

Walk Like a Fluffy Mom

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Patron Story done for Danuki

Okay... Rene extended her left leg out, leaning a bit into it. She stretched back her arms as well, letting out a yawn. There were some soft, almost inaudible pops. That should be good enough... I think.

Somewhat confident, the young woman stood up straight and looked forward. The main path through the park laid before her, calling out to be run on that fine, somewhat warm morning.

She was ready as she ever would be. It was time to make good on that New Year's Resolution. Yes, sure, it was several months into the year (May, in fact). However, it was better late than never!

Rene had promised herself that she would get into shape or, at the very least, start getting in more exercise than she usually did. The weather had been bad all year, and gym memberships were too costly for her. However, things had finally started turning around, so now was the time to start simple with some walking/jogging.

She took a deep breath, focusing forward. *Here we... wait!*

She reached into her pocket and pulled out something. It was an oval brooch. It had golden edging with a blue jewel in the center. It looked expensive but upon closer look, and just by holding it, it was clearly more plastic than valuable.

Rene looked at it closely, staring at it long.

You sure this will help me?

Well, my roommate said it would help me with exercising. Something about motivation and helping achieve physical perfection. Weirdo when you get down to it, but she does seem to know a thing or do about finding things that can help a lady out with what they want.

That was the conversation she remembered having at her job a few days ago. She was talking with a fellow librarian, Melissa, about her hope for finally starting on her resolution. That was when she provided the brooch and gave her the spiel about it helping her.

Rene wasn't sure if it would really help or if it was just a fancier-looking good luck charm. Either way, she still appreciated the gesture and had it with her now.

She pinned it carefully over her right breast on her shirt. *Okay, charm, do your magic or whatever it is you do.* She took another deep breath and released it, now beginning her jog.

It wasn't long before she started huffing. Her body grew warmer, skin glistening. *Man... am I... am I really this out of shape? B-but I don't weigh that much!*

Rene breathed, huffed, and puffed some more. Maybe that running start and trying to keep that speed wasn't so good. Maybe she should've started slower with a nice, reasonably brisk pace. She was almost guaranteed to crash and burn at this rate.

But then as she reached the first turn on the park path, something happened. Her breathing became regular, more relaxed. The heat and weight on her lessened. Her body felt springier, more flexible, and full of life. It felt akin to being used to jogging.

But that wasn't the strangest thing. It was her new accessories. From seemingly nowhere, a yellow headband and armband set appeared on her form, the former over her forehead and the latter two tightly around her wrists.

She hadn't noticed those, but she did notice her body's new life as she made her turn. *Huh, guess... guess I just needed to keep at it for a bit.*

The woman kept up her pace now as the path straightened out, feeling better, more confident now. Perhaps things would only improve now.

Though, it felt like things were getting hotter again despite cooling briefly for a moment. Her entire body felt heated, especially her head for some reason. She assumed it was due to her exercising, deciding to give it no more thought.

Because of that, she never noticed the issue: her hair. Her shoulder-length black hair was growing uncontrollably, but in an unusual manner. Locks were attaching her to the neck and skin, puffing up. Its color became a light beige as it became like fluffy fur on her head.

The biggest highlight of it was her bangs. They were forming a big, curly cowlick of fur hair that was bigger than her fist. It grew out, falling over headband and sitting between the space above her eyes.

Phew... Rene shook her head, her big fluffy hair bouncing playfully. *So warm... but I guess this was bound to happen. Can't imagine if I tried this in the afternoon.*

She kept running, ignoring the heat and focusing on the positive. Her body felt so much better, really keeping its stride now. It was mostly due to how strangely fitter and firmer it was swiftly becoming. It felt almost as if she didn't start jogging that day but had been doing it for years now!

Rene looked down briefly, eyeing the brooch on her t-shirt before looking ahead. *Heh, maybe she was right about this charm. I'm doing great.*

She began to smile. *Maybe I should try to step it up a little-*

A new weight struck then, one that took her off-guard and nearly made her stop. It all struck her hands, which suddenly clenched... clenching around something sturdy and dense.

Her hands held small, pink dumbbells. They were five pounds/over two kilograms each. They looked exactly like the kind her mom used at home.

Rene almost skidded to a stop, taken aback by their sight.

Almost being the keyword. She quickly got over them, resuming her speedy pace and looking ahead. *Yeah... she thought with a nod, mom... the moms were right about these.*

Rene remembered overhearing a group of moms chatting at the library one day. They were talking about how they liked to exercise. One of them talked about how when she jogged, she liked using little weights to add an extra bit of strain and challenge. She told Rene... Rene heard her say that it was perfect for walks.

Leslie... that mom was right on the money, I say! Rene hummed pleasantly. Her hands gripped those weights tighter, a throb going through her arms. Soft, brown pads sprouted on her palms and fingers as they dug in, beige fur popping out around them.

More and more the fur swallowed her arm. It went down her fingers, said digits merging and going down to four per hand, across her palms, and onto her wrists. She was left with soft, fluffy paws and soon, fluffy arms as well.

The fur continued all the way up before abruptly stopping at her shoulders. It grew thicker, puffier, making her t-shirt's sleeves a little tighter and itchier. That was until they straight up vanished, leaving her soft arms on full display.

That wasn't the only disappearing act either. One step forward, one of her tennis shoes started peeling apart from the front to the back, the discarded pieces just going away. Another step forward and there went the other shoe, leaving her barefooted.

Well, pawfooted in this case. Three-toed, fluffy paws walked forward with plenty of confidence in their stride. They were smaller than her old feet, causing her balance to wobble at first, but she took to them easily. She could feel the ground on her puffy pads, but she gave them no mind at all.

She kept her normal, jogging pace even with everything. *Yeah, I definitely have a hang of this now! No stress, don't feel sluggish, body just moving well.*

But, isn't that always the case? She smiled pleasantly, amused by the silly thoughts she had been having.

Though, that smile went crooked as an awkward, little tightness struck her below. Her lower half was growing. Those hips of hers widened, rounding out into a more distinctive curve. Her waistline narrowed a smidgen, but not her tummy. Despite firming up just a moment ago, it actually gained a little bit of chubbiness to it. The same thing extended down into her thighs.

Rene huffed and huffed. The awkward feeling grew, things felt a touch harder to move.

The feeling extended into her chest. Her mounds were growing, stretching her shirt. They went from their normal size B to a high C, teetering on the edge of D. Her shirt's collar dipped, lowering itself to reveal some of her enhanced cleavage.

...and the beige fur that was beginning to grow over them as well.

After everything, Rene finally stopped. She breathed heavily, carefully wiping her brow so not to clock herself with her weights. *Guess... guess jogging might be too much.*

Her mind swirled, feeling fuzzy. *Always... always is after a while.* Her head throbbed briefly, her face wincing. *Better do power walking. That always worked better for me anyways...*

Rene breathed in and out, psyching herself up. Hands firm on her weights, she began her power walk. She moved not as fast as before, but still focused and brisk in her movement.

Her body still felt warm. So very, very warm even at the slower speed.

Fur was growing so fast and out of control all over her. Her arms and legs were coated in thick, fluffiness, her torso puffing up significantly with its own layer of beige fuzz. Her breasts looked somehow even bigger than they were.

The fur closed in on her face, which almost seemed like it was to be completely drowned in it. That was until her face shot out into a cute muzzle, covered in a darker shade of beige to stand out. Her nose flared and shifted, turning into a dark brown, canine nose. Her eyebrows thickened to stand out amongst the fur.

Rene was too focused on her walking, fully in the zone now. She hummed pleasantly. She wasn't sure what she was humming at first, but the tune soon came into focus in her mind. It was a song from a British band she liked.

Did she usually listen to British music? That she couldn't recall. All she knew was that she had the music down perfectly in her heart.

There were small pops. Out of her puffy head fur, her ears shot free as pointed, canine ones. A fluffy tail freed itself from her sweatshorts, wagging a little bit.

Humming became whistling, Rene content as could be. Her shorts shrunk down into short shorts, showing more of her legs. Her top also shrank, becoming a tube top with far narrower straps over her shoulders. Her tummy was shown off... sort of. Fluffy fur covered it well, hiding its chubbiness.

Rene was a whole new woman; a fluffy chow chow dog woman to be precise. She had a certain sheen to her. With everything settled into place, her color, her vibe looked flat and two-dimensional in a way. She looked like a cartoon character but with extra curves.

Rene remained extra ignorant, still happily whistling away. *How lovely of a day it is!* She smiled proudly. *Walking around the neighborhood is nice, but a brisk walk in the park is just what a lady requires some-*

“Mornin’, Wendy!” Children's voices came from her side. The name wasn't hers, but she reacted to it instinctively, turning to who said it.

She flinched, gasping in shock and stopping dead in her tracks, even taking one back. There were some dog children, one blue and one reddish orange, walking with their dog dad... sort of. Their blue dog dad was on a leash and on his fours. He looked partially tired, partially into things, occasionally barking like a feral dog.

The little kids waved at her. Rene awkwardly waved, looking between them and their dad several times. She eventually hurried off, cheeks red and head completely flustered. *That was so... beyond strange!*

And weirdly familiar? She began to slow down as her mind started thinking about that. The name Wendy was strange as well. Why did they call her that? Why did the name feel so natural, right, and normal to her? So many questions floated through her fluffy head.

She eventually stopped a fair distance away, Rene Wendy sighing. She fluffed up her curly lock above her headband, frowning. *Okay, way too strange for me... all this!*

She tapped her chin. She did enjoy her power walking, but it did cause problems. It felt like every time she got out to run, she'd stumble into these odd, bizarre situations.

But... it also felt like she only started power walking today and that this was the first time she'd ever seen something so strange. Her brain was jumbled up in ways she couldn't explain.

Maybe... Rene nodded. *Maybe it's just the heat. I should probably do something else...*

Oh! Her eyes widened. *Pilates might be good!* The activity had just popped into her mind as if it was always something she considered. She could probably check out a book in the library about them, talking to her coworker and get her thoughts.

...coworker. Rene looked at her brooch, still attached to her top and looking more pristine and real than ever before. *I simply must thank Melissa for this! It does look good on me whether at work or out walking. It's like it was made for me~!*

The End?