

# Static Chub

By: Firingwall

“Holy crap! I can’t believe you honestly did this!”

“Pffft, such simple things are easy to perform for a witch. Spells to fix what is broken, potions to heal with ill’s one, and magic to perform super-fast and clean dry cleaning!”

*That last one didn’t sound as impressive, but sure. Results are good.* Alexander looked upon his freshly cleaned clothing, all wrapped up in some plastic and placed in a laundry basket. The puffy brown-haired man had run into a recent problem. His washer had broken down, right before he was about to do laundry.

Just as he dreaded having no clean clothes, a weird, out of nowhere solution had appeared before him. It came from beyond a magically appearing door, where a witch with long black hair and black dress laid. Her name was Beatrice, and she offered a solution: witch dry cleaning!

One hour after dropping everything off with her, Alexander returned through the doorway that now laid outside his washing room. There, he was greeted with the fresh scent of laundry detergent and cleaning supplies.

“And all of this for just ten bucks?! I feel like this is too generous.” Alexander mumbled, still in disbelief as he handed his money over to the witch.

“Awww, it’s nothing. I am a VERY generous person!” Beatrice cooed, taking his bill and stuffing it into her cleavage. She gave him a teasing wink and handed him his basket of clothes.

“Thank you so much again! Hopefully, the repair guy comes in the next few days so I can use my washer... not that it would be bad seeing you and-” He blushed again and hurried out the door before he could say anything embarrassing.

With Alexander gone, the doorway to his home vanished with him, leaving the green witch alone in the storefront. For about a minute at least because another witch, shorter and with a pixie bob-like cut, came running in. She sniffed the air and glared at Beatrice, folding her arms, sneering, “what the hell is going on here? Are you offering laundry services again?”

“Maaaaaybe?” Beatrice teased, “Is it so bad that I’m making money, Cassidy?”

“Yes, because laundry is beneath us!” huffed Cassidy, folding her arms, “We’re witches! We offer only the best when it comes to magical solutions and products! Spells, potions, ice cream, plushies, and even game repairs are one thing! Laundry is soooo not us!”

Beatrice grinned, placing a hand on Cassidy’s shoulder, “Oh darling, don’t you worry a thing. I made sure his clothing was veeeeery nicely cleaned and washed with plenty of magic charge to it. Trust me, our brand will not be diluted because of this~”

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Alex yanked off his shirt and tossed it into the hamper, grabbing a new shirt from the bag of clothing he got back. It smelled wonderful and still had such a nice, relaxing warmth to it. It was like it came out of the dryer a second ago.

He pulled the shirt over his head and onto him, tingling slightly as the warm fabric rested upon his body. He grabbed his glasses and put them back on, looking down at himself curiously with a pleasant smile.

On the shirt, a large Ultra Ball image was plastered. He had gotten it from the Pokémon Center store online when he was in a real mood for the pocket monsters. In fact...

“Sounds good about now,” he mumbled pleasantly, stretching his arms and cracking his shoulders. “Finally got a day off in a while to veg...”

He left behind his bedroom and strolled into his living room, where his Nintendo Switch was set up. He knew exactly what he was going to do and for a very long stretch of time. He fell back onto the couch with little care and sighed...

...before flinching. He let out an annoyed grunt, his body twitching. A sudden burst of strong pain had struck his feet. It was similar to a static shock, but strangely more powerful than any he had experienced before.

His feet felt numb, his body out of whack it felt like to him. “Gees,” he muttered, sitting up and bending forward for a better look, “What the heck was that ab-”

As Alex looked down, the world seemed to slow. His wincing expression slowly morphed into neutral and then to puzzlement. His eyebrows furrowed, his lower jaw drooping soon after as he tried processing what he was looking at.

His feet looked... inhuman. They were stretched out several inches with a curve-shaped end around his toes. Speaking of which, there were only three toes per foot now, all of them extra big and pudgy. Wrapping them all together was this soft, fuzzy coat of brown fur that covered his toes while faded orange coated the rest of them.

“...what?” mumbled Alex after what felt like a full minute of pure shock, “What... what is going on with my feet?”

Mustering the energy to move some part of him, he lowered his right hand down and moved it towards his right foot. Just an inch or two from contact, a visible burst of yellow electricity surged from his furry feet. It bounced up and straight into his fingers.

He lunged backwards into the sofa, wincing and gritting his teeth. “OW!” he yelled, whisking his shocked hand about carelessly, trying to knock some sense into it.

“Dang it,” Alex mumbled, “What was that abo-” He stopped his whisking, his eyes focusing intently on his hand and its fingers. The fingertips were each sprouting brown fur, which was gently flowing down his fingers.

As the fur flowed over the entirety of his hand, he felt a twitching in his fingers and palm. From beneath his fingers, fur spread apart as soft, roundish skin inflated. It was squishy and thick, its color a bright yellow. A similar, thick patch bloated out the palm, this one more circular and rounder.

His jaw slowly dropping, he was about to say something when one last thing silenced him. Even though it was subtle, almost unnoticeable initially, he leaned in close to his hand. His fingers and it had suddenly grown. Not by much, but just enough to make them thicker to a certain degree.

He shook his head, rubbing it gently with his unchanged one. “This has got to be a joke. This can’t be for real...”

Alex looked back to his feet and gulped. Not only were they still weird, fuzzy animal foot paws, but the fur from them was spreading up his legs. He could see this faded, burnt orange fuzz spreading up from where his ankles were and disappearing beneath his pants legs.

He grabbed at one of the pants legs and pulled it up to his knee. The fur was rapidly climbing his leg like a raging wildfire, all leg hair turning to soft fur like the rest. He touched the fuzz with his changed hand, seeing there was nothing he could really do to change it. The feeling of the rather energized fuzz against one another caused his arm to twitch.

His leg pelt seemed to puff out a little more, almost invisible to the naked eye. He could feel the pelt sprouting more within his pants, his legs shaking at the odd sensation of it.

However, Alex did not focus on such a thing for long. His eyes were drawn back instead to his furry hand. After touching his fuzzy leg, his fur had begun spreading up his arm. He grimaced as similar orange fur rose up and coated the entirety of his limb, moving even faster than the pelt on his leg.

“So much fur,” he muttered, looking between his upper and lower limbs repeatedly, “So much fuzz... where did this all come from? Why am I transf-”

Saying such a thing out loud, the answer came to him, and he frowned. His frown only grew more as he felt another surge of uncomfortableness arise within his legs and then his arm.

His pants and arm sleeve have expanded. Not by their own accord, but by what was beneath them. His legs and arm had grown just a tad fatter, thicker. Not too much so, but just a little bit to add some extra chub to them.

The uncomfortableness spread into his hips, his pants stretching out there as well. He gritted his teeth, his dense thighs rubbing against one another. He huffed and quickly reached down to his crotch, unbuttoning them as quickly as he could.

He felt another shock strike him, this one striking his other unchanged hand. A thought of dread came to his mind, realizing what would occur next. However, he also felt a bit of relief

wash across him as well. His pants stretched open further, his zipper dropping automatically. It was all for the best. Tension and awkwardness seemed to melt away.

He whisked his other hand a bit, knocking sense into it as fur began sprouting over it as well. He watched fall to the same fate as the other arm, tightness swiftly spreading to this arm sleeve as it grew chubby too. His limbs were fully fur-ified and chub-ified all over.

“Too tight, too tight,” he mumbled under his breath as he took off his glasses. With them off, he quickly grabbed at his shirt and tugged on it. He pulled it up and over his head, struggling a bit to yank his arms from the shirt’s sleeves at first.

He sighed again, mumbling, “much better” under his breath. As he said that, his pelt spread out from the waistband of his boxers and pants, slipping up and poking over his jeans’ belt loops. Orange fur also sprouted along the sides and back of his torso, covering the area up to his neck quickly.

However, the front of his torso was a different story. While fur was indeed growing there as well, it was white, almost a very pale yellow in tone. It rose much slower, covering every single inch of his belly and chest. All chest hairs whitened while any definition or feature faded beneath the fuzz.

But it simply didn’t end there either. The fur grew fluffy and thick, much more so than the rest of the fine pelt he had developed. It grew almost an inch in length, each strand packed tightly together when all combined. Behind his back, some brown, thick stripes appeared as well, adding to his new unique pelt.

And when all of the puffy hairs had grown, Alex blushed as he felt a familiar weight come to him. His belly bloated, dipping over his bottoms’ waistbands like a soft muffin top. His chest swelled as well, forming slightly noticeable moobs.

Alex’s eyebrows raised, his hands inching closer to his stomach. He cupped his soft belly, his body tingling softly. He felt all squishy and soft instead of lanky and thin.

It wasn’t all that bad of feeling, a soft smile appearing soon after. His mind cleared of negative thoughts as he looked at his tossed shirt.

He scratched gently at his face as he thought about what the witch did to his clothes. Doing so, he triggered the final change. A soft, much softer than before, shock stung at his cheek. The spot electrified faintly as bright yellow fuzz grew from it, forming into a large, fluffy circle. On the other cheek, despite not touching it, the same soft circle grew, giving him a matching set.

Alex put his glasses back on and looked over his arms, legs, and then his torso. Seeing it all at once, a new revelation clicked with him at that point. The fur color and patterns, it all made sense to him then.

“I’m turning into a Raichu!” he exclaimed, “And... kind of a chubby, fuzzy one...”

Proclaiming his epiphany to no one in particular, yellow fur rapidly spread out from his cheek circles. It wrapped all around his mug, moving carefully around his nose and eyes and slithering its way through his brown hair and eyebrows. Curiously, neither portion of hair vanished or was absorbed into the pelt.

His face twitched a moment before pushing forward a little bit. Not much, but enough to form a rodent-like mug. His nose darkened as his nostrils flared just a tiny bit. His snout shrunk a little bit an oval-like shape, turning black as ink with small holes to breath out of.

As his ears twitched, brown and yellow fur sprouting over them before they stretched out into pointy Raichu ears, Alex heard a door open somewhere. A loud creak followed by the sound of a door slamming soon followed. He heard the sound of footsteps approaching from the hall, his head jerking in its direction.

He feared it was a burglar, but his heart rose happily as the figure entered the room. It was Beatrice from before. Though, the expression she carried was that of frustration rather than the giddy, bemused one she had earlier carried.

“Oh hey,” Alex said, shyly waving at her. He suddenly felt a lot more embarrassed, standing in front of the green-skinned beauty than before, “Wha-what brings y-you here?”

“You,” she replied with a stern look. Alex gulped, his heart beating faster. Above his boxer, a small nub began to grow out.

She frowned further, getting a look at his dopey expression. “Not because I like you but because I need to fix you. Cassidy says I have to stopped randomly transforming people with things, but sorry, I can’t help it if it’s fun!”

Alex looked down at himself and then back at her, the nub growing longer behind him. A bright yellow, lightning bolt-shaped fluke appeared at the end of the growing tail the whole while as he asked, “Oh, so this was on purpose then and not random chance?”

“Of course,” Beatrice stated, rolling her eyes, “I wouldn’t throw in a transformation for free if I didn’t find it amusing. Look, just stand still and I’ll fix you.”

“Fix me?” Alex glanced behind his back, feeling the weight and feel of his new, rather long tail, which whisked about back and forth. He looked back to her and said, “I dunno... this is kind of fun and stuff. I don’t need to turn back right away.”

“Oh I figured, but you know, boss is boss,” mumbled the witch, “She makes the calls on this crap, so I gotta fix you up now.”

She took a step forward, but Alex held up his hands, shaking his head furiously. “Wait, wait, wait!” he stated, “I mean, can’t I play around with my new electric powers a bit before-”

“I said, no means-” Beatrice held out a finger to wag in his face, growing more frustrated with his refusal. However, a bolt of electricity jumped from his finger into hers, causing the witch to jump back.

“OW!” she yelled, shaking her hand to knock some sense into it, “What the hell did you do that for?!”

“I wasn’t trying to, honest!” he declared, “I’m-I’m just e-emitting a lot of static and-” He paused, his eyes narrowing in on her hand. She looked at him strangely and looked at her hand as well. Plush, fuzzy brown fur was growing over her index finger at that moment.

“WHAT?!” she hollered. Alex gulped, blushing intensely. That was not intended in the slightest... but at least he was going to have a chubby female Raichu girl standing before him in a moment, right?

*THE END?*