

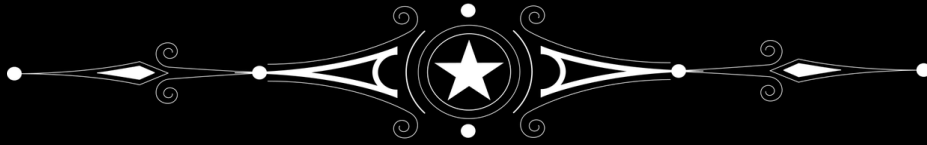
Artistic Liberties

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male human to anthro cat woman TF TG, hyper expansion, muscle growth

Read at your own discretion.



It was a typical day in the dealer's den. Tables were stacked with all kinds of merch from artworks, to soaps, to fluffy fake tails. Over a hundred attendees flooded the room seeking out their own preferences for material spending. The furry fandom, for all its flaws, was undeniably a great way for passionate creators to earn a living.

They also happened to be incredibly exhausting like any other job. Ted will always be grateful his webcomics and stores earned such a fanbase it could support a family. Yet it was only the second of four days and he was already feeling the strain on his drawing hand. He wasn't waiting long after the dens opened for fans to flood the table for printed books, standees, and the biggest money maker; sketchbook commissions.

"Hi there!"

The masculine voice was soft, yet enough to break Ted out of his trance of roughing out a pose for a four-armed zebra woman. Looking across his table he made eye contact with a younger black-haired man wearing a jolly roger t-shirt. They didn't seem to have any custom-made art badges on them, though their official convention badge identified them as 'Ben.'

Seeing them holding a large sketchbook in front of them like a shield made it obvious what they came for. There was a pile of thirteen others behind the table already counting the one Ted was working on. Still, no reason not to give them his politest smile and be professional about this. Fans deserve that much. "Good afternoon! How's the convention going?"

"Oh!? Uh, it's a lot of fun. Just got out of the escape room event. That was pretty creative."

"I bet!" Ted listened to his new arrival talk about their day of activities, nodding along every now and then to reassure he was listening. It was always sweet watching the anxiety melt away into joyful passion. Helping people get comfortable with the fact he wasn't going to bite them built up the confidence to ask the inevitable questions.

"So, are you still taking these?" The other guy held up the sketchbook like it hadn't already been in plain sight.

"Of course!" Ted put down his pencil to take the offering. "It's sixty for one character and ninety for two."

“Just one please.” Ben was getting so excited the artist swore he’d start glowing where he stood. “I was actually hoping you could do something with Rush. If that’s okay?”

“Ooh?” Now that got Ted’s undivided attention. Drawing wild proportioned furry girls for a living was fun. Getting paid to draw your own characters from your webcomics was a privilege. “I don’t see a problem with that. What would you like?”

He moved over a clipboard for Ben. A very simplified print out list for people to give names, contact info, and a gist of how their sketch should turn out. When they started patting around without anything to write with in sight, Ted passed over the pencil he’d been writing with out of habit.

“Well, I was hoping you could do her like after the magic transformed her body,” Ben elaborated while scribbling things on the first blank slot. A slight blush appeared on his cheeks. “You know. When she got, um, much bigger and sexy muscular.”

Ted couldn’t hold back a chuckle. Another big girl lover had come calling. “I get you. Will this be NSFW?”

“I mean, only if you want to do it.”

That would be the introverted way of saying yes to big titty nude cat girls. Ted shuffled around his stack of people’s books so they remained in the right order before collecting three fresh Jackson bills from an excited Ben. Hopefully if there was anything specific it was written down on the sheet. Regardless, this was going to be one of the easier jobs to power through tonight.

“Check back tomorrow. I should be able to get to this after dinner.”

“Thanks so much! You’re awesome!”

“Don’t mention it. Have a great con now.” Ted waved them off taking a moment to savor that small joy of being appreciated by others. It petered out when he went to retrieve his drawing pencil only to find it not laying on the commission sheet as expected. “Oh crap! Hey...”

By then Ben was already out of sight among the dozens of other furies trafficking around the narrow alleys between tables. Odds were good they weren’t even in the dealer’s den anymore, taking the artists last good sketching tool with them. Ted still checked all his bags without much luck. His three backups were broken over the course of yesterday and the sharpener had been left upstairs.

“Hey, Sorsha!?” Ted waved to get the neighboring tables attention. “I hate to ask; do you have a pencil I could borrow for the day?”

“Sure thing, sweetie!” The pale skinned woman giggled as she finished putting away her latest tarot reading for an attendee. Even she had been seeing a fair amount

of business for dealing out magic oddities like good luck charms and animal named teas.

Ted was almost certain it was the way she dyed her hair a bright lime green that caught everyone's attention.

"Here ya go!"

A wooden stick clattered onto Ted's table, diverting his attention. He wasn't even sure where she'd gotten the thing from, much less if it was even a pencil at first. The purple-colored wood had all kinds of golden sigils etched along its length. They almost seemed to glow when he picked it up, but that was clearly just light reflection. The thing still had a clear eraser and lead tip. That was close enough for him.

"Damn. You got some exotic stuff. Huh?"

The bubbly woman shrugged. "Keep it! I got twenty more."

Sorsha turned to greet a pair of women that'd mingled by to check out her merchandise. Ted made a mental note to thank her with a doodle later and picked up the currently open sketchbook. Hopefully he could finally get a pose that meshed well with this zebra's unnecessary extra limbs.

*

By the time eight rolled around Ben couldn't have been happier. He managed to attend three panels, two events, and had a whopping five commissions to look forward to. Three of which were from artists he'd admired for so damn long.

Now the man was exhausted and starving. Just the right time to meet up with a bunch of other cartoon animal loving nerds for a bit to eat. Friends always like to invite friends out. Next thing anyone knows there's a whole pack marching into a pad thai restaurant needing two tables moved together.

Ben had just wrapped up his meal and was ready to make an excuse back to his hotel room when an odd tingle gave him pause. Something was sending a strong chill up his spine, spreading it out across the rest of his body leaving goosebumps in its wake. He was certain he hadn't been sitting under an AC, but the sensation persisted right down to his fingers and toes.

"Are you okay Ben?" Most of the group had become engaged in a lengthy debate about the quality of Disney live action remakes that Ben had, wisely, decided not to partake in. So, it was only the brunette woman that'd sat across from him that first noticed the man's discomfort.

He tried to shrug off the weird feelings with a laugh. "I think I might have overdone it today. Skipped lunch to make it to that feline meet and greet panel."

She laughed with him. "Well, you know what they say; stay hydrated and..." Her expression changed so suddenly it took a moment for Ben to realize how intently she was leaning in on him. "Y-you're getting furry!"

The statement had come so out of nowhere with the cold snap distracting him that Ben busted out laughing. At least the tingles were ebbing into a pleasant warmth. "I'm pretty sure we're all furries here..."

"No! No!" the woman reeled back from Ben like he was infectious. Alarm plastered all over her face. "I mean literally. You're growing fur!"

"What are yo...Aah!!"

When Ben glanced down at his hands, he nearly jumped out of his chair screaming. She wasn't just trying to pull a prank. Hundreds of short, white hairs were breaking through his skin. A panicked check under his shirt and pants confirmed such patches were sprouting all over his body. They spread at an alarming rate of growth until they connected and flowed like water until every inch of him had become covered.

"What's happening to me?" he blurted out, gasping as his voice cracked into a lighter feminine octave with each word. That seemed to have killed the current discussion at the table as he realized everyone was now gawking at him in varying degrees of concern or alarm.

"Is that some kind of suit, Ben?" one guy asked.

"Seriously, what are you doing?" said another confused girl.

Ben breathed several quick breaths trying to keep his cool. That was hard to do when his now furry hands were crackling in several hard shifts before his eyes. Everything was slimming down and softening, much like the other females around him. "I...I don't know! I'm not contr...rroolllghh...mrrph my face!?"

Ben's new hands shot up to clench the side of his head. It wasn't exactly a migraine hitting his skull, but it sure felt like everything was ready to explode. A weird pressure built up behind his nose to the point all he could do was grind his teeth together hoping it'd stop.

The rest of the table began jumping out of chairs, or at least pushing themselves away, as they were treated to the sight of a man's skull reshaping. Ben's entire mouth pushed forward in several disturbing crunches of extending jawbone. His nose rode at the forefront of a stretching bridge where it became a smaller pink button to house his nostrils. Teeth he bared through the tension sharpened into vicious looking fangs as drool seeped into the fur on his enlarged chin.

Changes stopped as abruptly as they began, leaving Ben gasping for breath and even more confused. Everything about the restaurant seemed amplified all of a sudden. He could read the tiny text from signs several yards away. All the dirty dishes of

people's meals had very pungent aromas. His ears could even shift to catch the sounds of people outside talking on their cellphones.

It took the man a moment to realize something else had changed. Hands moved up from the now vacant areas to find his ears relocated near the top of his more rounded head. They had become rather large, acutely pointed, and finely furred like the rest of him. Some new muscles also allowed them to flick and pivot positions to help him focus in on certain sounds.

"W-what the hell is this?" he squeaked in a woman's voice unrecognizable as his own.

"Oh my god, Ben!" One of the groups men actually sounded amused by this turn of events. "You turned into a cat."

"What!?" Ben stared back at them. His new ears promptly folded with a bit of agitation at seeing several of his friends had pulled out phones to record whatever was happening to him. There wasn't time to process that when his hair began to shift against his fingers, soon tickling down his back toward his butt. "W-wait. It's still going!?"

Ben knocked his chair over as he jumped to his feet gasping at his lengthening locks. Years of hair growth happened in the span of seconds until he had a literal cape sweeping all the way down to his thighs. At the same time its natural black was being bleached out into a silky snow white to match his fur, save for one thick bang dying a crimson red.

"Damn! You look like a chick!

"I do kinda envy that hair style," admitted the girl that'd been sitting across from Ben.

Ben huffed trying to adjust his pants. The rest of his body had been changing in small ways while he was distracted by his new muzzle. All semblance of fat looked to have melted from his waistline, only to relocate into his hips and chest. Overall though he'd wished exercise slimmed him down this fast.

"Glad you guys are enjoying the sh...showwwwwaaargh!"

A similar pressure of bones growing and pushing against his skin returned. This time it all dropped dead center above his thickened ass. Wearing pants didn't seem to matter to whatever was going on. The little end of his spine puffed out against the denim before exploding into a stubborn sweeping that began slinking down one pant leg.

Getting those nerves pinched caused Ben's knees to buckle. He was barely able to catch himself on the table to avoid total collapse. Soon there was enough added cartilage and muscle that the growth was thrashing about in its painful prison of its own accord. He only had to debate about his dignity for three second before he was fumbling daintier fingers for the zipper so he could drop the seat of his jeans.

PAFF!

"Holy fuck!"

The entire group was in an uproar as Ben's new edition unfurled into the open for all to witness. He took a moment to savor the immense relief on his spine before turning to add to everyone's shock. Flicking about from between his glutes was a tail coated thick in the white fur. Three large red stripes decorated it near the base but the thing was slightly longer than one of his legs. Its bushy tip swept the floor where he stood as a result.

A tail. He'd just grown an honest to goddess tail!

"Damn, Ben! That was one hell of a money shot!"

He growled at the friend that had slinked behind him for a close up shot of the new appendage. It came out in such a loud feral hiss it gave his entire crowd cause to step back. Not that he was sorry under the changing circumstances. His mood wasn't helped after trying to pull his pants back up. The swishing feline tail forced the waistband to remain low on his hips, showing off a decent amount of butt crack.

"I swear if you guys are posting this on TikTok I'm going to...to...w-what's going on now!? Oh...fuuuuck!!"

Since Ben already had his hands on his cheeks, he was the first to notice them jiggling from something other than their pants wrangling. A strange pressure welled up, straining the furry skin like a container being overfilled with liquid.

BWOOMP!

"Ah goddess damn it!" he shrieked in a feminine yowl when his butt went through a monstrous growth spurt. The back of Ben's jeans was forced down more than halfway, giving all the enraptured cameras a very generous mooning of his snow-white ass. An exposed pair of men's briefs stretched and ripped in several places but still found a way to hang onto his generous behind. Granted, they were starting to get pulled into the thickening crevice under his tail. "D-don't just photobomb me! Someone help!"

One of the two girls of the group bit her lower lip, still looking unsure about approaching the transformed cat anthro. "And what do you want us to do about this?"

"I...um...huh!" Ben had to pause and think about that notion as well. He tried to pull up his pants and only accomplished squishing his butt against the tight waistband. Amazing deposits of fresh fat and muscle rolled over in an impressive muffin impression.

BWOOOOMP!!

"WHOA!!" And then Ben's ass fell out in an even larger spurt than moments earlier, pulling the jeans down with it. This time his hips and thighs joined in, thickening

out by over a foot in girth until he was supporting curves that the diner's chairs couldn't hope to accommodate.

There was no mistaking the changed man was developing a woman's figure. He could barely get the waistband a quarter way up the widest point of some very ample hips. Hips that were drawing on his briefs every last bit of elastic. The back had been pulled deep inside the space between his butt, while the front pressed tight into his groin.

A complete lack of a bulge in that region signaled to Ben something his mind was not ready to process yet. However, the increasing sense of a deep moistness inside his pelvis coupled with a growing wet spot in the cotton was enough to show he was female in many ways now.

"Nice dump truck, Ben!"

"Should we really be teasing about this?"

"I mean, he seems to be enjoying himself a little?"

"Cripes he could break a chair with all that fat."

Ben didn't even realize it until the group's comments snapped him back into the situation. Cat ears folded back against his lush hair unable to counter any of them. At some point he'd reflexively stopped trying to hold back his bloated behind and was actively massaging its generous surface. The feel of his silky fine fur was enough to get his throat purring. Not to mention the plushness of its mass when he squeezed handfuls of it.

Even the way it jiggled when he released it was enough to get his white face glowing red under everyone's gaze. Damn body felt like it wanted to wobble for hours on end with every movement.

"S-seriously guys!" Ben bit his lower lip trying to regain some form of composure. In spite of the spontaneity of his transformation, he wasn't exactly hating it. Purrs from deep within his chest were getting loud enough to hear over the other small conversations going on. It was only with the slightest bit of inhibition left he wasn't yanking his pants fully off to put on a real show for future web videos. "I should...g-get back to my room. Or something? Find out what's going...aaah..."

Given everything else that happened so far, he shouldn't have been surprised when the pressure returned in his chest. Silence fell upon the dining area while all eyes were drawn to the skull and crossbones fluttering. Ben couldn't stifle his moans as the flesh around his nipples twitched and inflated under his t-shirt. He had to hug himself around a slimmer waist just to fight the urge to paw at the area. That only worked to better show off how the fabric billowed with his flesh's steady surges.

Wub! Goosh! Wub! Goosh! Wub! Goosh!

“Aaah! Hnnnggh! Gah!” He couldn’t believe things were speeding through bra sizes with almost every pulse. The shelf of two rounded mounds were becoming defined as a pair of breasts quickly filled out the room his poor shirt could offer and then demanded more. A few more sloshy inflations started to push the generous mammaries into a gentle hang against his furry forearms. They were easily on D-cups within a minute, although...

BWOOSH!

“MREOW~!” Make those G-cups with one exceptionally powerful spurt of growth. Ben’s yelp came out way too sensual, but he could hardly care with the influx of pleasure the process was having on his stretching nerves. The sheer mass of boobs forced his self-embrace apart, leaving a drop that had him leaning over trying to struggle for balance. He was really glad for the tails counter balance.

BA-WOOMP!

More so when another surge brought his milk bags past conventional measuring standards. Sweat matted Ben’s fur as he held onto breasts that’d swelled to bigger than his feline head. The hem of his shirt had been pulled so taut it rose well over his stomach and half the soft flesh was pushing out underneath trying to escape confinement. His daintier fingers couldn’t hope to support the things. They just wanted to squish between the gaps and overflow his palms.

“Cripes! T-these are heavy,” he said between heated pants. The arousal of his transformation was reaching embarrassing levels, though that wasn’t stopping his desire to touch his new curves. He was just glad things hadn’t inflated past the complete limits of his clothes. Some modesty was better than streaking in public. “How am I...supposed to walk back to the hotel like this? Haa...GRRRAAWWWL!!”

The answer came rather suddenly in the form of his abdominal muscles giving an involuntary flex. He dropped his enormous tits to clench at his stomach wondering if his insides were liquifying. What he felt instead was the furry skin slithering against his fingers before pushing back in a different kind of growth.

“No way.” Ben couldn’t believe his body’s own sensations. He leaned in past the span of his boobs to watch a flat stomach bubble over into a solid set of abs. Even more muscles flexed and twitched in odd places, forming creases in his pelt along the waist and up his back. The weights of his bulbous ass and breasts became less cumbersome with each passing second until he barely noticed their pull at all.

The swelling continued flowing outward across Ben’s limbs. His breath escaped in an airy mew watching his biceps bulk into powerful round bulges, leading into robust forearms. He couldn’t help giving both a flex and was rewarded when the resulting swell of tightened sinew caused his shirts sleeves to burst apart.

One look downward got his tail wagging high through the air. Already curvaceous thighs hadn’t been skipped over in the process. Large amounts of added strength bulked them out even thicker, causing creases to show through the strained denim all

the way down to his calves. It was the kind of muscular definition professionals dreamed of without taking away from his other feminine traits.

“H-hey Ben?” One guy said, snapping the former human out of his self-examining daze. “Are...do you think you’re done?”

Ben sucked in a breath, causing his ridiculous balloon breasts to pop a few seams in his shirt. Almost a minute passed as everyone looked on, but aside from a flood of newfound power, and excessive jiggling, the new cat girl couldn’t pick up on any incoming problems.

“I...Yeah. I think it’s over.” It was hard to decide if he felt relieved or disappointed in that assessment. Either way, the enormous swell of his furry figure was a fantastic sight. Ben just never imagined in his perverted fantasies that he’d ever be witnessing them from this perspective. Seeing his pawed feet would be almost as challenging as getting used to the way everything bounced when he moved. At the same time, he had enough energy in the aftermath to suplex a polar bear.

He looked over at his dining group, smile weakening slightly at all their stares. Their arousal from witnessing his transformation was pungent in the air. Animal sharpened senses would also take a hot minute to adapt to. It was hard to pinpoint but Ben was almost sure even one of the girls was turned on by his new body. Yet their expressions ranged from confused, to extreme disquiet.

“So...” he coughed to break the silence. “Do I at least look good?”

“Good!?” One of the guys tapped his phone and flipped it around to show Ben the photo he’d just taken. “I’d say you’re a supermodel.”

“Gah!” A lot of things from the red hair bang to the muscular super body had rung bells during his transformation. Yet it wasn’t until he actually saw a picture of himself that the pieces finally clicked into place. Ben hadn’t just turned into any cat woman. That was a face in ill-fitting men’s clothes he’d fallen in love with many times over from one of his favorite webcomics. “T-this is crazy. I’ve turned into Rush!?”

He glanced from one gawking face to another. Not that he had any idea what kind of aid they could provide. One hand absently tugged on the back of his pants, which couldn’t hope to cover his hefty glutes. Come to think of it, he was in some pretty good company for the circumstances. And there were still three days of convention left to get through. “Anyone got some extra-large slacks I could borrow? Tomorrow’s transformation panel is going to love this anecdote.”

*

Ted laid back on his hotel bed letting out a deep sigh. This last drawing had a bit more detail than he’d planned to put into it and his wrist was on fire in protest of it. Still, it was worth it when he held the sketchbook up to admire his work.

His rendition of a ridiculously proportioned Rush had gotten pretty popular among the fans. While they weren't exactly his comfort zone, even this one sparked a bit of pride in his craftsmanship. The extra muscle definition he decided to add on a whim really highlighted her devious attitude. That might end up canon whenever he got back to making more comic pages.

He set the book atop the pile of completed others, along with the amazing pencil Sorsha had gifted. The way it glowed in the dark was still a neat trick as he turned out the bedside lamp. Over sixteen sketches done in one late night binge and the thing only needed one sharpening. Hopefully, his eager clients were going to enjoy the fruits of his labor when they came back tomorrow.

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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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