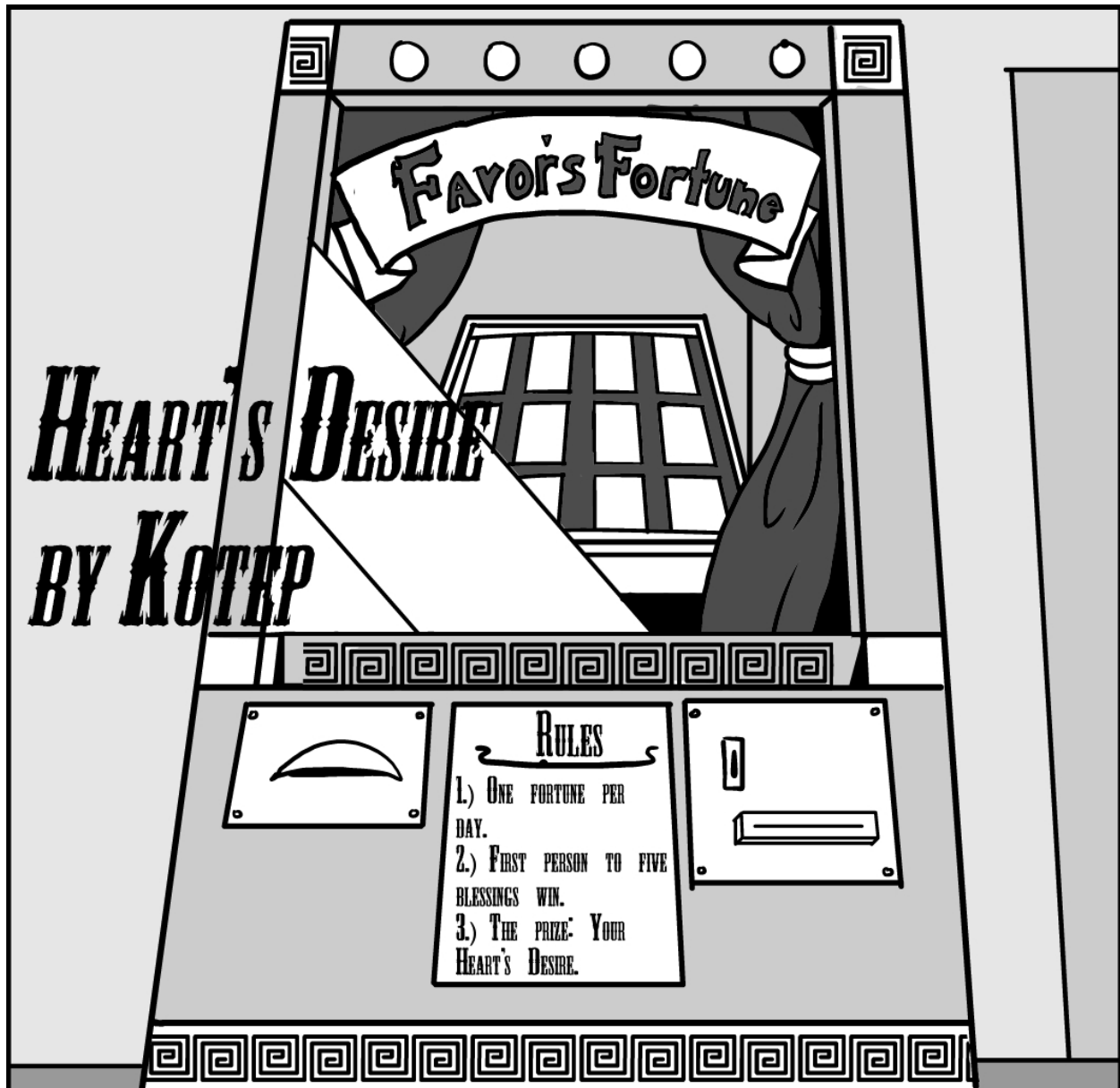


Fortune's Favor: A game of Banes and Blessings. Let the mystic energies discover what you really want.



Tricia's phone chimed from beneath a stack of file folders on her desk. She was flipping through the pages in the folder on top, trying to hunt down any contract information. The gator looked up, looked across at the cubicle next to her, and glanced over her shoulder. The coast was clear. She pulled out her phone.

'We should check this out,' said Cole's text. Attached was a picture of an old fortune teller game cabinet, the kind you might find at a carnival. How very Cole of him, Tricia thought. He was interested in all sorts of games, especially the weirder ones.

"Tricia. Did you find the contract yet?" asked the wolf standing behind her with his arms folded. Tricia flinched. She nearly banged her knee on the desk. With a grimace, she turned to face her boss.

“No, sorry, I—putting it away,” she said. She shoved her phone back out of sight and started leafing through the papers again. Her boss lingered for a few moments, watching her to make sure she’d keep working. Then he turned and left.

Alex felt her phone buzz against her leg. She glanced from her notes to her professor. He was explaining a couple of terms she already knew in detail. She could spare a minute. Wasn’t like anyone would notice her, anyway. No one ever noticed her.

The lioness pulled her phone into her lap and turned it on. She saw the text from Cole, along with a picture of a fortune-telling game inside Cole’s garage. He wanted them to come try it? What the hell, she had the evening free.

‘Sure, see you when class is over,’ she texted back. A new game Cole had was mostly an excuse to hang out at his house with friends. Either way, she was glad to have something to do tonight.

The phone back in her pocket, she sat up and started listening again. A minute later, the professor stopped and turned to look at a rabbit girl in the third row.

“Phone away, please,” he said, quick and stern.

Alex watched the girl blush. Jealousy tightened in the pit of her stomach. The rabbit girl had gotten noticed. She’d gotten called out for having her phone out, but at least she’d gotten noticed. Alex could use her phone in class all she wanted and no one would notice her.

Cole stood in front of his bathroom mirror and swiped his claws one way through his hair, then the other way. No matter which way he styled it, it was just a short scruff of black fur on top of his head. The jackal tugged on his tee shirt and shook out his hair one more time.

On his way toward the garage, his phone chimed. The message was from Tricia: ‘Sorry, busy day, just got off. Coming over now.’

Cole opened the door to his garage and flicked on the lights. His new cabinet was sitting against the shelves in the back, just waiting to be plugged in. As he was pulling the orange extension cord from one of the shelves, he heard the doorbell ring. He tapped the garage door opener and began spooling out the cable from the outlet to the cabinet.

Alex stepped under the garage door and watched Cole plug in the cabinet. The lights along the outside lit up, illuminating the banner along the top and the rules listed down the side. Inside the cabinet, for looks, was a spread-out deck of faded tarot cards.

“Hey, Cole,” the lioness said, folding her arms together. “Did Tricia say if she was coming?”

Cole brushed off his knees and stood up. Cole was only a little taller than Alex, and Alex wasn’t that tall for a lion girl. Even if she was a different species, it still made him feel short. He sometimes wondered if he’d have a girlfriend if he was taller. He wasn’t upset about it, he’d just figured he’d have gotten a girlfriend by the time he was twenty-three.

“Yeah, she said she just left work a few minutes ago,” Cole said.

Alex nodded and leaned against the hood of Cole’s car. “Shouldn’t be too long. I mean, she doesn’t work in the city or anything.” They were all glad to live and work in the suburbs.

They chatted and teased each other for about ten minutes, until they saw the headlights of Tricia’s car as it pulled into the driveway. The gator climbed out, shut the car door, and clicked into the garage in her work shoes.

Alex and Tricia were both trim, but Alex couldn’t help feeling less pretty compared to Tricia. Tricia was dressed in her entry-level-corporate jacket, blouse and skirt, and Alex had on just the jeans and zip-up sweatshirt she’d worn to class.

Tricia said, “Hey, sorry. Phew, they just...we had to go back through all our contracts make sure everyone’s on board with this new zoning—anyway, it doesn’t matter.” She leaned on the hood of Cole’s car next to Alex. “So, what is this thing?”

Cole stood beside the cabinet, like he was presenting it to them. “It’s like a fortune telling game, but it’s got special rules to it. You play it with a bunch of people, you get one fortune per day, and the first person to get to five ‘blessings’ wins.”

“Wins what?” Tricia asked.

Cole pointed to one of the rules. “Your heart’s desire.”

Alex made a soft snort. Cole grinned. Tricia was starting to smile too. It was a cheesy old game.

“So, want to give it a shot?” Cole asked.

“That’s what we’re here for,” Alex said. Even if it was silly, it was something they could all play together.

Alex stood up, fished one of the tokens out of the open coin return, and dropped it into the slot. A tinny recording of a sitar played as the cards on display in the booth swirled around and the lights on the outside flashed on and off in a spinning pattern.

A slot in the front spat out a yellowed card. Alex picked it up, then moved to the side. Tricia stood by her after getting her own fortune, and once Cole got his too, they all turned to face each other.

“Okay, so who reads theirs first?” Tricia asked.

Cole shrugged. “Go ahead.”

“You will soon be coming into plenty. One blessing,” Tricia said.

“Many eyes will be on you, so prepare. One blessing,” Alex said.

“Be careful, as small things can have large consequences. One bane,” Cole said.

Alex laughed. “Oof, tough one, Cole.” Cole just shrugged and smiled.



Tricia started to blush. A sudden rush of heat had hit her, rising up from her claws to her cheeks. It left her anxious and left her face tinged with red. She still had her work clothes on, but it was a cool evening. She shouldn't have felt so hot.

She reached for the top button on her jacket and fiddled with it for a moment, hesitating. Then she unbuttoned it and the other buttons too, opening her jacket and letting her blouse breathe. She opened her mouth to let out a hot pant, and lifted one hand to push her hair out of her face.

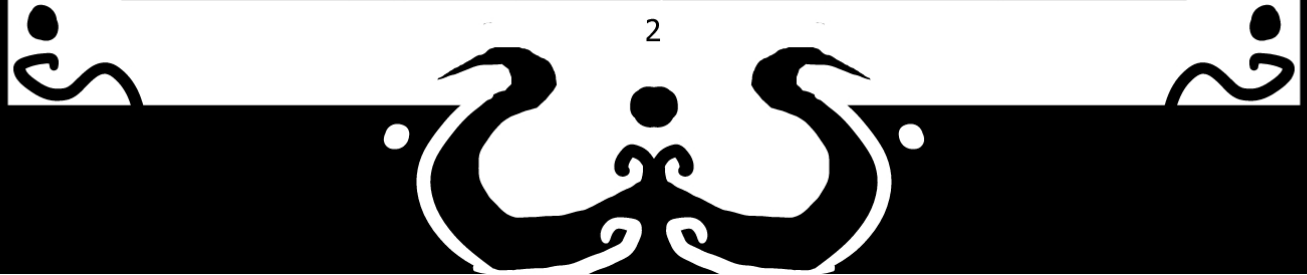
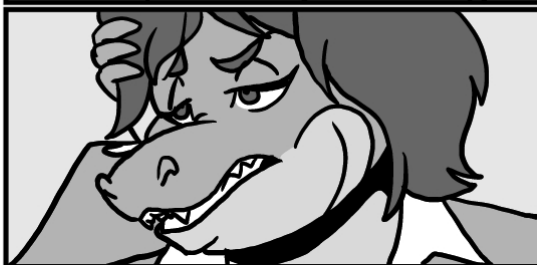
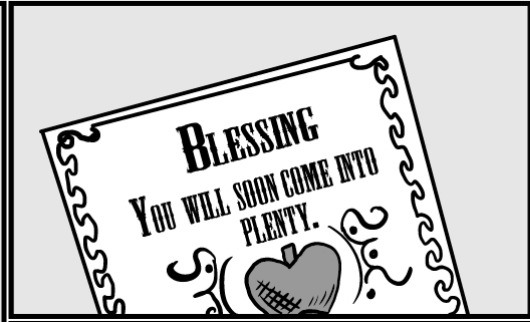
Cole asked, "Tricia, you okay?"

Tricia groaned out loud, thrust her chest forward, and arched her back. Beneath her clothes, her body was shifting, gradually thickening. To her, it was a slow, puffy sensation wrapping around her, rising up into her chest, and then sagging down into belly and rolling down toward her hips. The fabric of her clothes was shifting around her body. The cloth brushed past her scales as she grew, as gentle as a light wind reminding her of its presence. While her clothes clung more tightly to her softer body, at least they still fit.

Tricia's bra certainly felt tighter. There was no way her old bra could hold the overflowing-handful-sized scaly breasts that now hung in front of her. Her skirt had a snug grip on her thickened hips, but her hips were thicker by several inches. Her skirt had to have grown to accommodate her new size.

Even after the plush swelling dissipated from her body, Tricia was heavy in ways she'd never had to deal with before. She patted her stomach, hidden somewhat beneath the thickness of her breasts, but definitely fatter. She pinched some of that pudg between her fingers and jiggled. She felt the bounce from her hips up to her chest. Her body was just a bit heavier and a bit slower all over.

Tricia reached back and held her tail in her hands, getting a sense of its new thickness, which matched her rounder hips. She was only a little fat, she told herself, not enough to pose a problem. A couple months of dieting would be enough to cut back on the soft belly while keeping some of her new, curvier figure intact.



Tricia's pride swelled, not just from her new appearance, but an all-around confidence. She wasn't going to let herself get pushed around at work. She was better-looking now, and she felt better, and she was going to change her life for the better. This was going to be the first step to the power and wealth she wanted, and the first step out from under the heels of micromanaging bosses.

"Tricia, are you...all right? You look..." Cole began to say, struggling to put words to what had happened.

"Good? Yeah, I do look good. I don't know what happened," Tricia said. She tried pulling her jacket back around her waist, and found that she could barely get it to button up in front of her belly. The lapels squeezed against the sides of her breasts, pushing them forward when she pulled at her jacket.

While Tricia sized herself up in front of Cole, Alex stepped back and leaned against the garage workbench. She was hot too. Her scalp itched like she'd just poured stinging hair dye onto it. She scratched at her head, tossing around her straight shoulder-length locks. She grabbed some of her bangs and dragged them down so she could see.

From the tips up, they were the usual milk-chocolate-brown she was used to, but halfway up, that color faded into a bright honey blonde. The lighter color was seeping down through her hair toward the tips. She grabbed another bunch of hair from the other side of her head, but it was also slowly creeping toward blonde.

"Guys, I think something's happening to me now," Alex said. With a flick of her hair, she let it settle back down around her shoulders. She didn't even like blonde. She would have said something, but then a sudden ache sprung up inside of her. It was hot, but desperate, not cozy like Tricia's warmth.

Alex clutched her breasts and dug her claws into the neckline of her shirt. Her lips curled and her eyes rolled back. She arched her chest forward. The heat building up inside of her needed to be free, but she had the presence of mind not to try to rip open her shirt right in front of her friends.

With her paws against her breasts, though, she could feel the growth against her palms and fingertips. She could feel that force pressing against her hands and against her chest; a slow, soft increase of pressure, not a hard push but a gentle, growing force. Each second, her chest was rounder, weightier, thicker than before.

Alex lifted her hands away. Her shirt had adjusted to her new size by opening up its neckline, now a v-neck that showed off her newfound cleavage. She blushed and combed back some of her blonde hair with her fingers. Alex looked down at her chest, then up at her two friends, who were staring at her with a mixture of shock and fascination.

Was that it? Was that all that would happen to her? "God, these are big," she hissed. A moment later, a moan fell from her mouth. She leaned away from the workbench and glanced over her shoulder. She gave her ass a light spank with her hand and stifled the faint yelp that followed. It was that same aching heat, like a fire lit along her hips. Her body was thickening up below the waist too.

Her paws dragged up and down her sides, rubbing at the waistband of her pants. Her hips pulled the denim taut. It stretched firmly around her ass and hips without splitting open. She pressed her thighs together, bending forward and waiting until the throbbing between her legs had relaxed into a gentle warmth.



Alex straightened up again, pushing her straight blonde hair out of her face. Her chest was bulging forward, her jeans hanging off her wide hips. She eyed Tricia's rounded belly and felt her own stomach, squeezing lightly—but no, she wasn't anywhere as thick around the middle as Tricia had become. Not to be mean, but it was a relief that she wasn't

“Do I look...good?” Alex asked. Cole and Tricia were both quick to nod.

“You look really nice,” Cole said, breathless.

Tricia wrapped an arm around Alex's shoulder and pulled her close. “If girls were my thing, I'd definitely have the hots for you,” the gator said. She gave Alex a squeeze before letting her go.

Maybe this was a way to find that attention she wanted, Alex thought. But she couldn't help feeling uneasy about all this. Their bodies were changing. Even if the changes were good, they were out of their control, and that worried Alex.

Cole chuckled awkwardly. “I've gotta say, I didn't expect this was gonna, um.” He paused, clearing his throat. “Didn't think it was gonna be anything more than just some dumb, ahem.” He lowered his head, and coughed. There was a tickle in his throat that wasn't going away.

He put his hand to his neck and tried to clear his throat again. He could feel something catching inside his larynx, like he'd swallowed something wrong, except that he hadn't eaten for hours. He closed his eyes, turned his head to the side, and cleared his throat loudly enough that it came out like a sudden snarl. Alex asked, “Are you okay?”

Cole said, “Yeah, sorry,” in a voice that wasn't his own. It was deeper and slightly rougher, like his voice had taken a beating. Alex looked at him, worried but curious. Tricia leaned against the bench next to Alex to watch.

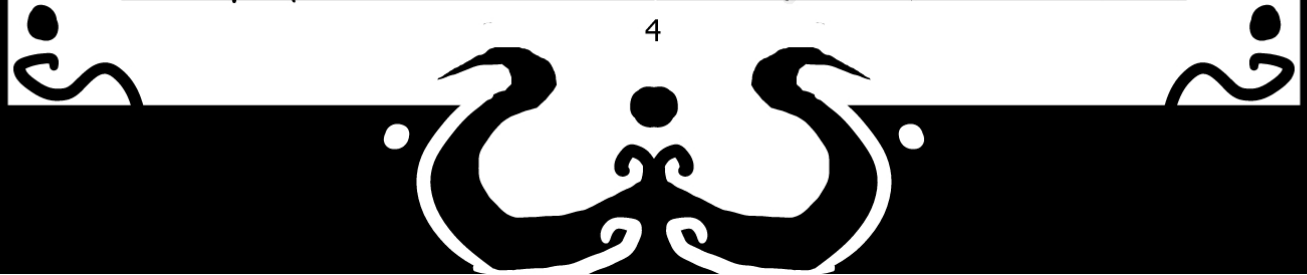
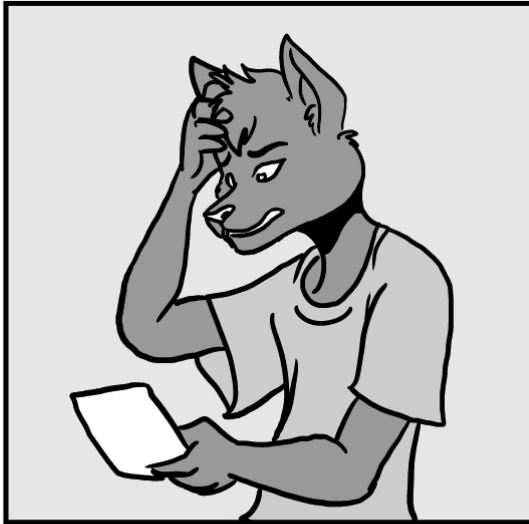
“Looks like it's his turn,” Tricia said.

While Cole also felt hot, it wasn't from the changes starting to spread out from his core. It was from Tricia and Alex watching. He tried to ignore the fact that two girls were watching him, and worry about the new sensations running through his body.

His joints were tight and his muscles were sore. He started to move, rolling his neck, moving his shoulders in circles. His muscles bunched. His tendons tensed and then they relaxed again. But when his muscles relaxed, they weren't as slender as they had been before.

It was as if energy was building up beneath his fur as he moved. The more he moved, the more it built up, and the more his arms tightened and rippled. He held one shoulder as he spun his arm in a circle. His shoulder joint popped beneath his hand. As he shifted and held the other shoulder, his upper torso spread slowly. There was no one change happening at a time. It all came together: the tightness in his back, his chest broadening, the rippling of his shoulders, the way his sides thickened.

As Cole bent forward and his spine crackled, his stomach bunched up. As he leaned back, his thighs tightened and his lower back flexed.



Cole shifted from foot to foot, kicking his heels up behind him. It wasn't quite enough, so he leaned one hand on the side of his car and grabbed his heel to stretch, then switched feet and stretched his other leg too.

He was heavier, but not unwieldy. His arms and legs had weight to them and he could feel the difference in size as he flexed. The hem of his sleeves clung to his biceps when he tensed them. His shirt couldn't hide the extra, toned weight hiding beneath.

"Wow," he said in his more gravelly voice.

"Wow is right," Alex said. She took a few steps toward him, looking over his body, then up at his face. He smiled down at her, but noticed the subtle difference in height. He now had to tilt his head down to look her in the eye.

It only took a little more tilt to look down her cleavage. His smile tightened and he looked back up at her face quickly. He'd gotten a sudden throb between his legs, and it had been stronger than he was used to. He didn't need to tempt himself right now.

"I'm not crazy, right?" Alex asked. "We all just...grew. Like, in just a few minutes."

"Yeah, and it felt good," Tricia said, rubbing her belly and hips.

Alex frowned. "But it's changing us. Isn't that bad? Should we even keep that machine around?"

"It's not so bad," Cole said. "We're all...I mean, we all agree, we're all hotter than before, right?"

"I guess..." Alex said.

"C'mon, you know you like it. You're always complaining you're not as hot as the other girls in your class." Tricia gave Alex a bump on the hip.

Alex smiled lightly. "Well...I guess you're right. Let's just take it easy though, okay?"

"So can we go again?" Tricia asked. She grabbed another token out of the coin return and dropped it in the slot. The machine flashed its lights and played its music, then spat out another card.

While Tricia's blouse was perfectly fine holding her larger frame when she stood up straight, as she bent over, the strain on the buttons shifted and the top one popped off. She stood back up, scowling, trying to pull the blouse back together, but the button was gone completely. She had to deal with having one less button. She turned the card over and read off the message.

"Sorry, only one card per person per day. Come back tomorrow! Dang, I thought we'd be able to do it all tonight..."

Cole shrugged, and then tugged at the shoulders of his shirt. They bunched up now, digging into his armpits. "It's in the rules. I guess it's to keep you coming back to the carnival each day."

"So we are coming back tomorrow, right?" Tricia said. "I mean, we all want more, more or less?"

She looked between Tricia and Cole. Cole nodded along, and after a minute of thought, Alex shrugged and nodded too. "Might as well see how it turns out," she said.

Tricia

When Tricia came into work that morning, she was looking forward to seeing how shocked everyone was. It was a bit of a let-down that no one noticed, but that didn't bother her. She knew she looked good, so she didn't need other people's reassurance.

Her chair was missing its armrests, but the reason why was clear as soon as she sat down: her hips overflowed the seat. She'd probably get stuck in a chair with arms, she thought. But she'd only gotten thicker the night before, so why would her chair be armless? They wouldn't have known. The more she thought about it, though, the more the strangeness receded into her mind. Of course her seat didn't have arms, because it never had arms. Good thing it didn't, though.

An hour ticked by as Tricia went to work on the business of the day. Her company was handling the legal work for a new office building in a neighborhood zoned for apartments. They had to contact all the building owners in a certain radius to inform them. They had to hope the owners would be willing to agree to a zoning variance. For Tricia, it meant slogging through piles of contact info.



Tricia began to feel the morning grogginess catching up to her. It was harder to stay attentive with a larger body; she was always a bit padded and warm, so it was like trying to stay at peak performance while also snuggled up in a comfortable blanket. Her chair creaked as she got up and headed into the break room for some coffee.

She grabbed her oversized mug from the cabinet and popped one of the coffee cups into the machine. While it churned and spewed the dark roast into her mug, she fished in the refrigerator for the half-and-half. Once her cup was done, she stepped to the side, while one of her co-workers stepped up to use the machine.

Tricia poured about as much half-and-half into her mug as there was coffee, then grabbed three sugar packets together and poured them in all at once. She glanced over at the doe, who gave her a polite smile. "You want to use some?" Tricia asked, holding up the carton of creamer.

"No thanks, I'm fine," she said.



Tricia chuckled and bumped the doe with her hip as she brushed by her. “You could use the fat,” she said, dropping the carton back in the fridge and taking her cup with her. It was just a bit of teasing, but Tricia did think the doe could stand to gain some weight. She was so skinny compared to Tricia that she almost felt bad for her.

Tricia sat down to work, grunting lightly as her ass hit the chair. The coffee was thick and creamy and sweet. It kept her going until it was all gone and she was left with the taste lingering in her mouth and an anxious need for something more filling.

Tricia made another trip to the break room, washed out her mug, and poured herself a plastic cup of water. On the way out she saw the vending machine. She needed to put herself on a diet, if only to make sure she didn’t get any bigger than she’d gotten. But damn, she was hungry. She bought a candy bar to chew on, then sat down at her desk. She took small bites to make it last as long as possible, to keep her going until lunch.

When she settled back in after lunch, she checked over her schedule for the day and realized she was running behind. Between the time she’d spent fretting about eating and trips to the break room, she was about an hour behind schedule. But she’d just power through and make it up in the afternoon.

Which sounded like a great idea at one in the afternoon, but by three, she was anxious and hungry again. Focusing on work was almost painful. All the names were bleeding together into one annoying blur. “Tricia?” someone said as they peered around her cubicle.

“What!?” she snapped, then sighed and rubbed along the bridge of her snout. “Sorry, just stress. What is it?” she asked more pleasantly. Her coworker relaxed his grip on the box he held.

“Well, we got donuts for everyone, and we got a separate box for you,” he said, setting the box down on top of one of her stacks of paper.

Of course, because last time they got donuts for everyone, she’d eaten a good quarter of the donuts there. Hadn’t she? The memory seemed out of place somehow, like it shouldn’t be there. But each time she came back to it, it felt more real, until a lingering sense of strangeness was the only evidence that she hadn’t had that memory until just a minute ago.

Tricia looked at the box, licked her lips, and set it aside so she could keep working. Her stomach gurgled. She could smell the donuts inside. At least some of them were glazed. She shifted in her seat and it creaked again. She tugged her blouse and jacket straight. She needed to focus on getting this work done, and...eating did help her focus.

She made a box of twelve donuts last an entire hour, but by the time she'd finished off the last, she was not only a little too full, but also tired. She kept having to reread what she'd just read a minute ago, or delete the last few words and retype them. She wasn't getting anywhere.

Tricia knocked on her boss's door and leaned inside. "Hey, I'm not feeling good," she told the wolf, who looked up from behind his desk. "I'll take the rest of the day off and make it up tomorrow." She saw the wolf pursing his lips, and something small sparked in the back of Tricia's head. She wouldn't let him talk her down from this. "I'm not asking for permission, I'm letting you know," she said, then closed the door.

Standing up to her boss felt good. It was only a small thing, and maybe it was slightly selfish, but she liked the satisfaction she got from not taking any shit. She was riding her wave of confidence as she bumped the door's chair on the way out and said, "See you tomorrow, twiggy."



Alex

Since her first class was late in the morning, Alex had enough time to run an errand before school. She needed to fix her hair. But at the pharmacy, looking at the boxes of hair dye, she realized she had no idea what color her hair had been. Was it August Auburn or Brown Sugar Cinnamon or Bronze Glow?

“Hi, can I help you with anything?” asked a vixen wearing a nametag. Alex didn’t look at the nametag, but she did size up the girl. Slender, fairly busty, cute smile, well-conditioned hair. Alex figured this girl probably knew more about looking pretty than she did. Alex might have had an attractive figure now, but she was still her unfashionable, self-conscious self inside.

“Yeah, actually. I want to dye my hair brunette, cause I don’t like blonde,” Alex said, leaving out that she thought being blonde made her look dumber. “I thought about going for something light brown, but... What do you think the best shade is?”

The vixen pouted and cocked her head to the side. “For you, something dark. You should go with this! I think it’d look super nice on you,” she said. “It’d really bring out your eyes and stuff.” She grabbed one of the boxes off the shelf and gave it to Alex. Alex looked the box of ‘Opal Black’ over, then smiled and thanked the vixen. Maybe she would look better with even darker hair.

Back at home, she had just enough time to do her dye before class. She slipped off her shirt and jeans in the bathroom, then looked at herself in the mirror. She bent a knee and pouted, then turned sideways and thrust her chest out. She looked good, almost as pretty as that vixen, aside from her hair and makeup.

A little shiver ran down Alex’s spine. She swallowed a groan. That vixen had been pretty cute. Alex had been annoyingly horny all day. For whatever reason she just couldn’t get her mind off of sex. The best she could do was just stay busy to keep herself occupied instead of dwelling on it.

Once the dye was spread through her hair, she let it sit. She waited in the bathroom, since she didn’t want to accidentally drip on anything. She sat on the lid of the toilet, leaning back, her legs spread open and one paw resting against her thighs. She rubbed at her lower belly, then let her fingers slip lower, and lower, until her fingers slid underneath her panties. She breathed in sharply—she was swollen and tender to the touch. And if she had to wait here anyway...



Fifteen minutes later, Alex was leaned back as far as she could without her hair touching the wall. She was breathing deeply through her mouth and nose and not even caring about the chemical smell from the hair dye. One hand was behind her back, holding her steady, while the other was pressed up tight between her legs. Her fingers were damp from one orgasm and she was on her way to her second. She'd already fantasized about the vixen from the store. Now she was thinking about Cole's new look.

The timer startled her and she jerked her hand away. She was on a tight schedule and couldn't linger for too long. She doused herself in the shower and rinsed out her hair until the water washed out clear. She dried off and tossed her clothes back on, and was out the door with less than a minute to spare. Rushing to class was harder than she thought. Even a brisk walk sent her body jiggling more than was comfortable. She crossed her arms across her chest, holding her breasts in as tightly as she could, and power-walked to class. She shuffled into a lecture seat just in time.

In the midst of lecture, she found her mind wandering. She shifted in her seat, pressing her thighs together, trying to think unsexy thoughts about economics to stay on task. But then her eyes strayed over to the horse sitting a few seats in front and to the left of her. He was pretty big; he probably played sports of some kind. Probably had plenty of girls interested in him, too. But if Alex was eye catching enough, maybe she'd have a chance. Maybe she'd be able to...mmm.



Her ears flicked back and she let out a loud, involuntary groan. The professor cleared his throat sternly and turned to look at her. Suddenly the whole class was looking at her. She lifted her head off her hands and hunched down over her computer to try to hide her blush.

The first time she'd been noticed in class, and she was moaning over some guy. Great.

After the class was over, she spare time before her next lecture. She wanted to make sure that her professor knew she wasn't some distracted ditz. Once everyone else had left, she came up to the professor herself.

"Hi, um, I just wanted to apologize for...that, in the middle of class," she said, stepping closer, pushing her chest out without even realizing it.

“I’ve noticed that’s a bit of a problem with you and, let’s say, ‘cute guys,’” her professor said. Alex didn’t recall it being a problem before, if you didn’t count her getting lost in that horse guy’s eyes once. And the time she spent a whole class trying to get a guy’s attention by eating a lollipop.

She blushed as it dawned on her that she really did have a problem paying attention around hot guys. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that she was coming off as a bit of a ditz

“I know,” she said, her voice trailing into a cute whine. “But I really do like your class, and I’m trying to make sure I get a good grade. Is there anything I can do...?”

She felt a bump against the front of her breasts. She realized she was so close to him she’d brushed against his arms. His eyes were widening, and there was a little flush behind the fur on his cheeks.

“I didn’t mean—! Um, sorry, I’ll just...” Alex took a few steps back, gesturing toward the door. “I’ll see you, um, I mean, just...goodbye!” she said, and shoved herself out the door.



Cole

In the shower, Cole took advantage of the opportunity to bask in his new body. He needed to get ready for work, but he could spare a few minutes of scrubbing just to appreciate the fact that he had a body worth giving a damn about. And, hey, maybe girls would like it.

All his clothes were the same size as before, but since he was bigger now, they fit more snugly, clinging to his body and showing off his form. It took some time to get used to the new way his clothes sat on him, but by the time he was driving his car to the store, he was no longer fidgeting with the shoulders. He even felt more confident, knowing that he looked good in his clothes.

He didn't have Tricia's luck (or ambition) to make it into an office job right out of school, so he was stuck working retail for now. It wasn't bad, but it meant just a lot of folding clothes, restocking, and dealing with employees. Luckily, the early morning was slow, so he had time to get back into the groove of work with his new body.

It was almost a shame that he didn't get to show off more. Work was mostly sorting, stocking, restocking, picking up, and sometimes working the cash register if it got busy. No real opportunity to try out his new strength.

As he was setting out jeans for one of the big displays, his tall ears perked at the sound of girls giggling somewhere. He stood up, grabbed another pair of jeans from the cart, and folded them up. He glanced around and, in the corner of his eye, he saw two girls over by men's socks. Why exactly were they in the men's socks section? He heard another giggle as he bent down to lay out the jeans with the other ones.

He walked around the cart like he was moving to get another pair. Then, in a few quick steps, he was in front of the girls before they could scoot away. One was a corgi girl who stood about as high as his chest, the other a Doberman who stood eye-to-eye with him.

He had found girls who were checking him out! Great! ...Now what?

"Hi," he said.

They tittered a little and the corgi said, "Hey," back to him.

"You, uh, shop often?" he asked.

He could tell they were holding back giggles. "Yeah, I guess," the corgi said.

"Cool. Uh, I work here, if you ever...wanna find me. Bye," he said.

He hurried back to the cart with the jeans and pulled it out of view until the girls had left. His mind had gone blank halfway through talking to them. It had been a good start; he just needed to be more confident. Maybe they'd be back again another day, and he'd be able to flirt with them properly. If he kept up with the fortune cards, he was sure he'd get that confidence he needed.

It was that hope that made the rest of the day more bearable than usual. Hours and hours of shifting clothes around seemed less boring and tedious when he had tonight to look forward to.



By the end of the day, Cole was counting down the minutes until he'd be able to leave. To make things more annoying, the shift manager had called a meeting of everyone who was on shift, which meant another half hour of his time before he was free. There weren't enough seats in the shift manager's office, so Cole leaned against the wall in the back, rubbing his temples lightly. There was an annoying throbbing that he couldn't seem to shake. It had started in the last half-hour, and it was wearing away at his patience.

The shift manager clapped his hands together. "Okay, good, looks like everyone's here. I know you guys have been working hard out there, so it's tough to say this, but we've got to give a hundred and ten percent next week. Everyone's getting extra hours, and no time off," he said.

A groan rose up from the group, and the throbbing in Cole's temple pounded like a spike squeezing into his skull. He growled out loud. Everyone turned to look at him.

“Fuck you,” he snapped, squinting against the throbbing pain. The silence in the room grew more intense. “Fuck your hours and fuck this stupid job.” Cole gripped the sides of his shirt collar and snarled loudly. He ripped the polo shirt open, and then flung the two halves of it at the shocked shift manager. He opened the door and said, “Oh, and I quit.” He left, slamming the door so hard the drywall cracked slightly.

It wasn't until he was pulling into his driveway that the headache went away and he could think clearly again. He wasn't sure where all that furious energy had come from. He had to guess his temper had just worn too thin. The reality of it sank in as he slipped down onto his sofa. He still didn't regret quitting.



Alex was used to walking to Cole's house. It was near enough to campus that walking was the easiest way to get there. But today, with her new figure, the walk felt longer. Even once she'd gotten the hang of walking with her heavier bust and thicker hips, it was more work to move just right so that they wouldn't start bouncing and jiggling around. She noticed some people looking her over as she walked. Each time, that gave her a little burst of delight and made her hot and giddy in the pit of her stomach. Good to know people were appreciating her looks.

She had left class at her usual time, but by the time she got to Cole's house, Tricia's car was already parked outside. She knocked on the front door and found the two of them hanging out in the living room, watching a movie on TV.

“So why are you off work so early?” Alex asked. She shut the front door behind her and moved toward the couch.

Tricia shrugged. “Ate too much, got kind of sick, had to take off.” Alex nodded and pursed her lips. She looked at Tricia's belly to see if it was bigger than she remembered. “How was your day?” the gator asked.

Alex shook out her dark hair. "Got some hair dye, uh...had some excitement in class. Accidentally flirted a bit with my professor."

"Geez, one day in a hot body," Tricia said. Alex huffed.

Alex asked, "What about you, Cole?"

He sighed. "I quit. Just tired of dealing with my boss."

Alex sat on the edge of the sofa. "You guys think we should still do this? It seems like we've all had pretty big stuff happen today. I just don't know if it's safe. How much is it going to do to us?"

There was silence between them, while Cole and Tricia thought about it. Alex fidgeted with her hands in her lap. She straightened her back, pressed her thighs together, and let out a sigh through her nose. She really should have stopped by her apartment before coming over. Her libido was crazy today and nothing short of pleasuring herself stopped it.

"I want to stick with it," Cole said. "I mean, I like what's happened so far."

"Yeah, but what's going to come next?" Alex asked.

Tricia slid closer to Alex. "What's wrong, don't you want to be prettier? I think you'd look really cute if you gave it another go." Alex blushed, but she was listening intently to Tricia. Something about the way she was buttering her up made that heat deep inside her even worse. All the attention made it hard to focus. "Just do it," Tricia said. "If you got this much hotter from one fortune, think how much hotter you'll be after the next one."

Tricia tugged Alex closer, pushed her lips against the lioness's, and kissed her. Trish was sure she was alluring enough to convince Alex. Alex was far too desperate and distracted to resist. Even Cole could hear the soft moan from Alex's throat as she melted into the kiss. After a few seconds, Tricia pulled away, leaving Alex blinking, panting, and disastrously hot.

"I thought you didn't like girls," Cole said.

Tricia shrugged. "Things change, I guess."

Alex swallowed and rose from her seat. Her legs were wobbly beneath her. "I just need a minute, then I'll be ready to do the fortunes."

Alex left the two of them in the living room. She hurried into the bathroom, turned on the lights and fan, and sat down on the edge of the tub. With her jeans unbuttoned and her panties pushed down, she dragged her fingertips across her tender folds. She found herself cupping her chest too, rubbing her fingers against her nipples through the fabric.

"I'm not gonna fuck one of my friends," she said to herself, raising her hips slightly. "I'm not...I'm not gonna fuck one of my friends," she repeated, in a gasped breath. Her panting grew deeper, then shallower, sometimes great big breaths and sometimes quick and anxious. The ache inside rose into a tight knot, then burst, leaving her tired and blissful.

She wasn't going to fuck one of her friends. She wasn't some ditz, she wasn't some slut, she was just really horny for some reason and she wouldn't let that affect her or her friends.

Alex washed her hands in the sink, tugged her pants back up, and went out to find that the other two had moved into the garage.

“Ready to go?” Cole asked. Alex nodded. Cole and Tricia already had their fortunes, but they were keeping their cards face-down so they could all read at once. Alex dropped in her token and took the fortune the machine spit out.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Alex said.

Tricia turned over her card. “A habit is easily formed, but not easily broken. One bane.”

Cole flipped his card over. “Directness can open many doors. Two blessings.”

Alex looked down at the card she’d just gotten. “Let your body breathe, and your mind will open. One blessing.”

Alex and Cole watched Tricia, expecting something to happen any minute. The gator’s tail flicked through the air. Her eyelids began to droop and she made a lazy sort of purring noise. The warmth she’d felt the first time returned. Now it came like a drizzle of warm syrup pouring down into her throat and cascading down her body. She tilted her head back like she was drinking it.

The warm thickness filled her from the bottom up. Her feet thickened at the ankles, losing definition. Her calves softened, rounder and smoother. Her skirt rode up along her widening hips and thighs, despite her lazy attempts to tug it down again with a single hand.

A low ‘mmmm’ left her throat as she reached back, squeezing her ass with one hand and slowly grinding against it. She enjoyed the softness and sensitivity of her scales. Her ass peeked out just slightly beneath the hem of her skirt, while its waistband was driven down by the growing weight of her tail.

True to form for gators, the thicker her body was getting, the thicker her tail was too. While she could still whip it back and forth, it was more plush and squeezable than firm and taut. It would be good for pushing people around, or curling around someone. Her tail had even grown a foot or two in length to compensate for its added thickness.

As the filled feeling slid up into her belly, she felt her stomach swell out beneath her loose blouse. She clutched at her stomach and raised her head, trying to stop, or at least pause, the slow growth spreading through her. She didn’t need to get even fatter. But the syrupy sensation continued and her belly sagged gently over her waistline. It was the sort of belly she couldn’t stuff comfortably into a suit, especially combined with the muffin-top look her hips had, squeezed into her dress.

Her breasts were next to swell forward, though they couldn’t quite make up for her thicker belly. As she squirmed in half-reluctant delight, her nipples dragged against the front of her blouse, making impressions in the stretching fabric. One of her hands went to her chest, and the reluctance began to drain back out of her. This felt good.

The thickness was rising higher now, spilling down her softer arms and pudgier fingers, giving her cheeks a bit of squish, fattening up her lip.

She looked good, her confidence told her. Even if she was thicker than she wanted to be, she was hot, she just knew it. She rolled her claws over her body and licked her lips loosely.



“Mmm...ahh. I feel good,” she purred, her voice a little huskier, more suited to her thicker-looking form.

“You look like you’ve been binging for months,” Alex said.

Tricia sat down on the corner of one of the chairs Cole had brought in. The wooden chair creaked underneath her. “Well, sorry we can’t all be as gorgeous as I am, you rail thin bimbo,” Tricia said.

“If I’m rail thin, you’re the freight train,” Alex snapped back.

“Don’t be mad just because real women have curves. Maybe if you looked like me, you’d be able to find a guy and you wouldn’t be so desperate.”

“Guys!” Cole cut in, stepping between them. “Come on, take it easy.”

Alex pouted. Tricia smiled smugly.

Alex softened her tone. “Cole, which one of us do you think is prettier?”

Tricia snorted. “Don’t answer that, she’s just being insecure.”

“You’re the one who doesn’t want to hear that she’s fat,” Alex said.

Cole grabbed both of them by the shoulder and gave them a firm shake. “Shut up, both of you,” he growled. Alex and Tricia fell quiet, looking at Cole in surprise. “Sorry, it’s...agh,” he grunted, rubbing his temple. His headache had just burst open.

There was something trying to claw its way out of Cole. His heart raced before he realized it was his change hitting. Even once he knew what it was, it was still dizzying. He clenched his hands into fists. He backed up against the wall of the garage and pressed his shoulders square against the cool concrete. His muscles twitched involuntarily, fluttering beneath his shirt.

His shirt, maybe that was the problem. He dragged his claws across his chest, opening wide the front of his tee shirt. The shoulders and sleeves were constricting his arms. He crossed his arms, gripped both sleeves, and tore them off completely. He clenched his fists again, letting the muscles in his arms bulge freely. His shirt had been reduced to a tank top.

He took deep breaths, trying to flush all the hot, stinging air from his lungs. His broad and thick chest rose out into his half-destroyed shirt, then fell again as he steadied himself. He looked down at himself, over the swell of his chest and down along his rippling front. He was heavier and bulkier than before. He couldn’t really say he was ‘toned’ any more. He was muscular, maybe even ripped.

The throbbing in his skull flared bright again. Cole was starting to associate that headache with his new hair-trigger temper, but he wasn’t upset at anything right then. He put his forehead down into his palms, closed his eyes, and gritted his teeth. Beneath his hands, he could almost feel the throbbing coursing through his skull. As it lingered from place to place, his bones creaked and shifted.

Cole lifted his head and patted along his cheeks, then stroked his fingers down along his jaw to his chin. He’d always had more slender, slightly androgynous features. He tended to blame it on being a jackal. But now, that was melting away. Now his face had a strong, angular look. He wanted a mirror, but he could guess by the girls’ faces that he looked good.



He pushed off the wall and took a few swaggering steps toward them. As he did, he realized that his jeans were particularly tight across the front. All that increased blood flow was giving him a firm erection, and he just had to be happy that he was wearing boxers so it could hang freely instead of being bunched up and obvious.

Though maybe it would have been better if they could see? He wasn't sure if girls liked checking out a big, thick package, but he imagined they probably did. Tricia and Alex staring wide-eyed at him did more for his growing sense of pride than even his thicker, heavier frame did.

His 'tank top' hung precariously off his shoulders, ripped open enough to reveal the small tuft of chest fur poking from his pecs. The scraps weren't large enough to hide the little trail leading down from his bellybutton to his crotch.

"Phew...that felt good," Cole said. He twisted his head one way, then the other. The joints in his neck popped.

"You look good," Tricia said.

"Yeah," Alex added. At least there was something they could agree on.

Alex licked her lips and looked Cole up and down again. Cute and handsome was more her type than the rugged bad-boy look Cole had, but something about him was pushing her buttons. She'd always been just a good friend toward him, but now...

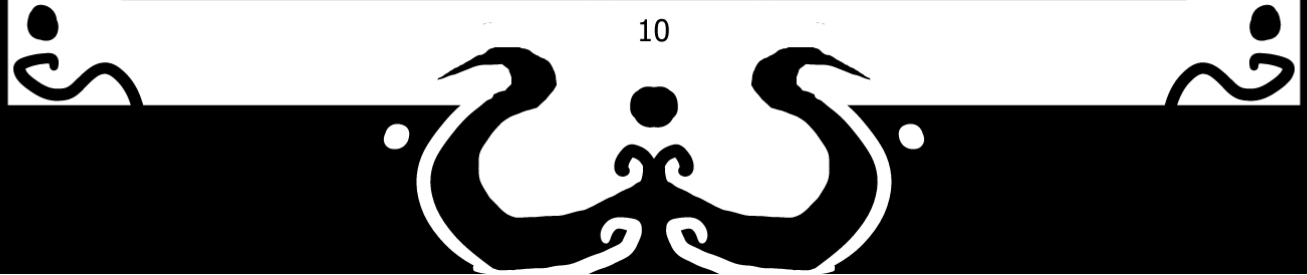
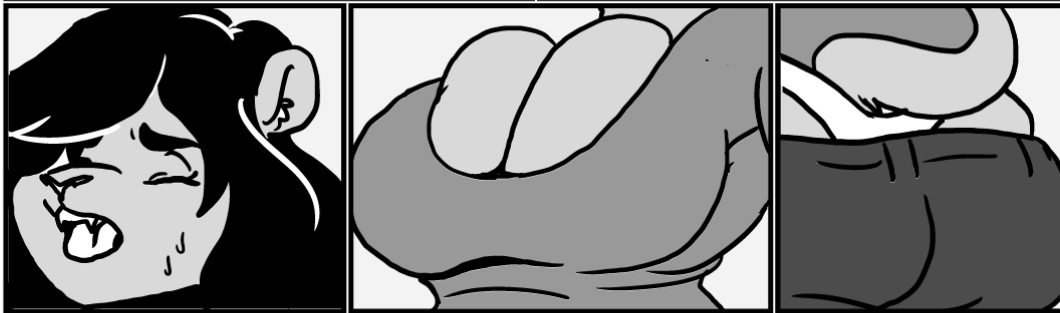
She shook her head to clear her thoughts a little. No, she wasn't going to have sex with her friends.

"I, uh," she said, cheeks flushed and tail flicking excitedly. "I think...it's my turn."

The aching arousal inside her opened into something stronger and more intense. Her skin was so sensitive that her fur was almost standing on end. The weight inside of her shifted with each heartbeat. The neckline of her shirt slowly tightened, pulling across her thickening bustline. She tugged at the hem of her shirt, trying to pull it down, to give her chest some more room, but her shirt was riding up on the swells of her growing breasts. As her chest took up more space inside her shirt, there was less left to cover her midriff.

The prickling that rushed across Alex's scalp was familiar. If she was going to have to dye her hair again, she was going to scream. Panting faintly, she grabbed some of her hair and pulled it in front of her face. It was the same inky black as she'd dyed it, but it seemed...longer? She reached back and brushed her hands through her hair, and while it just barely reached her shoulders before, now it went spilling down across her chest and shoulder blades.

As she toyed with her hair, watching it fall longer and longer, an anxiousness rose up in her stomach. She had to do something with her hair. She couldn't just leave it alone like she usually did, especially if it was getting this long. 'This long' was down to the middle of her back by now. There'd be so much shampooing and brushing and she didn't even know that much about hair care. A slight shiver went through her. She could go to a salon. Why did that seem so nice? She bit back the pleasant sigh she wanted to make.



Her growing hair pushed her attention downward. Her jeans were only getting tighter and tighter. Before she even had a chance to grasp at the button, it snapped off and the zipper spilled open. “Shit,” she hissed to herself. She grabbed the waistband of her pants and held it up. Her wider hips helped to hold the pants in place, though her thickening ass was pushing the back down, exposing the tops of her panties.

Her mind was awash with dizzy thoughts. She tried her best to think through the haze. Tricia and Cole were her friends. It wasn’t that weird if they saw her in her underwear. Her hand loosened its grip. A pleasant heat rushed up into her cheeks. Her lower lip began to swell and plumpen, forming a subtle but distinctive pout. She purred pleasantly as she let her pants fall. The panties she wore underneath weren’t special, but they were wrapped snugly around her ass, and they highlighted the thick mass of her hips.

“How do I look?” she asked.

“Gh—good,” Cole said.

A rush of excitement hit Alex. That was the kind of attention she wanted. The only thing she was left wearing were her her bare-midriff shirt and panties.

“Good, for a skinny girl,” Tricia said. Compared to other girls of similar proportions, Alex wasn’t even that skinny. The figure she was growing was all-natural, so her waist was definitely not waspish or even just thin. If she pinched herself right, she could argue she had love handles. Alex wasn’t skinny—except in comparison to Tricia.

The three of them headed back into the house. The anxious, exposed feeling Alex had was already subsiding. It was almost natural to be that undressed around Tricia and Cole.

Tricia

The alarm clock had never pissed Tricia off as much as it did today. She just wanted a bit more sleep. Six thirty became seven, then seven thirty. Finally at five minutes to eight, she rolled out of bed, hauled herself up onto her feet, and groaned. She didn't want to go to work. Also, she had five minutes to get to the office, which was thirty minutes away on a good day.

Tricia grabbed her phone from her bedside stand. "Hey, it's Tricia. I'm feeling sick today so I can't come in. Sorry." She dropped her phone next to her alarm clock and fell back into bed. The mattress springs creaked under her weight.

She slept for another two hours before she finally got up. She dragged herself into the shower, but didn't bother to comb her hair when she was done. And since she was taking off today, she didn't need to wear her work clothes, either. She dug out a baggy shirt that fit over her chest and a pair of old gym shorts. Good enough for her. She was only going out to get some food.

She gave herself a look in the mirror before she left, hefting her belly and squeezing her chest, then turning and bending slightly to see how the shorts fit snugly around her thick ass and sagged under her tail. She made this weight look good even when she wasn't trying. She flashed herself a grin before squeezing out the door.

Tricia could have walked to the grocery store if she'd wanted to, but it was too early for heavy exercise, in her opinion. She climbed into her car, and after about three and a half minutes, she pulled into the Whole Foods parking lot.

Tricia rubbed her bare belly as she stepped inside. She could get some bacon and cheese from the deli, some potatoes from the produce section, and fry some bacon and hash browns. Or grilled cheese sandwiches sounded good, too. The idea that she should diet to bring herself down to her normal weight had vanished during the night. She didn't need to make herself feel hungry just to lose a few pounds. She was happy being this big, and she was going to enjoy it.

As she passed by the alcoholic drinks, Tricia realized that she actually hadn't had time to sit back and enjoy a drink for a while. But if she was taking today off, why not? She opened the door, leaned in to grab a six-pack, and was hit by a shuddering chill.

Tricia stood up straight and looked around. The lights were different, the store was smaller. She closed her eyes and shook her head. She was just imagining things. She opened her eyes again, and looked around the convenience store. Hadn't she just been at the grocery store, though? She blinked again, and her thoughts began to settle. No, of course not. She was just hungry for a snack. She wasn't going to bother driving all the way to the store just for some beer and chips, not when there was a corner store just a short walk from her front door.

She hefted the cheapest twelve-pack they had out of the freezer. She grabbed three big bags of chips on her way over to the counter. Behind the counter was the cashier, a small lizard male a year or two younger than she was. Tricia's eyes lit up and she licked her lips.

"Hey there," she said. She leaned forward to drop the chips and beer on the counter.

"Is that everything?" he asked. He glanced from her items, to her face, to her chest, which was thrust forward and squeezing out of the neckline of her top.

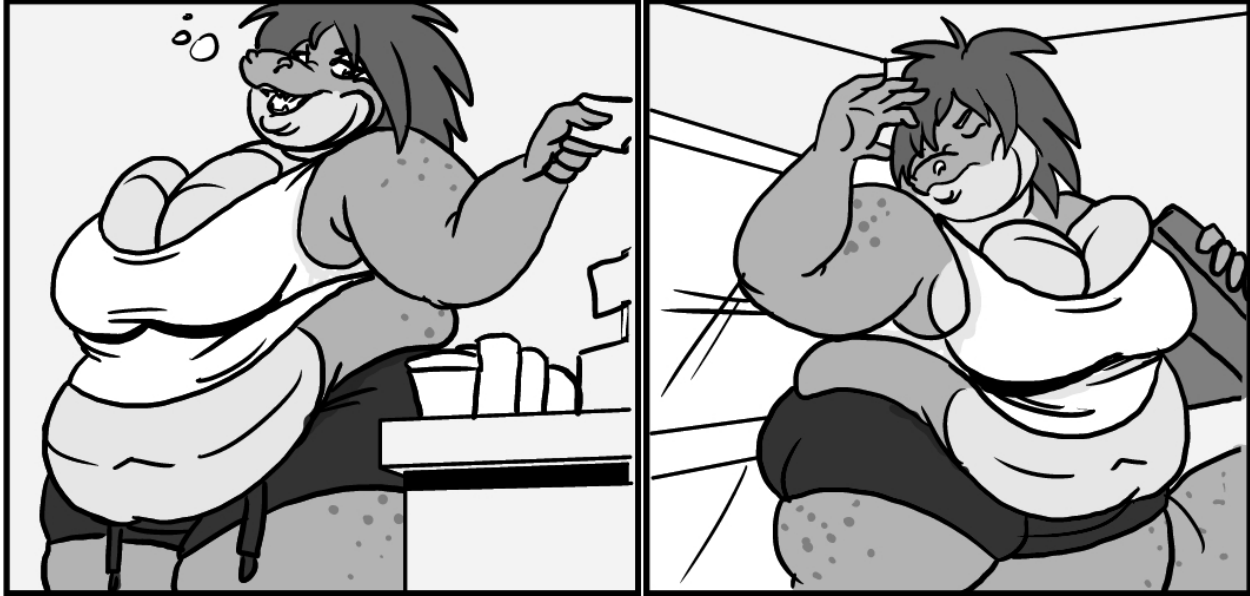


“Yep. Haven’t seen you here before, you just start?” she asked. She pulled out her driver’s license, to show that she was twenty-four.

“Uh, a few weeks ago,” he said, smiling politely. He rang her up and she swiped her credit card while he stuffed the chips into one big bag.

“I’ll see you around soon,” Tricia said, winking as she took the bag and the beer from him. She shook her ass for him as she walked out of the store. He definitely had a thing for her, she told herself.

Three hours later, Tricia was back in the corner store, looking about six inches taller and at least a foot thicker. Her belly sagged forward over the waistband of her shorts, too thick for her to bother trying to pull the shorts up around it. Her chest had thickened too, and since she was wearing the same top, the tank top was squeezing into her pudgy breasts and pulling them tight together.



She hauled another twelve-pack out of the freezer and came up to the counter with four bags of chips, a box of pop corn, two bags of gummy worms, and a can of cheese dip. She smelled like booze and sweat and her love handles were bulging out of the gap between her shorts and her top.

“Hah...back for more?” the cashier asked tentatively.

Tricia leaned forward, pushing her breasts onto the counter and putting her weight on her elbow. “You know it. This stuff’s like popcorn. Can’t just have one,” she said. She patted the side of the twelve-pack and grinned at the cashier. “I’ve got a big appetite.” Her words were dripping with innuendo.

The cashier gave her a slightly nervous smile and bagged everything up as quickly as possible. Tricia pulled out her driver’s license again. The cashier took it just long enough to glance at the year. He didn’t need to, though—he remembered she was twenty-eight.

Tricia was back again an hour later. She walked unevenly, clearly drunk, but also hauling even more weight than before. Her belly was thicker, and her tail fatter, and her top pulled so tight her nipples were clearly visible. Her arms were flabby, padded out with more soft, heavy weight. Her cheeks were thick enough that they would squish against her neck if she tilted her head to the side. With all that extra insulation, she was sweating into her top, though it didn’t bother her in the slightest.

Tricia examined her food choices like she was debating buying a new car, pacing around the aisles again and again. Finally, she came to the counter with an armful and tossed it all in front of him—multiple packs of donuts, two frozen pizzas, a Mega-Huge slushie, four pints of ice cream, and another case of beer.



“Hey, so...when do you get off?” she asked, brushing her messy hair away from her face. It had only gotten wilder and more unruly over the course of the day. “Cause I could...get you off,” she said with a faint slur. She licked her plump lip in a way that was obviously trying to be sexy.

“I’m, uh,” the cashier said, stalling by starting to scan some of her things. “I’m busy after work, sorry.”

“Come onnn. What are you, gay? Everyone wants a piece of my ass,” she said. She curled her back and raised her fat tail up high in the air. She gave her ass a spank with her own tail. The cashier stared, then cleared his throat loudly.

“Here you go,” he said, pushing the bags her way.

“Do you need to card me?” Tricia cooed, leaning against her pack of beer and winking at him.

“No, it’s fine ma’am, thanks for coming,” he said.

Tricia giggled in a loose, tipsy way. “That’s fine. I don’t mind if you think I look older. I can be a total cougar too.”

The cashier didn’t know what to do, so he just smiled at the big gator until she lifted herself off the counter and left the store. With all this food, she had enough supplies that she could relax for the rest of the day and keep herself well-fed.

Cole

Cole had a whole day without work to worry about. A world of opportunities were open to him. There were all the games he'd been waiting to play but hadn't, and a couple of half-repaired game consoles strewn across the desk in his room. He would have jumped right in and started working on his games, but he just didn't feel like any of that today. He was too energetic to sit around.

When he dug into his dresser, he was surprised to find tank tops instead of his usual tee shirts. But as he got ready to head out, that surprise slowly faded. By the time he was ready to leave, it was no surprise at all—of course he had tank tops, shirts tended to be too tight for his upper body.

As he left his house, he decided to go for a jog. Made sense to keep his new body in shape, right? He didn't jog, so he had no particular route in mind. He just let his feet lead him where they would. Jogging was surprisingly easy, thanks to his new muscles doing most of the work. It was a good feeling, letting his body do what it was meant to do. The morning air was refreshing and he got to see a side of his neighborhood he hadn't seen before. He kept up a steady pace for about fifteen minutes, before he slowed to a walk to catch his breath again.

As he walked, he found he'd jogged from his house into the middle of town. He thought about picking up the pace again, but then he paused. Entirely on instinct, he'd found his way to the front of the big gym in town. He looked in the windows along the front. The jogging machines were lined up there and a couple of people in workout clothes were bobbing along. The jog had been invigorating, but he really wanted to test his new strength. What better place to do that than a gym?

He swiped his membership card from his wallet as he came inside, and then paused. He looked curiously at his membership card until his it had worked its way comfortably into his memories. His gym membership didn't quite match up with his inexperience with exercising, but he didn't dwell on that, so it didn't bother him. Of course he had a membership here.

Cole didn't want to start off with the free weights, since he was still a little intimidated by those. He picked out one of the machines instead, sat down on the seat, and took a moment to read the instructions. First, set the weight. He had no clue what weight to set it to, so he picked a hundred and sixty pounds. To do the exercise, he had to reach up and grip the handles on either end of a long bar, and pull it down. Easy enough, he thought.

Pulling one-sixty was too easy, so he set it up to two-forty. When he pulled the bar down again, he could feel the strain moving down through his muscles, shifting to different muscle groups as the position of his arms changed. He let the bar back up slowly, until the weights behind him settled back down with a soft clink. Hah, that wasn't so bad!

Cole did a couple more reps quickly—too quickly, in fact. He was left panting, slowing back down to a more measured pace. Once he found a good speed, though, it was great. He could throw all his efforts into pulling against that weight and let his worries unravel. If he could take care of this heavy strain, he could take care of anything. Just up and down and up and down and up and down.

By the time he let go of the bar, his brain was bubbling in a good way, like a relaxing soak in a hot tub. Now that he had a better idea of how much he could work with, he wanted to try doing some bench presses. He walked over to one of the open benches and gathered up some heavier weights. Two one-hundred-pound weights and four fifty-pound weights, plus a twenty-pound bar, made...

Cole paused, laying back on the bench, gripping the bar and staring up at the ceiling. His head was foggy right now, that was all. Two hundreds, that was two hundred. Four fifties, that was also two hundred. And twenty more made it four hundred and twenty. It took him a few seconds of concentration to do the math. He didn't worry about that though, he was just hazy from all that hard work.



A jaguar poked his head into Cole's vision while he was lying on the bench. "Hey, man. Need a spotter?" The jaguar had a shirt with the gym's logo on the chest. Cole felt a bit dumb that he'd forgotten to find a spotter, but he wasn't that familiar with the gym. But, wait. If he had a membership, then...

"Already, ready," the jaguar said. Cole pushed up and lifted the weights off the rack, then slowly brought them down toward his chest.

If he had a membership then...um...

When the bar was almost touching his chest, Cole pushed the weights back up, until his arms were nearly straight. He held the bar there for a few moments, then started another slow rep. His mouth hung open and he took long, deep breaths. His joints strained and his arms shuddered, but he brought the weights down, then up again, and started on another rep.

Whatever it was he'd been thinking about was washed away by the heavy exertion. Once he was done, and the bar was back on the rack, he didn't even remember that he'd been confused.

"Thanks," he panted, taking the jaguar's hand to stand up. His arms felt like they might float right up into the air, now that they weren't held down by the weights. He started taking the weights off of the bar and returning them to the shelves. While he cleaned up, he spotted a husky girl pumping away at

one of the elliptical machines. She seemed to look away just as he looked at her. Her sports bra and tight track shorts hugged her toned body.

Cole was still bursting with testosterone from the weight lifting. He brushed the back of his hand over his forehead, wiping away some of his sweat. The husky climbed off the elliptical, her ponytail bobbing as she headed toward the water fountain. Cole put away the last weight, then headed toward her.

“Hey,” he said, leaning an arm against the wall. The husky girl stood up and turned to face him and breathed in slowly. He watched her pupils dilate slightly as she took another, deeper breath, and then leaned forward. Her tail started to wag.

“Hey,” she said back. Her nostrils flared as she breathed in again. Beneath her fur, she started to blush.

He should have been nervous, but the thing that made him nervous just wasn't there. The thing that told him what to say wasn't there either, so he just made his best guess.

“I think you're hot. Wanna go fuck in the locker room?” he asked. Her ears twitched at the sound of his rough growl.

The husky breathed, “Yeah, sure,” like she was half-dazed.

Thirty minutes later, Cole left the gym, feeling good about everything. Working out was great, picking up chicks was easy, and he even had a hot girl's phone number now. This fortune stuff was making his whole life better. He couldn't see a single downside to what was going on.



Alex

Econ had never been so hard to get through. Alex had found as she was getting dressed for class that she couldn't cover herself up. If her clothes weren't skintight or light and skimpy, she felt like she was slowly being smothered. It was lucky that she'd found a bunch of clothes that suited her in her dresser. It was so lucky, she thought about it less and less as the day went on. By the time she was in Econ class, there wasn't a thought in her mind about how convenient it was. Of course her closet was full of revealing clothes, they were the only sort that were comfortable to wear.

She sat in the back of the classroom. Her chest was wrapped up in a tank top that couldn't reach her bellybutton. The neckline was low, giving her tits plenty of room to breathe. Being eye-catching was a plus. She wanted to made people notice her.

People noticed her shorts too. Whenever she caught someone leaning around to take a peek at her rear, she got a little thrill. She'd swayed her hips in her skimpy denim cutoffs all the way to class. Her wedge-heeled flipflops just added to the way her body was on display.

The one problem today was that she just couldn't focus. She was adjusting her pink-and-white baseball cap, or fussing with her long black hair, which she still hadn't taken care of, or shifting around in her seat. She kept getting sudden flashes of self-consciousness, worrying that someone was looking at her. Each time, she had to readjust to make sure she looked as good as possible. When she was around so many people like this, she couldn't help being a little distracted, right?

Plus, she had to keep track of the really hot people in class. There were about four guys and one girl that she'd totally be down to fuck if they asked, but she didn't want to seem too slutty by just going up and asking them herself. She wasn't easy, she was just open to possibilities. So she had to try to keep an eye on them in particular, in case they looked her way and she needed to flirt it up.

Her page of notes for the day was entirely blank. She tried to pay attention to class, but her mind kept wandering to other things, like whether she was sitting up straight enough to show off her boobs.



“Alex, maybe you can tell us,” the professor said. Alex blinked and sat up like she was waking up from a dream. “What is an output gap?”

“Shit, um,” she said beneath her breath. She pushed her chest out and pouted slightly. “Is it, uh...” She played with her hair. A tight warmth rose in the pit of her stomach. Everyone was staring at her. Most of them were looking at her body and not at her face.

“Is it...the place where you...buy clothes for cheap?” she said. She didn’t know the answer, but sounding sarcastic was better than sounding like an idiot. A murmur of laughter ran through the classroom. She sat back in her seat. The professor rolled his eyes and called on someone else. Their answer sounded like gibberish to Alex.

It felt like hours before class was over. Alex checked her schedule on her phone. Her next class was remedial math, which sounded like a total pain. She’d already spent two hours trying to force her brain around money math. Was she even in remedial math? She didn’t remember signing up for it, but she was really distracted right now. By her body, by her brain, by her hair...

Her hair still wasn’t getting any better. She twisted a dark lock between her fingers. She knew what she was going to do instead of more math class.

A short walk off campus later, Alex sat in the chair at the salon, letting the stylist look over her hair. The rat girl stroked through her long locks with her claws, then whistled. “Wow, that’s a lot to work with. Really nice, too,” she said. Alex wiggled in the chair. Praise for her looks made her feel good.

“So, what sort of style do you want?” the stylist asked, looking at Alex in the mirror.

Alex twisted her fingers around one of her bangs. “I don’t know. I just want something that looks good on me.”



The rat pursed her lips. She combed through Alex’s hair, parting it as she contemplated what to do.

“I think you’d look good with some curls,” she said. Alex started to purr. She *would* look good with curls. “If you don’t mind some hairspray, you could do it out wild and thick.” Alex nodded. Hairspray was fine. As long as it would make her look good, that was the important part.

“Sounds good,” Alex said.

Alex leaned back and closed her eyes. First, the stylist brushed out her hair so it was as neat as possible, and pulled it behind Alex's shoulders. She trimmed along the bottom to make sure it was even before she brought out the curlers. With as much hair as Alex had, she had to steal curlers from a few of the other stations to do all her hair at once. The weight of all of them put together tugged her head back, so Alex nestled against the headrest. While the heat reshaped Alex's hair, the stylist stood back, rubbing her chin.

"Is there anything else you want done? I could do your nails while you wait," she said.

Alex made a soft, pleasant noise. "Do you think it would look good with my hair?"

"Definitely. Get some white gloss and it'll look great against the black," she said.

Alex closed her eyes and smiled. Nails would make holding things a bit harder, but as long as she looked sexier, it would be worth it. "Go ahead," she purred.

She put her hands out and spread her fingers. The stylist laid down the vinyl nails after filing Alex's actual nails to a smooth polish. They were an inch long, squared off at the tips, and solid, glossy white. When she was done, Alex tapped her fake nails against the armrests to hear how they clicked.

The stylist unwound the curlers from Alex's hair and brushed it out. She took her scissors to her hair again and trimmed it into layers so that it was thinner near the small of her back, and grew thicker as it went up. She tried parting Alex's hair down the middle, to let the dark waves fall down either side of her face. It didn't fit Alex, though, and the stylist agreed. She used her brush to gather more of Alex's hair to one side, moving the part above her temple. Her thick hair poured over her shoulders, swept over her forehead, and spilled down heavily along her back. Now that looked good.

The rat paused as she got out the bottle of hairspray, to demonstrate. "When you're using hairspray, just go like this, spray a bit on and then use your hands," the stylist said. The spritz of hairspray made Alex wrinkle her nose, but she watched as the rat fluffed up the patch of hair she'd sprayed. She worked her way through all of Alex's hair, spraying the stiffening, volumizing spray. With her help, Alex's dark curls became a heavy, wild mane.

Alex turned her head side to side and then tilted it up and down. She watched the lustrous shine run along the thick waves of her hair. She pulled a bunch of it in front of her shoulders, toying with the end and curling it between her fingers. Then, with a flick of her long nails, she tossed it behind her back again.

"I love it," Alex said, getting to her feet. She stepped closer to the mirror, so she could see her hair close-up and play with it more carefully. It was a little hard to curl the locks around her long nails, but with some careful twisting, she managed to keep from catching the squared-off tips on anything. "Can I get a bottle of that hairspray to take home?" she asked.

Alex breezed out of the salon with a slim bag hanging from the crook of her elbow. Her baseball cap was stuffed inside the bag with the bottle of hairspray. She could almost feel all the looks she was getting as she strutted down the sidewalk. She almost wanted to just find somewhere to sit and let people admire her for a bit. Maybe she could go to the mall or hit up a club later, somewhere that people would appreciate her looks. Now that she was pretty, she wanted to get herself noticed.



Alex struggled to text Cole. She wanted to tell him that she was coming over early, but her nails kept screwing up her aim and made the letters almost impossible to reach. And if that wasn't enough, they made little tick-tick-tick noises as the corners clicked against her phone's screen.

Even changing her clothes felt odd. Tugging on a top put pressure on her nails in a way she wasn't used to. She had to be careful not to snag a corner on whatever she was wearing. She picked out an outfit that was suited for growing: a pair of skintight leggings that were stretchy enough to hold whatever her hips were going to do, and a tank top that wrapped around her breasts, leaving her belly bare. The neckline plunged deep into her cleavage. It even offered a broad view of bare fur from the side.

A part of Alex wanted to cover up a bit more, maybe wear sweatpants instead of leggings. The thought of all the extra attention she could get was appealing, though. She didn't want to dress up like a slut, honestly, but when she tried on more concealing clothes, it was like trying to wrap herself up in a straitjacket. She tried a sweater, but she had to take it off almost immediately. Between the comfort and the appeal of an eye-catching outfit, her tank top and leggings were the best she could do.

As Alex headed up the path to Cole's porch, the front door swung open. Out stepped a girl she'd never seen before. She was a husky, and looked cute in a morning-jog-every-day sort of way. She tugged up her track shorts, pulled her hair back into its ponytail, and quietly looked Alex up and down. There was a little bit of jealousy in her eyes, and it felt good to see that. Alex loved having the sort of body other people wanted to have. Jealousy was just another kind of attention.

She smiled at the husky, flicking a lock of her hair with her long nails as she passed by. The husky didn't say a word. She just started jogging down toward the sidewalk, ponytail bobbing behind her.



Alex pushed open the door and stepped into Cole's living room. "Hey, Cole?" she called. A second later, he came out of the hallway, carrying a box filled with old game stuff.

"Oh, hey, you got here quick. I'm dumping this stuff, just a sec," he said, crossing the room to the garage door. Alex sniffed the air lightly, wrinkling her nose. There was something odd in the air.

Cole came back, brushing off his hands and shutting the door behind him. "So, what's up?" he asked, closing the distance between him and her. Cole wasn't trying to hide that he was admiring Alex's body, and the more Alex breathed in that clinging scent in the air, the more flushed her cheeks were getting.

"I was kinda worried that I'm...getting dumb," she said.

Cole snorted. "Come on, you're like the smartest girl I know."

Alex played with a lock of her hair between her fake nails. "I know, but...I'm in remedial math, you know."

He shrugged. "So? What kind of problems do you have to do?"

"It's all stuff like... '3x plus 10 equals 31'," she said.

Cole squinted. "Is that x like times?" Alex shook her head. Cole said, "Well, fuck, I don't know then. You're smarter than me."

“It’s not just that. I couldn’t pay attention in econ at all. The professor asked me what an output gap is and I didn’t know so I just said it was where you get Gap clothes on sale.”

Cole squinted again. “I don’t get it.”

“Like a Gap outlet? Output gap, Gap outlet?” Alex said.

“Oh. Hey, it takes smarts to come up with a joke, right?” Cole patted her on the shoulder.

Alex couldn’t stop taking deep breaths through her nose. There was something fresh and raw about the smell clinging to Cole’s body, like he’d just had a strenuous workout and the energy was still radiating off of him.

The whole day, she’d been getting more and more excited over the attention people were giving her. Even when she’d gone home after the salon trip, she’d stayed pent-up. She couldn’t finger herself with her fake nails on. She had a day’s worth of excitement rumbling inside of her and now she was breathing in sex with every breath.

Cole’s right, she told herself. She was just being too self-conscious. She knew she was smart, Cole knew she was smart; she was just getting distracted. Like right now, how Cole’s rugged body was distracting her. She licked her lips slowly, gazing up and down at him. She squeezed her arms together and thrust her chest forward and purred suggestively.

“Hey...” she said, her pupils wide and her voice drifting off.

“Do you want to fuck?” Cole and Alex asked, nearly in unison.



For a second, they shared a smile. Then they started to strip down.

Cole kicked his pants off. He hadn't even taken the time to buckle his belt. Alex shoved down her leggings and thong. He backed her up against the wall, holding her up so she was almost face-to-face with him.

"Your hair's pretty hot," he said, wrapping his claws around her ass. "I like it better this way."

A pop of delight in the back of her brain made Alex sigh happily. Anything that made her sexier was good. Being sexier meant more people would be giving her attention. "Thanks," she said. She batted a thick curl away from her face and leaned back against him.

Her chest met his front. Her breasts pressed, soft and heavy against his abs, and even though they weren't firm like fake tits, they kept her a minimum distance away from him. He slid his hand up to the small of her back. She took his cue, kicked her legs up and curled them tightly around his hips.

With her sitting on his hips, they could meet in the middle without being blocked by Alex's breasts and Cole's thick chest. It meant that she had to lean back, but Cole held her and kept her from slipping. In the tight top she wore, her breasts bounced, like they were trying to squeeze free, as Cole adjusted his grip on her.

"I like your tits too," Cole said. Alex's thighs squeezed his sides and she made a low groan in the back of her throat.

"Keep talking," she said. Cole lifted her up for a moment, and then let her slide down onto his shaft. Her eyelids fluttered and her mouth hung slightly open.

"They're good to squeeze and you've got big nipples," he said. He spared a hand to grab one of her breasts roughly, kneading his fingers through the fabric of her top. Her nipple stiffened up beneath his fingers and he gave it a tight squeeze. She pushed herself down against him. He pushed back. With Alex's shoulders propped up against the wall, he drove deep into her.

"Your lips are cute. I'd get a blowjob from you," Cole said. Alex jerked underneath his hands, bringing eager growls rising up in both their throats. He shifted his posture, leaning forward so he was looming over Alex. He put one hand up against the wall for support and held her up with the other. Rough and regular, he rammed into her, making sparks pop in front of her eyes. Each time he growled out some compliment, it was another thrill that curled her toes and made her push more insistently against him.

"Harder, you fuckin' stud!" she yowled. The heat swelling up inside of her head and the heavy pounding were working her up so much that she couldn't hold her tongue any more. She pushed with her shoulders against the wall and shoved her body forward against his. They crashed together hot and hastily. "Fuck me like I'm one of your gym sluts."

Cole's body was taking over now, ensuring that he kept up the pace. There was a searing heat rushing through his body, pounding through him until his brain was melting and trickling down his spine. He roared, Alex screamed, and they crushed against each other in heavy, uncontrollable orgasm.

They slowly climbed down from each other as the heat of the orgasm faded. Alex let her feet slip back to the ground, Cole let go of her, and she straightened up with a kink in her back.

“Next time, cowgirl or something,” she told Cole. She grabbed her leggings from the ground. “Be right back.”

Alex ducked into the bathroom. Cole tugged his pants back up and slumped onto the sofa, tired, but satisfied.

In the bathroom, Alex leaned toward the mirror, plucking at her hair with her claws. She puffed it back up where it had gotten flattened, and then pouted at her reflection. She’d probably get more attention if she wore more makeup, but that was something to worry about tomorrow.

Cole picked his head up as the front door swung open. A grunt followed, then Tricia’s head poked in, just underneath the top of the door frame. She seemed to be stooping down. “Hey,” she growled at Cole, giving the outside wall a thump with her fist. “Your door’s too damn small.”

He climbed off the sofa and came over to take a look himself. He couldn’t help grinning when he saw that Tricia took up nearly the entire doorway.

“It’s not funny, how am I supposed to get through this shit?” she grumbled, giving the wall another smack. A ripple ran all the way down her chest and belly, spread into her hips and even jiggled down her fat tail.

“I’ll get the garage door for you,” Cole said, then called over his shoulder, “Alex! Me and Tricia are in the garage!”

As the garage door rolled up, he saw Tricia’s calves first, then her hands on her knees, then the whole of her bulk as the door slowly rose. She squatted down to duck under it as it rumbled up, and then grunted as she straightened back up. She wiped some sweat off her brow as she thumped over to the fridge for a can of beer.

“How’s your day?” Cole asked.

Tricia shrugged while chugging the beer. She crushed the can in her hand and threw it toward the box with the rest of the discarded cans. “That cashier definitely wants to fuck me. Little bitch is too shy though.”

Alex came in through the door and joined the two of them. Cole stood by the machine and Tricia sat with her legs spread on a stool, puffing softly.

“Hey, Trish. So, ready for the fortunes?” she asked.

“You wanna grab mine for me?” Tricia asked. Alex nodded.



“First one’s for me, then,” Alex said, dropping two tokens in and pulling out the two cards as they came. She passed one to Tricia and kept one for herself. Cole grabbed his own card from the slot.

“I’ll go first,” Alex said. “Be careful, there’s more to what you say than just your words. One blessing.”

She looked at Cole. He read his out. “Put your gifts to work and you will be rewarded. One blessing.”

Tricia grunted and sat up straighter to read hers. “Those who don’t appreciate you are blind to your true self. Two blessings.”

Alex chuckled. “Seems like a pretty good round. That puts us up to…” She paused, adding up each person’s blessings.

“Three for each of us,” Tricia said. “Don’t tell me you’re that vapid.”

Alex’s tail twitched angrily. “Hey, I’m not! I was just trying to remember what everyone got,” she lied.

Her tail flicked up higher and swished through the air. She shifted her weight off of her heels, leaning more heavily on her toes. Damn, it hit her quick. “Fuck..it’s me first,” she said, eyelids fluttering.

Wearing pliable, stretchy clothes tonight was the right choice. Her breasts bulged gently around the edges of her top, but the spandex had no problem keeping up with her size. Sure, it meant her tits jiggled as she moved, and it meant that her nipples were on display any time they started to stiffen up, but she was in front of her friends. She didn’t mind ‘accidentally’ showing off her breasts.

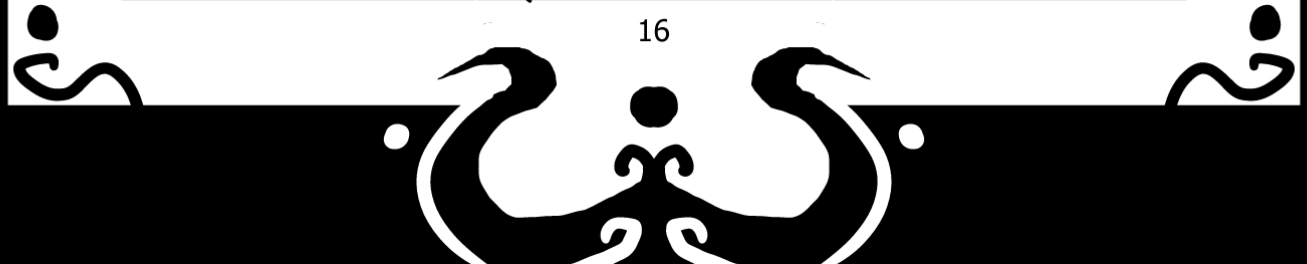
Alex pressed her hands against the top of her breasts. She pushed, then slid her hands down around the thick swells and hefted her breasts up from beneath. At this point, they were larger than what anyone would think the limit to ‘natural’ was. But when she squeezed them, she got to feel first-hand that they were soft, not firm or taut. A moan rose out of her throat and the muscles between her legs tightened. Her breasts were all natural, but bigger than nature should allow. If she tried to hold them up from underneath, they overflowed her hands. Each was at least as big as her head. God, she had to look like such a bim—

No, she wasn’t a bimbo, and if tonight’s changes were going to make her look more like one, she’d just find a way to undermine them. She could be sexy and attractive, but she was definitely not a bimbo.

Her leggings took on her thickening hips and ass and survived. She had to grab the hem and tug them up higher, since her thickening body made them ride down, but they weren’t ripping. Swelling against something that was wrapped around her so tightly and yet was so light and slim was more pleasant than she’d expected. It was like slowly being wrapped up in silk, and she knew too that it was making her look more and more attractive.

She lifted her hands to her hair. A tingling rippled across her scalp again. What was it this time? She grabbed her locks, patted her thick hair, and noticed that the hairspray’s stiffness had gone, but her hair hadn’t lost any of the extra volume. It was thicker and heavier, without any product needed.

She drew her hands back and tapped her long nails together, then turned her hands over, inspecting them front and back. They felt glued on too tight. But as she took a closer look, she realized the difference: Her acrylic nails were now white glossy nail polish on top of her long, squared-off, real nails.



“Shit, my nails,” she blurted out. Her voice was blunt and shrill. She grasped her throat. “What the fuck? Oh my gawwd.” As if the sharp tone wasn’t enough, it came alongside a New Jersey drawl.

Tricia snickered loudly. Alex looked up, lips curled in a snarl. “The fuck are you laughin’ at, fatass?”

“Your voice, dumbass,” Tricia said.

Alex huffed and crossed her arms. She laid her nails along her arms. She didn’t want them to break. “Fine, maybe I’m just not gonna tawk.” She scowled, and tried again. “Tuh—taww. Tahhk. Fuck this.”

Alex cocked a thick hip to one side and leaned back against the wall, arms crossed underneath her tits. One last little aching sensation trailed up through her body and settled on the tip of her muzzle. She let out a warm sigh. Her lower lip swelled thicker, plumper, falling into a pout without even trying. She prodded her lip with her tongue, then pouted more vigorously.

Cole grinned at Alex. “Hey, if your voice bothers you, you don’t have to talk to give blowjobs,” he suggested. Alex flipped him the bird, but he snickered along with Tricia.

Cole’s snickers became a sharp snort, then a loud snarl, fading into a growl. Tricia and Alex stopped sniping at each other. Cole was starting in on his own changes.

The burgeoning ache in his muscles returned. It swelled out from his core, flowing along his chest, down his stomach, and into his limbs. He clenched his fists, bringing his arms close and flexing as hard as he could. The tighter he pulled, the more he could feel the blood pounding through his chest. His heartbeat throbbed in his ears.

Cole leaned forward, taking hot, panting breaths. Sweat was beading on his forehead and running down his cheeks. His body was burning up, like he’d just finished a long workout without a chance to rest. He was hot and aching, but he couldn’t stop now. Cole looked at his bicep, trembling slightly as he strained to keep it flexed. Bigger than before, he was sure. He couldn’t say how much, but he could see the slow swell beneath his fur.

On the two previous nights, the changes had eventually found their way down between his legs. This time, it was no longer a second thought or a side effect. The straining sensation was drawing straight down into his crotch.

His growling grew louder. He reached back to grab the shelf behind him for support. He could feel the blood pulsing beneath his skin, and with each heartbeat, his package tightened against his pants. As a jackal, his fur was thin and light, but now a plume of fur trailed down from the middle of his stomach, leading down to his crotch. With each throb that ran through him, that tuft of fur grew thicker.

Cole spread his legs wider, giving himself more room to grow. He wanted to reach down and grab himself and rub and scratch—not even to get off—but he held himself back. But why? He’d fucked Alex, and Tricia didn’t care about that sort of thing. He reached down and pushed his fly open. He left his underwear on but tugged the thick bulge forward. He scratched along the edge of his heavier and heavier package.

“Oh my gawd, Cole!” Alex huffed, offended. Cole’s pecs strained as he breathed. His eyes pierced hers.

“Like your cunt’s not wet right now,” he growled. Alex pouted fiercely and hunched her shoulders.

Small pops and creaks came from all corners of Cole's body. He was big, bulging; like a bodybuilder, but rougher. He bet a bodybuilder couldn't take a punch like he could.

He scraped his claws along his scalp, teasing up his hair. It stuck up wild, like a lazy mohawk, and trailed down his thick neck. His bones ached; they were shifting again, spreading broader to make more room for thick muscle, stretching taller to add more height. His chin thickened, and as it did, his lip curled slightly. That curl gave him a natural, subtle scowl. Despite his scowl, he felt fantastic.

Cole stood tall, chest puffed out, legs spread unabashedly. A searing heat hit his chest. A yelp burst his lungs. As his chest heaved, the pain leaped up and down, like it was struggling to stay in the right place. He grasped both sides of his tank top and started to pull. His claws sunk holes into fabric. The tank top made a dry popping as it ripped.

The pain made its way across his chest. He wanted to will it to move faster, if only so it could be over quickly. A rumble climbed into his throat and left his mouth as a rising growl. His tank top's stitches snapped. It split open, revealing the new tattoo that spread from one side of his chest to the other, spelling out 'BEWARE OF DOG' in thick block letters.

"Check it out," Cole said. His voice was scratchier and thicker, and his growling and snarling hadn't helped. He flicked his ear as two thick barbell piercings appeared through it. He didn't even notice them in the excitement. He brushed his hand over his chest and he winced as he touched the tattoo. His skin was still tender, though the tenderness was fading quickly.

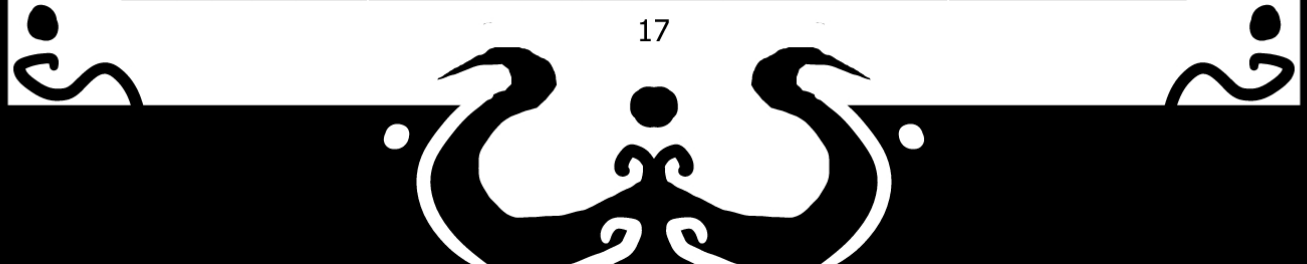
"Good job ruining another shirt," Tricia said. Alex's pout broke into a smile and she stifled a giggle. Cole realized he still had the shreds of his tank top hanging off his shoulders. He tugged off the last scraps of fabric and tossed them on the floor.

"Whatever. This is still fucking cool," he said. He and Alex looked at Tricia expectantly.

Tricia shoved her beer bottle between her lips and craned back to drink the last drops. A tingling buzz crept around the back of her skull. Her hair stood on end, but she didn't stop drinking. She didn't want to stop just to ogle at her changes.

Her belly was the first thing to bulge out. In slow waves, it advanced along her thighs, hanging down heavier between her legs. Her belly scales made her look like she was stretched taut, though she could have laid on the pounds even harder if she wanted to. She held onto the bottle with one hand and used the other to scratch at her belly. She dug a claw into the divot that her bellybutton made. By now, she was swollen thick enough that she could have hidden a fully pregnant belly inside of her. But while a pregnant belly would have just jutted out round in front, hers stuck out all round her, like a thick, flabby tire.

The thickening moved from her stomach to her thighs. Her hips were already too broad to fit through an average door, even with shorts that pinched her waist and made her stomach overflow like a huge muffin top. Her hips and ass were so broad and thick that she could almost use her backside as a shelf. Her ass was growing from one that took up one and a half seats to a full-on double-wide. If she sat on the bus, she'd take up an entire row by herself. She couldn't even fit in a car, unless it was the back seat of an SUV.



She reached back and smacked one of her ass cheeks. She let the sting tingle across her scales and sunk her claws into the thick flesh. Her shorts groaned in distress. All she thought was that she had a huge, hot ass.

Like any gator, with a fat ass came a fat tail. It was thick enough that her shorts couldn't cover the top half of her ass properly. It was heavy enough that if she reached back with both hands at the same time, she couldn't hope to fit both of them around her tail. Maybe if she'd asked Cole to use both arms, he could have reached all the way around it. She straightened out her tail to stretch it, and it was at least as long as the rest of her body. It was hard to say where tail ended and body began. Everything was just so thick and fat, it all blended together.

Tricia's breasts were still under control, though the thick mounds pulled at the holes worn through her old and beaten tank top. As she finished drinking, she groaned and tilted her head down. She flung the empty bottle of beer at the open box, where it clattered against the others as it fell. "Agh, piece of shit," she growled at her tank top, grabbing the neckline and tugging it down, leaning forward to give her damp scales a bit of air.

She brushed sweat off her thicker cheeks and scowled as a few flares of pain worked their way back through her skull. Her snout wrinkled with thicker scales. Her teeth ached. A few of her fangs grew large enough that they refused to settle comfortably inside her mouth. They poked out even with her mouth closed, a jagged little reminder of how beastly she was.

"Alex, gimme your beer," Tricia said. Alex folded her arms under her breasts.

"Nah, get your own," Alex said. A sudden pang of anger hit her. Why wasn't Tricia giving her what she wanted right away? She had to slow down for a moment to consider why she was getting mad.

She brushed at her forehead, wiping away some sweat. A strange chill crept up inside of her. She was acting really beastly, wasn't she? Mean, tough, but most importantly selfish. A little revelation rose up inside of her: this was wrong. It wasn't good to be so focused on herself, on satisfying all her cravings as quickly and cheaply as possible. She needed to stop.

But she was out of beer. With a sharp groan, she shifted her weight back to her feet and rose up from the stool. Her tail twitched up behind her, hauling its thick fat into the air to keep her properly balanced. She didn't need any beer right now, she told herself. She shouldn't be greedy, she could hold off. She thumped across the garage to the fridge, huffing faintly. She balled her hands into fists, looked at the fridge, licked her thick lip, and then opened it up.

Being selfish just felt so good. She fell back onto her stool with a bottle of beer in her claws. She grasped the cap between her fangs, bit down to pop it open, and spit it off to the side. She drowned the chill with a few gulps of cold beer.

"You jealous?" Tricia teased Alex. The gator made a sneering grin, leaned forward, and proudly swished her fat tail through the air. Alex scoffed. "Good round," Tricia said, then burped freely and followed the burp with another few gulps of beer.



Alex

First thing in the morning, Alex bumped her tits into her dresser. Then, as she groped for the bedroom door, she stumbled over some clunky heels left on the floor. She slipped into the bathroom, turned on the lights, and squinted around. Since when was her bathroom so small? She went back through her thoughts, wondering if she'd gotten drunk or gone home with someone the night before. But no, she'd gone straight home from Cole's house.

She doused herself in the hot shower. The warm spray soaked through her hair as she lounged under the shower head. She grabbed the shampoo and worked it down through every inch of her long hair, then followed it with conditioner. It took a good ten minutes of rinsing before she could get out.

She faced herself in the mirror and pouted at her matted-down, dripping wet hair. She hadn't owned a blow dryer before, but now there was one sitting next to her small sink. She nearly bumped into the side of the shower stall by standing in front of the sink. Shuffling around on the bathmat, she found the comfortable place to stand and started working through her hair with a brush and blow dryer.

By the time she clicked the switch off, the bathroom smelled like warm heating coil. Her hair was brushed back up to its full volume from the night before, but it needed something more. Eye-catching, attention-grabbing, right? She reached for her bottle of hairspray, missed, and knocked it into the sink with her long nails.

"Shit!" she yelled a little louder than she should have.

She plucked the bottle from the sink, then with her nails splayed carefully around it, started to spritz up her hair. She fluffed her hair with one hand and sprayed with the other. The smell in the bathroom quickly became the sweet, slightly stinging smell of hairspray. She pushed the thicker, heavier, puffier mass of hair back and forth around her shoulders and back.

"Now that's fuckin' hawt," she said. Then, "Fuck. Fuckin'...ugh." She made a face in the mirror and tried to stop talking.

She plucked her lone tube of lip gloss from the counter and rolled it over her lip, pouting in the mirror. She tugged and brushed her hair and shook it out. If she wanted to look good, she'd need more. She needed makeup.

But wouldn't makeup make her look more like a slut? She was already concerned that she might look like a dumb piece of trash. She didn't need to take it further. She pouted at herself in the mirror.

Then she thought about Cole. He looked tough with his piercings and big tattoo, so what if she got some piercings and tattoos? She was a little anxious about the idea, but the more she rolled it back and forth in her head, the more she began to like it. Cut up the bimbo look with a more punkish edge. She'd still be attention-grabbing, but not in a way that made people think she was dumb and easy.

Back in her room, she picked out appropriate clothes for a day out shopping. She slipped on an off-the-shoulder top, which stretched across her breasts and around her arms without covering her shoulders. It sat up a bit higher on her chest than she expected, but there were oval windows running down the front, offering a peek at more cleavage. She tugged a miniskirt up around her hips, and then smoothed it out until it was skintight, clinging to her ass and showing off her hips.



Her outfit was a little too girly, though. She tapped her nails along her hips, thinking about what to add, when she caught onto the perfect idea: a pair of fishnet leggings, the kind that went from her ankles to her thighs. She dug them out of her dresser and tugged on one, then the other, using her nails to pluck the threads and spread them along her legs.

Alex looked around her room again. A few pinup posters of porn stars hung opposite her bed, while bits of discarded outfits were strewn around the ground, platform pumps and bras and little glittery things to stretch around her waist. She needed her phone, where was it? She opened up her drawer of dildos, but no, it wasn't there. She tossed aside her fuzzy covers, and then looked up and down her bookshelf filled with DVDs of trashy reality shows and porn.

Alex stood up, brushed back her hair, and stuck her hand in her purse. There it was. "Ya such a fuckin' moron," she told herself, pulling her phone out as she headed for the door.

She ticked her nails against the screen of her phone as she tried to type. The strangeness of her small bedroom and bathroom had faded in her mind, and she was distracted enough to just accept the similarly small combination kitchen/dining/living room on her way to the door. She was still struggling to type out a single sentence—even just trying to backspace made more typos. She stepped out of her house and into the hallway.

No, wait, she stepped out of her apartment and into the hallway. There, that made sense.

Down the stairs she went, still working on typing, switching hands, making a steady click-click. She pushed the screen harder, like that would help. Finally she gave up as she left the apartment building and headed down to the bus. She posted what she had managed to type: 'Gong ton m mall if, any'

Alex spent most of the bus ride tapping on her phone while glancing up to see who was watching her. She worked herself up to a pleasant heat, knowing that there were a few sets of eyes taking her in. She had started purring by the time she climbed off at her stop, and she wasn't even inside the mall yet.



There were plenty of people inside the mall, enough that Alex couldn't keep track of every single person looking at her. She just had to be confident that there were plenty of eyes on her. Could she really be sure of that, though? She put more strut into each step, walking with a heavy swish of her hips. She swung one arm and clung to her purse with the other. She was playing it up; she needed that attention.

Alex made a beeline for the department store. Makeup was the first thing on her mind. She passed up racks of clothes she wanted to peer at and shoes that might be on sale. First things first: Cosmetics department. The doe behind the counter with the nametag on looked up as Alex approached. She stared for long enough that Alex was almost giddy. As Alex got close the doe realized Alex was looking at her, and so she put on a polite smile and tried to look the lioness in the eye.

"Hi, can I help you with anything?" the doe asked.

"Yeah. I wanna get some makeup. I'm lookin' foah..." She cleared her throat. "Lookin' for a style that's kinda dark and shit. I don't wanna look like some slutty bitch, ya know?"

“Of course,” the doe said. Alex smiled—see, this girl didn’t think she was a slut. She thought Alex looked pretty, Alex was sure of that. She waited, leaning her elbow on the counter, as the clerk went around and collected a few different bottles. “Do you want me to demonstrate?” she asked.

Alex purred and her tail began to flick. “Yeah, do it,” she said, pushing some of her dark hair back with a long nail.

The doe put her hand on Alex’s jaw to hold her head steady. With the makeup in her other hand, she went to work. She started off with the eyeliner, making neat, smooth strokes to accent Alex’s eyes. She puffed on a bit of eye shadow for Alex’s eyelids, to add to her smoky look. Then she took an eyebrow stencil and brushed the tip through Alex’s fur. In a couple strokes, she had arched, curled eyebrows. To finish off her eyes, the doe uncapped a mascara brush and rolled it along Alex’s lashes, getting her a thicker-lashed look.

“What about for lipstick?” the doe asked.

“Gimme pink gloss,” Alex said. It came out like ‘glawss’. Fuck, fighting her new accent was useless. It still bugged her, but there was nothing she could do.

“All right,” the doe said. She picked a shade out from behind the counter, then dampened a towel to dab the lip gloss off of Alex’s lip before applying a smooth, light coat of pink gloss to her lips.

“Lemme try this,” Alex said. The doe pushed the different products she’d used toward Alex, then got the towel ready to wipe off the makeup so she could start again. But Alex didn’t want the towel. She picked up the eyeliner and went right to work on top of what the doe had done. She had to use a careful, chopsticks-like grip to keep her nails from clashing together, but with a bit of patience, she could handle it.

The second coat of eyeliner made the strokes thicker and gave the dark lines a bit of flare at the corners of her eyes. The extra eyeshadow darkened her look even more, highlighting her eyes by contrast. Extra mascara thickened and extended her lashes, while a second coat of lipstick smoothed out the little creases and made the gloss more uniform and the color more solid.

“How do I look?” she asked, pouting toward the small circular mirror on the counter.

“A little heavy maybe, but very good,” the doe said politely. “Should I ring these up for you?”

“Nah, hold on. I gotta do one more,” Alex said.

The clerk stared as Alex went over her makeup a second time. Thicker, heavier eyeliner. Mascara enough that her lashes looked half an inch long and batted thickly each time she blinked. Another layer on her lipstick, hiding anything that wasn’t smooth plump pink gloss.

She set down the makeup and pouted into the mirror again. She reached up, grabbed some of her hair, and tossed it around to liven up her look a little. She winked at her reflection and pulled her lips together like she was puckering for a kiss.

“All right, yeah, ring me up,” she said, glancing from the mirror back to the doe. She was reassured when she saw the doe staring at her heavy, gaudy makeup. It was the sort of makeup that drew your eye in, just the way she wanted it.



In Alex's head, her makeup was dark and brooding, like something a goth girl might wear. She thought it made her look tougher and more intimidating. The people who saw her strutting through the mall didn't share her impression, though. They thought her makeup looked glamorous and overdone, layered on so thick it had to be cheap. Alex was happily wrapped up in her own thoughts of looking like a tough bitch, oblivious to the way she actually looked.

Down past a couple of closed-down stores on the second floor, Alex found the mall's tattoo parlor. She stifled a moan at the look the inked hyena gave her when she walked in. She smiled, strode up to him, and said, "I need a tattoo. Piercings too. I gotta look tough."

"Okay," he said, looking down her cleavage as he nodded. He breathed in deeply a few times like he was smelling her scent.

"I was thinkin', something across my back. Like some roses and shit, and then right in the middle it says 'trashy,'" she said. She plopped down into the chair, tits pressing tight against the back of the seat, so that she could stick out her ass.

"You want me to sketch it out so you can see first?" the hyena asked.

"Nah, just ink my ass up," she said. She grinned and toyed with a thick lock of hair.

The hyena shrugged and pulled up his stool and pushed down the waistline of her skirt a little. To be helpful, Alex lifted her hips up for a moment and pulled her skirt down far enough that he could see the pink thong laced around her hips.

When the tattoo needle finally hit her skin, she dug her claws in and squinted and groaned. Just sit it out, she told herself. Cole could take getting tattooed and so could she. She had to keep her eye on the prize: soon everyone staring at her ass would see her tattoo, and realize how trashy she was.

In a tough, punk rock kind of way, of course. That's what her tattoo and her makeup and the piercings she was going to get would do, give her that tough, butch edge. At least, that was what she told herself.

Alex's lower back was all one dull ache by the time the hyena told her "All done." She sat up a little, winced, and remained where she was.

“Okay, gonna do the piercings now?” she asked. “I wanna get ones for earrings, and then three studs goin’ up my ear, and a lip ring.”

He swapped out the tattoo needle for the piercing gun, and took a slow pace so that Alex could recover from each sharp pinch. Two piercings in the lower corner of her ears for earrings, then along one ear, three studs running up to the tip. He rounded her set off with a ring through her lip, snug enough that it rested against her lip without pinching it. He had to use a size bigger than usual to fit her plump lip.

As she stood up, she reached back to rub across her ass. “Careful--!” the hyena began to say, to warn her that she’d be tender for a while. But she trailed her nails across the roses and the curly “Trashy” emblazoned on her ass without flinching. Even her piercings hadn’t swollen up. It was like her body accepted that she’d always been tattooed and pierced.



“Nah, I’m good. But thanks, hawt stuff. See ya around,” she said. Alex winked at him and waved, then strutted out of the store. Now she needed some earrings to wear. And some other jewelry, now that she thought of it.

There weren’t any of the upscale jewelry-store type places here in the mall, but Alex found a store aimed primarily at teenage girls. Their jewelry section was more than enough for her. She moved over the racks of three-dollar earrings, taking a close look at ones with a pink skull that had eyelashes on it. Not quite good enough for her, she thought.

Alex moved over to the ten-dollar earring section. Her eyes lit up when they landed on a pair of chunky hoops in fake gold, wider at the bottom and a few inches in diameter. These wouldn’t make her look dumb and slutty because...

...she couldn’t justify it. She didn’t want to look like a cheap bimbo, she wanted to... She blinked and rubbed her forehead. Her head throbbed, a headache pressing against her temples. After a few moments, it passed. She sighed in relief. Gawd those were some hot earrings. Why didn’t she want to wear them? She couldn’t think of a reason. She plucked them off the rack and went hunting for more.





By the time she left the jewelry store, she clinked lightly with each step. She had anklets and bracelets in black and white. Her big heavy hoops bounced against her cheeks as she walked. A couple bangles were wrapped around her tail so that it would shimmer too. Under her hair and behind her tits was a faux-silver necklace with a charm that said 'LEXI' inlaid with plastic diamonds.

She wanted people to start calling her that—she needed a cool nickname, something like Thorn or Spike. Lexi sounded like the perfect fit, because it was so close to her name.

Before she headed back to the bus, she wanted to get something to eat at the food court. She got in one of the long lines and got out her phone while she waited, ticking her nails against the screen. By the time she was up at the cash register, her stomach was growling. She'd been smelling burgers and fries the whole time she'd been standing there.

“Yeah, gimme a chicken club combo with a large chocolate shake,” she said. Between the ‘aww’ in the way she said ‘chocolate’ and her growling stomach, she had an unpleasant pout on her lips.

“Uh, sorry, our shake machine is down,” the cashier girl said.

Alex was grumpy enough to complain about something, and now she had a target. “What the fuck? What do ya mean ‘it’s down’? Get it back up again!”

The cashier leaned back and held onto the counter anxiously. “It’s the, um, the cooling unit, it’s been a busy day—”

“Well no shit. Maybe if your fuckin’ shake machine didn’t break down I wouldn’t hafta wait twenty minutes,” she said, gesturing back toward the line. She looked over her shoulder. Since she’d raised her voice, some people were staring at her, or her tits, or her jewelry, or her tattoo... Alex shuddered faintly. A sharp, wet heat rose up between her legs.

If she made a scene, people would pay attention to her.

“I’m really sorry ma’am, would you like a soda instead?” the cashier asked.

Alex leaned forward so she could show off her ass. “I don’t wanna soda, I want a fuckin’ milkshake like the menu says!” she yelled. More people could hear if she yelled.

“Uh, we have chocolate milk, if that’s—”

Alex pounded her hands on the counter, sending her jewelry clattering and bouncing around on her arms and legs.

“What, ya think I’m too fat for milkshakes?” she asked. The cashier looked baffled. Alex almost felt sorry for her, but the huge rush she was getting from all the attention was too good to worry about little things. “I’ll fuckin’ suck your boyfriend’s dick. You think he won’t like this shit?” she asked, hefting her tits toward the cashier. Now she looked baffled and shocked.

“I’ll...” Alex groaned, hands balling into fists, curling her toes tightly. Her thick eyelashes fluttered and she licked her lips. “Fuck!” she blurted out. A heavy, searing shock ran through her, starting from her hips and spreading outward. It bubbled up into her brain and made her legs feel wobbly and her thighs damp. Fuck was right; that was a good orgasm.

“I’ll...have the soda,” she panted softly, pulling out her purse and clicking her nails aroundt for her credit card.



Cole

The fact that Cole had woken up in an apartment barely even registered to him. He was up and out the door before he was fully awake. His morning workout always drove away his sleepiness. As he walked down the sidewalk, he felt like he was fenced in. All the tight brick apartment buildings around him seemed much taller and more cramped than what he remembered.

As he made his way down to the tiny park near his apartment, his thoughts slowly shifted their setting. Everything was plucked up from where it was, moved to the city, and settled back into place. Not everything fit in the same place, but it was like waking up after a night of partying and trying to remember what had happened. He was sure it'd all fall into place as he woke up more.

The park was as big as a single apartment building, and it was about half asphalt. Since no one used it early in the morning, he didn't have to interrupt anyone to grab the jungle gym bars and start using them for chin-ups. He worked through his regular sets like they were habit, because they were. He came here every day in the morning to stay in shape, right? Chin-ups, pushups, situps, repeat until he'd worked up a good burn in his muscles, then stretch.

He was flecked with sweat, shirtless, with the crotch of his shorts slightly damp when he was done. His muscles ached from the quick but vigorous workout. As he passed the park's fence, he looked up to see someone sitting at the bus stop. She was curled around some little game thing in her hands. Cole couldn't remember what the thing's name was. Beneath the hooded sweatshirt and the baggy jeans, the young dog woman looked like she could be pretty cute. Plus she was a Doberman, which bumped her up to kinda hot in Cole's eyes.

"Hey," Cole growled. He leaned up against the ad on the side of the bus stop, looking down over the girl's shoulder. Her ears perked and she flinched. Then she glanced up at him, giving him a wary look. Her eyes lingered on his tattoo for a moment.

"Hi," she said, a light but firm tone that tried to put some distance between them.



“What’re you playing?” he asked, leaning closer. He was dripping with sweat. He was sure she could smell his musk. The Doberman sniffed the air and wrinkled her nose.

“Shin Megami Tensei,” she said.

“Oh,” Cole said. He tried to remember that game, but he couldn’t. It didn’t even sound familiar to him. Fuck. “Does it have fighting?” he asked.

“Yeah, I guess,” she said. Cole could see she was blushing. She was totally breathing his musk, so why wasn’t she falling on her knees in front of him?

Cole grinned and flexed an arm for her to check out. “I’m pretty good at fighting,” he said. He had no idea where he was going with this. Usually he didn’t run out of questions.

“Yeah...I’m just waiting for the bus,” she said. She looked up at him in the same way someone would look at an annoying pup.

Cole was angry at himself, but tried to keep looking tough and aloof. “Yeah, cool. See ya,” he said. He shrugged, turned, and walked away. He wasn’t that mad, just frustrated and more than a little horny.



Cole let his feet guide him through the morning. After his workout he walked down the street, turned, waited at the stoplight, crossed, and kept walking. His claustrophobia had faded; the buildings actually seemed spacious now, especially compared to how cramped everything was further into the city. He preferred living out here, closer to the outskirts. Cole walked alongside a fence now, and he was tall enough that in the middle of each step, he could see over it and into the auto scrapyard beyond.

The place looked familiar, as familiar as a jumble of junk and old cars could be. He couldn't say why. He turned right at the gate, crossed the gravel parking lot, and walked into the scrapyard's main office. As he stepped inside, it hit him: he worked here.

"Not even gonna try to wear a shirt today?" his boss asked. The grey wolf always sounded grumpy, and his voice fit his mood most of the time.

Cole shrugged. "Just gonna tear it anyway." He clocked in, put his phone on top of his punch card, and headed out the back. He paused and reminded himself of what he'd been working on for the past week. They had him hauling all of one pile and tossing it into another pile, because they wanted to put a garage where the first pile was.

Once Cole got into a groove, it was easy going. Grab as much as he could at once, drag it across the lot, pitch it into the other pile. The problem was that his boss kept coming out. He'd step out of the office, shove his hands in his jacket, and bark at Cole that he needed a junked car moved back into the back. Then Cole had to stop and grab the car and pull into the back by hand. Thirty minutes later, he had to help the mechanics lift an engine block out of one of the cars. Then it was something else again.



Each time he had to drop what he was doing, then pick it up when he was done. It was annoying, and a waste of time, and... Urgh, he wished he'd had a chance to fuck someone in the morning. The frustration of work was only making the frustration of having failed at flirting worse.

"Cole!" his boss shouted across the yard. Cole was behind a pile of scrap parts from the office, so his boss couldn't see him. He was going to wait a bit. Fuck his boss, he thought.

He scratched at an itch on his neck. That didn't solve it, so he put his hand on top of where it itched and rubbed his fur against his neck and shoulder muscles. That didn't work either. The heat got worse, from a gentle tingle to a dull ache. Using both hands, he scratched all around his neck.

The burn was right where a collar would go, if he wasn't too big for a collar. Not that he couldn't wear one, it just wouldn't fit right, given how thick his neck was.

The ache broke into a sharp pain, digging into Cole's skin like a wave of needles dipping into his flesh. His lips peeled back, his fangs locked tight, and he struggled to hold back a whimper.

He gripped at his short fur, but his fingers sifted straight through his hairs. He couldn't feel anything unusual when he touched his neck, but his skin throbbed with aftershocks from the wave of pain, curling around in a slow circle. It started along his spine, worked around one side of his neck, and was creeping back up the other side.

A rearview mirror glimmered in the junk pile. He tore it free with a small growl. Holding it up, he angled it so he could get a look at his neck. A black band now stretched from shoulder to shoulder. He squinted in the mirror and tried to angle it over his back. It was one continuous ring, a tattooed collar.

"Damn it, Cole!" his boss shouted. Cole didn't hesitate for a second. His hand let go of the mirror and he came jogging back to the office.



“Yeah?” he asked, bounding to a stop.

“Got another car to haul to the back,” the wolf said. He gestured with a nod to a beat-up truck.

“Gotcha,” Cole said. His tail started to wag. Something about following his boss’s orders made him feel useful. He laced a thick rope through the front hitch, wrapped his fists around both ends, and pulled. As he put himself into his work, all the frustration he’d built up was bubbling away. It was a simple delight to do work he knew he could do.

The rest of the day, whenever his boss called out, he came running. Dropping what he was doing didn’t seem like a big deal now. He could get right back to it as soon as he was finished.

Cole, haul this engine block across the yard. Got it. Cole, hold up the back of this truck so we can get under it. No problem. Cole, grab some doors out of the shed. How many?

Occasionally, he itched at his tattooed collar. Cole couldn’t complain about the job, though. He got told what to do, and then he’d go and do it. He was getting paid to be strong, work out all day, and not wear a shirt. Taking orders was easy, all things considered.

At the end of the day, Cole smelled of equal parts himself, motor oil, and dust. He scrubbed his hands underneath the tap after he came into the office. He’d been scolded about getting oil on the punch cards before. He grabbed his cell phone from on top of his punch card and punched himself out.

The notification light was blinking on his phone. As he left the yard, he flipped it open and looked through his voicemail.

“First message: ‘Hi Cole! So last night was just, wow. I’m gonna hang out here for the day, so I’ll be there when you get back. See you soon!’ End of messages.”

Cole squinted and concentrated for a moment. Oh, right, duh! Husky girl. Husky girl from the gym. Uhh, what was her name? He’d fucked her three times already. He could remember all her tight, toned muscles stretching together, her firm thighs clenching under his grip, her cute ass bouncing back and forth, her tits held tight in place by the sports bra. But her name...?

Julie! There, that was it. The hot husky girl he’d spotted on the elliptical at the gym.



Cole stopped at the crosswalk and scratched his head. A light, fluttering tickle like fluffing feathers brushed the inside of his brain. He replayed meeting Julie in his mind.

She was jogging on the treadmill, but she had to bring her hands to her chest every few paces. Even in a sports bra, they bounced relentlessly with every step. While taking a break, she'd caught Cole's eye. After he saw her trying to jog again, he went over and offered to show her some weight exercises that'd burn just as much energy. Once he'd taken her through a whole workout, he'd dropped his 'Do you want to fuck?' line on her, and they'd slipped off to the locker room.



Yeah, that made more sense for Julie. He respected that she was trying to tone her body up, but watching her trying to jog with her tits bouncing everywhere had been almost painful.

Cole returned to his apartment building and began to climb the stairs. On the second floor landing, another fit of fuzziness crossed his brain. As he kept climbing, he sorted the facts back out.

When he'd found Julie in the gym, she absolutely did not look like the gym type. Platinum blonde hair, big puffy ponytail like she'd brushed and styled it just for coming to the gym, and pink nail polish that only highlighted how impractical her nails were for working out.

She had on only a tank top, a pair of fingerless gloves, and a tiny set of shorts that clung to her ass. At least she had on pink sneakers instead of heels.

When Cole came over, she'd giggled and gushed that she just didn't know what to do. He offered to teach her a few easy exercises. She did some curls with three-pound weights, careful to protect her nails. After fifteen minutes of watching her, he'd growled something about fucking her in the locker room. At that point, she was so pent up and horny herself that they spent twice as long fucking as they had working out.

Cole opened the door and found Julie's big, poofy ponytail hanging down onto the back of the couch cushion. She looked up from her TV show, something dumb and glitzy that Cole didn't recognize, and a big grin brightened her face. As she jumped up to her feet, her tits wobbled. They were only held in by one of Cole's old tank tops she'd put on. It was big enough that with one strap on her shoulder, the other hung down onto her upper arm. She wasn't wearing anything else besides her thong panties.

"Hey, Juicy," Cole said, grinning.

"Uh, excuse you? That's my stage name, mister," Julie said. She shot him a teasing pout as she swished around the couch.

"Yeah? What are you gonna do about it?" he asked. He grinned as he watched her breathe in his musk. She'd been smelling it all day from wearing his shirt and staying at his place, but now she was getting it fresh off his body.

The husky stripper jumped on top of him. He stepped back to catch her weight. She locked her arms around his neck and hooked her thighs around his hips and squeezed herself against him.

"I'm gonna...um, like...fuck meee," she said, stumbling over her own thoughts. Her instincts reared up and made her lose the thread of what she was saying.

"Sorry, does Juicy Jiggs want me to fuck her?" he asked. Julie groaned in the back of her throat and rubbed her hips against his waist.

"Yesss, pleeease," she whined. She was blushing and panting already. Cole gripped her ass tightly, holding her steady as he dropped down onto the sofa. He swiped up the remote. Julie tossed her hair and sat on her knees, straddling Cole's waist. He dragged her down into a rough, hungry kiss.

Tricia

Tricia finally rolled out of her bed at lunchtime. She groped for her phone and grabbed it off the bedside table. She had to call in sick for another day. She just wasn't getting out of the house today.

But squinting at the phone, she saw she'd stuck a sticky note to it. On it, she'd scrawled 'Apt 513: plumber for shower'.

Tricia licked her lips, ruffled her hair, and pushed aside her sheets. They were damp with her sweat and making her cold, anyway. The gears chugged groggily in her mind. What the hell was this note for? It was because she had to call the plumber. Why was she calling the plumber? Because 513 had come knocking at her door twice already asking her to deal with the shower. Why were they complaining to her?

Ah, right. Her job. Being the landlady.



She peeled the sticky note off and stuck it to the side of her pudgy finger. She set her feet on the ground. The floor creaked like the floorboards were bending beneath her, but she managed to stand.

"Hey, yeah. This's Trish. Gotta shower for you to fix. Five thirteen. Yeah, whatever," she said, phone to her ear. Be there in the next few days, he said. She wasn't going to bother to make him commit to an actual date when she didn't give a shit. Wait, that was kinda selfish, a little bit. And, after all, this was her job. "Look, can you do it tomorrow? I got assholes telling me to get it fixed." There, that was better. And it wasn't selfish, even if she only pushed him because she didn't want to have to deal with people complaining to her again.

There, phone call to the plumber made. She tossed her phone toward the bedside table. It clattered down to the floor, but she didn't feel like bending down to pick it back up again.

Trish put her hands on the door frame to steady herself as she left her bedroom for the kitchen. Luckily for her, being the landlord meant she had her pick of the apartments, so she got the one with the double-wide doorways. She didn't consider that a luxury though, it was a damn requirement. She always complained, why didn't they build doors for women with real figures like her?

Even in her large apartment, when she stood at the stove and let her tail lie down, whether she flopped it over the counter or let it lay on the ground, her and her tail could not fit in the kitchen at the same time. It trailed out into the living room, dragging on the floor.

Trish fired up the stove, hauled a bag of hash browns out of the freezer, and tossed a heavy batch into the frying pan. While they started cooking, she started fidgeting with her fingers. Trish, back in a life that was growing more distant, had smoked when she was younger. She had both started and quit while still in college. Something about how irritating it had been to wake up and move around today made her crave the feeling that smoking gave her again. With an angry huff and the hash browns sizzling on the stove, she stomped back to her room.



She couldn't get down into the space between her bedside stand and the wall. No matter how she leaned, her chest and belly got in the way. Her arms could only reach so far. She knocked over the stand, just so she could grab her phone. She didn't bother picking her things back up.

As she thumped back to the kitchen, her apartment slid into further disarray, mirroring her laziness. A patch of her couch backing was gone, and pillow stuffing was coming out. There was a whole jagged chunk of the counter missing from when she'd torn it off. The linoleum of the kitchen floor was so scuffed from her claws that it had started peeling in places.

She flipped the hashbrowns with one hand and held her phone with the other. She hit speed dial, number two.

"Yeah, this's Trish. Need you to run some stuff up for me. Biscuit sandwiches, three or four. And...get me a pack of smokes too. I don't give a shit, whatever's fastest to grab," she said, then hung up.

She scraped the hash browns into a plate. Then she sat on a steel-legged stool at the counter and started to chop off big chunks with a fork and push them into her mouth. About halfway through breakfast, there was a knock at the door.

Trish opened up her doors, letting the oily smell spill out into the hall. She grinned down at the young lizard standing there with a plastic bag. He was the clerk who worked in the convenience store on the ground floor. He was also the one who had to run things up to the landlady when she asked for them.

"Hey there," she growled, baring her fangs in an attempt to make a sexy grin. "Wanna come in and have some breakfast?" she asked.

"I've got to keep working," the lizard said, as politely as he could while holding the bag out. "Here's your things, Mrs. Trish."

"Please," she said, licking her lips in a way that made her look hungry, "It's Miss Trish."

"Right, uh," he said, letting go of the bag when she took it. "Bye."

Trish watched him walk down the hall and growled sourly. She shut the doors with a double-slam. He just didn't know what he was missing out on. Maybe he was gay. The more she thought about it, the more that was the obvious answer. He didn't like her because he didn't like women. That was much easier to accept than the idea that she wasn't his type.

Trish sat back down and fished the paper-wrapped biscuit sandwiches out of the bag. She opened them up and shoved hash browns between the sausage and the egg for some extra crunch, then ate them one by one. With the last sandwich, she mopped up the remaining grease on her plate with the biscuit before eating it. She burped as she sat back. Not a big breakfast, but she'd woken up late.

She pulled the pack of cigarettes out of the bag. With a claw, she picked open the plastic. She lit one and set the cigarette between her lips. It glowed red hot as she breathed in. She let out a thick plume of smoke that wafted out in front of her, brushing against her chest and her arms, curling out into the air.

In another breath of cigarette smoke, the smell now clung to her apartment, though she couldn't smell it any more herself. There were a few discarded packets strewn around the counter and a couple ash-trays that needed emptying sometime soon: next to the couch, on the counter, next to the stove.

The thirty-four year old gator sucked on her cigarette, then let it smolder down by her side. She opened the fridge, picking out a bottle of booze and biting off the cap. She slumped down onto her couch with a loud, tired groan, taking the strain off her back and knees. Time for lunch. She dug her phone out of her old stretched shorts and hit number one on her speed dial.



Thirty minutes later, she had to haul herself away from her daytime courthouse show to lumber over to the doors. This time it was the delivery boy from the Chinese restaurant downstairs in front of her. A panda in his early twenties, his arms were loaded down with plastic bags full of foam cartons.

“Uh, here you go,” he said, leaning forward, shaking the bags off his arms and setting them on the floor.

Trish dabbed at the sweat on her chest. “It’s just so fucking hot, even with the windows open,” she said offhand. Her free hand slid down her hips, tugging at the waistband of her shorts in a way that might have been suggestive. She puffed a mouthful of cigarette smoke at him. He tried not to breathe in while unloading her food.

“It’d be good to cool down,” she said. Her hands were on the doorframe, her chest leaning forward with her belly coming along for the ride. “Just take off all this shit and go nude.”

“There you go!” the panda said quickly, dropping the last bags and hurrying off down the hall.

Trish sneered as she dragged the food over to her coffee table. “Fucking faggot,” she grumbled, though she reluctantly admitted the odds were against both of them being gay. She started with the box nearest her, pushing the chopsticks between her fat fingers and starting to shovel food into her mouth.

Maybe it was being self-centered. The thought came uneasily to her, almost painfully, like she was unwilling to even consider that she might be too focused on herself. But maybe she wanted everyone to think she was sexy without thinking about how they felt. She had to get him back, try one more time. Then she’d be able to decide if it was his fault or hers that he didn’t like her. But she couldn’t call the restaurant right back, first she’d need to finish all her food.

It took her forty five minutes to work her way through all the food. By the end of it, she was sure she was fatter. She had to guess she'd put on a couple more inches out in front and another couple more in diameter around her tail. She couldn't even feel the difference—she was so huge and thick that it was just more padding stuffed in the huge bulges that were her belly, thighs, ass and tail. She knew that she was larger, but any way she could estimate how much larger was out of reach.

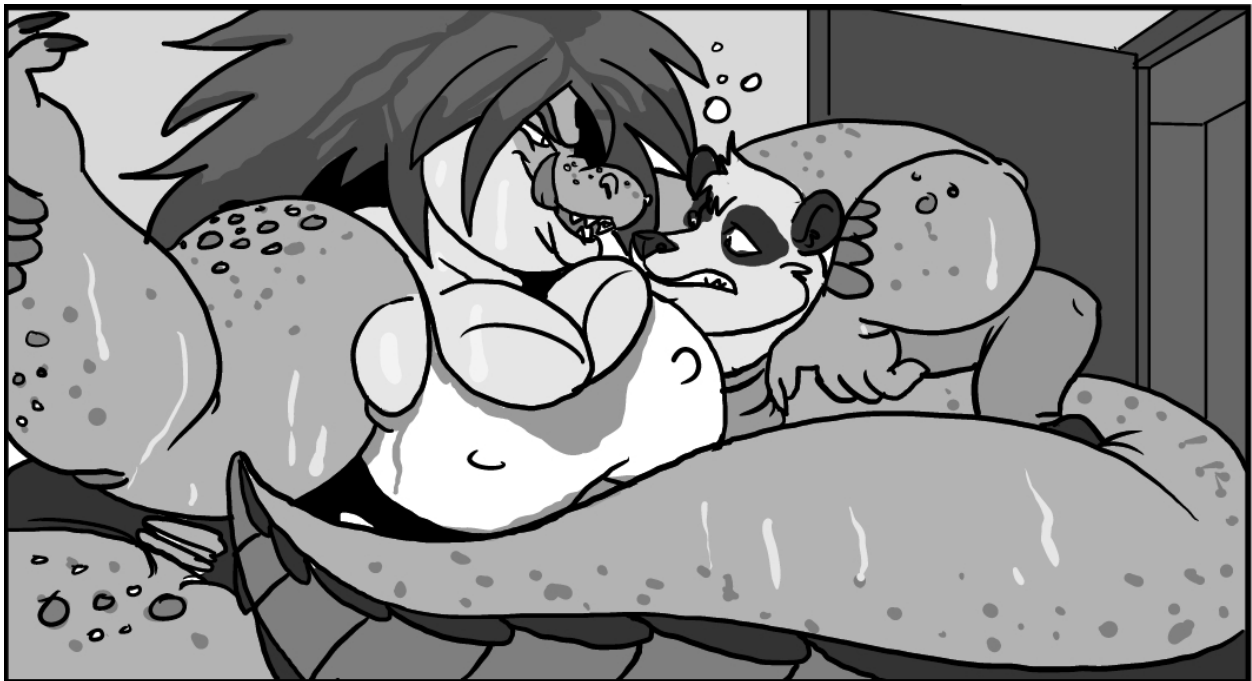
Trish sucked down a fresh cigarette and puffed the smoke back out through her nostrils. She could definitely tell she was heavier. Getting up was harder, bending over was harder, and her joints creaked and popped as she moved. If she admitted to herself that she was getting older, she would have said she was feeling her age. At thirty-eight, she didn't like to think about it.

Trish knocked back her seventh beer bottle for the day and dropped it on the ground. She took another drag from her cigarette. She grabbed the phone off her table and called up the Chinese place again. Her voice was rougher, more growling. In the middle of the call, she belched into the phone, and didn't let it stop her listing all things she wanted.

She groaned to her feet once the knock came at her door. There was the panda again, loaded down with more bags. She scowled and her throat rumbled with a weak burp. One hand on her hip, she dragged her tail lazily around her back and toward him.

“So...pandas,” she said, putting one hand on his shoulder. He dropped his bags and started to pull away. Her tail caught him, squeezing its fat underside against his legs, forcing him closer to her. “I know you like—urrrp—big bitches.” She tugged him up against her belly. Her pull was strong enough that he sunk into her front. His face was pressed against the tank top that stretched over her chest.

“What do you think? Hot piece of ass, right?” she asked, hissing and baring her fangs.



A quick twist away from her freed the panda from Trish's hands. He stumbled over her tail, but scrambled back to his feet and down the hall. A sharp throb pushed its way into Trish's forehead. She squinted and scowled as she dragged the food inside. She plopped down on the couch with her headache only growing.

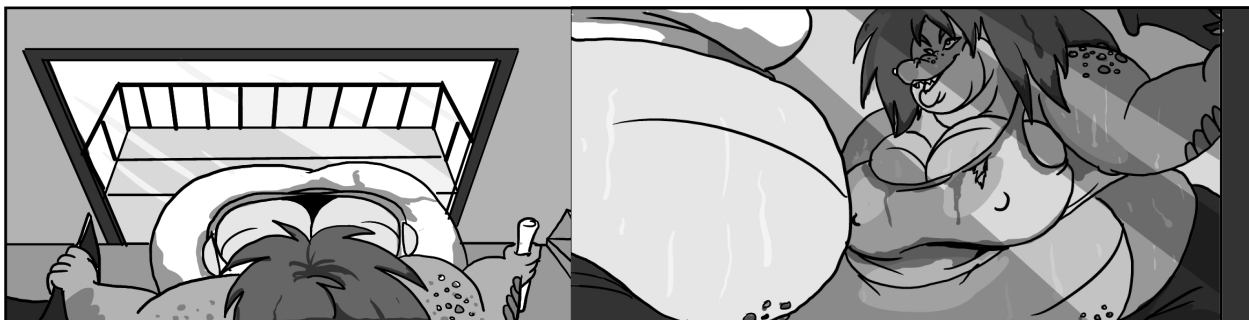


The delivery boy didn't like her. Did that mean she was wrong? Something snapped as her eyelids fluttered. No, she wasn't wrong. If no one else could see it, you know who was wrong? Everyone fucking else, that's who. If she wasn't going to get fucked, she was just going to do it herself!

She couldn't get herself off alone. She was too visual for that; she needed something she could admire while she fucked herself. And Trish herself was the hottest thing she knew. She needed a mirror, but the tiny mirror in the bathroom and the skinny one in the bedroom were useless. She cast around for something to use.

Trish spotted the sliding-glass door, pulled back her blinds, and grinned at her own reflection. It was a wide, full-length glass door leading out onto her balcony, and it was perfect. All she could see from her balcony were the windows of other apartment buildings. If the people living there didn't like seeing her hot body, that was their fault for being fucking wrong.

The middle-aged gator hauled her thickest dildo out in front of the window. She shed her shorts, peeling them off since her thighs were so thick the shorts were skintight. She thumped up in front of the window, squatted down slowly, and impaled herself slowly on the thick, weighted shaft. Her eyes fluttered and deep, bassy growls left her chest.



Her tail beat against the floor, providing extra push and a third point of balance to help out her legs. The faster she moved, the more motion she made, and the more she saw faces flicker in the windows. They curiously glanced out and then turned away in disgust. She lifted one hand from her hips to push it against the window pane. She balled her hand into a fist, except for her raised middle finger.

“Fuck you, I’m gorgeous!” she bellowed. A vicious, beastly snarl was on her dark lips. She thrust up and down harder, clenching tightly, claws ripping into the carpet. She stared at her own reflection, at the huge gator riding a wave of self-indulgence and delight. A tight rush swirled through her. Before long, she was roaring obscenities at her window, her juices dripping down the shaft.

In a way, she felt satisfied. She knew that she didn’t need to give a fuck about what others thought of her at all. They were all wrong anyway, so there was no point in trying to be nice.

Trish gulped down the rest of her unfinished beer bottle, lit up a new cigarette, and sat down on the couch. With the window wide open, she spread her legs and rubbed at her pussy. And then she settled in to watch more TV.



The bright side of having an apartment on the outskirts of the city was more garage space. Cole had enough room for his old car, the fortune-telling machine, and a giant gator. Trish sat on a steel bench Cole had taken from the junkyard. The bench was almost entirely hidden underneath her bulk. Cole left the door open and a box fan running, so Trish could smoke without choking up the air inside.

“And no kidding, that collie had tits like this,” Cole said, gesturing in front of his chest. “I’d have brought her back here, but I had Julie over.”

Trish sucked on her cigarette and let the smoke waft from her nostrils. “Didn’t want her to find out?”

Cole shrugged. “Julie doesn’t care. Didn’t want the collie girl freaking out.”

Trish grunted as she leaned forward. She would have put her elbows on her knees, but her huge belly made that difficult. “So is your thing just all bitches all the time?” she asked.

Cole shook his head. “Nah, bitches are just the hottest.”

“Ever fuck a gator?” she asked. Cole snorted and she glared at him. “I didn’t mean that. Bet your pansy ass is too weak to for me anyway.”

Cole’s fur stiffened and she grinned. “Oh yeah?” he growled. The door to the stairs leading up to the apartment swung open and interrupted him. Julie carefully climbed down the three steps to the garage floor, and then stood in her platform heels between Cole and Trish.

“Hey baby!” she chirped, smiling at Cole. She set down a six-pack of beer, glass still frosted from the fridge. “Just wanted to bring this for you and your friends! I gotta go, my shift at the club is starting in like...um, really soon,” she said.



Julie leaned up to kiss Cole. He returned the kiss and patted her on the ass. With a glance over her shoulder, Julie smiled at Trish too. “Hey, Trish! Like, see you later.”

Trish tipped her bottle of beer toward Julie as thanks, then bit off the cap.

Just as the husky was turning to head back up the stairs, Lexi stepped into the doorway, blocking the way. Julie pouted up at the lioness for a moment, like she was trying to remember something. Her eyes dipped down to Lexi’s name on her necklace, then smiled brightly. “Hey, Lexi!”

Lexi trailed a hand through her hair, tossing it out. She came down the steps with a purr in her throat.

“Hey, ditz. Got a few minutes? We could go up ta Cole’s place,” she said. The grin on her lips was predatory, almost evil, as she pushed her chest up against Julie’s. Their muzzles were nearly touching.

“Uh, I have to like, get to work.” Julie leaned back with a blush on her cheeks.

“C’mon, I seen you checkin’ me out. You wanna fuck, I wanna fuck, Cole wants ta watch us fuck. Everybody wins.” Tricia snickered. Cole was watching with interest. Lexi wasn’t lying about that last part.

Lexi’s hand slipped around Julie’s waist and she sunk her claws into the husky’s ass. Julie shuddered and failed to stifle a hot moan. Lexi tugged the canine girl into a kiss. With her free hand, she groped one of her breasts right through her tank top.



“Mmmno, I like, really have to get to work!” Julie insisted. She pushed free of Lexi’s hands, but stumbled on her heels. She caught herself on the wall, then tidied her ponytail before clicking back over to the door. “Bye, guys!” she said. In a flash of platinum blonde and pink, she was gone.

“Gawd, what a fuckin’ bimbo,” Lexi said. Hand on her hip, hips cocked, she grabbed a beer from the pack. Trish belched and leaned down for her second.

“Like you’re some kind of genius,” Trish growled. She leaned her shoulder on the side of Cole’s car.

Lexi scowled. “Hey, just cause I can’t do genius shit doesn’t make me like Julie.”

“Well, number one, you’re both sluts,” Cole said. He began to count on his fingers. One.

Lexi huffed, but she didn’t have anything to say to that. She had one hell of a sexual appetite, so what? So did Cole!

“You’ve both got big tits,” he said. Two.

So did Trish, she said to herself. No one went around insinuating Trish was some dumb bitch.

“You both dress really trashy,” he said. Three.

Lexi made a loud, bitchy tsk in the back of her throat. Leave it to Cole not to recognize the difference between glitter pink tube tops and dark pink off-the-shoulder tops. He probably thought a bimbo would wear fishnets like she was wearing right now.

“And you’re both kinda dumb.” Four.

Lexi groaned. “I’m dumb? I—”

Trish cut in. “Hey, Lexi.” She paused for a soft burp. “How many blessings do we each have?” She pointed at the machine.

Lexi looked from Trish to the machine, scowled, then furrowed her brow. “Fuckin’..fat-ass smart-ass...” she grumbled.

“If it’s too tough just do yours,” Trish said.

“I can do it! I just need some moah time,” she snapped.

After a moment’s angry contemplation from Lexi, Cole’s ears perked up. “We’ve all got three,” he said.

Lexi shot him a dirty look. “You think you’re bedder than me?” she asked.

Trish said, “Course he does, he’s not a skank from New Jersey.”

“Hey!” Lexi said. Her cheeks were flushed; she was enjoying the opportunity to be loud and bitchy. “I’m from Yonkers, asshole. Besides, I’d rather be from New Jersey than the fuckin’ sewer.”

Cole tossed his beer can in the bin. The clatter was loud enough to stop both Trish and Lexi from shouting at each other. In the quiet that followed, he said, “Come on, let’s do this.”

Lexi was still taking hot, deep breaths. She frowned at Trisha, and then turned back to Cole. “Sure.”

“Just grab me one,” Trish said.

Lexi dropped her token into the slot and took a ticket. Cole dropped in two, passed the first one to Trish, and kept the second for himself. The three of them shared a look that said they knew someone might win this time, then turned their cards over and read.

“Appreciate the things you have before pining for more. One blessing.” Cole said.

“A bit of positive attention is far better than a lot of negative attention. One bane. What the fuck? What’s that piece of shit tryin’ to say?” Lexi said, shooting a glare at the machine.

Trish looked up with a big grin on her face. “You have won. Congratulations. Two blessings.” Lexi threw her card on the ground, while Cole shrugged and grunted.

Cole told Trish, “Good job.” He scratched at his collar tattoo and growled faintly. The game was over but that didn’t mean they weren’t going to get one last batch of changes.

This time, it began between Cole’s legs. It was the same tight, warm, eagerness as an erection, but it was swelling up and back into his body. The wave of firm energy and testosterone rippled up through his abs. More of his pubic fur pushed to the surface, popping out thick above the edge of his jeans. The shaggy patch of fur drooped in front of the waistband of his pants.

As his lower body broadened, the last hints of the skinny, lanky Cole were washed away. His waist was thicker around, his back tighter, giving him a bulkier-framed look. His joints were sturdy enough now to keep from popping and cracking as they shifted.

As the tightness washed up higher, it pushed his chest out, turning his pecs into a thicker shelf of muscle. The midline of his chest prickled and itched, and with a scratch he dug free all the extra, thick hair that was sprouting between the first E and last O of BEWARE OF DOG.

He was almost used to the ripples of muscle sliding down his arms. As he flexed to show off, his shoulders and neck bulged too, putting more ripples in the thick collar tattoo that stretched all the way around his neck and shoulders. The ink quivered and Cole clutched at it. His neck muscles pulled as dots appeared along the midline of the tattoo, like a set of dangerous spikes.

The trembling tattoo-shifting feeling slid all the way down to his forearms. His biceps bunched and swelled as he brought his arms together and raised them to take a closer look. Similar tattoos to his collar now circled his wrists and his biceps, like spiked leather cuffs pulled so tight they had become one with his skin. Just looking at them made him feel strong.

The tightness that had flooded up through him now drained down into his legs. It sent clenching muscle down his thighs and calves. He dug his claws into the floor, scratching white marks into the concrete. With a gruff grunt, he grabbed the thick bulge in the front of his jeans and scratched until the tightness had faded. The tightness slowly subsided, leaving Cole sweating but feeling satisfied.

“Ugh, you godda do somethin’ about that musk.” Lexi wrinkled her nose and scowled at Cole.

Trish snickered. “Like we can’t both smell how...urrrp, desperate you are to get fucked.”

Lexi shot another one of her bitchy glares at Trish, but Cole was snickering along too. “Yeah, you kinda smell like mating season,” he said.



“Fucking assholes,” Lexi groaned. She tugged at her top angrily. Then with both sets of fingers, she rubbed at her chest. She had to use the pads of her fingers instead of the tips, thanks to her nails. “Agh, what the shit?” she huffed. Shifting from one foot to the other, she pinched at her nipples. Lexi squinted and winced; it was hard not to get horny from handling her tits so roughly.

The harder she rubbed, the firmer her nipples swelled. At first, they were just stiff, but then her nipples began to feel like there was a firm mass inside of them. As she rubbed and groped, she could feel little barbell piercings through the fabric. They poked out of her nipples, forcing them to stay engorged no matter what. Then the barbells grew, and curved, and dangled downward, and still kept growing.

Cole stared intently at her tits, and while Lexi wanted him to look away, she couldn’t deny that the attention was getting her hot. She had to keep herself from trying to turn this into a striptease.

By the time she pulled her hands away, there were two large rings hanging from her nipples, thick enough that they couldn’t hide beneath her top. They forced her nipples to stay stiff, by jolting and tugging them as she she shifted around. Lexi now had two rock-hard nubs sticking out into her top.

A throbbing jolt hit her right in the middle of her head. She squinted and grasped the bridge of her snout, tilting her head back, her voice creaking. As her face scrunched up in annoyance, her makeup thickened like it had been outlined just one more time to make it extra-gaudy. She opened her mouth and the metal stud now in the center of her tongue flashed in the light for a moment.

“Piece of shit, ah, christ,” Lexi cursed. She blinked her thickened lashes. The headache was fading. She brushed her fingers along her forehead with some light clicking. Her inch-long nails had grown to inch-and-a-half long now. Trish and Cole had been staring her down this whole time, and now she needed sex of some kind to cool down. She’d suck Cole’s cock if it meant an opportunity to get off. Hell, she was pretty open to the idea of fucking Trish.

Lexi let out a deep breath. The headache was gone, and her tits weren’t aching any more—just her swollen nipples. She rubbed at her belly, flicking the side of her nail against her new bellybutton stud.

Lexi tugged the top back up, folded her arms underneath her chest, and cocked her hips to the side.

“There, see?” she said. “Look at all these piercings, you think a bimbo would look like this?” she asked.

Cole would have said something, but he was too horny to want to taunt Lexi like that. Trish would have said soemthig too, but her changes chose that moment to hit her..

A loud growl came either from Trish’s throat or her stomach. The gator reached forward, pressing her claws against her belly. The thick, fatty feeling swelled up inside her midsection. Her belly gained a little tautness, a bit of extra weight that sagged but jutted out heavier and rounder than before.

The ridges along her back bunched and grew, taller and rougher and knobblier. She pulled the thick weight that hung from her body closer to her; her massive, heavy belly. A burp rumbled up her throat and tumbled out of her mouth.

Trish clutched at her shorts. The fabric popped, seams ripped open, and her scales spilled out in all directions. And yet, at her size, the difference wasn’t enough to make her indecent. It wasn’t as if she was revealing anything. Her bulk kept her covered. She lifted her tail and slammed it against the concrete in excitement. The shock of that heavy slap rippled up through Lexi and Cole’s feet.

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Trish's eyes rolled back as she leaned forward. Her mouth opened wide, a long, monstrous tongue unfurling and dangling out. She scratched at her hips and tore off the last remnants of her shorts. With a thud and an ominous creak of steel, she sat back onto the stool. Trish took a puff from her cigarette. She breathed out a puff of smoke with an out-of-breath groan, now that it was over.

Trish looked like a massive, overgrown gator-monster, but she knew deep down that she was damn sexy. Anyone who thought otherwise was in denial or jealous.

The air grew misty between three of them. For a few moments, it was as if they were caught between seconds. Their thoughts drifted into the haze. They all stood still, staring ahead, as everything else faded into the distance. Then they blinked and shook their heads. Trish let out a burp and Lexi tsked.

"Total bullshit that Trish got ta win. We didn't get shit," Lexi said.

Cole asked her, "What did you want if you won?"

"I was gonna have my own reality show," Lexi said, teasing a lock of her hair with one of her nails. "Or a porno. Something ta make my tits famous."

Cole nodded along. "I dunno what I would have got. I mean, the stuff I want is...a sweet car and lots of chicks? Maybe I'd get an apartment with a stripper pole in it," he said.

As far as any of them knew now, Cole had always been a meathead and Lexi a trashy slut. Trish was the only one they thought had changed.

The huge gator looked over her chubby hands with a growing grin. "Fuck you guys, this is great."

Trish, Cole and Lexi all remembered that Trish had been a stressed-out office worker to begin with. The rest of reality had settled around her new role and size, but the three of them remembered that things were different for Trish, once.

"I don't even get why you wanna be some big slawb," Lexi said.

Trish grunted and burped out a puff of cigarette smoke. The combination made Trish double over, coughing, until she managed to straighten up and regain her composure.

She said, "You didn't have to work in that shithole. No power, working all day, always being watched, just trying to make a little bit of money. Now I make money without getting off my ass, I can smoke and drink and fuck whenever I want, and I got a whole apartment building that's mine to control." Trish flicked her cigarette onto the floor and stomped on it with a bare foot. "And, I'm fucking hot."

Lexi rolled her eyes. Cole snickered, then he stood up straight and pulled up his pants a bit.

"Well, I'd hang out, but Julie said she'd introduce me her dancer friends," Cole said. "Close the door when you leave." The big jackal nodded to both of them, then stepped out through the back door.

Lexi looked over at Trish. She took a deep breath to calm herself. She'd been horny since she'd left her apartment. Flirting with Julie hadn't helped. Having Trish and Cole stare at her piercings hadn't helped either. She wasn't getting home without some sex first.

"Hey, Trish. This isn't me sayin' you're hawt," she said, "But wanna fuck?"



Lexi

It was so hard not to stare at herself in the preview thumbnail. Lexi did her best to keep her eyes on her laptop's webcam. Making a fashion blog was tough when she wanted to keep checking her makeup.

"So, Cinique nail polish? Don't bother. I'm not even wearin' it any moah," she said. Lexi wiggled her gloss-white-polished nails at the camera. She leaned back in her seat to get more of her tits in view.

"Same deal with Salon Fin. If you've gotta get hair spray, get Panthera. I'll put the photo on my Twitter but it's shiny like you just got outta the shower." Lexi flicked some of her hair with her nails, showing off how lustrous and thick Panthera made her hair look.

She sat up straighter, plucking at the straps of her tank top to tug it higher. Despite reaching all the way down to her waist, it was low-cut, and had a neon-purple tiger-stripe pattern. Tugging the straps wasn't keeping her modest; it was making sure that her tits were jutting out as much as possible.

Lexi turned in her chair, half-accidentally revealing a wider look at her room, cluttered with clothes, underwear, posters of porn stars, and her collection of dildos on her bedside stand. As she shifted around, not everything was visible, but any attentive watchers could see the sort of room she had.

"All right, that's it for the reviews. I got some fan mail this week," she said. She grabbed her glittery pink phone and tapped with her fingers sideways to avoid clicking her nails against the screen. "Remember, if you've got somethin' to say, that's lexilush90 at Gmail dot cawm," she said.

"Okay, this is SteelFaction5 at Yahoo. 'Hey Lexi, I been watchin' your videos with my girlfriend for a few weeks and I was just wonderin' cause you never mention it. What's your cup size?'" She smirked up at the camera, plucking at the edge of her nipple rings under her bra and tank top.

"I'm not tellin' you, but they're bigger than your girlfriend's," she said. "Sorry bitch, you're not toppin' these." She turned to the side and hefted her tits up with her hand, making her exposed cleavage jiggle. Her breasts were huge, larger than her head—big enough that some people didn't think they were real. She couldn't blame them, but it was great fodder for causing a scene if someone called them fake.

Lexi looked back down at her phone. "One more from nadira2002 at Gmail. 'Hi Lexi, love your style. I'm tryin' to make my look pop more and I wanted to get your opinion on animal print. Keep up the good work!' Aww, thanks," Lexi said.

She leaned to the side and grabbed one of her legs, kicking it up into the air. Almost her entire body was in view now, from her tight tank top, to her snug pink leggings, down to the pink-and-black leopard print legwarmers that hung from just below her knee down to her ankles.

"I love it, you kiddin' me? I got so many leopard print tops and shit in my closet," she said. She dropped her leg and scooted closer to the screen. "The one thing you gotta keep in mind is to match the print with what you're wearin'. Leopard print goes with gold and black outfits, you get the idea."

Lexi pushed her hair away from her face. She pouted at her preview thumbnail to check her makeup and the running time, and then grinned up at the camera. "Aww right, gonna see you assholes next week. Like and subscribe, tell your hot friends about me, and stay slutty." She ended her video with an alluring pout, and then clicked the Stop button.



As she got to her feet, she curled her back and groaned. Her videos were only twenty minutes long, but took at least two hours to get it them all put together. Sitting down for so long was rough. Still standing, she leaned over her computer.

One hand held back her breasts, so with her other hand she could drag the video file over to her YouTube account. Her nails clacked at the keyboard while she typed up the description. When she was done, she straightened up again. It was going to take nearly an hour for it to upload. Sounded to her like a good time to go grocery shopping.

Thirty minutes later, Lexi laid out her groceries on the belt one by one. Hairspray and conditioner, some frozen pizzas, a pack of beer, some bags of chips, and a new nail file. She stepped down to the card reader and started digging in her purse for her credit card.

“Can I see your ID?” the cashier asked.

“What?” she asked curtly.

“ID,” he said, raising the beer bottles. Lexi’s tail quivered eagerly and she leaned forward.

“Excuse me?” She narrowed her eyes at him.

“I just need your—” he began.

“Do I fuckin’ look underage?” she said, raising her voice. People in line were looking at her. Ffffuck yes.

“Sorry, I have to—”

“No!” Lexi said, slamming her palm on counter. “I asked you a fuckin’ question. Do I look like some kinda teenager to you? Do I look like I can’t drink?”

The cashier’s ears flattened back against his head. He set the beer back down. “It’s not that, I have to ask anyone who—”

“You wanna fuck me?” Lexi asked, not like she was offering, but like she was interrogating him.

“I, I don’t—”

“I said, do you wanna fuck me?” She grabbed her tits and shoved them forward, leaning over the counter. “You wanna fuck these tits?”

He stammered. “Uh, I’m not, I don’t know..”

“I’m askin’ you, asshole, you want me to suck your cock?”

“Okay, fine, sure, just please, calm down,” he said, hands raised, leaning away from her.

“So you wanna fuck me but you don’t know if I’m fuckin’ old enough to drink?” she yelled.

After that point, the argument became a blur to Lexi. She remembered screaming that she was going to eat his girlfriend out. In the end, after minutes of ranting, she threw her driver’s license at him. She stormed off with her bags carefully propped up in her long-nailed hands.

At home, Lexi dropped her bags by the counter and hurried into her room. She squashed her breasts against the computer in her rush. She had to pull back and hold them down again. With a click, she started up the webcam recorder. She angled it toward her bed, then walked over and plopped down onto the ruffled sheets. She sat up and turned to face the webcam. With one hand, she shoved down her leggings, and with the other, she reached for her dildos and knocked two of them off the stand.

“Shit!” she hissed to herself. She rubbed at her outer folds, but with her nails, she couldn’t get in any deeper without help. She spread her nails wide, carefully grabbed the nearest dildo, and pulled it onto the bed with her. Lexi nestled against her pillows and smirked at the camera. As the dildo sunk into her pussy, she moaned loud enough for her computer’s mic to pick up. Loud enough for her neighbors to hear her too, through the floor and walls and ceiling.

Just the thought of all that attention made her burn even hotter. Her next moan was warm and desperate. She rocked her hips against her hand and bit her lip.

Trish

One minute, she sat at her desk in the office. The next, a cloud of smoke poured down over her face. She bent down and coughed to clear her lungs. Her nose stung, her eyes watered. Even her hair felt hot and unpleasant from the smoke smell that lingered on it.

“Suck it up, twiggy,” Trish growled, giving the girl’s chair a slap with her tail. She pushed her way through her old office, her belly jutting out a few feet in front of her. Her confidence had wavered when she’d stepped back into this familiar place. But no one recognized her. They were staring, but they didn’t know who she was.

Trish had bothered to shower before she came. Not that it meant much; she was already sweaty and overheating by the time she left her apartment. As a further concession to decency, she had changed out her tank top for a fresher one. She was still without shorts. She hadn’t found any that fit, and she didn’t want to bother trying, since no one seemed to care. No one even seemed to notice, but maybe that was because no one wanted to say anything bad to the giant, monstrous gator.

She didn’t knock. She pushed her old boss’s door open. Not that he knew she was his old employee. She liked knowing more than everyone else. The wolf breathed in quickly, looking up from the folder on his desk.

“Oh—oh, it’s you!” he said. “Please, have a seat, Miss, uh,” he started.

“Trish,” she said. “Just Trish. And your seat isn’t gonna fit my ass.” She pushed the mass-produced office chair out of the way and walked up in front of his desk. Her tail dragged behind her in a lazy S, following the sway of her hips. She shoved her cigarette between her lips, breathed in, and blew out the smoke again. A moment of silence stood between them before he started talking again.

“Right,” the wolf said. He had no choice but to admit she was right. He was on the defensive. Trish had just started, and already she was having a blast. He continued, “So as you know, we’ve been hard at work getting this new building project underway. We’re going to transform a vacant lot into—”

“Cut the shit,” Trish said. “I know this already. You’re building some office whatever. You need a zoning variance. You have to get everyone within two hundred yards to say yes. And I’m saying no.”

The wolf had to cut off his usual practiced presentation about the benefits of bringing jobs into this high-density area. He wasn’t the office’s chief negotiator for nothing, though.

“That’s a good summary of where things are. We’d rather have everyone on board, since that would make the zoning process much easier for all of us. Most of the other people in your neighborhood are fine with this development, so if you were willing to get behind us...”

“I’d save you a shitload of cash. I got it. So what are you gonna do for me if I say yes?” she asked.

“We have enough money left in our budget to pay you ten thousand dollars if you agree to the variance,” he said.

Trish thought while she took a drag from her cigarette. While that much money was a solid chunk of cash, she’d worked on this project in her old life. She knew how much money they’d been paying landlords to get them on board.



“It’s not gonna be enough. You think I’m some sorta idiot?” she said. She bumped the desk with her belly, making all his things jostle together. “I want a hundred thousand.”

The wolf breathed in sharply. “I can’t do something like that. That’s far more than what we’ve paid bigger property owners.” He let a moment of silence hang in the air. “But if you insist, we might be able to get another ten thousand from our investors,” he said.

Trish brought her hands down on the desk. Her belly overflowed the edge and knocked over his nameplate. She breathed smoke at him like she was some sort of dragon. “Bullshit! I know you paid the apartment block across the street from me fifty thousand,” she said.

The wolf licked his lips. “I can tell you there were extenuating circumstances...”

“Same ‘circumstances’ as 320 Landfair?” she asked. “They got forty thousand.”

He was caught off guard. Trish turned and began to walk slowly around the desk. “You wanna be an asshole? Fine, I’ll take fifty thousand. Plus extras,” she said.

“Extras?” he asked. Trish grabbed his tie and pulled his face up towards hers.

She grinned. “You want me on board? Show me how much you want it.” She pressed her belly against him, pinning him down to the chair. As her weight bore down on him, his chair creaked. With a loud snap it fell apart. The wheels and stand went rolling across the floor, while the back and seat fell beneath him like cushions. They padded the blow of the huge gator dropping down on top of him. Trish’s face was split by a savage and eager grin.

Trish didn’t get off him until an hour later. She dropped her cigarette butt into his coffee mug’ as she rose back to her feet. She was gasping and soaked with sweat, and so was the wolf, who’d been underneath her the whole time.

“That check better be in the mail tomorrow,” she growled on her way out. She felt fantastic. If people weren’t going to admit that she was attractive, she could just use her power to get sex. It was so simple, and yet it felt so good.

Cole

Today was the weekend, so Cole had a break from his busy schedule of working out, working, and then either more working out or sex. Julie was busy with her friends, which normally meant that Cole would be out hitting up a club in search of some new girls. Cole had a chore to do today, though. Also, it was one in the afternoon and most clubs weren't open.

With his pickup truck parked back-end-first into the garage, he opened up the back and unplugged the Fortune's Favor machine from the wall.

After what Cole felt was a lot of thought, he'd decided that he shouldn't have the machine any more. On the whole, his life was good. There were plenty of girls to have sex with, plenty of work to get done, and plenty of opportunities to show off his body. He could use more money, but something about the way that Trish had gotten her wish granted didn't sit right. He knew she liked it. But something in the back of his dull brain told him maybe her old self wouldn't have liked what she was now.

Cole didn't want something like that to happen to him. He felt like if he kept the game around, he might be tempted to do something with it, so he was going to take it away. He also didn't want to accidentally piss off a vengeful spirit living in the machine, so he wasn't going to take it to the junk yard.

With a faint grunt, he lifted the machine and set it down in the bed of his truck. He slammed the back shut. He climbed into the driver's seat, started up the engine, and pulled out of his garage.

If he'd asked Trish, she wouldn't have cared about the machine, since she already had what she wanted. And if he asked Lexi, she would probably want to try again, and he didn't think she needed to get addicted to using the machine. Besides, she was doing fine with her webcam stuff. He didn't think she needed that celebrity attention she claimed she wanted.

While Cole's apartment was only a short drive from the shore, he had to drive past warehouses and docks for freight ships before he came to the pier he was looking for. An assortment of rides and food stands were scattered along its length, and people milled up and down, enjoying the weekend by visiting the pier. While not the biggest or the fanciest place to take the machine, it was the closest. Cole didn't feel like it needed to be far away; he just wanted to get it out of his house. Out of sight, out of mind.

His pickup truck had enough of a maintenance-worker vibe to it that no one took notice of him. He backed his truck up next to the building full of vending machines and arcade games. It'd be comfortable there, Cole figured. He opened up the bed and dragged the machine out. With only a small grunt of effort, he hefted it into his hands and carried it over to the wall. There was a spot next to the claw grab machine that seemed to fit perfectly.

He plugged it in. The lights flicked back on. Cole stood in front of it, looking it up and down to see if he was forgetting anything. Nope, that took care of that. He wouldn't have to worry about the machine, and him and Trish and Lexi could get back to living their lives. He shut the back of the truck, climbed in the driver's seat, and drove off.



Julie

Julie was super glad she got a chance to hang out with her actual friends over the weekend. She spent a ton of time at the club since she worked there, but the other girls who also worked there were just kinda dumb and vapid, y'know? She felt like, so much better hanging out with her real friends.

Although she had to admit, now that she was hanging out with them, she kinda wanted them to look a bit...well, to say 'hotter' would be mean, but it was also true.

Rebecca, her tigress friend, had some really pretty hair, but she didn't like to dress up a lot and she was pretty skinny anyway. Not that skinny was bad, but she was the kind of skinny that didn't come with big boobs. And then Amber, the squirrel, was super cute but also self-conscious about being fatter than she wanted to be. Julie had tried to show her by comparison with herself that even she was thicker than Amber was, but Amber still didn't feel good about her body.

If they were prettier, then they'd be happier, right? Oh well, Julie didn't let those little things get in the way of enjoying time with her friends.

They had spent the morning at Rebecca's apartment since it was the biggest. Then they went out to catch a movie, and then took a walk through the mall to see some of the shops. Since the mall was close to the pier anyway, Amber suggested they walk down there and check it out.

On the way there, Amber chatted about the online game she'd been playing—chatting mostly with Rebecca, since a lot of what she was saying was going right over Julie's head. Julie smiled and nodded and giggled with her friends, and she felt smarter just by hanging around them, but they were still too smart for her sometimes.

As they walked along the pier, Julie's ears perked up and her tail started wagging the same way as when she saw a cute guy.

"Oh my god guys, check it out!" she said, jogging as quickly as she could without her boobs jiggling around everywhere. She came to a stop in front of the Fortune's Favor machine, while Rebecca and Amber caught up behind her.

"What is it? It looks like just some old fortune machine," Amber said.

"Must be a cheap one, it doesn't even have a genie statue," Rebecca said.

Julie turned around to look at her friends with a jiggle in her tank top. "No, guys, this thing is like, just like the one Cole has. He said some of his friends tried it and it granted someone's wish and stuff."

Rebecca gave Julie a look like she didn't want to deal with more of her bubbly bimbo gullibility. Amber started to eye the machine uncomfortably, like she didn't want to be near it.

"No, I'm totally serious!" Julie whined.

"It's only a quarter, right?" Rebecca asked. "We can give it a shot just for kicks."

"Okay, great!" Julie said. She dug a quarter from her purse, and dropped it in the slot.



THE END