

The Werecougar Prrfs

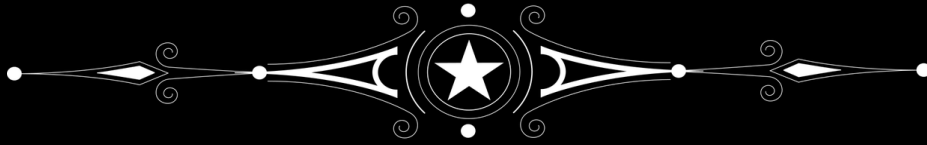
By

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Editing by Brenda

The following contains: female to anthro cougar TF, hyper muscle and breast growth

Read at your own discretion.



She hoped she wasn't getting sick. The last thing Brenda needed right now was skipping work over a fever. Given the current climate even, she couldn't help but absently worry about COVID possibilities. Half the dumb-ass office couldn't be bothered with vaccinations like sane people.

Such fears were quickly swept aside with her tossing and turning in bed. While it didn't feel like anything that severe, she was still sweating bullets. So many of her joints ached despite doing nothing strenuous today. A glass of orange juice and some strong medicine might be in order, at least.

"Gah!" What Brenda failed to realize in her clouded mindset was how much her struggles caused the sheets to get tangled around herself. The young woman attempted to roll out of bed only to face splat on the floor, a dazed mess in a cotton cocoon.

Good morning to you too, sis, snickered the muscled cougar anthro that lived in Brenda's head. **Are we doing okay down there?**

Could be better. Oww... Brenda slowly got herself righted, kicking off the offensive blanket. *Didn't need a nose smack on top of everything else.*

Just be careful. Looks like you might have a fever.

This is one weird fever, though. Snatching glasses off her nightstand, Brenda navigated her way through the darkness of her basement lair. Investing in some night lights proved invaluable once again at finding her way upstairs into the family home proper.

What do you mean? The cougar's tail swayed curiously at the back reaches of her companion's consciousness.

I mean, we may be hot, sweaty, and my arms feel like I tried bench pressing a truck, but that's about it. A quick stop to the kitchen for some water made Brenda start feeling exceptionally better already. The full moon was shining so bright up there she didn't even need to turn on a light while fishing around for a cup. *First time I've ever had an illness that didn't mess with my head or sinuses, at least.*

The human body is a weird thing, Brenna affirmed with a sage-like nod. **Still, probably best to take some medicine. We're going to end up zombified at work at this rate.**

Two steps ahead of you, sis.

A statement that proved very literal, given Brenda had just taken two steps towards the bathroom. Downing nighttime cold pills with another refreshing gulp of water, along with a sleep aid for good measure, left her feeling worlds better now. Although, she was feeling a lot more awake than desired at the same time.

Hey, Brenda? What's wrong with our eyes!?

What are you...?

"Oh..."

Brenda focused her efforts on looking straight ahead and abruptly stopped cold. Staring intently back at her in the darkness were golden eyes that looked positively glowing with what little moonlight seeped in. She wasn't all that relieved upon realizing this was her own reflection in the bathroom mirror.

"I don't think this is a cold anymore," she mused. A hand reached up to brush her cheek just under one of the eyes while she leaned in for a closer look. Seeing in such low light wasn't difficult at all. Brenda could spot every detail of her face, including the way her pupils had stretched into vertical slits. "Cat eyes!?"

Fingers moved along her face, heart rate increasing along with the amount of fuzz they felt. Way too soft to be beard stubble, especially since she cleaned up this morning. That finally got her reaching back for the light switch. Blazing bulbs overhead brought about an even clearer picture in the mirror with her apparently improved eyesight.

"Holy prrfmoly!"

The animalistic sound Brenda had long since worked into her speech suddenly didn't sound like an imitation. Her hand gently stroked along her throat, dumbstruck at how adorably catlike the purring came out. Even her vocals vibrated with the thrum of her breathing.

More importantly, her face was being overrun with fur. A creamy white decorated her mouth and cheeks, traveling down her neck. Everywhere else had a light tan pelt, save for darker brown lines on either side of her nose that almost looked like a divider between the two colors.

S-sis!? Brenda took a shaky step back as if she could escape the shocked woman looking intently at her ears in the mirror. They were itching like crazy, but she dared not reach for them. Not when they were busy creeping upwards through her long brown hair. When they finally came to a stop, it was much closer to the top of her head, their shape warped into big round furry disks that could move for better sound catching. *What the PRRF is going on!?*

The sister inside her head started laughing so hard Brenda swore she could hear it echoing in the quiet bathroom. **I think it's speaking for itself, right, Brenda? We've seen this often enough in the furry fandom.**

I...but...what...how...why?

"Huu gnnngrrh!?"

A million questions sprung up at once, with Brenda unable to ask a single one. Her animal eyes went crossed seeing the skin on her nose turn a shade of rose pink, then had to clench shut when her face began exploding from the inside. Ears folded back unable to block out the hard crunches of her very skull changing shape.

This is incredibly uncomfortable! Brenna cried out, experiencing the same sensations of a mouth extending out with the teeth inside altering their very structure within.

Yeah? No prrf!

Brenda found herself yielding to the tension in her tendons, letting her jaw drop open in a pained yawn. With one final snap, joints popped back in place, slamming her mouth shut with a clanking of much larger teeth.

"Ough prrfdamn." With the tension leaving, Brenda could slowly open her eyes again. The sight of a gorgeous human-animal face gawking at her was expected and no less surprising. She groped at the short cougar muzzle with both hands, giggling at the way her whiskers tickled from the contact.

Seeing fur on her fingers and arms brought attention to the fact fur had pretty much coated her entire body at this point as well.

Safe to say we have a serious case of 'turning into a werecougar' going on.

"How is this even possible?" Brenda held up her hands trying to watch them past her feline nose. Claws grew out of her fingernails, developing sharp hooks for tearing. She felt surreal that this wasn't hurting her in the slightest as her fingertips and palms swelled with very thick, pink, pads.

Heck if I know! The inner voice could practically be seen looking over Brenda's shoulder with all smiles. **But those are some nice bappers, sis.**

"Prrrf yeah they ar-rrrrrgh!"

Something popped in Brenda's lower back, sending her hunching over the bathroom counter. Fingers cracked along each section of knuckles, swelling thicker than normal. Hands ballooned positively massive, splaying across the cold marble around the sink, looking more like animal paws with thumbs.

Hang on tight. It feels like the best part is happening.

You sound surprisingly happy about this?

Aren't you?

Brenda held up one of the impossibly huge hands to give its meaty digits a test wiggle. Their fine fur rubbing together had her reflexively purring all over again, especially as she watched the arm itself rapidly filled out with incredible muscle definition. She gave a curious flex which swelled her bicep more than enough to tear the night gown sleeve.

Maybe a little...

More popping struck in a vicious assault across Brenda's body. It was all she could do to grasp the counter to stay standing. Muscles were twitching here and there seemingly at random. Tendons spasmed involuntarily with their need to stretch. Slowly but surely she could feel herself getting bigger, stronger, cougar...er.

"PRRF?"

A notion emphasized when a long, thick, ropy tail suddenly hefted up the back of her skirt. Thank the gods she hadn't slept in panties tonight. That would have been a killer wedgie.

Wow, sis! That's a lot of junk piling in your trunk!

Brenda turned to try and get a better look at her swaying new appendage in the mirror, but the cougar in her head couldn't help but get a few more teasing remarks in. Their growing stature left the nightgown barely coming down to her hips now.

It was just as well. Soft pops filled the bathroom while the changing woman wiggled in place. Her sides filled out much wider than she ever thought possible, fat plumping things up in all the right places to compliment the muscle that'd bulked her legs. Pawed hands caressed the fine fur of her broadened backside amidst renewed purring. Now that was a rear that could crack a walnut.

Good to know you're having fun with this.

What? you saying we should stop even if we knew how?

Brenda bit the lower lip of her new muzzle trying to fight back the blush upon seeing her nightgown tear off her back in the mirror. Little holes formed and expanded, slowly connecting to each other in a gradual reveal of so much tan fur indented with stiff ridges. She was becoming so powerful.

So wild...

Prrrf, point taken. Brenda gave out a soft mew and her heart leapt for joy at how very feline it sounded. If it wasn't the middle of the night she might have let out a screeching yowl in ecstasy from the new, validating feelings and sounds. Still had to consider the rest of the family trying to sleep, after all.

"Whoa!"

A loud crunch sounded, making Brenda's feet move on their own. She could barely keep her yelp down as she stumbled forward into the bathroom door. Even then, the thump of her hulked up furry body most likely shook the whole house.

Oh, nice! Check out those stompers!

My wha...oh! Brenda eased back, trying to see past her muscled chest. It was pretty obvious her feet were in the process of becoming paws to better match for her enormous hands. The centers snapped something fierce, everything growing longer while forcing heels into a high arch off the floor. Luckily, the fronts poured wider across the bathroom rug for better support. Toes blimped like little balloons into rounder meatballs that she could spread in a rather cute spade that extended their black claws. *Prrfdamn! That's a paw!*

I may be biased, sis, but you look pretty awesome.

Turning to the mirror, Brenda let another soft mew escape her stunned lips. Everything in the bathroom had gotten so small her body couldn't even fit in the reflection anymore. Her poor nightgown clung around broad shoulders, mostly in tatters. Chiseled abs poked through the rips along the stomach, and the skirt refused to go further than her waistline.

"I'm...enormous?"

That's an understatement! Brenna gave a hearty laugh with her faux patting along Brenda's expansive upper back. **You filled out wonderfully in every place except...**

"Oh, prrf!" Both cat girl's eyes shot open from the rush of pressure suddenly overwhelming Brenda's chest. "Spoke too soon?"

Brenna didn't bother to comment. She was just as transfixed on the violent shifting occurring under the remaining nightgown as Brenda was. Her already modest breasts felt tight to the point of aching, until a sudden give in the pressure made the big were-cougar gasp. In the time it took to exhale her bust doubled in size. Already prominent tears in her nightgown ripped wide apart, allowing plush furry flesh to bulge through in tightly packed cleavage.

"Oh...whoa..." Brenda barely had time to comprehend her fresh cantaloupes in the mirror before another tightness and release upgraded them to watermelons. "Prrf! Yeeeeesssss!"

Thick fingers curled into fists, making them look even more like animal paws. Her back arched, putting her all into the next rush that inflated her breasts into rounded globes that defied human logic. The whole body flex shredded what thin strands of thread were keeping her nightgown in place. Scraps of decorative cotton rained around the massive cougar's pawed feet, but she was too busy cupping the enormous mounds blocking her direct view downward at the sink.

Now THAT is huge!

Agreed! This is a prrrf of a way to get over night sickness.

"Mmph!" Brenda glanced from her lovely bust to the mirror and back down several times. Given no one else apparently noticed all the thumping and cat noises yet, she couldn't resist taking some time for a few poses. Every flex brought up a display of glorious muscle definition through the soft fur. *This feels... prrrfin' amazing?*

I never knew we had it in us. Brenna probably would have whistled when her sister turned for a double flex if she had lungs. **Maybe we'll have to be a bit more careful around full moons from now on? What should we do now that you're done?**

Brenda blinked, coming down from her transformation high. It wasn't like their options were numerous in this situation. In fact, this bathroom was quickly getting too small for her comfort. However, an ache itched, her muscles begging to be stretched.

I think...I want to go zoomies!

That's not really what I...

Brenda already opened the bathroom door with thumb and pinky finger, almost breaking it off in the process. Being larger than the door frame did little to stop her from squeezing through it. Wood creaked while her rich shoulders broke off small chunks without slowing her down.

You're right! I need to do something more important first.

Upstairs, Xilimyth awoke with a fright. Most people don't usually experience a heavy pressure smashing down on most of their body during sleep. For a moment she even feared something like a heart attack had set in.

Then her eyes focused in the light and realized the two golden beams shining in her face belonged to a very happy catamount.

"Hmm? B-Brenda?" she managed to squeak out with the big felines paw-hands easily covering her entire torso.

"Morning, Xili!" Brenda's tail lashed about against the bedside with her eagerly swaying hips. "You'll never guess what just happened!"

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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.

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