

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #40

By

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Dungeons and Disasters

Seven months had been spent carefully planning this convention trip. Everything from budget to schedule was a timely calculation to maximize enjoyment and minimize energy. All for the sake of finally having the most perfect vacation post-pandemic possible.

So, naturally, things needed to go wrong.

“Crap! Crap! Crap!”

The frantic slapping of sandals on the sidewalk carried over a chorus of feminine mutterings. Normally both would be overshadowed by the usual ambience of a market street in mid-day, but considering the weight of the goat monster thundering their way past, it served as an adequate warning for people to clear a path. At such a fast walk her corpulent figure had the steering capabilities of a canoe in chocolate pudding while thickly padded curves sloshed in ways that threatened to bowl over anyone not paying attention.

Asibow was way too occupied to give her massive presence much mind at that moment. Her gaze whipped over the heads of most other pedestrians scanning the shops along her way. Long floppy ears slapped against her double chin with the harsh motions. Tail twitched like a puff of flame atop a butt so big it required two seats on the subway. Finding blue jeans to fit such a thing comfortably was an amazing accomplishment lost to curious bystanders.

This was pretty much the end of the line. If Google Maps gave another outdated location, then there was no hope left. The goat would have been stomping all over the city, wasting an entire day of precious time better used being a nerd with friends back at the convention center. But this was necessary, she had to keep telling herself. Nothing will work right without every piece of the plan.

“Yes!” Asibow’s mood promptly lifted upon spotting the shop sign. Heels dug into their sandal’s intent for a quick stop. Unfortunately, gravity liked to keep a firm hold on the enormous bulge of her stomach hanging out from under her Zelda t-shirt like an apron. She gave out a startled bleat

staggering several steps forward before catching on a lamppost. One of her more graceful landings, honestly.

There was the usual bustling of bells upon yanking the glass door open and Asibow made her way inside. Like most entrances, this establishment had woefully constructed it for a regular person's profile. This required her to shuffle in sideways, and even then, it squished her hard around the ass and boobs.

"Welcome," greeted a bubbly voice. A white and pink cat anthro with leafy green hair was sitting behind the register looking ready to burst into tears after watching Asibow squirm inside. "We got a special on Pocky, but there's a donut shop at the other end of the street you might like."

"W-what?" It took a second to understand the words being spoken to, but once Asibow's brain had caught up to her paws, her full cheeks puffed in a blushing pout. "Who comes into a comic shop for food!? I need to buy three sets of game dice and some tabletop maps! Please?"

"Oh!" The cat, who's name tag read 'Sorsha,' finished slipping the old superhero issue into a protective sleeve before setting it on a pile she'd been working on. "That's much different then. One second."

Asibow was more than happy to give her a hundred. Now that the panic-induced adrenaline was satiated, the goat's legs felt ready to buckle under their own fat. She leaned on the counter case letting the white fur of her stomach squish against its glass while catching a breath. A few of the collectable card game items inside caught her attention for a while. At least until the clerk returned to set a box of various shaped stones by her hands.

"Three standard sets of four, six, eight, ten, and twenty, sided dice," Sorsha droned on in a robotic list. She then placed a thin tube canister on the counter. "And one of my special customization maps."

"What makes it so special?"

"I worked some major conjuration magic on it," the cat explained, giving Asibow a wink that only confused the goat. "It'll heighten immersion, can be altered on the fly, and very reusable for any campaign. Plus, it's set up to run very simple for newbie players."

"How'd you know...?"

"I didn't, but there is a convention two blocks away. Having the third biggest nerd I've ever seen squish her way into the shop might not be a coincidence."

“Oh.” Asibow couldn’t fault that reasoning, no matter how rudely delivered. Although the reminder of the convention brought back her reason for urgency. Eyes narrowed as they looked over the plain narrow tube. “And how much for such an extravagant map?”

“With the dice; it’s eight bucks.”

“...what?”

“That’s in USD, by the way. I know a lot of you come from all over the world.”

“Um... sure.”

There were some questions, and few suspicions on such a low price for tabletop related merchandise. One glance at her wrist watch, however, and the goat monster was shoving those aside, and a ten-dollar bill in Sorsha’s eager pink furry hand. She collected her change and new found items in quick succession.

“Need a push out?” Sorsha offered in a teasing tone.

“Very funny!” Asibow huffed. Keeping dignity after that exchange proved hard with Asibow having to wiggle her bulky self back outside.

“Oh! I almost forgot!” Sorsha’s head stuck out from the doorway before it could finish closing. “If things get a bit too crazy the map has a kill phrase. Just have anyone say ‘I’m done with this shit’ and it’ll immediately end your adventure.”

“O-kay? That seems a little foreboding.”

But Sorsha had already disappeared back into her shop. Deciding it best to ignore such oddities, Asibow made a beeline back down the street. This time it was the excitement at getting exactly what she needed for a perfect one-off game that had her charging forward like a rhino. Fortunately, only one distracted gopher in a suit got clipped by the sashay of her hips in passing. Even then Asibow remained unaware of how much he might have enjoyed the contact.

She made it back to the hotel lobby just as winded and sweaty, yet filled with a pep of triumph. Taking a rest across an entire couch, Asibow dug her cell out of a back pocket to begin letting everyone know the game tonight would be totally on.

After some messages, a stray thought made her look up with a pensive expression.

“Wait. I’m the third biggest customer she’s ever had?”

“I mean, have you met an elephant? Not even this place's king beds fully cover them.”

“Oh!” The male voice suddenly speaking beside the couch made Asibow recoil slightly. A warm smile quickly broke the goat's muzzle, showing off her pronounced fangs. “Well, if it isn’t the king of nerds himself. When did you get here?”

Desmond shrugged, his squirrely muzzle sputtering its lips dismissively. “An hour or so, I’d guess. Just took a shower and thought I’d look through the sea for familiar faces. Lucky me you’re really easy to find in a crowd.”

“It’s my gorgeous white fur. Isn’t it?” she leaned towards her much smaller blue furry friend. Eyes batted rapidly in that flirty way the goat saw in movies.

Of course, Desmond’s black sclera eyes had darted straight to the massive swell of her bust stretching out the video game t-shirt. After a few seconds of apparently enjoying this close proximity, his gaze drifted even further down to study how Asibow’s hips touched either armrest of the two-cushion couch.

“Yeah. Totally the white. It makes you stand out in all this crowd of brown fur.”

“Heh. Give me three hours with you at the buffet. I’ll make you just as easy to spot at a distance.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time!”

They shared smug grins knowing full well a threat from a fat goat usually meant being fed until her subject weighed at least as much as their own dump truck behind. And usually, they went above and beyond that generous scale. Desmond wasn’t one to refuse free food, however he also enjoyed not having to shop for new pants. A bedsheet worth of denim did not come cheap.

Not wanting the silence to get awkward, he directed a claw to the recent purchases in Asibow’s meaty hands. “So, what illegal contraband you got there?”

“Oh! Just some last-minute things I need for a DND game tonight.” She offered the box and tube to Desmond, which he plucked for closer

examination. "I've never DM'd before, and almost forgot dice, of all things. Also got a map for the sake of visual reference. You know?"

"Neat!" There wasn't much to interest Desmond about the dice box, so his pointed ears immediately perked while looking over the map tube. Its seal popped open with a simple claw flick, letting out a rush of air. "Uh, weird to be pressurized. You sure this is authentic?"

"Well, it was cheap. But the shop owner said it'd be very immersive."

"I'll say!" Desmond's enormous fluffy tail twitched as he tipped the tube over and a roll of leathery looking paper fell into his waiting hand. "This is like real ancient parchment. They don't make this stuff easy."

"Really?" Asibow's own interest started to peak now that her aching paws got a chance to rest. She watched Desmond unfurl the paper into a surprisingly long sheet that almost surpassed his scrawny arm span. "It even looks like something out of a pirate movie. What's on it?"

"...Nothing!"

Her eyes blinked so slowly they made a creaking noise similar to rusted gears. There was little of Desmond to see behind the large sheet he held out aside from his tail and ears, so judging the validity of their words was hard. "What?"

"No, wait. There's a scribble in the corner that says 'speak destination to enter' but otherwise..." He flipped the paper over, allowing Asibow to see that aside from the mentioned wording it looked just as blank and old as the other side.

She snorted a brief bout of frustration before her vast body slumped against the couch with an audible protest of its legs. Defeat oozed out the goat's tired muzzle. "That was eight bucks well spent."

"Not a total loss," Desmond offered. His nose twitched with much empathy for such a dungeon master situation. "We can get a dry erase marker and doodle our own on this thing. Worse case, you just force your group to use that old fashioned thing. I think it's called imagination."

"Hah! I guess you make a good point." She took the paper back looking over its surface, almost hoping there was some secret text or anything to justify the 'magic' it'd been so blatantly sold on. "I can't even begin to think of a dungeon either."

"Oh geez. Asil!" Desmond chuckled as he leaned in on one armrest. He gently grabbed the edge of the paper with one hand and smacked it

with the other. "It's a blank canvas for a reason. Just make whatever the heck you feel like. The fun for the players is letting them play in your world, so go nuts."

She rolled her eyes, but couldn't resist slipping some thoughts into some of her favorite fantasies. "I'd just do something uncreative like a dungeon gauntlet full of kobolds and fetish traps. No one would be leaving there with their original species and waistline intact."

"That's not so bad. You just might want to ask first if they're even into getting fat as a... why is the paper glowing?"

Asibow looked at Desmond, confused by his stunned expression and spontaneous topic shift. When he continued to stare with growing concern at the paper in their hand, she made ready to scold him over a trick of bright hotel lights.

Until she looked at the map directly and saw it was, indeed, glowing.

"...oh!"

There was no signal, bright flash, shimmering sparkle effects, or any other kind of transition video games and anime had taught the two anthro nerds over their years. One second, they were in a lobby packed to the brim with other nerds chattering and pushing around about their business at a convention. Without even seeing it happen their entire surroundings changed. Chatter turned to dead silence. Bright electric lights and spacious windows were exchanged for dank torch light and dark tight walls.

And the couch supporting Asibow ceased to exist.

"WHOMP!!" The fall was short but no less impactful on the moldy stone floor, causing loose gravel from the ceiling to rain across the chamber the two found themselves in. "What the ever messy heck?"

"A very good question!" Desmond gazed around their new location with less panic than his sprawled-out friend and with more alert curiosity.

There wasn't much to this room, really. It had four walls made of brick that looked chipped away by decades of time. A shallow trench and vent along the floor allowed water and air to flow through. Apparently, it also overflowed at times with so much moss covering the place. Their only source of light came from torches notched to opposite walls, right next to wooden doors, no less. A bit vanilla in design, yet the squirrel-fox couldn't shake the notion that it looked exactly like a...

"Call me crazy, but I think we just got teleported to a dungeon."

“You’ve always been crazy, Desmond.” Asibow’s belly jiggled out from between her shirt and pants as her thick limbs shifted and then flailed. “Argh! Help me up?”

Desmond refrained from showing amusement while hugging one of his friends’ arms and pulling her back onto her paws. Although a chuckle did slip when she turned and showed a large green wet stain splattered across the seat of her jeans.

“I think you’re right, too,” she said, oblivious to her messy predicament. Realization stirred a rush of excitement in her as well. “That’s... amazing! I said I’d send us to a dungeon and that scroll actually brought us to one. How cool is that? It really was magic.”

“Hold up!” Desmond’s ears dropped while his tail curled around his legs. “You did not just say magic. Who gave you that paper?”

“Uh, some lady with cabbage hair that ran the comic shop two blocks away.” Asibow blinked, taken aback by his heated gaze. “I think her name was Sorsha?”

The curses Desmond shot out echoed a lot more than either of them expected, and he promptly dropped his voice again. “Sorry! She doesn’t run that comic shop. Hell, the owner is probably lost in their own little adventure right now.”

“Do I dare ask what that’s supposed to mean?”

“Long story. All that matters is that I’m going to kick the heart marking off her furry ass when we get out of here. I banned her from pawing off magic items to con goers after last year’s disaster, and now we got isekai maps to worry about. I really hope this weekend doesn’t end with another outbreak of kangaroo...”

“Dessy?” Asibow’s hand rested on the smaller squirrel-fox’s shoulder to stop his frantic pacing around the room. “I know your ranting is important right now, but where’s the map?”

“Relax! I have it right...” Desmond looked to his hand, which held nothing in its yellow pads. He checked the pockets inside and out of his hoodie, and then checked them again with increased distress.

Asibow just nodded to his unfinished answer. “Yeah. That’s what I was afraid of. It’s poofed away like everything else.”

“Fffff-antastic!” Desmond broke away from her grasp to do a bit more pacing and a lot more cursing in Sorsha’s name. Whole minutes might

have passed before he calmed down enough to confront their situation. It was hard to tell since Asibow's cellphone vanished from her pocket. "Okay. Did she say anything about how the map works?"

"Something about conjuration, being able to make alterations on the go, and providing a very immersive experience." Asibow held up both hands as a barrier for the glare she received. "You know if she had advertised it as a real magical artifact, I might have asked some questions. Don't get grumpy with me."

"Whatever. We can make this work." A more thorough examination of their accommodations failed to find anything else of particular notice. Desmond could only pick a door at random, pausing to work both hands around its nearby torch. "I know Sorsha. She probably made this as some kind of pocket dimension so a DM can be a literal god of their own word. This dungeon is minimal because that's about all you mentioned before we accidentally sent ourselves inside. Most likely getting to an exit should zap us right back out."

"A god, eh?" While most of that exposition was hard for Asibow to wrap her head around, a few key words did resonate. With a devious grin, she held her palm out face up. For a few seconds her fanged muzzle scrunched in intense concentration before relaxing with a huff. "Hang on! If I'm the DM, then why can't I equip us with badass magic weapons?"

"Because your fat ass got sucked in too, genius." Desmond rolled his eyes and returned to struggling with the torch. "Players are meant to run the map, not the one writing it. Ugh! This thing is really strapped on here."

Normally any unflattering remarks about a monster goat's weight was just cause for a good head smacking. Given their current circumstances, however, Asibow settled on giving the squirrel-fox's back a glare with magically glowing eyes. The fact she placed hands on hips with significant squish to their ample flesh was also lost. Remembering their conversation pre-teleportation also brought back more concerning thoughts.

"Sure. And do you think you should be messing with that so forcefully? I also said this place is full of..."

One good pull was finally rewarded with a loud crack, releasing the torch from its nook. Desmond was even quick enough to see the wire string tied to its base before it broke off, winding swiftly into a barely noticeable hole in the wall. Not a second later a spring lock released a panel under the trigger, from which a metal dart shot into Desmond's stomach.

“Traps?” He finished the goat’s sentence with a pained groan. Staggering backward struggling to keep hold of the torch, his free hand pulled the dart out, knowing full well it was too late for any help against its poison.

“Fetish traps,” Asibow corrected. Some light shades of pink decorated her face while trying to avoid Desmond’s panicked stare. Hands remained nervously sunken into her flanks. “I said I’d make us a dungeon full of fetish traps and... kobolds.”

“...you don’t have a farting fetish, do you?”

“W-what!? No!” Asibow recoiled from the spontaneous question, her face going full red. She missed when her foot sank slightly into the flooring on a pressure plate due to Desmond’s normally black hair bleaching into a snowy white before her wide eyes.

“Oh, thank all the gods!” The sigh of relief Desmond gave out was like he’d been spared the death penalty. He continued to check his stomach, somehow missing how his usually large foxy ears twisted and warped around to the sides of his head. They were soon unrecognizable as thicker, hook-shaped horns. “It’s bad enough you gotta hog the space. I don’t need poison gas-ACK!”

Something Desmond couldn’t ignore was when he suddenly began to shrink. A shudder crossed over his back, causing him to straighten up with a croaking bark. It was almost like two animals trying to make the same noise at once. All at once his stature plummeted into a short but violent fall over eight inches. He looked at Asibow having to crane his neck up slightly higher than normal with how much larger she suddenly looked. Not that the equally surprised goat monster could help with this turn of events.

Another sharp bark saw Desmond drop a whole foot in size. The third spasm seemed to shave off double that. Shorts and underwear slid off his diminishing hips, with his t-shirt now draping over most of his three feet, give or take, stature. Even then it threatened to swallow his arms in the sleeves.

“Oh, right. Kobolds.” Desmond held up his miniaturized hands watching their paw pads fade away and claws sharpen. All over his fur molted off in the world’s quickest buzz cut, becoming replaced by a shine of copper spotted scales. The empty room made it very audible when his muzzle crunched wide and blunt. Groans from the tension shifted his voice

to a dry feminine pitch better matching the softer complexion. "At least you didn't destroy my pants with this."

"Oh, shush! You look cute!" Asibow couldn't hold back a giggle watching her friend's body thickening out with the plump curves of a short reptile. She especially liked watching Desmond's signature furry tail puff out like a balloon before slapping against the wet stone floor as a thick slab of scaled muscle. The dense blue fibers exploded off it in a cloud that gently settled among the wet moss. "Still a bit too thin though. You barely got a butt at all."

"Are you kidding me!?" The fresh kobold hefted up her shirt and twisted to examine her shaking lizard tail. While the transformation had left her chest with only a modest bump of mammaries under the cloth, everything below the waist inflated into curves even normal sized anthro's would consider extreme. "Literally all the height that poison drained out of me went into my ass. And of course, 'that' is gone too! There goes my three-day streak of staying a guy."

She dropped the shirt again upon realizing the free mooning she was giving an attentive Asibow. It didn't stop the goat from stepping over to ruffle their shaggy white mohawk. The pressure plate gave a soft click the second her foot lifted, but Desmond decided not to point out the opening hole in the ceiling.

"Seriously, it's okay to admit you're completely malnourished," Asibow continued to tease the tiny monster girl. Her chubby paws worked to bop Desmond's head around by her horns like they were handlebars. "Hopefully this dungeon has some food. We'll get you nice and healthy in no ti-"

There was a soft twang of a released mechanism. Desmond could just catch the blurred image of a dart sailing through the hole before it struck Asibow through the denim covering her left butt. The adorable squeal that came out of such an imposing woman shouldn't have been amusing, but the little kobold couldn't hold back her grin.

"Oh, shut up!" Asibow snapped despite their miniaturized friend's lack of speaking. Her face contorted into a brief flinch of pain as she yanked the wooden dart out of her rear. It rolled between chubby paw digits while she tried a failed effort to discern the type of poison remaining on its stinger. "At least I'm not into anything extreme, so this won't be too ba-ACK!"

The tear that sounded from Asibow's jeans resonated around the small room like it'd been an explosion. Granted that was a very apt word for her stubby white tail's spontaneous rush of growth. Most of her seat erupted in a shower of torn denim to make way for a rush of bulking mass and additional spinal cord.

It was enough to finally crack Desmond, and she doubled over with giggles watching the goat twist to gawk at her transformed appendage. The green scaled tail was clearly a kobold's physique, only much fatter in shape. So much girth encompassed its base that it even tore apart Asibow's panties and forced her butt to squish around most of it.

"Goddess save us both," Desmond worked out between gasping for breath. "You look like someone shoved the world's thickest ham hock up your arse."

"I said shut it!" Anger faded from Asibow's voice looking over the short log of lizard meat growing from her spine. Some test wiggles made her blush. All that extra padding gave it very little flexibility. "I still look much healthier than you. OH!"

The rest of the magical trap kicked in with the goats sharp and rapid drop in height. Much like Desmond, her fur rained off with every motion, making the way for an armoring of lime green scales. Horns stretched out into larger prominence while floppy ears shriveled into barely visible holes in her skull. Before long she was facing her friend at eye level as little kobolds.

Unfortunately getting shorter didn't necessarily mean getting smaller. With each inch Asibow dropped, her sides poured out double the amount. She didn't so much as gain new fat as the amount already possessed became increasingly exaggerated. The effect was a lot like trying to pinch a marshmallow. Jeans remained tight around the hips while the legs dragged over her diminutive paws. Lighter grassy green ass cheeks rent the seat tear wider so their plush soft flab could fall out around her tail.

"Blorp!" Was about all Asibow could say as her face plumped to the point she no longer possessed a neck. Stubby short arms tried to pull her shirt hem down but it just couldn't get around the breasts overinflating to the point they might have been comical on her stature. Even if it could, her already distended gut worked with the mammaries to keep it hefted up. Its sag was so low it threatened to drag on the ground between her stumpy legs.

“Welcome to the gecko club, short stack,” Desmond announced with a raspberry.

It turned into a yip when Asibow reached out to pull the forked mouth muscle between pinched claws. She held it for a second before letting Desmond reel back cupping her muzzle in pain. “Watch who you’re name calling with a dump truck like that one you’re driving.”

The white-haired kobolds hands flew from her muzzle to tugging the back of her shirt down. That did little to cover her exposed rear. “You’re the freakin whale here. How does someone get shorter and larger at the same time?”

“Why I never!” Asibow crossed her arms, which almost vanished between the folds where her breasts rested upon her stomach. Torchlight glowed off the scales of her bald head. “You really need to stop projecting your weight insecurities onto others. It’s so damn rude when you’re angry.”

Angry sputtering filled the small room as the kobold that had been Desmond lost any coherent thought for a response. Some days it was hard to tell if Asibow did this intentionally for such brain melting reactions, or was truly oblivious to their impact on the world around them. Either way, trying to convince an ex-goat monster they had the measure of three kobolds wouldn’t help their situation that much.

“I will bludgeon you with this torch! I swear to every goddess I worship!”

“How many goddesses do you worship, anyway?” Asibow asked with no reaction to the burning stick Desmond dramatically waved around.

“That’s not important!” Desmond pivoted on her paws, finding the door closest to her unlocked. Go figure. At least they didn’t have to worry about any lock picking or some crap. “Let’s just get out of here so I can get back to the convention.”

“Desmond! Don’t...”

It was only midway through flinging the wooden barrier open that Desmond remembered the lesson this dungeon had just taught both of them. The room beyond shined in bright contrast, being made of polished marbles decorated in rare metals. Pyres stood erected everywhere to give better illumination than the sun. Decorative furniture and bedding rested everywhere leading up to a throne on a high pedestal, upon which rested the small silver statue of a dragoness anthro encrusted with gems.

A statue that seemed to be glaring down at Desmond as its eyes pulsed with building magical energy.

“AsiyourDMskillssuck!” Desmond shouted fast enough to be one word before the twin beams of magical energy struck her square in the tits. The resulting squeal followed her as an explosion of green flames propelled the kobold into a high-speed flight backwards.

Luckily the jiggling blob of reptile that Asibow became was lined up perfectly to catch them.

“OOF!!”

Then again, slamming into the green kobold’s marshmallow gut at high velocity couldn’t have turned out better even if Asibow had time to brace for them. Her flesh warped around Desmond’s peared shape, letting it sink in deep for a soft embrace that only absorbed a fraction of their momentum. After a second’s worth of resistance there came a second flash of green flames blinding both of them to the magical energy soaking into their amply curved bodies. They couldn’t dwell on this as the force sent them into an uncontrollable tumble that was only stopped by a rather harsh impact against the chamber’s far wall.

Asibow felt her flab splat against the cold mossy stone seemingly stuck to it for a moment until gravity regained control. With a crackling like velcro her body peeled away for a soft landing atop her enormous belly, sending equally distended tits splashing up into her stout muzzle.

“That was...unpleasant...” her dazed voice came out muffled by their own cleavage. It would have been nice to just lay there using her own frontside as a bed until everything stopped blurring in and out of focus. However, something else began tickling around the area of her flattened belly button. It grew in strength until there was unmistakable thrashing that sent her thick body into violent jiggles. “Oops!”

With a few attempts rolling back and forth, Asibow thumped onto her paws. Trying to reach around to the front of her stomach took considerably more effort, but she eventually caught hold of a twitching arm deeply embedded inside its green scales. A few quick tugs managed to eject Desmond from their pliable flesh with a roaring pop.

“Sorry about that, Dessy. You okay?”

“I always wondered what being covered in a bean bag would feel like,” the copper kobold replied in a blissful stupor. Her speech remained

heavily slurred, needing Asibow's help to remain standing. That was until a cold chill made her tail crack against the floor. Desmond shook her head violently to help sober back up. Eyes and hands flew to her stomach, feeling the area under her shirt with mounting disquiet.

"Uh, Dessy?"

She didn't offer Asibow so much as a glance while continuing the curious self-examination. Eventually both hands moved to heft the underside of her bust. Fingers rolled over the mounds in gentle kneading motions, the shirt fabric covering them seeming to stretch tighter with each pass.

"Ah hah!?" Desmond's narrower lizard muzzle hung open in shocked confusion for a second. Before her green companion could ask, she was already tearing the shirt off over her head and tossing it aside.

Frantic squealing only got louder when the pair had a clearer view of her kobold figure. It was easy to tell Desmond's breasts had bloated considerably in size within the past minute, and only continued to do so like steadily inflating balloons. Attempts to clamp them down did little to help. Soft scaled flesh pushed against her palms bulging their overflowing mass through the space of her fingers.

"What the hell kind of trap was that?!" She demanded as her stomach joined in the swelling. The flat navel popped into an outie riding atop a developing bulge. Slamming her belly with both hands was met with similar results. Desmond's own body ignored her efforts and continued expanding out bigger and curvier than ever. Even her already fattened backside sloshed thicker with her shifting, supported by legs widening into tree stumps.

"How the heck should I know?"

Normally Asibow would be ecstatic to see her friend finally get some meat on their bones, but she wasn't feeling too great either. Eyes reluctantly moved off Desmond's wonderful expansion down past the crest of her own jostling tits. There was a lot of gurgling from deep within her gut, quickly joined by an odd tightness. It was as if something suddenly developed and was rapidly growing to push aside other organs.

Make that several somethings. She gingerly rubbed along the folds of her torso finding the scaly hide tightening from its increasing load.

“EEK!” Shivers rocked over the jiggling green kobold, making her blush. Not a second later her jeans were split in half thanks to a drastic growth surge in her ass. Asibow tried to hold the denim up by the waistband against her spreading hips only to completely forget about them when her breasts began tearing open the front of her shirt as well. Curves were pouring out in every direction in order to make room for more and more solid objects developing deep inside her lower torso. Seeing the ground became almost a passing luxury from her heads neck-less perch.

“Ugh. As if you couldn’t get any fatter,” Desmond’s grumbling brought her fellow kobold out of their trance. They had both grown excessively rounded in just a few minutes, more resembling gourds than pears. She had long given up on trying to fight the magical powers imposing on them and simply drummed the scales of her fuller breasts. “Please tell me this weight gain curse isn’t going to render us helpless blobs. We’ll never get out of here.”

“I...don’t think that’s what this is.” Asibow swallowed, noting how the copper kobold matched her with taut breasts and belly. While their short bodies seemed to have stopped overflowing themselves, leaving them wider than they were tall, there was still a lot of internal shifting going on. She could feel the organ encasing her developed items rhythmically tensing and relaxing every few seconds. A process that flowed all the way down a connecting tunnel to the mouth of a tender feminine sex. “I t-think that was a... a... HNNNGGGGHHH!!”

Without warning Asibow’s abdomen clenched hard around her insides making her double over hugging her stomach. Or at least as far as her ham-shaped arms could reach. Before Desmond could even think to ask about her health, she felt a shuddering popping sensation and the room echoed with a loud splashing noise. It was impossible to see around the girth of her fatty, child-bearing hips, but her bare legs could feel the warm water that’d escaped her vagina and formed a shallow pool around her quivering paws.

“Aah haah. Y-yeah! Hoo! I-it’s an ovi trap. Sorry, Des!”

There was a yelp in response as Desmond’s tail shot upright. Her own arms began stroking desperately at her gravid stomach trying to stop the coming contractions from pulling it tight against her chest. There were already a few streaks of milk glistening off her puffing nipples in the torchlight. “Y-you gotta be kidding me-eee-eeEEEEEE!!”

Her strength wavered under the crashing tension inside her womb, sending Desmond plopping onto her knees heaving for breath. A second splash echoed off the walls as she felt her legs and ass become soaked in birthing fluids. Worse was when the contraction ended and she was forced to widen her stance for the huge object being pushed into her passage.

“G-goddess! Asi! Can we get out of here already? I-I’m done with this shit.”

“I told you I don’t... o-oh!?” Asibow was seething through her own labor when she realized that wasn’t why the dungeon room was looking blurry. Brick and grim faded away, bringing in bright lights with an increasing ambience of chattering groups inside a convention hotel lobby. This would have been an amazing relief, except for the heavy weight dropping inside her. A small spurt of clear water escaped her naked pussy as it gaped in anticipation. “Oooops. I... I forgot she had a kill phrase f-for the ma-haaah-gic.”

“S-seriously!? And you o-only activaaaaa-AAAHT it now-HOOOOOAGH!?”

If the dozens of people packed inside the reception area hadn’t noticed the birthing kobolds suddenly appearing in their midst, Desmond’s croaking howl made sure to gather their attention. There was little she could do about it. The intense strength squeezing her lower back forced the kobold onto hands and knees, breast flesh oozing around her arms trying to find room while her ass erected a stiff reptilian tail high into the air.

Wounded pride made Desmond instinctively fight the urge to push but her own body worked against them. Contractions grew so strong that things were moving along almost on autopilot. Slowly the encroaching mass forced her slit to yawn like a curtain unveiling the first smooth, white egg shell. It bulged out to its widest point, where her tender folds could only give a slight resistance before letting it shoot free with a small shower of water droplets.

The crowd's reaction went about as expected. Phones were out and catching close up shots of the fresh ovid before it even bounced off Desmond’s ankles. Some lenses continued to track its free rolling across the floor while others shifted focus to the kobold’s contorted face. Eyes remained screwed shut both from the rush of pleasure at having passed her egg and not wanting to dignify anyone with direct acknowledgement.

Not that their attention stayed on her for much longer when Asibow gave a sharp bark. Their still couch-sized rear slowly dipped into a squat trying to alleviate the tension of her strongest contraction yet, hands clasping at the firm sphere of her stomach. Realizing what this meant sent the crowds pushing against each other trying to get a good vantage point to record the green kobolds delivery. She couldn't keep a smile off her snout enjoying the feeling of her lips being spread achingly wide.

A quick push helped plop the ovid between her paws to the very mixed reactions of onlookers. Some seemed amazingly enthusiastic by such a display, while others gawked with the same sensation as watching a car wreck. Hotel staff were on phone calls unsure how to describe the scene taking place. Asibow couldn't have cared less at that moment. Small trickles of thick liquids rained from her pussy glazing their fresh egg thanks to the mounting arousal.

"Hnnngh!" Desmond's claws racked at the polished floor beneath them. The next contraction came in no time at all, keeping her practically locked ass presented lewdly for everyone to freely spectate the eggs left to be laid. "W-we're going to be hee-heerrre a while. Huh?"

"Well, we ah are p-pretty chunky. T-there's probably a lo-hoo-ot in here." Asibow licked her upper lip as hands stroked across her belly. She eagerly wanted to coax the next contraction so as to not fall behind her friend. "B-besides, we're going t-to be the talk of the con now. N-not bad for my first dungeon run!"

Desmond's nostrils snorted clouds of white steam. It was hard to keep a straight face with her pussy already being split open from the inside. The damn egg shell pinched against her clit so right as it squeezed through. "I-ifffff-fuck, if we don't g-get arrested when t-this is over, I will still hurt you!"

Idol Mistakes

Animated skeletons. Even in an unorthodox profession like tomb raiding there are some cliches that can't be avoided. Still, they were a much better sight than giant anacondas or carnivorous plants. Given the amount of jungle vegetation that'd worked its way into the temple over the decades, there was probably a giant spider to worry about, at least.

Observing their movements through one of the ceilings many holes collapsed by the weight of time had an almost engrossing effect. Despite the lack of muscle flesh, such blighted souls continued to move around with agile ease. Maybe some fractured memory of a life long extinguished clung inside their hollowed skulls and fueled a compulsive urge to walk around on a habitual task they'll never escape. The soft clinking of joints that'd long lost their muscle tissue replaced the echoes of energetic voices.

Sassa sat on one knee surveying the undead pacing during his silent musings. A meaty green dragon tail snaked across the dense jungle floor behind him, idly sweeping dirt with its giant leaf spade. The leafeon-dragon hybrid was weighing his odds heavily while trying to keep his body's reflexive twitches in check. Six monsters with no weapons could be manageable. Paws tensed and relaxed every few seconds digging little holes in the soft ground covering this part of the buried palace. He should have brought a shotgun for this.

On any other day this will make a grand adventure story. The way this job can sound like a cheesy blockbuster movie without even trying always got a good laugh over bar drinks. It was a lot less funny when on the clock. Sassa took a deep breath that made the emerald wings on his back flare out and fold back in a stretch. Reminding himself that these creatures were once people helped bring his focus on the task at hand. One screw up and the next treasure hunter could be fighting a poke morphs skeleton instead.

Remaining still became ever worse as the minutes dragged on. Just when Sassa felt ready to lose control of all seven of his limbs, his mind finally calculated the last of his skeletal foes' patrol patterns. Their paths were easy to discern with all the flooring left void of overgrowth and dirt.

But each one had their own annoying periods between walking and standing still. Maybe his job was more like a video game than a movie.

In any case, Sassa rocketed upright so eager to get this over with his paws bounced off the ground. Within less than a minute of knot tying, the hybrid was rappelling down a rope into the ancient chamber. Wings flared wide riding the air to slow his descent so that even landing atop dust and dried plants barely made a sound. As soon as his hands left the line one snapped on the light of his shoulder-mounted torch while the other readied a collapsible baton.

Any performance of stealth was more for practice over purpose. These types of undead didn't have eyes to see, nor ears to hear. During his adventures Sassa learned they sought victims over a form of 'radar' that could detect living creatures within a certain radius. He had no idea why feeling one's lifeforce filled them with the urge to snuff it out, but at least it made them easy to avoid. Weak ones had an especially small area of detection. It was just a matter of carefully evaluating the patterns and entering when everyone was the maximum distance away from a certain point.

Feeling the icy grip of bone hands squeezing around his esophagus immediately told Sassa how much he fucked that guess up.

The leafeon-dragon thrashed wildly, dropping all sense of professionalism in a gurgling cry that did nothing to intimidate his already dead attacker. Being choked from behind prevented his baton hand from getting a good swing on any of the vulnerable joints. For being just bones the damn thing had an unfairly strong grip.

An ailing gasp of ethereal agony escaped the skeletons' grinning mouth, making Sassa's bushy lime hair wilt upon contact. That prompted a well-timed pelvis twist that finally got the hybrid tail slamming into his attacker's rotted knee. The shin broke off with a sickening crack, but even that didn't lessen the squeeze on his neck. It did, however, loosen the monster's ground enough for a well-placed jab into its elbow. Once disconnected from the body the dislocated forearm crumpled into a pile of its many individual bones at the leafeon-dragon's paws. Thank God that dumb crap about body parts being individually animated from movies wasn't also true.

Now able to take a small breath, Sassa grabbed at the remaining arm with his free hand and whipped the skeleton's remaining body in a toss over his shoulder. Being fueled with the genetics of two fighting monsters

gave the impromptu wrestling move enough power that the monster hit the ground in an explosion of shattered bits.

“Shiiiiit!” he straightened up with a disgruntled huff. While his battle moves could be impressive, the brief pause in infiltration was enough to put Sassa’s life in jeopardy. The skeletons were continuing on their routine paths and one by one were getting close enough to detect the new living creature in their midst. This job wasn’t paying enough to take on a damn swarm without firearms.

The net of moving bones closed in too fast for the hybrids' liking, especially since they condensed directly in the path of the only unblocked hallway. He only took a few steps back before feeling his wings press against the cold moss-covered wall. It did nothing to put distance between those many outstretched hands grasping for his flesh, although it did spark another idea. Sheathing the baton, the leafeon-dragon whirled in place and grappled at the wet stone. By some grace of the gods the foundation was weak enough that his claws could break through the cracks for a strong foothold.

By the time the skeletons were upon him Sassa only managed to scale a few feet up the chamber. Which was just enough for his thighs to flex and push off with all the force his training could muster. Tips of dried fingers clawed at his tail as he said passed overhead too fast for them to get a lethal grip. Like a ballet in the air, he spun in place and unfurled his wings with a loud rush of air, allowing for a smooth glide to the safety of the hallway's mouth.

Not that Sassa even slowed his momentum upon landing. His paws rushed over the stone floor in a mad dash while terrified sweat rained off his furry and scaled body. With any luck such a ridiculous maneuver would confuse them long enough to get out of their sensory range. That should put them back into a docile shambling state until he had to make a retreat back out of this dumb place.

Sassa didn’t hear any sounds of pursuit when he stopped to catch his breath. That was some good news. A particularly hard hip shake slammed his tail against the stone wall as he growled at his own miscalculation. That damn bone bag was supposed to wait twenty-four seconds before moving towards his landing point, not nineteen. If there were any other surprises in this place, they were sure aware of his presence now. He really, really regretted not asking the employers for a shotgun on this run.

With air back in his lungs, the hybrid adjusted his light, readied his weapon again, and proceeded further through the mix of stone tunnels at a more cautious pace. As per typical ancient lost temples most of the area was a dark void that even his equipment couldn't illuminate beyond a few dozen feet. It would turn out there weren't that many places to go anyway. Most branching passages either had caved in from plant root overgrowth or his leafeon snout couldn't pick up a fresh air flow, which also implied a collapse further in. 'When in doubt, follow your nose' as the saying goes.

Even so, being led directly to his quarry was mildly unexpected. After minutes of following empty halls and moldy rooms, Sassa was overjoyed to find a small circular chamber glowing in fresh sunlight. A small pedestal stood erect at the center surrounded by pews carved into the stones itself. The roof was sadly much higher than the treasure hunting poke dragon woulda liked. At its top perhaps thirty feet high was a great covering of stone that allowed the outside to seep its way in. The holes looked too small for him to squeeze out even if he could manage a climb up there.

Oh well. He was happy to see the idol was here. All this damn trouble for one statue of a pregnant woman barely the size of his water bottles sure felt ridiculous. Sure, it was cast from gold, silver, and some surprisingly well-cut diamonds. That didn't make it worth facing a squad of undead with a stick. Snorting his irritation without anyone to vent at, Sassa decided not to waste time dwelling on it here in the lion's den. There'd be plenty of time to negotiate extra fees back at the relative safety of his camp.

The poke dragon's tail continued swishing through the air while he slowly circled the podium. Bright amber eyes gazed up and down the cracked stone making note of every blemish or dead bug in view. No way this damn thing wasn't trapped in some capacity. Ancient societies don't make a room specifically for worship without some security on the thing being worshiped.

Frustration only grew with the second, and then third, circling of the idol's resting place. For the life of him, Sassa could not spot any tall tale signs of a triggering mechanism. If it was on a pressure plate it was carved seamlessly with the rest of the stone. Any wires would have long rotted away. No additional runes or markings as a sign of magical enchantments. By the fifth time he had walked around the podium it became apparent things would have to get a bit reckless or else he'd be here all day. With a resigned sigh, he rolled back his shoulders to loosen up for an emergency sprint back down the tunnels and snatched the idol.

It wasn't actually that rare to come across treasure not laced with a deadly anti-theft measure, but damn did Sassa love when it happened. For over twenty seconds his body remained in a catatonic state of idol in one hand, baton raised in preparation, and long leafeon ears erect for signs of any oncoming danger. When he was met with nothing but the sounds of silent stone, he allowed his body to relax, although his ears never stopped twitching in high alert.

"Thank gods for the little favors," he mused, giving off a half-hearted chuckle. An involuntary sneeze promptly ruined even that small rush of victory. Sassa stuffed the newly acquired treasure into his sack and attempted to wave away the pink dust fogging around his face as he left. Figures centuries under an open hole would leave everything dirty.

The way back was swift and thankfully without a hidden surprise of its own. This might end up being an easier job than expected after all. That wasn't going to stop Sassa from charging extra for the skeletons during his commission negotiations. He bit his lower lip while eyeing the shambling bones from the entrance arch. Dashing between them again was going to be trickier now. Most had completely changed their patrols and one always seemed to be closer to his escape rope than the poke dragon would have liked.

"Mmgh!" Catching a rapidly developing headache wasn't helping matters either. Pain struck under Sassa's fur just above his right eye, making his head flinch away. Tender throbbing quickly poured across the rest of his skull giving his muscles a tight squeeze. Even his jaw began to ache from his heavy panting. "W-what the hell?"

Just trying to speak made his throat crack. The word left in a strained squeak that left him coughing a few times. It seemed to dislodge whatever got in there but the tension across his head only worsened. Sweat began drenching his eyebrows making Sassa worry about catching a jungle illness.

He retreated back down the tunnel a few meters hoping this sickness would pass quickly. Last thing a mercenary need is being caught with the flu. After a few minutes and downing everything in his canteens, Sassa was relieved when the tension finally began to clear. It still left his muscles annoyingly tender while perspiration drizzled down his cheeks. Good thing he was the kind of thrill seeker that came prepared with a choice between two clothes and a bandana to dry for emergencies.

It was easy to tell something was off soon as the towel touched Sassa's face. People grow to become so familiar with their own bodies that instincts can reflexively know the moment a patch of fur is out of place. Doing a slower pass over with his bare hand he let out a gasp that felt just as light and barely masculine. The shock caused his other hand to release the cloth to grab his throat at the same time. Everything felt smaller, slimmer; his nose, the muzzle attached to it, the neck supporting it. Somehow his cheeks lifted to become full and perky, while eyes grew smaller with very thick lashes.

"W-what the hell?" Sassa whispered the rhetorical question again, gasping at his sweeter voice. The leafeon-dragon's Adam's apple was barely existent and he could feel it continuing to dwindle against his fingers, making each breath sound increasingly sensuous. An itching across his scalp drew both hands combing through his hair, finding it much thicker and growing rapidly down to the small of his back.

Yeah. This was not some common jungle flu. Sassa gripped clumps of his long silky locks racking his brain to figure out what was going on. Tingles raced down his back followed by the same muscle tensions that told him this wasn't going to stay contained to his face either.

Sassa whirled back to the rope so fast it ended up draping his face in the ample hair growth. There were still plenty of skeletons wandering about the chamber, but waiting out whatever the heck was happening didn't feel like a safe option anymore. With a few deep breaths that left his chest feeling puffy and sore against the fabric of his shirt, the hybrid exploded from his hiding place in a mad sprint.

He almost immediately stumbled into a painful fall thanks to his hips bending unexpectedly farther than normal with his stride. It was only thanks to a quick flap of the wings and crack of his tail that Sassa could counterbalance enough to remain upright. The run quickly degraded into an awkward hobble. Every last joint felt slightly out of place compared to three minutes ago and completely threw off his balance.

Thankfully, it was still fast enough to beat the undead that'd just noticed Sassa's return. Soon as he was within range, the leafeon-dragon flexed both legs tight enough that his shorts tore in several places and leapt onto the rope. Fight or flight kicked in, making it a lot easier to ignore all the different ways his body squashed and stretched while shimmying up to safety. Hands devoid of living flesh clawing at the leaf spade of his tail helped light a fire under his, oddly bloated feeling, backside.

Fresh air never tasted so good. Sassa breached the ceiling hole savoring the warm breeze that greeted his sweaty furred face. For a brief rope climb virtually all his muscles ached worse than a three-hour exercise routine. He rolled off onto his tail and quickly collected the rope just in case skeletons might retain the motor control to climb too. After which he felt comfortable enough to lean on a tree trunk for a rest.

Attempts to satiate some thirst was met with more curses in a sweetly toned voice remembering he'd already emptied all available canteens. It was barely recognizable as his own anymore, which he really didn't want to think about right then. He just wanted to be able to walk straight for the trek back to camp.

The itching around his chest had gotten considerably worse after all that work pressing his arms tightly against it for climbing. A hand absently reached up to scratch it, surprising Sassa by making contact with the area a lot sooner than it should have. Gulping back a dry throat he glanced down and almond shaped eyes shot open to encompass most of his forehead. The fabric of his travel shirt had become completely stretched out trying to cover a pair of very pronounced, round lumps. Mass that was undeniably his. Just the contact of his fingers sinking into their soft shape sent a spark rushing down into his groin.

"You got to be kidding me!"

Sassa tore his shirt off in a panic. Despite having an idea of what was underneath he was still floored when two enormous breasts bounced free before settling in a heavy hang off his ribcage. They were easily three times larger than any girlfriends in his past, threatening to match his head in size. The growth had even stretched out his areolas into considerably wide discs, drawing attention to the puffed-out nipples erected in their centers.

Wait. His head? The pieces began clicking into place, prompting Sassa into a mad scramble for his signal mirror. Seeing a very beautiful leafeon-dragon gawking back in the small square glass sent his heart hamming into the back of his new mammaries. All his normal traits were still present, yet altered by a feminine cast enough to be alienating.

He didn't know how long he spent gazing into his own alluring golden eyes before noticing the sleeker dainty hands holding the mirror itself. A quick pat down south confirmed what Sassa was dreading to discover. The hybrid's waist had collapsed in on itself, seemingly pushing the extra mass down to bloat out his hips and ass for exceptional child bearing. Thighs were bulging their soft fur through many fresh tears along his tightened

pants, leading down to daintier green scaled paws. Pretty much all of him had been rendered female enough to rival most high-end models.

All except for one important area.

“O-oh! Nnngh!” When Sassa came to rest a smaller hand upon the tent in his pants crotch it twitched harshly against the scaled palm. Rushes of pleasure mixed with an aching need caused his head to roll back in an involuntary moan. Goddess, even the sound of his own lusty growls was a turn on. And now that he was stuck thinking about the hardening pressure in his loins, it was getting impossible to focus on anything else. “T-this is the... haah... ah-absolute worst place... t-to... aahhh fuck it!”

Already exhausted from the escape, and apparently aroused from his transformation, Sassa couldn't even muster the will to get back to camp first. Other priorities were draining away his inhibitions, refusing to be ignored for long. It was probably best to just get it over with right there anyway. Hands quickly worked to underdo the zipper, letting the cock fighting inside pop free. Warm air tickled along the members sensitive skin, especially the way Sassa thrashed it about trying to remove his pants. Having wider hips made squeezing the waistband down difficult, though his butt was still soft enough that a few hard tugs eventually got them through. They and the rest of his gear were stripped off to join the discarded shirt in a pile, leaving the leafeon-dragon flopped across the soft forest grass in nothing but fur, scales, and rapidly developing sweat.

He didn't even get to catch his breath before a hand grappled the length of his dick of its own volition. The other seemingly didn't want to be left out and rose to lightly knead around the nipples of his fat tits pouring down against his waist. Sassa was barely thinking about his actions, grinding his rear against the ground lost in pleasure to meet his hungry strokes. Growls became louder and wilder in a rapidly building crescendo. In his mind the twisting of his fingers against a nipple became fantasies of a big arcanine biting gently into his soft womanly mounds as if to nurse.

The fact his imagination brought about a male lover didn't get a chance to register before he reached orgasm. It crashed upon Sassa with such fast intensity there was no time to prepare. His mind became almost feral for a few seconds as hard muscle contractions left him humping the air. Wild, dragon roars echoed through the branches overhead, sending small birds scattering in a panic.

Seamen erupted from poke-dragon in thick geysers over several meters into the air, raining upon his curvy thick form in a fashion that

wouldn't look out of place in porno. Sassa yelped when the skin of his sack compressed so tight under his throbbing member it threatened to crush the tender nuts inside. Whatever changes were overcoming his form apparently demanded every drop of cum he could muster.

And it never wanted to stop, either. Pulses fired off one shot after another way past any sensible man's ejaculation. But the muscles kept mashing around Sassa's prostate, somehow finding enough the reserves for another round. He couldn't even muster enough wits to notice how his sack being pulled deeper inside his pelvis. Soon the fur on his slimmer belly and bloated tits became positively drenched in warm glistening spunk.

Sassa would have remained sprawled out in the open wild lands drunk off such an impossibly powerful climax for a while. However, a different kind of convulsion around his balls sobered him up nearly instantly. Trying to sit up to see what was happening did little good with his moist furry chest jutting in the way. He blindly placed a hand on his junk just in time to feel the sack clench hard enough that its balls slipped away from his refined fingers. A breathy gasp blew from his lips, toes curling as the bits of his manhood sank beneath the flesh, burrowing deep into the girth of his hips until only a clump of loose furry skin dangled beneath his still hard phallus.

"Oh no," the hybrid gulped in horrified realization. Considering the excessively potent changes already feminizing his form he didn't need a helper app to deduce what was happening. Such knowledge didn't do him much good, sadly. When his member began twitching again, Sassa tried to hold onto his last vestige of masculinity, only for it to begin shrinking out of his fingers.

If anything, the contact only made things worse. Bit by bit his manhood dwindled, grinding along the fur of his palm along the way. Such friction, while intense enough to make Sassa bite his lower lip, only got out a few pathetic drops of leftover cum as a parting gift. Before long only his index finger could wrap around what was undeniably resembling a smooth, sensitive clit.

"HNNGH!" Muscles flexed within Sassa's pelvis, causing his hips to arch into the air. The empty feelings grew worse like he was being torn open from the inside. Which became pretty literal when the loose skin that'd been his scrotum and sac cleaved down the middle, puffing into a proper vulva. The hybrid gasped at the flood of new sensations blowing over their blossomed feminine mound. His insides finished their conversion

connecting with it, unleashing a downpour of fresh estrogen across his body. Features became softer, more alluring, while both breasts and ass puffed larger with additional fatty tissue.

“Gods damn it all!” he cursed when the transformation released its power over the changed leafeon-dragon. Hips crashed back to the ground, immediately making him hate the excess cushion they sported.

Two fingers wearily prodded at the soft mound his member had vanished into, finding them easy to part with ease. They dug in enough to confirm the expected wet tunnel of sensitive muscles inside before Sassa’s renewed willpower forced them to slink back out. Safe to say some kind of ancient booby trap had turned him female in every conceivable way. It was even getting hard to think of herself as a guy anymore. A notion of mental conditioning she pushed aside for panicking later.

The hike back to camp didn’t turn out that hard, all things considered. Sassa quickly got herself acclimated to walking with a much wider sashay to her tail. Walking with two basketballs gently swaying off your chest became more annoying than a hindrance. It was nearly impossible to move her arms without jostling them. The fact she had to make the trek buck naked and covered in their own spunk, however, was the worst. No way she was getting any pants she’d brought over such a perky dump truck and her shirt refused to cover half her pronounced chest. At least there weren’t laws about streaking in a jungle...

That Sassa knew of...

It was still a welcome relief to see the tents pop out from among the foliage after a half hour. The leafeon-dragon quickly deposited her tool sacks and useless clothes in the bedroom before heading to a nearby freshwater creak for a quick bath. An hour and three packages of MRE’s later, she was finally sitting on the relative comfort of her cot. A laptop rested in front of her crossed paws awaiting the alignment of a satellite for long distance calling. Idle hands occasionally cupped her breasts still trying to comprehend their ample size. The urge to slide them further down and comb the heated area between her legs surfaced nearly every minute, which she had to mentally beat back with a rolled newspaper. These damn hormones better balance out soon.

Luckily this development hadn’t missed her scheduled check-in with the client. Before Sassa could give in to a little finger prodding the computer dinged and gave a pop-up prompt that she was now connected

to a global internet service. Two keystrokes were all she needed to send an outgoing call. To her surprise, it was picked up on the first ring.

“Yes? Yes?” An older badger was adjusting his square spectacles on the small video feed. Judging by the harsh motion blurs he was trying to move the camera source onto a stable position. Once things had stabilized, he peered intently at the Leafeon-dragon glaring back with folded ears before breaking into a fanged smile. “Ah ha! So great to hear from you again, Sassa! I take it by your improved looks that everything went to plan?”

Sassa’s nostrils flared so hard they almost blew fire. “Oh, you better not tell me this...” she gestured to her curvy body, “was somehow planned. You didn’t say anything about this place being magical. I need special gear for that shit.”

“I do apologize, but usually when I mention being a collector of such mystical and arcane creations the handy treasure hunters such as yourselves either back out or demand exorbitant raises to their fee.”

“You better believe I’m charging extra for growing tits.”

The badger remained overjoyed like a school child as he crossed his palms. “My dear, I do apologize for this inconvenience. We did mention you were fetching us a fertility idol, however. Some effects were bound to be expected from exposure. Though, I will admit we didn’t expect such a drastic alteration on male subjects. What an interesting society this must have been.”

“My eyes are up here, dingus.”

“I am currently trying to figure out the application that signals your extraction team. Nothing more.”

Somehow, Sassa doubted that was all his tilted snout was focusing on while she watched the old fart type at the keyboard with just his index claws. Her dragon wings fluttered before wrapping around her front to provide at least some level of modesty. That seemed to weaken his delight somewhat.

“You do have the idol, right?”

“Of course, I do!” Red brightened the fur on Sassa’s plump face at the very insult she’d even make this call otherwise. Grabbing the heavy pouch off the floor, she made a show off ripping it open for the laptop camera. “I got it right-GACK!?”

While the golden figurine fell onto the bedding as expected, Sassa didn't anticipate the waterfall of pink dust that poured into her lap along with it. The impact caused a small eruption that engulfed the poke dragon in a glittering cotton candy cloud.

Oh my!" The badger said with rising interest. It was unlikely he could see through the pink blocking his camera any better than Sassa, but he could certainly hear the airy coughing and occasional curses from somewhere nearby. "It seems you left it active this whole time too? I guess try to hold on to whatever happens next, then. The chopper should be at your camp within five hours."

If Sassa was hearing any of that she could hardly breath well enough to care. She tumbled off her cot kicking the laptop across the tent where its screened shattered and abruptly ended the call. Ignoring it, she staggered up onto her paws blindly fumbling out of her tent, pink dust billowing from all open flaps like some dazzling smoke signal.

The first logical step was to get to the stream again. Maybe washing this ancient garbage off fast enough could nullify whatever effects it had on living creatures. Unfortunately, Sassa was too panicked and gagging on her clogged throat to figure out right from left. She rubbed at her eyes roaring in frustration knowing how little that'd help.

And then everything was fine.

"What the hell?" Sassa blinked in perfect clarity again. Her fur and scales looked bright and cleaner than even before taking this job without a single pink speck in sight. Not that she got time to contemplate this before her eyes went wide watching her tits vibrate with mounting pressure from within. A moment later both hands flew to grasp them trying to hold back a rushing growth surge. "What the fuuuuuooooOOOHHH GAWD!!"

It was no use trying to hold back such soft and pliable mounds. Sassa rocked her head back with a gurgling roar, tongue rolling out to one side of her face as tits became way more than her tiny palms could hope to hold. Their sag inched down in an apron over her stomach while cleavage blocked her entire view of the ground. The prickly skin of her areolas stretched wider than dinner plates as they bulged outwards. Her nipples were looking like caps on pressurized containers when they suddenly gave a gentle lurch and began to lift closer towards the leafeon-dragon's muzzle.

The onslaught of pleasure coming from the tender stretching mammaries caught Sassa off guard. She needed a moment before

realizing her boobs' extra lift wasn't coming from her grappling arms, which could barely reach around them as each one became comparably larger than her entire upper body. Luckily, this new force quickly made itself known by pushing out from under a chest that could crush chairs and right into her waiting palms. Their equally soft, plush consistency and mounting tension from within made Sassa's immediate deduce what was happening.

"What does fertility have to do with extra tits!?" she screamed into the surrounding jungle. The only answer that came back was simply more and more growth. The extra pair of mounds that sprouted under her already enormous set swelled in a hasty rush as if wanting to catch up to their bigger sisters.

Whether by coincidence or design, it was just a relief when the mounds finally stopped their unprecedented expansion. Sassa remained in place; legs spread in a wide stance for several minutes as she let her altered body acclimate to the spontaneous weight increase.

When it was clear they were down blimping out into beanbags she finally allowed herself to relax. Arms crossed with a dejected huff, promptly vanishing into the space between upper and lower boobs. The thick dragon tail thumped rapidly behind the curvy hybrid while she glared down at her gargantuan shelves. Two enormous milkers had been bad enough, all four combined probably made up the lion share of her body weight at this size.

"Hnngh!" Her pout turned into a wince thanks to the onset of a new tension washing over the newly inflated breast balloons. Something began filling up their insides at an impossible rate. Skin began to pull back taut, making them rise into a firmer position. "W-what now!?"

Pressure continued to rise from within her double bust seeming to funnel into the respective nipples. Trying to reach around their girth became a struggle in its own right, but Sassa eventually managed to squish her globes enough to give their tender front an experimental massage.

"Ah ha ah!" It didn't get the exact relief she expected. On the second squeeze both nipples popped unexpectedly and there was suddenly a warm tingling of something thick oozing over the leafeon-dragon's slender fingers. Pulling them back for fear of rupturing something, she instead found the fur soaked in a sticky gold goo. A quick test sniff sent her ear erect in confusion before she gave it a reluctant lick. "...honey?! The fuck?"

Another series of pops made Sassa shudder in pleasure. It looked like her lower boobs had reached their limit too. She rubbed heatedly along

the edges of both curved mammaries, unable to see, but certainly feeling the hot goo excreting from them at an alarming rate. A quick glance back at the sleep tent saw there were still pink cloud remnants in the air, so she decided to head into the observation canopy far away from that magic garbage.

“Strangest fertility blessings I’ve ever heard,” she mused, noticing a trail of honey drips in her wake. Thankfully before she could worry about spreading honey all over the equipment, her golden eyes happened to pan over a trio of barrels at the far edge of the canopy. She had set them up early on as a means for catching rainwater. Now though two of them sat completely empty thanks to a few weeks of dry spells.

By the time the promised chopper had arrived Sassa had filled one and a third of those barrels with some amateur self milking’s. It had been worth the weird stares and awkward questions since it helped deflate her bust in the process. They were still four massive globes that virtually blocked most of her torso from the front, but at least they were lighter. As the flight crew helped pack up her camp, being especially mindful of the dust generating idol, the leafeon-dragon couldn’t help pondering if she could see the easy thirty gallons of honey for a bit of extra cash.

Road Trip: Suiting Up

A long time ago
In a galaxy far, far away...

This place was dead as a tomb. That wasn't a surprise, since the station looked completely derelict from the outside too. Expecting any signs of life or function might have been a bit much. Just finding the artificial gravity and light worked was nothing short of a miracle.

If not for the thick covering of an environmental suit Janus was sure he'd hear his boot falls echoing across the cavernous storage chambers. All his pointed wolf ears could pick up scrunched inside a protective helmet were the sounds of his breathing hissing out tiny filter ports. He was glad for those with how much metallic dust reflected off his headlight beams. The idea that space had no air but stuff can still rust away was fascinating to the brown wolf man in that moment. Looking up the exact Scientifics of how that worked might make good reading back on the Out of Dodge.

For now, he continued forward across the third of what seemed like many storage holds. The massive cubic room, like its predecessors, was lined wall to wall with racks of droids. Janus curled his tail inside the suit's pant leg seeing only more of the same here. What droids weren't hanging haphazardly on their placements in states of disrepair littered the floor in clusters of scrap.

Sigils of the Galactic empire were branded everywhere; on crates, droids, even the tools. They were just as worn as the empire itself these days. Two years after the fatal battle of Endor it's no surprise a depot for service equipment would be drifting in the boonies of deep space long forgotten. Janus had really gotten his hopes up there'd be some kind of epic secret to unravel, or at least a fancy weapon to tinker with. He did take solace that this much level of salvage would help fuel his little expedition outside the galaxy for many months.

The wolf was turning to head to the next lower level when his sweeping headlights illuminated something that did spark interest in his

passive thoughts. Turning back for a better examination, a small grin couldn't help creeping across his muzzle.

Anything put behind airtight titanium shielding doors with triple locks can only be good. With a swift, instinctual, move of his arm, the wolf's lightsaber clicked on with its signature hiss. A glow of bright blue irradiated for the energy blade in his right hand. It provided next to nothing for illumination but made quick work cutting through the deadbolt mechanisms blocking his path.

"YEET!?"

No sooner did his energy blade break the last bolt than the heavy door lurched against its hinges. That was just the two seconds Janus needed to dive away in time. The heavy lump of metal rocketed through the space he previously occupied into the far wall. Droid parts exploded from impact raining chunks across the bay.

"Wow. When they say highly pressurized room, they really mean it," Janus commented, ignoring the bits of rubble clinking off his environment suit. A room still filled with oxygen was a neat surprise.

It also meant the goodies inside might still be preserved. The wolf strode into the room with fluffy tail wagging feverishly inside his suit's leg. His lightsaber still at the ready carried a shining blue aura off the still settling dust. A bit of dramatic music played inside Janus' head to counter the silence of what he imagined was a really cool jedi entrance. Why couldn't these moments happen to him when someone was around to witness them?

Oh well! At least he had found something worth looting. Janus relaxed his lightsaber as he entered the closet but didn't shut it off just yet. His suit's flashlights cut through the dusty air to illuminate four erect cylinders about the size of his leg. Standard quadanium steel enforced, air tight sealing mechanisms meant whatever they held would stay contained.

Naturally, the lack of power to the housing unit also meant he had no idea what was inside, and opening it would take a lot of convincing for Janus to do something that rash...again. Examination and research were a job better suited for the crazy scientist with a criminal record busy hiding back on their ship. A few quick flips of the manual locks and he had the protective glass case open. With a little heavy labor, he could probably carry one back.

"Hey! Janus!"

“SQUEEEEEEE!!?”

When it came to history most people alive before the galactic civil war could explain how jedi had a reputation for being noble warriors of peace. Rigorous training in both mind and body meant they could approach even the worst of situations with a level head and a steady hand. Some might even consider them living statues, never expressing emotion while the force guided them through a job well done.

The high-pitched scream and frantic lightsaber thrashing Janus displayed after being broken from his thoughts embodied none of these traits. Fortunately, the new arrival had the reflexes to avoid his humming blue energy blade, if only by inches. The same couldn't be said for the shelves and boxes in the wolf's immediate reach. For a few seconds there was nothing but yelling to the symphony of scolding metal and crashing wreckage. Eventually his lungs ran out of enough air that he had to stop and take in the same environmental suit as his own standing in the doorway. A very disgruntled lapin face glared back through its helmet visor.

“Oh, hey, Nomen!” Janus said, grinning like he hadn't just cut the storage closet into trash pieces. “Didn't hear you arrive. How were the lower decks?”

“Dismal!” Their bunny shuttle pilot answered with a curt snort. His eyes glanced over the chunks of things freshly strewn across the floor. “Transport ships are gone or already scrapped. Probably when the people working here left. Anything on your end?”

“Oh, I think so! You're just in time to help with these...uh...”

The silence was thick thanks to being on a dead station. Both anthro's stared at the canisters through their helmets. Stray beams from their flashlights illuminated the still scolding hot marks left by frantic lightsaber strikes across the housing case. It seemed only by some sheer whim of luck that only one canister had been sundered clear in half. A thick purple muck slowly poured out onto the floor, making a puddle that was slowly creeping its way towards the pair.

“I'm guessing it wasn't like that when you got here?” Nomen couldn't see Janus' face through the helmet, but his little puff tail wagged, knowing the wolf was shooting them a very annoyed look. Not waiting for a response, he stepped closer to kneel over the puddle for a closer examination. It seemed to almost defy the gravitational tilt of the station and

start spilling towards his boots, making the bunny take a reflexive step back. "Any idea what this is?"

"Some sort of industrial fuel, maybe? I haven't had a chance to check out the whole room yet." Janus eyed the damaged case again, paying no regard to the ooze seeming to follow his companion's feet. Luck continued to favor the wolf as his less than graceful attack had also missed slicing open the control console. Fishing out its memory bank from there was easy enough. Within seconds he was skimming through the whole station's manifests using their suits glove mounted computer. "Let's see... droids...droids... a lot of spare carpeting, for some reason... an excessively large order of cashews. Ah ha! I think I found it. This thing is carrying prototype dark trooper armor, Mark Four, phase three. Oh. That's, uh, that's not nice at all."

"Maybe," Nomen jumped to his full height backing from the leaking goo with a bit more concern now. "I've heard of the phase threes, but never thought any actually existed past beta testing."

"Hey. I've fought dark troopers before," Janus snapped, readying his lightsaber as if the still unopened canisters might launch an attack. The purple stuff leaking off the broken one was even getting all over the smooth surface of its neighbor. "Those things are just giant angry robots. And suddenly I don't want to be in this room."

"Relax! From what I've heard these were upgrades to act as battle suits, not droids. Sure, they got AI guided cybernetic systems but the wearer should still have...mostly control?" Nomen took a deep breath unsure himself how to take their discovery. His view over the casing left him unable to see tendrils of the purple muck working at the lid of another canister. The covering of his suit left the bunny oblivious to the same substance inching up his legs, gently prodding along the seams.

"Yeah. They're also supposed to turn tubby imperial moffs into hulking juggernauts of destruction." Meanwhile, Janus remained on guard completely focused on the canisters over everything else. Anything Sith on a derelict ship was just asking for trouble. "Rebel camps loved sharing rumors about this project. They say the guy heading phase three discovered something called a nanospore that could completely alter a person's body. The things they did were so disturbing and deranged Emperor Palpatine himself apparently had to fire them."

"Hah! If there's a guy psychotic enough to make a Sith lord cringe, we should recruit them."

“I think what we should be doing is get out of here.”

Nomen huffed, resting both arms on the casing. “Will you relax? These things have been adrift in dead space for years without power. No way they can be...”

A small pop echoed out of the closet followed by a soft clang of metal hitting the floor. Both furs jumped back reading their lightsaber and blaster respectfully at the second canister that'd been forced open by the spreading purple goo. Almost immediately a blue substance of similar material began pouring out the metal container like boiling water.

“Holy hell! These things are active!?”

“I told you!” Janus groaned, realizing the outpouring of blue tar was spilling directly towards them. “Nomen! Watch out for the-”

The thought couldn't even finish before two things happened in rapid succession. Some loud tearing diverted Nomen's attention to the fact everything from his hips down had become practically encased in the purple muck. A position it exploited by rending open the fabric of his environment suit and causing a near instant decompression. The bunny didn't even get a brave womanly squeal out before it rushed inside the breaches and across his exposed body proper. An instinctive reaction to kick it off only threw his balance, sending him crashing to the floor.

“Hey-” Seeing his friend and only pilot in sudden peril caused Janus to drop his guard in a classic blunder. He wouldn't have time to worry about Nomen's predicament much. The blue goop capitalized on the distraction by shooting up to block his view as a literal wall that engulfed the wolf like a blanket. Its attack struck with enough force to send him falling onto his back, ripping its way through their protective suit in the process. The lightsaber flew from his hand along the way, immediately powering down so it rolled out of the closet harmlessly.

Yay! A new pilot at last!

The air burst out of Nomen's lungs upon landing, leaving him dazed and only seeing blue over his helmet's visor. In the few seconds it took to collect his thoughts and breath in for a scream the view became clear once more. He blinked in confusion a few times before cautiously sitting up. The strange goo was literally covering him one second and then gone the next. Although, it did leave several small holes in his environment suit. Damage that was strangely not hindering his ability to breathe.

“Janus? You, okay?”

The wolf was still frantically patting himself down when the simple question gave him pause. Climbing back to his feet, it was easy to see their suit had been split clean down the front. A nervously slicking canine tail peeked out now and then with his shifting inspection. And yet, he seemed no less impacted by the station's lack of oxygen either.

“I...everything seems okay. My legs are feeling a bit w-wh-WHOA!”

Janus shot both arms out to his sides, waving frantically to maintain balance as he staggered backwards. It was hard to tell what was tripping up the wolf at first. While still sitting down Nomen thought he was trying to pull some kind of jedi levitation trick. But then his eyes drifted down to find his legs never left the floor. Instead, they were significantly longer and denser than he usually sported.

“Never mind! This is probably not okay!” Janus groaned, grasping at his thighs. Glints of a golden metallic surface bulged out the environment suits tears, wrecking them further while making their owner progressively taller.

“Maybe. I’m pretty sure that’s a... uh...” Nomen raised a hand to gesture at Janus’ altering legs and then got lost observing his own extremity. Fingers twitched involuntarily, wrist rotating to degrees that should have been considerably painful. More worrisome was the increasing sounds of servos shifting and metal clinking with the strange movements.

He could only give a hollow gasp when a chill rushed down his arm. Seconds later the fabric began shifting, pulling taut across a limb that looked to be undergoing a growth spurt of its own. The thin protective material didn’t put up much of a fight. Shining green fingers erupted from the glove causing a chain reaction that tore the entire sleeve apart up to the rabbit’s shoulder.

“Not what I expected,” he mused while experimentally moving his changed appendage. The arm had become over double its usual bulk and covered in armored plating colored the same emerald and cream as his usual fur patterns. Each joint whirled and squeaked with the mechanisms of a machine, exactly like a droid.

“Nyah!” Shakey groans from Janus followed a similar transformation to the wolf’s legs. Their suit from the waist down molted off in a messy reveal of two very long, robotic looking legs ending in solid boot-like lumps for feet. Similarly, to Nomen’s change, his were plated in a bright golden

and white armor that matched his fur. However, the robotic parts seemed to stop halfway up the thigh and take on a softer round shape that looked sleek and shimmering, as if he were wearing latex.

Nomen couldn't help also noticing his friend's legs were designed with a very feminine humanoid appearance. Especially with how shapely those extra padded thighs rounded into outwardly curved hips.

"Nomen!? I'm feeling this is the perfect time to panic." Janus yipped, grabbing at said hips in a desperate attempt to stop them growing even bigger. Their rear quickly joined in, puffing out into a distended shelf that could balance a drink or two at the pub. The amount of material filling his artificial skin became so excessive that they wobbled and sloshed with every movement the wolf made twisting to observe them.

Installation is currently at forty-eight percent. Please remain calm until calibration completes!

Nomen blinked at the voice that came from everywhere, yet seemed inside his head. It was oddly feminine, but with that flat ton that only came from typical programmable intelligence. When he opened his mouth to question it, though, all that came out was a grunt as his other arm exploded out its sleeve. His legs quickly followed, erupting into feminine robot-like limbs platted in green. Every little movement filled his long-folded ears with subtle strains of mechanical joints. Not that he could move much with their weight keeping his smaller torso pinned to the floor.

"Nomen? Was that you?" Janus asked for his friend absently. His attention was on the very smoothed area of latex over his crotch helping sell the incredible span of new child bearing hips. A loud clanking returned the wolf's attention to his equally enlarged butt, where his tail fur became systematically replaced with a series of golden metal covering. Each section of vertebrae snapped between them in an instant transformation to become servos that could easily mimic nervous wagging.

Negative. Another automaton voice echoed through both changing furry's heads. It was a weird sensation since Janus could almost swear the source was also originating from the bunny at his metal feet. I am designated as Tria, and that is my counterpart Dyo.

Greetings! Janus was more than a little horrified when his hand lifted against his will to wave at Nomen. That fear was only compounded when his arms erupted from their suit coverings as synthetic gold versions of his former form. The forearms were especially bulky like they'd become a

housing for something else. We will be serving as your AI companion pilots for the duration of your usage.

“And, uh, what the heck are you...girls... doing to us!?” Nomen asked, unsure about etiquette for AI, droids, and genders. A lump shot into his still organic throat watching his shoulders bother slim into a womanly cast before bulking slightly with reinforced pauldrons. That change quickly flowed into the rest of his body where lots of things began to ruffle under his remaining environment suit.

In accordance with the programming of our great creator, your physical forms will be temporarily adjusted for maximum combat efficiency.

“How is making my bottom-heavy combat effective?” Janus wailed. Every word spoken crackled and strained like a radio adjusting until ultimately settling on him speaking with a tone clearly female yet also artificial in nature.

The application of combat grade polly gel is part of the special armor modification labeled as 'dump truck.' Dyo explained flatly. This has statistically proven to be distracting during combat, while making you very resistant to low powered blaster fire and ballistics.

"Yeah. I can probably bounce platinum c-c-chips off that rump." Nomen would have chuckled at his own heckling if his own voice hadn't shorted out and returned as a robotic feminine siren mid-sentence. Instead, he returned to watching his torso grow into a more balanced size befitting his changed limbs. Hips cracked and puffed with presumably the same gel substance, though thankfully not near the curves as Janus' aptly titled dump truck.

Watching the suit contort around his chest in a more circular rise of twin protrusions didn't even phase Nomen that much. In hindsight such a drastic growth should have been expected. When the material became too restraining to tolerate, he grabbed at the budding breasts and rent what remained of his environment suit open. Somehow, he doubted a lack of oxygen would be a problem for them anymore.

Installation at eighty-two percent. Tria popped into Nomen's mind.

That seemed about right with his shining new body unceremoniously revealed. Nomen's torso had completely reshaped into the curves of a very endowed woman, better enlarged to match his sleek mechanical limbs. Latex gleamed over the softer parts of his thighs, hips and bust giving the appearance of a bodysuit. Granted, he had no doubt this was

meant to serve as his new skin. The complete lack of a bulge in the crotch area was also telling of how thorough this 'installation' was getting.

At least Nomen was relieved to be getting the shorter end of the deal. Another panicked squeal from Janus brought attention to their own budding bosom. The poor wolf's suit was quickly filled with all the space it could provide until he looked like an inflated balloon. Both his now robotic golden hands clamped down on the expanding shelf unable to hold back the slightest bit of their momentum. Fabric tore away in large clumps letting the squishy sacks of fabricated material pour around his elegant palms.

"Forget chips! You could deflect a photon torpedo off that rack." Nomen giggled in an unexpectedly girlish way as he got to his feet. Servos whirled among the many reformed joints to support a different body, yet it didn't seem to throw off his instinctive balance that much.

Detecting instances of envy. Tria's sudden report slapped the smile of Nomen's face. Something else churned to life inside his more robotic stomach, rapidly building strength. For the pilot's mental health, we will engage in platform recalibration to better match Dyo.

"Recali-what? Hey? HEY!" Nomen's eyes shot open with the constant drone of a vacuum from somewhere within himself. Both hands slapped defiantly across his butt, which did nothing to halt its imminent inflation. Glossy bunny cheeks gushed out behind him easily pushing the robotic palms aside. The excess mass bulged between his slender metal fingers as hips popped and reconnected two...four...several inches wider. Thighs plumped up into juicy chunks of synthetic meat, making sure his every step would have a jiggling sashay to it. "I'm not envious of a dump truck wolf, damn it!"

"Who are you calling a dumpy with a cargo hold like that?" Janus teased, giving Nomen a raspberry when they whirled to growl at him. It was pretty clear both now possessed the hip span to fill the two-seater couch back on Nomen's ship, and it might still be a tight squeeze.

"Dook!" Nomen barked when the motor shifted gears in a way that caused his newly formed breasts to vibrate. "Nonononono!!"

Trying to hold back Tria's automated pumping had already proved futile, but Nomen still clamped down on his tits with all the strength biomechanical innovations could muster. He managed to hold back the rushing pressure for exactly six seconds before his joints faltered. Soon as he released his chest the floodgates ripped free, erupting his chest from

galaxy average to 'death star' sizes of round globes in a loud sloshing noise that echoed across the station. If not for the timely leg adjustments from Tria, the inflating bunny would have surely been rocked off his feet by the mass bouncing hard off his chest.

Recalibration complete. We are now matched to Dyo's platform measurements with a point-eight-four percent margin of error. Scans indicate an immediate heightened brain activity and focus. We are pleased you approve, master.

"S-shut up!" Nomen bit his lip, hands still gingerly fondling the enormous synth boobs he'd grown. A side glance at Janus saw they were looking back with the same pensive stare. They sure looked the same size, but the bunny felt a stab of superiority that he was definitely the bigger one now.

And he didn't know what to make of that fleeting thought.

"Oof!" Janus released his own glossy rubber mammaries with a grumpy huff. They bounced for a lot longer than either transformed anthro could have predicted before setting into a natural hang almost down to the wolf's naval. Pretty much his entire thinner upper body could hide behind the massive mounds. "Strange. I don't feel that heavy."

Your physical attributes have been upgraded with extensive cybernetic replacements. A drastic increase in your capabilities should be expected.

Installation process at ninety-six percent. Please stand by for HUD calibration.

"The wha-GAH! Give us longer warnings about this slag!" Nomen growled as a fog blanketed his vision. At the same time pressure engulfed his entire brain with his skull being pressed on from all sides. Not even ripping off the useless space helmet helped. Judging by the yelp from Janus he was pretty much in the same boat.

"Arf?" Thankfully when his pointed canine ears popped Janus didn't suffer a spontaneous head explosion. His eyes flew open again only to find the wolf tinted in a shade of blue. A visor had taken shape over eyes glowing with the power of circuitry, welded smoothly with the metal plating's making up the other areas of his head. Ears buzzed with the sounds of machines in their curious twitches to this final stage of their transformation. One hand giving a light touch over a canine muzzle smoothed over by soft latex. "Wow! Are we robots!?"

“I mean, probably?” Nomen panted, despite his breasts not shifting with the expansion of lungs anymore. His manufactured eyes darted rapidly behind a bright purple visor, awed how computer readouts began to scroll by in the little corners. All of which his new processing vision could read in seconds, from the estimated weight of the remaining sealed canisters to the dress sizes for both of their impossibly wide curves.

They would need a lot of material for such an outfit, to say the least.

Installation complete! Dyo announced to the pair. We look forward to serving you in glorious battle. Please take the time to go over the enclosed safety manual. A search engine is available for any simple questions you may have about our functions.

Nomen ignored the prompts in his overlay until they went away. Both hands alternated between feeling up his chest and behind. They were ridiculously stacked even by galaxy standards. “So, this is the power of Sith tech on bruiser trooper armor? Words honestly fail me.”

“This is totally not Sith design,” Janus insisted, also fairly distracted by his extended hair. It had grown virtually unnoticed to the swell of the wolf’s butt and shone with the same fakeness as the rest of their ‘skin.’ Hands came to rest on his hips in a very girlish pose almost by second nature. “Sith stuff is supposed to be evil and very destructive stuff. Whoever was allowed to do this is just... I don’t know...”

“A sick pervert?”

“I was going to say evil and sadistic beyond all reason.”

“Well, you don’t look half bad?”

“S-shut up!” Janus rocked back like his new body had been hit. They didn’t look capable of blushing anymore but the folded back ears and rapidly swaying metal tail still made Nomen smirk.

We would like to point out two sets of dark trooper armor are nearby and fully functional. It is recommended they be brought with you for potential use.

“Somehow I doubt we can sell these things, but might as well.” Nomen moved to heft one of the unopened canisters, almost flinging it through a wall with the effort put in.

“Forget about the cybernetic enhancements already?” Janus leaned in to tease the rabbit.

“Just stop talking and grab a pill.”

The walk back to their ship, the Out of Dodge, involved a lot more clanking and wobbling than when the pair had first embarked. They were just glad no other weird surprises jumped out to upgrade their position into busty war mechs or something. After having the canisters stored in the usual cargo hold Nomen hit the buttons that sealed off their ship and began depressurization. Being back in a controlled environment felt soothing despite his altered form.

“So,” Janus said after a long bit of silent standing. “How are we going to explain to anyone being stuck as robots now?”

Correction; your augmented forms are not permanent.

“What!?” Both anthro’s barked in unison, glancing around the cargo hold like there was anyone to glare at.

Now that we are in a safe environment it is easily permissible to withdraw your dark trooper armor. Do you wish to proceed?

Janus didn’t need to think. “Yes! Yes!”

Almost instantly the pressure around his skull returned, along with a bizarre sensation of shedding. Before the wolf’s eyes the thick curvatures of his breasts deflated while hips straightened out. Metal plates retracted onto themselves only to vanish somewhere inside his body. Fingers and toes wiggled in freedom again restored to flesh and fur. The latex surface covering his body rippled like it was melting away only for his old clothes to burst back into existence. Within a minute Janus was back to exactly the way he was when they’d docked with this cursed station; fluffy, organic, and male.

“Um...” Nomen could not say the same thing. The synthetic bunny woman shifted nervously on his solid metal feet platforms poking at one breast with a shining steel claw. “These are going to start shrinking soon, right?”

There was a disturbing silence before Tria spoke in their heads again.

Apologies. My conversion mechanism seems to have suffered several instances of searing damage. Repairs are going to be required before armor retraction can be performed safely.

“Are you kidding me!?” Nomen faced Janus with a look so intense it was amazing her visor didn’t fire a laser beam. “You’re the one that opened the canister with a lightsaber! We’re lucky the installation didn’t render me some malformed zombie mutant!”

“At least you’re cute?”

Nomen raised his hands mimicking the infamous choking gesture among Sith lords of old. Luckily for his meek wolf partner he was not the type overly entuned with the force. Even better was a small buzzing going off in the bunny’s metal skull before he could consider asserting that action in a physical sense.

Diagnostic complete, master Nomen. There is a way to bypass the damaged circuits and reactivate the armor's stand-by sequence. However, I must warn you this will require disabling over a dozen subsystems and...

“Just get me back to normal!”

Yes, sir!

Two seconds into the process Nomen regretted not listening to the rest of his inner voices concerns. An overwhelming tension caused his shining body to lock up so harshly it sent his feminine curves jiggling. His short muzzle skewed into an almost unnaturally tilted grimace. Sparks shot out from several different places startling Janus into a hastily backpedal for safety.

A loud ominous snap had both furs were worried the bunny was set to spontaneously combust. Instead, Nomen was ecstatic to witness his beach ball boobs begin to deflate, restoring a peripheral view of the floor. His butt and hips quickly followed, flattening in a similar process to what he saw occur with Janus. Aside from the occasional off sounds from grinding of metal and straining mechanisms everything began to retract or recede into...wherever the heck these AI’s store themselves on a host.

“Well, that’s a relief.” Nomen patted himself down, unable to hide a relieved grin. Everything seemed back in its proper place right down to his flight jacket. There was just this odd scent of burning plastic lingering in the air that was very concerning.

“Oh! So, this is where they ended up!?” A new voice nearly made both anthro’s draw weapons in alarm. Descending from the ship's upper decks was a humanoid looking like a cross between a squirrel and a fox with blue fur. He ignored their looks of annoyance and made a beeline

straight for the stored containers, rubbing their black nose against one in a disturbing display of affection. "I knew those imperials were lying when they said the mark fours were all trashed. You can't replicate genius organic robotization like this. And still fully functional too. Talk about long lasting power cells."

Nomen's long ears twitched, along with the right side of his face. A hand remained firmly resting on the hilt of a blaster. "Desmond!? You know about these armors?"

"Know them?" Desmond turned to face their pilot in a flourish of showmanship like they should be impressed with something. "You're looking at the empire's project head for the whole phase three line!"

Nomen took several long, deep breaths before finally letting go of his holstered weapon. Glancing at Janus, the wolf could only shrug with equal defeat in his eyes.

"Where'd you find these? Are there any others?" Desmond whirled in place excitedly scanning the hold for any more salvage.

"N-Nomen and I miiiiight have accidentally installed one on ourselves" Janus murmured sheepishly. "But Nomen's looked like it was having problems changing him back."

"Only because an expert warrior accidentally sliced it with a lightsaber!"

Nomen regretted today the second Desmond turned to gaze at him with that special gleam in their soulless black sclera. The squirrel-fox set upon him with an extreme disregard for personal space; poking, prodding, and generally trying to yank the bunny's clothes off. When the grabby paws went for his pants, it took actually drawing his pistol to get them off.

"Looks like our pilot is as springy as ever," Desmond mused in complete dismissal of the death threat. "Did your AI say what had been damaged?"

"I might have been too in a rush to get rid of the boobs for hearing her out." Nomen's ears folded despite the anger etched on his face. "Tria said there were a dozen subsystems that'd need repairs before she could fully shut down, or something."

"Really? And you're not dead?"

"...should I be?"

"I would hope not. Janus would crash us trying to fly out of here."

"It's true." the wolf interjected from his quiet observations.

Desmond rubbed his long slender snout in thought for a few seconds. "Well, if you can still manage to revert then the important stuff must be running. Let's try this; Tria, activate!"

"Oh, come ON! Not this crap again!" Noman screamed when his insides clanked like an engine starting. Every word shifted sharply down the spectrum towards a sexy female pitch. At least there weren't any sparks as plates ripped through his jacket and pant sleeves, the rest quickly being shredded by the explosive growth of breasts and an ass that could serve bar drinks. Before he could even form a coherent string of curses, the bunny found himself looming over his ship's passengers, seeing the world through a purple synth visor once more. He even had to take a step or three back to properly fume at Desmond over the shelf of his rounded chest. "Damn it, Desmond! I wasn't ready to go through this again. And why the hell did it wreck my clothes this time!?"

Sorry about that, master! Tria's voice sounded off in Nomen's head with the odd impression of one waking from a nap. One of my subsystems shut down was designed for converting clothing safely between suit applications. We had to default to many redundant backups or you would also have to regrow your skin every time you wished to remove me.

"... Fair enough!"

"This is still great news though." Desmond clapped his paws in excitement as he orbited Nomen's spacious hips like they had a gravity field. Given their size, it was almost a surprise they didn't. "I'm glad two of them work in a near perfect capacity. Imagine the advantage you guys will have now. It'll make hunting down this dumb jedi lost treasure quest of yours a lot easier. Can't beat the wonders of Sith technology, am I right? Getting it to flawlessly transform an entire organic body was child's play with what they do. Can you believe Palpy just gave me tons of this junk for the sake of a few super troopers? And he had the nerve to call me insane! Sorry, I got lost in a tangent again. You probably have tons of questions."

Nomen rubbed his temple with one hand while raising the other to silence Desmond. It was three times in the last four minutes he'd had to remind himself this jittering ex-imperial was the only thing keeping his ship flying through space at all right now.

“No. No. Actually, you’ve explained a lot more than I really wanted to know about this.” He slowly gestured with the same hand over his smoothly polished metal body. “Now could you please fix me so I can fly us as far away from this hell as possible?”

“Sure. Sure. But first...” Desmond pointed back at the hatch he’d entered from. “Tria, long as you’re active, use Nomen’s amazing new height to get some cookies off the top shelf for me.”

Nomen blinked first in confusion, and then narrowed his eyes at the fox-squirrel. “That is the dumbest thing I...whoa! HEY! HEY!”

Janus’ jaw dropped as the robotic bunny began marching forward in a militarized stiff fashion. Nomen continued to shout and wriggle, but seemed unable to halt their course up the metal ladder. All it did was make their assets jostle harder.

“What the hell, Tria!? Is this another one of your backups?”

No, master! All mark fours have been hard wired to obey the will of our genius creator, even at the detriment of our pilots. It was his fail safe knowing the almost comical standard Sith have for betrayals. May his brilliance ever benefit this unimaginative galaxy.

“DESMOND!”

Nomen’s shouts faded with his ascension into the upper decks while the two remaining furs did nothing to follow. They could still hear the incoherent curses echoing through the ship, briefly followed by a crashing of dishes. Within due time the green armored bunny returned to pass Desmond a mason jar.

“I love science. Don’t you?” Desmond asked Janus as he began feasting on their limited supply of chocolate chip cookies.

The wolf, for his part, blinked slowly trying to carefully articulate his response so centuries of Jedi teachings weren’t disrespected by him sounding like a pervert.

Super Surrogacy

“Do you think we’ll have enough meat for this?”

That wasn’t the weirdest question Naiylah ever heard a bunny girl ask. Demi-humans were adapted to be pretty omnivorous despite whatever misconceptions possessing the traits of a prey species might entail. The gods only knew why people might think otherwise. Her longtime roommate and friend, Medeina, looked like a perfectly normal human aside from the purple hair, long floppy ears and a puffy little tail.

Now the fact that Medeina had asked that question six times in the last hour? That was sending the anthro sphinx’s tail twitching with repressed irritation. The large tuft of brown and green hairs at the end of her ropy lion appendage swept the floor while she put away the groceries they wouldn’t be immediately using. Between visiting the clinic for their latest big paying medical project, as they liked to call them, and the necessary shopping trip afterward, Naiylah just wanted to spend the evening relaxing. They were going to be kept very busy soon enough.

“We bought every pack of chicken parts they’d willingly give us. I think we’re going to be okay.” She straightened up with a shake of her feathered shoulder wings before disposing of the many empty paper bags the duo had brought in. “Though I’m sure Kai is going to flip when he realizes why we’re hoarding like it’s the apocalypse.”

The bunny girl was busy arranging half a dozen pre-made vegetable trays on the counter when she paused to exchange knowing grins with Naiylah. The two hardly kept their growing fondness for their third roommate a secret. Part of this whole setup was to celebrate their first year living together, afterall.

“I doubt he’ll mind after the initial shock. Trust me. We’ve heard his absent comments in stream all the time.” Medeina straightened up and suddenly wiggled awkwardly. Brows furrowed as her gaze pensively dropped past the crest of her generous breasts to her stomach. Both hands pinched gingerly along the flat area of her summer dress before moving around to feel the swell of her generous bunny behind. “Speaking of which;

the doctors weren't kidding. I'm already feeling the early bloating and getting a big queasy. How about you?"

"Nyah," Naiylah replied almost in a sour grunt. Her smile faded while cuddling her bosom. While Medaina had a buxom figure that could turn heads in her own right, the sphinx still dwarfed her by several sizes in all the right places. Each mammary easily outsized her anthro lion head, filling out a blouse that would tent most normal humans. "Thanks a lot. I don't think my girls have gotten bigger, but they sure are getting full and tender. And now that you got me thinking about it, I can't stop thinking about it."

"No problem!" Medaina met her friend's look with a playful raspberry. "Maybe it'll help if you go let Kai know the fun's about to start. I'll fire up the grill and stuff."

"All right."

Honestly, it was the perfect distraction Naiylah needed. Their house wasn't overly splendid, although it certainly ranked on the high tier of standards. The brisk walk up stairs so she could knock on the only occupied of three extra bedrooms was proof of that. By the time she got there the notion her butt might have more bounce going up the stairs it was only a secondary priority.

"Hey, Kai! Are you decent in there?"

Naiylah's wings fluttered with an impish shiver. While she'd meant the line in a mildly teasing way, her furry fingers still tightened on the doorknob. Fantasies about 'accidently' flinging it open at an inappropriate time played on her thoughts before perked feline ears picked up movement on the other side.

"Come on in, Nai! I was just about done."

Feeling only slightly disappointed, she stepped inside a room smelling of mountain dew and old pizza. A trash bag sat in one corner looking threateningly close to it's storage limit. Piles of clothes collected around the floor in an organization of clean and dirty no outsider could guess. The perfect environment for a regular Twitch streamer.

Kai Avalon could be found where the girls usually saw him when paying a visit; at a fairly large desk with dual computer monitors in front of the south window. A large cushioned chair kept most of him hidden from

the doorway, save for the top of his snow white hair. Black wolf ears and dragon horns poked out of it like mountain tops. Slinking out of a specially made hole in the chair was his gorgeous spiked dragon tail. Light of the afternoon sun filtering in flashed across its scales as it greeted the sphinx with a lazy wag.

“Welcome home,” Kai said without taking attention off his current activity. There was a near endless clicking noise emanating from his station, which was the obvious sign of frantic controller button mashing. As Naiylah strolled closer she could make out the aspiring demi-man was playing some kind of MMO game. Not that she could tell what was exactly going on with all kinds of colorful explosions and effects covering the action. “How was the trip?”

“Oh, we got everything taken care of!” she reported, a hand absently rubbed at her stomach unseen by her roommate. It might have been her imagination but it wasn’t feeling as flat as ten minutes ago already. Naiylah shook her head getting back into the moment. “Anyway, the feast is about to start. Better say goodbye to your fans if you don’t want to miss your own pool party.”

The implications finally pulled Kai’s emerald eyes from the screen towards her voice. Naturally, she had decided to stand in the perfect position so his turn would end up facing directly at the swell of her bust. Even in thick clothes they were hard to miss, and the idea he was about to see them in a swim suit brought a blush to his brown human face.

Some more flashing lights complimented by sound effects from his ear buds brought Kai whipping back to the screens. “I...Yeah, I’ll be down in no time. We’re just on the last raid boss.”

“Good! Medeina will be disappointed if you don’t give a verdict on her new outfit. She saw it and thought of you.”

Kai didn’t care he was missing crucial boss mechanics or that he was on camera when turning halfway in his seat uttering confused noises. By then Naiylah was already making her way back out. All he got was a shake of her broad backside and swish of lion tail before the door closed, cutting off any attempt for a reply.

“Wow. Those two have really given up on subtle flirting lately.”

He fell back into his chair chuckling with newfound excitement. Thankfully he was only running a damage roll this raid so they pulled off a win just fine with his brief interruption. The chat, on the other hand, was erupting with its usual flood of spicy feedback whenever one of the girls popped their face on screen. Many expressed what an awesome situation it must be and Kai wholeheartedly agreed. To end up living with two gorgeous women who clearly didn't need the extra tenant income was far better than an overpriced studio apartment. This kind of company was nothing short of a gamers dream come true.

"Welp! You heard the winged cat. It's our one year anniversary living together, and I hate to disappoint my hosts. See you fabulous fans next run!"

Stepping away from another routine stream only brought attention to how hungry it had made Kai. Once again the dragon-wolf had forgotten to set up a snack for his hours of binging. All the more reason he was going to appreciate a free dinner with his friends tonight.

When he stepped onto the landing a few minutes later his nose was already being assaulted with smells of cooked meat and herbs. His black swim trunks helped show off a body fit and toned with the upbringing of vigorous martial training. He wasn't about to let a career as fun as gaming ruin that kind of tradition. Especially when it was one of the things Naiylah and Medeina constantly complimented him on.

The slapping of flip-flops on his bare feet announced Kai's arrival before he made it down the stairs. He was fairly certain Medeina had been waiting for that, since he was greeted to the sight of her strutting across their living room carrying a cooler full of iced beverages. The chest was held propped in both her arms so it pushed against the underside of her breasts.

"Ah! There you are, at last!" she feigned irritation that was betrayed by a knowing smile. She promptly stopped in the middle of the room to do an awkward three-sixty with her heavy cargo. "What do you think? I couldn't help splurging while we were shopping."

Kai didn't answer right away. His eyes were busy scanning up and down Medeina's figure several times with both ears and tail going stiff. The bunny had chosen a two-piece halter top with brazilian thong, complete with a sash around the waist to help cover her plump backside when out of

the water. What made it special was the glittering white rhinestones along the edges, complete with a pink diamond heart over her crotch.

“You look even more like a glowing treasure, Medeina,” he offered after collecting his tongue off the floor. That certainly got the demi-bunny’s face red from more than just heavy lifting. Speaking of which, Kai took the opportunity to step forward for the cooler his roommate carried. Their hands intentionally brushed on hers pretending it was an accident with his best sheepish smile. “Also let me help you with this. It looks heavy.”

“Aren’t you sweet?” It wasn’t clear if Medeina fell for the act or if she even cared. She still leaned into Kai with a dazzling smile. Although the container was too big for them to make contact, she made sure it pushed up her chest for him to get an eye full of cleavage before stepping away. “Don’t lag behind me now. I can already hear stuff on the grill.”

“Yeah!” Kai said with genuine sheepishness now that the image of Medeina’s breasts played endlessly across his vision. It eventually faded enough for him to turn and follow, but then he paused.

Catching a glimpse of the demi-bunny’s body exiting the sliding glass door was nice too, yet tailing that beautiful shaking behind sparked an odd feeling in the back of his mind. Medeina, like their sphinx roommate, always had a figure that could set tongues wagging. Now it seemed like there was just... 'more' of her shifting about with the motions. It was hard to tell if her curves had thickened out or if it was her choice of swimwear sized playing tricks on his sharp eyes.

"What's wrong?" Bunny instincts must have sensed his thoughts because she had a peculiar grin on her sweet face when giving a curious glance back.

"Uh," was Kai's intelligent response. Seeing Medeina in profile threw him for another loop. Without the cooler in her head he had a clear view of the modest stomach bulge poking out in the open space between her bikini. The demi-drawolf was certain she'd always been flat as a board around the waist right up until this morning. “N-nothing! Been sitting in the chair too long again.”

“Hmmm?” There was a pause while Medeina stared back with one eyebrow raised. She eventually let it pass with a shrug and hand wave. “I keep telling you to take breaks, silly. Now hurry up.”

“Right!”

Kai’s tail smacked the floor following the bouncing bunny outside. Stepping through that threshold after a streaming session always shocked him like stepping into another world. The tingles assaulted all his senses, with warm sunlight baking his skin, natural light temporarily hindering his vision, and a drastic increase in volume on the constant sizzling noise of cooking meat.

“There’s our internet champion at last!” Naiylah's voice carried through the haze. Once his vision cleared Kai could see the sphinx happily shaking her wings and tail to a silent dance while working their grill. Like most things involving the girls it was huge and fancy; cooking a rack of ribs, six hamburgers, and smoking three steaks at once. "Set the drinks down there and get comfy. Chow should be done in a few."

"You bet!" Kai was all too happy to place his load beside the patio table they had set up alongside a sizable swimming pool. He followed through with the motion to flop into the nearest deck chair, flashing Naiylah a smile. They shot him a wink back and put a lot more bump into her dance for his benefit.

It would have been a pleasant show if he wasn’t distracted by her modestly fitting one-piece green swimsuit. When the sphinx turned just enough Kai could catch glimpses of a pronounced bulge distorting the fabric around her stomach much like Medeira’s. Now he was really curious, yet panicking over how to politely question either girl about their sudden increase in weight.

Before he could think about that too long, Medeira was wedging her booty in a deck chair beside him. Her hand went straight for a bottle of beer before curiously pausing with fingers around the neck. With a split second of consideration she ended up fishing a can of sparkle water from the ice instead. There came the satisfying hiss of its top being popped and she rocked back several hard gulps.

A soft warmth landed upon Kai’s hand, breaking his confused thoughts down to see the bunny girl trying to entwine his fingers with hers. His tail relaxed between the chair legs while he fished out the same beer bottle for himself. Silence fell over the backyard in a rare moment for the usually active trio. The cooking of meat paired with Naiylah’s happy mews worked as perfect backdrop music for this comforting scene. Spending

quality time with friends was a luxury back in the drawolfs younger days in training.

It was also fairly distracting. Otherwise Kai might have noticed Medeina's stomach had grown considerably larger in the past half hour. The increasing mass was starting to push out the curve of her waist into a more spherical shape.

"That should do it!" Naiylah announced by the time the two had nearly finished their drinks. Before Kai could realize it the table was being filled with large assortments of platters. And there was much more than he ever expected there demi-humans to consume in a meal. Aside from having enough cooked meat to satisfy a T-rex, they had included a shrimp cocktail composed of possibly hundreds of shrimp, towers of vegetable sticks, and a literal trash bag filled with potato chips.

"Oh, thank goodness! I was getting ready to devour my own bikini with these cravings." Medeina bolted her hand from Kai's, shoving as much shrimp as her dainty fingers could grasp into a single mouthful.

"Uh..." Kai blinked at the sudden onset of ravenous hunger, but looking to Naiylah did little good. The sphinx already had her face buried in a chunk of ribs before she'd even taken a set on the drawolf's opposite side. Not sure how else to proceed, he settled on wrangling a decent sized selection for himself before eager feminine claws could snatch away the good chicken.

At some point he expected the girls to eat themselves sick with the recklessly fast pace they ate their food. Instead the minutes continued to tick by and Medeina wasn't even slowing down on her shoving potato salad. Nor was Naiylah readily giving up on beef roast that had been bigger than one of her mammoth breasts when it had been served. Juices were leaking all over their exposed skin and fur while discarded bones and shells littered the concrete poolside beneath their table.

It was even making a mess of their swimsuits, Kai noted in his stupor. No. Wait. As he got a closer peek when Naiylah rocked back her fourth can of sparkling water, the cat girl's suit was getting wet despite none of them going into the pool yet. Damp marks rapidly formed around the center of her breasts until her nipples could almost be seen. When the fabric couldn't absorb anymore it began to form thin wet trails down and around the curve of her bloated gut.

A hard swallow of some bread rolls and a soft burp made Naiylah giggle oblivious to her shocked roommates stare. Her middle that was beginning to take a shape and size like a basketball quivered with the newest intake of food before stretching the limits of her suit just a bit further. Kai whipped his gaze to Medaina, gawking that the same process seemed to be overtaking her. The bunny's bikini was virtually soaked to the point excess liquid dribbled from her breasts giving her equally inflated stomach a shower of white running fluid.

"What the heck is going on!?" Kai didn't know how long he sat there watching the pair of women feast and grow in a seemingly endless cycle, only that he couldn't hold back his confusion when their stomachs pushed past even the reach of their breasts and hit the table.

"Are you going to finish that?" was Naiylah's relaxed answer. One manicured finger pointed at the half finished plate still resting before the drawl while she licked seasoning off the other hand.

Only then was Kai made aware his partially eaten meal was all that remained on his sphinx friends extensive feast. Within twenty minutes their poolside table had become a battlefield of greasy dishes and gnawed bones. By contrast the ladies looked like they'd inhaled every last bite like overpowered vacuums. Their bellies bulged out tiled the table threatening to roll everything into the pool.

"Should either of you be concerned about what's happening to you?"

"What?" Naiylah blinked, hands and eyes drifting down to her middle where Kai pointed. Her eyes widened slightly taking a second to drink in her bloated tits dripping near constant milk. Manicured fingers trailed circles around her stomach's globed shape eliciting a small burp. "Oh, gosh! That's a lot more fast acting than they warned us."

"I'll say!" Another little burp came from Medaina. Efforts to adjust her bikini top did little more than slosh her tightly filled breasts about. The thin sections of cloth couldn't possibly conceal her tender nipples anymore while milk droplets rained over the table and Kai's stunned face. "What do you think, Kai? Not too bad for a first try."

"I don't... what?" Kai's ponytail whipped about with his frantic glances between the two growing girls. Their continued relaxed state while lazily rubbing circles around popped belly buttons helped keep the demi-

drawl from going into a full panic mode. Although, it didn't make him any less confused. Not until Medaina shook with a pleased moan and her rounded middle shifted. He could see little bumps bubble across the tight, silky skin as if it were being pushed from within. "Wait a sec! Are you two pregnant!?"

"Surprise?" Medaina offered with a delighted giggle. Attempts to sit straight took a few tries, leaving her legs spread as far as the chair would allow so her stomach could rest between them.

"H-how? Why? You two were perfectly normal when you got home hours ago."

"Oh, we were already inseminated, sweetie," Naiylah explained, grabbing the man's attention. "It's part of the secret to our success; we tend to volunteer two or three times a year with a research facility across town. Usually it's just silly stuff like biological tattoos or a DNA splicing hair dye, but they pay us years worth of salary up front. This time around they asked us to try out a rapid new process of surrogacy."

Kai blinked, having been too distracted by the sphinx's lactating breasts choosing mid-exposition to pop out of her rapidly tearing swimsuit. "I'd ask if you were kidding, but obviously... How fast a pregnancy are we talking here?"

"Oof!" Medaina's smooth features scrunched in slight discomfort as hands clasped around her middle. It was shifting even harder this time, and might have even ballooned another inch or two bigger. "A-a lot faster than the doctors warned us about. I don't think I was supposed to have triplets."

"Are you sure it's three?" Naiylah mewed with the tiniest hint of concern seeping into her voice. "I feel a lot of movement for just... o-OH!?"

Her's and Kai's jaw dropped as the sphinx's stomach violently shook before surging outward. The hard growth spurt pushed her delicate hands further along its sides while the table was forced to skid inches across the pavement to make room. Naiylah was starting to have trouble getting her arms around her own girth as it blaketed her lap.

"Is that part of the experiment?" Kai asked in thinly veiled hope. His lady friends were still calm about the continuing developments in their wombs, but were looking more uncomfortable with each inch their bellies gained.

“Yes and no?” Medeina squeaked when another surge put her on even ground with Naiylah. Their spherical middles were becoming miniature moons of tight peached or furry skin, easily bigger than the rest of their thick curved bodies combined. “T-this is way more potent than we were promised.”

“It seems to be speeding up as we go through trimesters, too.” Naiylah’s belly mass poured off her chair threatening to sink against the concrete ground itself. With two loud tears the brand new swimsuit lost its fight to remotely contain her figure’s expansion and fell over the chair as a ripped rag. Wasted money was hardly a priority at that moment. Pressure in other places mounted to annoying levels, making her forget all about decency while nursing her breasts.

Well, she tried to anyway. The sphinx’s mammaries were filled out so far reaching around them for their puffy nipples became a struggle. It didn’t help that they poured across the crest of her ridiculously pregnant bump with the softness of sandbags. Luckily just mashing the packed furry mounds was enough to release some backed up milk in sharp squirts. Some gained enough force to splash inside their pool only yards away.

“Not that I can complain! We might end up setting world records at this rate.” Medeina pipped in with a joyful giggle, despite being in no better a position. Her dragon bikini had long since vanished under the rolling folds of her leaking chest. If the thong even remotely stayed on her enlarging hips and ass, it was near impossible to see with a boulder stomach full of kids in the way. “Besides, filling out this huge feels kind of cool. Although, I told Naiylah we didn’t get enough meat for this.”

“Oh, shush you! We have more.” They shared a giggle that was promptly cut off by the sphinx’s startled gasp. A shiver ran through her spine making tail and wings stiffen.

“What’s wrong?” Kai instinctively reached out to rest a hand on Naiylah’s stomach, if only as a gesture to offer support. However, he was completely ignored while the sphinx clenched the sides of her hefty baby bump in a slack jawed stupor. It became apparent why quickly as he felt her fuzzy skin tighten under his palm. The belly didn’t grow much bigger, but it pulled firmly against her torso for several seconds before relaxing again. He shot Medeina a quizzical look, only to see her face plastered with extreme disquiet by the turn of events.

“O-okay! Hah! That’s a... I don’t think we got paid enough to go this fast.” Naiylah’s words came out in heavy pants, brow starting to develop a matting line of sweat. Not that she’d let tensions stop her upbeat grin. “Kai? Sweetie? Think you can help us back inside real fast? This is a very uncomfortable spot for giving birth.”

“Wha-wha-WHAT!?” The drawolf nearly fell out of his chair in a rush of lightheadedness. Fortunately for the girls, their current predicament was enough to forestall his fainting for now. “You two can’t be serious!?”

His question was answered by another strained mew from Naiylah. Their adorable feline face scrunched into one of extreme distress as stomach muscles tightened once more. Several seconds passed with Kai unsure what to do watching his roommate bore through her discomfort. Just as he thought to actually get up in aid for the laboring woman, the sphinx’s eyes shot open with a surprised gasp. The echo of their spacious backyard made it easy to hear the water splashing under Naiylah’s chair.

“Oh, that’s not good,” Medeina mumbled, already hefting her immense baby load out of their deck chair. Strong flexing across her own stretched womb was an ominous sign she wasn’t far behind.

“Y-yeah.” Naiylah panted while she let Kai help her to her feet. The rapid opening of her insides was already making her knees wobble like noodles and she leaned whatever weight the drawolf demi could support. Thankfully all that martial training amounted to a lot. “Good thing... we already set up the rooms for... delivery.”

“Hang in there, girls,” Kai said with a lot more confidence than he had under the circumstances. Still, a wolf’s natural desire to help people he cared for kicked in and helped fight off his anxiety. He pulled one of Naiylah’s arms around his shoulders while wrapping his around her hips trying not to think about how fat the pregnancy had subsequently made her ass while helping her to the open sliding glass door.

Easy for the guy to say. Naiylah hobbled beside him already feeling a heavy weight yawning her insides open. “I’m trying, but the little guys are really eager to come out. G-good thing we don’t have far to go.”

Whatever relief the sphinx’s nack for preparedness brought Kai lasted only a few seconds. He was guiding Naiylah halfway over the threshold when something firm and warm slammed into his free side. Suddenly the

drawolf found himself heavily pinned between two inflated bellies squirming with life. Attempts to cry out in protest only got him choking on a messy rain of fresh milk, excess of which drenched his hair while leaking breasts blanketed his head.

“Hey! I can barely see with all these globes in front of me!” Medeina’s annoyed shouts carried over from the side that’d slammed Kai against Naiylah’s belly. “More your fat feline butt already.”

“I’m trying you bunny blimp! Stop squirming your way in.”

The two women pushed and swatted at each other, which didn’t amount to much with feet of rounded bulging flesh separating them. While a sliding glass door was fairly spacious, it still proved a bit short for their expanded bodies. There was little Kai could do with their fussing only wedging himself tighter between thick butts and massive stomachs. He couldn’t even move his arms and soon resigned himself to waiting out their panicked debating on who got to go in first.

As expected, he heard Medeina cut herself off with a pained moan followed by a startled gasp. There came a loud splashing of water hitting the floor that soaked all three of their feet.

“Ah. Yup. Looks like I popped too,” the bunny girl admitted with a sheepish giggle.

If there was anything Kai knew for certain right now, it was that this was not a story worth telling in his stream later.

* * *

Key jingled as Kai unlocked the front door and stepped inside. After two years of grocery store trips balancing four full bags of food in one hand had become easier than even action anime made it look. Without missing a step he kicked his shoes off and strode into the kitchen, still happy a heavily curved bunny girl was already there to help alleviate some cargo.

“Welcome home, darling!” Medeina gave him a peck on the cheek before emptying a bag onto the counter for sorting. “How was the trip?”

“Uneventful. Beth the checker says hi.” The drawolf demi stretched out a few kinks, and then dropped his gaze across Medeina’s figure. It had somehow become even more beautiful after several surrogences, and even looked great with a four month bump pushing out her middle. Although, he

was more interested in the silk lacy dress she wore that made him touch the golden ring on his right hand. “Any particular reason you’re cooking in our wedding dress?”

“It was Naiylah’s idea, honestly,” the bunny demi explained, winking over her shoulder. She shook a few times making a big show over putting away jars of jam. “Got to get our money’s worth while we plan for the future.”

“The future?” Kai got out before feeling a fluttering presence move up behind him. Naiylah’s slender hands draped his shoulders from behind, followed by her feathery wings.

“Of course, silly husband,” the sphinx purred into Kai’s pointed wolf ear. The warmth of her massive boobs pressing into his back almost made her words intangible. “We got more than enough money that we don’t have to be surrogents forever. It’s never too early to consider starting a proper family of our own.”

“Mmmh!” Thoughts drifted to the golden ring on Kai’s left hand as he kissed the matching one on Naiylah’s. They gently parted from the embrace so he could turn and share a smile. Sure enough, her hourglass monster form was also dressed in the same snow white dress they’d worn at the altar. It still looked great on her even with the pregnant bulge. “Just promise no mad science experiments with my genetics, okay?”

Naiylah shared a sly grin with Medeina that did nothing to instill confidence in their husband.

“Well,” the bunny girl offered. “You can always use the research money to buy the kids a lot of ponies?”

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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