

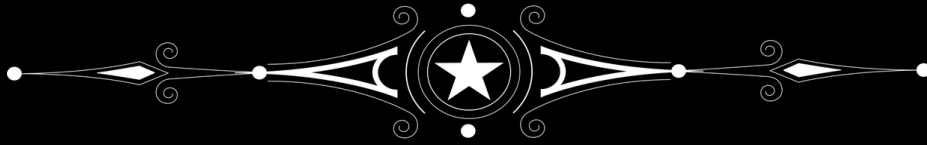
Some Extra Sugar

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Human male to female anthro dog TF, short stack, Character TF

Read at your own discretion.



One of the best parts about opening a shop is not knowing the next person you're going to meet. They weren't just customers to Sorsha. She was a witch that enjoyed every aspect of being alive. Everyone had their own struggles and triumphs going on. Watching the world pass by is playing a bit part in hundreds of movies going on at once. Every time that chime of rusty bells sounded sent a thrill up her spine knowing that role just got upgraded to supporting catalyst.

Granted, the middle-aged man that came in looked like he was having a pretty rough second act going on. Between his unkempt hair, ruffled clothes, and an apparent lack of deodorant, they were probably in a hurry this morning. Eyes wreaked of desperation scanning the immediate shelves before realizing there was a young, green haired woman patiently smiling at them from behind the counter.

"Do you have any pencils?" he blurted out before she'd even started a greeting.

"Oh?" That was a surprising question that would have made Sorsha's cat ears tilt, if she wasn't in human disguise today. It was pretty common knowledge there was a furry convention two blocks away. She was planning to crash a room party there tonight. What caught her off guard was why someone would come into a shop that looked like it pawned things stolen from museums for something mundane.

Still, she could roll with any potential sale.

"Sure do!" She tipped a non-existent hat before ducking behind her counter. There was a show of ruffling noises to pretend a search was taking place when it was just two coconut shells being shoved around. "I got mechanical, wood, neon, radioactive, concealed carry."

"I'm sorry. What!?" Apparently this poor guy was paying more attention than expected. Sorsha stood back up with a broad smile greeting him upon crossing the shop over to her.

"You know how dangerous a sliver of lead can be. I hear it breaks swords."

The blank stare he gave in prolonged silence told Sorsha she needed to work on her saleswoman humor a bit more.

"Look; I've got, like, over a dozen sketch commissions to get through tonight and my last good pencils broke. Do you actually have anything I can buy?"

Sorsha clicked her tongue in lieu of declaring just how many awesome things she could sell him for tonight. She was always a lover of the arts, if mostly the perverted

kind furries create so passionately. "You bet! Got whole sets of art supplies in the back. One sec."

She headed on into the backroom, which was really just a storage closet barely larger than a port-a-potty. With a few elegant handwaves that warped the very fabric of time and space, a thin, long box materialized into thin air, dropping a short distance into Sorsha's waiting hands. A quick peak inside revealed a full set for the aspiring artist. The spell had even gone the extra mile to include two sharpeners, inking pens of different widths, and a clay eraser.

With that job done, she bobbed her head back and forth counting slowly to thirty before stepping back into her shop. A little extra panting to her breaths helped sell the illusion of her efforts.

"Damn thing was stuffed back there good," she said cheerfully. Seeing their face light up at such an expensive haul would have had her tail wagging if it was out. At least, she assumed this thing might have been expensive at a real store. "I'll sell you the bunch for eight bucks."

"Seriously?" the volume and skepticism in his response confirmed these things must have definitely been expensive. Seeing that they all sported glyphs in paint that seemed to glow in the dark might have added a few digits to their value. When Sorsha gave a very enthusiastic nod that sent her hair waving, they sure didn't question the deal a second time.

"Have fun working over there, fluffy!" she said with a crisp ten-dollar bill in her hands.

Her teasing label thrown after them didn't faze the artist a single step. Having his desperate search for a pencil suddenly turn into a set that was going to make everyone in the artist alley jealous made this whole convention worth it. Breaking them in over a marathon of sketches tonight was going to be a ton of fun. Shame the commissioners might not appreciate the penciling quality as much.

*

It'd figure the one-time Joe decided to go a bit wild at a convention it'd start biting back at him immediately. He'd seen his share of people getting punched drunk, or worse, getting carried off in ambulances for substance abused, so he knew better than to go that wild. Still, after four years, a pandemic, and never-ending financial struggles, he thought a couple cocktails over dinner wouldn't be too bad.

His stomach begged to differ.

"Oog!"

"You okay over there?"

He had to give thanks that for being at a table with about ten other people, only two of which he knew socially, a few actually noticed his grunt of distress and hands over his abdomen.

"Think the booze isn't agreeing with all that pasta," he said, rubbing along his stomach through the fabric of his hyena express shirt. "I'll be fine. There's antacids back in my room."

They nodded in understanding before the table went back to their various discussions, food, or even sketchbook drawings. For a rare moment, Joe was glad for being ignored. It was all he could do slouching back in his seat trying to relax while waiting out for whatever was going on with his insides to settle.

"Um..."

Relaxing became a lot more difficult when his arms began to feel something else under the shirt. There was like an extra layer between his skin and cotton. Continuing to rub at it created an almost pleasant tickling sensation directly through his pores. Joe glanced around to make sure no one had noticed his reflexive groaning before peeking down his shirts collar.

It took a surprising amount of restraint not to cry out at max volume. Everything he could see of his chubby chest and belly was covered in a fine pelt of cream-colored hairs. Pulling back the collar as far as its elastic could do revealed a lot working its way down south into the hidden pants regions.

"I have to use the bathroom," he lied after jumping out of his seat so fast it almost knocked everyone's drinks off the table.

If anyone said something, he sure didn't have the focus to hear it. Hands fumbled around trying to put away his possessions, not just from mounting panic. Spotting short tan hair developing across the back of them couldn't help giving Joe pause to watch. They were growing denser at an alarming rate, slowly wrapping the skin in a warm natural blanket.

"Ah!" A hard, proverbial, kick in the hips jolted him back into the reality of his location before the rapidly growing fur could get too distracting. An ache akin to stretching his legs a bit too roughly burned across everything below the waist. Whatever was going on, he had some idea that being in the middle of a grand hotel lobby was not a great place for it.

After more struggles, Joe managed to shove his remaining stuff into his tote bag and whirled towards the nearest escape route he could see. within a single step he could tell something was seriously wrong. His hips rocked to one side against the motion of his leg like they were broken off at the spine. This in turn made his jeans ruffle, sliding down a little. There was no way that should be happening. His belt was already notched on its second to last buckle.

Trying to ignore a few stray calls from the table, Joe continued walking in desperate search of a secluded area. Shame this was a Friday at a convention. Finding one of those might as well be like finding hidden treasure.

The sway in his hips only got worse with every step. He could practically feel his butt shaking in hard back and forth rocking motions. Adjusting the shoulder strap made the weight of his tote noticeably heavier. Joe grappled at the bag and gasped. It was definitely feeling a lot bigger pressed against his body.

Scratch that; the entire hotel lobby was feeling increasingly imposing as he looked around. Given his pants were dipping increasingly lower down his hips, with a shirt hem hanging even lower, it probably wasn't the already spacious hotel getting bigger.

Having leggings crumpled around the heels of suddenly spacious shoes wasn't helping Joe's retreat go any faster, either. His mind reeled to make sense of the notion he was shrinking, even while his vantage point kept sinking into the crowd of con goers around him.

Something he couldn't really focus on with the sensation of an alien presence squirming under the seat of his pants.

"The fuck?" his swear came out in barely a whisper. Hands clasping his backside in both an effort to feel the strange growth writhing back there and also trying to keep his pants pulled up. "Oof! Oh crap! I'm sorry!"

Putting all effort into what was literally behind him led to the inevitable collision in front of Joe. Specifically plowing face first into the fluffy synthetic fur of someone in a dog suit. By then Joe's size and speed was getting hindered enough it seemed to barely register to a bump for this much larger person. He couldn't help gawking up at them, losing the weak grip that kept his pants from crumpling to the floor. They'd woken up today a few inches shy of six feet tall, but right next to this mutt must have clocked him on the lighter end of four and a half.

And he was still having to tilt his head slightly further up with each passing second just to meet those cartoonist fake eyes of a canine head.

"It's fine, miss. I didn't see you there!" A woman's voice came from under the suit, promptly before one of their giant pawed hands reached out for a light rapid patting atop Joe's head.

Their brief, playful, contact before moving on about the convention space ended up being one of the most pleasurable sensations Joe had ever experienced. A rush of childish joy poured down his head across the fine fur of his body and he had to fight an instinctive urge to bark his approval. Too bad there was nothing he could do to stop his butt from wiggling.

Wait. Not exactly his butt. Eyes stared wide, refusing to look anywhere but forward as hands tried to move nonchalantly back there again. Hefting up the back of

his tenting dress of a shirt was something thick and fluffy. It took a few tries to grab the dang thing with how it happily swished like a pendulum between his thighs. Sensations from nerves in both diminishing hands and back confirmed this growth was a core part of his spine.

"W-why do I have a tail?" he said once the urge became too strong, compelling him to glance back. Fighting against the grip of furry hands was an even denser furred tail threatening to flip his shirt and flash the convention. The top had that same tan color with a cream underside so it ran streamlined going under and up his front. A few bumps brought another detail to the shrinking man's attention, slapping hands on either side of his enormously spread hips. "Why is my ass so fat!?"

Joe's tail went stiff at the way his voice started cracking with every word. The very tone adjusting into a range far different from his usual sounds. Realizing that had also come out a lot louder than intended, he leapt out of his pants and shoes, opting for a faster break away to somewhere else.

That turned out to be an easy move, as his feet had already become rather dainty enough to slide right out of the oversized clothes. Thicker, rounded, toes had developed in the meantime, making them better resemble paws. Having plushy flesh pads pushing out of their base and heels made traversing the carpeted floors a lot easier. Albeit he wasn't a fan of the way this altered anatomy forced his thighs to rub together.

Salvation was finally found in the form of a niche housing restrooms. Double the luck that no one was currently using it when a person barely four feet tall and covered in fur came rushing in. Joe had to be mindful of his shirt. The damn thing was fluttering down to his knees at this point while he made a straight line for the sink and mirrors. It wasn't until he saw his reflection, that he realized the shirt hanging lower on slenderized shoulders wasn't the only thing fluttering.

"Whoa!" He grabbed at a bit of the rich bangs threatening to fall into his eyes. Gone was the buzz shaven stubs of brown hair with obvious signs of balding. Growing out of his scalp were long strands of silvery white hair rich and silky to the touch. Most of it draped down his back as a natural cape all the way to the floor thanks to his diminished stature. Hell. He had to stay back a few feet just to see most of his body as his shoulders stopped just above the counter.

"Wait a second," Joe mused as he watched large, flopped, canine ears rise up out of the thick mane crowning his head. Them combined with the tan fur on his face and cream covering his mouth down his neck to meet the fluff of his chest suddenly clicked some recognition in his very confused mind. "Why do I look like Su...shaa...snnnggghhh! ARF! GRRAAH! WOOF! ARF!"

The pressure struck Joe's nose midway through his revelation, ramping up too fast for a chance to process its meaning. Eyes squint shut fighting against the power pushing at his jaws from behind the skin. Not that it helped much. The bathroom filled with the sounds of sharp crunches from hardened bones breaking and growing longer.

Grunts of pain dotted each thrust of Joe's mouth, switching to almost feral sounding barks every so often.

His nose itched with the development of coal black skin that quickly grew damp around increasingly sensitive nostrils. It was soon getting pushed out along with his jaw, developing a wide, thankfully short bridge. Although it still left enough room for a handful of sharp predatory teeth to grow in.

"Yip!" Joe's eyes shot open shortly after his muzzle finished growing out, almost like getting a slap across the face. Eyes that'd turned a dashing violet gawked at the reflection of a young, very short, anthro dog gawking back at him. One he'd grown very fond of in an online comic recently.

"Why the hell do I look like Sugar?" he asked his reflection, somewhat annoyed it could only mouth the question back. The pitch reverberating through the bathroom made him pause with a head tilt that ranked up his cuteness a few more notches. "Wait. Is this supposed to be her voice? I always figured it'd be a bit higher given her height and...oh boy..."

Something stirred in the chest region, causing Joe's eyes to fall there in the mirror. All at once the front of his shirt puffed outwards as if he were standing on an air vent. Lush, cream furred mounds inflated visibly through the window of his collar, growing in size until a sizable amount of cleavage bulged through the opening.

"Holy hell!" He gasped, clenching the budding breasts through his shirt with petite woman's hands. The warmth of pleasure that shot down to his crotch confirmed they were, indeed, his now. Their surprising sensitivity elicited an airy gasp from Joe's canine lips.

He released them like they were suddenly hot coals, creating a sharp drop and a hard bounce before they settled into the comfy designs of his dress top. They weren't anything mega huge, unlike his rump, but they were certainly sizable handfuls of E-cup range. Being proportionately on such a short body made them shine all the more as a genuine, twenty-something short stack.

"What the...?" Joe had gotten so caught up at the view of his own cleavage it took him a while to realize he wasn't wearing his old worn shirt anymore. His fresh sweater puppies rested snugly in the deep neckline of a grass green dress. Spaghetti straps on his narrowed shoulders kept the thing hanging up while a ruffled skirt draped down to his knees. It even came with a slit for the tail so there wasn't any peep shows going on back there.

Speaking of which, Joe hesitated for only a moment before lifting up the front of his newly adorned skirt. Just long enough for him to see the black panties with an unmistakable smooth crotch and letting it drop back into place. "Definitely something I should look into when I'm safely back in the room."

The dog woman took several deep breaths trying to get her thoughts in order. The biggest question burning a hole in her brain was how the ever-loving frick could this

have happened. Joe fumbled with her tote, barely surprised even that had shifted to a smaller size to accommodate her tinier body. At least it had no less trouble carrying all her things.

Pulling out her cellphone, the bare minimum of a plan struggled to connect strands together. Maybe texting some friends or roommates could help get them away from the bustling crowds. Then again, being a furry convention would make it easy for her to pretend this was all some elaborate fur suit. She looked fluffy enough for that but keeping her muzzle from moving might be tough.

"Aw crap!" she barked upon swiping her phone just to get the facial recognition prompt. The cute face of Sugar twisted into an annoyed pout on screen while Joe whirled to think of an alternate security method. "Oh! Huh."

Turned out to be unnecessary. There was a flash, a click, and the phone opened to its main menu confirming her identity. That was unexpected, given everything else going on.

Joe was halfway trying to compose a text that made her situation sound somewhat sane when the bathroom door opened. The phone almost flew from her hands with a startled jump, body going stiff watching a pair of ladies in their early thirties come on in. She didn't remember going into the lady's room.

They were so engrossed in their own conversations that they almost walked right past Joe. It must have been luck that the one facing her direction just happened to look down enough to spot her. Their eyes met for half a second before all focus turned to the dog woman with an elated smile.

"Oh my god! You look totally awesome!"

Their companion turned, confused for a second before glancing down. A second of processing what was standing eye level with their belly broke out another grin. "Damn, girl! I love your dress."

"Um, thanks?" Was about all Joe could muster as his ears folded back against her head slightly. That was certainly a better reaction than panicked screams.

The first woman had moved around to get up closer, but seemed to stop short of something they looked really excited about. "I'm sorry. May I...pet you?"

"Alice!" The other one snapped in a surprising degree of shock. Their friend didn't even glance back, though a blush formed on her nervously happy face awaiting a response.

Joe could only glance between them feeling like she was missing out on some form of social etiquette. Realizing both looked to be interpreting her prolonged silence as some form of offense, she cleared her throat, which accidentally set off a soft, "Woof. Everyone gets one!"

They reacted like she'd just handed them a bar of gold. Without further encouragement Alice shot a hand out to comb through Joe's thick silver hair. Nails caressed along the smooth shape of her scalp, bringing back the pleasure of Joe's interaction with the fur suiter from earlier. Only, without the thick layer of a glove, the connection amplified things tenfold. It was impossible to keep her tail from wagging up a small breeze. Her muzzle dropped open in a goofy grin, tongue hanging out to one side.

As amazing as being petted felt, Alice respected Joe's demand and stopped after a few blissful strokes between her ears. Luckily, her friend was all too happy to take her turn. She ran her palm from bangs to neck in a deliberately slow massage a couple times before deciding that was more than enough indulging on someone else personal space.

Something Joe was very grateful for behind her cheerful ruffs. A few more pets might have left her a rolling blushy mess on the floor.

"Thank you so much!" Alice gushed.

"N-no problem," Joe replied between gasps. Such a simple reaction had created a lightning charge effect in her body that was getting hard to push down. Dogs really must be this easily excitable.

The pair gave a few more generous compliments that only sent Joe's tail wagging again before heading into stalls for their intended business. That was her cue to head on out of here and figure out a better plan. Refocusing on her phone, the dog woman stopped in the middle of the convention hallway at having realized she'd gotten a text of her own during that unexpected, if very welcomed, exchange.

Your sketch is done. Room 826.

Oh right! Given the whole...transformation thing going on tonight, she'd forgotten her luck at scoring a sketch commission with one of her favorite web comic artists.

A sketch of Sugar.

"This better be just one huge coincidence," Joe grumbled, no longer caring how much it sounded like she was growling. With nothing else to lose, she pivoted on sneakers she never remembered having and stomped towards the elevator lines.

*

These pencils had to have been one of his best investments to ever come out of a creepy corner store. Already three sketches out of a twenty stockpile and the artist was only feeling more ramped up than a cup of coffee. Hopefully this rare but of enthusiasm could keep up until the coming AM.

Best part was always the rare commissions that let him draw his own characters. He couldn't help glancing over at the sketch of Sugar he'd finished first. It turned out so overwhelmingly perfect he lamented having to give it back out, but it was paid for. Even

rarer was the request to make it safe for work. The summer dress and handbag he'd picked out felt perfect for her puppy face, despite it being closer to winter.

A far cry from his current project; a crow woman with bazongas big enough they hanged to her belly. Granted, even that felt like it was falling perfectly into place without much effort. Almost like the pencils were guiding him along with most of the work. Course it was just the dim light reflections that made it look like the colored glyph's were glowing. One of many reminders he needed to take breaks from being hunched over a hotel room desk every so often.

Another came as a sharp knock on the lower region of his room's front door. The artist took a moment to lean back, arms raised in a long stretch. After a few pops along his spine left him feeling old enough, he collected the completed sketches and headed on over to see which client he was handing out.

"Hi. I...um..."

The fact he opened the door to empty hallway space was very confusing. Glancing both ways showed a few people in the distance, but most were either heading into their rooms or towards the elevators in suits.

"Down here, bud!"

Hearing a sparkling woman's voice virtually beneath him drove his gaze down, followed by a shocked recoil. An anthro dog seemed very numb to his reaction as she stood patiently on the doorways edge. One hand helped hold the handbag slung over her shoulder while the other rested on the side of her generous hips. Recognizing her as someone he'd been drawing a lot for his web comic and commissions alike these past few months only confused him further.

"What...the hell?"

"Yeah. I've been asking that a lot in the last hour." The short creature that looked exactly like Sugar the dog blew a clump of silver bangs out of her eyes. Shifting her weight from one foot to the other, her hand left its hip, reaching up towards the artist expectedly. "May I just pick up my sketch and go, please? I really want to head back to my room and figure out the rest of my weekend over a few beers."

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>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



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