

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #33

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

Baziel's Evolution

Baziel lived a life most landlords only dream about. Getting hold of her own apartment complex while into her mid-twenties only seemed overwhelming at first. By some sheer grace of gods or goddesses, it didn't take long until every unit got an extended lease with full carpet deposits. With that big rent check dropping in every month, and only minimal upkeep costs, she quickly started earning enough that working became a way to ease boredom.

The fact every space was rented out to a single energetic fox woman might have sounded like a joke too. After the third or sixth time crashing through a wall, Meepes made it perfectly clear that was anything but. Body size was not a consistent part of her daily routine, making a need for every inch of living space possible, and then some. Luckily she also could compensate repairs on top of the regular bills, often with interest.

It wasn't too bad of a situation overall for Baziel. Her sole residents' generosity and highly friendly nature could warm even the most anti-social of nerds. If it wasn't for those factors, the petite shark might have been doing her latest WoW dailies instead of hauling boxes down a flight of stairs.

Pizza had also been promised later, a major bargaining chip for any deal.

"Where the heck did you find all this stuff!?" she wheezed out after dropping the box next to six others on the sidewalk. They were old shipping boxes from Amazon repurposed for storage, giving no clue to any of their contents.

"Who knows?" Meepes cheerfully responded. As if getting the same thought, she tore the lid on one with the child's wonder of opening a present. Her one visible tail wagged high in the air. "I just collect what neat stuff I can whenever we're out and about."

"It's not magical napalm again, is it?" Baziel asked in only a half joke. She removed her rounded glasses to wipe away sweat and straighten out her clumped red bangs. "Not sure the neighbors want a repeat of that one time."

"Oh, pssh! There's probably some magic stuff in here, but I wouldn't just toss it into storage if it was dangerous." With a triumphant yip, Meepes straightened up to present her friend with a mummified fist covered in black hairs. "See? This monkey's paw doesn't have any wishes left. It's perfectly safe."

"You just kept a severed animal part in the fifth unit storage?"

"Well, yeah. I thought it might have a magic recharge setting or something." Meepes gave the leather creation a few shakes. "Clearly it still doesn't like me."

"And now you're leaving it on the curb for Goodwill!?"

"... I'm not sure what you're getting at here? I really need to clear out some old storage before we take another treasure hunting vacation."

"Right, sorry." Baziel's tongue clicked behind her sharp teeth as she leaned on the pile of boxes. Every inch of her skinny body ached, so venting a little helped her mentally. "How many we got left?"

"Just the four and they're huge." Meepes looked down at Baziel, picking her words very carefully. Even in her smallest setting, the fox

loomed a good two feet over them. "You sure you don't want me to grow a few more feet?"

A smile slowly split Baziel's muzzle apart. Normally she'd be against Meepes letting loose in clear view on a sunny afternoon, but she was also tired and sweaty from manual labor. They couldn't pass up the chance to cut things short and see an impressive gun show at the same time. Not that she wanted Meepes to know she enjoyed the antics. "As long as you don't break the steps with your fat feet, go for it! I don't want repair guys dragging it out for weeks trying to hike the bill."

"All right!"

The air around both girls instantly changed. Odd bits of hair stood up on Baziel's head, drawn by the cackling of magic around her. With a single, hard shake of the hip, Meepes sent her tail flying, generating a gust of wind. In its brief journey from left to right, the fluffy appendage unfurled like a Chinese fan to unveil eight more tails exactly like it.

Barely a second passed after Meepes showed the level of her godly powers before their influence affected her physical form. Sparks of magic exploded around her in an aura of tiny fireworks, singing in chorus to her cherry giggles. While time ticked by, Baziel craned her head back, trying to maintain eye contact with an increasingly taller fox. The already severe height difference between them doubled and then tripled until Meepes was casting a wide shadow over the shark at around nine feet tall.

At the same time of her growing upwards, the rest of Meepes body filled out in other directions. The suburban area became filled with the snaps of lengthening bones and groans of developing muscles. Biceps blimped with the density of holiday hames. Thighs pressed together in a rush of running power, forcing her stance wider. A once flat stomach rose against soft grey fur, quickly developing sharp ridges of abdominal muscles.

Good thing being magic powered allowed her clothes to survive with the massive bulk. This time, anyway. While every bulge and crevice of Meepes new looming physic creased the fabric, it always stretched just enough to prevent any ripping. Even her feet did more damage digging webby cracks into the sidewalk than to her shoes.

Just when Baziel assumed she was done going 'mini macro' Meepes gave out a joyful bark that sent her breasts billowing out the front of her shirt with a hollow drum-like noise. The massive spheres bounced with a buoyancy worthy of their beach ball size and shape. Another loud boing and the fox was shaking hips too massive for conventional doorways. They were needed for that couch-filling butt jiggling behind her.

"Thanks, babe!" Meepes teased, patting Baziel on the head with one larger hand. Even her voice had spontaneously deepened with the addition of throat strength. "I'll have this done in one trip."

"Remember what I said about the stairs! I better not see a single step out of place."

It might have been too late for warnings, since Meepes was already climbing said stairs back up to her storage closet. Those strides get pretty long after doubling in height. Baziel let it go with a pout, turning her attention towards the current box pile to keep busy. She hefted the topmost box for a gentle setting on solid ground. If there was a monkey's paw in these things, who knows what other doomsday devices the fox might have collected and forgotten about.

Or a collection of gems, apparently. A loose gap between the cardboard flaps allowed the briefest of sparkles to flash over Baziel's eyes when she moved it. Unable to fight curiosity, she pried the gap wider, becoming dumbstruck at seeing the entire box full of colorful crystals. Reds, yellows, and blues glittered in the exposed sunlight in a dazzling display that reflected off her glasses. No wonder Meepes can afford such a hefty rent if this was her idea of trash donations.

She plucked a red piece at random for a closer inspection. Someone had also taken great pains to carve a pattern inside it that resembled a burning flame. That just made the find even cooler, with Baziel already deciding to ask Meepes if she could snag a couple. A few well-placed lamps would make for some great decorating.

FWOOSH!

“What the what!?”

Then again, it might not be a good idea to fill one's home with minerals that spontaneously combust. Before Baziel could clearly understand it, the crystal in her hands had turned into a raging fireball. And like a true brave gamer, her instinctive response was the standard panicked shriek and frantic arm flailing any normal person might do in such a sudden turn of events. She still needed a minute before noticing that despite holding flames, they didn't burn her shark palms. All the brief embers left was a warm tingling in her fingers, which shifted into an awkward itching.

“Oh, no!” Baziel gasped, turning her hands over. Tiny orange hairs pierced through their grey and white skin, overwhelming them in an unprecedented growth. Fingernails she had painstakingly clipped this morning grew before her eyes into thick black claws. She stared at her changed hands, dumbstruck, wiggling each digit as they plumped strong and thick. But the soft fur refused to stay confined to such paw-like extremities. Fur slipped past the wrists like Baziel was slipping on sleeves, the strong orange occasionally being broken by black stripes. “Dang it! I knew there was something unstable in all those-NNNGGGHHH!!”

BWOOMP!

No sooner did the fur reach her shoulders than the joints bloated from thick developed muscles. Tension washed back through Baziel's arms, forcing her meaty hands to clench.

Ker-BWOOOOOMP!

In that one flex her limb's mass surged triple fold, making forearms and biceps resemble connected holiday hams to rival the Meepe's hulk that had been here a second ago. Baziel's jaw dropped as she relaxed the monstrous limbs. Even then, dense strength defined her soft fur with sharp ridges and dense bulges.

"Hrrk!?" Of course, the fur didn't stop growing around the shark's torso while she was gawking. Meat on her bones bubbled rapidly, billowing out a stripped furry back behind her. Its mounting size quickly tore through the fabric of her once loose tank top, leaving her hunched forward from its weight. "Ack! Wait, a second! Don't you da...!"

DOUBLE FWOOMP!

A sensation of filling poured into Baziel's chest, but she could not stop when her breasts exploded out the front of her ruined top. They had gone from average bumps to bouncing medicine balls in roughly three seconds. Soft white fur coated their circular curves, along with her stomach and crotch, which hardened up with many abdominal and waist muscles while she ran both hands over them.

"Ooogh! N-not the face!" Baziel whined, distracted from her changed, ripped torso by a clenching traveling through her neck. Her eyes went crossed, watching her muzzle narrow considerably in a series of disturbing crunches. The teeth inside lost their saw-like edge, though remained sharp for tearing into fresh meat. From the tip emerged a dense black boil that ultimately became a canine nose. Even her ears shrunk slightly while traveling up to become twitching triangles closer to the top of her head. "Aah. Ah-ARF? W-well, this is unusual..."

FLOOF!

Baziel felt her tail give an involuntary smack on the pavement. She turned just in time to watch the fishy appendage vanish under the thickest layer of bright yellow fur she'd ever seen. The signature shark fluke remained jutting out for a few seconds before being devoured into the new wagging bush.

"What the frick?" Meepe's voice carried over beck from the apartment entrance. "Baziel? Why are you turning into an arcanine!?"

Baziel could only look absently over one shoulder, tongue hanging out in heaving pants. Her flimsy shark legs had yet to catch up to her hulking buffness, although she could feel the tension mounting in her hips. "You t-tell me! I was j-just c-checking ARF checking out your box of jewels and... haa haa NNGGGHH!!"

CRUNCH!

BLOOP! BLOOP!

BWONG!

With several quick cracks and an audible sloshing, Baziel's hips jutted out either side of her in an impressive span, followed by her ass welling up with generous amounts of both fat and beef. It might have almost been enjoyable without the killer wedgie this brough from stubborn shorts and panties. As the tiger-striped fur raced down her bulking thighs, she put her new claws to use, tearing the fabric out from between them. Another loud crack sent her reeling again. This time it was from the sudden arch enforced on her ankles, keeping them lifted high in the air while her toes inflated into enormous plush paws for a balanced support.

"Y-yeah. Pretty much this happened," Baziel finished her, though with a gesture to her now huge and very naked body. For being suddenly a pokemon anthro, she still wasn't nearly as big or busty as Meepes, but still had she-hulk level curves to make everyone stop and gawk.

Meepes was clearly trying her hardest not to laugh while she set down the boxes she had left to get. "I was wondering where my evolution stones went. Remember my pokemon craze two years ago?"

"O-of course I do. We were playing it all the t-time." A sudden breeze prompted Baziel to hug her chest. All the pronounced bulges of her titanic strength made it fairly hard to keep the rich mounds of her boobs covered. "A-and you just kept all your stones in a random storage closet?"

"I was getting traded them up the wazoo. Besides, you never know when someone might need a sexy vaporeon body for summer." Another thought had Meepes raising an eyebrow. "Also, why are you cold? You're a fire type."

"That doesn't make me any less naked!"

"Oh, don't worry about that. I got a big tube top your fur will look sexy in. Incidentally, now that we're both beefy, would you mind helping me carry some furniture from the third floor? I've been meaning to replace them since that outbreak of growth on the 4th."

"Yes, I remember. The ones you totally didn't cause?"

"Hey! Desmond and Bobert were both there. No one can prove anything."

"Ugh!" Baziel shook her still flat and purple hair, letting out a weird mix of grumbling barks. Taking a deep breath that puffed out her boob shelf further, she relaxed with a small smile. "Let's get this over with. I better be getting a lot of pizzas for this."

Meepes giggled, giving the eight-foot arcanine a slap on her bare behind as she walked past. Ignoring the warning huff of small flames Baziel emitted, she began climbing the apartment stairs. "Don't need to worry about that either. All this swelling is working my appetite too."

Happy Moo Year

Music bopped from so many loud speakers it made the whole building thump to the rhythm of a heartbeat. That's just how the J&D Club liked to work, a palace full of smiles and fun. It didn't matter if you were a human, a furry, or some alien from Venus holding the current high score on all the pinball machines. All the hostesses and their wait staff cared about was that everyone had a good time.

There were two days a year that put this philosophy through its biggest paces, July fourth and December thirty-first. Tonight happened to be the latter of those two days. Mere hours away from saying goodbye to one of society's worst years put everyone in a mood to party like the morning would be the start to a glorious utopian era. The dance floor became so packed that many patrons settled on simply bouncing in place, unlike those that grabbed a pole platform to show off their moves, however drunken amateurish they got.

Needless to say, grabbing a seat at the bar became a game of stakeout for the dozens of people standing around with drinks. Deedee the bunny loved challenging nights, but even with two other tenders hired on, she was working up a sweat. Pulling off the usual mixing tricks and small talk was at a minimum in her quest to keep up with demand. It didn't stop her usual cheery attitude and heart-stopping smile from helping spread good vibes around. Most of the time, a little fluffy bunny cheer can perk anyone up.

Hopping from one end of the counter to the other in a string of smiles made it easy to spot when a very unhappy customer came along. No sooner did an adorable ferret lady take her leave for a bit of dancing with a flashy cardinal than the warm cushion became the support for a human's rear. Dee barely needed a second of eye contact to surmise their problems; tired marks around her brown eyes, miniscule make-up on peach skin, clumpy black hair, no ring. Poor girl probably just got off work without a wingman. Not that a blond bunny like her could qualify for psychology, you

just work a social job long enough and the algorithms become second nature.

“What’s your pleasure, hot stuff?”

“Uhoof!” The woman stared into Dee’s eyes in slight hesitation. While the sight of a happy bombshell seemed enough to deter a sassy reply, a grumpy noise wasn’t much better. “Apparently not much here. I just need something hard to forget this stupid year, and my stupid life.”

“Oh?” Dee’s giant ears dipped slightly. She took a quick glance across the other heads, unable to see anyone in need of immediate service. That meant she could spare a moment on this newest patron. Enough to lean in with an interested grin that left her fluffy white breasts on display. An almost signature move she used to get plenty of guys talking. “I happen to be the co-owner, miss. If there’s a problem with any of our services I’d be happy to...”

“Your fun house is fine,” the lady snapped, perhaps a bit too spitefully since she recoiled afterwards. Naturally, she seemed less interested in the fluffy rack and more about why a drink wasn’t in front of her yet. “I have my own brand of bad luck that I know will not go away with the year. Hell, I only get tomorrow off for a hangover and then it’s back to filing work for a bitch I’m sure doesn’t know the difference between a Linux and an Apple.”

“Ah, dang. One of those jobs, huh?” Bottles clicked into place with the practiced movements Dee’s body had ingrained into its wide curves. The jury was still out on exactly what kind of cocktail she was about to brew. Sounded like the poor lady needed a stress reliever, narrowing the list significantly. “If you need a friend for the holiday, there’s plenty around here. I’m surprised we still got elbow room.”

“What? You think I haven’t been trying the past hour waiting for a damn barstool to open up? So far I’ve asked six guys and two gals out on

the floor, cause really I'm not picky right now. Seems like every fish has been caught and I arrived too late for even the leftover bait."

"Bit of overkill there, hun." Dee wrinkled her pink nose, able to keep a smile as the ranting relaxed her current customer. "Doesn't matter if it's a New Year or a Tuesday. We all get a fresh start to do things better tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah, I guess. Honestly, I'll never understand all this chaos over a damn day change. It's about as depressing as my birthday, another reminder of the slow march to our graves."

"Gosh, you sound like nothing at all has happened. Surely you got some memories to reflect on. Perhaps some accomplishments or magnificent feats worth looking back and saying, 'Yeah. I kicked ass.'"

"Do I look like someone that can say that?" The woman gestured to her tired face, crackling her first natural smile in the minutes they'd been conversing. "Everyone's got something to be proud of, but what's the point if no one else cares what I did? Hell, I'd almost feel better not doing my job and let the office fold under. That'd at least left an impact."

"Also, a lot better you didn't do something so mean to innocent coworkers. Don't let bitterness eat away the nice woman you really are."

The new arrival eyed Dee, only to find the bunny taking measurements into a shaker. There was a trick to every drink, and a drink for every problem. Now the bunny felt she had enough of a read on her customer to mix a perfect solution.

"Uh, miss bunny? What are you...?"

"Hang on a second," Dee said in a delighted squeal. Several heads turned towards her when the shaker came up and began sloshing violently

in her waving hands. An action that brought a lot of bounce to her chest. “Sounds to me like you need a good Orgasm.”

“I... um... Excuse you!?”

“Irish cream and Italian liquor,” Dee explained as she poured a rich white liquid into a glass of ice. One drop of a maraschino cherry and her elegant paws slide it before the flustered human. “I’m flattered you think that way, but contrary to stereotypes, I’m not that kind of bunny.”

“...you still did that on purpose?”

“Got a reaction, didn’t it? We’re all here to have fun. Oops! Speak of the devil, I’m being flagged. You enjoy that, honey. Still a few minutes for something good to happen before the ball drops.”

“Yeah? Like what?” The woman’s question had been rhetorical since Dee already left with a shake of her cottontail.

To the barmaids credit, she can whip up a damn good drink under any circumstances. After watching the bubbly blond leave, Hattie, who never wanted to share her name, splashed the milky brew across her tongue. She soaked in its flavor and took a proper swig which led into chugging the whole thing. No way in heaven milk should taste this good. Maybe it was the Italian liquor talking. She’d had nothing fancier than a Budweiser after work.

Cold ice plunked against Hattie’s upper lip, telling her the wonderful cocktail was now consumed. She set the glass down licking residual milk under her nose. Hopefully, those bimbo anthros don’t charge an arm and leg for this kind of booze, because she was ready to drink it under the table.

“Hrrk?” Holy hell, that stuff really hit her stomach like a bomb. Hattie hunched over the bar, one hand gripping at her abdomen trying to ease the tension seizing up her insides. Seconds of heavy breathing passed, the bar’s rampant music fading into a distant throb to match the shifting of her insides.

The moment passed and Hattie heaved in relief, relaxing once more. That was an odd moment she felt needed a few choice words with the bunny. Hattie straightened herself up, but couldn’t even get her hand in the air for attention before realizing something else was horribly wrong. Her other hand remained holding her churning stomach and felt an off shuffling with her movements. It was like there was a layer of something else between her shirt and skin now, which tickled from her experimenting rubs.

Hattie glanced around before lifting the hem of her shirt. “What the m-moo?”

If the sight of her stomach, no, her whole torso growing fur wasn’t alarming enough, the animal noise that cut off her vocalizing sure smacked Hattie sober. Everything her shirt had been covering sported a bleached snow white pelt decorated in blotches of dark black. It was pleasantly soft, but she found herself more distracted by her flesh firming up underneath.

“Aah!?” Hattie recoiled from her midsection thanks to a sudden shifting in her chest. That got a few neighbors’ attention, and they all starred with her wide eyes as the swell of her bust became significantly more pronounced. The straps of her bra dug into fuzzy shoulders, trying to hold such increasing weights while undersized cups became outlined in the cotton.

Before she could process this surge in rack size, the force inflicting it took a sharp plunge, making her moo again. Hands flew to the seat of her skirt, helpless to keep her hips and ass from expanding to cover more of the barstool. An itching against the fabric signaled the fur was also spreading to her other regions. “S-someone? Help moo? What’s going on?”

“First rule when transforming here, relax,” replied a short gerbil sipping some black beverage next to Hattie. He was all smiles like most patrons, watching fur spill out of Hattie’s shirt sleeves down her arms. “Ol’ Deedee has just taken a liking to you. We’re all here to have a fun experience.”

“The hell does that mean?” Hattie winced. The fur had covered her arms in the same white and black patterns. Her hands stiffened before her awed face, pressing into each other in a fleshy fusion. Hard black bone solidified across the tips, leaving her with two obese digits and an equally thick thumb. “How is this supposed to be fun?”

A river of fur down Hattie’s thighs made her try pulling an increasingly smaller skirt over them. It did little good, especially with them inflating with soft tender meat. They were soon so big they naturally pressed together even in a relaxed state, which better matched the fluffy ass spilling over Hattie’s barstool.

The man said something, but Hattie couldn’t catch it when cramps seized her feet. Tiny heeled shoes clicked to the floor, exposing the growth of her dainty toes into enormous black hooves. Their hard clopping against the floor soon after alerted the changing woman that she had grown considerably in height along with curves. Her gerbil neighbor looked practically like a child sitting next to her.

“Y-you all are cr-crazy! M-moooo!!”

“Trust me, Dee is anything but. She’s helped me through a lot of bad days too.”

A glance around the bar told Hattie that dumb bunny wouldn’t be any help. Deedee was leaning against a far corner entertaining a male human and rottweiler holding hands. Between distance and noise, she’d need a loudspeaker to get their attention.

Not that she could say much with a muzzle growing in. Hattie's eyes went crossed, gasping at the sight of her nose blimping in size with nostrils drifting inches apart. Tense bone crunches in her jaw promptly forced her eyes shut trying to endure the tension. Thankfully, she didn't seem to experience outright pain, or she'd already be on the floor passed out. It was still not a pleasant sensation to have one's jaw extending in sharp bursts until forming a foot long bridge away from the skull. She almost felt safe to move a much plumper tongue when another sharp rip and pushing sensation hit her skull. At least the bar crowd could enjoy when her horns rose like erecting towers through her black hair.

"Arrgh! T-that fucking suuucked!" Hattie got out before she collapsed onto the counter in dry heaves. The transformation took so much out of her that she only got out a meek 'moo!?' when a prickling in her spine preceded a ropey tail springing out from over the hem of her skirt. It swished across the bare crack of her butt, waving a greeting to the bar with its black tuft. "Why did that drink make me a furry? Why am I a cow!?"

"Beats me. Dee says she's a master at unlocking our desires." The gerbil slapped a bill on the counter and interrupted Hattie when she opened her strange new snout. "No, I don't know what that means, but hey, enjoy the ball drop."

"The what?" Hattie sat up, but the tiny rodent already vacated his stool. She had a hunch the sly grinning frog that had witnessed her change would be of even less help when he slid onto the space.

TEN!

"Ah!" Lightning zipped through Hattie's body, rocking her against the stool.

NINE!

“Nggh! Wh-what?” She glanced around, ignoring floppy bovine ears smacking into her cheeks. Almost everyone’s attention was on the TV’s, showing the New Year’s countdown.

EIGHT!

“Oh fu-moo!” Pressure welled up in Hattie’s stomach again, her hands coming to rest on it.

SEVEN!

No. Not her stomach. Something was happening much closer to her lap.

SIX!

“Ah! Haa! Haa!” Hattie panted, feeling the area just above her crotch bulging out.

FIVE!

“No freaking moo way!” Tension in her skirt waist forced Hattie to pull it down. Four large nubs were poking out of the swelling protrusion, becoming easier to see as the fur thinned.

FOUR!

She could only moan as the fleshy protrusion continued pouring into her lap. Its tender flesh becoming bare pink skin and almost squishy in her hands, not unlike her newly grown breasts.

THREE!

“Nonononono!” Hattie sputtered in rapid gasps, as if it could influence her final transformation. The saggy sacks’ growth slowed, but now she could feel it firming up, becoming full with a heavy sloshing substance.

TWO!

Through the haze of trying to hold back the thick pink bulge, Hattie could hear a metal clank coming from between her feet. Movements of another presence tickled her body fur, confirmed by a gentle patting of a small hand on her back.

“Easy, girl. We got you covered!” A voice whispered into her flicking cow ear. It was slightly deeper than Dee’s and seemed to command a lot more direct confidence.

ONE!

“Gah!? Mah...ma-MOOOOOOO!!” Hattie gasped as the tension in her udder reached its peak. She reared her head back, crying out in chorus to a bar full of cheering humans and animal people. Every voice, roar, or howl became unanimous with each other for the first moment going into the new year.

For Hattie, it was also the torrents of milk that exploded out of her new third mammary gland. The bar became flooded with the scent of fresh cream, much to the appreciation of her audience. Cheers for the new years turned to encouraging the new cowgirl as seconds ticked by with no end to her production flow.

Of course, time is relative. While Hattie’s dazed thoughts might have felt like a year’s worth of pleasing release, her udder soon deflated back into a more relaxed state until its teats trickled to a full stop. She was almost disappointed the experience had to end, gently kneading the soft

pink sack for a few extra spurts, and then just enjoying how sensitive its skin felt.

“Damn, you’re a natural at this!” The same voice from before startled Hattie out of her bovine stupor. Beside her stood a female cat of pure black fur, complimented by a green string bikini. She comforted the exhausted cow before bending down in front of them to retrieve what Hattie realized was a bucket full of her milk. “Hey, Dee! Give her a discount on the drink. We got enough cream to last a week.”

“Is that your good deed for the year, Jay?” Deedee asked, getting a chortle out of many barflies.

“Damn straight! I like to get it out of the way early.” Jay passed the bucket along to the bunny bartender. Before Hattie could question further, the lean kitty spun her around on the stool and yanked her off with both hands. “Now come along, Betsy. The year is only getting started.”

“W-wait, I don’t...dance!” Hattie staggered along with Jay onto the dance floor. Many of the crowd had cleared out, making it easy for her waddling curves and udder to move through. It helped a lot that many people continued to offer calls of support as they moved aside.

“Always a first time for everything,” Jay said with a grin. “Dee may set our guests up for success, but it’s my job to get you there.”

Hattie staggered, feeling her tail curls against her... butt?

“W-what? How!?” Hattie looked down at herself and gasped. Without her even noticing, her shirt and skirt were just gone. In their place was a blue spandex top that hefted her might tights without the strain and a matching thong that was a love more modest covering than Jay’s. Granted, it did nothing to conceal the udder bouncing to the step of her thighs. “I...I didn’t want this!”

“Sometimes it’s not about what you want but what you need, sweetie.” Jay opened her hands wide in a revealing gesture. “You want to be appreciated for your hard work? Be surrounded by good vibes and love? We got that here in spades. Why don’t you try tackling that pole that just opened up? I bet you can shake those milk makers like a demon.”

For all accounts, Hattie’s first instinct was to smack this rowdy feline and demand to be changed back. This had certainly not been her idea of receiving due praise. Her eyes flickered in between thoughts, though, and caught sight of what Jay was presenting to her.

Lots of people were watching her. Many offered softer encouragements, complimented her, and admired her. Did it really matter if it wasn’t coming from her coworkers? Why did she even care what that bitch boss thought to begin with? There were tons of better things to be doing, especially with so much liquid energy making her hooves bounce in place.

“I... well.. .moo! I mean, m-maybe just...one dance.”

Shadow Puffs

Ugh! Why did waking up always have to suck? Once the sun got up over the horizon, it was impossible to block out the light with just eyelids. All the wave crashing, mist splashing, and bird noises certainly did not help attempts to resume sleeping. Blindly reaching around failed to locate either covers or a pillow, just handfuls of soft sand. That might have been for the best considering how warm the beach weather fared this early.

“... what the!?! GAH!”

Anthony’s eyes flew open in a shocking revelation only to have a drop of cold dew land directly on his left iris. Letting out a strange squawk-like cry, he rolled onto his belly, fumbling to rub the stinging liquid. Stumbling about in a blind daze only made him panic harder. Something about his feet felt off balance like they were in clown shoes. It made them hard enough to try standing without a thick squishy log wedging itself between them.

“Snake!?” Anthony squawked amidst rising panic. All it accomplished was tripping over the offending mass for a graceful face plant into the warm sands. Burning pain washed over his stomach, but also along the wiggling thing pinched between his shins. Nerves followed the trail in a curve that attached the mysterious limb to his butt, confirming it as a part of him.

That was just one of about six mysteries Anthony really wanted solved right then. Planting his face in the sand had the misfortune of delaying such a search for answers. He gathered back enough wit to settle on just laying there for a while, letting tears wash out excess water and sand particles. Every time he took a deep breath it caused his lungs to expand in an odd way that lifted his body off the ground. Coupled with the crashing of waves, he calmed down fairly fast.

Only when the stinging finally subsided did Anthony dare open his eyes, slowly. As previous senses had allowed him to confirm, he was on a beach. Well, a cave along a beach faced cliff. The morning sun was still climbing beyond the mouth, casting much of the sandy floor in a warm glow. Dew collecting along the roof dripped down in a light rain that tickled along the smooth skin of Anthony's naked body.

Getting more curious and brave, Anthony lifted his head, trying to get a look back over himself. The effort was rewarded with two surprises; that he possessed a two-foot long neck that could turn his head a complete one-eighty, and an even longer four-foot tail. His body itself had become a rather wide in the rear with a posture not unlike an avian's. Purple skin coated over most of what he could see, with two rows of 6 grey plates running down either side of his spine.

"No way..."

Seeing such a beautiful streamlined body glistening in the salty mist was enough to make Anthony's beak hit the sand. Blinking, he brought a hand up to confirm his skull indeed jutted forward into a rigid bird-like beak. Then he took a moment to take in his hands, well, wings. Although the insanely large appendages split into dexterous lumps of fingers, they still clearly built to serve primarily as instruments of flight.

Anthony could not help chuckling with a better understanding of his situation. Carefully, he eased back his heavy lower weight onto his elongated feet. The massive bulk of his tail served as a great balancing perch while its tapered tip struck its horns into the sand with idle twitches. Looking down caused his beak to curve into an even wider grin, wing-hands moving to stroke along the bulge of a rounded belly colored in the same grey as his spikes. This was definitely not the body he had gone to bed with last night. Hell, it was not a body that should exist at all.

"So... I'm a lugia now?" Anthony looked around the cave from multiple viewpoints thanks to his amazingly flexible neck. It was a more rhetorical outburst to break the uncomfortable silence this little hiding hole was giving

him. Granted, someone appearing to exposit answers would have been nice. “Did I have too much to drink last night? Did I piss off a Mewtwo? Is that why I’m a shadow variant? Come on universe, talk to me!”

Sadly, Anthony could not speak dripping water, or waves, as those were the only sounds that answered back. After waiting longer than he probably should have bothered, the changed pokemon tried making progress with his situation. Maybe there was somewhere nearby he could ask for help. The beach looked pretty nice for the weather. There had to be somebody around on a day like this.

Oh, wait, would humans be able to understand him now? Could he talk to other Pokemon if he was in a world where they

existed now? Best to worry about that when the situation arrives. Anthony took a few cautious steps; wings stuck straight out with tail barely wagging under control for a counterbalance. This was definitely not a body for long distance walking.

Okay, not a problem. Waddling awkwardly closer to the cave mouth allowed Anthony to spot an extension of rock jutting over the ocean water. Climbing up there with giant wing hands was pretty easy, at least. Anthony was enough of a Pokemon nerd to know how a Lugia works. A simple test flight over a soft body of water should be a breeze. He was already getting used to moving this new bottom-heavy already. Giving one happy wag of his spiked tail, the shadow lugia dashed over the wet rocks. Elongated feet sprung Anthony off the ledge in a majestic leap with wings spread wide and sights set for high for his first flight.

SPLOOSH!

Then again, it was the perfect weather for a cold salty bath. If the painful burn of smacking his belly into the ocean water had not fully woken Anthony, it’s gagging taste sure did. The calming rhythm of waves shifting became disrupted by a frantic splashing of lugia wings on their surface.

The silver lining to having a thick belly is that it made for easy surfing back to shore. That was arguably Anthony's first accomplishment of the morning. Feeling salty water drip from places he knew only pokemon should probably have, he half-dragged himself up the beach one wing full at a time. Belly and tail dragged along the sands and dug a deep trench behind the emotionally drained lugia.

Anthony was not exactly upset he had been turned into a pokemon overnight. A little more say in the circumstances would have been nice, is all. Maybe a slight cheat to know how his new form works too. Lugia was one of his more popular choices on a team, but what was the point if he did not know how to fly or swim?

Also, he was super hungry. Waking up in a cave mysteriously would have been great with some breakfast prepared. Grinding his grey round belly across the ground was not helping Anthony forget it was empty either. Constant stimulation just made his organs clench hard in an annoyed rumble.

When harsh sands turned into ticklish blades of grass, it only made the lugia's stomach rumble louder. Anthony groaned in the effort to lift his head for a look around. All that expert splashing had drifted him from the cave onto a pleasantly clean beach. Close to the sandy drop off was a rough sidewalk that served as a border to some dense forest that he had blindly crawled into. Seeing an artificial road filled him with renewed hope, even though there was no sign of another living being yet.

That was not a super high priority after spotting the berry bushes. Following along the concrete path, most likely by design, was an endless wall of berry bushes. The poor former human had crawled right under precious nourishment in his slump. Someone had clearly wanted to give passing trainers a variety of options for their partners. Every twenty meters or so the type of bush changed abruptly.

The one directly in front of Anthony held dozens of deliciously plump Citrus berries. He did not need to think twice before ripping a wing full off its branches. After inhaling gallons of dirty salt water, the aroma of fresh fruit was euphoric. His beak clicked several times, trying to brush off the drool seeping out, and then gave up. Hunger was too strong for anything but slamming his face into the full wing-palm for several eager bites.

Damn! They tasted better than they smelled. Anthony's head rocked back in an animalistic moan, juice dripping down the length of his noodle neck. His beak clicked in several slow chews enjoying each burst of flavor the meat grinding washed across his tongue. After a few seconds, he reluctantly gave a hard swallow of what meat and juice stayed in his mouth. The fingers of his free wing-hand brushed off what it could from his face so he could lick them clean.

Only a few seconds later Anthony felt something slide down his spine causing his tail to stiffen. Something akin to drinking a coffee with a Red Bull chaser filled his plump body. This was not surprising given the berries in-game properties to heal hit points. All the lugia's fatigue washed into the ocean, leaving him jiggling in place. Such an overwhelming need to move made him even consider trying to fly again.

BWORP!

"Umm...?"

Anthony stared down at his wing full of berries with worried confusion. The entire pile rocked as the fruits he had partially eaten shifted in form. They had suddenly lost their usual pear-like shape for a completely spherical one. Well, almost considering their bite indentions. Small tickles of juice were pouring out of these broken parts to form a small lake inside the lugia's palm.

FWOOOOMP!

“WHOA!” Anthony squawked, flailing his wing to scatter the berries like they had become hot coals. Even as they hit the ground, their bloated forms became even more distorted and stretched. They were soon the size of basketballs, rolling over each other to make room. Juice gushed out the bite areas splashing across the lugia’s slick skin and soaking the grassy floor. He backed away fast as monster bird feet could allow until his back pressed into a nearby tree. Every puffed berry ball gave off an eerie straining noise, the skin rippling violently to hold in whatever was causing them to inflate.

BWOOSH! BWOOSH! BWOOSH!

It was a battle they were not fated to win. Anthony’s eyes widened, watching his berry breakfast explode one after another. Impossible amounts of juice rained across the area, causing him to bring his wings up as a shield. The shower of juices lasted for ages before he dared to look around his makeshift barrier again. Not a single berry ball had survived this strange expansion, leaving a good patch of grass submerged in juice. The place was probably going to smell like fruit punch for a while after that event.

No sooner had Anthony processed that anomaly than another notion caused his eyes to go wide in alarm. Both eyes and wings shot to his belly where he could feel the sample he had eaten shifting about. The rounded bulge of his middle visibly vibrated and he could actually hear a muffled sloshing going on. This did not seem at all possible; he was about to spend the last moments of his short pokemon transformation exploding in a rain of berry juice.

Apparently he had more luck than the berries. After a few tense seconds of holding his middle trying to endure the mounting tension it all just... stopped. Anthony’s tail gave the ground a few curiously wet slaps while he righted himself up to examine the situation. It was hard to tell, but he was sure his stomach had more roundness to it. He certainly felt full, with lots of sloshing going on with his movement, but otherwise his insides felt fine. If anything, the extra nourishment was rather refreshing.

Trying to get a sample of seconds was still off the table, of course. Anthony peeled himself from the tree never taking his eyes off the very suspicious bushes full of unpredictable fruits. No where in the games has there ever been a food exploding mechanic. At least, not one Anthony had been aware of. A wing absently wiped some juice tickling his neck, moving up to his beak to lick it off before he could realize what he was doing.

When nothing extreme happened from a bit of juice sampling, Anthony began looking at his full belly to the bush. Were these things some kind of booby trap for wild Pokemon, or had he been the one to make them expand? That did not sound like a power lugia's normally had. He gave a soft chuckle, realizing there was nothing normal about this morning either.

Further testing would just have to be done. Anthony waddled away from the small lake of juice. Eyes never left the suspicious berries until a different kind of bushes rolled in front of him. These were fairly decorative, appearing as pink little gloves; nanab berries, he realized. They did not smell nearly as good, but this was for scientific purposes. A single berry was plucked off a branch and brought up to Anthony's mouth. He was very careful to only give a tiny nibble off the edge, getting a splash of tart juice on his tongue.

THOOMP!

The treat had barely been pulled back before it surged out like the last berries. Anthony placed it gently on the ground before backing away. Eyes never left the bright pink skin suffering an onset of little bulges underneath its thin skin.

BWOOOOMP!

A few seconds later the berry's insides boiled over, inflating it to a size bigger than the lugia's own head. He waited almost a whole minute with wings raised ready to guard against another explosive assault.

However, aside from a trickle of juice outside Anthony's teeth marks the berry ceased all movements. Gingerly a wing-hand stretched out to its limit, allowing him to shuffle close enough to nudge the giant fruit. It wobbled awkwardly under a more pressurized spurt of juice and then settled back to normal. The skin had no give looking to be barely holding onto its insides.

Anthony snorted, beak curling into a grin. So apparently his bites can puff up things after all. Even more interesting was that there was some control depending on the bite's severity. He was pretty sure lugia's never had the power to do that in the games, but it was also too cool to question. This just cried out for more experimentation.

A lot more experimentation.

Anthony whipped around not caring when his tail blasted through the bushes to send berries flying. He only needed a few steps to find a decent sized stick to chomp into.

PHFFFTH!

The wood whacked Anthony in the face as it flew out of his wings in an explosive growth. Thankfully, gaining half a meter in thickness had made it much softer. He waited for it to float back into his grasp and gave it several test squeezes. The amount of 'filling' had been drastically reduced this time, allowing the lugia to giggle while squeezing the log like some kind of inflated toy.

Tossing that aside, his eyes caught sight of a rock the size of a basketball. A few tugs found it to be heavy even for his monstrous strength, so he settled on hunching over to give it a few gentle nibbles. Now he wondered just how light he could make... whatever it was expanding these things.

SCHLLOOMPH!

Turned out the lump of stone was bigger under the ground. Highly pressurized growth sent it sailing high into the air leaving Anthony craning his lengthy neck back in awe. All its jagged ridges smoothed out as it took on a round shape bigger than the lugia himself. The thing got so light that a passing breeze picked it up in a high arch to carry further down the beach. Looked like his desire could control his bite victim's density too. Good to know, since he did not want to send a swarm of things floating over nearby towns. People might panic.

Seeing such a large rock floating away made him wonder if there was a size limit too. Only one way to find that out. Anthony's tail snapped happily through the air as he turned to bite into the nearest tree.

BOOP! BOOP! BOOP! BOOP! BOOP!

"... oops?" Anthony blinked as a bright red beach ball landed on his head, rolling off across the ground. It was not until he saw the stem he realized this had been an apple tree. More of the inflated fruit rained down upon him, bouncing across the forest floor and onto the nearby beach. That was a bit of an unexpected side effect. He was glad to have not bitten the berry bushes.

CRRRRKKK!!

The tree might have still been overkill, he had to admit. Anthony fell onto his tail with a startled squawk when the ground shook. Earth upturned in large chunks to make room for roots that snaked around the Lugia. Their course structure softened while they puffed up rapidly like snake balloons. His eyes followed their path of expansion back to the base of the tree, which vibrates intensely to cause many of its leaves to fall off.

TWP! TWP TWP!

Leaves that exploded into thick green bubbles as they drifted along the air.

SCHWOOOOOOOOOOM!!

It looked like the tree's home planet needed it. With one massive explosion of dirt, the towering plant launched from the ground propelled by the pressure of its inflated roots. Bark strained and stretched to contain the mass, swelling it out several meters wider until it resembled a hot-air balloon; both in form and function. It reached several kilometers off the ground and there it stayed, floating off in whatever direction nature dictated it wanted the poor plant to go.

Anthony collected his bottom beak off the grass, deciding a lot more discretion would be needed with further testing. But it was clear there was no real limit with this newfound power. He could probably inflate anything to any size he wanted, with whatever weight he desired. As if being transformed into a Pokemon in a new world was not strange already. He could become some kind of legendary Pokemon in his own right worship by humans eager to be his balloon toys.

Granted, he did not know what practical functions spontaneous inflation granted. The lugia was drunk on power for the first time in his life and couldn't care less. Watching things puff up was damn fun. About the only thing left to test it on was...

"Oh, my gosh! Did you see that tree fly out of the forest!?"

...living subjects.

Anthony scrambled his way up a tree without even thinking about it. He had no idea why that seemed like a good idea. Perhaps being caught just randomly biting things to see if they would inflate was too far-fetched an explanation for a flying tree. That was a great first impression to give strangers.

Moments later a brown dog-like creature rushed through the bushes enraptured by all the inflated apples rolling in the breeze. Its bunny long ears twitched with the frantic shifting of its gaze. An eevee, Anthony realized with his own brand of curiosity. It was quickly joined by a long hooded snake composed mostly of purple scales, and a blue turtle with a curled tail; an arbok and squirtle respectively. Both were more relaxed than their fuzzy friend, but also concerned for all the bloated plantlife.

“What the heck is all this?” The arbok spoke with a feminine hiss, twisting their body to observe the area.

“Must be a balloon party!” The eevee squeaked as it swatted an inflated apple with its paw. “Maybe a human is celebrating something.”

“But it looks like something exploded out of the ground.” the squirtle had edged over to the small hole Anthony’s tree had left in its departure.

“Wow, these smell like apples.” The eevee seemed oblivious to any suspicious implications about the surrounding scene. Its nose twitched rapidly, drawing close to one of the red orbs bigger than itself. “A really delicious apple.”

Both arbok and squirtle cringed unable to stop their friend from taking a curious bite out of the bloated fruit. To their surprise, an audible crunch echoed among the trees, and the eevee found itself enjoying a bite of apple meat gushing with a surplus of juice.

“Oh, wow! It IS an apple guys. Guys? What’s wrong?” It swallowed the meat with a happy bark, turning to find its friends backing away with rising fear. Glancing back to the apple caused its tail to drop, eyeing the small geyser of juice rushing out of its bite rupture. “... oh.”

BWOOOOSH!

The entire sphere of apple exploded with a force that sent the eevee flying. Its friends could offer little help trying to recoil from the rain of apple shrapnel barraging them. They had expected a balloon popping, but a fruit bomb was a whole another level of surprising.

It was also the perfect stunning device to prevent anyone from noticing the purple lugia drop in from above. Anthony could not have asked for a better opportunity. He pounced upon the eevee, using a hard flap of his wings to lower it to the ground. Before it could even comprehend the legendary bird mass squishing down he had given its front paw a little nip.

With a hard spring, he glided the short distance to the squirtle. It was too busy trying to rub apple juice out of its eyes to be aware of why its fluffy friend had yelped in pain. Nor could it respond to the threat closing in before Anthony pierced its tail flesh in his teeth.

Being last though the arbok sensed something was amiss with both friends yelping. It quickly coiled up its long body, giving off its sharpest hiss. "Who's there!?"

Something large bounced against the side of its head with a hallowed drumming sound. Panic caused the snake Pokemon to react on instinct and whipped around to sink its venomous fangs into its assailant. There was just enough time to recognize the taste of apple juice before realizing what a mistake that had been.

SHWOOOSH!

A second apple balloon pop washed fresh chunks and juice over the three pokemon. The arbok's head rocketed back to slam against a tree several meters away, leaving it stunned just long enough for a parting bit on its tail tip. Anthony gave a sly chuckle as another flap of his wings propelled him back into the cover of tree tops. He was getting the hang of this flying thing at least.

The squirtle was the first to recover from the chaos. Once it could see through the citrus haze, they went to work washing out the eevee's eyes with a bit of water powers. Both were then quick to peel their snake friend off the tree bark they had become embedded in.

"Are you okay?" the squirtle asked after washing out the arbok's eyes.

"Ugh! I think so?" The snake reared up its body again, glancing around with an annoyed hiss. "Did anyone else see a giant lump of shadow attack us?"

"Sort of," the eevee said in a dazed tone. "I think it bit my paw and now I feel... w-weird!?"

FWOOMP!

The eevee had raised its paw for its friends to observe a mild wrist abrasion. Instead, all three gave an alarmed cry when the toes wiggled and then expanded into round dough balls with pads. Its palm joined right after blimping to match the cartoonish disproportions, followed by the entire leg. The eevee staggered back, trying to escape this bizarre mutation only to stumble when its other front leg surged into a thicker, rounded, limb. Such drastic swelling disabled all apparent motor controls, causing the little dog creature to fall onto its chest with balloons for prosthetic legs. A hard shift caused it to look back, watching its tail shot straight into the air before puffing out three times in size.

"W-what's going on? S-someone help!"

"I don't think-BLAAARRRGHH!"

Whatever profound insight the squirtle had to offer became literally drowned in a gush of water. Its eyes went wide with snout flapping in a useless attempt to stop the rush of liquid escaping. Slamming both hands on his nose did help clamp it closed to some degree. That just seemed to make the water decide to go elsewhere. The turtle's eyes bulged in alarm as both hands went down to rub the underside of its shell. Only a trickle of water continued to run down the sides of its snout while the hard covering groaned and then popped into a large outward curve.

"Ah! No no! Not me too!" It cried while its little body expanded out in every direction. The structure of its shell slowly weakened as it stretched and contracted into an increasingly round shape. Despite the increasing pressure, the squirtle tried to push its gut back in only to find the natural armor squishing around its hands like a softening pillow.

"Well... crap..." Was all the arbok could really add to its friend's distress. Considering the pattern of events, it had a feeling there was little it could do to help them before things got worse. Not a second later, the snake's body gave an involuntary shudder before straightening out. No matter how hard it tried, the internal pressure would not allow it to coil. Before long it gave out a startled hiss as it fell onto the ground as a perfectly straight purple log.

"Oh, gosh!" the eevee moaned from the stain of its expanding hide. Fur slowly thinned as its skin stretched over an expanding torso. Its belly rounded out, forcing its hind legs wide apart only to keep it balanced as it dug into the ground, lifting its rear higher. "Are we blowing up like those apples?"

"I really hope not." The arbok yelped, watching what it could from its stiff position. There was just enough neck flexibility to watch the entire length of its body growing thicker in rapid soft pulses. Its divine sleekness gave way to a bloated, squishy mass that crushed increasingly more grass under pillowy girth. "I'd really like to not pop."

“We’re a lot softer than those fruit though,” the squirtle said and then yelped. Any attempts to try holding back its swelling shell were stopped after both hands involuntarily flew out to its sides. Another rush caused its tiny limbs to pop out in stubby round lumps that could do little more than wiggle slightly. Fortunately, the shell base had puffed out wide enough to keep it propped upright when its legs followed suit. “At least, I think we all are.”

“Oooooohhh!” The eevee shuddered what little it could with a pleased moan. Its back reversed its curve, swelling up into a high arch that gradually joined its belly bed in making a perfect ball of brown fur. It could not help giggling while its new central body continued rising and rolling out with increasing size, lifting its head over the tops of the berry bushes. “This is actually kind of fun.”

The arbok blinked, but a glance to their squirtle friend found the towering water-type also lost in a daze of delectation. Before it could even comment, the soft plush of its body hardened with a rush of pressure. Panic gripped at its serpent heart, realizing this could be the end. The whole snake’s body was preparing to explode right in front of its friends.

FWUB!

Or it could lose any resemblance of ever being a snake. The arbok felt its body pressure give and then got sent flying in a rapid spin. It landed with a harsh bounce, followed by three more in an uncontrollable roll against a tree. With one explosive burst, its form had warped into a sphere of incredible buoyancy, yet a lot of slack pressed against rocks and branches. This must have been what a partially deflated basketball must have felt like.

“Oh wow! That looks really fun!” The eevee giggled and gasped. It had tried kicking its hind legs to get its rounded body rolling, only to feel them both pop out into inflated stubs. What little definition remained of its butt smoothed out until only a tail and paw-stumps remained to look taped onto the giant ball. “Aw. Can someone give me a push?”

While the arbok was too dizzy to form words, Anthony could barely contain his glee. Watching the three pokemon warp into balls large as a car was too much fun. It was especially nice that they did not pop as easily as the tighter experiments. They looked like such nice and squishy beds. Now he was certain nothing was safe from the magic of his bite.

They did not look upset about the imposing conditions either. Even the snake-ball looked over its giggling companions with an air of contentment. Having a complete loss of motor controls must have that kind of effect on people.

If anything, they looked pretty happy to be balloons. Anthony got another thought glancing from his collection of victims to his own thick bird body. Tail spikes smacked against the branches supporting him in a rapid wag.

“Why the heck not?”

The lugia flapped off the branches into a short glide deeper into the woods. It was probably a good idea to get some distance for the ultimate test. He would hate to be a risk to others, or rolling off into the ocean. After a few minutes of flight practice, he settled on a small clearing well out of view of the other Pokemon. Taking a deep breath, Anthony lifted one wing up to his chest and gave it the biggest bite of the morning.

“OW!” Pain rocked through the large limb, sending him tumbling along the ground in a complete failure to endure his self injury. “Is that what I end up doing to people? Yesh, lugia teeth are sharper than I...o-oh...aw yes!”

BRRRRRPPPP!!

Anthony regained his composure fast as pain dissolved into a mounting pressure deep inside his plump body. He craned his neck around to watch his grey stomach trembled with the pulses of each heavy breath. Wing-hands rested upon either side of it, rubbing along the smooth surface to stimulate the tightening surface.

THWOOOM!

And then his limbs were pushed back in a bull rush of explosive growth. Anthony's belly gave a groaning roar that sent pidgey flying from their perches. Its crest rose faster than baking bread, popping out the lugia's waist while his back pressed against the grassy earth in its rolling girth.

"Aaaah! Aaah! Hell yeah!" Anthony chuckled. His tail gave a hard crack against the ground before total control was lost. Another rush of inflation stretched the limb several meters across the clearing until its tip touched the trees on the far side.

With a few hard kicks, Anthony got back onto his feet. Just in time for his hips to pop and vanished under the momentum of his growing gut.

THWOOMP!

Wow. The former human thought he had clown feet before. While his legs became devoured by the merging of waist and hips, the monster's paws surged out long enough for him to get a glimpse of plump toes past the crest. That did not last long, but it was still cool to see the puffy feet. Another surge blocked out the ground as the lugia's gut continued to become the biggest part of him.

"Whoa!" And boy, was there a lot of lugia going around. Anthony looked up from rubbing his swelling sides to find the surrounding trees shying away. As the seconds ticked by, everything around him became smaller. Bushes were uprooted with the swelling of his bouncy tail. Rolling

hips of squishy Lugia hide upturned the ground into a deep ring around him before squishing around the older, stronger trees seeking more room.

“Mmmhhh~!” Anthony was getting so big his head crept over the tops of the tallest oaks. The rounded sphere of his body was soon breaking branches to join him in a race for the sky. All around him came the sounds of frantic forest destruction; his plush bloating body squeezed through any and every crack it could find in its march toward epic balloon levels. Watching his gut knock over so much lumber was a relief in the sense he was too tough to pop. “This is nice... maybe I bit too hard though...”

A soft chuckle escaped Anthony’s dome of a belly and chest. Might have been late to question actions with his butt digging a crater out of this forest. With a shrug, he rocked back a little to relax himself. An action that crushed a line of pine trees along the curve of his back. It was disappointing when his wings involuntarily moved off his belly to jut out like he wanted a hug. Getting to rub and squish at his body while it grew so large yet soft had been the best part of the process.

On the bright side, having wings inflate out into plump billboards helped keep him mostly upright. When a strong breeze threatened to send Anthony in a destructive backward roll, his bloated limbs easily caught among the trees to anchor him in place. He was rounding out bigger than a hot-air balloon, granting him a lovely view of the whole coast. Between the gentle caress of a warm salty breeze, the sun’s continued glow, and the tickling of acres of crushed plantlife under him Anthony could have almost gone back to sleep.

Until his body gave a groan loud enough to drown his ears. One eyebrow raised, watching the looming peek of his belly wobble violently. It was hard to see even that much with his neck plumping into a thick log too.

Ka-BWOOOOOOMP!

“GYAAAAHHH!!”

A thunderous boom like a drum beat echoed far across the landscape. Villages and even some cities paused their daily routines in bewilderment for what could have made such a sound. Many of them, especially in high raised buildings, found the answer more easily. The giant dome rising from the distant beach could have been seen for miles around. It's strange purple and grey coloration made it stand out rather jarringly to the blue sky and green woods around it. Almost immediately dozens of trainers were setting out to what this strange plushy anomaly could be.

For Anthony it was the perfect bliss. Being taller than a skyscraper and wider than a village could not have been a more perfect size. Hopefully, he could figure out how or why he was brought into a Pokemon world with such power once things wore down. But for now the tiny lugia head was content to rest in on its fat pillowy neck for an extra large nap. That lasted about ten seconds before his relaxed state of mind strolled across another train of thought that shot both eyebrows into his forehead.

Did this stuff actually wear off!?

Dragons and Dresses

A billowing roar echoed through the stone caverns, the soft vibrations sending loose rocks raining down. That was when the party knew they were dead in the water. Not to say robbing a dragon had been the best plan for anyone, but their execution turned out pretty terrible in its own right. The wizard had totally flubbed his incantation to put the mythical beast to sleep, allowing it to spot the thief shoveling treasure into a sack.

They were given no time to react. With one flap of the dragon's wings, severe winds turned the enclosed chamber into a hurricane death trap. Coins and other treasures flew about to pelt the party's main supports at harsh speeds. Both fell to the floor within seconds, covered in bruises and bloody wounds.

Smart people would have taken that obvious demonstration of overwhelming power to hightail it back through the smaller tunnels to safety. Too bad barbarians were not well known for their scholarly attributes. Soon as the winds died down, the pair of muscular woman leaped onto the scene to rescue their half-dead comrades. Each circled the dragon in different directions in hope for a flank.

Following close behind was the party's sorcerer. Streams of sparkling fireworks erupted from his extended fingertips, trying to confuse their mighty foe. It seemed to work for a few seconds; the dragon stared in awe at the razzle-dazzle lights before giving a bemused shake of its slender head.

A swing of its fat tail sent one barbarian flying into the far wall. The other barbarian tried to stop its dash only to get crushed under an enormous front paw. With their front line down, the dragon settled both its blazing gold eyes on the lone sorcerer poised to defy it. Unfortunately,

there was no spell the little human knew that could postpone his fate. The dragon's chest inflated in a deep breath, building power for imminent doom.

The sorcerer gathered his nerves determined not to make these deep caves his tomb. Balling hands into fists, he sprung to one side, trying to avoid a torrent of flames spewing from the dragon's mouth.

"Natural one!"

Loud roars erupted through hallowed halls again. Not those of any magical beast but from five nerds ranging widely in age and genders. None of them really cared how their bellows had disrupted other nearby groups. All eyes were on the dungeon map as their Game Master reached over to flick the tiny figurine of a sorcerer over, making it rest at the claws of his favorite dragon token.

"And with that, your last chance of victory gets charred in the dragon's fire breath attack," Henry said with the usual flare of dramatic roleplaying. Hopefully, he did not sound too smug about this turn of events. It was fun to see a group of players get engaged with his games. "Sorry, guys, that's a total party wipeout. I tried to drop in-character signs not to fight that thing."

"I told you!" A girl wearing a fox ears hat slapped the guy sitting beside him. "You greedy dorks just had to go after the horde."

"Ow! Hun! Blame that dork wizard over there for casting such a crappy sleep roll."

"Like hell you can blame me with those lame sneak rolls. You might as well have been wearing bells."

The bickering continued while the other players quietly took their leave. It was only the first day of Shiftcon. Everyone either had people to meet or things to check out. No one knew what to expect from a new convention.

Henry had not expected the players to try fighting the damn dragon. He wisely decided not to take sides about that while packing up his maps and figures. This was just meant to be a one-off adventure to kill time before breakfast. All they had to do was grab the treasure and run like hell. The tunnels would have been too small for a legendary monster to give chase. Some people seemed to prefer going down fighting like stubborn champions.

As long as people had fun, that was the general take away. Henry ran games online all the time, but getting a chance to be at an actual table was why he loved conventions. Nothing beats seeing raw emotions on display at every step of the adventure. The ones playing thief and wizard continued to argue long after everything had been put away. They ultimately settled things like real nerds and went for a round of Munchkin.

This seemed like a perfect time for Henry to make his quiet exit. Breakfast was a more appealing idea to the chubby brown-haired man. He had set up another game for that evening, but it was only the Friday of the con. Plenty of time to float around, mingle, maybe buy some stuff off dealers.

“Hm? Oh, neat!”

Speaking of stuff, the game room had a pair of long tables set up at the entrance. One was left blank apparently for general uses, mostly as a lost and found. The other, however, had been a very accommodating snack stand for it. There was the usual water cooler, and some warm sodas, but

also a heater for various hot drinks. From what Henry had heard, a pair of baskets were put out at least twice a day with snacks. Looks like that turned out to be true. Someone had come in recently to leave mountains of wrapped baked goods; muffins, doughnuts, pies, and a few bits of candies.

It was the latter that caught Henry's attention. A bright orange packet stuck out from between two chocolate muffins in sharp contrast. Pulling it out caused a rapid clicking of small objects rustling inside. According to the decorative label of a cartoon orange dragon, these were some kind of Pop Rocks style treat. Technically, they were called them 'Dragon Gems,' but the gimmick was the same.

Henry's day was getting off to a good start. Now he had the first epic game of the con and his favorite candy to go with it. Stuffing the packet in one pocket, he snatched up a soda before continuing his search for breakfast. That old myth was one reason he loved fizzy rocks so much. Certainly felt a lot more fun than using Mentos.

Twenty minutes of wandering the hotel later and Henry regretted not taking a muffin or scone too. As is typical for such places, everything in the lobby shop was ridiculously overpriced to take advantage of travelers' need for convenience. No way was he going to spend ten bucks on a salad when an actual restaurant would give one three times the size.

Now if only such places were open at nine am. The closest junk food store would have to do; Dunkin Doughnuts. An extra walk was worth some powdery cakes and a breakfast sandwich. It gave him some spare alone time to ponder the coming night's game. Henry ordered his delicious assortment of baked goods and retreated off to a corner booth to go over some notes. Hopefully, some encounters could be set up that won't be able to kill even the stupidest of parties.

Breakfast would ironically be finished sometime past noon. Henry glanced over the characters he had finished stating with a satisfied grin.

Maybe having the dragons be anthropomorphized sexy ladies will discourage the players from outright attacking. A large of Shiftcon' attendees were furies and other kin. Odds are they might just try to romance some of them instead.

And there was that one percent chance some loon considered dragon suplex a great way to die.

Oh well, Henry would deal with that if it happened. More importantly, there was way too much cheese grease and powdered sugar on his hands. A quick trip to the restroom took care of that. Roleplay books were expensive enough without getting the delicate pages messed up.

Henry returned to his table for some double-checking on a few pre-made characters. Soon as he sat, there came a light crunch from under his backside. A sharp reminder of his treat scavenged from the game room. His eyes lit up, producing the packet of rock candy from his back pocket.

Nothing like a tasty, and free, dessert to calm one's nerves. Henry ripped the thing open with his teeth, followed by popping the top of his soda can. Both were downed in a quick one-two gulp. You had to be fast for maximum effect unless your goal is to look rabid and messy.

By now, Henry was a pro at carbonated candy consumption. He slouched back, enjoying the familiar sensation of gas filling his belly. The ticklish bloating never got old. Heck, for an imitation brand, they sure felt more potent than Pop Rocks.

Itchy, too. That rarely happened. Henry raised an eyebrow, scratching his belly button through his shirt. Instead of rubbing smooth skin underneath, there were a strange series of rough edges poking against his fingers.

“What the... oh, holy hell!”

Henry lifted his shirt just enough to make a small gap between the hem and waistband of his pants. Instead of the fleshy skin around his belly button, it had become coated in a shimmering coat of dark brown scales. A peek through the collar confirmed more had spread across his chest and neck ending just under the chin. Henry traced fingers all along his neck, rubbing the tough protective scutes. They were sensitive to contact, making his spine shiver with enjoyment.

Things only continued to get scaly past the rough plating on Henry's front. Softer, refined armor grew to encase the skin of his shoulders and sides that quickly poured out over the rest of his body. It did not work well with his clothes. He ended up drawing a few brief stares from customers frantically scratching at his back and legs through the fabric. Even as scales leaked out shirt sleeves to convert his hands, no one paid Henry much mind.

Lack of attention might have been a blessing in disguise. The bloating pressure continued to mount inside Henry, drawing his attention back to his middle. His jaw dropped, bewildered to find his thick layer of nerd pudge melting away. A once round belly collapsed before his eyes, drawing the protective scales taut over the ridges of some fantastic abs. Hands shook as they gripped at the hem, only to stop abruptly in sharp consideration. Henry was pretty sure the golden scales washing over his face were getting a violet shade to them while he tried pulling the shirt down to cover himself.

FWOOMP!

That simple act became a lot harder when there was a lot more for Henry's shirt to try covering. His blush only grew hotter when a pair of soft mounds rushed out to hang off his chest. The pair of twenty-sided dice

printed on his shirt became grossly distorted over the newly realized breasts. More so when the fatty globes began inflating before Henry's eyes. Their massing girth became too much to keep the hem down. It slipped from Henry's thinning fingers to rest totally above the waist, needing everything to cover the bouncing cannonballs.

The impromptu unveiling of Henry's waist helped him understand it was not just boobs growing. His glittering waistline had drastically collapsed inwards, helping squeeze all the fat that used to be there above and below the line. Hips poured outwards like a filling water balloon, putting an enormous strain on the seams of his jeans. The changing man wiggled them while tugging at the waistband, trying to adjust for such a rapidly growing seat. In the end, he could not keep his buttocks from pushing down the back, letting squishy scaled cheeks spill out.

"This... this can't be right," Henry said, mostly to himself. Hands roamed over his insanely feminine body in a flurry of emotions. Aside from a few lusty glances from guys, and one girl serving coffee, no one still cared that some guy had suddenly gone from fat to fab. "H-hello? Hey, ack, m-my voice..."

An itch in Henry's throat made him cough several times. Each time severe throbbings wracked across his head; hitting his mouth, forehead, and scalp at once. If he crossed his eyes, he could even see his nose push into his palm, covering it. By the time the irritation left, his face extended into a long sharp muzzle. Stretched vocal cords added a stronger base, but also a feminine pitch to his voice.

"Whoa!!"

Trying to stand almost had Henry falling flat on his face. Not because virtually any movement had a lot more weight shifting about, but because of a strong sense of vertigo. Along with his shirt, the pants had become incredibly tight on Henry's body. Every contour of muscular curved thighs

was outlined in its denim, with leg cuffs pulled to his knees showing off equally strong shins. He must have sprouted to eight, maybe nine feet tall in a minute.

“Are you okay, miss dragon?” A man from a nearby table had looked up from his tablet to address Henry. Being so close under her boobs must have made it a strained effort.

“Do I bloody look okay to you?” It was rare in Henry’s nature to be rude. He was just having a hard time comprehending people’s concern for his reactions than the fact he was becoming a giant...

“Wait, did you just call me a dragon?”

The man looked more cautious than offended by Henry’s snappy responses. “I don’t mean to cause offense if you’re some kind of horned lizard. You looked really distressed about something and I thought you spilled your coffee.”

“... and that’s the only thing that’s weird about me?”

An awkward pause filled the space as Henry watched the man’s eyes scan every thick curve of his figure. “Your pants are kind of small, I guess. Figured all dragons wear them low because of the tails.”

“T-tails!? Ack!”

A sharp pop in Henry’s lower back made him jump clear off the floor. The power in his new lady legs had him drilling holes through the drywall ceiling with his horns.

SHRRRTTTT!!

Several things happened upon the enormous dragon's heavy landing. Henry's jaw dropped, watching shoes explode, unable to withstand his weight. Much larger, yet elegant, scaled feet emerged in the spray of shredded leather. Toes flexed reflexively against the floor, lightly raking it with manicured black claws.

A flexing of thick thighs softened the impact, yet caused their swelling muscles to burst the seams along the outsides of his pants. Glittering gold child-bearing hips gushed out the new openings putting greater emphasis on Henry's barely covered buttocks. The fat jiggling off those glutes almost seemed like he was twerking.

At the same time, his breasts gave their own hard sloshes. The pressure proved too much for his prized nerd shirt, rending the fabric with several horizontal gashes. As he stood up trying to steady the soft mounds with both hands, their fatty scales were all too eager to bulge out these new openings in a generous display of cleavage.

Henry felt something else thump against his chair and table. Looking back, his reptilian muzzle dropped at seeing the top of his butt had parted with the growing of a long meaty tail. Its diamond tip twitched lazily across the restaurant floor, overwhelming his mind with new senses. With a little focus, he could even make the powerful log of scales wag.

Despite her clothes continuing to get smaller, there still came no screams, no outcry's, not even much of a skeptical glance. People kept coming in, ordering their doughnuts, and only giving Henry a darting peek on the way out. Like they were more worried about being caught ogling the enormous dragon woman than the fact there was a dragon present.

It was flattering in a way that confused and delighted Henry. Even the guy he had been talking with continued staring back, as chill as ever.

“That seriously did not seem strange to you just now?” Henry asked, twisting to motion at his swollen flank and freshly grown tail.

“Not sure what you’re on about, Miss. With tails that big, I assumed you were trying to show off for that con down the street.” The man looked to Henry’s lower body longer than he probably should have. A sly smile crossed his face, partly masked by taking a sip of coffee. “But hey, if this is how your species tries to flirt, I’m totally into this.”

“F-flirt!? What?”

Henry became so flabbergasted his own voice fluctuated back to its usual male tone. The implication he might have been asked out blindsided him with joy and confusion over the desire to enjoy a man’s company. Whatever was making him all big and scalie seemed to alter the perceptions of the world around him, and maybe even his own mind.

Just how far was that going to go? This guy looked older, but still had a cute rugged charm to him.

“I... um... I gotta go!”

Flight mode kicked in before any more madness could occur. Henry collected his game stuff in a tight hug against his pillowy chest. Catching sight of biceps bloated with more muscle than holiday hams only made him

blush deeper. He made a hurried dash for the doorway not giving the man time to comment.

FWOOMP!

“Gah!?”

Being taller than the door had not escaped Henry’s notice. In fact, he still had the foresight to try ducking on the way out.

The wings, on the other hand, chose that moment to tear out the back of his shirt. They added even more extra limbs to Henry’s changed body, stretching out like a grand cape in the breeze. And then their second set of shoulders hooked onto the doorframe, sending him reeling backward with a startled roar. It was only by the propping of his tail he avoided collapsing onto a table. He had no spare cash to pay for repairs if the furniture could not support his weight.

“Hey, watch it!”

“S-sorry!” Henry worked his wing joints a few times, almost smacking a few incoming customers. Eventually, he got them folded back enough to shuffle sideways out of the restaurant.

Soon as he was outside, it was a straight run back to the hotel. Henry’s feet must have been covered in some durable scales. The warmth of a sunny sidewalk barely registered to his soles as they stomped across the pavement.

If only the rest of his new body could be that easy to ignore. More than once, he forgot the reach of his hips and muscular shoulders and nearly trampled over smaller human pedestrian. Not a single one could stand above his massive bust, and boy, where his mammaries the worst offender. Even with a blessing of upper body strength, their buoyancy threatened to destroy the rest of his shirt.

A sharp whistle came from atop a bowling alley as Henry ran past. He dared not risk more than a side glance, but could see some renovators gawking at him from the roof.

“Yeah, baby! That’s a great way to stay in shape.”

“Care to do a few laps around here for us?”

It took all of Henry’s willpower to not stop and give them a proper show. People wishing to worship a dragon deserve nothing less than the best possible display of scalie buff curves. Doing so in an open street just felt a little off for some reason. Ultimately, he remembered there was a dragon fan panel back at the convention. That sounded like a better place to enjoy his own sexiness.

The hotel came into view before Henry’s thoughts could dive any deeper into that surge of vanity. He came to a halt at the doors surprised at barely feeling tired from the exercise. Being the buffest amazon at the convention offered a lot of perks.

Large bushy bangs still draped across the dragon’s ruby-red eyes heavy from sweat. Henry let out a bubbly giggle, trying to brush them behind his horns. He could not be a complete dragon beauty without growing a stunning mane of long silky hair. It was even a warm brunette to compliment his scales.

Automatic doors picked up Henry's form long before he got close to them. At least they were big enough he did not need to duck his head inside. Passing through the yawning portal, his scales were met with the cold rush of ventilated air. The high fan speed meant to deter bugs and birds caused his pants to flutter lightly. It took a few steps into the lobby for him to realize his clothes felt different, a lot less tight around the curves.

"Oh, my gosh! Really? Even my pants too!?" Henry's voice cracked with his outburst, shifting lower, just shy of his former male voice again. At some point, Henry's clothes had altered into the strangest ballgown he had ever seen. The legs of his jeans had melded together and billowed out into a full coverage skirt still composed of denim. Most of the rips around his ample hips had repaired themselves but had left a hole to continue showing off the flank scales.

His shirt had, thankfully, also fixed itself while enlarging to be accommodating for his breasts. Its decorative twenty-sided dice had remained wrapped over each mound, although the sleeves had bundled up around the shoulders to form thick balloon pads.

"Oof! Hey!"

Of course, stopping in the middle of the lobby entrance was not a good idea even when one is not a literal giantess. A group of energetic twenty-something's came strutting in too engaged with their own conversation to spot Henry in time to move around. They slipped over the wide radius of his dress hem, pushing hard off the dragon's partially covered tail amidst startled, and somewhat rude, cries about his big posterior.

It was all Henry could do to avoid falling onto any of the people mingling around him. The harsh shoves and counter shifting of his hips

caused a little black bag to go flying out of a skirt pocket. He did not hear it hit the floor, but gasped when the familiar clicking of dice rolls echoed under the ambient noise.

“Ingrates,” Henry said, and then coughed twice. Something loosened in the back of his throat, allowing the next words to come out in the feminized growling pitch. Naturally, no one would stop to help a dragon girl squatting down to collect her favorite dice. Everyone continued trying to walk around, or shamelessly walking on her dress instead. Having an extra puffy skirt only helped by pushing the multi-sided blocks away from his grasp. “Just ram into people with no regard for-hey, watch the tail buddy! Well, this is certainly going.... going to make toni... ahh... agh jeez!”

There were a few standard rules for visiting conventions. One often ignored was regularly bathing out of consideration for immense crowds in tight spaces. But before Henry realized it, his long snout was cringing at getting a hefty whiff of someone that thought marinating in Old Spice was a worthy substitute.

“AH-PHOO!”

FWOOSH!

Hands shot up to cover what it could of Henry’s nostrils and snout. The fact they were holding his game dice only occurred a second before blasts of blazing purple flames passed through the narrow gaps in his fingers. Oh yeah, he was a dragon now. Those had a reputation for breathing fire.

“Oh, crap! Oh, crap! Oh... oooohhh!!” Henry’s panic at potentially sneezing his dice into a melted blob faded as his hands lowered to observe the damage. Instead of the usual plastic lumps, a small pile of gems

glittered in his palms. Twenty-sided ones had become solid gold with silver numbers welded on, with the others being a variety of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires.

Henry suddenly felt like the whole lobby was looking at him, or his treasure specifically. An overwhelming need to protect his stuff had him packing the little crystal back into their pouch while glancing over each shoulder. He rushed through the relaxed crowds no longer caring who dared impede his buff legs.

Thankfully, no one wanted to get in the elevator with him. A secluded ride up to his room allowed Henry to tuck his treasure pouch away and fuss with his hair in the reflective walls. Now that he got a good look, those candies had made him into one super fiery dragon woman. Too bad the doors dinged open before he could get into some muscle-flexing poses.

Henry was so happy to get back into his room. Gaming supplies were thrown onto the TV dresser before flopping onto the bed proper. It was immediately apparent that sleeping tonight might be an issue. Even on a king-size bed, a lot of his new body hung off the edges. Then there was figuring out what position is suitable for sleep with a tail and wings.

“Ugh! Is this even going to wear off?” Henry said to himself. There were no room shares to worry about, not that current events implied they would have noticed a dragon suddenly in their beds. “I mean, it’s kind of cool, so I wouldn’t mind if the magic is permanent. Just how am I supposed to get home if I can’t fit on the airplane? What am I going to do about... the game?”

Now that his mind had slowed down enough to pick apart the last hour, a fascinating train of thought passed through Henry’s mind. Curiously, he fished the bag of dice back out and randomly plucked a six-sided sapphire from it. In the dim light, he could see it; a deep, pulsing glow of

energy from the crystal's surface. Not only had his flames changed their composition, but they had also become imbued with magic?

The big dragon gal giggled uncontrollably while holding the jewel into the lamplight. Just the thought of being a magical creature was getting him... well, her giddy. It was like being promoted to the perfect dungeon master.

"Well, there's still six hours before my next scheduled game." Henry's tail thumped rapidly against the mattresses. "Let's see about adjusting the adventure to make things really interesting."