

Temp Service

1

Temp Service

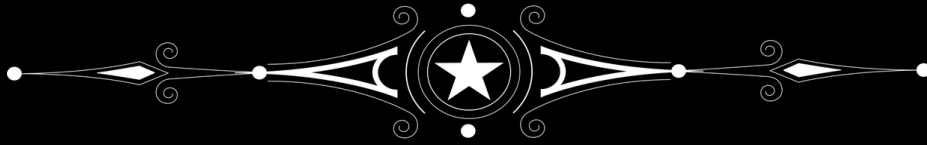
Commission for Agent

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Male to female TG, short stack, weight gain,
female muscle growth

Read at your own discretion.



Agent stared across the room at the woman handcuffed to one of his dining chairs. Additional rope had been bound across her ankles and chest for extra measure, putting a tight squish on her ample bosom. Despite this level of restraint, he had a hard time believing this all too familiar witch was even remotely contained. Especially with that toothy smile she always gave when a game was afoot.

Honestly, he'd come home to much worse.

"Okay. How about you bring me up to speed about what you did this time?"

Vanessa cleared her throat, squirming in her forced chair before speaking. "Well, it all began when I looking for reagents to do an innocent summoning..."

The man spared a glance over at the two dragon women standing a short distance away serving as obvious guards. They absolutely towered over the two humans at around ten feet, sporting voluptuous curves big enough to make Vanessa's melons petite by comparison. Most of which bulged fat covered in scales out of, or around the viciously torn suits that looked tailored for much smaller beings.

"I don't believe you."

"I totally was, darling!" Vanessa insisted, her smile widening. "This is all just a big misunderstanding when they mistook me for another witch that has it out for their boss. You can't blame me for defending myself."

Agent rubbed the bridge of his nose. He needed a few seconds just for contemplating how transforming people into dragons is a viable form of self-defense. when he was finally ready to move on, his attention turned to the average grey bunny sitting atop a dining table beside Vanessa.

"Sir, I am terribly sorry for any trouble my friend might have caused changing you and your staff. If we can reach some kind of agreement, I'm more than willing to help out."

"Thank you, Agent, darling!" Vanessa said before being silenced by a look.

The rabbit's nose twitched as it contemplated Agent. "The heck you talking about 'changed me?' I've always looked this way. My poor boys, on the hand, don't exactly stock lingerie in the end of the alphabet spectrum, if you know what I'm saying."

"Oh..." Agent blinked, watching the rabbit somehow look angrier than before.

"Yeah. And then there's the damages to my club. I got a lot of workers out from her stupid misfired spells, too. She's in deep here."

Agent's attention went back to the tied-up witch. "Why on earth were you trying to do a summoning at a nightclub?"

"It was couples' night and you weren't answering your phone. There's no harm in bringing out an ethereal being for a few drinks."

"Yeah. That logic tracks." Addressing the rabbit once more, Agent put on his best smile. "I'm sorry again, sir. How can I help her fix this?"

"I'm so glad you asked!" The rabbit reared up with its paws reaching for the ceiling. With a puff of smoke, it materialized a large sheet of paper in its grasp and slammed it down before Agent. "Since we're now down a few workers and need to recoup costs for repairs, your troublesome friend here agreed to help work some of it off with her magic shtick. But if you are willing to sign up as a temp worker with her, I'd be willing to shorten her debt considerably."

Concerned but not surprised, Agent adjusted his glasses while giving the document of glowing blue letters a quick glance over. Most of the terms and conditions for both their temporary employment were laid out surprisingly clear. Normally dealing with a magical being or godly being tended to have pages of jargon to hide the devious fine print. Not that any of the items noted were all too appealing for how Agent wanted to spend his weekend.

One more look to Vanessa saw her smile had turned rather apologetic. With only a small sigh of resignation, Agent grabbed the pen that'd magically appeared and signed his name at the bottom. Right below where his witchy friend had already put hers.

"YAY!" No sooner had the pen been lifted than Agent found himself nearly getting tackled to the floor by an overjoyed Vanessa. Her arms coiled around his shoulders in a tight hug that threatened to smother his face in her busty chest. "You have no idea what this means to me, darling! Spending months working off a debt would ruin a lot of our plans."

"How the!?" Agent gawked from the smiling woman inches from his face to the now empty chair of loose ropes and broken handcuffs behind her and then to the rabbit. "Was she ever even a captive?"

The bunny did its best ability to shrug. "She did that to herself. I wasn't about to question any more crazy."

Again, Agent could hardly feel that angry at the obvious play for sympathy points. He'd already expected as much anyway. That still wasn't an excuse not to fix Vanessa's adoring face with a scowl. Before he could vocalize some expression of annoyance, the bunny snapped one of its paws and filled his living room in a blinding purple smoke.

"Now that you two weirdos are all signed up, I think it best we get straight to work."

When the smoke finally cleared enough for Agent to stop coughing, he could see they'd both been transported to a lavishly white dressing area. A half dozen vanity dressers with big mirrors lined the far walls. Granted, the ones to his left were in various states of destroyed. Most of the wood looked charred with the glass mirrors partially melted. And then there was the sizable hole in the wall itself.

"The heck did you summon again?" he asked Vanessa.

"Let's not fret too much about the past." she countered with a playful punch to his shoulder. "You should just try to make the most of it."

"Serving in a night club? Pfft! I guess you have gotten me in wo-OOHHH!?"

A force struck Agent in his abdomen, sending ripples out across every part of his body. He was wondering when they were going to get on with the requirements of their employment. Ignoring an equally surprised grunt from Vanessa, Agent whirled towards the nearest mirror to watch the changes unfolding to his body.

There was a soft glow of blue energy wrapping around him like an outline before a sudden feeling of vertigo made him jump. He had near instantly lost over a foot of his average height while everything lost their masculine hard edge for sleeker and rounder tones. Soft beard stubble vanished off a much smaller chin, but he was more interest in watching his hair brighten to a golden blond before cascading down his back until the ends were tickling around his butt.

"Ack!"

A butt that was getting incredibly tight inside his pants. Agent's hands flew to his hips just in time for them to be pushed back by their spreading. With several loud cracks he'd developed a very rounded lower body that forced his knees to naturally point inwards against each other. His thighs quickly joined in, filling up with whatever fat his butt couldn't collect in time. The button and zipper both broke with a harsh pop from the measurements far beyond their capability.

"Um." Agent gulped when the seams along either side of his leggings strained against his growing curves. Hands tugged at the waistband but couldn't keep it from sliding further and further down bulging ass cheeks. The soft wads of cake spilled out into his palms showing no signs of stopping. "How big are we supposed to g-GET!?"

Another hard shift punched Agent's stomach from the inside. His last word cracked into the startled cry of a very confused woman. That wasn't really bothering him so much as the loud gurgles resonating from his abdomen. Instead of his waistline collapsing inward as a normal gender change, he was very alarmed to find it widening almost as fast as his hips. Hands hugged around himself, unable to stop the flat surface around his belly button from rising out into a distended bulge. The front of his shirt rose up in a curtain reveal as he found himself cupping a thick fatty gut.

His view of the sagging love handles pushing further damage into his pants became obscured by the rising mounds inflating like a pair of beach-balls into his shirt.

"What the heck is going...oh, come on!!"

The thickening former man turned to Vanessa in panic, only to become annoyed once more. While he seemed to be developing into a short blimp, the dumb witch got to enjoy the opposite. Agent needed a second to realize he had to look way up as she now towered over eight feet tall. Her once slim and richly curved figure was now covered in dense bulges that formed a lot of hard ridges. The tube top and skirt she normally wore could barely hold her bulking strength, much less the way her breasts were swelling into a canyon of cleavage threatening to break the decorative skull stitched to the fabrics front.

"Looks like we got a niche audience, darling," Vanessa purred as she flexed both arms in a gun show for him. Biceps swelled into tiny mountains that were still growing bigger along with the rest of her muscle mass. The way it drew her bowling ball bust taut against her chest also helped show off the plates of abs as well. "This is going to be a lot more fun than I thought."

Agent snorted. A pout that looked adorable on his girlish smoothed face. "I'm very happy for yo-oooooooo~!"

His stomach gave another, thunderous, gurgle before surging outwards in a rush that nearly sent him falling over. Attempts to hold back the tidal wave of fat filling out his figure were met with the rapid tears of denim seams and cotton. Large gashes formed across his clothes, allowing soft skin to bulge hungrily through for freedom.

"The heck kind of niche is this for a server?" Agent whined, feeling up the massive sagging breasts that spilled over the top of her rounded, yet somewhat firm, stomach. She gazed at her face in the mirror, awed at the way her neck rolled into the soft nest of her shoulders. Cheeks puffed out along her jawline like she was holding her breath, but quickly sagged into warm dimples from the weight. A double chin formed when the growth met each other and soon fought for space no matter which way she craned her head.

Within minutes of being hired, she must have stacked on over three hundred pounds of extra weight. Turning to see her profile in the mirror, 'fat' seemed like a drastic understatement. She had everything from the soft mother's belly pudge, to a cushy bakery of an ass. Being rendered somewhere around four feet tall only seemed to complement her girth further. "On second thought, I could probably guess."

Another ripple passed over Agent, though this time striking her as pleasant tickling sensation over her skin. The many curves of her soft form squished and jiggled under the pressure of her clothes springing to life. Holes sewed themselves back together with thread materializing out of nowhere. Her shirt and pants merged at the hems, only for openings to split along the sides of her waist. Sleeves extended over hammy arms down to her hands, where they connected to a hooked ring on each

middle finger. Fabric fluttered in a hard shift to a soft, massaging satin, becoming a glittering mess of red rhinestones. Former pant legs wrapped around her wide stance into a very loose skirt, though it still couldn't help pulling tight across the span of her backside.

"Yeah. This is about right." She let out a huff watching in the mirror as her front opened into a clean window into her cleavage. Agent twisted back and forth admiring the shimmering cocktail dress she now wore. Even her shoes had risen into amazingly solid heels if they could support this much chunky woman. Shame it did nothing to improve her diminished height.

"I'll say!" Vanessa beamed, joining Agent in the mirror's reflection. Her usual black top and skirt had gotten their own re-tailoring into a sparkling green dress. "And here I thought we'd be working in his magic side show or something."

"I'll be surprised if we don't at some point." Agent moaned. It took all her willpower to ignore the way Vanessa was utilizing their harsh size difference to rest their boobs atop her head.

"Oh good. You must be the new hires!" An equally she-hulk type woman had clambered through the hole in the far wall, apparently not caring for the door a short distance away. Her business style blouse and skirt clung tight enough Agent could see the muscles of her thighs pushing the fabric, yet seemed in no way threatening to break through. She flung back her curly red locks before sizing the pair. "Wow. Boss said he was getting some mooks on short notice, but I wasn't expecting such a sexy short stack."

"Um, thanks?" Agent couldn't hide back a blush as hands fidgeted in front of his pumpkin stomach.

The woman's expression turned less than pleasant. "Well, don't just stand there like statues! Happy hour started twenty minutes ago. Get to the bar for your rounds."

Vanessa opened her mouth to say something, only for it to become a yelp when the amazon practically threw her out of the hole. Thankfully, Agent was allowed to half-shuffle, half-waddle herself along after them.

Sure enough, the club was already getting a fair number of tables filled. A runway stage had a few anthro rodents doing dances in leotards for fresh arrivals to ogle between conversations. The bar itself had plenty of butts in stools. Many of which drew their eyes to their new waitresses strolling on up. Agent was less than thrilled to see his current rabbit boss nestled in the lap of a thick woman, both sipping on glasses of vodka.

"Finally! I thought you two would take forever on orientation." The rabbit chuckled and turned to the bartender. "Hey, Ted! The new staff are ready for their rounds."

"About damn time you got someone around." The skinny man behind the counter went to work in a flurry of clinking glasses. "Can't do anything with all these damn

dragons and rats that witch made out of our actual workers. If their bulk doesn't cause damages, the tails sure make up for it."

Agent glared up at Vanessa. "Seriously, what did you do here?!"

"Nothing worth a felony charge, I promise."

That was about all Agent could get for an answer. Trays full of glasses baring various colored liquid were slammed before each serving girl, prompting their attention back to the bartender.

"Muscle boobs, take this to tables six and seven. Tons of fun, you got tables one through four tonight. Try to bounce a bit with your steps. They tip good for a show."

"Yes, sir!" The pair answered in contrasting joyful and miserable tones.

Agent had to use both her sausage hands to balance her tray, with some help from her fat breasts. The way Vanessa glided away with her tray held overhead by one hand really made her feel the one getting the rough end of this deal. After a few clumsy steps and awkward wiggling, she eventually found a balanced stride. Enough that she could march through the club at a reasonable speed.

Granted, she'd barely gotten past a few stools when one of the patrons reached down to pinch her right butt cheek.

"YEEK!" Agent nearly jumped three feet in the air. Her adorable cry might have amused some customers, but all she could hear were the shattering of several glasses as her tray fell to the floor.

"That's going to cost you another week of work!" The rabbit boomed from its lazy lap seat.

Temp Service

8

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://subscribestar.adult/desmond-fallout>

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Galidarion

Skunkzel

RottenDingo

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

The_Tired_Panda

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Paul Revere

GravemindZombie

Deiser

Max O-Zuma