

Puffy Taffy

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Commission for AfterSharkStash

By

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The following contains: Zapdos species TF, pool toy TF, macro expansion

Read at your own discretion.



“Hey, Aren! I-good lord! What in the name of marshmallow pillows happened to you!?”

When Alicia walked into her friend's alchemy shop, the last thing she expected to be greeted by was an ass big enough to crowd a loveseat. The arcanine it belonged to had been busy searching through alchemical products on some of the store's lower shelves, unwittingly presenting his tight spandex thong for any old customer that came in. What gave her the inclination it was still Aren was how this ginormous fire type still sported a flygon's wings and antenna. Their tail was also still massively thick with meaty muscles like a dragon, despite being coated in fluffy cream fur.

“Oh. Hey Alicia.” Aren straightened up, having to dig the thong out of his butt cheeks before waddling over to give his friend a hug. “I got some new supplies from a witch's shop and she snuck me some magic bubblegum. Three guesses what it did to me.”

Alicia couldn't hold back giggles while she took the opportunity to squeeze Aren's plentiful love handles. Neither of them were strangers to transformations, giving the former umbreon-flygon hybrid made plenty of potions. It was just rare to see him become something so wide before. The canine was her own pear-shaped form of hefty giantess and could tell up close that Aren was slightly bigger in every way.

Although that probably explained Aren's choice of only wearing a thong and tank top that didn't hope to cover his belly pouch. While his ass easily doubled the size of his remaining body combined, he was still pretty chunky around the thighs and waist. The double chin that practically hid his neck made his canine snout look adorably tiny. Alicia felt odd at being jealous she could still fit her thick butt through a doorway.

“Aw, you look fantastic!” she said once Aren began pawing at her to end their embrace. She still snuck a swift smack on the hip that sent her friend's fluffy new rear jiggling. “Did she give you any extra gum? Packing a whole bakery like that looks fun.”

Aren rolled his eyes but still jerked a thumb over towards his shop's main counter. A case sat open with several vials of ingredients inside, and several little bits wrapped in colorful paper set in a pile beside it. “I can't even fit into the lab room with this much junk, so I'm looking for the antidotes. But hey! Help yourself.”

“Thanks babe!” Alicia skipped past, playfully bumping her own bodacious hips against his on the way over. Picking through the pile found little in the way of bubblegum. There were certainly plenty of other interesting looking nuggets that sported that homemade feel to them. Just their smell alone was enough to get her muzzle

drooling. Eventually, she settled on a bright yellow piece with a sweet fruity smell that got her tail wagging. "Oh wow! Handmade taffy is the best!"

"Uh huh," Aren said dismissively, having gone back to rummaging through another shelf of various reagents. "Just get clear if you start puffing out. Your butt is big enough without it wrecking the shop."

"Oh, ha ha!" Alicia shot him a raspberry before popping the sweet down her maw. The loud moan of pleasure she gave moments later was probably a sign its flavor met her expectations. "This is delicious. You've got to give me that witch's number. I could...Ooh!"

Being a food created by magic, Alicia expected it to take effect fast, but was still caught off guard to get hit immediately upon swallowing. It was like a small bomb landed in her stomach, punching from the inside so hard it made her button pop.

She arched an eyebrow, lifting up her shirt to inspect the weird nub that'd grown out of her belly. One finger brushed over the blurry lump of plastic finding it firmly attached to her skin, complete with a stopper blocking its top. Upon contact Alicia barked at a chilling ripple effect that cascaded out across her belly. Before her eyes the hundreds of soft hairs that made her fur folded and smoothed out, covering in its place a shimmering smooth surface of yellow gloss.

"Oh gosh! This is awesome," she said, grabbing the glossy new material spilling across her gut like running ink. The material elicited a loud squeaking noise as her fingers traced over it. That familiar noise was all she needed to confirm what was going on. "I haven't been made a pool toy in ages. Now I really need to meet this candy maker."

"Hmm?" Aren glanced back for a moment to process his corpulent friend busily groping at her ample middle. Alicia's stomach already looked like an inflated yellow ball and the magic was eagerly working to coat the rest of her torso. "Good to know there's a lot of variety in that stash. Don't tell me you're going to squeak all day now."

"You can't tell me what to do. EEK!"

POP!

The fur to latex conversion poured over Alicia's hips in a waterfall rush. Their fluffy canine tail gave one hard reflexive wag before fwoomping into a massive fan of spiky tail feathers. At least that's what they looked like as their structure was mostly a shiny, puffed-up mass.

POP!

Changes only continued to trickle down her legs, throwing her off balance when her left paw suddenly popped into a three-toed bird's foot. There was just enough time given for her to rebalance before...

POP!

"Gaah!" Alicia grappled with a shelf of odd trinkets Aren had for sale when her right paw converted to an avian configuration. She couldn't stop giggling as she flexed the new feet, making their shiny surface squeak with every motion. "Way cool. I'm becoming a za...oohs!"

Aren couldn't help becoming fixated on his friend's transformation as well by this point. He watched with Alicia as she helped up both her arms. The yellow was climbing rapidly along their length, making them pulse with a mounting pressure until she instinctively balled up her hands into fists.

POP!

"ZAP!" she cried, both arms flinging to her sides in their near-instant explosion into shining balloon wings. The resulting impact against the shelf sent much of Aren's merchandise clattering to the floor, but Aren saved a scolding for later since they were just for decor purposes. Alicia was a bit too busy in her joy to probably pay attention to it anyway. She had busied herself flapping her squeaky wing-arms in little tests of durability.

Although it wasn't long for the final bit of yellow to start ascending her thick neck. An odd mix of bark and squeak escaped Alicia before it began to distort. Aren could only describe it as an invisible hand had grabbed her nose and was stretching it like taffy. She shook her head violently, but it only pulled her muzzle out further, flattening her head in the process. Her large pointed ears had vanished in the attempt while the fluffy cream of hair spiked into an interesting mohawk of the pseudo-feather pattern of her tail.

POP!

"ZAP...dos!?" Alicia gasped, going cross eyed in wonder at her mouth inflating into an orange bird's beak. Clumsy wing arms rubbed at its incredibly pointed length while she clicked it a few times. Like everything else, of course, it only squeaked with the rubbing of latex when she talked. "Dang! That was a rush. How do I look?"

"Like a big bird balloon?" Aren wasn't sure what else to say. Species and matter transformation aside, his friend still had the same heavyset build she always spotted. Except now she squeaked a heck of a lot more.

If Alicia was disappointed by his response, she didn't get a chance to express. Both pokemorphs had their attention drawn to a steady hissing noise running through the shop. The sight of the new Zapdos screwing her beak while rubbing wings against her glossy belly told Aren where it might be coming from.

"DOS!?" her startled squawk became matched by a loud groan of stretching rubber. Slowly, but steadily, the chubby Zapdos found her body getting bigger. Height increased by inches at a time, forcing an increasing gap between her shirt and waistband. Shining bird feet constantly shifted for an increasingly wider stance. Their

blunt hollow talons clenched at the floor too soft to gain any grip. "I didn't know it had other effects. That's some strong alchemy."

"Well, I didn't get a huge ass off the fast food this afternoon," Aren muttered with a roll of his eyes. Joking sarcasm gave way to concern when he realized his friend's growth was picking up speed the bigger she got. He had to tilt his chubby snout up as Alicia surpassed twelve feet with no signs of stopping. Shiny balloon hips squeaked while they squished around his various displays. "I don't suppose you could take this outside?"

Unfortunately, Alicia was having too much fun feeling up her altered body to get the polite hint. Wings alternated groping the exposed yellow of her middle and the ever widening of her curves. There was a loud snap when the zipper of her pants broke. Although that was nothing compared to the seat rending straight down the middle of her ginormous behind. Glutes the size of a van rushed out in surprisingly stretchy panties, knocking over two shelves of merchandise in the process. Before she could even chirp an apology, her head smacked into the ceiling, knocking the twenty-four-foot Zapdos off her feet. The flexing caused both shirt and what remained of her pants to explode off her inflating form from the stress.

"Ah crap!" Aren barked before getting plowed over by one of Alicia's rubber bird feet. He had no hope of getting up as the larger extremity rolled over his fluffy fat, pinning him with a shin the size of a bus.

It was just as well. At least getting smothered by a bird leg prevented him from seeing all the damage Alicia was doing to his shop. The humongous Zapdos couldn't stop giggling over all the crashes her expanding body was making. She leaned forward as much as she could manage, wedging her beak between two very buoyant breasts trying to save some space. It did little good when her back continued to push the ceiling drywall out of place. By the time the internal hissing slowed to a stop she filled Aren's place wall to wall looking ready to take part in a parade.

"Uh, sorry," she said sheepishly. The grin on her beak seemed almost etched on despite remorse for the mess her change had caused. Alicia tried shifting in the cramped building space, but it still took some effort to get her thick leg off Aren. "You alright down there?"

Aren's response was a dazed groan as he chose to remain laying on the shop floor a little bit longer. Any hope for an antidote was probably smashed now, so he just hoped Alicia might deflate sometime soon. All the customers are going to be able to see for now is a lot of shiny yellow latex smashed up against his front windows.

Puffy Taffy

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Afterward

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