

It was a pleasant summer day, the perfect weather to sit outside and have a cool drink. At the outdoor sitting area of the local cafe, a slender leopardess was already in the cushioned wire chair at one of the tables, waiting for her friend. She had on a sleeveless purple top and a black skirt, spotted legs crossed knee-over-knee below the table. Within a couple minutes, a pink fox and her enormous tail – among other things – came up to join her. She set down two lemonades, one in front of Gemie and the other at her own side of the table. She had on a blue cami top with straps that looked way too fragile for the job they were being asked to do and a pair of tan shorts. The buxom vixen nudged her glasses up her muzzle and took off her alchemy satchel, setting it down by her chair. She sat down with a single bounce, the energy rolling upwards into her big chest. Gemie ran her tongue across her fangs, unable to *not* notice.

“The line was pretty long,” Cerine apologized. She pulled her chair closer to the table, her bust practically laying on it. She left her glass alone for now, smiling across the table at Gemie. The leopardess pulled her eyes upward and smiled back.

“So,” Gemie said, distracting herself and brushing a paw through her dark violet hair, “JT told me you're an alchemist, right? Is that your bag of tricks there?”

Cerine blushed demurely. “Ah, yes, I am.” She pressed her black foot against her bag. “And it is. I keep a few fun surprises on me all the time, along with things like bug repellent and... bigger stuff repellent.”

“What kind of fun surprises?” Gemie asked, running a finger along her perspiring glass.

“Well.” Cerine blushed, teasing at a lock of white hair. “Sometimes you get into a big mood.”

“I know the feeling. Especially if I see a cute figure who could use a little softening. It's pretty easy, too. Just a little flick, and...”

The witch raised up her paw and snapped her fingers. Cerine flinched and sat back a little straighter in her seat. Out of view, thanks to her big boobs, the vixen tested her belly. Still flat. Or, at least, as flat as she could get it. Still, a red blush flooded the fox's face.

“Oh, you've never thought about it?” Gemie teased, leaning down and propping her muzzle on her knuckles. “Seeing a little thing and wondering how they'd look blown up a bit?”

Cerine cleared her throat. “Well... I mean... I'm technically not supposed to, but I won't say I haven't *thought* about it. Well, maybe I have once or twice.”

“It's fun, isn't it?” Gemie's grin widened on her muzzle. She was still eyeing the blushing fox. “Especially if you know they're into it. Of course, it's too easy to just lean back and cast a spell from a distance. The excitement is getting in close and teasing them first.”

“Well, with potions I have to do that,” Cerine answered. She licked her nose and looked into the leopardess's fair brown eyes. “It's always a little intimate. And when you get them to want it, they might go for seconds.”

“That's perfect, isn't it?” Gemie purred. “You get your little lovebug all hot under the collar and then they go for their drink and...”

The leopardess stopped mid-sentence. Cerine's eyebrows slowly lifted up her forehead. Together, they both slowly looked down at their respective glasses. Nothing about the lemonade and ice looked *off*, but... did an alchemy potion look like anything special? Did a snap of the fingers constitute a hidden magic spell? Both girls sat back against their seats, quiet. After a few heartbeats, paws gingerly reached out to the glasses and they picked them up...

...only to reach across the table and set each glass in front of the other person.

And they still didn't drink them.

So, as it turned out, all that stuffy and boring artwork was right: The divine realm really did look like an endless landscape of clouds. But within that cottonball ocean floated the magnificent realms of the gods, stone palaces and mountain peaks where the supreme could survey their entire domain. It was upon one of these floating islands that a newly-minted goddess, a slender wolfess in a loose, sheer gown that flowed over her figure of its own accord, paced anxiously through her gardens.

It was surprising that a goddess *could* feel nervous. But maybe it was only natural, like being thrust into a brand new job in the mortal world. Only a few orders of magnitude bigger. The last thing the wolfess knew, she was touching the glimmering stone that had fallen from the sky in front of her feet. Moments later, she felt weightless and stretched in every dimension, backwards and forwards and inside out. Her mind expanded to fill all of her known world and then some before a tiny piece of it broke off and resolved back into her own body – but carved from immaculate flesh and possessed of incredible power. Her avatar settled here on a tiny planet in the divine realm, a garden of plenty with a quaint little home in the center. Perhaps in time she could work her way to a glorious palace, but she'd only been ascended to godhood for... a short while, perhaps. It was hard to tell.

But her divine duties were beginning to press in on her as time ticked on. As she walked the garden, fruits began to grow around her, filling with the thoughts and prayers of mortals spoken in her name. The weight of responsibility grew on her shoulders as she approached one. The wolfess licked her muzzle, trying to hide her nervousness – from who, she did not know. Reminding herself that gods couldn't possibly make mistakes, she reached out and plucked the fruit from the tree.

Immediately, her mind filled with a chorus of voices, all pleading and asking her for intercession. They overlapped one another and yet she could understand them all at once. But a few voices stood out to her:

“Please protect my husband on his voyage.”

“Bless our harvest this year.”

“I wish I had a big butt so the tavernkeeper will notice me.”

The wolfess sputtered and dropped the fruit to the soft earth at her feet. Okay, that last one definitely came out of nowhere. A ripple of shock and confusion rolled through her shimmering gown as a phantom wind snapped at its hem. She took a moment to let her avatar's heart settle and regain her composure. Then she bent down and retrieved the fruit. Again, voices filled her thoughts. The wolfess extended her senses through the first wishes she had heard before, stretching out her grasp through the winds and the weather to draw the rain from one part of the world to another. A calm voyage and a healthy downpour over dry fields. Then, begrudgingly, she focused her thoughts on that *third* wish and gave them what they wanted. Somewhere in the world, someone miraculously needed to hem their pants.

The fruit in her paw turned into a glittering cloud of fireflies as the prayers within it scattered into the divine realm. A second fruit grew on a nearby tree, and the wolfess sighed softly. This job would never be completely done, would it? Maybe she could make a second avatar to relax with. But she strode out to this one, wincing slightly in anticipation of what she may hear.

“Great goddess,” a voice said, “please keep the monsters from my village.”

Idly, she wondered how mortals even knew who she was already.

“Great goddess,” another voice said, “if you are truly the most beautiful of the gods, would you kindly come down to me and-”

She took just a moment to send courage to the child who feared monsters and then chucked the fruit away from herself. The goddess rubbed her paw over her face and growled. One more try. There was another fruit within reach. She plucked it.

Nope. No. What on heaven and earth, *no*. Is this what mortals thought about all the time? The wolfess snapped her fingers and transformed all of her statues throughout the land to wear extremely modest robes.

“We're having a dark age for a while,” she muttered, turning and heading back into her cottage.

He had no idea who had sent him the package in the mail. But as he opened it, Jake found himself covered up to his elbows in static-clinging biodegradable packing nuggets. They stuck to his fur and just would not come off. But buried underneath the dense packing fluff, he found a round glass bottle. It had no neck, with an opening at the top of the sphere stuffed tight with a flat, wide cork. Inside sloshed a dark red liquid, which Jake almost thought was blood at first, but it didn't have quite the right color. It also didn't stain the glass or the cork when it touched them.

“Why do I keep getting weird things in the mail,” the puppycat mused aloud, rubbing a finger against the edge of his ear.

Under the bottle, he found a paper note. It was written in pretty bad handwriting, honestly, but it was easy enough to read: *Here's to a BIG surprise!* Below the script was a heart drawn in blue ink. No signature. Of course. These weird packages in the mail never had signatures or return addresses, and if it wasn't made out to him, he'd think it was a mistake.

So in all good sense and caution Jake probably shouldn't drink the strange elixir he got in the mail. He shouldn't, and yet he already had his paw clamped around the cork and was wrenching it loose while the jug was nestled securely between his forearm and sweater. It wasn't in him to turn down a big surprise, whatever it was. Once he got the lid off, a sweet but unexpected cherry smell reached his nose. There was also a bit of a metallic tang to it, which seemed a lot more appropriate for the color. But Jake lifted the jug up to his muzzle and began to drink it down.

It took less than a second for him to begin feeling the change. His heart rate quickened and he felt his veins begin to bulge underneath his multi-colored fur and skin. But he didn't stop drinking, lifting the jug all the way up so every drop rolled down into his muzzle. As he did, his sweater and his jeans began to tighten around his figure. Muscles were ballooning underneath his clothes. Jake could feel the strength swelling up inside of him, desperate to be used and released. Once the jug was empty, he lowered it down and looked to see his chest bulging well out in front of him, sweater stretching and buttons underneath straining to burst.

Baring his fangs, Jake pulled his shoulders back, flexed his arms, and made his pecs swell as large and tight as he could get them. There were several muffled pops as buttons blew underneath his sweater, and the fibers on the sweater were beginning to split. As Jake continued to pump his muscles, feeling the strengthening flesh grow even larger by the second, his clothes tore and split, ripping away from his thickening figure. White, gray, and brown fur burst through the gaps, and powerfully-built muscles tore their way into the open. Pieces of cloth from his sweater, shirt, and pants fell to the ground around him, leaving him in just his tight boxers.

As the puppycat admired his new physique, the “big” part of his big surprise was creeping up on him. Something tickled his eartips and he looked up – just to have the blade of the ceiling fan bonk his nose. The fan automatically shut off after striking an obstruction, which was good, because that obstruction kept getting bigger! In a blink, Jake felt his head pushing up against the ceiling, then his shoulders, and then he found himself hunched over completely. Between muscle and height, he was running out of living room space!

Outside, the people at the park across the street weren't quite ready when one of the nearby houses started to crack and bulge, splitting open to reveal a gigantic, fluffy, musclebound figure standing up tall from the ruins. The puppycat looked just as surprised as they did, struggling to peer down the cleavage of his pecs at his new audience.

Blushing, Jake brushed drywall dust and packing nuggets off of his fur. He took two careful steps out of the house and onto the street, the soft asphalt molding like clay under his footpads and leaving paw prints in his wake. He bashfully waved to everyone below and looked up at the horizon in front of him.

You know what, he could definitely do some mountain climbing now...

A warm summer breeze washed over him, drying his fur. Damien had just gotten out of the pool and flopped onto one of the lounge seats beside it, his black and red towel folded up at his feet. It was nice that Cerine had a pool, and she let him visit any time he wanted to come swim. The only downside was the stray bits of pink and brown and sometimes gold fur in the water, but that was only fair enough.

The jaguar picked up his glass of sparkling blueberry juice and had a refreshing sip. He was laying stretched out, green speedo clinging to his hips. He put the glass back down beside his lounge chair. It was a perfect day.

“New test subject says what!”

“What?” he sputtered, opening his eyes and sitting upright.

A stream of room temperature liquid hit him in the chest and stomach, splattering green color across his fur. It wasn't frigid or hot, so that was nice, at least. And he was already wet. But it was still a bit of a shock as his rosette-crested gold fur sparkled green – for a moment. As Damien watched, the green liquid seemed to disappear, his skin tingling where had been just a second ago. The jaguar looked up, furrowing his brow at the grinning fox looming over him. Cerine had on a striped blue one-piece, and she was holding a plastic squirt gun across her belly, buried underneath her trademark massive boobs. A green liquid sloshed around in the clear ammo tank for the squirt gun.

“Oh, good, the new suspension works,” Cerine said absent-mindedly, reaching up and pushing her glasses back up the bridge of her muzzle. A warm wind tousled her long hair behind her. “Now get off my lounge seat before you bust it.”

Damien raised an eyebrow but did as she asked, and by the time he was rolling out of the seat, he could feel his belly pressing onto his thighs. The jaguar stood upright fifty pounds heavier and still getting fatter as adipose elixir coursed through his veins. His tummy was getting huge, hanging slightly over his speedo, and the rest of him was following suit. The stretchy green material of the speedo put up a good effort clinging onto the growing jaguar as his spots grew bigger and he more than doubled in size. He held his belly in his plump paws and looked back up at Cerine.

“How'd you do that?!” he asked.

“Testing a new skin-absorbable suspension for potions,” she explained. She put the squirt gun down on the poolside table next to her and picked up a soft tape measure. The fox wrapped it around both paws and cracked it tight in front of herself with a grin. “Now I need to get some data on how effective it was.”

“Why me?” Damien needed to know as Cerine walked around behind him, looping the tape measure around his middle. The soft strap sank slightly into his pudgy gut and fur as she pulled it snug.

“Well, I haven't seen Mito in months,” Cerine explained. “Erin would probably give me incorrect results. I don't *want* to pork up Rienne. Zaress won't let me. And Megan is a no-no. So guess what! You're my assistant today.”

“I guess that makes sense,” the chonked-up jaguar replied, his face flushing as Cerine's dark paws held his middle and the tape measure slid upwards to his chest. It pulled tight again, squishing his moobs flat. As much as he was protesting, this felt good... The pink vixen gave his middle a playful slap once she got his hip and leg measurements, too, leaving the jaguar wobbling heavily. She picked up a notepad she had brought with her by the table and turned away to get more sun on the paper as she wrote.

“I got you with three ounces,” she muttered to herself, absorbed in her work again, “so that means it had a seventy-two percent efficiency compared to oral ingestion. That's not bad. Tracks with the extra volume of this suspension. I wonder if I can concentrate the formula more to compensate for the different ratio...”

As the alchemist disappeared into her head, Damien glanced around, noticing the discarded water gun on the table. Grinning, he picked it up, pumped it, and splashed Cerine right on the ass and lower back with adipose elixir. She turned and gave him a look as her backside began to balloon.

It was almost closing time at the gym, and it was Zaress's shift. She had come in just an hour before closing, because it was time for her to go over the machines and clean up the gym floor. As the muscular drake came in, she waved to the other staff and said hi to a few of the regulars on the cardio machines. Those weren't her job, so she kept walking.

Despite the hour, there were still a handful of furs using the weight machines and barbells and kettle weights. This gym was the only one in town that catered to the exceptionally strong and needing superheavy weights, so there was always a crowd of bulky figures on that end of the floor. Most of the furry and scaly bodies down there were a lot bigger than the buff drake, but they nodded and waved respectfully at the draconid as she passed. They knew who the boss was.

"Make sure you put all the free weights away tonight," she told them as she passed by. She got a handful of affirmative replies. Which she didn't believe.

Zaress slipped into the locker room to change out of her street clothes and into tighter stuff – even if she was just working on the machines, she didn't want to get loose pants or a shirt caught on them. Off went her top and pants, and then she traded her day bra for a tighter green sports bra, pulling it down over her large breasts and adjusting the narrow, criss-crossed black straps that spanned her wide back and left her traps and lats mostly exposed. Then she changed into a galaxy-patterned pair of leggings, pulling them tight over her swollen quads and up to her waist.

When she walked back out onto the gym floor, the last couple musclebound furs were making their way out the door. The other staff members bid her goodnight and turned off the lights, leaving the muscular drake in the dark. When the overhead lights blinked off, the world shifted from color to monochrome in an instant as the drake's thermal sight was left as her only sense. Her body glowed bright, and she could see the fading radiance of heat in the lights beginning to fade. It was dark and quiet and lonely. She loved it.

Zaress got to work checking on the machines. Most of them were in good condition and didn't need her attention, but a few she sat down on, tightening bolts and working on the cables. It was no trouble at all for the beefy woman to haul the entire stack of weights off the butterfly press and set them aside so she could work on it. And then she returned them without breaking a sweat, even though her arms felt light afterwards.

But as Zaress was working, she glanced over towards the free weights area. Just as she suspected, none of those big muscle heads put *any* of them back. "Every time," she groaned, grabbing another multiple-hundred pound stack of rectangular weights and hefting them up to shoulder height like it was nothing. Her biceps and lats flexed under the load but she placed them down easily again. She worked her way towards the free weights, fixing machines as she went. A few of them were getting bent out of shape by strong and overeager users, so she twisted the metal back as best she could with her claws.

Now she just had the weights to pick up and contend with. They were every shape and size possible – literally. From five-pound kettles to a set of dumbbells the size of industrial tires. She started with the little ones, leaning over and scooping them up like toys. They rattled the rack as she set them back in their proper place from lightest to heaviest. Then she could move on to the bigger stuff. Still, the dragon-blooded woman picked up weights bigger than herself without much effort and loaded them onto their bars.

That just left *the big one*. Why someone got that one out was beyond her. Practically no one could lift it. Zaress walked up to it, stretching her arms and legs and rolling her neck across her thick traps. The bar was enormous and her claws barely fit around it. Bracing her legs, she lifted, and the effort caused every muscle in her arms and back and legs to tense and tighten under the pressure. Slowly, the massively heavy weight – bigger around than she was tall – lifted off the ground by inches. The drake balanced it and took two wobbly steps forward. Her bones were aching under the weight.

Slowly, she slid the massive weight onto its own bar on the wall, and the building shook for it. Zaress felt weightless and sighed. One day that'll get easier.

* * * * *

A big thank you to all my Patreon subscribers! You guys are making this possible!

Bronze Supporters

Asneakyturtle ChocEnd Cobalt DatSquishCat Dymios D Gideon Gonkulous ivy
mikefoxtrot MoffThePanda moxiclean Nothing_to_see_here Poshkip Prairie
PrettyPlumpAndProud SphericalNathan SpicyPaint Teres The Mighty Helix

Silver Supporters

Benjamin Carjack Attack Ghost Fox Helinon
JT Kozani Mechafox MrBen277 Muttcakes Nexiw
Rogue Wolf Shifter55 Spretra

Foxyfriends

DashRaptor Foxxel Indigo Jack