

Alessia's Walk Home

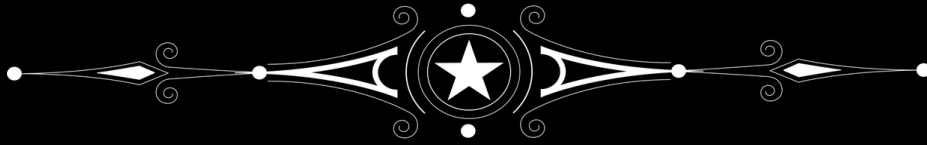
Commission for Dakota

By

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The following contains: Multi-breast growth, taur TF, macro growth

Read at your own discretion.



After such a hard day of work, Alessia had hoped the tavern would be a bit livelier. Most of the other knights had already gone off for their own personal business for the evening. Those that had stopped in for a pint were either tired merchants passing through, or regulars too tired for a decent conversation. As a result, there wasn't much in the way of entertainment either. A lone lizard man sat by the fire playing a casual flute melody for the occasional tip.

"Ready for another round of wings, hun?"

Alessia's triangle ears gave a flick before she turned her head for a polite glance at the bar wench. She thought they said their name was Sorsha, or it could have been Sauron. Things were starting to get a bit fuzzy after three mugs of ale. Either way the vixen appreciated her server at least putting some energy into this drab evening. The cat woman's exotic white and pink fur patterns were greatly complimented by their frilly bright blue top and mini-skirt.

So bored and tipsy was Alessia that it took her a second to realize she'd been asked a question. Her eyes darted to the wooden plate sporting a stack of tiny chicken bones. This place always made the most rocking spicy sauce.

"No. No." she said after a moment's contemplation. The words triggered a rumble that surged up her throat into a soft burp. "I've had a good four servings already. Best I get home before I show up for morning roll call hungover."

"Fair enough!" Sorsha plucked something from her serving tray and set it before Alessia. There was the expected receipt along with two small bars of chocolate.

"What's this for?" Alessia pocketed the slip of paper, remaining slightly apprehensive about food she didn't ask for.

"It's called a Twix, you nerd." Sorsha gave a raspberry, long tail flicking through the air. "You look in need of something sweet to end on. Relax, it's on me tonight. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

"Yeah. Sure."

Coins were exchanged before Sorsha walked off to serve other customers, an exaggerated sway put into her hips with each step. Since the booze wasn't sitting comfortably on her tongue, Alessia decided that sampling one of the offered treats couldn't hurt. What she didn't expect was her teeth to break through a thin layer of chocolate to snap off a chunk of cookie and sugar goo inside.

"Oooh!" she gasped pleasantly at the rush of mixed flavors while she chewed. The remaining bar was quickly shoved into her maw and before she realized it, the other Twix had been consumed as well. Candy always had a way of tasting great but never lasting long enough to savor. Still, Sorsha certainly made a good call. Alessia left the wench a tip in return before grabbing her sheath sword off the floor and heading out.

The old city seemed just as tired as the tavern while the vixen managed her way home. Only the sound of her own clinking tassets kept her ears alert. Once in a while she caught sight of other citizens hurrying along on their late-night errands. It was like the whole place was desperately in need of something interesting to happen.

"Oof!" Alessia shot an arm out to brace against one building's wall. A strong churning was making her stomach rumble. For a second she was worried that'd been one ale too many, but there wasn't that usual rising need to vomit that came with it. Instead, there was a peculiar itching just below the hang of her modest bosom that was getting annoying. She scratched at the two centralized areas and yelped when her claws raked two very sensitive bumps that'd risen from her fur. "What the fu-aah!?"

Hands returned more delicately to the area for further inspection. Simply making contact with the soft paw pads of her fingertips sparked a twinge of unexpected pleasure that made Alessia's tail curl. She continued rubbing at the strange growths biting her lower lip to stifle a moan. They almost seemed to be responding to her touch, puffing out further into little mounds under the fine stomach fur. It was easy for the tired knight to get lost in the sensory overload. This was just like when someone played with her...

"Holy tits!" she barked when the little bumps began spilling out into her palms. Mass amounts of fat pumped them out into a pair of hefty mounds that quickly challenged her grip with their pliable shape. Alessia's muzzle hung open in stunned gawking as she cupped the plump globes. The chilled night air made the nubs poking out from their fronts stiffen with goosebumps. As impossible as her dazed mind knew it was, they felt in every way and shape like the matching bumps filling out her halter top. "D-did I just grow another pair of boobs!?"

The fox's mind was still reeling from the sensitivity of her fresh breasts when her knees buckled. She fell against the wall with a yip trying to push back panic at her legs' sudden weakness. That didn't help when loud pops began echoing through the empty dim streets. Bones were growing, shifting, and cracking in an alarming series of involuntary muscle flexes.

Alessia gave another, harsher, bark as she watched her toes flex and then start popping triple their original size. The rest of her feet quickly followed, heels arching higher while her base became massive platforms for monster sized fox paws. The steel socks she always wore for protection snapped at the straps unable to handle their drastic size increase. Growth only continued to climb up the vixen's legs, shins crunching shorter as they thickened with tense sinew. By contrast her thighs ballooned as if taking on the discarded mass for extra pouncing muscles. Their tassets broke off

from the immense girth, hitting the ground with audible gongs that failed to rile any sleeping civilian's curiosity.

"W-what's going on!?"

The cry went unanswered while Alessia staggered on her awkwardly huge legs. Their new configuration made it incredibly hard to stay balanced even with a wall for support. And it only got more difficult when her hips popped wider. Her black shorts stretched and tore under the mounting strength filling out her ass until the whole thing exploded off her in several pieces. Its whole shape didn't look right to Alessia but she didn't get time to examine when another crackling shift in her hips forced the vixen to fall forward.

"Gah!?" To her shock, she didn't fall that far before landing perfectly fine on her feet. Except she was feeling foot pads touching the ground both directly below and way behind her. "Um, wha!?"

Leaning down to see past the double sets of boobs, Alessia could only stare at some very large paws on meaty thick legs beneath her. She had to grind their meatball toes several times against the stone road to be convinced they were even part of her body. That attitude didn't improve when she twisted to look behind her and found a second back of brown fox fur extending three or four feet out from her hips. Attached to its end was an enormous pair of feral hindquarters with a familiar, if much thicker, fluffy tail.

Anthro centaurs weren't an uncommon sight in Alessia's adventures. This was just a perspective she never thought about personally experiencing. Trying to figure out motion with four limbs at once required a finesse she was not practiced in. It didn't help having her attached at the hip to a monster fox body left her taller too.

A lot taller, actually.

"Oh! You gotta be kidding me!"

Alessia staggered on her four paws, head whipping around in a panic to watch the city around her get proportionally smaller. She'd been growing ever since her odd transformation started and showed no signs of slowing down. Already she was standing tall enough to see into the second-floor windows of nearby buildings.

Paw pads ground at the stone road, digging trenches in the looser gravel without the vixen having to move. Her bracers popped off extending arms with a snap of breaking steel, followed by her shoulder collar.

"Yip!"

Alessia's black top was the final casualty of her drastic growth. Loud tears came from her broadening back until it finally flew free from her chest. Hands instinctively clamped down her generous breasts on instinct before realizing the futility of modesty with a second set hanging just below them. Having a naked fox's butt extending down

the street behind you wasn't helping much either, especially when she accidentally crushed part of someone's wagon with her hind paw.

"Ooooooo! Goddess!" The view above the rooftops turned out to be actually kind of pretty. All the street lamps burned like decorative lights along the roadways, illuminating the city's varied social squares. Alessia fidgeted on her front legs, finding her explosive changes left her as big as a merchant ship at least. She couldn't even figure out how to turn around with her thick barrel filling most of the street.

"Ugh!" Harsh winds swept more easily over her naked fur when being taller than the surrounding buildings too. Alessia hugged herself for warmth finding her arms got trapped easily between her two rows of tits. "Now where the hell am I supposed to sleep!?"

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Afterward

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