

Jackal Blues

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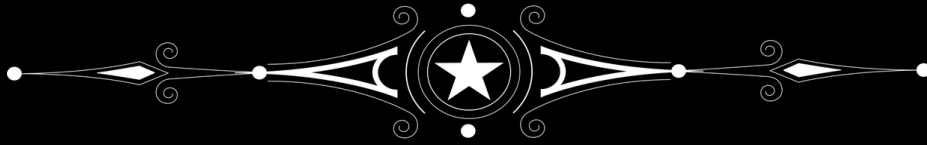
Jackal Blues

By

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The following contains: Male Jackal, blueberry inflation, immobile, stuck

Read at your own discretion.



"Pumpkin spiced latte, low-fat milk, for Raiden!"

The young jackal anthro grunted. It'd figure the second his fat ass got comfortable in one of the lounge recliners he'd have to get right back up and collect his order.

Also figured the moment he did so a more middle-aged couple of sparrows would take those precious seat cushions. Raiden hated the standard metal chairs most establishments used these days. Might as well be sitting on jagged rocks for all the comfort they brought.

"Hm?" Mild irritation gave way to ear perking confusion. There was the piping hot cup of sugar and caffeine with warmed muffin like it should be. "What's this about?"

"Sorry?" The nearest barista looked up from the latte she'd been foam decorating and then at the candy Raiden pointed out. "Oh! Compliments of management. Your rewards card pinged it was your birthday and she likes giving a small token of celebration."

"Cool...I guess." That answer left him asking even more questions, but he couldn't be bothered thinking about it too much. Raiden didn't remember having a rewards membership or something with this place.

Still, free stuff is free stuff. The jackal didn't mind a blast of something sweet with how this morning was going. His new gift was promptly unwrapped and popped into his mouth before moving to collect the rest of breakfast.

"Mmph? Wha?"

Fluffy tail shot up almost fully erect. An explosive gush had been expected when biting down, just not to this extent. A syrupy substance flooded Raiden's mouth, making his cheeks bulge. It had a flavor reminiscent of blueberry ice cream with a scent he could have sworn hinted freshness. Like it'd been processed right off the vine.

And boy was there a lot of it for one little piece of chocolate. The jackal rocked back his head in a hard swallow, feeling the mess stretch his throat on the way down. It might have even hit his stomach with an audible slosh, or his pointed ears were playing tricks on the silliness of the moment.

"My thanks to management," he said with a bit more pep in his voice now. Sweetened blueberries still lingered on his tongue, which got his tail wagging hard.

The barista simply nodded with a smile that felt...off. Raiden wasn't sure why she looked at him like there was some kind of untold joke going on. He didn't really care much, either. Some people get weird for any number of reasons. She wasn't about to spoil his good mood now.

Apparently, this shop had a thing for blueberry flavoring. The muffin came fully stuffed with fresh bit of blue fruit that each bite felt more like a drink than a pastry. A very potent flavoring got mixed with his coffee for an amazingly unique blend of caffeine. Not a bad assortment for an overpriced twenty bucks.

"Ugh!" The jackal's eyes went cross in a frown down his nose. There was so much juice in everything he'd had gotten everywhere. The big button tipping his muzzle practically looked a whole shade of violet now. Some of it had even stained the black fur around his lips. Giving off a little laugh at how silly that must have looked, he wiped at it with one paw.

The juice didn't come off.

"Um..." Both paws wiped at the front of his muzzle again. Fingers only managed to brush against the usual fur and nose skin. Trying to dab at it with a napkin didn't leave it so much as moist. Like those weren't stains on his mouth. It sure looked like it'd spread over more of his muzzle in the ensuing minutes of confusion. "What is going...on?"

Raiden fished his phone out and switched it to selfie mode. The screen filled with the same fem-boy mug he always loved posting online, just with a snout almost entirely dyed a violet hue. He opened it with a gasp, only to notice something more surprising. Sticking out his tongue showed even his inside was turning a lovely shade of blue. Right down to the ankh mark branded right in the muscles center.

And it was spreading!

"What's happening to me?"

The question barely escaped in a whisper while Raiden watched the bizarre re-coloration overtake his face. Regal black and gold markings turned different shades of blues live on the phone camera. He reached with a free hand trying to feel the changes fur across his cheek. How odd there was no sensation coming along with this spontaneous change. Just a strange coolness and the ever-present taste of blueberries on his lips.

"Wait..."

Raiden pulled back his hand, forgetting all about his face now that his entire arm was gradually shifting into shades of blue. He twisted it around, huffing that the gold flesh of his paw pads brightened along with it. Twisting and turning confirmed no part of him was being spared, from the legs seen past his shorts to the tip of his curled tail. checking his phone again, the jackal really did resemble some kind of anthro blueberry.

"Look mommy! The doggy turned blue!"

A sudden child shouting nearby knocked Raiden out of his bewildered daze. The realization of where he was still sitting brought a blue tinged blush to his violet ears. An older shrew had stopped making her order at the counter and had turned in his direction as indicated by the child shrew at her side. Their eyes locked in blank stares for several long seconds, broken only by Raiden's unexplained need to swallow a mouthful of blueberry flavored spit. then her brow furrowed into a scowl of disdain.

"Don't stare, sweetie," she snapped, forcing her kid to face the opposite direction. "Degenerates like him don't deserve the attention."

That got Raiden snarling back in return, but she'd already gone back to ordering what sounded like a sequence of code words for coffee. What the heck did she think was going on over here?

Seriously. The jackal would love a clue or something helpful. He was now colored blue in the middle of a cafe with a lot of confused people staring. The only people that didn't seem to care were the staff working their hardest among various machines.

"Ough!" Just when it occurred to him that maybe he could ask some of the baristas if their food was doing this, a rather violent shifting punched Raiden from the inside. The jackal hunched over the table with arms hugging around his stomach. Drops of drool escaped his hanging jaw, leaving specks of dark blue liquid on the polished surface.

That was...really weird. All sorts of bubbling noises rang in his large canine ears. Insides churned around like a pot was boiling over inside him.

Much as Raiden hated to admit it, the uptight shrew did have a point. Most of the cafe had its eyes on the young man now that his spontaneous fur recoloring had been pointed out. Being made a spectacle on a relaxing outing was annoying enough without being totally clueless on the reasons why. Especially with the excessive drool threatening to leak out. He couldn't stop tasting blueberry candy.

Another hard lurch filled the dining area with his strained groans. That got Raiden jumping to his paws in a sprint out the door without bothering to clean his table. Sounds of churning liquid under his furry skin had ramped up to a roar. Worse than the time he'd tried doing laundry in a malfunctioning washer.

The jackal didn't really have a destination in mind, much less a plan on dealing with whatever that stupid store owner had poisoned him with. Long as he wasn't somewhere open people couldn't film him for clip show content. That salvation would arrive halfway down the main street when he did a hard bank into a turnoff that led into some tall condo buildings. Most of the roofed parking spots were empty and well out of view from all but the main entrance.

Drool trickled down Raiden's chin in a blue rain across his shirt, leaving a trail all the way to his hiding spot between two pickup trucks. All the sloshing and churning going on inside him was making it difficult to move anymore. Not just his stomach, everything from his paws to his face felt bloated, even his already large and rounded posterior. Fishing his phone out of the back pants pocket again, he could swear there was a lot more shifting inside those chubby jackal cheeks than he remembered this morning.

"Nine-one-one. What's your name and location?"

"Ah-HUUUUUURRRRRRWWPPPPPP!!"

It was certainly not Raiden's intention to unleash a belch that echoed around the parking area in a roar. That's just how the pressure welling up in his stomach wished to be set loose at that moment. His whole body quivered, slipping the phone from his flailing paws where it cracked apart. One instinctively covered his mouth while the other shot to his middle as if either could stop the involuntary reaction.

"Ummm?"

Things didn't really stop, only setting into a constant grumbling noise from the jackal's tense insides. Worries about what an operator might have thought over such an abrupt call were forgotten in the weak of fingers finding his stomach a little sooner than expected. Raiden's ears and tail perked stiffly as he pressed in further through the fabric of his shirt. Eyes slowly growing wide at the alarming absence of the muscled abs he'd been rather proud of for years now. What he ended up pressing into felt a lot squishier, bouncing back against his pads with a taut surface.

"You've got to be kidding me."

His words came out garbled and sent blueberry flavored spit flying across the trucks polished chrome. Drenching the front of his shirt with odd drool didn't matter anymore. Raiden left his leaking jaw hanging open while yanking up the wet garment. His muscles weren't just gone, they were fat. A once flat belly with a brick house of definition now sagged outward in a sizable bulge that could make beer guzzlers blush.

And it was still growing. Right before his eyes the jackal's middle inched slowly but steadily forward. Gurgling and bubbling noises continued without pause inside the sphere his gut started to resemble. The indentation of his belly button turned into a deep pit along the blue furred surface obstructing his view of the ground.

Raiden tried to tug his shirt back down, yelping that it could barely reach halfway over the curve of his middle. He could only whimper, cupping the bottom while it gradually fell out into the open. Tail wagged between his legs, betraying the joy felt in stretching so wide.

"YIP!"

A sharp drop, accompanied by a loud splash knocked Raiden out of his stupor. Arms shot out to the sides struggling a few awkward steps forward with how off center his balance was becoming, both from the front and now behind. Hands whipped around clasp the seat of his jeans, inciting another juicy bark. The jackal's already thick posterior that drew the envy of girls and guys alike had more than doubled in size with one sharp spurt. His pants waistband squeezed tightly trying its best to contain what it could, but his crack spilled over looking like the world's largest loaf of blueberry bread.

"Ngggh!" He bit his lower lip trying to stifle a moan. Shifting in Raiden's hips sent them bouncing as they spread over a foot in both directions. His pants pushed almost complete off from the sheer girth despite his best efforts to hold them up. It was getting increasingly hard to reach around all this jackal girth. There wasn't as much flexibility in his waist like a few minutes ago. "Ah fuuuuu..."

Tension welled up but there was little he could do about it anymore. Another loud sloshing of liquids resounded in the confined parking area when his body suffered another quick growth spurt. This time it got followed by several loud tears and snaps. Raiden couldn't fully see the creeping roundness of his gut, though it was apparent by the fresh breeze on his dick that those pants were long gone.

The fact his erection was a variable leaking faucet of runny juice wasn't helping, either. Despite all the weirdness, emotions betrayed Raiden, leaving the bright blue phallus throbbing at the underside of his dropping gut. It's run off of pre soaked the fine fur of his balls before running down his inner legs.

Hands roamed around what little areas Raiden could still reach. Efforts at trying to push back his body's steady swelling were met with the plush give of a pillow and then a spring back even larger than before. Excess filling pooled into his waistline with the stubborn fight to find room inside the jackal. His femboy physique was starting to look more like some kind of squash than anything curvaceous.

"Oh no..." he gasped when, upon taking another clumsy step, he realized his legs were going too. Thighs were blimping into thick tree trunks that rubbed together in his widening gait. The combined inflation occurring in his shins left the knees virtually useless. Walking looked more like an awkward waddle with the spherical shape of his torso jiggled about.

Panic whines gurgled on the blueberry juice raining from his muzzle. It was becoming painfully clear to Raiden he probably wouldn't make it back into the public view for help. A sharp pop sent the small of his back reversing direction, adding more to his increasingly spherical shape.

"H-help!?" That wasn't going to stop him from trying, anyway. Especially when there was a lurch against his lungs. Raiden gave his most girlish squeal yet watching his chest barrel out like he was taking a deep breath. Shame it didn't stop there and continued stretching, broadening, bubbling out and becoming seamlessly flush with his enormous blue gut. He clasped in a panic at his pecs as the tight t-shirt shredded off his

ballooning shoulders, but all that did was stimulate the violet-colored nipples getting stretched along with him. Goddess! Even those were leaking their own bit of juice.

It didn't matter after the drastic bloating in his arms forced them permanently stuck out to his sides.

"H-hey! Anyone?! I could...u-ush..shomm...haalmppp! HHHMMMPPPHHH!!!"

What an odd sensation having one's face fill with liquid from the inside. Try as Raiden might, his cheeks puffed out rounder than a hamster, warping around his muzzle until it got pinched tightly shut. Further attempts at vocalizing were little more than sputters of blueberry spray coming out the spout of nose that still showed.

The jackals body only continued to bloat bigger and rounder around him. Shoulders, chest, and back swelled across his peripheral, ridding him of the ability to use his neck. paws flapped helplessly with his limbs absolutely melting into the stretching furry hide. Raiden was sure he loomed bigger than the trucks around him, his ear getting dangerously close to the metal sheeting roof.

That was really his only indicator for when the damn swelling finally stopped. After becoming a fifteen-foot furry balloon, all he could see from up there was the expansive blue of his own chest. Paws weren't even touching the ground anymore in their vain effort to rock him back and forth. All that ended up doing was rubbing his already aching hard on against his lower curves harder. It wouldn't have all been so bad if not for the endless sloshing and gurgling going on inside him.

The sound of squeaking tires hitting their breaks was a jolting surprise. Bright high beams shined from somewhere in front of the rounded man, though too close for him to still make out anything. After a few seconds of silence, his ears picked up a faint clicking and slamming of a car door.

"What the hell, you freak!?" a man's voice sounded somewhere to Raiden's left. "Get the hell out of my parking spot!"

He would have growled if his vol cords weren't stuffed with blueberry juice. Instead, the attempt just made his surface jiggle in a way that tickled his overworked nerves.

'Look, either help call me a tow truck or paw me off. I don't care which.' is what he wanted to retort, but that also came out as, "Wooh grrsh mhhp dhall poh bwoop!"

At least he'd have time to consider a new coffee shop to regular.

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Afterward

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