

Hard Immaturity to Soft Maturity

By: Firingwall

“Out of the way bitch!”

Two women went flying as a guy zoomed on by with his bike, smacking them both out of the way. The guy was incredibly large and bulky, his shirt and bike shorts looking like they would rip right off due to his muscle mass if anything.

The guy flew by the two, turning around a corner and disappearing out of sight before they could say or do anything. This displeased them greatly.

“Now that was just rude!” Cassidy exclaimed, the green witch adjusting her black skirt, “So very rude and immature that there needs to be a lesson taught.”

“You don’t say?” Mumba answered, the blue magician woman putting her top hat back on, “What do you have in mind?”

“Maybe something to soften him up a bit so he doesn’t try to that again?” Cassidy chuckled with a manic grin.

“I don’t approve of such vengeful tactics, but... if you don’t mind me contributing, I’m sure we can make it a fair punishment that’ll make him a bit more pleasant and mature.” Both magic girls laughed and clasped their hands together, their smiles ever growing.

-E-L-S-E-W-H-E-R-E-E-R-E-H-W-E-S-L-E-

“Fucking bitches don’t know when to move their pretty lil’ asses,” Mumbled Mike as he rolled up to a coffee shop. The ripped bro had finished half of his daily ride and was stopping off at one of his favorite coffee shops to get refueled for the rest of the way.

As it he pulled up to the bike rack, he pushed a teenager away from the last spot and locked up his bike. “Hey!” the teen groaned, rubbing his backside, “What the hell was that...”

“Piss off ya lil’ shit,” Mike mouthed, “That’s my spot and I don’t want a little fairy like yourself taking it.” The teen just stood their agape as Mike stormed off into the shop.

Just as douchebro opened the door, a small, blue energy ball charged straight at him. The ball connected with his back, giving him a slight zap as the hair rose on the back of his neck. He looked around, but he could see nothing but the teen giving him the finger.

He raised his hand up to do the same, but stopped. “Eh,” he grumbled, unaware of his fingernails turning black and sharp, stretching to the ends of his fingers, “whatever... he ain’t worth my damn time.”

Mike stomped in and headed for the counter, a very familiar face waiting for him much to his delight. “Hey babe,” he “charmed”, giving the employee a wink as he flexed his right arm, “Nice to see you as always. Care to take a break a have a little fun?”

The barista, Wanda, frowned, trying to maintain her composure. “Mike,” she said slowly, “would you like your usual order?”

“That and maybe a little extra later if you know what I mean.” He winked again and she felt goosebumps beneath her clothing. Her eyes looked off at his arm... noticing a lot more hairs on it than usual.

She shook her head and said, “well ah, the total is \$6.25 as usual.”

He pulled out his wallet and some money, smacking it onto the counter, his hand completely covered in brown fur and his palm having sprouted thick black pads on them. “Here you go babe,” he chuckled, “Keep the change.”

Wanda winced, but continued to give him a strange stare, not use to keeping the change from someone like him. She walked off to prepare his coffee, while he waited. He let out a loud long yawn, stretching and cracking his arms. His shirt lifted up ever so slightly, revealing some rather thick fur and pudginess over his belly.

Wanda came back shortly after and flinched again, seeing more of his body covered in thick grey fur. There even were white hairs around his mouth and black surrounding his eyes. “Ummm,” she spoke, handing the coffee over slowly, “here you go...”

Mike, to even more of her surprise, answered her, his tone lighter, “thank you! Have a nice day sweetie!”

Wanda’s jaw dropped, but he paid her no mind as he headed for a nearby table, most people too busy to notice anything besides the employee. If they were to notice him now, they would see that his clothing was growing, no longer as tight on him as it once was. His physique also looked different, his muscle definition slowly decreasing and losing its tightness.

As Mike reached a table, a younger man sat down at first, immediately setting up his laptop before hairy guy could do anything. Mike’s blood boiled and his free hand clutched tightly into a fist. *Damn it*, he thought, *that was my spot!*

But as he thought that, something stranger occurred beyond what he was already happening to him. The bulge in his pants retracted, slowly shrinking until there was nothing left in it. His abs inflated ever so slightly into something rounder, pushing gently against his shirt.

The young man glanced up at Mike and asked, “what? You need something?”

“N-no,” Mike replied, his face blushing. He shook his head, his dark locks growing a few inches longer, and said, his voice even lighter now, “I-I was just surprised... never mind.”

Mike quickly spun around and moved over to another free table, quickly sitting in it before anything else could happen. He let out a small, pleasant sigh as he sat down, relaxing and leaning into it. His arms and legs grew a bit larger, his form looking somewhat chunkier now.

Mike took a small sip from his coffee and let loose a heavenly sigh. He thought, *I never really stopped to really savor how delicious this is! I should really tip that cutie next time!*

He happily took another sip of his coffee, his form continuing to shift, unnoticed by everyone somehow. His body packed on more and more pounds, all of his muscle mass and definition melting away and replaced by pudginess. He even developed a small double chin as his cheeks grew chubby.

Continuing to drink, a small child ran happily by. As she did, she tripped and fell face first into the ground. She let out a small whimper, holding her face as she laid upon the ground. “Oh you poor dear!” Mike stated, turning in his seat and helping her onto her feet, “Are you alright?”

“Y-yes...” the child replied, rubbing her, “th-thank you miss raccoon.”

As she left, Mike gave her an odd look, confused by what she just said. However, if he saw himself, he would know exactly what she meant. His face had pushed forward into a soft, short, but cute muzzle with a black nose. His ears had turned fuzzy and rounded, shifting to the top of his head ever so slightly. Even his voice was lighter and cheerier.

Eventually, he just shrugged and went back to his drink. Taking another sip, his body bloated once more. His arms and legs thicken up further, stretching his clothing, which were expanding to keep up with his new bulk as well. His stomach grew more and his chest area widened again, no longer having any abs. In fact, they wouldn't even be considered moobs at this point either, but full on breasts.

Bzzzzz! The new furry girl's ears twitched at the sound, growing their own fur and shifting to the top of her head. She pulled out her purple cellphone from her pocket and glanced at it. It was a text that read: *Michelle, more people showed up! Could ya come back?*

“Oh my!” Declared Michelle, placing a fuzzy paw on her chubby face, “Better get going! The shelter needs me!” She sat up from her chair, her big, puffy raccoon tail finally popping out above her pants, and hurried out the door.

Michelle was a volunteer at a local shelter, often assisting in cleaning and helping people make their resumes on her spare time. Some would say helping the less fortunate was a waste of time, but this chubby raccoon lady was not going to have any of it! She just loved helping people and even the world itself, which is why she always rode her on environmentally friendly bike to work and every place.

Michelle hopped onto her bike and pedaled away, taking a long time to pick up speed with her chubby body. As she rode along, there was a nagging feeling in the back of her mind that she couldn't help but feel like she was forgetting something. Something that would come

back later, but that she would have to wait on. Whatever it was though, could wait as far as she was concerned. There was volunteer work to be done!

THE END