

*On the Scene at In &  
Awoo*

By  
Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Werewolf TF, hyper male bits, muscle growth, cum inflation, masturbation

Read at your own discretion.



Everyone said that starting up a business would be the biggest mistake of Nathaniel's life.

It really sucks that they might have been right.

The anthro wolf flipped through one paper after another. There were bills for the arcade cabinet payments. More costs for the repairs to one of the kitchen grills. And let's not forget the monthly utility payments were on second notice. His little venture into making a grill and arcade family hang out wasn't doing terribly in sales, but they also weren't exactly swimming above the margins.

He glanced over at the clock and sighed. The restaurant had been closed early in the hopes of treating a friend to a special party night. Apparently, they knew a guy with some good social media influence that was always willing to sell out for a free meal. Frankly that was about all Nathaniel could spare for good publicity.

A bit of company and drinks might help his mood anyway. These bills can wait another notice period or two. He pushed off his folding metal chair and table that served as a cheap office in a path for the kitchen. The staff was off tonight, so he could at least whip up some snacks.

"Hiya!"

"GAAH!"

Stepping out of a broom closet turned office into the face of an intruder is startling enough on its own. Nathaniel's mind needed a few extra seconds to process the cat girl in front of him. The neon green hair and pink fur markings were horrible for anyone trying to be a master thief. Wearing only a purple cloak didn't help hide her any less. It felt like her intention was to stand out, in fact.

"Who are you? How did you get in here? Why are you NAKED!?"

"I'm Sorsha. I used magic to break in. Clothing is cumbersome, itchy, and disrupts my flow with said magic, so I only bother when stupid societal laws would be a problem.

"...oh." The wolf slowly blinked, meeting Sorsha's beaming smile. For a brief moment he pondered retreating back into the closet to call the police. In a worst-case scenario, he definitely outweighed her by a hundred pounds, at the very least. "We're, uh, closed for the evening, miss Sorsha. I can't really serve..."

"Oh no! Silly puppy! I'm one of the people coming here to help you out."

“With breaking and entering?”

“Everyone always likes to focus on the negatives.” Sorsha stepped forward and booped Nathaniel on his big black nose before the wolf had a chance to react. “I was spying on Wendel and heard you needed some fresh publicity to drum up business. Trust me, no one knows how to captivate an audience better than a witch.”

“Ack! Grrgh!” The simple contact with his snout had sent Nathaniel’s nose snorting and scrunching in a fit. He couldn’t shake a warm energy that’d transferred from Sorsha’s fingertip into his nostrils. Trying to blow it out only seemed to make the sensations climb up his muzzle and over the rest of his face. “W-well, I don’t think...I don’t think I need a...raff raff...a w-witch orrraff a-anymorrraff raff! Haah! W-what’s raff going on!?”

Panic rose in Nathaniel’s gut at the alarming amount of involuntary barking that’d begun to interrupt his speech. His eyes grew cross while a hand came to rest atop his muzzle. Everything was itchy under the fur, right down to his jawbones. A moment later his tongue caught in his throat, mostly because it’d decided to nearly double in size. Excess muscle flopped out the side of his chin leaking drool onto the fur.

There wasn’t a chance to process that spontaneous surge as even more took hold over the wolf. With several loud pops his snout pushed further away from his eyes, growing broader and strong enough the muscles could possibly bite through steel. The fangs within ached from their swelling to accommodate this extra room, sending even more drool dripping onto the collar of his shirt.

“Wh-wharrooo!?” Nathaniel grasped with both hands over his much larger mouth. The side effect of having his cheeks stretched thinner made it even more difficult to form words. “Raff! What did raff y-you do to raff me!?”

Sorsha was all smiles while she admired the odd changes that were overtaking him. She couldn’t resist booping his nose again, causing it to swell a bit bigger to match the wider muzzle bridge. “I thought a practical demonstration might be more helpful for all of us. No one wants arcade games these days, but people will line up around the building for these kinds of parties.”

His first instinct was to yell out how insane he thought this bubbly nudist was. What came out was more pained feral noises since his skull chose that time to start compacting on his brain. Everything crunched into a broader slope to run more streamlined with his new snout. The wolf’s vision got a bit disoriented when it pulled his eyes wider apart. Although, that didn’t stop him from making a mad retreat towards the restaurant’s kitchen.

“Everyone likes to run, too,” Sorsha scoffed watching him flee. “You can’t exactly dispel magic with good cardio.”

Nathaniel crashed through the double doors oblivious to her commentary. Things were only progressing worse in a slow trickle downwards. Random clenching in his neck

sent his enlarged head rocking back and forth. His guttural noises got deeper with the swelling of throat muscles.

He didn't get much further when some hard pops in his shoulders sent him collapsing over a prep table. Teeth bore in a snarl as a surge of rapid muscle growth tore open the back of his shirt. Everything popped, cracked, and bulged in a cascade down his body. Sleeves tore from toned biceps thickening into massive hams. Chest barreled out in an explosion that finished off his shirt, displaying pecs broad as steel plates above a six pack of abs.

Tension tickled down into his fingers. Each section between joints popped and lengthened in turn, ending with his claws curling into sharp deadly hooks. Fleshy pads boiled out from under the fur of his palms and fingertips, leaving him with a paw-hand hybrid look that was making it harder to grip the table.

"Arroo?" Words were practically impossible to form anymore with how thick his tongue and muzzle had become. Eyes gazed in wonder at one hand before darting to the mirror set up along the kitchen's far wall for chef monitoring.

In a way, he was still his same wolfish self. Except everything was just...bigger. His face got all scruffy from extra fur. Teeth were so large they had a slight overbite to them. Muscles were continuing to pop out the seams of his pants beyond anything his already buff body could imagine.

The way the mane going from head to upper back had blossomed into a dense bush actually looked pretty sexy. Nathaniel rather liked this new 'wild' look. He was only broken out of his unexpected admiration when the changes reached his feet, bloating paws double their size into massive stomping platforms to support the hulking beast he'd become.

"Wow. I'm impressed the pants stayed on."

Sorsha's voice from the kitchen door sent him whirling around. An act that ended up with Nathaniel tripping on his own new paws and collapsing to the floor in a furry mess. That got the naked feline sputtering in fits of giggles.

"Arrgh bwoo shoo wo gwee!?"

"I made you a werewolf. Duh!"

"...agroo?"

"No. I can't understand you. Everyone always asks the same questions. I could write a guide book on magic fun after all these years." Sorsha brought her hand up, conjuring green energy at the fingertips. "Anyway, we're not even done yet. Let's give our mutual friends a big surprise."

Just seeing signs of more magic sent Nathaniel backpedaling against the stoves still on all fours. But it didn't help him escape the blast of energy that sailed from

Sorsha's hand into his massive chest fluff. He padded the area several times before looking up expecting an explanation. Instead, the kitchen doors were swinging with the feline already long gone.

"HRRRK!?"

The magic working through his huge fluffy body wasn't about to keep him in suspense anyway. A different kind of heat rolled through his muscles, converging upon his ground with a crash that made his loins twitch inside their furry sheath.

What an amazing coincidence that was when the front door's chime sounded.

"Well, this place looks like a dump." The pessimistic observation didn't stop Wendel from strolling in like she owned the restaurant. Lights were off in the front dining area, making it hard to notice much of anything. After a few seconds of trying to let her eyes adjust, the bunny girl flipped out her phone. "Are you sure this is the right place?"

"About sixty-eight percent sure," Desmond responded, following the bunny girl inside.

"Is that just a random number you pulled out of your fat ass?"

The squirrel-fox turned up her pointed muzzle in an overdramatic snub. Hands fell atop her hips, which rocked side to side and swished the enormous bushy blue tail attached to them. "You're just jealous my butt always ends up bigger than yours."

Wendel's returning scowl was not as playful. "Yes. I'm totally jealous that almost every interaction I have with you ends up with me as a woman, and nothing that fits over my dumb tits."

"Come on. At least I managed you a free dinner here." Desmond texted something on her phone before taking a glance around. "Assuming Nat is here. There should at least be something going on."

A light threat would have left Wendel's opening mouth had a clattering of pans from the kitchen not made her long ears perk. That seemed like a good sign their host might actually be preparing something worth an internet review. She was already annoyed enough after her neighbor's latest science experiment left them gender bent for a few days. Having an empty stomach just made things worse. It was driving her directly across the dining area before Desmond had a chance to finish checking his texts.

"Hey! You in their Mr. Windcaster? We got a...aaahhhh crap!"

The hulking beast that stumbled through the double doors like it didn't understand its own massive paw feet was not the reception Wendel expected. She could barely get herself to jump aside in time to avoid being plowed over. Snarls and confused barks filled the restaurant while the thing staggered forward on several

unbalanced steps. Meaty arms almost bigger than the bunny's torso shot out to catch itself on the backrests of opposite booths.

With something to brace it upright, the giant's muscular form pulsed with gruff, heavy breaths. A few moments passed with both girls alternating between eyeing it and each other, as if one of them had any clue what to do about this unceremonious arrival. Wendel was more concerned that its looming figure blocked the entire aisle leading back outside.

More so when its thick black nose sniffed the air twice and turned to look at her with a quizzical bark.

"You...uh...didn't say your friend was a werewolf." Wendel tried backing away as Nathaniel turned to stomp towards her. He seemed to be acclimating to his new size and muscle mass very fast.

"This is new to me," Desmond said with a shrug. "It's not even a full moon tonight."

"Tell me you have a shrink ray or someth-ACK!" Wendel couldn't backpaddle far before catching her legs on the edge of a booth. Arms flailed in vain to keep balance in the panic, falling across the seat with a muffled thud. She didn't get a chance to appreciate the cushioning before Nathaniel was casting a long shadow over her. The dim light from behind kept most of his front an eerie dark, save for his piercing red eyes. "Um, nice doggy?"

The table's steel support groaned with Nathaniel climbing one leg atop it in an attempt to get a closer look at the bunny girl. His other paw came to rest upon the seat blocking Wendel's chance to crawl out from under the big wolf. Their fiery irises dipped lower, bringing his snout full of glittering fangs right up against her face. A once proud reporter flinched as a nose bigger than her fist sniffed at her fur once, twice...

Instead of chomping her face off for a swift career ending, Nathaniel's snout dropped open. The thick tongue it'd been holding back flopped forward and dragged across the bunny's cheek, matting the brown spotted fur with ample slobber. Wendel sputtered and gagged only for him to lap her face again. And then a third time before she could regret opening her mouth.

"Awwwww! He likes you!" Desmond couldn't hold back her giggles watching a wolf the size of a car licking her neighbor like a puppy.

"Fucking...stupid...ack...quit messing up my hair. Desmond!!" The annoyance returned to Wendel despite there being little she could do about it. Trying to hold back a werewolf Nathaniel seemed as likely as her lifting a boat. Damn wild beast clearly had little cognitive function in this state. Sticky drool was getting all over her. Snorts and grunts assaulted her with hot breaths. His musk was getting rubbed all over her body in the excitement.

His sweet, alluring musk.

“Oh, fuck.” Wendel’s voice dropped into a faint whisper. A spark was igniting from between her legs the more she drew in the werewolf’s many flavorful scents. Now that she noticed it, heat of a different kind became impossible to ignore. If anything, it only got worse. She made one last attempt to pull free. Maybe there was an escape path rolling under the table and crawling away to safety.

That plan failed when Nathaniel’s dark red erection tore free from what remained of the man’s trousers. Turned out she wasn’t the only one getting excited in their close contact.

“Hot dang. He’s a hung breeder too.” Desmond couldn’t hold back on the commentary. If anything, she had been inching closer to record the interaction for future teasing.

“Not helping,” Wendel snapped. She couldn’t take her eyes off the huge wolf dick that’d flopped between her breasts. Its tapered head swayed with Nathaniel’s rocking inches from her chin. The added scent of pre oozing into her shirt and fur knocked what little restraint the bunny had left over the edge.

“Uh, Wendel? What are you doing?”

“Smells too good!” Wendel’s voice had an odd calmness to it while she wiggled to pull off her shorts under the wolf’s weight. “Bunny must breed!”

Desmond blinked, watching his friend wrestle their shirt and bra off under the werewolf’s equally confused, yet intrigued, gaze. She sniffed the air in his direction, gasping when a shiver led into a crash upon her loins. “Oh...that’s what that is.”

Once fully stripped, Wendel’s hands hugged the thick member tighter against her soft mounds. That got an adorable yelp out of Nathaniel, but he didn’t shy away from her sudden maneuver. She fell into an alternating rocking with the big lug, using her entire upper body to massage the underside of his shaft. Her fur became more of a mess with the steady leaking of wolf juices. The strengthening scent sent her mind in a spiral that got her crotch drooling with need.

“Goddess damn...” Desmond huffed in a struggle to hold her phone. The wild scene taking place was becoming too intoxicating for just recording. She was so engrossed watching Wendel hump a giant wolf dick it barely registered when her free hand drifted down to rub at the crotch of her shorts.

“Ruff!” Nathaniel barked and jostled against the bunny girl pressed into the booth seat. It didn’t take much to understand why. All the warm furry stimulation finally proved enough to get his knot popping out to say hello.

Exactly what Wendel had been working for. She pushed off the giant werewolf and became annoyed that their wild brain couldn’t take the subtle cues very well. Though, once she finally managed to roll over across the booth seat to present her rear to him the intentions finally sunk in.

“H-holy ffffucking hnnnggggghh!!”

It might have been a drunken lust miscalculation on her part that Nathaniel lacked the mental fortitude for foreplay in his beefy state. Without a second thought his entire dick tore through the lips of her eager pussy. Its insane girth stretched Wendel out in ways she rarely experienced among the roughest of transformed monsters. One paw-hand reached around to palm both her tits at once, helping keep the bunny firmly in position when the knot slammed against her folds.

“There’s the money shot!” Desmond purred. She had long since undone the button to her pants and was leaning against the booth with three fingers working her own wet lips. Somehow, she still managed to keep the camera on Wendel to forever capture the look on the bunny’s face when she was forced to take everything Nathaniel had to offer.

For her part, Wendel was too busy seeing stars to complain. The sensation of the big red knob grinding into her fold until they finally stretched enough to fit inside almost had her coming on the spot. Then came the violent rocking of Nathaniel’s hips against her ass. Rapid panting filled her ears with the werewolf’s barking breaths, getting spittle all over her hair.

What little senses returned to her could only be used to grab onto the giant hand covering her chest when Nathaniel reeled back. Wendel’s weight seemed like nothing as he flopped across the diner floor with her laying atop his rippling wall of abs. That didn’t stop him from continuing to pump in wild bucks. The wolf’s shaft was so big it visibly stretched out Wendel’s abdomen like she was just the thing’s sleeve.

Desmond bit at her lower lip. Her insides were quivering between working herself up. She had no idea Wendel’s hide could be that pliable and watching their fur shift with the rocking of Nathaniel’s dick was unexpectedly hot.

“Ruff...ruff...ra-AAWWWWOOOOOO!!”

“Oh fuuuuck!” Wendel got so lost in the filling pleasure she had no chance of bracing for when the werewolf actually came. Her body was hoisted up into the air with Nathaniel arching his back, head rolling into the floor with a wild howl. The member pulled all the way deep inside her, making her stomach jostle with a hard throb. The first spurt of warm lava filled her to the brim in half a second.

And then it kept going. Pulse after pulse of gushing semen poured into the bunny. She was amazed it didn’t shoot right back out her mouth. Wendel lost herself in the bliss, unable to do anything but hold in while her insides flexed along with their mutual orgasms.

“Damn girl!” Desmond lost the grip on her phone and no longer cared as it clattered to the floor. Watching Wendel’s exposed belly stretch out like a balloon was just the ticket for reaching her own climax. The squirrel-fox toppled over into a neighboring booth clenching her thighs together trying to drag things out with Nathaniel’s barking.



“Huuuugh!” Wendel flopped against the werewolf’s sweaty furred stomach gasping for breath. As awareness returned in the afterglow so did a new sensation of being heavily weighed down. Craning neck muscles was an aching pain in itself while she observed the boulder of brown fur looming just beyond Nathaniel’s paw resting upon her bust. Simply breathing brought a gentle rocking to its motions, which caused sloshing noises to tickle her ears. A finger gingerly poked into one side and found it could sink in all the way to the knuckle without resistance. After a moment of processing what this all meant, she flopped her head back against wolf abs with a tired growl. “God damn you both for my life!”

“Hmmm?” Desmond slowly sat up with an annoying grin on her satisfied face. If she hadn’t just polished herself off, the squirrel-fox might have busted out laughing to see her friend’s midsection inflated to the size of a beanbag. “Hoo dang. That transformation musta really left him pent up.”

“Very funny. Help get me off this big oaf. Will ya?”

“Did you even see the size of his lug nut? Ain’t no way we’re wrestling you off before he deflates.”

“Fantastic.” A loud drilling noise made both girls jump. The rhythmic rise and fall of Nathaniel’s chest against her head told Wendel her impromptu mate had just fallen asleep. “And typical. The service wasn’t too bad, but this wait time is a drag.”

Desmond giggled, hopping out of their booth. She sauntered on over to give the bunny’s bloated belly a firm smack. The rippling effect it had was beyond a waterbed. “You doing, okay?”

“See if there’s something in the kitchen, at least. I ain’t publishing a review until I get something to eat.” Wendel relaxed on her werewolf bed in a huff. With little more than her own mountain to stare at, she silently hoped this dork hadn’t knocked her up as well.

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# Afterward

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