

Prehistoric Problems

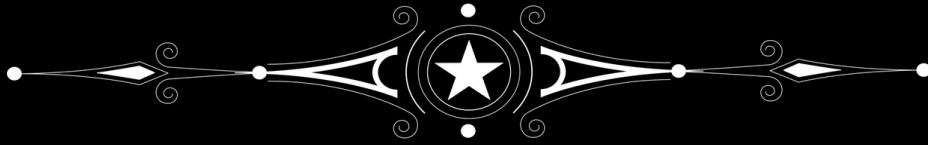
Knuckle Up @ Mastergodai

By

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The following contains: Anthro cat to dinosaur TF, hyper growth, size increase.

Read at your own discretion.



This job would be going a lot easier if it wasn't for the honking huge tits. Then again, Hawke could be saying that for a lot of his life these past couple months. Being hired for some stealth and steal assignment that required being flipped into a woman was one thing. Having your employer suddenly lose her magical ability to change you back was just a crap shot.

And it wasn't like everyone involved didn't have some vested interest in helping the witch get said powers back. The problem was that space ships didn't run on the green cats hopes and dreams of restoring his manhood. Not to mention their rag tag crew of mercenaries enjoyed eating from time to time. Money will always be the great factor of problems in a civilized society.

Another smash and grab job like this was fine, though. It'd at least keep The Knuckle Up fueled and everyone's bellies full. Granted, it'd probably be cheap freeze-dried noodles, but anyone complaining could crawl through vents to evade security next time. Given all of them were also impressively endowed women at this point, he expected more sympathy for having to drag his squishy mounds across cold steel for several meters. That is, when the equally ample swell of his feminine backside didn't get caught on the intersection turns.

Seriously. Why did being magically transformed have to make him so...big?

The radio on his wrist band crackled softly, breaking the feline out of the idle musing.

"Hawke?" Rush's voice came into focus. It was clear from the volume that her white feline counterpart was trying to whisper. "The front desk is starting to lose its patience with us. How are you in there?"

Hawke's short muzzle wrinkled its whiskers in an angry snarl. It was probably good that he couldn't see his softer facial features made it look more like an adorable pout. Yeah. This might not have been anyone's best plan, but it was functional. While the crew was distracting security short of causing absolute mayhem, their front runner could sneak and steal some chemical research being done for the black market. Some nice evidence for the local space authorities to work out while they got to relax with a decent bounty.

A grate was coming up, so Hawke tolerated dragging herself forward by his elbows just a little bit further. His tight-fitting spandex suit did nothing to protect his

nipples from being rubbed in a very rough manner. Ignoring the annoying jolts of pleasure on the way, he glanced through the space between metal slats.

"Found the lab," he declared in a small victory grin. Pulling a portable screwdriver from the cuff of one glove, Hawke proceeded to begin loosening the grate. This was one of the few times having slender fingers made work a little easier. "Give me two more minutes."

"Moon just flashed one of the guards." Rush's response update came in a tone of utter exasperation, followed by confused optimism. "This might actually give you five."

"Good to know." Hawke thanked his blessings, no matter how crazy his friends could get. The grate came down with ease after a few more seconds. He jumped down a right after. The light weight and agility of his rich curves allowed for a gentle landing that barely made his white boots clatter.

It was your basic laboratory; test tubes, large tubes, tubes full of weird things, a microwave, and lots of giant computer set ups. A few quick taps on his wrist com brought up a projection of the job's instructions. Thank the gods his client had been thorough on what they wanted stolen. Hawke found the aptly described purple goo in a series of testing equipment and beakers.

The big problem now was that none of them had stoppers or coverings for an easy climb back out. No one had even considered the idea of bringing their own container during the confused attempt at planning this heist.

"Ugh! Always something." Hawke snatched one of the smaller test tubes off an open centrifuge. His other hand already went to work pulling out the nearest desk drawer in search of anything. "Wow. That is a lot of paper clips."

While these nerds seemed to have a healthy stock of office supplies and science tools, a search of three desks turned up nothing in the way of sealants. Hell. A plastic bag would have been worth a pound of gold at that moment.

"Hawke?" Rushes voice sounded over the com, apparently no longer caring about volume. "The guards are more into it than we could have hoped. You better finish up before Moon and Jackie accidentally starts an orgy."

"Damn!" Hawke made his way back around to the main table for purple ooze study and gave one of its legs a swift kick. Perhaps a little too hard as it sent the many glasses and devices rattling against each other. At that moment he couldn't have cared less after the uncomfortable way he'd gotten in there. "Um..."

The rapid clicks of switches and motors humming with incoming power, however, did get Hawke's pointed ears folding against his fluffy mane of hair. Every testing equipment at the table came to life before the cat woman, promptly starting their various functions upon warming up.

"Oh no..."

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Vials were sent flying in every which direction, beakers spilling before they were tossed straight into the air. Hawke raised both arms in an attempt at shielding himself from the unprepared machineries assaults. The glass wasn't being thrown that hard by the vial spinners, but it still showered him in plenty of the purple goo they contained. The front of her jumpsuit and hair got coated in large globs of the substance, with more pooling inside his fluffy green cleavage bulging through the materials pre-cut window.

"Bluugh!" He retched at a strong odor assaulting his elegant feline nose. This stuff stank of old, potent dirt for some reason. Pushing past that, he dived under the table for the outlet connectors. A few clumsy fumbles with a glove stained in purple preceded him getting the main power switch turned off. All the machines instantly went silent again, leaving Hawke to feel filthy on top of frustrated. There were signs of an upset stomach and headache coming on to boot.

"Come on! Come on!" Eyes scanned desperately across the now obliterated lab station to no avail. Not a single vial or beaker had enough of the stuff left in them for his employer to consider hard evidence. There was probably just as much covering the feline as there was on the floor. Hawke could feel his stomach clenching in knots. "Hmpp! Maybe if I...shovel enough into a beaker...uugh...it should still be enough...enough to...Grrrgh! The hell!?"

Hawke grit his teeth trying to keep a strained moan from escaping too loud for anyone passing by to hear. His body braced across the table with one hand rubbing at his stomach through the spandex suit. It wasn't just his senses getting queasy from the smell. Cramps were striking all over his accursed female body, seemingly in random places at a time. Legs quivered, making it a fight just to stay standing through the dull tension assaulting his nerves.

It took all his focus on just that, so he didn't notice his tail's wild thrashing gradually slowed. Every muscle along its length drew taut against each other, making it rise stiff into the air.

"W-what?" He was a lot more concerned about the strange shifting going on with his stomach. The hand clasping over it could feel skin writhing, brushing against the fabric of his suit as it grew, pushing fingers back with a firmness he'd never known. "Well, this can't be good."

Reeling back, it took some effort to see beyond the far-reaching peak of his boobs. What little Hawke could glance past them left his muzzle hanging limp. Even after being gender swapped, bounty hunting had always kept him in tip top condition, but he'd never been one to sport such hard definition it showed creases in his clothes. It wasn't just his abs, muscles along his curved waist, hips and chest were plumping up with such hard strength one would assume he spent hours doing crunches every day.

"Bwah!?" Hawke was barely given time to comprehend what was going on with his abdomen. Something had struck him hard against his butt, sending the cat falling against the table struggling to catch a breath. He managed a shaking glance back to see what was going on and promptly lost in a horrified gasp.

"M-my tail!?" Hawke's green, fluffy appendage stuck almost straight up against his will and wasn't looking so fluffy anymore. The once thick hairs were thinning out before his extremely wide eyes, drawing back into the sensitive skin underneath. Soon the long whippy appendage became oddly bald, his fur being replaced with a layer of green scales that shimmered in the overhead lights as motion returned to it. A lighter shade of green ran along it's underside mimicing the fur color around his muzzle.

"WHOA!"

Another hard rock nearly sent Hawke collapsing to the floor. All at once the muscle mass of his tail blimped double in size, then double again. The hole for it at the seat of his stretched and tore apart unable to accommodate the literal feet of girth he was gaining, but that was all white noise to the feline. Nerves were getting stretched with each pound of muscle stretching them out across the line of vertebra, overwhelming his mind with equal parts pleasure and stress. More so when actual spines began sprouting along its top. They ran in a perfectly spaced row down it's entire length to an acutely pointed tip.

"What's happening?!" Hawke was getting too heated to even consider the volume of his desperate cry. His tail thunked hard across the floor, having near instantly grown as long as his entire body. Thankfully, the insanely thick base thinned along the journey to it's end. It looked more like a reptiles tail instead of a felines, not unlike a certain dragon woman on his ship.

"Hawke!? You okay in there?" Rushes panicked voice crackled over the wrist com again. The reception room was only down the hallway, so she probably didn't need a radio to hear Hawke's alarmed shouts and accidental noises.

He raised the hand to reply, only to get sent staggering from a hard shifting in his hips. Both hands clamped down on his butt trying to suppress a bizarre pressure welling up inside it. A second later they were getting pushed away by his cheeks rapid expansion. Much like the tail, dozens of pounds of muscle and fat filled out his already curvy cheeks in mere minutes. The spandex of his suit stretched pretty far trying to accommodate all the cake Hawke was baking, but eventually reached its limit when his childbearing hips began cracking wider along with it.

"Hey! No! Stop!" Loud rips resounded across the lab with several large holes tearing open across the hips and leg sections of Hawkes suit. He groped and pushed at his lower region unable to even slow whatever was going on with his body. The parts becoming exposed were no longer sporting green fur, either. All he could feel through his gloves were smooth, shining green scales. Large, horizontal grey stripes were becoming especially predominant down his hips, thighs and lizard tail. "I'm going to get caught!"

The pleas came too late to prevent Hawke from sporting an ass that could get caught in most doorways. A more fitting seat for supporting the equally enormous tail now attached to it. Still, changes continued pouring down his legs, further opening the tears in his suit. The already small gap between his womanly thighs closed and then he

was forced into a wider stance with their girth. Knee-high boots creaked in protest at the excessive muscle becoming outlined in his shins.

"Am I getting taller?" Hawke looked around the lab, flabbergasted by his drastically increased vantage point. Not just from his legs, his entire body had to have stretched over eight feet tall. The increase size of his waist had snapped the buckle of his belt despite still possessing a drastically inward curve. "Ack!?"

A hard crushing sensation in both his feet caught Hawke off guard. The leather of his boots were writhing like a boiling pot, pinching against the weird way his toes moved inside them. Just as the thought of tearing the damn things off occurred to the changing cat, they decided to explode and save the trouble. Instead of the dainty elegant feet he'd been getting used to, what escaped were massive scaled paws. Their enormous three toes clicked even larger black claws against the tiled floor, easily making cracks if he flexed them too hard.

"Oh crap! Oh crap!" Hawke paced in circles around the lab, his giant tail knocking over more lab equipment in the process. What little composure he had left was quickly evaporating. Whither from his bottom half becoming titanic levels of thick, a different species, or the creeping sensation of more going up his spine was uncertain.

"Hawke!?" Rush's voice seemed to be on the same level of concern. The cat on the other end of their coms was raising their voice just shy of shouting. "Is a wild bull running loose in there or something? What's wrong?"

"Rush!" Hawke brought his fist up overflowing with relief. A faint glimmer of hope was better than nothing in the chaos going on within his own body at the moment. He didn't even care how insane his next words were probably going to sound. "I have a situation going on here. I think I'm...tra-AAARRRGH!"

Cramps washed down his arm in a flood, forcing the raised hand to ball into a fist. Hawke's pointed ears were already folded back in strained dismay, so he didn't notice when they sunk away into the sides of his head. He could only watch helplessly as his extremity pulsed, stretching his glove like an inflated balloon and contracting several times. On it's final push the entire covering shredded apart, leaving only a white cuff clinging to the wrist of a larger scaled hand. The wrist band's locks snapped under the pressure, leaving Hawke's personal computer to fall at his enlarged monster feet.

"What? What!? WHAT!?!" He barely noticed the loss of his device. The poor bounty hunter couldn't even form a more coherent thought to shout while holding out his growing arm in shock. Four fingers had merged into two very thick digits and thumb sporting similar claws to those on his toes. His arm itself cracked with rapid extension of its bones. Thick meat bulked up around it, giving hard outlines in the sleeve of his suit before tearing it open. More striped green scales bulged out in the open to great Hawke's petrified stare.

"Grraah!!"

A hard lurching motion from his breasts knocked Hawke out of his stupor and almost off his feet. He looked straight down, almost annoyed that those already ridiculously sized things were joining in on swelling bigger. Green cleavage puffed through the window of her suit, squishing his mounds tight together to the point they had to warp to find room. Fur became consumed with the onset of sensitive scales that began itching against the tight fabric. At least, until their billowing mass ripped it in half. Milky flesh sloshed out in the open, making Hawke grunt from the sudden drop of their weight. Large, engorged areolas swayed back and forth as if trying to hypnotize an invisible audience.

"Craaaaap!" His panic died into a pathetic whimper. One monster and one still normal gloved hand cupped at his inflated tits, barely able to heft them as excess flowed between their different number of fingers. Looked like he'd become the bustiest of the Knuckle Up crew again without even trying.

There wasn't even a lot of time to lament the mixed feelings about this before his other arm wrenched away. Another short symphony of tearing spandex and groaning muscle saw it grow into a three fingered limb to match its reptilian sister.

"H-help!" Hawke gulped for air, struggling against a tingle in his throat to get any words out. Pressure was building up behind his muzzle, making the black feline nose at its end scrunch up. "Can't s-stop...won't stoop...nnggh! ArrrRRRGGHHH!"

The next few seconds were little more than a mind-numbing blur for Hawke. Loud crunches of grinding flooded the little holes his ears had been reduced too. Stretching skin from his face being pushed at from the inside left his eyes clenched shut. All he could feel was the little surges of his muzzle growing longer and wider in hard, jerking with deposits of additional bone. Nostrils flared with forced breaths, spreading wider and drawing apart with the widening about. Its black swell melted away to become flush with the green scales overtaking the former felines face.

"RRRWAAAAAARRGGHH!" Tension in his sinew forced Hawke's lengthening jaws to yawn open. What had been meant to be a meek cry blasted out in the roar of an apex predator. Its force was backed by newly strengthened lungs that it made many of the test tubes vibrate. All Hawke's mind could focus on was how his gums itches in the process. He was pretty sure even his teeth were getting larger, with a few more growing in to fill up a lot of new space.

The labs main door had its lock exploded off around the same time Hawke regained control of a ridiculously huge snout. Its bridge proved wide enough to block the entire floor of her vision, supported by a thick neck to keep his head from sloping. Shaking reptile hands reached up apprehensive about feeling his new face, though the door flew open with a crash before he could think on his looks too long.

"Hawke?!" A white cat woman wearing a dark blue leotard rushed in with thinking red boots. The pistol that normally rested on her hip holster was drawn and ready to shoot anything that moved.

Thankfully, the sight of a nine foot behemoth looming it's boobs over her like green moons was enough to give Rush pause. The giant reptile-like woman's torn up jumpsuit looked concerningly familiar the longer she gawked up at them.

"Hey, Rush," was about all Hawke could say with a pathetic wave of his three fingered hand.

"The holy fuck happened to you?!" Rush might have lowered her gun, but her tone was quickly turning from concern to one of annoyed rage. Easy for her, not being half naked and huge in more ways than one.

"Apparently whatever it is these guys are researching in here." Hawke staggered back and forth a few cautious steps. Thank the gods for his huge tail giving some counter balance for the drastic increase in frontal weight. "I think that smelly ooze transformed me into a dragon of some kind."

"No way!" Rush's reply came so swift and certain it almost offended Hawke. "We've seen plenty of Swoop and her dragon family. You're a lot blockier than any of them. No offense."

"Some taken."

Rush's ears twitched as she stepped closer. Her height could barely get up to eye level with Hawke's hanging mounds. "I think you might be a dinosaur of some kind. That'd explain the spikes and stripes. It's kinda stylish on you."

"You're sounding way more amused about this than I think you should be." His nostrils snorted hard enough to produce steam. A sudden passive thought, then left the new T-Rex confused. "Wait. If you're here, what happened to the guards."

It was Rush's turn to look meek, tail curling around one leg. "Well...you sounded like you were having a fight in here so we all just tasered them and I ran ahead to check. We should probably get out of here before they regain consciousness."

"But the sam...ple..." Hawke whirled around to gesture at the table that'd started all of his problems. An alarmed mew from behind went mostly ignored. The objections he had promptly died upon seeing the table wasn't even upright anymore. His tail had sent it tumbling into another one amongst the panicked transformation. Broken equipment laid in pieces amongst a puddle of purple goo and broken glass. He certainly didn't want Rush trying to dig up a sample with her more dexterous hands, or any other of his friends for that matter. One massive dino chic was going to be a tight enough fit on the ship. "Never mind, let's go. Uh. Rush?"

Finishing his three-sixty turn, Hawke was surprised to find the white cat no longer stood beside his meaty legs. Rotating a bit further did allow him to locate Rush, though. She currently laid sprawled on the floor some twenty feet away where his accidental tail swishing had sent her flying.

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"Oh my gosh! Rush! I'm so sorry!" He darted over in an unexpectedly dainty gait for his new build. It didn't stop each thundering foot fall from making the nearby liquids ripple. "This stupid log of a tail is a damn menace. I swear."

"It's...fine," Rush said in a weary daze. She didn't bother fighting being helped up. The super-size and strength almost felt nice. Getting her face accidentally squished against those giant boobs of Hawke's after being picked up, not so much. "Just...tell me you can fit that enormous ass of yours through the doors."

Hawke started to say something, only to silently turn his gaze upon the door Rush had blasted to get in. His expression turned glum. Hands released Rush and felt along his hips trying to eyeball measurements.

"We...might have to break some walls on our way out."

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Afterward

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