking over to the rack of various medicines, his ears dropped cursing at their lack of labels. “Actually, you should wait around for a minute. I think I might have...”

It wasn't until the doctor turned that he realized he'd probably been talking to himself for the past minute. His blue vixen patient had cleared out with barely a footfall to be heard. Shrugging, he got up to call for his next patient for injections.

“Ah. I'm sure she'll be fine.”

* * *

Krystal was not okay.

The job request for visiting earth had been for 'social entertainment' for an event. They promised all she had to do was hang around and mingle in small groups at a time. Act as a presence for people that'd never seen a middle-aged fox alien before.

In the end, this would be the gig where Krystal learned not only what a furry is, but that her brief career in video games left her as some sort of icon for their worship. Having psychic empathic abilities while stuck in a hotel crammed with literally thousands of human fans between the ages of twenty and sixty was certainly an experience.

It wasn't that everyone in a hundred-foot radius was aggressively horny, though there were plenty of those. Too much vibes in a condensed space can wear down the most disciplined of psychologists.

That and Krystal was feeling more like garbage as Friday dragged on. A simple word flub there and a clumsy step there turned into full on forgetting if she was at a fox meeting panel or taking part in an escape room.

Aches developed in odd places, ramping with intensity with each passing hour. Nothing seemed to trigger them, either. Just out of nowhere her biceps start throbbing, or her knees wobble under the strain of her own weight. None of it made sense. She'd jogged through battlefields more physically demanding than this sweaty hotel space.

Krystal's senses weren't spared impairment either. Heat flashes were starting to develop blurs around the edges of her vision. Smells and sounds were mixing together in a cocktail of incoherent data. Honestly, if the pay wasn't so good, she might have gone straight back into space after slamming into a fur suiter for the sixth time. Whatever affliction was overpowering the vixen couldn't override the basic carnal desire to secure rent that was due next week.

"Whoa! Are you okay there?" Strong hands shot out to catch the vixen before she stumbled into an unrecoverable fall. He'd been acting as liaison for the con staff that'd arranged Krystal's visit. She was grateful for some help on earth customs, as well as reminding the bolder fans of personal space.

"Y-yeah. I should be fine." Krystal steadied herself, professionalism forcing her to shrug it off with her cutest tail wag. Quick glances reoriented herself to the fact she was at one of the con's many room parties. People were mingling while pizza and hot wings were served on a table. Wireless speakers blurred some kinda dub music, and a large group gathered around the TV playing some gaming device. "You know those days where you feel off without actually being sick?"

The man didn't look convinced. "They said you were vaccinated, but you can still catch something in a place like this. Maybe we should call it a night?"

"N-no. I'm really fine. It's just a-gah!"

An invisible force chose that moment to take a bat to Krystal's lower back. Her body contorted with chest and hips pushed out in a startled cry before falling into the arms of her startled employer. If her senses weren't in a spiral she would have broken down after shoving her boobs into a strange human's face. Especially with it feeling like there was a lot more of her getting squished.

"Whoa! Y-yeah. You are not fine." At least he was a gentleman about where his hands went during their awkward embrace. That's true professionalism. "Let's get you on the couch and I'll grab some water. Even someone that lifts as much as you can get sick."

Krystal scoffed, only half understanding his words. She let him lead her over to a sofa in several wobbling steps. The cushions accepted her butt with the sinking embrace of marshmallows. A welcome warmth to let a poor girl's muscles relax. Hands idly roamed across her thighs and stomach watching her escort head to a table of refreshments.

"Pfft! The heck is he talking about? I don't even lift..."

Something about the way her fingers trailed along the surface of her abdomen pierced through the haze of Krystal's daze. There was the familiar fuzz of fur but not the soft tender fox underneath. Ears lowered halfway as she prodded further, finding much of her own mass beneath the pelt hard and ridged. She wasn't supposed to have ridges.

"What the hell?" she whispered, sitting upright in a rush of renewed lucidity. Taking a second to make sure too many eyes weren't on the anthro fox, she lifted the hem of her t-shirt. "Holy hell..."

If it wasn't for the fur pattern, Krystal wouldn't have recognized the curtain reveal of her own abdomen. Her healthy female curves were now exaggerated wider by dense layers of strength. A once flat and inviting stomach pushed out with various contours that drew attention to the brick-like divots going to her belly button.

She somehow rocked a six pack of abs without doing a single sit-up in the past decade.

"What is happening to me?" Krystal's voice cracked despite her efforts to keep it low and calm. She pulled her shirt back down, not only finding it couldn't reach the waistband of her pants anymore, but her breasts pushed the front a lot more than an hour ago. They'd easily swollen over double her size, eagerly squishing together in the tight bra cups trying to find escape.

She stood in her panic, thick blue tail knocking drink cups over with its thrashing. The reaction of other party goers to this mess were completely lost on Krystal. It was all white noise as she took stock of her arms. They'd grown just as muscular as her torso. The outlines of biceps extensive weightlifting could bring showed through her fur even in a relaxed state. One look at the tightness of her jeans suggested her legs had bulked up in a similar fashion.

"Krystal? Are you...whoa! What happened to you?"

Having to suddenly look down at the stunned human barely visible beyond the shelf of her cleavage made his question rather clear. Krystal gulped, glancing around to confirm she'd grown stronger and over a foot taller than every human present.

And all their eyes were glued on her with great intensity. Before she could regain any semblance of composure, a torrent of emotions crashed upon the bewildered blue vixen's sixth sense. Most were confused. Others had the understandable fear a buff animal person in the middle of a party tends to bring. Then there were the occasional splashes of curiosity and arousal that did little to ease her own anxiety.

"I...I got to go! Sorry! I'll still earn my pay later."

It might be said that the stunned handler would have fun retelling the story of how a furry icon bulldozed him over on social media later. Granted with Krystal's new size, pretty much everyone in her path couldn't avoid a rude shove during her mad scramble out into the hotel hallway.

SHRRT! KRRT! KRRT! CHUUUT!

"O-oh...oh heck!" She was only about halfway to the elevators when she recognized the sounds of tearing fabric. This was followed by the notion that she was still growing. The simple act of walking had caused her muscular thighs to bust open the seams. Several horizontal gashes had opened across her shirt in its struggle to hold back two basketballs overflowing the bra underneath. Its hem only reached halfway down to her waist, which was ripping several sections under her increased size. "Are human viruses made of steroids or something? This is nuts."

Krystal's growing proportions and size were making it hard to stay balanced. She staggered into the elevators landing with wide, stiff steps over to a desk used for phoning help next to the window. One hand kept her braced against the furniture while her other tugged at her jeans trying to find any kind of slack. Feeling the immense girth her butt had gained elicited a yelp. In hindsight, she probably should have noticed that with how much her boobs were swelling.

CRRRCK!

"Hnnngh!" The hand Krystal hand on the desk recoiled to something stringing its sinew. She pulled it back, watching her opaque nails grow through a process that should have taken over a year. Their coloration darkened along the way until they were reaching two inches long, jet black, and slightly curved for gripping. Changes struck at the hand itself moments later. Bones popped with increasing mass, enlarging her palm to a ridiculous degree. The base of each finger bulged like little welts, seemingly getting stuck on the next knuckle before the sections beyond puffed into meaty sausages, and then each tip filled out into round meatballs.

"A...paw?" Krystal stared at her altered extremity unable to comprehend this drastic mix of animal foot and anthro hand. There was still a thumb. Fingers could move

with some dexterity despite being so thick they rubbed together. Yet it resembled a huge animal's foot even on her beefy arm. "This is getting too ridiculous for-GAH!"

SHRRRKK!

The apparent process of paw-fication made its way over to Krystal's other hand. She curled the fingers into a fist watching it throb and crackle with the shifting of bones and sinew. Teeth bared into a snarl. Every amount of willpower tried to fight the shifts bulking out her fingers one digit at a time. Alas, sheer force of stubbornness only delayed the change by a second or two. The tension gave with a loud pop, leaving the vixen glaring in exasperation at both her monstrous extremities. Both their palms and finger tips were decorated in dark brown fleshy pads.

"Great," she grumbled. Trying to run one of the now giant paws through her hair in a stress reflex felt more like encasing her face in a pillow. At least the pads were amazingly spongy, almost in a cute way. She settled for leaning against the table already knowing a single finger couldn't hope to operate the phone on it. Not that she had any idea how humans dealt with spontaneous acts of growth and mutations. "Huh."

Glancing out the window, her eyes caught sight of the beautiful orb shining back. It did amaze her how this planet could make its moon look so huge when the alignments were right. Just letting its presence soak into her ebbed a lot of Krystal's hysteria.

GRUK!

"HRRRGGHH!! S-son of a..."

That was until a spasm in her feet nearly threw them out from under her. Squeezing pain rocked through her toes inside the tightening sneakers. Aches pulled at her heels, trying to force them into an arch. Krystal leaned over to peer past her bust and groaned. The synthetic leather of her footwear was pulsing in time to every crack and pop, making them look like inflating balloons. The space inside was getting too tight she couldn't move her toes, which were feeling more bloated than they ever should.

CRUCK!

In defiance of her wishes, Krystal's heels hoisted upward, slipping free of the shoes as they stretched further away from the base of her feet. Cotton socks strained for several inches before tearing clean from the strengthening tendons, leaving tattered hoops wrapped around her ankles. That didn't seem to make her shoes any looser. The platforms of her fronts that remained grounded continued to widen in bone cracking pulses. It was rather amazing how much such cheap shoes could stretch. The fronts bulged around the girth of her toes to the point they were becoming outlined.

"Ah?" Weeds snaked their way down into Krystal's vision. She reeled back trying to grab them between her plump digits, only to realize they were her bangs. Looking at her reflection in the window, the vixen was shocked to watch her military trimmed cut explode in years of growth. Silky blue locks tickled at her shoulders in their fall down

her shoulders, not stopping until she had a wild mane reaching her mid-back. The bangs in her paws had fluffed with considerable density, making them a royal pain to keep out of her eyes. "Hmmmegg? Grruck!?"

POP!

That wasn't nearly as weird when Krystal's black nose swelled double in size. Her reflections eyes went cross eyed trying to make sense of the bulbous growth at the end of her muzzle.

KRIIIK!

"Aaurgh! MWAH!?"

Drool dripped across the polished table between Krystal's splayed paw hand things. Feeling gums itch with the changing of her teeth had to be the weirdest sensation of the night by far. Much larger fangs kept it impossible to keep her lips closed. The severity of overbite paired with her nose might have almost looked comical for a social media post.

CRACK! KRUK! CRACK!

"HURRRRH!!"

Fortunately, the rest of Krystal's jaws didn't leave her a drooling freak for long. Her eyes squinted shut trying to drown out the cracks of her bones changing. Lips grew thicker as her muzzle stretched longer and wider simultaneously, turning a dark black pigment in the process. Soon she was able to encase fearsome chompers back inside her mouth, but that wasn't much of a reassurance.

DING!

The signal for an elevator's arrival reminded Krystal of exactly where she was transforming. Her eyes flew open as she turned to watch a group of people, two in fur suits, piled out. Somehow the energetic humans were too engrossed in their conversations to notice the voluptuous vixen hulking out a few feet to their left. That was fine given how little Krystal felt she could explain her current alterations. Soon as they'd door was clear, she dashed inside the lift as silently as awkward fitting sneakers could allow.

BONK!

After hitting her head on the doorway, of course. A straggling con goer might have glanced back in time to see her fluffy tail and huge ass duck inside before the door closed. Inside, the vixen couldn't even stand to her full height anymore. She rubbed at the sore spot on her forehead, and the rest of her face with these damn paws, guessing she'd easily swollen past ten feet tall. What remained of her shirt could only encase the giant globes of her breasts, preserving her modesty while leaving a hard wall of muscular abdomen exposed.

The pants weren't fairing much better. Her booty jutted out so plump that it forced the waistband halfway down in an embarrassing show of muffin cheeks. Attempts to tug them up only caused her claws to make several fresh gashes in their already ripped leggings.

PAFF! SCHUUT!

"Grah!" One really hard pulse in Krystal's feet also saw the death of her shoes. She tumbled beside the closed doors, one paw hand slamming into the button panel in an effort to remain standing. "YIP!"

Instead, she failed to get a grip on the railing with her meatier hands and slid down for a painful landing on her tail. Seeing that appendage had fluffed considerably larger throughout her ordeal elicited an indigent snort from her more canine nose. Its newfound length curled all the way between her thighs to swish lazily about against feet that'd become digitigrade in shape.

"Roof!?" Her questioning bark didn't go unnoticed, but she was more interested in getting a better look at one of her monstrous paw feet. Raising one leg flexed bulging muscles in ways that completely shredding what remained of the pant leg covering it. Its giant base had grown to surpass her pawed hands in size, making them a true sight to behold. Rounded baseball-shaped toes exploded out the front of her sneakers tipped in the same black claws and cushy flesh pads. Their girth made it hard not to rub them together in little test wiggles just to prove to Krystal this was her feet now, shedding off her damaged footwear in the process.

DING!

Time hadn't actually stopped during these latest changes, no matter how much Krystal wished it had. The elevator doors slid open with her big paws present for a group of convention goers ready to pile on in. Those that hadn't been fortunate enough to pay attention to the giant blue vixen clambering out were treated to the soft texture of her fur and fatty rich curves pushing into them before the hardened muscle supporting her towering thirteen-foot frame shoved them aside like feathers.

Music blared from multiple Bluetooth speakers. Crowds chattered in their assorted groups. Plates clattered with the service buffet upstairs. Krystal's hands clamped over her ears, not surprised to find they'd grown pretty large as well. Figures she'd get dropped right into the hotel lobby. The sensory overload got her head throbbing before she could make it three feet.

That and reconfigured feet forcing the changing vixen on tiptoes made it hard to walk in general. People stopped in their tracks, gasping and exclaiming at the overbearing blue hulk shoving them aside in a clumsy directionless path. For some reason being on all fours felt almost as natural as walking upright. Krystal's attempts at a crawl turned into a drunken trot on instinct.

"HRRRK! ARF ARF!" She got so close to the entrance, but entering the full moon's glow through the many glass windows stopped her muscles cold. Her sharp

fangs barred in a drooling snarl, eyes squinting shut trying to ride the sudden tension. Tail curled stiff as it rose in the air. Her fattened butt following up under it thanks to her legs compulsion to stretch out in a wide stance. Claws on all four paws racked at the carpeted floor, tearing it off in small chunks under her superior strength.

Every last muscle strained so loud Krystal's body was droning out the chatter of those around the altered vixen. the humans were giving her as wide a birth as common sense dictated. That is to say very little space at all. Over a dozen were pushing to get a good shot of that raised booty squeezing out of her jeans with their cell phone cameras. Her body looked to be pulsing with everything giving off involuntary flexes at once.

"Haa HAAH! AAARRRGGGHH!"

SCHRIIIIP!!

The final, hardest, pulse triggered everyone's ideal money shot. Krystal's entire body went through a rapid surge of growth. Muscles swelled under her fur, stretching across bones that lengthened with fresh deposits of calcium. Fingers and toes clenched as paws flattened across the floor the size of man whole covers. Breasts surged to beyond the rounded size and weight of medicine balls. Her hips widened enough to fill a couch, with plump ass cheeks to serve as the cushions. The last bits of her clothes never stood a chance, exploding off her powerful figure in numerous pieces until only her black panties and bra remained, stretched to their limits to preserve whatever was left of her modesty.

"Aah aah AARRWWOOOOO!!" Krystal arched her back, thrusting her head towards the ceiling in a primal need to cry out like a beast. An action that also thrust her sloshing chest out in a massive show of white furry cleavage. The powerful echo carried across the hotels many open floors, drawing attention to what few people hadn't already noticed the ordeal going on by the entrance.

"Ugh!" No sooner did the rush of her transformation climax than Krystal nearly flopped to her side from a crushing fatigue.

She fumbled on all fours, circling in place twice before her senses came back into focus enough for standing up. Turns out the epic growth of her tail made a great counterbalance for walking on animal like paw feet, as well as all the fatty weight on her chest weighing things forward. Eyes wandered from the barely covered mammaries to one bulky arm. She flexed it and barked at how much further her bicep swelled. Moving cargo around in space for deliveries would certainly be a lot better like this at least.

The sight of a wolf woman towering over fifteen feet tall was enough to make most of the hotel's guests go still. Their deathly silence eventually struck Krystal's wolfish ears, bringing her back to reality. Not that she had any idea what to do in her half naked hulkish state either.

Bzzt bzzt bzzt!

A harsh vibration drew her attention to the floor. Her cell phone was currently going off next to her foot paw where it'd fallen with the destruction of her pants. Bending over to pick it up got a lot of cameras zooming in for pictures. Krystal was honestly surprised she could hit the accept call button without shattering the device with one enlarged finger.

"H-hello?" she choked slightly at the deeper sound of her voice. Sounded like her neck muscles weren't spared a little enhancement. At least she could still talk in general between all the canine noise ticks.

"Hey, Krystal! It's me." That didn't exactly mean anything, but she could recognize the voice of that weird squirrel-fox doctor. "You doing, okay? Sounds like you might have it rough."

Krystal looked around at the many eyes and cameras on her and sighed. Her feet marched towards the nearest lounge with a weighted slap of her pads. The humans that'd been resting on a three-seat couch were more than eager to get off without asking when they realized she was coming their way. It made the former fox feel bad, though she flopped on it without hesitation, filling up the middle cushion and half of the sides with her giantess mass.

"Rough is a very nice way of describing my night. Why are you calling?"

There was a hint of suspicion in the male's voice. "Well, we kind of need you to come back into the clinic as soon as you're able. I might have made a little whoopsie and injected you with a sample of our lycanthropy research instead of earth vaccinations."

"Lycanthro...oh for the love of goddess!" Krystal palmed her muzzle, staring over the rim of her hand paw at the curves of her figure. That sure answered a heck of a lot of questions. "Are you saying you accidentally infected me into a werewolf!?"

"Now there's no need to make it sound like someone may or may not be liable. We can totally flush the sample out of you so long as...there's a full moon on Earth tonight, huh?"

"Yeah. It's a pretty bright one too." Krystal snorted, hating how much more of her flaring black nose took up her vision. "But you can still fix it. Right?"

"Oh, sure It'll go away on its own after a month or two. Probably."

"Probably!?"

"I...I mean, foxes and wolves are pretty close in the genetics department. Research shows the condition already bonds to humans at a high rate. I haven't had much chance to test these theories with a live vulpine subject before." A long pause made Krystal hoped the little punk was fighting not to wet his pants. "But I'm sure there's no reason to bring authorities in on this little mishap."

"You're paying me for some wrecked clothes at least." she sighed, pushing off the couch. "I'll be seeing you after this gig concludes."

KRRCKLE!

"Oh, damn it!" In the heat of the moment Krystal forgot she rivaled a Clydesdale in size and strength, crushing her phone in the attempt to hit the end call button. Letting out a bestial huff, she tossed the pieces into a nearby trash bin.

"Excuse me!" she lowered onto one knee trying to gain eye level with a random human that happened to be ogling nearby. The unnatural glow of her aqua eyes to the backdrop of moonlight nearly sent the poor woman fainting, but the wolf gal worried rushed attempts to calm them might make it worse. She could only hope sounding casual might help do the job for her. "Could you direct me to the third ballroom, please? I've been hired to partake in the rave dances going on tonight and I got a lot of excess energy to burn. If you can believe it."

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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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