

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #34

By

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All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners. Thank you all for the support. :3

## An American Werewolf Pack in Laser Combat

Chris had seen enough movies to know waking up in a wet stone room was not a good sign. Water dripped off steel pipes running across the ceiling into small puddles with rhythmic dripping. Through the haze in his half-asleep state, the young kitsune could see very little. Despite having half a dozen bulbs hanging overhead, their low wattage illuminated nothing. Some grates could be made out at the points walls met the roof, but their dim lights didn't help either. Most likely they were air vents.

At least his head didn't hurt. Chris might have taken that as a sign of being drugged or something. Still, it was clear by the damp nature of his shorts and shirt that it'd been a long nap. A foxy growl escaped his dry lips while he forced aching joints to push him into a sitting position.

"Hey! Is someone else in here?"

"Some three else by the sounds of things."

Chris jumped at not one but two female voices cracking through the dank void around him. Gradually regaining his senses from the depths of slumber allowed his mystical blue eyes to adjust quickly.

Leaning against the far corner on his right was a green lizard woman in a leather jacket and jean shorts. Aside from horns on her head, the only feature that surprised Chris was how portly she was for being so short. The kitsune only stood a little over four feet, and he might have a few inches on her.

By contrast, the female cow trying to peer out one of the grates was enormous, though no less 'soft' around her midsection and lower body. The blue jumpsuit clinging to her rounded curves suggested some kind of worker, janitor or mechanic maybe. When she moved to follow the wall her cloven hoofed feet echoed in very loud clops.

Chris looked between them, the three tails behind him swishing in his confusion. "Did one of you say three more?"

"She probably meant me. Sorry!"

Another voice sounded directly behind Chris, eliciting a panicked cry. He tumbled head over tails twice before whirling into a defensive crouch. This scared the red panda man laying a few feet away in turn. They were also taller than Chris, but had a body that made it easy to help them up.

"Oh, uh, I'm sorry too. This is just so weird that my defense training is kicking in," Chris said amidst sheepish tail wags. "Any idea what happened?"

"Nope!" The red panda straightened out his clothes, surprisingly calm for their situation. Casual wear like everyone else present, though the leaky water made his shorts cling to some noticeably wide hips. "Was at a party and then woke up soaking wet."

"Hey, me too!" Chimed the short lizard uninterested in leaving her corner. "Don't suppose you guys know a Desmond?"

"Yup," Chris replied, suddenly looking melancholy.

"Sure do!" added the cow now examining the far wall.

“Well, this is suddenly making a lot more sense,” affirmed the red panda. “I’m Tobo, by the way.”

“Chris.” The kitsune gave a small wave.

“Nassie,” grumbled the cow, tapping sections of concrete with her hoof fingers.

“Gem.” The rounded reptile returned Chris’ wave from where she sat. “So how badly are we going to kill that squirrel when we figure out what happened? AAH!”

CLICK!

Lights came on with the intensity of a small sun causing everyone to recoil with blind yelps. A panel near where Nassie had been tapping fell off to reveal a large monitor behind thick protective glass. There was a dull hum of power flowing into its circuits, turning it from black to a blue screen giving notice to the blind group that signals were being established.

***“Is this damn thing finally on?”*** another voice echoed through the empty room. This one sounded akin to someone talking with a mouth full of water from an obviously cheap sound mixing software. ***“Oh, uh, hello friends! I want to play a game.”***

“Shut up, Desmond!” Nassie snapped back, ear folded down to her neck.

All four of them were quickly recovering from the bright lights, being able to see the wooden puppet head on the viewscreen. It had a lot of rough edges on it, with nothing nice to say about its rushed blue and black paint jobs to try resembling an anthro squirrel-fox.

“Huh. I never took him for the kidnapping type,” Tobo remarked to Chris, with no effort to whisper.

**“Seriously, you guys?”** The wooden head flapped its creaking mouth angrily, out of sync, at them. **“You know how much money I spent trying to make a Saw puppet for this?”**

Nassie took a long look back at the monitor before shrugging. “Six bucks?”

**“Ten, actually! You could at least pretend to be terrified for my benefit.”**

“I can pretend I’m going to kick your ass and use you for a seat, if you want?” Gem finally picked herself off the floor practically breathing fire out flared nostrils.

**“What? I didn’t kidnap you dorks. You had too much pizza at my party and passed out in my basement.”**

“Oh! No wonder this place looked familiar in real light.” Nassie gave a chuckle, looking around the grey room. Turning to the other three companions she added, “I’ve done a lot of repairs on this guy’s plumbing. You wouldn’t believe what he flushes out of that lab.”

“I’ve seen them,” Chris said with a fearfully distant gaze. Tobo and Gem nodded in silent understanding.

**“Look. You guys want to run a fun experiment or razz on me all day?”**

“We’ve done both?” Gem offered with a grin. Besides, I’d rather go home and shower.”

Nassie's giant bovine muzzle cringed. "Me too! I've been stuck in the same jumpsuit for two days. I think the stairs are hidden by that grate."

"This one?" Gem pounded a small fist against the wall and jumped back when it clattered to the floor as a thin wooden panel. The sight of stairs behind it was a welcome relief to everyone present. "Man. You should really invest in trap doors or something."

***"Hey! I set up this whole bit for you guys. No one can just leave!"***

"Sure we can," Nassie argued, already following Gem up the stairway. Chris was hot on her hooves, followed by Tobo.

Nassie was in such a hurry that she didn't notice Gem abruptly stop on the landing. Her thick leg swung forward accidentally kicking a hoof into the kobold's wide rear.

There came a pained squeal from Gem as she flew forward to land face first on a bed of synthetic grass. Another cry escaped with all the air in her lungs thanks to Nassie collapsing on top of her.

"Sorry!" The cow blushed in her scramble to get off the tinier woman. Thankfully, Gem seemed more than sturdy for her rounded size.

It was easy for Chris and Tobo to see what caused a hold up when they moved around the fallen girls. Instead of entering a living room or kitchen there was just a big open space the size of a soccer field. Besides the nylon grass rugs, there were tons of inflatable blocks and tubes scattered about along with pyramids and fences.

***As I was saying; you can't leave because this room won't open up until a winner is decided.***

"The frick is this place?" Gem grumbled while Nassie helped her up. The heavy cows landing left an odd bend to her tail, but nothing painful.

"It's a paintball arena," Tobo replied, blinking when everyone turned to look at him. "What? I gotta do something on weekends."

"Looks more like Desmond wants us to play laser tag," came Chris's interjection.

"What makes you say that?"

"There's a rack of science guns next to the basement door."

Everyone's attention moved from Tobo to the little kitsune. Sure enough, Chris held a silver rifle with way more spikes and fins than it needed for a sci-fi appearance. Three more dangled invitingly off hooks in the wall.

"Sounds odd to have lasers without the vest markers," Gem mused as she waddled over to snatch a gun. Her passion for new firearms temporarily overruled her concern about who made them.

Chris chuckled, testing out the sights. "Clearly you don't know a TF gun when you see it."

That got a raised eyebrow from Gem. "Speaking from experience, are we?"

“He’s not the only inventor in this city, you know?” Chris spoke unsure how proud he should act for his own magical and science creation habits. Being stared at so intently by a suspicious kobold was slightly unsettling.

Luckily, Nassie stamped a hoof to draw attention back on her. “How about the little squirrel points us to an exit instead? Otherwise, I’m ready to just break one out of here.”

“I’m more impressed Desmond converted the first floor of this complex into a sporting field,” Tobo mused, curiously putting a gun into his own hands. Weird things were lighter than they looked.

***“Removing all the walls was a lot easier than you might think. Still, we should move this along before the landlord kills me for this. Chris is correct; these are my latest prototypes powered by the shards of rare moon rocks. Centuries of soaking in reflective light from the sun have left them highly irradiated to generate the same energy as that of a full moon.”***

The speakers finished their exposition, leaving the room in a dead silence. Everyone took a moment to exchange looks, but it was clear some key details had been missed.

Finally, Nassie’s nostrils flared. “So what the heck do these doohickeys do?”

**KA- ZAP!**

“Aah-MOOO!?!” A snap of electrical energy had everyone recoiling with hands on their ears. Nassie was the only exception since a beam of silver energy slammed into the left side of her butt, pushing her screaming onto the floor again. This left a blazing heat fanning across the whole of her backside that was momentarily ignored. Instead, she quickly rose onto all fours, whipping a furious glare over one shoulder at the group. “The hell you do that for?”



Chris gave a meek shrug eyeing the smoking barrel of his blaster. "This seemed like the fastest way to answer all the questions, right? It's louder than expected, Desmond. Shouldn't we have some protective... oh?"

"What?" Nassie asked, finding the other three now disturbingly focused on her rear. "Oh... shit?"

The changes weren't explicit at first, but as Nassie's ropy tail wagged about, they could see its hairy tuft shift from a dark brown to a silvery grey coloration. It wasn't content to stay there either. More of the grey hairs crept along to thicken out the thin strand of spine muscles until she swished a very large canine bush.

Aside from some light itching she almost would have missed the other changes imposing under her jumpsuit. Nassie wasn't sure how it caught her eye, but she soon noticed the butt attached to her new fluffy tail was also getting pretty thick. Fabric creaked along the edge of her hips. Loose creases smoothed out, trying to accommodate the increasing demand for room. It was not enough and every curve of her glutes were outlined like she was wearing a second skin.

"Damn," was all Gem could say. Her eyes gleamed almost hungrily at that enlarged posterior for a moment before regaining her senses.

Tobo had to collect his jaw from the floor. He had half a mind to drop his own rifle, but feared a misfire. "Did you just make her gain twenty pounds?"

Nassie got back on her hooves with one hand rubbing along the seat of her suit. Everything around her pelvic area felt weird, even if unseen. "Why is my ass a wolf, Desmond?!"

***“These are my lycanthropy mini-laser guns, of course! Sadly, the energy isn’t enough for an instant transformation, but that’s what gave me an idea for this game of laser tag. Say, the last one not fully changed wins?”***

Tobo took a deep breath, still highly confused. “You want us to transform each other into werewolves?”

“It’s not the stupidest thing he’s made me do,” Gem offered.

“Nuts to this,” Nassie snapped. She gave a hard look to a back stepping Chris before once again gazing around the arena of plastic and inflatable obstacles. “I still want out. There’s three other places that need repairs and...”

***“What if I pay the winner five-hundred bucks?”***

**KA-ZAP!**

By the time Gem saw Tobo raise his gun, she was already eating a blast of energy. The world went white for several seconds, not entirely from the blast. It was almost like a mild headache trying to comprehend the light series of crunches as her head reshaped.

Gem’s nostrils twitched before drawing closer together. A thick black button nose puffed into existence around them, becoming separated by a widening snout. Scales broke away with the sprouting of a fine layer of white and brown furs, followed by a loud flapping of two enormous pointed ears unfurling atop her head. Having a sudden increase in both hearing and smell left the kobold further disoriented. Only the horns remained in place atop her much fluffier head.

Seeing a chubby wolf’s face take form atop an equally chubby lizard’s body was too much for Chris. His giggles itched at the tips of Gem’s new

lobes while she staggered about collecting her wits. That proved to be the kitsune's fatal mistake, as it left him wide open for when Gem gave a growling snort and raised her own rifle.

**BA-ZPPPT!**

Chris took the laser bolt in the gut, cutting off his chuckles with a sharp groan. Not a moment later, a strange ripple traveled across his torso, causing him to straighten out. Eyes stretched to their widest as they looked into the void straight ahead. It took a few tries for his slacked muzzle to regain some semblance of motor control, but by then he had a hand on his belly alarmed by a rising gurgle inside it.

**"BWUUURP!"**

Like many things today, no one expected the little kitsune to release a belch at such a deafening volume. That seemed to be just the release his waistline needed to explode in the process.

Chris reeled back several steps as if he could escape his midsection rolling outward from all directions. His shirt snapped untucked to let an impressively sagging stomach fall into his hand. Soft blubber oozed between his fingers even as he tried pushing back his increasing fat. The added stretch of his waist became too much and snapped both buttons and zipper on his pants, causing his stomach to sag out even more.

"Oog! HURP!" Chris teetered on shaking paws, unused to supporting so much extra weight. No longer was his belly button blanketed in the usual cream white fur, but a slightly courser dark grey and steel coloration. This even expanded to convert the copper red around his waist and back. Areas that his audience found sported impressive love handles. "That felt like I ate a stack of pancakes without the joy of eating."

***"I'm suddenly feeling I don't need to give off a starting bell, huh?"***

Nassie, Gem, and Chris glanced at the ceiling where they assumed the loudspeakers projected Desmond's voice. Without offering much words, they then looked from one to the other, mostly at their thicker, fluffier wolf parts. It almost seemed like they reached the same thought together as three heads turned to look at a very frightened Tobo, the unchanged member of their group.

What followed next was absolute chaos. Tobo proved to have amazing reflexes for his scrawny body. With a twist and a jump, he dodged nimbly between twin blasts from Chris and Gem for cover behind a giant inflated tube.

Nassie had to waste time scrambling back to pick up the last gun on the rack. This left her the easy target for Tobo's return fire. A hard blast struck across both her thighs, filling her bovine ears with harsh ripping noises. The rush of fat billowing out her legs was the final straw for the strained jumpsuit. Everything from the hip down began tearing away allowing soft flesh coated in thick wolf's fur to emerge.

**KRRRRSH!**

It was when her hoofs shattered Nassie toppled to the floor yet again. Having suddenly developed huge rounded wolf's paws for feet left her mind trying to comprehend the concept of toes.

With no clear shot on the red panda, and not wanting to pick on someone currently defenseless, Chris whirled his sights on Gem and tipped slightly on one foot with the drastic shifting of his belly fat. He still got a shot before the kobold reached cover behind a pyramid ramp.

Gem tucked and rolled in an expert use of her plump little body. That still didn't prevent her tail from getting tagged by Chris' wild ray. She finished her tumble and glanced back to see a once thick, meaty appendage was already lighter and fluffier.

That was the worst moment for Tobo to pop his head out as Gem used him for a bit of venting fire. A beam struck into his left temple, promptly causing his red hair to grow down the back of his head and around his neck in a thick mane. The others were almost jealous when they noticed his fur color didn't change that much. There just became a lot more of it. The red panda's muzzle on the other hand popped out several inches further from his face, showing glimpses of teeth became much bigger and sharper inside it.

Another bolt from Gem struck the left side of Tobo's chest, creating a rippling effect similar to Chris' belly. Half a second later the red panda's pecs vanished under surging mounds of flab. His t-shirt drew tight around the large pseudo-boobs, leaving his still slim midriff exposed.

Gem might have corrected that top heavy inflation if Nassie hadn't finally gotten her hooped mitts on a rifle. The surprise shot went a bit off and struck the kobolds gun, but still enough to graze her hands. She could only gasp as the joints in her fingers seized up. The weapon slipped from her hands which were rapidly puffing out with thick pads growing from both palms. Fingers spread like round meatballs, losing a bit of dexterity, but not enough that Gem couldn't still work a blaster.

All out war continued like this for nearly two minutes. Sometimes a person dodged a bolt, and it almost always ended up putting them in someone else's line of fire. Not to mention each hit made it increasingly difficult to dodge the next laser. Fat continued billowing out their frames, making them taller and wider in the process. More and more their clothes strained under the mounting pressure of their increasingly wolfish thick bodies.

Loud rips began to decorate the ambience of kinetic discharges. The group's clothes finally met their fate against the heavy pressure of condensed fat. Flesh bulged through the torn seams helping to further split them. Fur fluffed out in thick bunches a far cry from their original pelts. Except for Tobo, who might have kept a pretty red and white coloration, but

the massive span of his sloshing hips well made up for it. Underwear sunk between rising muffin butts until even they snapped from the sheer weight of their wearers.

Nassie was especially glad she went commando when working. The fat of her breasts tore apart the top portion of her jumpsuit with little effort before resting atop her even larger belly.

“HOLD UP!”

It took everyone a second to realize it was Gem that shouted, given her voice now had a strong growling inflection. When they looked around, it was clear why she was concerned. The room was no longer occupied by an assortment of different anthros, but a pack of three grey wolves and a very fuzzy red one.

Each one looked like they'd finished devouring a buffet standing over nine feet tall and possibly that much wide. A single step sent everything from their butts to their hanging chests jiggling, while puffed out necks and cheeks threatened to engulf their muzzles. Only their most distinct traits remained; Gem and Nassie had somehow preserved their horns while Chris wagged three very wolfish tails behind him.

“...how long have we been done?” Gem asked what everyone else was thinking.

“I dunno?” Red tinted the bridge of Chris' muzzle to compliment his sheepish grin. “I was having fun just watching you guys break your clothes.”

“Oh yuck it up, fat ass,” Gem shot back, unable to hide her own smirk. “You practically exploded your pants.”

“Yes. Yes. Very cute.” Nassie sighed. The new chunky werewolf was having trouble keeping a hand off the fur of her distended bean bag of a stomach. Somehow that made the fur extra sensitive. “Better question is why Desmond didn’t stop us on the last change.”

***“What? Oh! Shit! Sorry, I booted up a game of Overwatch. What happened... Oh, I see everyone’s been having fun too.”***

“Well, that answered that question.” Tobo remarked, setting his used rifle back on the rack.

***“So who won?”***

“We thought you would tell us!” Gem’s big black nose flared, one paw foot stomping the fake grass under her. “Seriously, how bad is your attention span?”

***“I’m only half-squirrel and you can’t begin to understand my madness. Anyway, doors are on the east side of the room. I’ll open them up so you guys can go home. The wolfing should wear off after the full moon.”***

“That’s two damn weeks from now!” Nassie cried. She took a deep breath, letting her free hand scratch around her deep belly button. “And the five hundred goes to?”

***“Well, since there’s no clear winner it looks like we’re going to end on a stalemate. Sorry guys and gals! I’ll throw a pizza party next month to make up for it.”***

The sound of motorized doors opening in a short distance away was little comfort to the bloated wolf beasts. Getting a gust of fresh warm air against the naked fur only made most of them madder. After a few seconds of silence, Gem coughed for attention and raised her moon rifle.

“Okay. All in favor of sniffing out Desmond and pumping him full of moon beams until he’s as fat as a building say ‘Awoo.’”

**“AWOOOOOOOOO!!”**

It had been a rhetorical statement, but something about simply invoking the word caused Tobo to bring his head back into a howl. The others didn’t have time to be confused as his cry sparked the instinctive reaction to join in. Their bestial cry towards a non-existent moon caused everyone on the street outside to pause and search for the noise’s source.

Not that anyone expected a group of obese naked wolves to come charging out of the ominous blast doors onto the sidewalk. Already their active noses were hot on the trail of their mad scientist friend, following the scent across intersections into back alleys.

Desmond could feel the jiggling danger closing in on him as he waited for his escape Uber to show up. Pacing back and forth in a panic, he cursed himself for using a hideout only three blocks from his lab.



## An Eggcellent Movie

The cramps started shortly after dinner. Given they had just left an Italian restaurant Carol chalked it up to having too much Smirnoff and chilli flakes. She wasn't exactly the kind of girl that watched what she ate, leading to 'gas issues' now and then. One of the worst aspects of her twenty-eight-year-old existence that her amazingly badass girlfriend tolerated.

It was barely noticeable and thus easy to ignore. This was their first date after ages in quarantine. A stubborn gold dragon wasn't about to let some churning insides ruin their perfect evening. Not that it stopped her guts from trying to demand attention. Carol hated her weakness for spicy lasagna the whole walk to the movie theater. After spending an eternity, and a small fortune, getting snacks, she lead her darling wolfess to some nice seats near the front rows. Being close to some mindless Hollywood dribble helped take her mind off the annoying indigestion.

"Nngh!! Aah!?"

About forty minutes into their feature, Carol's body suddenly went stiff. Popcorn spilled out of her hovering palm while a thick scalie tail lifted slightly against the back of her seat. A rather loud shootout sequence on a train was taking place over the big screen, and yet the pointed canine ears of her neighboring lover still perked.

"You okay, hun?" The grey wolfess named Sheila remained glued to the stunning choreography on display. Another round of her girl's indigestion was hardly cause for alarm.

"N-no." Unfortunately Carol came to the slow horrifying revelation she wasn't having stomach problems. Ignoring the spilled snack, both her

hands came to rest on her stomach feeling the muscles under her shirt rapidly tighten with disturbing pressure.

No. It wasn't coming from her stomach. Cramps turned into a full on clenching sensation that lifted her tail higher. Claws traced downward just above the crotch of her jeans feeling a pressure push up against a dam of tight flesh. Its power increased with the rapid intensity of her muscles' until the inner walls began yawning open.

"Oh fuck," Carol squealed when a sudden popping sensation caused water to burst out her vagina.

Thankfully, the train in the movie was already exploding enough to muffle her outburst to all but Sheila. That got the wolf to glance over with growing concern. Their eyes meet with Carol's for a few seconds before following her hands. She barely suppressed a yelp seeing the soaked wet spot on the dragon's jeans.

"Sorry, Sheila. I... I'm laying..."

"What?" Sheila said, then promptly lowered her voice as an all but forgotten movie transitioned to a quieter scene. She risked a glance over her shoulder trying not to look panicked about it. The theater wasn't empty, but its few scattered groups had mostly climbed to the higher rows farther away from them. "Here? Now?"

"Yes, and yes." The answers hissed out between Carol's clenched dagger teeth with labored breaths. She straightened up in her chair trying to look like another contraction wasn't rapidly seizing up her midsection. Unfortunately, it was very hard to get her tail down with a large object driving itself against her stretching cervix. "Fuuuuuck. I thought I still had some days."

“Can’t you hold it long enough to get to the bathroom or something?” In contrast, Sheila did not hide her fluffy tail wagging against Carol’s thick scalie log. She even sounded amused by this turn of events.

“You know damn well I can’t,” Carol replied with a slight smile on her blushing muzzle too.

The thing about this dragon’s case was a bit unique. While most dropped a load every couple months to a year, Carol’s family took pride in having very strong breeding genes. Ever since she hit puberty, it was a miracle to go a week without making someone’s free omelette breakfast. Hell, her gynecologist revealed that fertility drugs could up production to daily if she ever wanted.

Boy, that had been a big mistake in Carol’s youth she’ll never live down. It taught her the damn things came on their time regardless if prom was taking place or not. At least the sterile ones were much smaller to the point she rarely showed a tummy bulge, or maybe that was a problem that led to these awkward social outings.

“Hey! Mind keeping it down up there?”

“Sorry!” Sheila called back, though she didn’t care who else in the theater had spoken.

Carol was too busy with another contraction to comment. Over a decade of this routine had blissfully numbed her to most of the pain, though it didn’t make each tightening of her womb less intense. Claws scraped off spiral slivers of her chair’s armrests while she could do nothing but feel her freshest ovid push its way into her sensitive tunnel.

There was no way she could escape to a bathroom or hiding spot in time. Another fact she’d learned long ago was that refusing to push forced her body to do it automatically. Carol actually preferred that since it was less exhausting and sometimes even orgasmic. Now it just meant she’d get

as far as the lobby before having to drop her pants in front of very confused employees.

“Hmmmnnnh!” Speaking of which, Carol got so focused on being split open from the inside that she almost forgot there was soiled denim blocking her incoming drop. Soon as the contractions stopped wedging things deeper between her legs, she fumbled in the dim light for her button and zipper.

Trying to pull pants and panties off without making it obvious to the audience behind her was a lot trickier. Carol wiggled the best she could in the tight seat. Her thick dragon tail jerked threateningly high through the air with each subtle motion. Another fun thing about laying hundreds of eggs was how it affected the size of your hips. Eventually she got the garments pushed to her knees, leaving the fear of a dozen eyes burning into the back of her head wondering what all the seat dancing was about.

“Ooooh.” Sheila let out the breath she was holding watching the clumsy stripping with rising arousal. There were far better things for her to look at, and whatever dignity Carol preserved was burned away with the movie changing to a brightly lit setting. The wolfess’ face became clearly lit in open admiration for her girlfriend’s exposed pussy.

Truth was that this was Sheila’s fetish, and perhaps the major factor that caused her to swipe right on Carol’s app profile all those amazing months ago. After a couple stints with bird anthros, a dang dragon that laid regularly was her idea of winning the lottery. As such, it was in this wolf’s opinion that she was getting a great show, regardless. It was well worth the dangerously public position. If anything, she somehow found this more hot.

A shame that Carol was doing everything in her power to not act like a damn softball wasn’t being forced out her nethers. The dragon was just glad a bus chase had picked up in the movie, helping to cover the moans of tense arousal that slipped through. Birthing water still glistened on the gold scales of her crotch as the vertical lips opened and closed in time to her heavy breathing. When the contraction reached peak intensity, they spread

their widest and remained so. The flesh inside parted for the slick emergence of an ivory white shell.

Likewise, it took everything Sheila had not to rub herself right there. Being next to Carol allowed the wolf to still hear the slick sucking noises of the egg emerging over loud CGI explosions. Light danced around its wet shell to the extent she could almost watch the movie on it. Good god, this was too taunting for her inhibitions. The sexy, fat assed dragon did not know the sexual frustration that would be unleashed on her when they got home.

Even so, the wolfess was not about to let this go without a bit of fun. Disregarding the witnesses possibly able to see them through the flashing lights of the film's climax, Shelia reached her arm around Carol's rubbing at the dragon's swollen clit with the padded tip of her index finger.

"Hhm? NNNGGGHHH!!" Carol no longer saw a movie but flashing rainbow lights. Teeth clenched so hard she feared they might shatter. Her egg was reaching its widest point, helping sandwich her tender numb between hard shell and a wolf finger. There was nothing she could do to stop her crazy lover except let her body finish doing what it was made for. Tension rose beyond a mere contraction to a plateau that held for a few seconds before the egg shot out of her like a wine cork.

"AAA-mmpphhh!!" Carol clamped her muzzle with one hand unable to prevent making an orgasmic cry. It did thankfully stop subsequent yelps as her body shook in several violent spasms. The tip of her tail slapped the theater floor with each one while juices leaked from her gaping pussy onto the seat's cushion. Something her fat butt didn't notice when it slid off, leaving the numb dragon supported only by her hanging onto the armrests in heaving breaths. "I... I hate you..."

"Mmh!" Sheila had nothing but glee on her face while grabbing the popcorn bag to make it look like her true goal when pulling back to her side. She nibbled on a few kernels watching the dragon's orgasm wane. The flavor of Carol's juices made her snack extra tasty. "So when your legs

work again, do you want to go back to my place for coffee and some sweet...?"

A light clicked on from Shelia's opposite side, blinding the wolf with its sharp beam. Letting out a bark she nearly scooted off her seat onto Carol before an otter man in a theater uniform came into focus holding the flashlight.

"Evening ladies. Mind explaining what you're... doing?"

Carol was still sinking into her seat heaving from afterglow that their worsening situation hadn't registered yet. After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence, her half-opened eyes realized the worker was looking at something besides a messed up pussy. Turned out the dragon's panties worked as an improvised safety net, catching her egg before it slid completely off her thighs.

"Listen, I... ough!" It took a few tries for Carol's noodle numb arms to pull herself back into her seat. In a dreamy half-daze, she offered the stunned otter a smile. "We can totally explain how this wasn't intentional, sir. Also, don't suppose I can bribe you with a free omelette not to call the cops?"

## Poolside Menace

Nothing like having an open pool after years of quarantine. Having one built in for her condo was a favorite among Tabitha's many investments. It gave her both a personal place to lord over in the summer and an excuse to raise the rents. A total win-win for the monster boss of Seattle.

She flipped the gate latch which gave off an annoyed screech of rusted hinges. Apparently the cleaners weren't as worth their pay rate. Something to be addressed during their next monthly visit. For now Tabitha walked into the fenced off area, briefly slowed when her goat thighs caught on the three foot wide opening. She wrinkled her lion nose pondering replacing the whole gate.

"Later," She shook her head with a giggle. Large cloven hoofs smacked the concrete in her heavy steps around the pool edge. A green bikini helped cover large feline breasts, while a matching thong concealed the green snake scales of her hips and buttocks. The large solid green anaconda that served as her tail swished gently with the rocking motions, occasionally swerving in curious glances at their surroundings.

Tabitha was in such a good mood this warm spring day that she was alarmed when her tail suddenly hissed in aggravation. She twisted to glance back at it and then followed its gaze to the sunbathing area they were heading towards. Rage quickly filled the chimera's six-hundred pound being. Sitting right on the extended, reinforced steel recliner ordered specifically for her was one of the most deplorable, deviously psychotic tenets she ever had the hell of needing to interact with.

"Good morning, Tabitha!" Desmond waved back cheerfully. Either the blue and black squirrel-fox had a plan for his transgressions, or simply didn't understand the eight-foot monster of death stomping towards him. Just one of his many enigmatic traits to get pissed off over.

“Good morning runt.” Tabitha did not try to hide the angry growl in her words. Her hooves stopped beside the extra large recliner making sure her wide belly and shoulders blocked the moron’s sunlight. Her rounded ears flicked curiously when she felt one platform nudge a paper bag full of bottles. “Don’t suppose you mind getting your dirty dyed fur off my seat?”

### **Why is Desmond’s fur blue and skin yellow?**

“Dirty?” Desmond straightened up in an unconvinced indigent way. “I’ll have you know this is my natural pelt. It just looks this way from all the metal mixed into the hair so my radiation stays contained.”

“I don’t care that you...” Tabitha blinked slowly, actually taking several hoof thumps backward. “Have you been filling my unit with radiation this entire time!?”

“No. That’d be completely reckless,” Desmond said laughing at such a dangerous notion. “My blood just has a lot of natural radium in it. That’s why the energy has turned my skin to a yellow pigmentation. It works with my fur as if I’m constantly wearing a lead suit.”

“That really doesn’t answer. You know what, I’d rather not think about it. Get off my fucking chair!”

“But I just got comfortable,” Desmond whined, not even reacting when Tabitha stepped forward again with a warning hiss from her tail. Instead, he was fishing through the bag for a soda can. “It’d be the same as putting two of the normal ones together. Or how about I lotion up your back for ya?”

**Hey Desmond? how do you manage to write on a keyboard with your fox paws? Seems like it would be hard, especially since speech to text doesn’t understand fox sounds either: p**



Tabitha snorted in response. Without explanation she squatted down, driving one of her thick paw hands into Desmond's bag.

"Whoa! Tabby? What are you... aw hell!"

"Yeah. I'm not in the mood for this." When the chimera withdrew her hand, there was a thin bottle of shining green liquid pinched between her claws. Taking no effort to bite off its bottle cap, she promptly tilted it over to pour the fizzing contents atop Desmond's head. "Get off my seat before I drown you in your carbonation trash."

"No! Please stop! That's not soda. It's myyyyip! Yeep yeek yap yap!"

"Say what?" Tabitha raised an eyebrow glancing at the now empty bottle she held outstretched. Only then did the duct tape label of 'feral fun' become apparent to her. She glanced back at Desmond, not very surprised there'd be a stash of weird fetish fuel nearby. "Huh. I can only imagine what poor souls you were planning to torment today, creep."

Desmond said little in his defense, unless hapless barking and chirps were a language. His body twisted and flailed its limbs rolling side to side as if struggling with cramps. It made Tabitha cringe when several cracks caused him to arch his spine in newly straightened ways.

"YEEP!" Desmond blushed watching his chest barrel outward with the expansion of his ribcage. A hard grimace matched the sudden craving of his stomach, but it was the sudden grinding collapse of hips that sounded really uncomfortable. With a loud snap he was fully flipped onto all fours already looking like his body was built for such a natural stance.

A fact confirmed when his swim trunks slide off around Desmond's hind paws. That was a set of privets Tabitha could have lived her life never seeing up close.

Another loud whine came from Desmond as he watched his hands flex and compact in on themselves. Thumbs shriveled away in seconds on their journey up to his wrist to become the declaw to a paw of thick forepaws. With a sudden sneeze, all the black hair on his head flew off in a small explosion, landing everywhere across Tabitha's personal recliner.

While that still pissed her off, Tabitha couldn't help plucking the suddenly feral fox by the scruff of his neck. On top of everything else, Desmond only retained a third of his former size, looking more like a toy hanging before her smug lion face.

"Yip! Yip! Yip!"

"Well, I like the new look, but I never fathomed you could sound even more annoying." With a grumpy huff, Tabitha tossed the little fox across the pool where he landed in relative safety among the flower beds.

Her mistake was assuming that was the end. After taking a second to brush off all the black hairs, Tabitha turned to ease her massive rear onto her favorite seat unaware of the little blur erupting out of the bushes behind her. There came a warning hiss from the snake tail, but Desmond had already closed the distance. His narrow maw sunk into the presented ass getting a wonderful taste of bikini and snake scales.

"RRRWAAAARRR!!" The chimeras lion roar was enough to set off car alarms across her condo's parking lot. Reacting purely on instinct her paw snatched the first thing it could from the bottle bag and brought it around onto Desmond's head.

**What's the longest you have been stuck as an inanimate object, body part, and/or sentient dessert/food?**

**KSSSHHT!**

Either the fox had a skull made of brick, or he invested in cheap glasses. The container shattered easily on impact bathing Desmond in a dose of some grey fluids that carried a powerful scent of lilacs. He instantly released the vice grip on Tabitha's ass cheek with a pained yelp and flew into a tumble across the concrete ground from her monster-tier strength.

Tabitha was too angry from the bite marks searing her scaled backside to notice Desmond's pathetic whining grew silent. After a bit of rubbing into the soft cheek did nothing to ease the pain, she hefted onto both hooves, preparing to throw the entire bag at the little bastard.

"How dare you touch my gorgeous form without permission," she roared, turning with surprising grace on her keratin platforms. "I... Desmond?"

The blue fox continued to lay on his side from where the earlier attack sent him. However, Tabitha took a tentative step closer noting his more rigid stance. Legs stuck straight in the air with his tail, seeming to lack any sense of joints. If anything, his entire body seemed to have a more rounded, lumpy feel to it. Even his bright wide eyes and smile were fake, virtually painted onto a vaguely formed head.

"Oh!" Tabitha blinked as she realized what Desmond's smooth skin, now reflecting sunlight off it, reminded her of. She glanced at the broken bottle still in one paw and giggled over its label of 'Pool Toy Time.'

"Guess I found one good way to finally shut you up," she teased, first dropping the broken glass in a dumpster before waddling over to pluck the near weightless toy fox off the ground. Amazingly, there was no trace of the potion itself spilled over her chair or ground, which was fine. Tabitha didn't like the idea of spending time as an inner tube or something herself. "Hope your roommates don't mind me keeping you like this for a month... or three. Maybe next time you'll think twice before biting a woman's behind."

The inflatable in her paws didn't move in the slightest, but Tabitha had a feeling Desmond could hear and understand what was going on. That cute rabbit neighbor he was always bothering recounted such weird experiences to her before, after all. Such a notion got her lion whispers twitching in thought, eventually producing a wicked smirk that would have made the pool toy recoil if he could.

“Welp! Since we're here, it seems like a waste not to go for a swim now. Knowing your perverted mind, this might seem like a reward, but I'll try my best to be rough as possible.”

The world became a blur as Tabitha did another hoof pirouette before leaping off the pool's edge. Very few understood that thickness in her goat's legs was almost all muscle, generating a great height while she tucked the latex Desmond body under her breasts. The last thing she allowed her new toy to see was the increasingly dark outline of her shadow covering the pool water before being cannon balled into it.

## Getting Hitched

'It was about the journey, not the destination.'

Boy, whoever thought of that phrase must have possessed a lot of patience and free time. Decades of adventuring made Levian cynical to the point every time someone parroted that dribble she had to refrain from suplexing them through a bar table. The journey involved day's worth of hiking through forest, swamplands, other unpleasant areas ravished with filth and ugly animals. That's not including the haunted houses, haunted tombs, haunted... boats.

Ever notice there's a lot of haunted stuff in this world? People really need to cope better with being dead. Point is a dragoness of Levian's expert talents hated the journey part of adventures. Even if her belly wasn't perpetually cursed to hold a clutch of eggs all her life, the long walks would make her clawed scalie feet just as sore. Red scales and fat muscles can only take so much abuse.

All the real fun laid with the destination. That's where a great evil waited to test Levian's true strength, along with fabulous rewards and piles of juicy meat to gorge on. Nothing would make her happier than to get to the good parts and be done with it.

Too bad wizards are extorting capitalists. How did society sink so low that magical fast travel became a chargeable expense?

"Hunny? You're fuming again."

“I do not fume!” Levian grunted, puffs of blue smoke bursting from her thick nostrils. The enormous red dragon shifted along the bench trying to get a comfortable position for her large, young barring hips. With an annoyed flutter of her leathery wings, she seemed to make do enough to resume scowling at the hay covered floor.

Woxie stood beside the armored dragoness, drumming the grip of her staff. The equally, and perpetually, pregnant canine mix couldn't help eyeing her wife with a soft sigh, sounding more like a mother coping with a spoiled child in this moment. As a magic user herself, she had a better understanding why spells to teleport required lots of mana and regents, especially over miles worth of distance. Something that was clearly lost on the 'loot and party' adventure types.

The pair's disgruntled presence served barely a footnote inside a very crowded traveling stable. When one couldn't get magical transport, they settled for the second best thing; mounts. Some could fly, but that cost almost as much as the poofing relocation spells. A lot of times parties pinched gold pieces by renting a carriage pulled by several creatures at once.

“So,” Levian started once she eventually realized all the fussing got them nowhere. “Did you get anything?”

“All the carts are booked for the day. Sorry, Levvy.” Woxie gave a shrug under the dragon's pleading gaze. “There's a large queue for the single-saddle mounts too, not that I want to be bumping on those for hours.”

“So our options are to waste money on an inn or start walking and camp on the dirt. What fun.”

“Since when has sleeping under the stars together been bad?” That got a blushing smile out of the dragoness at last. Woxie wagged her red and grey mixed tail in return. It would be a further waste of time pointing out Levian’s new armor was why they needed to stretch their remaining cash. “Buuuut if you’re really impatient, there is a special circumstance going on that might get us a huge travel discount.”

Normally such words would be music to Levian’s perked pointed ears, but the way Woxie wiggled in place with a grin made her weary. She’d been with this witch long enough to know when mischief was afoot.

“I’m listening...”

With a cheerful yip, Woxie plopped on the bench, pressing close into Levian. Her flowery scent, supplied by cantrips, was almost distracting from her words. “Okay, so, one of the carts had a slight mishap with its steeds. They’re a bit ill after a bad random encounter with giant mosquitos.”

“They offer a discount if you heal them?”

“No, silly. You know I can’t cast disease removal on ferals. This is a special circumstance because, apparently, the cart is full of nobles that really need to get in the same direction we’re going, so they’re pulling out emergency laws for voluntary labor.”

“Labor?” Levian met her lover’s eyes, snorting laughter and smoke. “What? They want us to pull the carriage instead?”

“Yes! Exactly!” Woxie watched Levian’s smile drop so hard it almost crashed into the floor. “Hear me out, now, Levvy. Honey. If we fully consent to being transformed into their new steeds, we’ll travel under the stables full

protection benefits for free. All we pay is a small fee for the potion itself. Before you ask, yes, there's also tons of laws sanctioned by the mayor for this, so we don't have to worry about any tricks like being mind wiped into permanent ferals. We do our job and get where we need to go quick and practically free."

Levian was many things, but at least she could listen to the love of her life's proposal with silent diligence. Maybe a bit too silent with the way she continued to stare into Woxie's eyes for several more seconds. Long enough to make their partner shift nervously in her seat.

"How much a potion fee are we talking here?"

"Really!?" Woxie's ears and tail shot up. Last thing she expected to come out of that stubborn dragon muzzle was reluctant agreement. "Uh, I mean, not that much at all."

She listed off a price even Levian's remaining concerns couldn't refuse. One thing that was always easy to sway is a dragon's natural greed.

"Alright. If it'll get us across the country faster, I'll bear a little time on all fours." Levian rolled onto her muscular legs, putting a lot of fake effort into her aching grunts. "This can't be any worse than the mansion trap you pulled on us."

Woxie was practically a bouncing ball of babies and fluff when she stood, failing to contain her enthusiasm. "You keep holding that against me, but I think we made great hellhounds. The church got to us eventually, anyway."



“Eventually!” Levian parroted as she let her mage partner drag them across the lobby towards the stable entrances.

“My adorable dragon and I have decided to accept your offer,” Woxie said to the guard stationed by the doorway.

“Good call, ma’am,” replied the well-groomed half-orc. He undid the lock to open the way for the pair of bellied ladies. “They just finished brewing the potions, and we got a few others contemplating the offers. They’re in stable five. No worries, you’ll have plenty of privacy. Just pull the cord when you’re ready to be taken to the carriage.”

“How often do you have to transform random passengers to be the transport?” Levian asked with wide eyes. This sounded way too practiced to just be an emergency measure.

“A few times a week maybe?” the half-orc smiled while Levian continued to be half pulled, half dragged into the hall of beast stables beyond his post. “The local lords found it as a cheap way to cut costs. No need to feed or care for as many real animals.”

The door slammed shut with the lock clicking in place, filling Levian with a point of no return feeling in her rounded gut. Before she knew it, Woxie had her inside stable five and was sliding the door into place, sealing them from the world.

“I get the feeling you just wanted to be transformed for a while. HEY!” Levian barked as suddenly all her shiny new armor began falling off her peaked figure. Clothes and undergarments quickly followed, phasing through her body to be folded by unseen hands into a neat pile on the hay-covered floor.

“Guilty!” Woxie giggled as she repeated the spell to displace her own clothes off. It was a much more fun cantrip as opposed to the traditional ways of stripping. The way it made Levian try covering up with her arms was always cute. “In a way it’s just another form of relaxing before we go risking our lives on some other world-ending adventure. Why do so many things want to destroy society or the environment, anyway? With all that power, I’d find a hobby.”

“Maybe one that doesn’t involve us getting naked?” Levian’s log of a dragon tail thumped its heavy weight against the floor. An attempt at intimidation that only made Woxie think about their sexy red behind.

“Like you haven’t seen all this vox glory plenty of times before?” Woxie struck a pose in retaliation that prompted Levian glancing away to hide her blush. “Come on! Let’s hurry so we can get airborne.”

“Ugh! Fine!”

They didn’t need to look far for their required potions. The only piece of furniture aside from troughs for food and water was a short table with six glass bottles on it. Woxie hopped over to snatch two and hand one off to Levian with an eager smile.

“Cheers!” she said, clicking their bottle necks together in a soft clink.

Levian hesitated only a second before rocking her head back to chug the brew with her wife. After a few seconds both pulled away empty bottles, letting out a soft burp in unison. “I kind of wish they’d flavor potions or something. It all tastes like mud water to me. How long do you think until-HRRK!?”

FOOF!

Levian's shoulders hunched against the hard force seizing her wings. They gave an involuntary flap that suddenly changed the entire way they felt in motion and weight. She could clearly see why, since the leathery membranes and scales were replaced with the rich coating of bird feathers.

"Not long at all, I'd imagine." Woxie started to giggle only to give a surprised bark herself. She fell forward onto both hands, looking back to watch her wide child bearing hips flatten and alternate. It quickly became comfortable to have her legs underneath her as they beefed up with pouncing muscles. Her butt became more angular while the tail atop it shed a bunch of fur to become long and ropey with a small tuft at the end.

"We're going to be griffins?" Levian squawked. It was hard not to put together. The scales along Levian's back and stomach itched terribly as the growth of many bright brown and white feathers caused them to molt. Watching Woxie's feet inflate into large feline paws to complete her lion-shaped hindquarters made the combination obvious.

"Mmm hmm! Hell yeah!" Woxie mumbled as she shook her changing body to adjust with its changing dynamic. All the fur from her rounded belly to her tail tip shifted as if splattered by paint, becoming a bright blond. "Finally, I have a bigger butt than yours."

"Magic transformations don't count." Levian couldn't help but laugh even while the changes worked along her chest and arms. Having one's rib bones pop outwards was considerably uncomfortable, more so to see her breasts fade into a thick mane of feathering. It somehow made her very top heavy and awkward to balance. A shifting in her shoulders forced both hands out in front, where she could see their scaling brighten from red to yellow. The worst part was feeling and watching her thumbs rotate around to heels of developing bird forelegs.

“Sure t-they do,” Woxie rebutted. Her forward body was also in the process of gaining a fine coat of feathers. Each heaving breath puffed her chest outwards while devouring her breasts at the same time. Sharpening claws dug experimentally at the wooden floor beneath them while she tried getting used to a new way of gripping things. “What? You don’t think I’m cute as a cat?”

“Half-cat, and you’re as cute as the day you were born.” Levian would have smiled except for the hard crunch that made her wobbling legs alter their stance. It was always hard to see past the girth of her belly, but judging by the larger ratio of golden fur overtaking its black scales, she could guess the cramps in her feet were because of their drastic growth spurt. Not to mention the lightening of weight in the back was a sign her dragon tail was losing a majority of its powerful muscle. “Hate to admit I have regrets. Too late anyway. Going down!”

Levin’s bird feet hit the floor, causing vibrations to tickle Woxie’s mix species paws and summon a cloud of hay into the air. Her body felt about the same as her partner’s looked; half lion, half cat, and still gravid, their baby bump hung to the point it threatened to drag against the floor. Suddenly Woxie’s eyes went cross as she arched her back in a long moan. A pair of large feathery wings erupted from her hunched shoulders, kicking up more hay with several stretching flaps.

“Orrgh!” Levian nearly gagged at the shifting sensation that slammed into her face. Control of her lips and jaw faded fast, causing streams of drool to go down her receding chin. Ears folded back even as they dwindled into the feathers covering her skull. “Ah achoolways haath dis parthhu!”

“W-whaithu for meh Levvy!” Woxie was all smiles despite her teeth melding into bright yellow lumps and muzzle fighting the magical force trying to push it back.

With several hard crunches, both ladies teeth slipped out of their thinning lips into jutting sharp points. The curved tips becoming the weapons of a predator keen at tearing flesh. Their once large noses retreated on diminishing jaws until they rested as barely noticeable pin holes atop impressive beaks. Soon the pain ended, leaving the pair to click their newly hardened mouths a few times, trying to shake off the saliva from glands that no longer existed.

“This is totally awesome!” Woxie chirped, running in circles trying to admire her fresh griffon body.

“Yeah, it is nice to feel lighter...in most places anyway.” Levian ran a bird paw over the lion fur of her pregnant belly, giving tight feline hips a shake. She imagined they were both big as Clydesdale horses and almost looked exactly alike. About the only aspect of Woxie still resembling her former self was the rich blue ‘hair’ of feathers on her eagle head. Leavin could occasionally catch sight of a thick crown of golden feathers atop her own.

“You look as plump and energetic as a spring chicken, dear,” Woxie replied. Ignored the look Levian gave to the supposed compliment, she bounced back over to the stall door and pulled on a dangling string with one forepaw. “Hey! We’re done! Let’s get airborne already.”

“Have you ever flown under your own power before?” Levian asked with a crashing concern over new post-transformation details.

Before Woxie could utter a syllable, the door slid open with the Half-orc beaming at them from the other side. Sheesh! Even his natural stature felt minimal compared to their beastly sizes, barely coming up to their eagle heads.

“Ah! What splendid specimens you’ve become, as well. I’ll have to let the manager know how potent this alchemist’s brew is for future reference. Please follow me to your carriage quickly. We’re already heavily behind schedule. Your items will be collected into a locker with the rest of the luggage.”

“Good!” Levian huffed. She let Woxie exit first, poking at an attendant waiting to, presumably, collect said items. “Don’t you dare lose my armor. A grumpy griffon is almost as bad as an irritated dragon.”

“Don’t worry, she’s always grumpy,” Woxie called over her shoulder. “Hurry, hun!”

“Yeah. Yeah.”

Suddenly having to walk as a quadruped was both annoying and something Levian hoped would never be normalized in her adventures with Woxie, but that seemed more likely with a transformation happening almost every month. Still, quality time with the wife while getting free transport was one of the better results. The walk through the stables certainly didn’t help with how crumpled the hallways now felt. She had to focus to keep her wings folded back while trying to navigate corners.

“How you holding up, Woxie?”

“Still getting my paces right. Whoop!” Even that little break of concentration caused Woxie to stumble on her front legs before righting again. “You?”

“Trying not to slam my sides into the sharp edges. It’s like I’m trying to turn with a wagon behind me, and I swear if you make a fat joke I’m pouncing that lion butt.”

“I was just going to say it’s worth having so much of you to love.”

“... I would raspberry you if we still had lips, dork.”

There came a strange flubbing, sputtering noise from Woxie, making Levian concerned at how violently her partner’s blue head feathers shook.

“The hell was that!?”

“I.. uh... didn’t know if we could blow a raspberry so I decided to try.”

“Oh.” Levian could barely get the word out trying to contain a fit of laughter. If she started, they might not make it to the carriage in any decent time. “Never do that again, love.”

“Agreed.”

It was refreshing for both of them when their half-orc guide finally led the way outside. A team of attendants startled Levian as they swarmed the pair for flight preparations. The bridle was less than welcome, reminding the former dragon they weren’t meant to be the ones in control of this flight.

Once the reins were set up came a coating of some glittering salve across both their feathers and furry parts. Almost immediately, the gentle breeze of winds and heat from the sun numbed. The feeling wasn’t

completely gone but left the griffoness feeling like she was in a thick blanket. Anti-element products were hardly a rare thing among a city of magic. That will be a godsend at high elevations.

“You know, this probably will be a little fun.” Levian felt a bit of anticipation being led by the reins to their cart.

“Glad you finally admit it,” Woxie gave a cheerful chirp as she was tied up beside her mate. “It beats sitting on our butts in a stuffy carriage the entire trip. On man. I just realized the view is going to be amazing.”

“So is the company,” Levian added, making her fellow beast flutter their wings in delight. “It’ll be a more fun ride than most, anyway. Are they going to change us back right away when we get there?”

A strange ripple washed over Woxie’s animal body, her wings and tail going stiff. When she looked at Levian, the twinkle of wonder remained, yet carried just a minor hint of anxiety behind it.

“Oh... Yeah! Of course they’re going to change us back, silly.” Woxie took a deep breath, looking away as she mumbled, “Soon as we finish all our flights.”

Levian’s breath caught in her strong avian lungs. “I’m sorry. Love? Did you just say flights? That’s a plural. Did you mean to use that?”

Woxie slowly looked back to Levian, wings folding meekly to cover her beak. Both of them were too intent on the topic to notice their driver climbing into his seat. “It’s kind of a capitalist thing they pulled with this deal. They want us to recoup all the expenses spent. You know, like keeping track of our stuff, making us safe for long distance travel, feeding



us. Don;t forget we also wanted a cross-country flight, so the gold gets really steep. It'll still all be free, we just need to do a few shorter range trips."

"Is this carriage even going to the same place we intended?!"

"I said it was in the same direction. Don't worry, hun. It'll be like a brisk walk between cities."

"Uh, huh? And how many flights are we obligated to do no-WAACK!?"

The driver gave a sharp crack of the reins across both griffons backs, snapping them into the moment. "Less gabbing, more flapping, you freeloaders."

Woxie shot Levian a nervous smile as she stretched out her wings. Her tank of a wife snorted and mimicked the motions. "Just remember how many beautiful sights we'll be seeing and I love you, hun."

Their pair arched their hindquarters breaking into a simultaneous flex of pouncing and wing flapping. The carriage groaned as it was dragged behind them across the open road. They repeated the motion with increasing elevation until one last push of lion paws launched the magic imbued vehicle into the air. Special varnish glittering off the wood allowed it to assume a near weightless hold on its mounts so the griffons could continue flapping towards the bright blue sky.

"I'll always love you, Woxie," Levian squawked harshly to be heard over the wind blasting both their bodies. That salve really minimized the effects, but not the noise. "I just wish the cheap options would stop sucking so much!"

