

# Spray for 100% Big

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Commission done for [marillon954 of FurAffinity](#)

“Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! A customer!” Melody Richardson tried to look away but kept embarrassingly staring at the figure before her. A bright, yellow toon cat was eagerly jumping up and down, her oversized breasts bouncing with each hop. The poor human felt so inadequate and awkward.

Catthy grinned. “Nya’re not going to regret coming to mew lovely beauty cart, ma’am! We have everything mew could ever want to look fabulous! Nya have-”

“Y-yes,” Melody interrupted, quickly cutting the cat off before she completely folded in on herself, “I... I already know about your cart and everything. My sister already told me about you.” *The silly cat you were, your weird cart with tons of odd things on it, everything...*

“Sister?” The yellow cat’s tail swished eagerly. “Ooooooh, what’s her name, nyah?”

“Tessa?”

“Tessa... hmmmmmmmmmmmm!” Catthy tapped her chin several times. “OH! Nya remember her! She bought some nice perfume the other day! She was a sweetie!”

“Yeah. She’s why I’m here.” The human explained, trying to avert her eyes from Catthy’s chesticles, “She said that you have some incredible perfume and that I should get some.”

“Mhm! Nya do! Nya don’t remember what she got though.” Catthy sighed, her pointy ears bending back, frustrated. “Buuuuut, you can look at what nya have! Nya’m sure you’ll find something you’ll like~.”

Catthy drummed on a glass case attached to her large cart, oddly duct-taped to a wooden shelf. Melody peered into the case, seeing many bottles inside. She really wished her sister told her what exactly she got so she could get out of there quickly. The whole situation was making her feel more awkward and low than she usually was.

There were many different perfume bottles on display, most of them from brands she had never heard of before. A few of them were even missing their labels. However, there was one that caught her eye the most: a small but thick glass bottle with pink liquid in it. Its logo was facing away, so she couldn’t read it.

She didn't know why, but that one really spoke to her. She asked Cathy, "Can I look at this perfume?"

The cat looked where she was pointing and giggled. "Silly, that's parfoum, not perfume. Parfoum has a higher degree of fragrance to it, meaning it's super better than regular perfume!" She looked so proud about that fact.

However, Cathy had no interest in such a lecture. "Can I just see this bottle, please?"

"Of course!" Cathy giggled, unsheathing one of her claws from her pudgy, toony fingers and unlocking the case. "Though, just to let ya know, these bottles are a bit temperamental~. Nya tend to not just give these ones out like everything else unless asked~."

Melody looked at her oddly but paid her comment no mind otherwise. Toons were weird. She took the bottle from the case and read its logo: Poodlet N° 5.

She popped the cap, and instantly, its fragrance emerged. She gave it a small sniff... and her pupils dilated. Her irises suddenly went from their soft blue to a vibrant, bright pink.

**SNIFF!** She suddenly gave the bottle a stronger smell, quivering. Her nose twitched, the skin of it turning cold and dark. It seemed to inflate a little, nostrils flaring and reshaping itself. It completely turned black as it swelled into a canine snout, pushing out away from her face.

"Sooooo, how is it?" Cathy asked, inching up close to Melody.

Melody twitched, looking up. "Well... it's, ah, powerful, and heavy. It's not something I would usually go for. Plus, you said it was a bit temperamental, right? Maybe it's something that's not for me..."

Cathy smiled. "Buuuut?"

Melody shivered, weakly smiling. "But, I guess, it sort of calls to me? ...heh, like it **YIP**... yips to me!" She shook her head. "I can't explain it, but I want it. Really want it."

"You got it!" Cathy sold the bottle to her, who was growing more eager by the second. Well, a part of Melody was. That part of her was growing, her body starting to shiver. Her toes curled right up there, trembling before suddenly expanding. Toes merged and swelled into three, thick, pudgy white digits with black pads and stubby black claws.

Melody clutched the bottle in her hands, a soft giggle leaving her. She felt silly for acting like this. Why was she being so giddy and childish over some "parfoum"?

It didn't matter. She left quickly, wanting to get away from the super-stacked cat toon.

Catthy simply watched the lady leave with a smile, waving a paw. Her eyes looked towards the woman's bottom, watching something bulge against the back. It wiggled gently before popping out the top of her pants. It was a tail, a white, fuzzy tail.

Catthy giggled as she watched that tail wag. She felt a sense of nostalgia in the air. This transformation was off to a nice start, much like Tessa's had.

However, the cat toon couldn't help but feel there was something else as well. A curious scent to this one. Something different and big would happen.

Melody walked along, scratching gently at her arms. She felt itchy, a feeling that was only increasing the longer she went along. She didn't know why; unable to see the white hairs growing beneath her sleeves and pants legs.

*Gees, I hope this isn't some delayed, allergic reaction to that cat,* Melody sighed. *I don't need that now. I was just starting to feel good after-*

"Oh!" It hit her then. She didn't even try her perfume yet! She pulled it out of her jacket pocket and gently sprayed it on her.

She breathed in, her dog nose sucking up the fumes. The scent was something else but also rather pleasant as well. Her body tingled gently and slowly grew as it absorbed the smell. She drifted up just past six feet, her sleeves and pants legs revealing a bit of her hairy skin now.

*Awww, that's good.* It was definitely better the second time she smelled it, that's for sure. Perhaps this purchase was a good thing after all.

She tucked the bottle back into her coat pocket and continued her walk home. Best to put this away in case something happened.

Walking along, she sighed, feeling heavier than usual. She could have driven to the toon cat's booth, but she was determined to burn off some calories at some point. She felt she really needed to, no matter how exhausted she might get with her extra exercise.

But as she walked, there was a sudden shift within her. That extra weight and heaviness started to fade. Her slow, trudging pace began to increase. She moved a little faster, easier, even her stride changing. What was anxious and reserved became prideful and a little flaunty, her chest and self pushed out with a strut.

Melody smiled slightly. Walking was feeling a lot better all of a sudden. *Maybe I've finally walked enough that it doesn't hurt anymore~.*

That was far from the truth though. Her body weight was starting to drop, excess fat and chub melting off as her figure slimmed down. Her shoes were starting to fall apart though, white fluff popping out of the holes and openings in it.

The more she walked along, the more and more positivity she felt. She stretched out her arms, smiling wider than before. *I feel so good~. Like all my troubles have melted away.* She giggled softly. *Like I have any troubles though. Someone as confident and handsome as me doesn't have any~.*

She stopped. *Hmm... no, that doesn't stop me from having problems.* She scratched her head, her body slimming further. *I mean, I went to that toon to buy some nice parfoum to make me feel better, right?* She huffed, her shoes stretching more and more. *...ugh, I'm thinking too hard and weird now.*

**Riiiiiiip.** In all her pondering, her shoes finally gave way. Out came new wide, white furry paws. They were bigger than her old feet were, at least double in size.

Yet, Melody never noticed. She instead just shrugged and yawned, deciding to put her odd thoughts to the side for now. She stretched her body, gaining a few more inches, and pushed her chest out. Curiously, her breasts shrunk, dropping two whole cup sizes. Even her butt lost shape, being a bit flatter and firmer to a degree.

*Time to get on hom-* Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. She reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone. A thick, four-fingered paw came out as well, sporting the same fur, pads, and claws as her feet. It clutched her phone gently in its pads.

Melody stared at her paw hand. Something wasn't right. Still, she moved on to her phone. It was a series of texts and from her sister no less!

“Hmmm, “how was the shop”? “Currently at park near home.” “Wanna hang”? Ooooh! Sounds like fun!” Melody grinned. “I could always go for a nice, rough run to let the fur out~.”

She shook the thought from her head. Another weird one. She looked to her paws, her other hand now paw-ified. She frowned. Something was off here as well. “Need to get these bad boys in for some proper groomin’ and cuttin’.”

But that was for another day! For now, it was a change of direction. She could go home later. It was park time with Tessa.

She turned and headed across the street, taking a quick shortcut. She felt something new. It was eagerness, a drive, a desire to do something. She’s been so down recently (“I’ve been down, right? That’s sort of right?”) that wanting to get out and do anything has been a challenge. Now, she was eagerly hurrying towards something.

Along the way, her body shifted further and further. She gained even more height, towering easily over anybody she passed along the way. Pink highlights appeared in her dark hair, standing out quite prominently. White fuzz was also growing, covering lots of her body and poking out of openings and through her shirt.

*Tessa never invites me to the park~.* Melody thought as she hurried along. Something clicked in her head then, her smile growing larger. *Oh! It must be for a wild run~. We haven’t done anything like that in years~!*

Her figure slimmed down one last time. Her stomach flattened as her waist slightly widened. Her hips narrowed, and a rear tightened up. Her limbs lost the last trace of excess mass, leaving her with a very fit, toned, masculine-like figure.

*...wait, when do we have wild runs through the woods? This is... whatever! Can’t wait to run with big bro... sis! Hmm... might be a bit careful. Don’t wanna ruin my hair or fluff~.* Her eyebrows thickened up as a pinky, puffy fur grew up around her wrists like bracelets.

Melody slowed to a crawl. Her mind felt so off and weird. It was so energetic and eager. This was not like her usually... but yet, it felt so natural and right. It was like this was always her. There had to be something she could do to set everything right.

**Ding!** Melody grinned. “A little more parfoum never steered me wrong~.” She pulled out the small bottle from her pocket and sprayed.

And sprayed. And sprayed. Her entire body quivered as her black snoot inhaled, sucking the fumes up her nostrils. *Oooooooooo~! I smell good!*

**FWOMP.** Her figure shook again and shot her up and up. Already past eight feet, she now towered over everyone at ten feet tall. Her clothing was second away from tearing before

quickly shifting, absorbing all the parfoum liquid. Her dress pants turned into designer blue jeans, almost having a sparkle to them. Her dress shirt shrunk and thinned, turning to a bright pink t-shirt with the log, “Stylish King”.

Melody sighed, even breathing in the fumes. It was so nice and pleasant. Her small tail positively wagged in delight, growing a little longer. It even sprouted fur, white for most of it, and a huge cotton ball of pink fuzz at its end.

*Parfoum is the best~. I could-* “OH! Right! Meeting **with sister!**” She chuckled, her voice a bit deeper than before. Her hair started curling, slowly puffing up and gaining pink highlight after pink highlight.

Melody hurried off towards the park, making a lot more ground with her long legs. People quickly dipped and dived out of the way of the tall dog-ifying woman.

*And leap~.* Melody cleared the wall and hopped right into the park. She was always good at the hurdles in high school. It came with being so big usually.

She took a deep, long sniff of the area, her face slightly stretching forward as she did. The flowers were in full bloom! *The park smells so nice this time of year~.* She could spend all day sniffing it.

Still, she was here for a reason. The canine woman looked around. Trees. Trees as far as the eye could see. Trees constantly blocked her vision. She snorted. Oh, to be short and not have to deal with this green blockade.

Eventually, Melody went with Plan 2. She closed her eyes and leaned her head forward. She focused and focused. The world around her faded away, except for sound. The wind rustling through the leaves, families at play, bikes riding down the paved paths.

Her ears twitched as white fur crawled up her neck and towards her face. They shifted and pulled up her head, twisting up and stretching out. They grew longer and longer, fluffy pink fur growing over them until they were floppy dog ears.

“I wonder where she is? She said she was coming.”

**Bingo!** Melody grinned and rushed in the direction of the voice. She panted, tongue flopping about as she ran. Her figure slimmed down in certain areas as she ran. Her breasts flattened until they were no more, her butt tightening into a firm shape. Her entire figure was that of a thin but fit man now.

*Tessa, Tessa, Tessa!* Melody rushed and hurried... and eventually, she reached a clearing. There she was, her older sister, checking her phone.

And also a couple of kids gathered around. A couple of kids who'd taken one look at the new beastly figure storming through the trees and gasped.

Tessa, on the other hand, looked up at Melody and smiled. She looked her "sister" over and waved up at them. "Heya, bro! Lookin' good today! I see you met that perfume cat."

Melody nodded. "I did! Soooo, what's with **dem kiddies? I thought** it was just **gonna** be the two of **us taday!**" He scratched his chin, the pink hair around his wrists inflating into even bigger pink puffballs.

"Oh, I babysit kids now and then. Parents gotta work and stuff. I gotta say, they need a responsible, strong figure like myself around to watch over them~" Tessa looked really proud of herself.

She looked at the scared kids, kneeling down and giving them a warm smile. "It's okay, nothing to be afraid of. Everyone, say hello to my... my big bro, Mel~."

The kids looked at the giant figure, some more nervous than others. "Hi, Mel!"

His heart just melted right there. *They are soooo adorable!* Mel chuckled. He leaned forward, still a good several feet above them, and waved a big paw, "**Hiya kids!**"

**FWOMP!** And that moment, it overwhelmed him. His curly hair exploded into a large, puffy afro double the size of his head, now bright, reddish-pink. His own face shot forward, his big snoot going along for the ride. His mug soon became a dog muzzle, completing him. A giant, white & pink were-poodle towered over the group, happy and proud.

The kids oo'ed the sight while Tessa merely smirked. "Well, Mel, I called you over because I wanted to see if you wanted to join us for a nice day in the park!"

"**Oh, lil' sis!**" Mel's tail wagged in a blur, "**That sounds great!**"

Tessa turned to the kids, reaching into her shirt pocket. "So, who is ready to get our howl on for another exciting, fun day?"

"We are!" The kids cheered. Tessa smiled, pulling out a small bottle, one that looked familiar. She sprayed herself quickly before tucking it away.

The kids leaned back and let out a wolf howl, or at least the best howl they could muster. Tessa leaned back and joined in, “AWHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

Mel shivered as that sweet call turned gruff and heavy. He couldn't help himself. He leaned back and howled as well, his a bit lighter but still heavy enough.

He loved his small sister... brother. His small but big, manly, lovable wolf brother! He felt silly calling him his sister for some reason. He just loved helping Flasheart with these fun events. The kids always loved them.

Hopefully, these events were made with Mel in mind. So much trouble can arise from being a towering were-poodle like him, especially one trying to keep his afro looking good~.

*THE END*