

Glamping Aftermath

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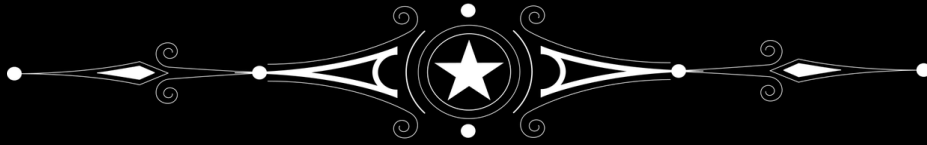
Commission for Kayllik

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Post-TF inanimate

Read at your own discretion.



Influencers must not get paid a lot if four of those upstarts can't afford a transmission tune up once in a while. Then again, the RV in general was a purebred piece of crap. It drove like a raging bull with an interior messy enough to make rats vomit. Maybe that shouldn't be so surprising from good for nothing city folks. Most don't know how to cook anything without a microwave, much less the basics of maintenance. Odds were good they might have even stolen it.

Then again, who was Damien to fault them for that when he was technically stealing it too. Does stealing from con artists still count as a crime?

A stray rock in the road sent the big bear man shaking out of his thoughts and almost out of the driver's seats. Damn vehicle clearly wasn't meant for some mild off-road travel either. That seemed a little counter-intuitive for a camper. Leave it to flimsy internet leeches that consider 'the great outdoors' equals paved level dirt road and pre-built camping grounds. No wonder they prefer to crash hotels and expect to be pampered.

Another large bump in the desert road sent plates clattering out of cupboards and the sink. Their breaking added a nice accompaniment to Damien's cursing as he tried to keep his ass on the tight seat.

The only one that appreciated such wild turbulence less than the older bear was the thong wound tightly around his waist. Tim was still trying to process the last three hours, in which he'd gone from expecting a pleasant weekend with friends to somehow being mashed into a little chunk of spandex by Damien's bare hands.

Heh. A bear's bare hands.

The former tiger must be going insane if he had to resort to laughing at his own puns for clarity. If spandex were capable of laughing, anyway. It didn't help that every bounce, and shift of the bears hips grinded his face between the man's fuzzy crack.

Assuming that part of the thong was his face? The absolute sensory overload was part of the problem his mind had trying to gain a handle on his predicament. It was like every last fiber of his existence was a receptor. thanks to the fact this burly cowboy had a thing for chaps, he could see everything; the inside of Damien's butt, the seat cushion it was sitting on, the bears cock and sack, and the undercarriage of the steering wheel.

Unfortunately, that also meant he could hear and smell everything too.

"Hupp! Incoming down there!" Damien lifted his right leg and a second later let a loud fart rip through the empty RV. Helping himself to several beers and a good amount of barbeque on Tim and his friends debit cards had left him cutting one out every so often to the detriment of his entire outfit.

I'm starting to know how that cruise ship in New York we trashed must have felt.

Tim gave the mental equivalent of a sigh while listening to the bear chortle. The fact his current form left him with no actual organs to get sick with kinda forced him to take Damien's raunchy treatment in stride.

If I ever make it home again, I think I'm going to start a channel on good hygiene and clothes maintenance.

Whatever works for you. I might just get a regular job or something.

Tim would have been blinking if he could. It wasn't so much a voice he was hearing as it was a feeling being picked up nearby. Yet, it felt really familiar to not recognize immediately.

Alice!? Oh shit. He got you too, huh?

Pretty sure the jackass got all of us. The leather jacket patterned like green crocodile scale oozed unbridled rage with every word it 'spoke' to Tim. Apparently being transformed into clothing made someone empathic. *I mean, at least I'm a bit stylish like this, but fucks sake! It wouldn't kill this guy to take a bath once in a while.*

You're free to come down here and smell his starfish if you want a change of scenery.

No thanks. I'm fine watching him wreck your RV.

Yeah. Dad is going to kill me for this.

A third presence pipped up, this time from the bears chaps. *Nice to know that's your biggest priority in this madness.*

Oh. Hey, Hank! Was wondering why this leather looked so familiar. Why haven't you guys said anything sooner?

Like we had any idea we can communicate worth a shit? Alice made the mental equivalent of a dry laugh. *I'm still trying to comprehend this bastard is fucking wearing us.*

A hard swerve nearly put the RV on two wheels and suddenly they must have been back on an actual road again. Most of the bumping threats to the suspension seemed to have stopped anyway. Tim was grateful to have the bear's ass stop bouncing against the seat.

The thong focused his thoughts towards his former gator friend. *Can you see where he's taking us, Alice?*

Looks like we're heading into one of those backwater towns. You know those dumb places with maybe one gas station, a few shops and nothing but dirt-cheap homes for old mummies to retire in?

A boomer complex? Wow. That explains a lot. Hank snorted, which barely came out as a visible ruffling of pant legs. *No one hates modern trends that passionately without a regressive mindset.*

You realize he's probably the only thing that might change us back, right?

The fourth presence answered a question that'd been bugging Tim since discovering the fate of his fellow social media giants. *Beth? Hey girl! Where'd you end up?*

On his head. A once petit mouse girl filled the other living clothes with thoughts of pure defeat. Like even she couldn't believe the facts she had to share. *Four years of building my brand on TikTok and I get made into a stupid hat by a country bumpkin. This is the worst!*

At least you got to be something stylish! Alice snapped back. *He had so much of me to work with and only made a jacket.*

Tim couldn't help but chuckle, though stopped when it felt like that caused him to rub against Damien's balls. Not that it got any complaints from their bear captor. *Yeah. An ass that fat should have been worth a full formal suit.*

You really got to go there right now?

Well, your mom has always been pushing you to lose weight. Fashion models can only dream about how fast you dropped a few tons.

A booming force from Hank rocked everyone's mental state. It left Tim and Alice feeling like they'd just got slapped upside their muzzles. *Knock it off, kids! How does fighting with each other help at all?*

Tim intentionally waited a few seconds before answering. *We don't have anything better to do.*

The utter shock and bewilderment that radiated from Damien's pants would have been hysterical, were Tim not also stuck as a thong. Still, the ex-tiger took what catharsis he could in the way everyone clamed up for a while.

Being made objects might have also warped their concept of time, by his guess. Damien hit the brakes so hard that everyone could hear a bunch of their stuff being lurched about the camper. Odds were good a lot of their filming and sabotaging equipment were now broken.

What happened?! Hank's jittery vibes seemed to imply he'd just been jolted out of a nap. Where'd he take us, Beth?

Looks like some kind of car garage. At least I get to pretend I'm tall up here.

I'm so happy for you.

Damien scratched his belly, letting loose another fart before opening up the driver side door. Everyone was immediately hit with a fresh blast of blazing hot dessert air while he climbed out. A heavy contrast to how much he'd been abusing the campers air conditioning. As the bear stretched out, he reached a thick clawed index finger around to fish some of Tim out of the pinch in his butt crack.

Oh god! I think his taint is all over me!

Really appreciating the play by play up here. Alice grumbled.

Beth's hesitant emotions stopped another quarrel from breaking out. *Uh. Guys? What is he going to do here?*

Being in the open allowed the entire outfit of transformed furs to confirm Beth's earlier assessment. Damien took his sweet time strolling through what seemed like a mix between an auto workshop and a junk yard. Cars from across decades were lined up in lots looking to be in wildly varying degrees of conditions. The pants that were once Hank was sure he even spotted a perfect looking limo. That didn't give him a lot of hope for their situation.

As the bear got close to one of a few shack garages littering the expansive yard, Beth could see a porcupine come out to greet them. Hands slapped together in a hard handshake of flexing biceps, with Damien pulling them in for a brief hug. Given their size difference, he might have been able to lift this mechanic off the ground.

"Welcome back, you fat bastard," the porcupine said in a squealing pitch. "That was a short outing. I take it by your incredibly poor choice of attire it was a good catch?"

Lightbulbs were going off in several of the aforementioned clothing's non-existent heads. Their combined auras could have given off enough raw anger vibes to make a psychic's head explode.

But Damien let out a deep chortle as he tipped the hat that was Beth resting on his skull. "You better believe it. A whole group of those internet brats thought they could just waltz on in and vandalize the new glamping spot that opened over the hills west of here. They certainly won't be using this RV I brought anymore."

That scruffy bastard is running a profit off us!? Alice's seething growls could be heard without the need for a mouth. Her friends had grown used to that tone after all these years. If I get back to normal I'ma eat him whole!

I'm actually a bit jealous we didn't think of this scam. Beth had meant to grumble it as idle musing, but accidently projected the thought outwards.

Hank could only sigh while trying his best to ignore the dust getting kicked up into the lower parts of his pant legs. It was experiencing all the discomfort of having dirt flung into your face without having any actual features to react. *My dad is going to kill me for losing our ride, so I'm boned no matter what happens now.*

"Ah. I see." The porcupine stepped around Damien for a better look at the camper. "She doesn't look too bad either. Got any good stuff inside?"

Damien shrugged while the pair walked back over to it. "You tell me. City bums like them probably bought thousands in pointless recording equipment. I already raided their fridge of any good snacks."

Tim gave a mental wince, mostly from how Damien kept trying to tug and stretch him around his sizable groin. *That was my Baja Blast.*

No one cares about your soda, Tim! Alice barked back.

"Of course you'd snack on everything," the porcupine said. With a hop, they entered the RV's cabin door and vanished inside for a few seconds. None of the four clothes said much to each other, silently praying the occasional clatter and banging sound wasn't their stuff getting mishandled. They couldn't tell if seconds or minutes passed before the short man popped his spikey quills back outside. "So, was this place a mess before or after you 'borrowed' it from your latest friends?"

Damien smirked, waving his paws in the air in his impersonation of a weighing scale. "A little of column A and B, I must say. This thing drives like shit, but it still works."

"Maybe you should learn what roads are, you dingus!" They both shared a chuckle. The porcupine scanned over the RV's frame in thought. "I'll give you three thousand for the whole thing."

That took the cheer right out of the bears expression. "Get serious. This thing is at least a fiver."

"Maybe if you actually took care of stuff. I'm not paying for things you intentionally break on the way over. And it'll take me a while to go through and check if the TV even works."

I'm paying off an eighty grand loan for this thing. Hank lamented as if the pair cared for his existence at the moment.

"Fine. Three thousand it is. I just wanna get home."

I'm really starting to dislike this guy.

Shut up, Hank, grumbled Tim.

Damien shook hands with the lot owner and the pair made their way back to his garage. All four of the agents on the bear's person were a bit surprised someone had

three thousand in cash out in nowhere Nevada. Alice might have also been a bit suspicious.

“Keys are in the ignition,” Damien added with a parting tip of his Beth hat.

“Safe walk home, now.”

Damien kicked up a merry tune walking his way down the road full of dirt and little else. A lot of the town was divided up by swaths of empty land between fairly large houses. Sometimes there were cows or horses to justify the meager farmlands.

Alice and Beth would have loved to have known how they could smell all the literal shit everywhere without noses. Perhaps even better than when they were furies.

“And home sweet home, kiddies!” Damien announced as his dirty pawed feet thunked up a couple steps into a mobile home. It was one of several lined up in a grid as some kind of makeshift neighborhood. Beth sure couldn't see anything special about it.

I guess it's true. All psychopaths look normal in everyday life.

Really helping the mood, Beth.

You're welcome, Tim.

No one was really sure what to expect. The inside wasn't too different from when Alice visited Hank's parents two months ago. It had the typical couch, lounge chairs, and an impressively large TV. All rather clean aside from a small pyramid of empty beer cans on the coffee table.

For some reason I was expecting a lot more clothes laying around. Ted's musing reached the others.

Thanks, Hank huffed while Damien squeezed their way between an eating table and the fridge. Now I'm even more worried about what's in store for us.

What? Why?

The conversation was momentarily interrupted by Damien downing a few quick glugs from a fresh bottle of beer.

Beth decided to answer while their bear captor lumbered into a bedroom that felt a bit small for his large frame. It took a bit of side shuffling just to get around the bed towards a bathroom. *Where do you dumbasses think the other people he fucks with end up when he's done? Whoah!*

Damien took a moment to pluck his new hat off, tossing it onto the bed in a way that sent Beth spinning. She didn't think it was possible to become dizzy with a three-sixty vision. At least the blankets made for a soft landing.

Oh. A new 'voice' piped in, almost feeling tired in the ex-mouse's mind. *So, Mr. Cowboy got some more victims lately? Welcome to my home.*

Hah! I figured! Alice said while she got shed off the bears back. Hank and Tim were quickly stripped as well.

So, who are you? Beth glanced her focus around the room and found no apparent spare garments in sight. *What are you?*

Up here on the nightstand.

It took a second to piece it together. Most of the room was filled with anime-themed trinkets and assorted stuffed plushies. A far cry from the whole cowboy thing Damien was going for. That was what really made the shining purple dildo in the forefront stand out to the hat.

Name's Greg, if it matters. But yeah, the bastard caught me last week and has been squatting in my trailer ever since.

Even Alice radiated an uncommon amount of sympathy as she got gathered up in the bears arms with her three friends. *Geez! You really got a bad end deal. Didn't ya?*

If that's a pun, then fuck you! Greg laughed, probably trying to find humor in their situation. *Although, I can't complain. I did kind of trick my grandparents into signing the lease over to me. Not sure how this dick found out about my early retirement.*

Wow. That is a pretty shitty move, dude. Tim grumbled.

Hey. You probably wouldn't be here without a good reason, either. He seems to have a hard on for going after Karen's from the big city.

No shit, sherlock!? The malice had returned to Alice's aura. She just couldn't launch into a full tirade when the scene started changing. *Now what's he doing?*

Oh no. Everyone could tell Hank was mentally gulping. *Guys? I think he's heading right for a washing...*

The world spun out of control, promptly going dark as the four articles of clothing fell into a short hole. Tim could barely make out from the dim light shining from above that they had landed into a metal bucket full of grated holes. Damien's hand could be visible reaching over, turning a knob with several loud clicks. Less than a second later water began pouring down on all of them.

"Enjoy your free jacuzzi time, city brats." The bear gave out a loud chuckle before slamming a cover down with a metallic slam.

Beth's heart would have been racing if a hat could have one. *Are we inside a...*

We're in a clothes washer. Yes. Hank said with such absolute defeat Tim couldn't find a point in responding.

Alice, on the other hand, needed a miracle in order to be shut up. *What are you dorks worried about? We don't even breathe right now.*

Oh, thanks! That makes this so much better. Beth put so much panic into her projecting the others regretted not having hands to cover their ears and block it out. Water poured in an endless torrent, soaking all of them through with hot suds.

What's worth panicking about at this point? It's not like things can get any worse.

The machine reached its filling point a moment later, turning the washing process on with a loud clunking noise. Everything began rocking around in an endless spiral, sending the submerged clothes in a tumble. Their speech became a jumble of cries and curses. Alice felt a surge of pain when her jacket arms became entangled with hanks pant legs. Tim rubbed hard against the gator's leather material before getting caught in Beth's cavity.

Had they still been people this would have been the most awkward orgy of their lives. Instead, it was more like being stuck in space with no sense of up or down, much less any idea how long this nightmare planned to last.

Back in the bedroom, Damien happily flopped over the bed choosing to remain nude. It's not like any eyes watching were in a state to judge him. There wasn't much in the way of cable or internet out in this nowhere town, so he rummaged through a stash of DVDs in a cupboard next to the bed.

"Your taste in entertainment sucks, Greg," he grumbled at the dildo above the pillows. With a bit more searching, the bear settled on a book about dragons and laid back against the pillows. "Still, this was fun. Thanks for letting me crash here a bit. I think I'll head over to California, see what spoiled city folk I can crash on next. Should I drop that group of losers in your washer somewhere nice along the way?"

Silence was the only response filling the room, though Damien imagined there were a lot of impolite things going through the undeserving homeowner's mind.

"Yeah. You might be right. Let's see how we feel about it when we take off in the morning."

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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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