

A Visit by the Skunk Patron

Martin stared at his hands as they became black and webbed, his human nails darkening as they slowly inched away from him. The chaos around him was muted to his senses as he focused on his own confusing changes. The simple yokel had wondered over and over again in the past minutes of: 'why did this have to happen to his small, insignificant village? Why would they have been the one to experience this calamity?'

It all started with a kiss, so how in the names of the Gods could it have ended up like this?

It began with the door to their tavern opening with a loud smack, the frame widening itself as a weird yellow magical aura enveloped it, resizing as it grew both tall and wide to fit something that would have been four times the scale of a human.

Next was yellow smoke obscuring the entrance, the sound of something ginormous thundering against the already strained wooden boards. A shadow within the cloud seen with monstrously wide hips, the fattest rear of the land, and the most boisterous belly that anyone had ever seen. It came in with a sauntering aura, like it had bought the deed to the building in a single snap.



It was... a giant skunk man with a long, illustrious toga? He was already smirking at them all with smugness as everyone suddenly started to feel the magical aura that he gave off, the same that had affected the door so he could walk in without worry of damage. It began with a tingling across everyone's skin, all over their bodies. Thoughts of pleasure, of revelry, of enjoyment sparking ideas and suggestions across their naive, ignorant brains. Everyone in the room had been kept stupid, peasants for the lords to rule over without care. Today that was going to change.

Martin wasn't close to the front door but he could easily see how the first few people transformed. The skunkman didn't even introduce himself, and the village had never seen such a creature, rendering each person frozen in shock. A bipedal beast of black and white fur, one that was *supposed* to be on all fours and much, much smaller. It came up to its first victim, Randall, the knacker around these parts.

The sheer megalophobic difference in their sizes was almost as fascinating as it was horrifying. The man was only able to stand as tall as the skunk's navel, a perfectly furry crevice that could easily fit one of their heads inside, to become nothing but lint around and within it. Already there were a few aroused people in the crowd imagining if *that* was what they wanted their lives to lead to.

Randall didn't even think of moving. It was like he simply allowed himself to stand there as the skunk bent over, getting closer and closer to the man's lips until they



touched. A queerish kiss that gave Randall's belly not just the feeling of butterflies, but of an entire living meadow bouncing around inside his body. Yet, it wasn't just a kiss as the skunk broke for a moment to take in a deep breath, only to reconnect and... **blow**.

The large beast's exhale went on for over a full minute, Randall's body puffing up with a few solemn quakes that reverberated over his body. His flesh visibly bubbled, giving him a much doughier appearance until his body began to expand in all directions yet somehow concurrently shrinking in scale.

The knacker moaned in a high-pitch squeal, shaking tiny, boneless arms that went inward as his clothes slipped out from under him. His cream-colored skin took on a reddish hue as his eyes went up into the back of his head, like all of his insides were being turned into nothing but more space for the air going inside him. His last expression was a fixed smile that slowly faded away as every other human feature had across his form.

Eventually, the skunk's mouth let go, and Randall, or whatever it was now, started to float upwards before bobbing against the ceiling. All those years of hard toil... and now he was a simple object. A normal, ordinary balloon, like one might see at a grand market in the capital. The whole room was silent, the only noises being the balloon's squeaky plastic rubbing against wood, and the standing creature's heavy breaths. At



some point, a mug fell and broke, the glass shattering as everyone regained their composure, and the true chaos began.

But the skunk clapped his hands, and it was as if everyone near him was drunk or perhaps inebriated in some sort of fashion. Those affected couldn't run, or hide. All they could do was scream or moan and soon either reaction turned into a harmonic daze of slurred noises and drooling idiots, their transformations captivating them completely.

The skunk began to fire off magic towards anyone he could see, one after the other as his laugh pierced the ears of every human in the room. It didn't even seem malicious to Martin at the time, but rather like a festival organizer planning the best of occasions. One flying streak hit Veronica, their only healer, but before she could do anything else, her body began compressing.

The skin up and down her body took a brown oak color, literally as the look of a lovely finish encapsulated her, her legs and arms bending, tilting into the design of a wine barrel with her mouth now its cork that would be the place to refill her while her ass became the faucet to dispense the booze her flesh, organs, bones, and muscles churned into. Of course, the skunk's magic added in a few spices and other secret ingredients to make the contents taste more delicious than any drink in the land.



Simply put, from the new objects shaking into place, to the large pot-bellied, short-stacked furred critters that had lost half their height but gained double their weight, were all deemed worthy in their host's eyes. And no matter what, those who changed whether sapient or not, were in a pleasure unable to be processed by the human brain. It destroyed feelings of melancholia, sadness, loneliness, anger, all emotions to be conquered and stuffed down, never heard of again. From here on out, only euphoria, drunkenness, and the laughter of those who occasionally burped or passed gas reigned within them.

Bramel was the next person Martin had seen change, this time the transformation was *much* closer than before. Their blacksmith, who often came to the taverns sweaty and thirsty from a hard day's work, watched as the shifting brought a badger out of him, one stout and fat, and suddenly very eager to help make this party even better than humanly possible. Even before the fur stretched over half of his body it was like he had become a minion for this skunkish villain, one that was grabbing people in order to hold them, letting the skunk get an easy hit. From here on then, the critter's mind desired two things: the host's approval, and how much beer he could fit in his new gut that needed a corset or to be filled completely in order for it to not droop down.

Their tormentor was devising the rest of the plan in real time, and it was in that moment that Martin remembered hearing the skunk's words in his head, something about how he was some patron of parties, a bringer of 'skunkly virtue' where every



person in society, along with every rule, should bend in order to have a good time. A memorable time that all in this room needed, for they had worked too hard for lords that did not care for them, and that they should make their bounties their own.

It was beginning to make sense for those that had become the same kind of anthropomorphic animals as the skunk albeit much shorter. All the exits were blocked as the sea of people still unaffected smacked against doors that were magically locked, and the entrance was way too dangerous for one, very large and obvious reason.

It felt like the skunk had been sizing down whilst moving forward, as if he wanted to still be larger than his new creations, but not *too* large to make interacting with them a hassle. A series of large 'magical bombs' was thrown from the beast's fat paws towards the larger groups, his multi-colored zaps snapping into anyone that he sought deserving of rearrangement.

It felt completely random. One man became a roasted hog with an apple in his mouth. Said apple however was another man that Martin had already forgotten the identity of. Hell, he had forgotten both of who they were before like... they never existed at all.

It was then that he had looked at his hands, realizing that he was back in the present moment, trying to resist the fact that he was taking on a sly smile as his buck



teeth came in. It felt like living musical notes were dancing up and down on his brain, the concept of joy and partying the only wants on his mind.

His claws pressed against his straining clothes as his body grew outward. A sudden bounce of growth near his rear made him grin dumbly, his ass becoming plumper along with two lovely feminine breasts on his chest that rounded out, becoming perky, bobbing partly with milk.

It felt like Martin didn't even have time to recognize anything around him or anything that was going on with himself. He only felt that the skunk was here to give them all a great time, and it would be a waste to not encourage it.

And... it would be a waste to not use this season's crop yield to celebrate, gorge, and fatten up! To not give a single thing to the lords that demanded such tribute of them! In an instant, Martin was sure that her name was more than likely always **Martha**, and that she had probably gotten too drunk again, which made her awfully forgetful sometimes!

Her pussy was born from the ashes of her cock, her long and wide beaver tail slapping against the wooden floor in stimulation as it started to creak from the increased weights of the larger inhabitants and many new objects made for such girthy patrons. The bartender had already finished his... or *her* change into a large cow with a



nose ring and a thick, churning udder, ready to create tasty and sweet versions of delicious alcoholic drinks made of heavy liquor.

Martha felt a sudden attraction to the skunk as their eyes met even at their current distance. Beginning with a fat step forward, she brought her body quickly towards him, trying to ignore how much she enjoyed feeling her form wobble. The wonderful sensation caused a slickness between her labia, soaking into whatever clothes she made work after they no longer fit her.

The skunkman did not dare refuse her advances as he brought a hand out to hold her shoulder, bringing her close as he kissed the new beaver right on her lips, her brown fur shuffling as her body quivered, her webbed toes flexing and flickering as the skunk's plump paws explored her backside, finally finding a good piece of her ass to squeeze as hard as the glass handle of a frosted mug.

The band in the corner resumed once again now that they were all obese critterfolk, with all thoughts about themselves reinforcing their new identities. Half of the bar had become things critical to the party, which were of course partygoers, while the other half had become various things needed for keeping it alive: more balloons, more wine, a condom or 'two' for those who truly wished to not increase the size of these parties in the near future.



But repopulation would *have* to come in time, and it's not like the wine barrels couldn't be refilled, nor that the pigs that were feasted on could not be returned to the field as... 'fertilizer' and the souls inside used to create more crops. Then, after a season of sun, water, and the care of fat, fuzzy farmers, the village would have more food, and said food would get to experience the lovely journey of being made into delicious treats, to be eaten again and again and ***again***.

Martha did not dare refuse the skunk-god as he brought what was seemingly an infinite amount of wine in a waterskin up to her lips, trying to get as much as possible as it flowed into her mouth. She gulped as hard as she could, as fast as she could, more and more fermented liquids entering her until her vision became blurry and everything became so bright.

And soon she realized that no matter what, she would enjoy the shining lights of tonight.

*And **hopefully** the skunk's fat cock splitting her wide and open. That too.*

