

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #21

By

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Thank you all for the support. :3

## Light Up the Kweh

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Mephia stumbled around the bend, thanking her lucky goddess for an open door at the end of the tunnel. Moreso when she saw It was made of metal. Those were hard to break even when rusted over from time in the dank underground.

This could have lead to a cache of supplies or a tomb of undead for all the cleric knew. A stray fireball whizzing past her head to explode against the stone walls sort of forced her hands on the matter. Half her plate mail and shield had been blasted apart by an endless volley of spells already. She did not want her flowing black hair trimmed by a blazing inferno.

Mephia mustered what strength she could for one final sprint. Angry cries of hungry enemies bit at her ears, making a great motivation to squeeze her buff frame through the crack. The last remaining strap on her breastplate popped from the pressure sending the half-melted armor clattering across the floor. Much as the woman hated to lose what little gear she had left, it did remove just enough bulk for her to slide through.

Slamming her weight against the door, Mephia got it closed just before a mess of black-robed figures came into view. Both metal beams slammed into place with a satisfying clank before Mephia turned to lean her back on the door. Only the rapid heaving of her chest gave off any noise in the blackened room. The muffled voices of her pursuers trying to bang on the door was a good sign. With any luck, they might not be able to force their way in.

That was assuming the bastard cultists had not run out of spells trying to burn Mephia's face off. Her church had clearly underestimated the combat force of this mission. Even someone with a 'one-woman army' reputation can only handle so many evildoers without rest, or gear in this current situation.

Perhaps luck would hold out long enough to get at least one of those. Mephia swallowed the lump in her throat, trying to get a barring on her surroundings. A quick snap of the fingers illuminated her sword into a light source.

Well, what was left of her sword, anyway. Mephia held up the handle with only an inch of jagged metal for a blade. When glaring at it with annoyance did not cause the edge to miraculously regrow itself, she tossed the useless weapon away.

FWOOSH!

"Whoah!"

Torches ignited themselves in a flash that rocked a surprised Mephia against the door, cupping her eyes. Training kicked in, allowing her to remain still with level breaths. Ears strained to pick

up any noise of an ambush with toned muscles tense for a moment's reaction. Strangely no other sound besides the soft crackling of many small fires came about. Perhaps the magic of her light spell simply triggered some kind of old system past occupants used when entering and leaving.

When the colorful spots finally left her vision, Mephia lowered her hands. This was reassuringly not some old guys tomb, but a chamber of worship. The walls were painted over with decorative gold and blues too pretty for death cultists. Several racks had been set up along the walls for placing offerings, although the plates and bowls for food only displayed dust. At the center was a throne carved of the finest rare metals and jewels. The cost of such decorative furniture must have been immense, especially to make it fit for a giant.

Except it was not a giant sneering down at Mephia over rounded spectacles.

"About time, someone showed up. I was getting bored." The creature shifted in her seat, setting aside a flimsy book titled 'Manga' to address the little human.

"Um...hi?" Mephia gave the best smile someone that fought through hordes of imps could manage.

It did little to appease the strange bird-woman. Snowy white feathers ruffled as if the greeting was an insult. Granted, that could have been how uncomfortable the metal seat looked holding her pudgy frame. The monster's waist and hips were so thick they spilled onto the armrests, flowing into a stomach that sagged out in an apron onto her lap. A pair of breasts the size of boulders rested atop said gut, barely held back by a bikini top of fine silk and jewels. It's simple ruby clasp looked ready to break every time the bird drew breath.

Having so many feathers on display sure made the creature more inviting than the angry stare let on. The other garments she wore were a loin cloth of the same silks, some blue decorative bracers on scaled brown hands, and silver-tipped caps on the claws of her scaly Y-shaped bird feet. Overall the appearance reminded Mephia more of the stuffed dolls she collected as a kid than anything divine.

"And what the WARK happened to you?" The big bird was regarding Mephia with a similar analytic stare. Except, the sight of a human covered in burns and broken armor was a lot less flattering. "You show up in my presence looking like KWEH shit on purpose?"

Mephia had no idea what a kweh was but knew a stuck-up tone when she heard it. "So sorry, your highness. Mayhaps, in your infinite wisdom flowing over that chair, you neglected to notice the mob of cultists and demons trying to kill me?"

The cleric braced for an angry retort and some kind of weak attack to assert dominance. Instead, the giant birds beak twisted into a grin. She leaned to one side, resting her beak in one hand regarding her visiting human.

"A warrior with a wit as sharp as her sword? I take it back, I like you."

"Actually, I'm a cleric for the church of..."

"Even better! Would you like to WARK for me too?"

"Uh...what?" Talk about an abrupt conversation turn. Mephia began to wonder about this enormous fat bird.

"Oh, right, I forget my manners as well. You may call me Nui; Chocobo goddess of health and harvests."

Mephia glanced down at Nui's gently bobbing stomach, wondered how a bird could gain a belly button that deep and looked back into her glittering hazel eyes. "Okay...what's a Chocobo?"

Nui began to laugh until she noticed the confusion on the human face. "WARK? R-really? You don't know...the giant birds you can ride on as mounts?"

"We don't have chickens big enough to ride."

"Oh, for fucking KWEH!" Nui facepalmed, running fingers down the curve of her beak. "That explains a lot. Listen, I'm a goddess from another dimension. Since the species I rule over doesn't even exist here, yet, I don't have a lot of power beyond this chamber."

Mephia raised an eyebrow. "Yet?"

"Indeed, KWEH, I could benefit from a woman of strong body and conviction to be my herald in this new world."

WHAM!

Mephia's intended reply came out a startled cry when the door she was leaning on shook violently. Something with immense force collided on the other side again and again. Each successive strike added a bulging dent to the metal surface. The cultists must have come back with a battering ram or a whole wagon of explosive spells.

"WARK! It looks like your alternatives aren't that great either." Nui looked equally displeased by this sudden disturbance. "I'm not exactly a bird that would leave a poor mortal to their death, but it's not like I can teleport you anywhere safer."

Mephia watched the door pause and then shake from another hard strike. This time the bolts began to loosen. "You know what, sure! We got people devoting their lives to horses and snakes. I got nothing against spreading the good word of a giant chicken."

"I'm a Chocobo, you WARK! Try to remember that as your spreading my good cheer. Now let's make you into something more presentable."

"Hey!"

Nui gave a snap of her scaled fingers, sending a wave of energy over Mephia's form. Moments later, what remained of the human's armor shattered off its hooks and straps in a useless pile around her boots. Usually, her seven-foot-tall toned body of womanly curves would have been impressive in an undershirt and pants, but the many burns, bruises, and scars of magically healed wounds hurt the image.

"And what are you going to do?" Being stricken of her last protection did not bother Mephia as much as the way this fluffy goddess liked to phrase words.

"Imbue you with my powers, of course." Nui's grin broadened to encompass most of her soft cheeks. "That is after you come up here and pay me due worship."

"Oh, o-okay." Mephia had a feeling about this. Not necessarily a bad one, but climbing up onto the platform left her unsure what was to come next. The Chocobo's thick scalie feet looked even bigger up close where Mephia could see she barely stood eye level with her knees. "I'm no stranger to prayers and worship. What do you prefer?"

Nui's thick breasts jiggled with a heavy clucking noise that might have been a chuckle. Without offering an explanation, she leaned back on her throne, slowly sliding fatty hips against its sharp edge. Being reclined made it easier to lift up one of her giant Y-shaped feet to hover its bottom inches from Mephia's face.

Somehow this was more intimidating than staring down a tarrasque. The three lengthy toes flexed in explicit encouragement. If only Mephia had any clue what was expected of her. She rose up onto her own toes to gaze at Nui through the gaps in her toes, expression asking the unspoken question.

"Well?" The confusion seemed to amuse Nui further. Her lower toe curled up to poke its claw casing against Mephia's chest. "Get to worshipping me already."

"You mean this and..." Mephia trailed off rapidly, pointing between the human-sized bird foot and herself.

An annoyed sigh from Nui preceded said foot pushing firmly against Mephia's face, nearly flattening her onto the floor.

That was more hint than Mephia needed. She grasped at Nui's scalie sole brushing along its sides in gentle strokes. Almost immediately, the Chocobo's body fat jiggled with a satisfied 'wark.' Nui slouched even further into her throne with a dopey smile on her beak. Tension rapidly left her thick body, the more Mephia worked on giving the world's biggest foot massage.

"KWEH! Don't be shy now, dear. Put that sharp tongue of yours to some better use."

"E-excuse me!?" Mephia could feel her face getting hot. A slight pause in her muscle kneading caused the bird's toes to descend across her shoulders.

"You heard me. The more you worship, the stronger I'll get, so you might wanna brush away that pride." A loud bang from the metal door distracted both of them for a second. "Of course, I could always ask your friends. They're very eager to get in here."

"Hmmp!" Mephia snorted into the gap between toes she had become trapped in. Just what she needed; a goddess with a fetish.

The snapping of metal hinges spurred attention back to the duties that needed tending. Mephia took a deep breath, letting her tongue flop out with the exhale. After only a moment's hesitation, she slowly raked her face across the scales of Nui's foot. Thankfully they did not immediately shred her mouth apart. In fact, they sort of tickled her lips as they slide along the surface.

Speaking of ticklish, the Chocobo's thick body shook harder than before, letting out a fit of clucking giggles. Slowly her large toes straightened out, releasing Mephia of their hold. Taking this as a sign of good work, Mephia resumed rubbing along the chicken foot's sole while lapping at the base of the front two toes. Reprehension faded with each taste as it filled Mephia with calming warmth. Her wounds ached less as they were replaced with a sense of reinvigoration. The goddess really must be giving her a blessing.

Such a thought really threw Mephia's inhibitions to the garbage. A bold step forward slammed her whole body up against the bird's foot. Such a move took even Nui by surprise, but the long pleased 'kweh' did not sound like a complaint.

Mephia's arms wrapped around the body pillow of a chicken's foot. Her muscular hips rocked back and forth, grinding smooth skin against slick scales. Hands switched between stroking the soft scaled skin and squeezing at the tender muscles underneath. The human's tongue dragged in slow ascension along the toes undersides. She was performing like a wench at a brothel, yet could not muster any sense of shame about it. The pleasure Nui felt of a human undulating against her foot seeped back into Mephia in an addictive cycle.

"W-WARK! Oh, gosh, you are so...KWEH...a pro at this," Nui teased in between giggling fits. Fire from the torches grew brighter to give her many white feathers an aura-like glow. "I bet your friends back at the church don't know about how skilled you are."

"I'm flattered my many skills can impress a goddess." Mephia shot a smug grin back. There was a big show of kissing down one toe, across space between them and back up the other one. "All I do is practice and WARK...hard?"

"Hmmm?" Nui grinned knowingly down at Mephia. The human recoiled with one hand raised to her lips, stunned to have made such an audible animal sound. "That is some good skill, my young herald. You didn't take long to get some divine might back in my belly."

"I...I feel s-strange," Mephia gasped. Undergarments felt incredibly tight while exposed skin glistened with perspiration. She wiped the sweat off her forehead only to gasp when a large clump of her black hair came off in her fingers. "WARK's happening to me?"

"If you are to be my herald, it only seems fitting to give you a form in my image."

"Wha-KWEH?" Mephia's jaw dropped, looking the chunky bird over again. Becoming a fat chicken beastman was not her ideal form of salvation. The rising tension in her limbs argued there was little say in the matter too. "Wa..wait..please, WARK!"

**SHRRRTTT!!**

Heat rose to an unbearable degree until Mephia's muscles gave an involuntary flex. In that instant, her body shot up and out to a towering ten feet tall, rending her last clothes to pieces. Cold cave air prickled goosebumps over the woman's naked skin while she staggered from the sudden change of perspective. That quickly turned into an itching that Mephia's tight gloved hands tried to scratch.

"KWEH!?" she glanced down and squawked again at seeing tiny gold feathers pierced through the skin bumps in rapid growth. Mephia's perky breasts and rock-hard abs were quickly covered in a beautiful blanket of the warming feathers before wrapping around the rest of her torso. Technically there was no longer a reason to feel exposed. "Aah! Aah! M-my butt too?"

Mephia's hands flew to her plump backside, feeling an odd pressure just above the crease of its cheeks. The tip of the human's spine reserve direction in an explosion of additional vertebrae growth. Skin and muscle grew out into a nub that she could twitch slightly.

**FWOOSH!**

"KWEH!" Mephia gasped when her tail suddenly became hidden in a thick bush of feathers. Some had to have reached a yard-long curved in a decorative high arch. She gave her butt a few test bounces, admittedly liking the way the bundle fluttered with her movements.

"Yup. You are becoming rather pretty." Nui had straightened on her throne. Her own massively feathered frame still loomed over the changing cleric with great interest in their transformation. "Just don't booty shake too much. You might get mistaken for a mating dance."

"H-hey! WARK!?" Mephia giggled and pushed at Nui's giant hand, stroking across her head. The gentle claws peeled off what remained of Mephia's black hair, sparking a tiny sense of regret to this agreement. Almost as if to make up for it, she felt an itching of feather grow up her neck to blossom into a rich bundle of crown feathers atop her bald scalp. Feeling their fluff texture also made Mephia aware she lost her earlobes. Only tiny black holes remained to hear under a dense patch of facial feathers. "So should I be worried about WARK! Yeah, that. Why do I keep doing that!?"

"Oh, the squawking is a bit of a side effect for being part Chocobo," Nui explained, running two fingers down the whole of Mephia's back feathers. It tickled so many spinal nerves that even Mephia's buff thighs almost buckled. "It'll become a lot more controllable with time, but try not to let it frustrate you."

"Good to KWEH!" Mephia jumped from a sudden pressure tugging under her nose. She almost shrugged it off when an even harder pressure caused her whole face to scrunch up. Lips peeled back in a confused discomfort, nostrils stretching longer down the curve of her upper jaw. Between that and her teeth itching, it hardly took a scholar to realize what this meant for her transformation. "Wha-WAAARK!"

The entirety of the human's skull subtly changed shape, developing a wider bridge between the nose and...mouth!? Mephia gasped for breath finding her lips peeling back more than should have been possible. There was nowhere else for them to go with the bones of her teeth pushing out into upper and lower lumps to form a sandy brown bird beak. What little skin of her nose remained ended up scrunched atop the base colored a bright pink around her nostrils.

"Wa...WARK? Testing? Oh, thank the goddess, I mean, you." Mephia clicked her shiny new beak a few times before grinning up at Nui. "Could have warned me about that, you know?"

"It's always cuter seeing your faces when they change. The stupefied surprise is adorable."

"KWEH you so much!" Mephia giggled until another itching rushed over her hands and feet. She lifted her gloves, watching sharp black talons pierce the tip of each finger. They were quickly put to good use tearing the rest of the leather off, revealing hands coated in shimmering brown scales up to her elbows.

Glancing past them, Mephia was not surprised to find her boots squirming. Her feet were suffering even more extreme cramps that caused them to flex and twitch in increasingly alien motions. Two distinct bulges began to push out the front while a third mounted against her heels.

**CHUUUTT!!**

The thought of removing her footwear did cross the cleric's mind, but a bunch of dagger-sized talons solved the problem for her. Mephia staggered out of her boots, shifting balance onto the enormous bird feet growing out of them. They were the same Y-shaped as Nui's with bright gold scales encasing her shins. Each of the three toes was tipped in enormous black talons that made even gripping the marvel platform easy to walk on.

"Cool," Mephia said in awe of her transformation. She looked over her fluffy golden pelt with deep admiration, mostly because she had not bloated out into some fatass. If anything, her muscles looked even bigger under a coat of feathers. Her hands roamed up the abundant curves of her hips to her breasts, giving a series of happy beak clicks.



## **WHAM!**

"I'm glad you approve, but we got that to still deal with." Nui laughed despite the mob of evil pounding on her doorway. "Let's do something about the whole being naked part next."

"WARK?"

Mephia snapped back to reality instantly, but Nui had already snapped her fingers. In a flurry, the scraps of broken armor and clothes lifted off the ground back onto her feathery form. Seams strained, and metal groaned on contact, reforming to connect and flow across the cleric's form through a magic well beyond her knowledge. The idea so much power could be gained by licking a chicken's foot almost had her breaking with laughter.

The resulting armor that did form struck Mephia as less than practical. There were some nice decorative bracers for her forearms and legs, but her breastplate barely served its purpose. Plates were set to protect her upper chest, leaving her abs and under breasts exposed. Parts that hooked on around a loin cloth seemed more designed to resemble a skirt than pauldrons.

A really low hanging skirt.

"You sure you're not a goddess of kinky KWEH in your WARK?"

Nui feathers ruffled. "I'll have you know there are more than conventional mortal ways to serve a goddess. Your world is going to have much to learn."

## **CRRRSSH!!**

The door had finally taken all the abuse it could stand. Hinges went flying off with one more explosive hit sending the square plate slamming into the ground. A rush of black-robed figures seized this opportunity to trample into the chamber. Of course, the sight of a giant muscled bird woman standing beside an even bigger pudgy bird goddess made the whole crowd stop in confused horror.

"Why don't you start with them?" Nui suggested with an evil giggle. "As my herald, it only seems fitting I give you the magic to make even more Chocobo followers like me."

"Wait, WARK?" Mephia glanced up in time to see Nui give her sloshing rear a hard shake. There came a sudden dizzy spell along with a heavy weight hitting Mephia's right hand. She glanced down to find a new bastard sword resting in her grip. Its blade looked trimmed with rare metals while the hilt and blade showed decorative feather patterns.

More importantly, the former human was stunned to suddenly 'know' a rush of new spells. Being wholly connected to Nui gave Mephia all kinds of power to channel into her being. Abilities like transforming others into whatever feathery color and shape she wanted. That was certainly going to make recruiting for the future Church of the Ample Chocobo a lot easier.

"Now be snappy about it," Nui broke Mephia out of her power rush with an annoyed clacking of foot claws on the floor. "You're not getting out of licking my other foot, either."

"KWEH! As you wish, goddess!"

The threat sounded more like a reward to look forward to. Mephia raised her new sword, funneling Nui's blessing into it so the blade would glow a wavy blue aura. Before the cultists could even figure out what was going on, she lunged upon them, ready to add many more members to her religious, and literal, flock.

## Wish Upon a Goat

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Al raised an eyebrow watching ample mounds of milk pass over the countertop into eager black paws. A small part of the goat regretted offering to pay for a good time without limitations. How was he to know Desmond never took things in moderation?

"You sure four scoops is enough?" he said as the clerk passed him a cone with a scoop of mint ice cream on it.

Their server ran up their order that Al's last ten bucks for the day barely covered. She seemed proud of the colorful tower applied to Desmond's cone while depositing a handful of coins into the goats free hoof-hand.

"Believe me, I've tried." Desmond bobbed his head in long drags of a yellow tongue across his ice cream. "Anything more than four tends to get a bit messy."

"I bet." Al continued watching the weird squirrel-fox attack his pile, giving his own ice cream little nibbles. He also had no idea if Desmond comprehended sarcasm.

Regardless, it was a beautiful enough day to walk around the mall, devouring their treats. The change in Al's hand continued to clink softly against his chitin-tipped fingers, making him ponder what to do with it. Some turnstiles candy and toy machines caught his attention outside a small kids play area, but then the pair had walked their way into a crossroads. A somewhat intricate fountain took up much of the middle area with three pillars of bowls powering a waterfall into the basin.

As they walked around, the flashing of metal under the clear water made Al take notice of an age-old tradition. Letting out a chuckle, he tossed his coins in one after another before handing his last quarter to Desmond. "Here, make a wish."

"A wha...oh!" Desmond stared blankly at the currency in his palm for a second, unsure if it went with his melting pile of ice cream. Ears perked upon noticing the fountain, and he sent the disc flying in a fashion that made it skip twice before vanishing under the water.

"Show off," Al said with a smirk. "Ah...aah!?"

The poor goat barely got two steps away before a tension made him stagger. A hoof hand grabbed at his forehead, trying to ease out the sudden disorientation. It did nothing to help as a rising heat made his breathing heavy.

Not two seconds later, the feeling struck Al again, stronger and this time consistent. Harsh tension seized up his body, causing the ice cream to slip from his hoof-fingers. He could only silently lament his half-eaten mint when it splated across the floor, but then it was quickly crushed by the expanding girth of his hoofs.

"Oh, no! Why now?" Al was no stranger to these sensations, but to have them happen without cause was alarming. With each second, his view of the ground zoomed out, similar to using a Google Map. He held up his arms, watching his shirt sleeves rapidly pull back until catching on plump biceps. The same happened to his pant legs, pulling up to unveil white-furred goat shins until thighs proved too thick to slip out. "Why does this always happen in the mall?"

"I dunno..." Desmond was backpedaling until his fluffy blue tail pressed into a far wall, just to be safe. His goat buddy had already sprouted to nine feet tall, then surged past ten with no signs of stopping.

**SHRRRTT!!**

"Gah!" Al felt a pressure give around his waist, which was the button and zipper of his pants breaking. Several more tears echoed across the mall, drawing attention from shoppers just in time to watch his fattening white butt tear the rear seams in its escape. The goat took a few nervous steps, afraid to fall into the fountain. But that just made him wonder why his hips had a wide girth that gave more bump to his actions. "What's happening n...now? Oh, no."

A scratching in Al's throat shifted his voice into a much higher octave. A quick feel of his face confirmed plumper cheeks, a sleeker goat muzzle, and lots of soft hair growing through hoof-fingers to brush his upper back. Even his worried bleats sounded a lot more feminine to match the attractive features.

Seeing the thick chin beard still swish about on that girly face made Desmond wonder if it was a permanent goat trait, like with dwarves.

They both seemed to have the same thought next. Al peered over his stomach bulging between tight shirt and pants hems to eye his crotch bulge with Desmond. The tightly drawn denim showed it was already small, in proportion to Al's growing size anyway. As they watched, it rapidly deflated between his thickening thighs until nothing but a small mound showed through.

Surprised onlookers didn't need to use their imagination since Al's wiggling female rear demolished what remained of her pants shortly afterward. Denim rained across the mallway as Al let out a surprised bleat, trying to cover her forming maidenhood. Hunching over was all it took to promptly shred her shirt down the arch of her spin. The rest slid off her chubby form easier than blankets.

Desmond's eyes grew wide at the giant pussy looming over him, licking his ice cream almost on autopilot. Good thing they were in a two-floored mall as Al seemed to level off around sixteen feet or so. She might even be able to get out the loading bay if her horns and hips didn't get in the way.

Modesty was something Al had to surrender quickly with nothing but fur left to cover her chubby gender-bent body. She slumped in a deep sigh, only to straighten back up with another bleat. Eyes flew to her chest along with both hands, slamming their hoofs upon each pec in a

hard press. A few seconds of apparent struggling revealed the problem when fur began to squish around the goats hardened fingers with increasingly soft, growing mass.

Despite her best efforts to hold them back, pinching on her lungs forced Al to release her chest. A pair of perky breasts bounced forward proudly, continuing to swell. A sight many recorded on cell phones. Before long, they had inflated to some wonderfully huge mounds spilling over the top of her stomach pudge. The goat's cleavage looked easily capable of sandwiching an average person, maybe two.

Al heaved a few heavy pants, lowering her thick butt onto the floor to catch her breath. She knew that it was just welcoming more pictures, but an explosive increase in mass had been tiring. The chilly air against her bare fur was a bit soothing. It was not like mall security could get her to move outside anytime soon.

Something poking at one of her hooves brought Al's attention down her legs. Desmond was still eating at his cone, but also using a free hand to admire the thick chitin of her toes. The whole platform looked as big as a car next to his tiny form. He was so enamored by Al's size that it took a while for him to notice the death glare she was giving.

"What?" he said between more confused licks. When Al gave an angry snort, he shrugged harder. "Don't blame me for this! I wished for a 'big boat.'"

## Dinner Bloats

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Given the necessity for money, it has become hard to convince a restaurant to ban its patrons. A little rudeness or poor behavior is an easy pill to swallow, knowing it'll pay a month's rent. Most people would have to be a direct danger to society or a sociopath to hit such a high threshold.

"SIXTY-TWO?"

"BWARRP! SIXTY-TWO!"

Desmond's entourage of canine pets was neither of these. They just tended to take the offering of 'all you can eat' as a challenge. The fact they had banned posters hanging in every restaurant in town was well deserved. It was almost a shame the new pizza place opened up without researching the legendary stomachs beforehand.

On the other hand, they paid admission, so no one intended to leave without all they could eat. Desmond had reached that point hours ago. He was more than happy to just watch the two dog woman across the table make a contest out of stuffing their faces. His squirrely blue tail wagged, watching the taller grey wolfess pick a slice of pepperoni and olive from the tray. Her sharp fangs chomped it down in six bites and swallowed with fewer chews.

"Sixty-three slices!" Rayna proudly announced before her cheeks bulged. "BUUURP!!"

"Oh man..." the orange corgra shook slightly as her eyes drifted from Rayna to the last pizza slice. A lone greasy boat in a silver sea tray.

Such hesitation did not go unnoticed. Rayna's lips pulled back in a triumphant smile. "Full already, lightweight?"

"You wish." Vesryn's ears whipped back in a snarl. If only she felt that confident. Still, she only paused another moment before taking the last slice in her hands.

Desmond actually held his breath, watching his beloved puppy snake take small bites out of her pizza. Her purple coated stomach was already spilling out of her shirt in a heft sphere. Everyone could hear it gurgling with hours worth of pizza binging.

Rayna was just as bad. The bulge around her middle stretched out her red dress like some satin balloon. Hands gently stroked over the big 'food baby,' eliciting many pleased burps.

Granted, she looked a lot less smug when Vesryn finished their slice and placed both hands on the table.

"Sixty-three slices!" Vesryn beamed while her stomach protested in a low rumble.

"So, what do you girls want on the next one?"

The dogs glanced almost in sync to find Desmond already waving over one of the parlor's dumbstruck waiters. Their tails promptly began to wag.

"Sausage and garlic!" Vesryn barked.

"Anchovies and tomatoes." Rayna countered.



**Dinner Bloats**

Vesryn let out an annoyed whine. "You know that stuff is salty as hell."

"That's what the tomatoes are for, silly."

It turned into a moot argument. Before the poor waiter could even get to their table, a rhino slide in front of them. Steam puffed out his nostrils as he casted a shadow over the trio of diners. Not that the dirty cook apron helped create an air of menace.

"How about you freaks get your fat butts out of my place? I've only been open six hours, and you've run me out of dough for the day."

Desmond looked to the others with a smile. "Hear that, girls? We made a new record?"

Both dogs shook their heads with disapproval.

"All we could eat, huh?"

"Total false advertising."

"Very sad for a first day," Desmond dipped his head in agreement before turning back to the rhino. The angry growling did nothing to hinder his glee. "Can we get about twenty garden salads to go? My pets are going to have to watch their figures after all that. Too much grease makes them feel bloated."

"Oh, I got..." the bigger cook trailed off with an unexpectedly distant look in his eyes. He was gone just long enough for everyone to exchange confused looks and then blinked back to reality. For some reason, Desmond found his joyful smile more intimidating than his glares. "You know what? I'll give you bastard dessert free if you just leave and never come back."

"Hmph!" Usually, Desmond would have argued while in a position of power, or at least to annoy. The sight of both Rayna and Vesryn lighting up at the prospect of dessert already made the decision. "You got a deal."

"Be right back then!"

They were surprised a guy that big could run so gracefully fast. Soon as the rhino disappeared behind the swinging doors, he made a straight line for the young sparrow rolling out fresh dough balls.

"Murray! Order out!"

"Those sexy garbage disposals again?" The bird clicked his beak in amusement. "Good thing we prepped more pies than a god with locals like that."

"Yeah, but I don't want them to know about it." The rhino got up close, nearly toppling his employee, trying to pass them a small black bottle. "I need you to dump every churro you can fit into the fryers. Just make sure you put this on every last one."

Murray blinked and looked down to read the label. "Digestion and Metabolism enhancers?"

"My daughter uses it for her wrestling league." The rhino blushed a little as his explanation brought back certain memories. "She learned the hard way that overdose effect is not exaggerating. Drink enough of this crap, and whatever you eat becomes fat in seconds."

Realization slowly appeared on Murray's face, nearly turning his feathers white. "But...but those girls ate enough pizzas for twenty, maybe thirty people."

"I know!"

Not ten minutes passed before both cooks emerged back into the diner, each carrying a mountain of cinnamon sticks on a tray. One was deposited in front of each dog customer, who proceeded to dive into their treats. Having guts that put pregnant women to shame did not seem to have no impact on their appetite. Desmond was more interested in the fact a rhino could bounce with glee back into the kitchen.

BWWWAAARRRPPP!!

Just when you thought a woman's midsection could not get any more stuffed, an extra ten pounds of sugar bread could prove you wrong. Rayna and Vesryn turned dessert into a contest of who could finish their plate first. The result was more or less a tie to Desmond's perspective. Both of his pets even downed a mug of soda in unison, followed by two belches that shook the windows.

Rayna fell back in her chair, tongue hanging off to the side as she took heavy breaths. Her dress made soft creaks with the rapid pulsing of her distended gut. "Mmm, that almost made up for their lack of pizza."

"Oh, most definitely. Nggh!" Vesryn was struggling to undo the clasp of her belt. No sooner had she cut it loose than her purple sphere of a stomach popped off the button and zipper of her shorts. The corgra's bulge pooled atop her thighs as her shirt hem was pushed up to her breasts. No amount of tugging could get it back down even halfway, making Vesryn blush. "I, um, I think we're ready to go, master."

By comparison, Desmond's face was practically a tomato watching his dogs relaxing in such full states. Being directly addressed, however, was enough to break his stupor. He had to take turns helping Vesryn out of her chair before coming around to heft Rayna onto her heels. Both girls needed a second to adjust to their new balance, but were soon proudly waddling out of the restaurant with hands supporting their 'food babies.'

MMMRRRGGGLLE!!

They did not get far into the parking lot when a strange roar cut through the early night air. It took Desmond a second to realize the chorus of noise came from the stomachs of his pets. Both dogs were giving their stomachs tentative rubs while looking at each other with mild concern.

"That was...odd," Rayna muttered.

"Y-yeah, that was like...unf!" Vesryn cut herself off with a soft grunt. Her muzzle scrunched into an odd expression as her hips shook violently. "Ah, ah! Why is everything feeling tight?"

"You...you too?" Rayna was joining in the shaking, shifting her weight between each foot. "It almost feels like...aahh...oh geez!!"

Desmond's eyes went wide, noticing it on the taller wolfess first. Rayna twisted to try looking behind her, presenting for the others that her butt was growing. Both plump glutes expanded with the rapid pace of a swelling balloon. Satin creaked as it stretched, keeping them tightly squeezed into an impressive red shelf.

A surprised whine drew attention back to Vesryn, who was gripping her hips in an attempt to keep them from widening. A muffin top pushed her shorts progressively down in an avalanche of mounting fat. Each attempt to pull her pants back up just made them slip further off Vesryn's thicken frame. Desmond was almost mesmerized by her shuffling since her ass spilled out the back with increasingly harsh jiggles. Those poor red panties looked uncomfortable wedged between such buns.

"Awoo!" Rayna cried as she gripped her own backside. Attempts to hold the hem down were met with equal failure. The dress was finally starting to run out of room for her already plump figure, forcing the wolf's butt to fall out with violent sloshing of rich fats. And still, it continued to grow full and soft, bulging through Rayna's fingers.

SHRRTTT!!

"YIP!" Vesryn did not know how to feel when her shorts exploded off her pelvis. Her thighs inflated at such a surprising speed that they suddenly locked the hem in place halfway off her hips. Everything became tightly squeezed for a few seconds before the mounting pressure became too much for mere denim to contain.

Her panties thankfully snapped off a moment later, freeing the corgi from a very uncomfortable wedgie but leaving her meaty legs exposed.

KKRRTTT! RRRPPPHH!!

Rayna's garments fared little better. She at least had the thought to slip off her panties before her thighs swelled up against each other. That did nothing to save her stockings as fat cascaded down into her shins, tears forming in zigzag patterns along the ruined nylon.

KLONK!!

Rayna yelped as the mounting weight became too much for her heels to support. Even her feet looked positively thick by wolf standards falling out onto the bare pavement.

No sooner had she recovered than her hands flew to her breasts. They were already huge udders, but under the confines of a bra and dress, it was hard to miss their sudden growth spurt. Grey furred cleavage bulged out of Rayna's neckline, eager to escape the pathetic bra trying to hold it back.

### Dinner Bloats

Speaking of bras, Vesryn was regretting wearing one today. A hard shift made her shirt flutter, creases smoothing out over her inflating breasts. With each second, they passed another cup size overflowing the corgra's bra and digging the straps into her shoulders.

"Whoa..." Desmond's jaw dropped, watching Vesryn trying to reach back for the clasp. His poor dog was bending best she could with such girth, presenting her butt and belly in unintentionally lewd poses. Even when she got a hold of it, there was no elastic left to help release the lock.

WHI-CHEE!!

Luckily Vesryn found a way to get the job done. It still hurt when the straps whipped back against her tits with a loud whip crack. No sooner had they been released than both mounds exploded out into large beach balls. A large amount of soft purple mammaries slipped out from under the taut shirt hem to rest upon her jiggling stomach.

Come to think of it, Desmond noticed both girl's middle section looking a lot bigger. Their furry hides no longer stretched from full bellies but sagged with excessively generous love handles.

TWING!

"Aah haa!!" The front clasp of Rayna's bra lost its fight for containment soon afterward. Boobs surged out in their new freedom to overflow her hands.

SHLOOOTT!

The wolf's neckline tore under the mounting pressure to unveil cleavage that could suffocate a person. Combined with the belly strain, Rayna could only blush to watch her dress continue rending down the front, stopping just below her deep belly button.

**Dinner Bloats**

"Well," Vesryn mused while examining her hands. Each finger plumped up like cooking sausages followed by the arms themselves become thick as summer hams. "This is...revealing."

"Very much so." Rayna brought her own hammy hands up to feel her cheeks fill out into a double chin, seeing the same happen to Vesryn. "Can't remember the last time I felt this squishy and, mmmhhh, bloated."

"No, kidding." Vesryn pushed both hands against her gut, giggling at how deep they sunk into the dense fur. "It's like we just turned into pizza dough, only way cuter. Are you also getting a bit...um..."

"Horny?"

"Mmh!"

"Maybe a little bit," Rayna admitted with a sheepish smile. Hands traveled the folds of her gut but were hesitant to dip under its apron towards her crotch. "All that stretching and swelling really plays on the nerves."

"Bwarrp!" Vesryn burped back, having pushed her middle a bit too hard. A seconds pause to let the release sink in, and both girls giggled like crazy. "Hey, master, want to go home and maybe...oh my..."

Rayna followed her friend's gaze to Desmond, cracking a broader grin at seeing what made them stutter. "Well, now! Looks like master sure enjoyed our little unintentional show too."

"No!" Desmond lied curtly, tail curling around to try hiding the massive tent in his crotch. Getting to watch two adorable pets blimp out thicker than their rhino server had a profoundly arousing effect on all of them.

Before he knew it, Vesryn was pressing into Desmond's side with a delighted laugh. Flabby arms hugged him hard against the massive boobs straining under her shirt.

"He definitely looks in dire need of stress relief. Good thing, soft and squishy things work wonders for that."

"Hey! Hey!" Desmond wiggled in protest, trying to break free. It only worked to unintentionally knead the corgra's belly for her pleasure. "That's not what I-MPPPHH!?"

Rayna took the opportunity to press in on Desmond's other side for a complete master sandwich. His frantic shifting and helpless pushing back quickly got both their tails wagging. "My, he is really stressed out. We should be good pets and help him out with that."

"That's a good idea. We can't be slacking just because we gained a few pounds."

"Urrf! F-fine! We can play when we get home." Desmond huffed, pushing one hand on either girl's chest to keep himself from slipping down between them. A sudden notion gave him pause for concern. "While we're on the topic, how am I going to fit both of you into the car!?"



## Plushie Problems

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You know your life has issues when a cure to your curse is more of a hindrance than the affliction. Well, azuchroma was not technically a cure, it just helped stave off having fur and hooves for a while. It was also a flower that sometimes proved incredibly hard to find, becoming virtually unheard of in the winter. Most people regarded it as a useless weed for decorations, but alchemists know it for the strong magic nullifying properties.

Which made no sense why the damn stuff had to cost so much in the off-seasons. It was the only thing that Karen knew to stop her from changing into a horse frequently. She barely had enough to pay for a flower and still rent the skiff needed for another wayward adventure. The damn boat proved to be worth every copper paid, leaking through several holes while fighting the ex-knights attempts at rowing. Every wave sent her rocking about in a string of unladylike curses. The silver horse pendant flailed against her neck even more than her chestnut ponytail.

Imagine how hard steering the hunk of driftwood would have been in unfavorable weather. Karen had expected a chance to enjoy some sun and steady waters, but that was for people that could afford standardized rentals, not economy super saver bargains. By the time she reached her island destination, the boat was filled to her ankles, and her clothes were soaked. Next time she was going to leave the sailing to professionals.

Discovering no legendary treasure actually rested on this island did little to restore Karen's mood. It was not a massive piece of land, able to be surveyed in under an hour. Still, the bard back at last night's inn insisted relics of godly power were stashed away by a great wizard. The woman hardly cared about becoming all-powerful, long as any of the old junk cured her.

Apparently, the lost treasure was a small pile of gold and a doll on a marble pedestal at the island's center. A dragon plush toy to be more accurate. Karen picked it up with raised eyebrows finding nothing overly impressive about its design. The fuzzy surface was still soft to the touch despite being out in the open salt air. Eyes and wings seemed to be made of firmer material like leather. An insignia under one front paw claimed 'made by The Soft Awakening Co.'

She almost considered leaving the thing but ultimately stuffed it inside a bag with the more valuable metal trinkets. Even selling it to a toy shop for some coppers went a long way for a mercenary. More importantly, were the wild patch of blue azuchroma flowers growing across the northern side of the island. That ended up filling a whole nother bag securing Karen's humanity for probably the rest of the year.

### Plushie Problems

Or the next few minutes, as she failed to notice the long white horns growing out from under her bangs. Peach human skin darkened until it became engulfed in brown scales, causing an annoying itch under Karen's clothes. She only paused from picking flowers long enough to scratch her cheek with grumbling about bugs.

Carrying both sacks back to the boat was a cinch. After all, Karen's body was stretching higher towards the sky with almost every step she took. Boot heels sunk heavy into beach sand while depositing her cargo. A gap opened between her shirt and pants, revealing a stomach full of light brown scales. The fact that all her clothes were getting uncomfortably tight brought only minor concern. It was not uncommon for the horse transformations to speed up a little under vigorous activity. She could help herself to a flower once she was back on the open water for the mainland.

Pushing her skiff back into the water set off a chain of events to finally alert Karen, something was amiss. The flexing of her forearms caused bubbling muscles to shred through the sleeves of her shirt, showing off enormous scallie biceps. Just as the boat hit water, pressure rushed up her spine, tenting the bottom of her pants.

**SHRRRTT!!**

Karen could not hop into her craft fast enough to prevent the entire seat of her pants being rent apart by the rapid growth. She looked back aghast to find a muscled lump of scales pushing out of her backside. It only continued to grow as she watched, becoming almost as long as the boat itself before narrowing into a pointed tip.

This was definitely not a horse's tail.

"Wharrt dar frrrr...urhk?" Karen tried to cry out, only to find her tongue too big for a human's mouth. It flopped out across her chin, raining drool from its forked end. Attempts to stuff it back behind aching jaws alerted her to how sharp her teeth were also getting.

**CHUUT!**

"Gaahrrgle!?" Karen staggered to remain standing as her boat support felt increasingly constrained. The craft was continuing to float out to open sea, but she was more worried about the sickle black claws busting out the fingers of her gloves to try steering.

The...paws that exploded out the rest of Karen's gloves barely looked capable of holding an oar anyway. Thumbs migrated back against bulging wrists to become numbs, while 'fingers' lost most of the joints needed for gripping. She could only fumble at the air awkwardly, watching both arms continue inflating with enormous strength. Pauldron straps snapped off the growing biceps to vanish with loud splashes into the sea.

"Hnngh!" Karen's breastplate was not far behind. Her back arched with a massive heave that popped her rib bones outward. The armor plate flew off their explosive girth into the waves while undershirt ripped in half, exposing the round muscular scales underneath. A complete lack

### Plushie Problems

of mammary glands did not stop Karen from suddenly feeling top-heavy, not to mention queasy from her internal organs shifting.

#### **CRUNCH!**

"RWAR!?" Karen fell forward from the heavy frontal weight and now a sharp pain in her hips. Luckily she barely managed to catch forepaws on the edges of her boat. Still, the fact her boots were pressed against the far side alarmed her to just how big she was becoming.

Another series of rips made Karen glance at her lower body. A feat that was getting easier with the extra length adding onto her neck. What remained of her pants tore from an expanding backside while a lengthy lizard tail splashed at the ocean's surface in frantic flicks. It had become so long the majority of it was plunged deep below the water, making Karen fear its shine might attract hungry fish.

The rest of her legs were becoming increasingly less than human. Pant's legs billowed out around hulking thighs before splitting their outer seams. Harden leather boots were apparently no match for the sharpness of hind paw claws. They pierced through smoother than butter, easing the tension when large paws tore the rest clean off their soles. Karen took turns kicking each broken shoe off her digitigrade back feet, nearly rocking her mass off the boat in the process.

Becoming increasingly naked did not bother Karen so much as the fact all four paws were trying to balance on the edges of a boat much smaller than herself. Some more crunches around her waist saw the end of hip pauldrons, joining their sisters into the blue abyss. The flat, angular shape her butt was taking against the flow of her spine said she would not be standing upright anytime soon either.

#### **KREEEEEEEEACKLE!!**

"Oh, no..." Karen growled, wincing at the way her face was pushing out in small, hard cracks. The little button nose became flush with the expansion of her upper lip, promptly being carried off at the end of a lengthening bridge.

More importantly, was that Karen's long dragon body continued to grow pounds by the second. The already rotten foundation of her boat strained and cracked with her bulking mass, widening holes to flood the bottom with saltwater. Karen whipped her extended neck around frantically, unable to see anything of aid past her forming muzzle. Currents had already drifted her far out from the island that trying to row back with her tail would be a wasted effort.

"What the...oh...oh fffnnnrrrrgggRWARRR!!"

Cramps seized up behind Karen's bipedal shoulders, forming acutely pointed boils that tore through her shirt scraps. The entire garment was exploded into confetti with the emergence of two wings, fit with flapping leathery membrane connecting under the lengthy arms. New muscles instinctively stretched them into a wide span, inadvertently giving her craft a brief sail to coast on.

**Plushie Problems**

Karen was just relieved when the pain passed, opening her mouth in a joyful growl that shot blue flames into the air. She clapped narrow jaws full of gnashing teeth a few times before twisting a four-foot-long neck to regard her new growth. If she hurried, she could grab the bags and fly to land before...

**CRUNCH!**

"Aah!" Karen's tail jerked with the collapse of boat struts under her. A split had formed completely down its middle, severing even its seat rests. Despite trying to keep still, the new dragon could feel her mass continue to expand, causing the weak support to crack ominously. Alarmed eyes narrowed with an annoyed snort of defeat. "Well...why does it always suck to be me?"

**SPLOOSH!**

Karen had no time to cry out before plunging into the cold sea around her. The boat and all remaining possession in it became nothing but victims to the frantic thrashing of her mighty limbs, and destructive claws.

Hours later, a giant brown dragon dragged her sorry ass onto the mainland beach. Karen could barely see where she was, much less where to go, through her soggy cloak of red hair, so settled on flopping for a breather when her paws felt some solid ground. The scales of her sides puffed and deflated with her labored breaths while her long serpent tail dug trenches in the sand.

After a minute of letting the pain of quadrupedal swimming subside, Karen lazily brushed enough bangs aside to see the end of her thick draconic snout. More importantly, she could make out the moored boats of a fishing dock. At least she got back to the right place, even if a forty-foot long dragon had to now explain why their rental boat was not coming back.

Something small and wet slipped from behind Karen's horn to land on her muzzle bridge with a wet splat. Sapphire eyes went cross, only to narrow in annoyance to find dragon plushie had followed her to shore somehow. Not counting the horse pendant still hanging around her neck, it was now the only possession left from this adventure. Just the law of nature that the treasure and azuchroma would be lost to the depths, but not the sources of her problems.

Maybe if she gave the merchant a big fanged smile while asking politely, they could trade the doll for a single flower.

Assuming azuchroma can cure spontaneous dragonification...