

***A Bolt from the Blue* (Foxgirl TGTF, Breast Expansion, 2nd Person)**

You're in the middle of a casual stroll through the park when the aliens come to take you.

High above, the sun shines in the clearest of clear blue skies. The gravel of the path crunches beneath your feet, and a playful breeze rustles the leaves in the trees. On the wind come the joyful cries of children playing in the distance. The day is close to perfect.

You've just passed a young blonde woman, carefully stepping aside to avoid bumping into her, when you see the first hint of your incoming fate: a glint of pink light flickering in the sky above you. Pausing, you look up, a frown on your face. What exactly are you seeing, you wonder? Some kind of comet?

Whatever the answer, it's coming in fast, fast enough to make you sweat a little. What if it's a meteor, sweeping in to wipe you out like the, er, like the dodos? You don't want to hang around here and find out, do you?

Sweating now, you turn and hurry away, walking fast, as fast as you can without running—you're not quite ready to do that yet. After all, what if you were wrong? It'd be really embarrassing. Nonetheless, you walk as fast as you can without breaking the current social consensus, while the meteor overhead grows to terrifying size.

Finally, a shadow swoops over you, blocking out the sun and throwing everything into darkness. You slam to a stop, rigid with terror. Nearby, the blonde breaks into a panicked run—doesn't she know how cringy she looks?

Something snaps open above you: you look up.

Over your head hangs the smooth pink underside of a giant flying saucer, a hatch open and shining in its center. For an instant, shock pervades you, and then you realize it might be time to start running too. Unfortunately, you can't seem to find your footing anymore. And hey, is the saucer growing closer?

You squeal as you fly into the light.

No sooner have you risen than you drop, still squealing, back to the floor. Landing with a thump on a cushiony tile, you sit up and look around and find yourself kneeling in a gigantic glass jar.

"Hi," says the Bakeneko on the other side. "Welcome aboard, nya. Would nyou like to try our wine menu?"

With a thump, the panicked blonde lands beside you, still sweating from her poor attempt at running. See, you knew you made the right choice freezing—it clearly wouldn't have made a difference anyway.

Crackling overhead; with a gasp, the two of you look up. A ball of lightning, pink as peaches, sparkles above you, growing larger and larger, just ready to—

Zzzap!

—burst!

You and the blonde both scream as it strikes you. Coursing through your form, from head to toes in an instant, it incinerates your clothing like a layer of dry tinder and leaves your naked figure sparkling with fearful sweat. You squeal and try to cover yourself, but it's a little hard to move with 600 jiggawatts surging through your nervous system.

As it passes through your body, the lightning excites a tingling in your muscles. For an instant, they puff up, then just as dramatically, they deflate, snatched away entirely. And they aren't the only part of you the pointer is taking: as you squeal, your height collapses like you've been hit over the head with a mallet, spine compacted, while your shoulders and ribcage squeeze tight to match. Your arms and legs shorten, your hands and feet shrink, and your jaws loses every hint of its remaining masculine sharpness.

Sweating, you struggle to stand, but your weak new legs make it impossible. Besides, the pointer isn't finished with you yet: even as you fight to regain your balance, your hips suddenly flare, stretching outward, and throw you back to your buttcheeks.

Besides you, the blonde screams as her skin turns alabaster white. Like a soggy tissue, she crumples, shriveling into something flimsy and inanimate. You're too focused on your own changes to really notice, however: now your hairs flows past your eyes in a waterfall of golden straw, while your ears tremble before sinking into your head. Now your tailbone and your crown both tingle, and a second later, you find out why: with a pop, a pair of big furry ears sprout from your head and an enormous fluffy tail bursts out of your coccyx, demanding someone touch it. You squeal—they've turned you into some kind of foxy femboy!

No, not quite, as you realize a moment later: just as you think it's over, your chest and your buttcheeks and your penis start to tingle. The latter goes first. Snapping to sudden, intense, unbearable erection, it throbs one final time and collapses, sinking into your groin and sucking your balls in with it. By the time you regain the strength to look, all that remains between your legs is a nice, plump vulva.

You find yourself rising—you know, the whole of you, not just your co—it takes a second to realize it's your asscheeks swelling beneath you, lifting you like an inflatable cushion. You squeal as the pleasure of their compression surges through you—you've never felt anything quite so good.

It pales in comparison to what happens to your breasts, however. As you look down in shock, you squeal to find them puffing up into a pair of generous grapefruit, just slightly too big for you to wrap your hands around, though you try anyway. The pressure of your fingers as they dive into their fat makes you want to scream in delight.

Besides you, the former blonde crumples to the floor as a tight, glossy white outfit.

The lightning snaps off. Heart pounding, you stumble to your feet and study yourself into the glass: before you stands an adorable foxgirl, cute and blonde and naked, her generous if not excessive figure on full display. You blush, and she blushes back. You slam your legs together, preemptively—your fat new thighs clap.

On the other side of the glass, the Bakeneko laugh. “Aw, she’s so cute like this, nya. Let’s get her dressed though!” She snaps.

Above, the lightning flashes once more. Before you can react, the former blonde vanishes, and just that—

You squeal as her tight new form materializes around you, its latex squeezing your generous new body in all the right places. Her skirt suckers to your ass, slipping between your enormous new cheeks and threatening to fill your rectum, while its other side tickles your sensitive labia. You can only scream—it feels like it’s about to finger you.

And the former blonde’s bodice... Like a pair of lascivious hands, it gropes your new breasts and squeezes tight, pressing them flat and leaving you screaming in delight as you struggle to adjust them. The feeling of her rubbing against your sensitive new skin is enough to drop you to your knees, panting with desire. You moan, screwing your eyes up tight. Your breath fogs the tank window.

On the other side of the window, the Bakeneko study you with a smirk. “Hmm... I don’t know,” says the other one. “She’s kiiiiinda cute. But she’d be a million times better if she had bigger boobs, nya.”

“Oh come on. What happened to ‘flat is justice’? I thought we liked small boobs nyow?”

“Nyeah, but don’t nyou wanna see how she’ll react when we give her a pair of beachballs?”

The other catgirl purrs at the thought.

You’re too busy to react in the moment, at least until the pointer above you starts to crackle once more. Eyes snapping open, you look up in surprise, and scarcely a second later, the bolt slams into you. You scream as it courses down your spine.

Unlike the previous bolt, which spread its energetic tendrils all the way through your body, this one concentrates its attention on your plump new breasts, filling them like a pair of water balloons. Through trembling eyes and gritted teeth, you watch as they pulse in the confines of your dress, rubbing against the latex as they jiggle and bounce and shiver. The pressure inside them is so great you want to scream, but your jaw is locked shut, teeth chattering. It takes all the strength you have just to raise your hand.

The instant your palms contact your chest, your boobs explode like a pair of little bombs. In an instant, they double in size, thrusting your hands aside and stretching the latex bodice of your dress taut, oh so taut. Straining, tight and squeaking, it hugs them, crushes them, squeezes their egregious new forms till you’re certain something must give. The pressure,

both internal and external now, is so immense you can barely think. All you can do is kneel there and moan.

Trembling, you raise your hands and grope yourself, sinking your fingers deep into your fecund new flesh. Your boobs are the size of watermelons now, thicker and firmer than any you've ever seen, though your hands sink into them as if they're made of dough, exciting a tingling, coursing pleasure that slams straight into your brain as they sink. You jerk upright with a scream, throwing back your head and moaning like you've been murdered. Juice spurts from your sex—sweat flies from your face. Squealing, you dig your hands even deeper.

"Giv' 'er another zap, Tony," says one of the catgirls, chewing on a cigar.

"Nyou got it, boss."

Lightning, screaming, strikes your form again, and you throw back your head and mewl in wild ecstasy, your entire figure trembling as it grounds itself in your breasts. The pressure inside them doubles instantly—it's like they're a pair of balloons, and someone has plugged them into the world's largest tank of helium. Squealing, you wrap your arms around them and squeeze tight, desperate, desperate, desperate to stop them from getting any—

Like a pair of mines, your breasts explode again, doubling instantly from melons to beachballs and leaving you to scream like a whore as they stretch your top tighter than ever before, making the latex scream like a torture victim itself, squeaking so loudly you can barely hear anything else. It shakes, trembling though the strain, and your swollen new boobs fight furiously against it, deforming themselves in a fierce attempt to escape. You scream, shaking and rolling from side to side as the ecstasy of their battle rages through you, destroying you, breaking the dam of your pussy and shaking your mind. The sloshing of your boobs from side to side only makes the experience worse, unfortunately.

For several minutes, you simply lie there and writhe, massaging your fat new tits like the balloons they resemble, digging your hands deep into the latex-covered fat and making the orgasmic pleasure burning in your gut a little hotter with each slight movement of your fingers. It rages inside you, hotter than anything, and the more you grope and squeeze and fondle your fat new breasts, the more furious the inferno becomes.

Finally, you reach your limits. Spreading your hands, you bring them together like a vice, flattening your giant boobs between them. And the pressure, oh God, the pressure from inside and out combined is too much for you to take. You snap with a crack, and the fire surges through you, melting what remains of your mind just like that.

As you collapse, landing with a splat in the puddle of your own juices, the Bakeneko outside look in on you with a smirk. "Wow, she looks like she really enjoyed that, nya. So, what nyou wanna do with her nyow?"

"Let's send her back home, nya. I bet she'll have a *lot* of fun with those monsters glued to her."

Rubbing your breasts, you moan.

The catgirls simply laugh and lean in to wave goodbye. "See nyou later, pussycat! Have fun with nyour nyew body!"

You orgasm again as you fall from the ship.