

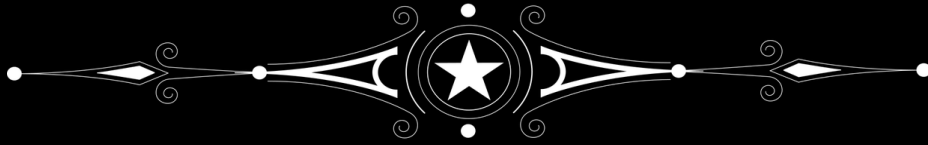
On the Scene with Matchmaking Skills

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male bunny to female fox TFTG, hyper growths, muscles, size difference, M/F sex

Read at your own discretion.



It'd be so nice if uninvited guests could learn to use the front door. Every time a mad scientist crashed through the ceiling, or a demi-god burned the carpet going through a transdimensional portal, or a physical embodiment of a holiday came down the chimney to get dirt and magic glitter everywhere, Wendel always got an earful from the landlord like it was his fault.

Not that he wanted weirdo's breaking down his door. That wasn't covered by the renter's insurance. There's just something about a half-naked pink scaled dragon woman crashing through your windows during breakfast that felt somewhat intrusive. Forgetting about his bowl of fruit loops, Wendel dived under his table until only his puffy bunny tail was sticking out.

"Take anything you want! The jerk's upstairs are way richer than me!"

"Sorry about that," the dragoness said as she pushed upright onto massive paw feet. Leathery wings and a thick tail shook with her buxom body, sending a rain of broken glass and drywall across the clean carpet. "I was supposed to phase through the wall, not bash into it. Getting the magic timing while flying is really hard. Thank god this hefty ass is sturdier than it looks, huh?"

"W-what?" Wendel risked looking out from under his cheap Costco furniture at this new intruder.

They were certainly heavy in the hip area. Posing with lithe limbs only helped exaggerate a 'fertile' appearance. What really caught the bunny off guard was her lack of attire. A white skirt hung around her caved waist trimmed in gold leaf patterns, and some golden bands decorated her wrists and ankles. That was about it. Although he was weary of the fact, she held a bow in one hand with a quiver slung between her wings. Its carry strap crossed perfectly snug between her two ample breasts, because of course she would wear it that way.

"What the fuck do you want?"

"Wow. Language!" She giggled and gave a curtsy. "Nah, I don't care about swearing. The name's Deborah, call me Debbie, and I am your personally assigned cupid for this year's love fest."

Fear and panic gave way to annoyance with a heavy dose of anger. Wendel banged his head on the table struggling to get out and address this dragon face to face.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me!"

"No, really. I'm still an apprentice level but they gave me an arrow with your name on it and everything." The pink scaled woman notched said arrow as she spoke. Having a sharp head shaped like a heart did nothing to stop Wendel's heart from racing faster. "The office said you'd be an easy mark on my record with how often you get laid in a year."

"No thanks!!"

Debbie stopped just shy of pulling back the bow string. "Beg pardon?"

"Look, I have...many questions about everything you just said, but first priority is; I don't need help with my freakin love life."

"You sure? That bombshell of a roommate you get to bunk with isn't even here."

"I'm more interested in whether you can pay for those windows."

The dragoness glanced over her wings at the gaping hole in the glass that vaguely resembled her hourglass form. "You know, you're amazingly grumpy for coming face to face with an actual symbol of beauty, love, and fertility. Most men are either scared or drooling dorks."

"I have to deal with the Easter bunny on a semi-regular basis. The physical manifestation of a holiday I care even less about isn't going to phase me."

"Wow. You met Brock and your ass survived? That guy left me unable to walk for three days. How's he been?"

"I can't help but notice you trying to avoid the subject of my broken windows."

"Look, I'm still an apprentice and have a schedule kind of thing going on here. We can work out job expenses once we got you all hooked up with your perfect date."

Wendel's ears dropped. "By shooting me in the face?"

"No. Silly!" Debbie laughed, drawing the bow string back as she took aim. "It's not nearly as effective in the face."

Having a normally deadly weapon pointed at him knocked Wendel's flight instincts into gear. In hindsight, turning to flee for better cover only presented the pink assassin with a better target. He got three feet before hearing the snap of the bow and a sharp force smacked him in the right butt cheek, sending him falling face first to the floor.

"Ow! Goddess! My ass!"

"Geez! You really do like to whine a lot. I thought you said you had romps with Brock's dick."

Wendel kept his face in the carpet and rear raised in the air while he groped at the arrow stuck in it. Despite that, there wasn't any actual pain radiating from the impact point. In fact, it'd somehow pierced into his flesh without so much as scratching his pants.

"Why'd you shoot my ass!? You crazy psycho bimbo!"

"You're making me regret not going for your face." Debbie slung her bow in a huff. "Seriously, don't you know how cupid's work?"

"I thought we get shot after falling in love. Ow ow!" Wendel managed to grasp hold of the arrows shaft, unable to see how it was sparkling with rainbow colors. It came out of his flesh effortlessly with a single tug, leaving no trace of the attack. Granted the magic had already entered his behind and was filtering out through the rest of the bunny.

Debbie just rolled her eyes with a scoff. "I got the really specialized stuff. That arrow will make sure your ideal mate will fall in love with you on sight."

He sat up still gawking at the heart-shaped arrowhead big enough to skewer a cow. "And they just give out this stuff to apprentices?"

The dragon's ears dropped slightly. "I might have 'accidentally' grabbed the specialty quiver for my supervisor by mistake. It's too late to go back and switch things out this late into the holiday."

"Accident, huh?"

"Hey! I need a win here. If I can't even get a bunny hooked up, I'm going to stay a low-grade cupid for a century."

"My ass you just shot weeps. Incidentally, why are you a dragon?"

"Excuse you!?"

Wendel tossed the arrow aside with a shrug. "I just find it weird for being a symbol of love. Aren't dragons usually associated with greed, destruction, and uncontrollable tempers?"

"WHY YOU-!!" Debbie coughed away the brief flash of murderous intent that plastered her face. She took in a deep breath that exhaled jets of flame from her nostrils before setting the fakest smile Wendel had seen in a while. "I've spent decades working hard to promote passion and kindness. That is incredibly rude to stereotype someone like that."

"You literally just made a comment about me being a bunny." When Debbie snorted even larger flames, Wendel quickly pivoted. "Also, you said this magic works on someone seeing me. What if I was just planning to stay home and play WoW?"

“First of all, you have bad taste in games. Second, magical miracle happening literally under your tail. How can you think of staying hold up like some cave hermit after all this?”

“You got a point. Walls seem optional when it comes to keeping out the lunatics and uncontrollable forces of nature.”

“Right!” Debbie nodded, only to pause in reflection over this conversation. Her train of thought couldn’t complete before a thumping noise directed her attention back towards Wendel’s windows.

“Hey guys!” Desmond called as he landed through the hole Debbie had made in the glass. A bright yellow rope slipped from the squirrel-fox’s paws as he entered the living room proper.

“Oh, sweet merciful hell,” Wendel said in a knee jerk reaction to the sight.

Desmond seemed to ignore the outburst. Instead, his eyes grew wide taking in the sight of the pink dragon standing half naked beside the bunny. “I heard a lot of yelling so thought I’d come to check if things were all right.”

“That’s a weird thing to come to.” Wendel sighed and then snapped. Thoughts became too fixated on his new guest to notice the tingle overtaking his twitching tail. “Wait. Did you just rappel down the building?”

“Well, yeah. I was on the roof doing some experiments.”

“Why didn’t you just use the elevator?” He threw his hands up exasperated with this morning in general. A sudden surge in height went ignored as his button up shirt became untucked from his pants, leaving his belly exposed.

Desmond shot Debbie a quizzical look, but the dragoness could only shrug with an expression of extreme disquiet. “I mean, have you tried rappelling down something before? It can be pretty fun. Especially when it’s some sixty-foot dude going for a walk by the bay.”

Wendel palmed his face with hands that were becoming slimmer and elegant, yet larger at the same time. The brown fur darkened to a coal black to form glove patterns up to his elbow. At that point most of his main patterns all faded to a copper red.

“Dang. I shoulda went to your neighbors for this. They sound a lot more fun.” Debbie stepped closer to Desmond, making the squirrel-fox shiver from her flowery scent. “You need a cupid by chance?”

“Awfully tempted with hips like that, but I already got three wives.” Desmond stuck his tongue back at her with a childish shrug. He glanced back to Wendel in time to watch their ears diminish into smaller acute triangles. The brown hair around them fluttered as it grew down to the angry bunny’s own widening hips. “Is he going to be, okay?”

“W-what?” Wendel said with a voice cracked into a higher octave. Anger became lost upon looking down at his slimmer feminine hands, and the fact everything in his apartment was feeling significantly smaller. “What’s happening to me-eeeEEERRRGH!!”

Something struck Wendel’s gut, making him double over in a self-hug. The apartment became filled with several tearing noises thanks to another explosion of growth overtaking the bunny. Toes racked growing claws across the carpet as he became forced to alter his stance. The fur became black as each digit plumped double in size. Legs and arms rent their sleeves into flaps under the pressure of expanding muscles. Even hunched over he became big enough to loom over the present company.

“What the hell was that?” Wendel cried in a pure woman's voice as he straightened up. There was just enough time to let out a startled yelp before another tingle of magic overtook his thickened pectorals. The front of his shirt rapidly billowed out like a balloon being inflated until the buttons exploded off in a light shower towards Desmond. A pair of white-furred breasts the size of beach balls jiggled in celebration of their new freedom, nearly toppling Wendel over as he adjusted to their new sloshing weight. “Ah fucking hell! Why am I changing, Debbie!?”

“Oh shit!” the dragoness ran over to check the arrow Wendel had discarded. Apparently, she saw something about it that had her biting her lower lip. “These aren’t love at first sight arrows. These are matchmakers. They turn you into the ideal mate for the first person that sees you.”

“WHAT!?” Wendel wanted to scream more, but his face scrunched up and decided that was the perfect time for his muzzle to start cracking into a long, narrow fox shape.

“Oh, that explains a lot,” Desmond said sheepishly. His hands doing nothing to cover the tent being pitched in his shorts.

The changing bunny whirled to snarl freshly sharpened fangs at him. “Of course, you’d be into this. If I crash through the ceiling, you’re going to...nnngh! F-fuck!”

Hands flew from trying to support his new mammaries to desperately clutch his butt. Having gained triple the strength did nothing to stop his glutes from puffing thick with a mix of fat and muscles. They were pushed apart easily until the seat of his pants split down the middle, letting his backside jut out in an impressively firm shelf. He gave a strained grunt when it flexed again, causing his tail to unfurl into a much longer flag of thick copper fur. ed

"Fantastic!" The enormous hulk vixen huffed, yanking what remained of her clothes off the rippling curves of her ten-foot body. Wendel didn’t bother with the indignation of checking to know she’d become fully female down there. Even with mega boobs in the way it was easy to tell how things were throbbing down there. Instead, she pivoted sideways, flinching when her log of a tail swept the plates off her table with a loud crash. Taking a deep breath trying not to think about the cost of replacing fine China later, she focused on facing down a much smaller Debbie. “Fix. This. Now.”

The dragoness needed a moment to take in the massive fox tits hovering inches above her face. It was only after Wendel gave a warning growl that she snapped back to attention with a nervous wing flutter. “Uh, yes. T-the thing about matchmakers, and cupid magic in general, is that it doesn’t just have an undo button. You know? It’s all about the spirit of love and kindness.”

Wendel took a step forward, ears scrapping a lower part of the ceiling. A simple motion that had Debbie tripping over her tail in a frantic retreat.

“O-of course, love is as random as any emotion, so the magic can go away on its own given enough time.”

The vixen’s nostrils flared. “I’m guessing you don’t have a general timer to go on that?”

“Eeeh. W-well... not as such.” Debbie couldn’t help grinning as she jerked her head at a still dumbstruck, drooling Desmond. “I hear you can burn out our influence a bit faster by spending quality time with your special someone. Helps with people learning if they are compatible afterwards.”

“Do I look like I’m compatible with that lunatic!?”

The dragon’s eyes drifted down to Wendel’s thick form decorated in ridges of powerful muscle, making the hulk vixen immediately regret her words. “Trust me dear. We see a lot of weirder stuff in this line of work.”

“Actually, so have I... hey! Where are you going!?”

Eliciting a brief moment of embarrassing reflection in Wendel created just the opening Debbie needed. By the time her accidental vixen had snapped out of it, she’d already dashed towards the windows. “Sorry! I’m on a schedule. Lots of love to make, weird TFs to inflict. You know how it goes. Please don’t tell my supervisor.”

“Get back here and fix me!!”

Trying to chase after the dragoness was a bit pointless. Even with her immense stride, Debbie had jumped out her previously created hole and simply vanished into a puff of pink glitter. Wendel remained at the ledge staring at the sparkle show until it was fully dispersed. Even her feet’s paw pads had gotten so thick the threat of glass was apparently non-existent.

“Oh. She really was a cupid?” Desmond had shuffled over to glance around Wendel’s protruding butt at Debbie’s exit. “Is she going to pay for that window?”

“Somehow, I doubt it.” Wendel’s chest jostled violently with her heavy sigh. “Now what am I supposed to do?”

“I dunno. We could make out?”

The slow turn and blank stare Wendel did could have been something out of a horror movie. A feeling that didn't register to Desmond with his eyes glued to the vixen's boobs every motion. For a minute she contemplated tossing him out the window too. Unfortunately, she felt a certain itch deep in her loins that was annoyingly familiar. Figures magic involving Valentines would trigger that bit of biology as well, or maybe it was a byproduct of gender swapping.

Either way, trying to deal with that for the rest of the day, if not longer, as a monster fox might be an even bigger pain. Seeing the erection pushing out Desmond's pants helped make the choice slightly easier, at least.

"YIP!!" Desmond squirmed when Wendel hoisted him up into the air with one hand. She didn't even need to exert effort while pulling off his pants and underwear with the other hand. "H-hey! I was only kid-Mmmpphh?"

Locking their muzzles together in a kiss proved a great way to silence him for a minute. Wendel pushed in a hug that squeezed Desmond firmly between her mounds. Her other arm came around to cup Desmond's rear for extra support. A little teasing with her tongue managed to pry his lips open and soon she was invading the inside of his maw with wet sucking noises. It didn't take long before Desmond's own arms began to relax, draped across the span of her breasts smothering his chest. They were soon stroking the soft fur of her soft round curves as his tongue began to wrestle back in earnest.

Goddess curse that amateur dragon. Each deep breath Wendel took was filled with the scent of horny squirrel-fox. It liked to bypass right past her lungs down into her pussy, turning the itch into a throbbing fire. Judging by Desmond's labored groans, he was enjoying her musk as well. She let the desire build until it became impossible to ignore, finally breaking their kiss with a string of saliva still connecting their chin for several inches.

"You... you don't get to talk." she growled between breaths.

"Mmhm!" Desmond gave soft churrs, letting the big vixen carry him over into the bedroom. The kiss had knocked him so hard it was amazing Wendel wasn't seeing little hearts floating off their body.

They got a little sense back when she decided to drop him beside the bed rather than on it. Ignoring a confused, almost desperate look, Wendel lowered onto her knees and flopped face first across the mattress. Granted the mass of her bobs kept her muzzle safe from even making contact, but the position still left her plump ass presented in Desmond's general direction. Spreading her legs with a raised tail helped better show off the moist pussy beneath them.

"Work for it!" She barked curtly over one shoulder.

That was an order that didn't need elaborating. Desmond was all too eager to rush over and give her red rear a loving embrace. What the vixen wasn't expecting was for him to move down and start working at her slit with long drags of his yellow tongue.

“Aah! Fuuuuuck!” Wendel grappled at a pillow, biting into it in an attempt to stifle her girlish squeal. Moisture was slurped off her damp crotch fur only for more to take its place. Her inner muscles gave involuntary pulses that radiated across her enormous body. The bed frame creaked in protest to her unconscious shaking.

And that was before Desmond’s fingers pried her open to start working at her clit. His tongue wagged rapidly across the sensitive nub, ending with his lips clamping across the whole thing for a hard suck. Wendel’s enhanced womanhood couldn’t take it, spurting a small amount of fluids across the squirrel-foxes nose for his efforts.

Unfortunately, the vixen underestimated just how sharp her teeth had become. While in the midst of a small orgasm her bite easily ripped through the thin pillow covers. Cries of bliss turned to startled choking as she spat out wads of cheap cotton. That still wasn’t enough to kill her drive, despite the laughing going on behind her ass.

“H-how are you so good at this?”

“Well, I…”

“I said no talking!”

The vixen’s thick tail snapped across Desmond’s face in a harmless slap. He snorted in return but having Wendel’s hips rock needfully against his face signaled they were far from done. That got him refocused on standing for the main event.

It was only then they both realized Wendel’s size was a serious thing. Even when on her knees that gorgeous round butt still rested level with Desmond’s chest. The way he grappled at her hips made it hard to tell what he was doing at first. She shot a look over her shoulder just in time to watch the squirrel-fox succeed in pulling up enough to rest across her lower back. Such a position left his paw-feet dangling in the air, yet he found a way to angle their member just right to plunge into the vixen’s lips.

“Gah fuck yes!” Wendel’s claws racked at her sheets, quivering from ears to toes. Inner muscles clenched around the canine-style cock as it pushed into her as an instinctive welcome. Run off of her juices were quick to baste Desmond’s balls when their hips slapped together.

With literally no ground to work from, Desmond settled for laying across the giant vixen’s back in a proper mounted state. His weight was practically nothing, but his girth still left Wendel delightfully filled. Gripping around her waist made just easy enough rock his hip against her jiggling butt, rapidly massaging her slick insides in quick rapid fire thrusts.

“Hoooooaaaaannnn!” Wendel’s breathing got faster with each second of her neighbor’s assault. Their long tail squirmed like a wild snake against Desmond’s body as she tried to control her body’s shaking.

That was a pretty tall order after such a tongue lashing had already pushed her so close. Her lower muscles were tensing up. Toes curled tight with the plateau

approaching fast. Butt cheeks clenched tight squeezing even harder at Desmond's swollen knot. Wendel must have really become that weirdo's dream girl for his bulge to already be fully inflated. The way it strained against her pussy trying to drive itself in had her seeing stars.

"GAH hah hah hah!" The sharp yip Wendel emitted when one good thrust finally got the squirrel-fox knotted sounded unusually adorable for her massive frame. Something she could worry about later. Getting Desmond's member to pop inside was the push that sent her falling over the edge. Her head rocked back in a soft scream as all her thickened muscles began flexing of their own volition.

At some point she was dimly aware of the effect this had on Desmond. He soon joined her in crying out while the loaded cock pulsed inside her. A warmth blossomed deep inside Wendel's stomach, finally leaving her itch satisfied with a fresh deposit of male spunk. Her tunnel happily milked every drop it could get before her climax slowly fizzled out.

"Mmh!" Talk about a shock that Desmond didn't just pass right out on top of her once the blissful orgasms had died. He still made himself comfortably hung over Wendel's rear. One hand stroked the fur of her back, eliciting sparks of pleasure as his claws traced the outlines of her muscles. "So... Can I buy you dinner while you're like this?"

If she wasn't spent and totally euphoric from afterglow, the urge to toss him out the window might have returned. Wendel took a deep breath thinking it over. Transformations and sex have a way of working up an appetite, especially when done together. Lord knows the half-eaten breakfast out in the kitchen wasn't going to fill that other hole in her stomach.

"Hope you have a deep wallet because I'm going to eat a cow."

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Afterward

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