

BRIDE OF PULCHRA

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Pulchra... was an interesting woman.

This was the conclusion that Belle had come to about the newest member of the Sons of Calydon after seeing her basically every day for a week straight. The cat Thiren had come to the city for business of some kind, and while visiting? The other members of the Sons of Calydon had all asked her to pick up things, so they'd spent time together each day doing the shopping. It had ultimately all been in the service of preparing a surprise for their newest member out in the Outer Ring, but at the time Pulchra hadn't suspected a thing.

Pulchra was the type of woman that liked to hide how she felt from others. She liked to present herself as 'tough' and buried any feelings that others might have seen as a weakness. Funnily enough, it was *Burnice* who had the easiest time seeing through this side of her. Everything had been the bartender's idea. **"Actually, do you want to stay the night, Pulchra? We have a couch downstairs."**

The shorter member of Phaethon had posed this question because Pulchra had gone to all of the trouble of driving her back to New Eridu City after the party had concluded. It was already late in the evening, and by the time the Thiren drove back it probably would have been well past midnight. It was a polite thing to do. **"Sure, if your bro doesn't mind?"** Evidently, Pulchra hadn't wanted to make that drive either.

As it turned out, Wise had chosen to stay overnight at the base the Cunning Hares used. Apparently, Nicole had some *big* idea that she wanted to pitch to him, and Belle could only imagine how *bad* of an idea

that it probably was. That left the two women alone in Random Play, and after watching a cheesy romance movie together? Belle had gone upstairs, leaving Pulchra to the couch in their office behind the counter. **“I wasn’t expecting her to be into romance flicks, honestly…”** Belle mused to herself after she returned from brushing her teeth.



She’d been *really* into it too! She presented herself as a career woman, but could it be that what Pulchra *really* wanted deep down was to settle down with someone she loved and start a family? It’d be very *gap moe* of her if that was the case! But that made the blue haired woman ponder something else. **“I wonder what Pulchra’s type is? Is she into men? Women? I wish I knew!”** Not because *she* was interested in the Thiren, she was more curious about what a woman like that might be into in the first place.

But her words had *resonated* with something in her room. While at Pulchra’s welcoming party, Burnice had given Belle a small, pink stone and had cryptically told her to hold onto it. It had been stuffed into the pocket of her shorts, which now rested in a laundry hamper since she’d changed into black pajama shorts and a matching graphic tee. The lights in her room were still on, making it difficult for her to notice its glow. So, from her perspective? She just felt a little *warm* all of a sudden.

“That’s... weird.” The woman’s mind immediately wandered to the possibility that she had come down with something. The thermostat in Random Play was typically pretty effective, so there were seldom moments where she felt too hot or too cold. **“I feel kind of— Urp!?”** *Bloated*. Her stomach felt overly full for a second, adding to her theory that maybe she had come down with something. **“Was it something I ate, maybe?”**

Could ‘something she ate’ cause her clothing to feel so tight all of a sudden? Especially around her— **“HUH!?”** Belle cried out in an almost cartoonish way once one of her hands reached down to try and fix her shirt, which had been riding up on her tummy for *some reason*. Her cry came courtesy of the reason itself. Her stomach had *bulged*. She had a cute little belly that extended several inches over her pelvis. **“How did I put on so much weight all of a sudden!?”**

It wasn’t *just* her belly, either. Her shorts tightened around a butt and thighs that bloated with new mass, forcing the shorts to dig into the crack nestled in between swollen cheeks. This growth seemed to prompt

a widening of her hips, though it was technically an unrelated change. Her whole figure was simply *thickening* overall. “**H-Hey!?**”

The short sleeves of her top tore right off because her shoulders widened too, though not quite to the same extent. Her hips must have jutted out almost *eight* inches overall. A growth that split her pajama shorts at the sides, and was actually a *necessity* to accommodate just how much fatter her ass, and by extension her thighs, were becoming. In fact, those shorts split in the *back*, too! “*O-Oh dear!*”

Oh dear? Was she an old-fashioned housewife?

“**B-But *why* is this *happening*?**” Belle’s question was littered with cracks in her voice that temporarily flickered down to a softer tone before rising back to the high pitch she had possessed previously. It was hard for her to even *keep track*! Her ass was huge, her tummy was chubby, and she’d widened *a lot*. Her hands were fondling fat with confusion here and there, but they eventually gravitated *upwards*. To her chest.

Her graphic tee had already lost its sleeves and was hoisted up to show off her soft, bulging tummy. Unfortunately, though, the damage done to it wasn’t finished just yet. Because her once modest C-cup bosom *exploded* with fat of its own! The neckline of this top was torn down to the *base* of the shirt, allowing two *G-cup* tits to bounce free with a mass that was clearly influenced by her chubbier figure in part. She shrugged what remained of the shirt off, and even clumsily pulled off her shorts.

At first? Her movements all felt so *weird*. The rolls of her tummy bunched up when she leaned forward, and things *jiggled* with even the slightest of movements. Belle actually looked kind of ridiculous once naked, because it was clear she was *too short* for how *thicc* she had become. Close to a shortstack, but maybe not short enough. “**N-Now *what...?***” But her transformation was unrelenting. Her voice had softened permanently now, too!

While her transformation thus far had been plagued by jiggling and thickening, it now pivoted to the sensation of *stretching*. “**Am I *getting taller*?**” The woman zeroed in on the truth immediately. It was her bones stretching, lifting her spine and extending her limbs so that her 5’3” height shot up to 5’8”. This additional five inches of height came with another side effect that you could observe in her face. She looked *older*. No longer in her twenties, her aged facial features made her look like she was in her *thirties*, probably closer to forty than not.

“**So tall... But is that a problem?**” It *was*, right? She couldn’t *remember* why it had been bothering her so much, though. That wasn’t

even factoring in her weight and figure gain, which Belle didn't even realize she'd subconsciously accepted as 'reality' at some point. As the transformation wore on, she was being rewired to accept it. Which was probably why she didn't react much at all to the weight of her hair growing heftier, as her neat, chin-length bob spilled *well* out behind her, reaching past the thicker chicks of her heart shaped ass.

It was more than just the length that changed, mind you. It became much wavier, with her bangs swept across her left eye so that she couldn't even see past them – nor could anyone see it to note that *both* of her eyes had lightened from green to a pale blue. The blue of her *hair* was doomed, on the other hands. From her tips to her roots, a pastel pink ran right through *all* of her hair.

“Is it hot in here or is it just me? Must I adjust the thermostat?” The woman looked around her bedroom, it not even occurring to her that her surroundings were... different. Furniture had been rearranged or replaced, and pink paint was all the more present everywhere. And that included on her *own body*. Belle may have become an older, thicker woman, but that wasn't *actually* where her transformation concluded.

Her body was growing *softer*. Not with even *more* weight, at least not born from fat. Instead? Patches of *fur* began to sprout all over her body, all eventually intertwining so that her entire body was covered. This would *naturally* explain her body temperature rising. This fur was *largely* the same shade of pink as her hair, but it wasn't *all* that color. From beneath her nose, across her breasts and belly, and into her inner thighs was as snow white, with a thicker tuft of fur sprouting around her collar bone. Everything else was pink.

Though, Belle's face was suffering from just a *little* more than become furrier. **“Gack!?”** Her jaw popped uncomfortably and confusingly to her, because the woman could no longer tell that she was transforming. Nonetheless, this happened because her face was being pulled *forward* into the shape of a snout. The teeth in her mouth all sharpened, and her tongue lengthened to sit more comfortably between the triangular arrangement of these teeth. Her nose *compressed*, but it cooled and became slightly wet as the scents of the room became much keener to her.

As did the *sounds*. She could hear the air conditioner running much more acutely, wholly unaware that it was because her ears had moved up the sides of her head and had stretched into a pair of furry, white-tipped animal ears that finally gave a clue about *which* animal she was beginning to resemble. Those were the ears of a *fox*! And the fluffy *tail* of one jutted out from the base of her spine just moments later.

“Oh! Was I getting changed?” The fox Thiren remarked once new memories had replaced the old entirely. She moved over to a white dresser and opened the drawer so that she could fish inside the lingerie drawer. *While* she did so? The final adjustments were made. Her furred fingers *thickened*, and her pinkies merged into the fingers beside them so that she only had four digits per hand. But each of those four fingers *did* gain a sharpened claw instead of a fingernail. A similar trend had affected her feet, though they grew *twice* as big as they had been. Whether it was her hands or her feet, soft toe beans protruded from their undersides.

Soft of fur and thick of belly, the older fox Thiren woman took a moment to put on and readjust the fit of the black lingerie that she had fished out of her dresser. On a scale of ‘how much like an animal a Thiren was’, she leaned more towards Pulchra on the scale than someone like Miyabi or Ellen Joe. She was just as much a pink fox as she was a person. And alas, *Bailey* had no reason to question that she had always been one. The very fabric of reality itself had been altered.



Bailey was the sole owner of Random Play, and as such the aesthetic of her bedroom had changed. Pastel pinks and floral pillows were suggestive of the idea that she lived alone, but she *wasn't* single. In fact, her fiancée was downstairs, waiting on the couch. **“I hope I didn't make Pulchra wait too long...”** She was a woman in her thirties, so she wasn't exactly a stranger to romance. The sexy lingerie she was wearing hadn't been chosen coincidentally.

Nor was it a mistake that she grabbed a double-sided dildo from her nightstand table before leaving the room. It would have been much more comfortable to do it in the bed as opposed to on the couch, and they'd probably end up there eventually, but she'd wanted to surprise her partner. That was why she'd asked her partner to wait downstairs while she freshened up. **“Am I putting on too much weight?”** Bailey poked at her chubby belly with a clawed finger as she crept down the stairs. But Pulchra said she like ‘a little cushion for the pushing’...

“I wonder how much I could lose if we fucked every night?”

Evidently, Pulchra's type was older, soft-spoken women who were actually insatiable freaks in the bedroom!