

Sorsha's Big Escape

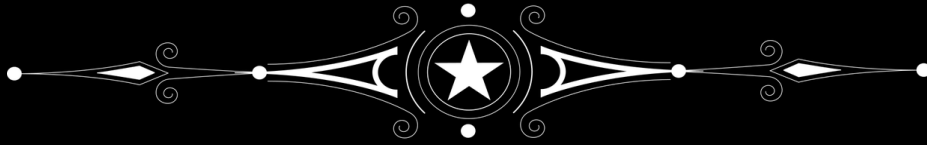
Commission for Chrono, Nomen, and Asibow

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Multiple character TFs, male to female gender bending, merging TF, weight gain, hyper, and mild macros

Read at your own discretion.



Global pandemics have a way of drastically changing the world in unexpected ways as they ravage society. Some rather sad casualties are the small time and niche businesses. Whether it be the rising costs, a lack of clientele, or both, eventually keeping the doors open becomes too much trouble. Even two years later, whole buildings, once a center of social activity, still remained empty. For rent signs sat collecting dust in the windows waiting for anyone to find a new use for the space.

This kind of mass property abandonment is how Sorsha commandeered an old space used for an art gallery without paying a cent. Not to say she was a thief. Hell, she wasn't even the kind of cat that placed value in money. It was more along the logic that no one was using it, so why not give a community something fun to do.

Besides, the IRS was welcome to try challenging her right to dibs. That'd be a fun little confrontation that never ended well for them.

So, when a new escape room attraction opened on the old town's tourist street few people questioned the legality of its existence. Everyone was more intrigued about what experiences it might bring to their lives outside quarantine. Having something to do that didn't require the use of the internet was certainly going to feel like a novel idea already. And then there was the fact it was being run by a real witch. It didn't take a week before rumors of all kinds spread across said internet. People were coming in from out of state to witness these experiences that can only come from one's imagination.

Frankly, Desmond would rather be doing literally anything else as long as it wasn't within ten feet of that cat girl. For some reason the squirrel-fox seemed like the only one to understand that Sorsha caused just as many problems as she solved, and that was being generous. It just so happened a lot of things she fixed were many of the countless times Desmond had been transformed with no ways of reverting back under his own power. He owed her wiccan magics enough of a debt that siring a dozen children probably wouldn't be able to pay it back.

Still, testing out a new puzzle room idea could be one of her tamer favors. At least he'd managed to rope in friends he knew instead of enduring a group of strangers. Granted, they were all here under the promise of pizza and ice cream afterwards.

Asibow seemed especially anxious for the game to begin. The corpulent goat monster could barely stay in her dangerously undersized chair drumming meaty fingers across both knees. Not even her phone seemed an appropriate enough distraction as she took a break every few minutes to survey their surroundings.

All that hefty fidgeting didn't seem to bother the tigress that'd taken up the seat next to her. That was probably because Chronos had kicked back with earbuds blaring at max volume. Eyes remained closed while a slender finger waved through the air as if conducting the songs with sharp one claw. Desmond couldn't make out the words but it was most likely some anime pop rock.

On the far side of the briefing room, Nomen had pamphlets in both hands, somehow going through several sources of information about this attraction at once. Aside from an occasional question, the green bunny had barely stayed with this group. His entire focus looked to be on going in as prepared for puzzle solving as possible.

"Is Sorsha normally this late?" Asibow said when her latest room sweep landed on an old-fashioned Cuckoo clock.

Desmond followed her gaze, noted the time and shrugged. "She does whatever the hell she wants. Not like there are many ways to tell a magic user what to do. Relax."

"Are you kidding?! This is going to be awesome." The big goat bounced in her seat, unable to suppress a childish excitement. "I haven't had a puzzle run since I was a kid in the Underground. Monsters like me are built for this kind of thing."

The loud strain of Asibow's chair legs brought other thoughts about her imposing build, which Desmond decided not to voice out loud. "At least you're not obsessed with spaghetti like the last 'expert' Sorsha trained with."

"As long as the pizza is actually warm when we're done, I'm all good," Nomen chimed in. His fingers were busy swiping rapidly over his phone.

The motions caught Asibow's attention. "What are you doing, anyway?"

"Checking out tips and tricks for this. I've never tried an escape room before and it's neat reading all the different themes they come up with. The reviews for this place even said you get something special for completing it."

Desmond rolled his bright yellow eyes. "With Sorsha that usually means a long night of wild sex."

"What?" Chrono nearly knocked Asibow out of her chair with how fast they'd straightened up, yanking out an earbud to give Desmond their full attention.

"Hi! Welcome to the party," Desmond said with a raspberry. Granted, his statements had gotten everyone's blushing attention, but that was around the time the doors leading outside decided to open.

"Aw, is this everyone?" Sorsha poked her giant purple wizard's hat into the room, followed to a lesser extent by her head. The candy-colored cat made no effort to hide her disappointment sizing up the four occupants before fully entering. If the room wasn't already put off enough by lewd implications, the way she strutted casually in the nude

wearing only a purple cloak sure put everyone's mood that way. "I like when bigger groups show up, Dessy. It's way more fun."

"It's also a Tuesday, you bimbo. The concept of having to work for a living will forever be lost on you."

"Work is boring anyway. Let's get started then!!" Sorsha waved her hand in a practiced flourish. A series of sparks flew from her palm, leaving a dazzling trail of green specks trailing her motions. An intentional diversion as it took everyone in the room a second to realize brown envelopes had materialized from nowhere into their hands.

Asibow was tearing her claws into it without a second's hesitation. There were three goodies inside, simple in design yet earning her intent focus. Her meaty paws unfolded a scrap of dirty cloth designed to look like ancient parchment, which was torn violently so the oddly written words were incomplete. Also, inside were some playing cards with ancient art designs she assumed were meant for tarot readings. Although, she was pretty sure no actual deck used Pokémon for astral signs.

And then there was a Ziploc bag of dried food.

"What's the jerky for?" Chrono said, holding up a similar bag. A quick gleam let Asibow see she'd gotten the same slip of paper but some different cards.

"In case you get hungry," Sorsha replied with a shrug. "An hour is a long time and brain food is important. Anyway, the story is simple..."

With another wave of her hand, the room's air changed. Lights dimmed despite not being on dimmer switches, helping to flaunt the glowing green aura surrounding Sorsha's naked slim body. It must have also been modifying her voice, for it tickled their ears like she was blowing into them.

"Through some bad luck on your stealth skills, the great platinum dragon lord has caught you trying to liberate her stolen plunder. For now, you've been stripped of your equipment and thrown into her vault for safe keeping. She rarely has the opportunity for taking prisoners so lack of a dungeon forced some improvising. Turns out this works to your advantage. The skeletal remains of a previous poor soul offer you some clues to unlock the dragon's treasure trove where countless magical trinkets can lead to your salvation. Just be quick. She's bound to be back within the hour."

Her speech finished, the magic evaporated as quickly as it set in, leaving Sorsha standing with chest thrust forward as if expecting an applause. Instead, most of her clients were busy thumbing through the intricately made Pokémon cards trying to spot any initial secrets.

For his part, Desmond gazed at her with a sarcastic smirk. "You had someone help write that, didn't you?"

"Oh, give me some credit!" Sorsha tapped her forehead where the yellow A symbol rested. "I got a few artistic brain cells in here. Although...I may have borrowed actual cursed treasure from a dragoness for these puzzles."

The way everyone simultaneously stopped in their activities to look at Sorsha almost looked practiced.

"Borrowed as in, they gave you stuff willingly?" Chrono broke the silence. Her tail coiled around one leg.

"I'm not a damn thief!" Sorsha snapped with a stamp of her paw foot. The rush of anger was quickly laughed off. "I mean, it's all very minor stuff to add immersion. Just be extra careful with your puzzle solving unless you want a horrific transformation or something. Any questions?"

Everyone raised their hand.

"No? Great! See you in an hour!"

Frantic incoherent shouts filled the room before a snap of Sorsha's fingers silenced the four furries. Their bodies slowed to a stop, locked frozen in time while the cat's green magic enveloped their bodies. Once enough energy had built up, they all simply vanished in one instantaneous popping noise. Some might say it's a gross misuse of magic to teleport someone ten feet away into another room. In this witch's case, she had days where she really didn't want to hear the panicked protests and threats that usually came with her good ideas.

"...and the pizza better not be magic too!" Chrono shouted once her body had finished its very short magic trip. The others were simultaneously completing their own thoughts, but those went over her rounded ears even as they perked at their change of surroundings.

Gone was the Victorian styled sitting room with its well-kept furnishings. Now the group was in a real dungeon carved fresh from a mountain. The jagged rock walls reeked of fresh mold. Barrels and chests were everywhere alongside dirty shelves and rusty cages. The air itself was cold and stale. Only the dim light of a few torches offered them any kind of visibility.

So much decayed and time worn decor was clearly intentional as a way to draw attention to the enormous vault door. It nearly took up the far wall, its polished steel gleaming in the fire light like new. Dragons were fairly known for their practical spending.

"I hate it when she does that," Desmond said after having landed inside a box of dirty clothes.

"We're still in a building, right?" Nomen ran a hand over one of the walls in awe of its realism.

"I'm eighty-percent sure."

While that was not very reassuring, Chrono had many other pressing concerns. "What the heck was she on about horrific transformations?"

"That's just Sorsha being dramatic." Desmond paused so Asibow could help heft him out of the old clothes box. "Thanks. She's rather apt at body modification magic, so there's probably a few things in this room with booby traps. Who do you think always changes me back after a freak science experiment?"

"I just assumed you keep a bunch of antidotes everywhere," Asibow said while peeling a sock off the squirrel-fox's hair. It was hurriedly tossed aside for fear of the aforementioned magic traps.

"Yeah. That too. There're just times when having a sociopathic witch for a friend comes in handy." A thought struck Desmond and he checked all his pockets. "Incidentally, that teleporting thing she did to use took all my restorative items... and my wallet."

"Mine too," Nomen grumbled after checking himself. "We're going to get those back, right?"

"Like she'd ever have a use for it. Relax guys."

Chrono's striped tail lashed with her angry snarl. "No way. I didn't sign up for weird stuff and being robbed in the process. I'm out!"

"Uh!" Desmond raised a hand, but the tigress had already turned for the door with the large 'exit' sign over it. "She just explained we're locked in here so that's probably..."

He was cut off the second Chrono laid a slender hand on the door handle. What happened next could only be described as the most impressive indoor light show he'd seen in a long time. Magic surged through the tigress's curves as bolts of energy that were oddly in a variety of greens, blues, and red colorations. Much like static energy, every last bit of striped fur fluffed perfectly straight, making her look deceptively inflated, especially with her striped tail lifted stiffly behind her.

Unfortunately, since everyone else had been staring at her when it happened, they didn't see much of the magical trap before becoming blinded by it. There was a loud yowl from Chrono followed by a crack like a gunshot. When the other three managed to rub enough flashing spots from their eyes, they saw the tigress had been expelled from the door clear across the room and was resting slumped against the dragon's vault.

A panicked squeal escaped Asibow as she rushed to their side. "Holy crap! Are you okay?"

"Hello, mama!" Chrono's head rolled a few times until she managed to get to the goat monster's face within her view. Her eyes blinked slightly out of sync while raising both hands to pinch Asibow's cheeks. "May I have snail pie for breakfast?"

"Um..."

If there was one thing Desmond always hated about a Sorsha related activity, it was this moment. The one where every remaining coherent member of the group looked at him like they were in a life-or-death scenario and he somehow knew all the answers.

"Seriously, is she trying to kill us!?" Nomen demanded. He had a bit more anger than worry staring down Desmond.

"I already told you; Sorsha likes to be over dramatic with her antics. Look! Chrono isn't smoking from any lightning damage. Hell. She didn't even get a concussion from hitting a steel door."

"Good to know we're working with Three Stooges physics. Get us out of here."

"We ain't leaving until we open the vault or an hour passes. She also doesn't approve of quitters."

"...never invite me to any adventures with that witch again."

"Don't worry. She usually invites herself."

"Guys. I'm fine. Really!" Chrono's tired squeaks sound fairly drained from her experience in spite of her instance. She had managed to get back on her feet leaning heavily against the door and Asibow's thick hands for support. "I just feel a little tingly, is all. Okay... make that a lot tingly... Oh, crap! I think the magic is building up inside... Aaa-haaah!?"

An explosive growth overwhelmed the tigresses so hard even a hefty goat like Asibow couldn't help being knocked back. Chrono fell back against the big security door gasping in labored pants, eyes staring down in wide panic watching her height jump while feet in seconds. More than once she stumbled having to constantly adjust her stance for a rapidly changing center of balance. Soon she was easily the biggest person in the room, with a huge gap between her tight shirt and jeans showing off her midsection. The pants were looking particularly uncomfortable as the leg ends rose to just below her knees.

"That's...unexpected," Asibow said as she stared up at the looming tigress.

"Is it me or did the ceiling grow with her?" Nomen added. "She easily passed over ten feet with that."

"Meh. That's Sorsha for ya." Desmond gave a shrug with his worst explanation for the game yet. "If we could escape the room just by becoming something huge it wouldn't be nearly as fun for her."

"Uh, speaking of huge..." Chrono said between her panting. Everyone watched her hands move to gingerly cup her modest bust, now outlined through the strained cotton fabric. Her fingers caressed it a few times as her expression took on someone handling a volatile material. All at once her shirt gave a hard jostle and the soft mounds in her hands began inflating out the fabric like two spherical balloons. "Hooooooo fuck! Mmmgh! That's actually really nice!"

"Typical Sorsha standards." While the other two might have been watching the feline's tits burst open the front of her shirt, Desmond busied himself checking around their room. Ignoring the pleasure mews from behind, he made a beeline for the skeleton sitting on a rickety chair by a desk. "Careful about the next step. She really likes to give people tons of padding."

Chrono was snapped from her growth induced pleasure, if only slightly. "The wha-REOW!"

A thundercrack echoed across the stone walls with Chrono's alarmed mewling's. Hands flew from her bouncing beach ball breast to her hips, unable to hold them back. The bones of her pelvis gave off a series of loud pops while they stretched and extended, leaving her with an impressive span that could fill a loveseat at her looming size. Her ass and thighs quickly followed, inflating with plush layers of fat until it poured out over the back of her tight jeans until the back seam finally gave way with a loud tear.

For a few minutes the room remained silent except the tired breathing of a now very large tigress shaped like an hourglass. Chrono tried a few times to tug her clothes over her expanded assets only to tear its strained fabric further. There was little choice but to let her boobs and butt jiggle freely in all their full glory for now.

To their credit, Asibow and Nomen didn't stare too intently. Once they were sure Chrono had no further growth spurts in reserve, they shifted their gazes to Desmond. Somehow seeing the squirrel fox standing over a pile of fake skeleton bones that'd been shattered to pieces was the creepier spectacle.

"What did the dead guy do to you?" Nomen asked in a half-joke.

Desmond scoffed, his black nose wrinkling while he worked to compare a new piece of ripped parchment with the one Sorsha had given everyone. "Sorsha said the first clue was with our previous prisoner. I just got startled by the cracking."

"Holy tits! These are ginormous!" Chrono cupped her new mammaries after having recovered from the strain of her growth. Fear was keeping her movements slow and stiff, lest what remained of her clothes tore from her increased form.

"Looking pretty thick, I gotta say," Asibow added, giving the tigress a smack on her rump. That earned a striped tail thick as a python hitting her back in the face.

Nomen had to force himself away from the extra curvy sight to focus on Desmond. "So, what did you find?"

"No idea. It's just a bunch of weird symbols and squiggle lines."

Nomen snatched the papers from the squirrel-fox so fast they remained staring at air for a few seconds. After a moment of staring the connected pieces over, his eyebrows furrowed and carefully turned the parchments on to their side. "It's a code for the vault's first lock. Hang on. I got this!"

"Huff! Be careful," Chrono said as she shuffled awkwardly from the vault door for his approach. The ceiling might have been raised enough for her to stand at her full fifteen feet, but all the sashaying would take some getting used to. "These traps sure are potent."

"Duly noted!" Nomen slapped a fist on the only visible button across the fast steel surface. A section broke off into a panel, sliding open to unveil a keypad and screen. "Easy puzzle! It's just matching symbols and numbers."

"The giant fat cat is right." Asibow raised a meaty finger in interjection. "We should probably look at the clues a bit more carefully."

"Who are you calling fat!? You look like a white melon from up here!"

"Already done." Nomen's ears twitched happily after inputting the last code. The screen flashed a series of colors with bells akin to a slot machine sounding off. "See? This game is going to be a piece o..."

A soft click opened a small hole in the vault, halting Nomen in his thoughts. They had just enough time to realize the implications before a ray of raw green magic shot forth in a clean strike against the bunny's chest. It wasn't much thicker than a pen, yet possessed the force to knock the bunny off his feet.

"Good to see we're making progress," Desmond mumbled as he collected the dropped parchment scraps. "Oh, yeah. This is written in draconic. The scrap I had gives the vault combination to volunteer as its guard dog. Asi, give me your scrap."

"How do you know draconic?" The goat monster sounded fairly impressed while passing over her clue.

"You'd be surprised how handy it is to know monster languages when you frequently hop dimensions. Sorsha loves dragons."

"Guess that explains the stack of language books in this room."

"Is he okay?" Chrono was hovering over Nomen in a low squat, not caring how it further tore her pants. The bunny remained sprawled writing on the floor. Teeth clenched from the magic heating his body from the inside. Otherwise, he might have enjoyed how her enormous mammaries threatened to crush his face.

"I'm sure he will be better than ever in a few minutes." Desmond eyed the new set of papers together. "Here we go."

"D-dang it! H-help me-ee-eeeEERRRAWRGE!" Nomen let out a cry that broke into a vicious snarl unbecoming of such a tiny bunny. The magic was working quickly to correct that, unfortunately. While his mouth hung agape it began to snap and shift in time with his cries. The bridge of his muzzle widened as it grew, nostrils flaring larger while they were pulled further apart. His nose itself lost its pink skin as it sank in to become part of a very large snout.

Desmond was the only one ignoring the bunny's metamorphosis. His black furry paws sidestepped Nomen's writhing body over to the safe where he could input the new puzzle code. There wasn't much he could do to counter Sorsha's brand of spells. Everyone's clothing would just have to be a worthy sacrifice for the sake of pizza.

Everyone else had become captivated by their companions' monstrously enlarged snout. The rest of his head quickly followed, neck stretching out the collar of his shirt as it strengthened to compensate for the increased skull weight. Nomen roared again when a pair of thick white horns slithered out of his forehead. They coiled around still very long large ears before facing forward as deadly sharp points.

"That looks a lot more painful than I'd prefer," Asibow commented with no intention of getting close to that booby trapped safe. Fortunately, Desmond seemed to have picked the correct code. She could see he'd opened a second compartment in the door and was studying vials full of weird colored things.

"It... It's more intense than painful," Nomen admitted, his voice gaining a growling rumble but with a sultry tone thanks to a lack of an Adam's apple. He rolled onto hands and knees lacking the capacity to stand. Muscles all over his body were involuntarily flexing, making his form pulse larger with each rhythmic interval. Ceases in his shorts and shirt quickly smoothed out before the fabric itself creaked in protest trying to keep the bunny covered.

"Okay I think I got... this!" Desmond turned back to the trio holding three vials in triumph only for his thoughts to trail off.

The fact Nomen's flip had unwittingly left him presenting for the squirrel-fox was only distracting in the way his butt was rapidly thickening out with each growing pulse his body went through. Thighs quickly joined in until his shorts were squeezing tight over a very womanly set of hips. Seams ripping open even as the soft layer of green furry flesh bulged through too small pant legs and spilled over the waistband.

Desmond was still contemplating a full moon joke when Nomen's hips gave a loud cracking of bones. The bunny arched his back, deafening everyone with his mightiest roar yet. A sound that overshadowed the noises of his tail exploding out the seat of his shorts. The little fluff nub shot out like a rocket, riding the tip of a rapidly growing spine encased in massive amounts of thick muscle tissue. The cheeks it was attached to weren't far behind as they decimated what remained of Nomen's shorts. Plush glutes and wide hips to rival Chrono's had to squish around the massive base of his new tail just to find room for it.

"Oh shi-"

Needless to say, Desmond wasn't prepared for a meaty appendage larger than the rest of Nomen's already beefed-up body slamming into his face. His lightweight got slammed against the vault door miraculously missing a concussion, but also caused two of the vials in his hands to shatter across the front of his shirt and pants. The other two were flung from his grasp like bullets right into an unexpected goat monster across the room.

"Dang it, Dessy!" Asibow cried as she threw up her hands. Despite having a rounded soft belly, the little glass containers exploded upon impact. Washing her shirt in large blotches of red and yellow gunk. "Those have got to be the frailest bits of glass I've ever seen. Don't tell me that was our whole clue."

Nomen continued to growl and pant as she alternated kicking the air with each bulking leg. More than once did she narrowly miss giving Desmond a closer view of their sneaker bottoms before the mildly bruised squirrel-fox thought to duck away next to Asibow. On the last, strongest kicks, her shoes hit the vault and exploded into six different pieces. The feet underneath had swollen nearly triple the size protective wear was designed for.

Not that they could be considered feet by a person's sense anymore. The toes suffered their own mini-run of inflation to become large rounded digits tipped in wicked black claws. The bases grew larger still into massive platforms of green fur supported by plush pink pads at their soles. They needed to be huge after Nomen's heels cracked and stretched, tearing the white socks that remained as they rose into high arches. It was impossible for Nomen to walk normally with such monstrous paws. Her full weight would have to be supported on tip toes.

"That's looking kind of hot," Chrono said as she knelt to offer the former rabbit some comfort. At this point they were both roughly equal in miniature giant size, with Nomen quickly catching up on the buxom curve's aspect of their transformations. What the towering tigress wasn't expecting was when four very large spikes tore through her companion's shirt, going in sets of twos down her upper back. Several more sprouted near the end of their squirming tail to help decorate its thick green tuft.

"HNNNGH!" Nomen ground her fierce fangs together trying to bear back a tightness overwhelming her chest. They lasted all about six seconds before losing her last shreds of modest clothing. The cream furred tits that broke forth nearly knocked her arms out from under her as their gushing hung crashed into the floor. Their soft flesh squished against each other, oozing around beefy green forearms and along her lower chest. Wherever there was space to accommodate. Hell, she was fairly sure she could pull back and there'd be enough boobage to support her on their own.

"I have to agree," Asibow said, momentarily distracted from her own mess to watch the former bunny complete their transformation. "She makes a great demon. Uh. Des? W-what are you doing?"

"She's a behemoth. It's part of the whole dungeon and monster theme. Hold still." Desmond had begun scraping his fingers over the front of Asibow's shirt, ignoring the fat goat's disquiet while he explained. Their combined messes of goop became mixed together while his fingers squished around her soft chest and stomach. "That was supposed to be some kind of alchemy puzzle, so if we can salvage these things in the right order, we might still make the solution."

"I better be getting a lot of pizza for this," Nomen said in a growl that continued to echo around the room. She finally regained the strength to stand back up and was surprised to find herself over a foot taller than the altered Chrono. The tip of her bull-like horns even threatened to scratch the ceiling if she tried to stand on tiptoe. That made her bloated medicine balls for breasts proportionally larger than the tigresses by default, making the new behemoth already lament her inability to see the floor. "The waivers didn't say anything about becoming naked."

Asibow giggled. "I get the feeling our host doesn't care much for clothes in general. Dessy? You can let go of my boobs any time."

"I'm... trying?"

It'd taken the big goat several seconds to notice Desmond had stopped collecting goo off their chest. Now their hands remained firmly latched onto Asibow's fatty bosom despite her efforts to step away. It only ended up dragging the panicking squirrel-fox in time with her steps. He was visibly twisting and pulling also trying to separate from her, which only sent the massive breasts jiggling violently.

Equally alarming to Asibow was the sight of her shirt itself starting to vanish. At first, she squealed thinking the goo was making them dissolve, but upon prolonged observation it looked more like the material was literally sinking into her. Her fur seeped right through the cotton like water and then devoured the fabric entirely within her fatty flesh.

"Oh, geez no!" Asibow squealed as she quickly became topless in front of everyone. The fact that two out of four of them already threatened to break the dress code was lost as she hurriedly tried to clamp both hands over her thick areolas.

"Asi! Don't!" Desmond said right as the meaty white paw clamped down over his.

There was an unexpected squelching noise like something hitting a mass of gelatin. Asibow stood blinking while trying to process why hitting her friend's hands would make such a noise. Looking to Desmond only got a defeated whimper in return, ears folding back as his attention focused on the goat's tits. When she reluctantly moved her palms, it was clear to see his hands had gone the same way as her shirt. Everything up to Desmond's forehands lay completely submerged deep inside Asibow's chest.

"Desmond! Get out of my boobs!!"

"You think I'm doing this on purpose! Stop flailing! They're eating my arms!"

Chrono leaned her increased backside on a barrel, chewing absently while watching over the pair struggle. Asibow tried to yank herself back, sucking Desmond in up to his elbows for the effort. He in turn tried to push a paw foot off her knee but his limbs refused to come out of the goat's chest. "Should we be helping them?"

Nomen sputtered dismissively. "I just turned into a giant monster girl. I ain't getting near whatever they're doing. What are you eating, anyway?"

"Sorsha's jerky!" Chrono held up the plastic baggy of dried meat. "All this growing really burns calories. Though I gotta warn you they're a bit spic...spicy. ACHOO!"

"Whoa!" Nomen jumped, not from her friends sneezing, but from the six-foot jet of green flame they projected with it.

"YIP!" Flames that blasted easily into a fluffy tail, scorching the seat of his shorts. Baser instincts kicked in just sensing the tickling heat on his back, compelling him to leap forward onto Asibow in an attempt to escape.

Needless to say, Asibow was rather stunned when there was no weight behind Desmond's assault. His face plowed right into her cleavage and vanished as easily as leaping into a pool. And the force of his jump only let him keep going, vanishing up to his waist inside the goat's breasts leaving his paws flailing in the air.

"No! Dessy! S-stop squirming or...you'll... aah!" Asibow grasped at her friend's waist only for him to slip away. The combined efforts of their squirming and gravity soon finished the job. What remained of Desmond continued to sink into the soft furry mounds until the last bit of his large puffy tail vanished with a slurping noise.

"Did... your tits just eat Desmond?" Nomen asked with jaw hanging slack.

"That's one way to put it." Asibow meekly patted at her chest, finding her girls as solid as ever with no hope of fishing her friend back out. She jumped when they started to jiggle back of their own accord, second before bloating fuller and heavier. The fur across their sagging mass darkened into a pitch black. "A-AH!! You gotta be kidding!"

"Ghhrack! Gaack!" A different series of choking noises turned the green behemoth that was now Nomen's attention back to Chrono. She was rapidly patting her own chest and coughing small plumes of smoke. Although the real source of discomfort seemed to be coming from her altering muzzle. Jaws cracked as her face grew longer and much wider, the teeth inside becoming sharper, more numerous to fill the added space. In the process her small pink nose was pulled apart to leave its nostrils flush with the end of a draconic snout. Her eyes went cross watching the fur molt off her enlarged bridge to be replaced with bright orange scales. "Why was the jerky trapped?"

"I'm starting to think our host never had a plane for this kind of place," Noman said, eyeing the tigress's changing skull. Ears vanished from Chrono's head to be replaced by spiral golden horns while the scales consumed fur down her body in a wave. "She's just making money off perverted magic."

"I don't care!" Asibow cried, grasping at her gut, which was also having its fur dyed a familiar shade of black. Heavy fat pushed her belly button out further with each breath she took, forcing hands to spread apart. "I was already big enough and now I'm reaching whale sizes."

Chrono opened her new mouth to say something, but she and Asibow were cut off by a spontaneous explosion. The changing tigress's shirt turned to shred thanks to a pair of majestic dragon wings growing out of her shoulders, and rather awkwardly against the wall behind her. In Asibow's predicament, it was her nub of a goat tail straining like a balloon under pressure before nearly instantly shooting out over a hundred times its original size. The back of her jeans ripped clean in half from the girth of a fluffy white squirrel tail nearly the same size as her torso. Which was impressive considering it had gotten an extra two hundred pounds added at least.

"No! No! No!" Asibow gripped at the tear in her jeans trying to hold it together. It was futile now that her lower body began to pack on dozens of extra pounds by the second. The mounting force of her bloating ass couldn't be contained and soon the other seams began to tear around tree trunk thighs until she was just holding scraps. Her increased girth put the other two monster girls' hips to shame, even when only eight feet tall. "When I told Dessy he was sweet enough to make me a giant I was being metaphorical."

"It could be worse?" Chrono offered. She was giddily flexing her arms and watching the muscles bulge bigger and bigger each time. While her thickened tail thumped about after becoming a towering dragoness, her black striped pattern had remained across shimmering orange scales. A sight that really pleased her as her abs bulked up with rigid muscles.

"You got me!" Desmond's voice made the three changed girls jump. Asibow especially, since it seemed to be coming right next to her ear. "Although, I do wish to declare my intention to body slam Sorsha when we get out."

Asibow winced from a sudden cramping between her neck and shoulder, which relieved itself with a pop. she glanced over and jumped a foot in the air, causing a small tremor upon landing.

"Yeah. Hi." said her new head that'd just grown in. It bore the general shape of Desmond's fox features, though with a set of goat horns and double chin to better match the physique of their shared body fat. "Looks like we're roommates for a while."

"Well, that's a little creepy. Hey!" The goat's eyes went wide as control of her arm on Desmond's side was suddenly yanked away. Her Desmond head used it to yank off what remained of their pants and panties. "Stop that! I'm not stripping in front of everyone!"

"Asi, we're all pretty much naked at this point. And that was riding badly up my crack."

"You mean our crack."

"Oh, this is going to be a fun little fusion date."

Chrono fidgeted her on her creaking barrel seat. The shifting of her muscular thighs took some getting used to. "So how are we supposed to open the vault now?"

"We could try ripping it off?" Nomen said. It was clear by her lazy floor staring stance it was just a passing thought, but when she looked up the other two and a half monster girls were staring at her intently. "I was being sarcastic, guys!"

Meanwhile, not twenty feet away in another room, Sorsha giggled as she watched one sexy transformation occur after another on several monitors.

"This is, by far, the best idea I've ever had. I should totally start live streaming these runs like a game show. You think I should give prizes?"

"I think you should consult a lawyer, at least." Wendel rolled his eyes, jutting down a slew of notes for his latest news story. An ideal gaze towards the table loaded with stacks of pizza boxes and hot wing platters made his stomach rumble before he refocused. "Out of morbid curiosity, how are they supposed to solve the room puzzle anyway?"

Sorsha's ears perked stiffly, though her gaze never left the screen of Chrono bending over to show off that sweet dragon butt as they rummaged through a chest of magical items. "Solve it?"

"Yeah. You know; the string of clues and puzzles you gave them are a bit hard to figure..." Wendel's bunny ears flopped to the side of his head in a distressing revelation. "You did actually make a room with a solvable puzzle, right? You're not just throwing shit in there for people to messed with."

Sorsha whirled in her swivel chair to flash him a smile. "In my defense, I'm not really a 'puzzle maker' kind of witch. And it took a lot of effort getting that dragoness to loan me her cursed relics."

Wendel raised a finger preparing a retort, glanced over Sorsha's shoulder at the enormous buxom girls on screen, and decided it best to just silently finish texting his notes for the monthly zine.

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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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SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

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