

# *Glamping Influence*

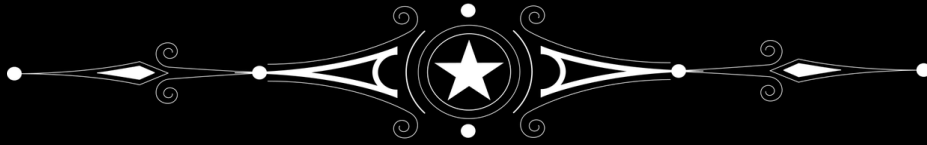
Commission for Kayllik

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Anthros into various clothing inanimate TF

Read at your own discretion.



The camera was shaking so much it threatened to make Alice car sick. Between mindless blurs there were a few decent shots of a very unflattering hotel room. More specifically there was a focus on the bed's dirty sheets, a smear in the third story window, and God knows what kind of mess in the bathroom.

"As you can see, this place is pretty messed up for a three star rating. They got dirt everywhere. Pretty sure these are pizza stains on the curtains. We probably shouldn't think about what got left in the minifridge." Another motion blur brought the camera into a mug shot of a young male colt. Getting their big snout in a goofy position to emphasize his disapproving scowl was clearly intentional. "Not to mention staff was fairly lackluster in restocking. I'd have a hard time recommending this place if you plan on getting through Vegas germ free. At least the breakfast bar was nice. Anyway, I need to check out for now. Don't forget to like and subscribe. And I will see you on my next stop in Texas."

The video ended with some annoying shoe ad, leaving Alice giggling. Glancing over the numbers saw it at fifty thousand likes compared to three thousand thumbs down. Below those were the usual strings of comments from randos. Some got ridiculous in their fake outrage over the hotel review. Others kept calling the channel owner for his usual scam tactics. Both were always more entertaining to read than a comic book.

Eventually the portly crocodile got bored and swiped for a bit of checking on her own vlogs for any recent feedback. A hard thing to do when the couch she was filling rocked worse than a clothes dryer.

"Sheesh, Hank! What the hell did you use to make the bathroom look covered in literal shit?" Alice fished out some gummies from her bouncing bag on the table, tossing them into her lengthy reptilian snout. "That's some professional level of effects for a one nighter."

The same horse she'd just watched thirty seconds ago glanced over from his shotgun seat in the cab. Large flat teeth showed in his smug grin. "A real magician never reveals his secrets. Sorry, Alice."

"So you used your actual shit?" asked a white mouse girl sprawled across the bed in the vehicle's back section, her pointed nose pressed into an ebook tablet. "Don't get me wrong, I admire that level of dedication while cutting costs. Nothing sets a stage like your own brand."

“You can both go to hell.” Hank’s wide nostrils flared with his pout. “I got most of the room refunded and a free sushi dinner out of that stay. Didn’t even have to tell them my subscriber count.”

“Yeah. They might have busted a gut laughing.” The mouse casually swiped to a new page letting the RV fill with sounds of Hank fuming and Alice laughing for a second. “We all know you got the lowest count out of us. Besides, you’ll never beat the time I got us all free body massages for faking rats in the hot tub.”

“Suck my giant equine cock, Beth!”

“Love to, but I worry you never bathed after that video.”

“So you agree my sabotages look more realistic than yours?”

“It doesn’t get more realistic than downing a gallon of prune juice and cutting loose, stud. You’re an inspiration to diarrhea everywhere.”

“I didn’t use real...”

“That’s enough kids!” The beefy tiger man that’d been driving their temporary home down this stretch of desert highway raised one striped hand in warning. “If you keep insisting on social media dick measuring, I will turn this car around and take us all home.”

“I got to agree with Tim on that,” Alice added, despite her giggling. “Ad revenue is still cash in our bank and Hanks numbers are just as good as any of ours. Another year of getting tricks down and Gordan Ramsey will wish he could stay in the crap hotels we’re inventing.”

Hank sunk into his seat, sputtering thick lips. “Yeah. If people would stop spamming us for being click bait and hate seekers.”

“Everyone makes bank off hate views,” Beth said in a deep sigh. “Why do you think Public News still exists?”

“Bah!” Tim checked the GPS on his dash before making a right towards a mountain range. “Worst we ever do is give a little extra work to housekeeping. They can earn those tips for a little finger wagging on the internet.”

Hank blinked at his feline friend. “Are we supposed to be tipping the housekeeping?”

“Fuck no! But I’m sure someone with cash to spare is.”

The men up front shared a laugh while Alice rolled her eyes, her thick green tail thumping against the couch’s arm rest. She didn’t feel like sharing that she can at least spare a fiver for people they humiliate on the job. Instead, a glance out the window at wide expanses of Nevada desert brought something else to mind. “So where are you taking us now? This is a bit out of nowhere for a casual BNB.”

Everyone could hear the smile on their tiger driver's face. "You guys are going to love this. Anyone ever gone Glamping?"

That finally got Beth sitting up on the bed. "Isn't that a thing that'll get us banned off Fidget streaming?"

"No. That was the other thing we almost..." Tim cleared his throat trying to hide the blush in his ears. "This is like camping, only it's fancy and...less dirty?"

Alice tilted her head. "What's that mean? Are you taking us to a hotel?"

"Huh? No! I mean, it's like a hotel but we're also camping."

Hank snorted. "It's not just us sleeping in your shit RV for a night, is it?"

"Hey! This thing is a classic. And no. Just...you guys will see when we get there."

"Not your best sale, big cat." Beth flopped back across the bed to resume reading.

The group's drive up into the mountains of the Midwest turned boring after that. Unable to get a decent visual answer from Tim, Alice flicked her music app on for a bit of distraction as well. Signs of civilization became less frequent the higher they got until the crocodile wasn't sure they were even driving on a paved road anymore.

"What the hell kind of place is this?" Hank's abrupt question nearly an hour later jolted both women from their quiet respites. "Is this some kind of village?"

Beth had rolled off the bed and darted past Alice before she'd removed her ear buds. Waddling behind the mouse, both female furs peered through the windshield just as confused as their equine friend. Coming off the road onto a flat plateau region of the mountains seemed to sprout a large collection of buildings. Three of the largest structures looked to be styled like old fashioned lumber cabins. The rest were bright white domes comparable to the RV they were currently in. As Tim pulled them into the parking lot, a closer look confirmed these were supposed to be tents.

"Looks more like a resort for rich assholes," Alice snorted, being first to make her way out of the trailer. Among the speckles of tents were plenty of elaborate amenities; a swimming pool, an artificial rafting river, tennis courts, four different open bars. Her eyes were most set on the log hut advertising an arcade and bowling. "So, messing this shit up is going to be very satisfying."

Hank nearly tripped on his own hooves scrambling from the cabin. "Scream that a little louder. I don't think the family vacationing over there heard you."

She rolled her eyes, flicking brown bangs out of her eyes. Now that he'd mentioned it, there were a number of groups wandering around. Cries of kids could be easily heard all along the river area. "Like anyone outside housekeeping is going to care."

"This is still weirder than the authentic Hobbiton holes Hank made us stay in for my birthday." Beth had found her shoes and managed to join the reptile's side. "Why build a place this elaborate out in the boonies like this?"

"That's so people can enjoy the thrill of camping in the old west without snake bites, cougar mauling's, and dehydration."

No one in the group had been aware of a fifth presence arriving until their deeper, gruff voice spoke up beside Beth. An act that sent the mouse crashing into Alice's soft belly. Both of their collective weight nearly bowled over Hank in an instinctive retreat.

"My apologies ladies and gentlemen." The speaker turned out to be a brown grizzly bear wearing tattered jeans and boots. His towering dense form surpassed a stallion like Hank by a good foot or two. Lack of a shirt helped show off ample amounts of muscle Alice was sure could lift her chunky frame. "I couldn't help overhearing your concerns. Glamping is a wonderful alternative to experiencing camping without totally abandoning life's comforts."

Tim finally got his striped butt out of the driver's seat with all the startled screaming going on. Everyone else was somewhat impressed at how he kept a level of composure in the bear's shadow. "Yes. Well, that's exactly why I brought my friends up here for a little surprise stay. Thank you for enlightening them, but we don't need a valet or help with our luggage. I'm sure there's trash cans or something that needs cleaning."

Alice bit her lower lip, eyes darting between the two staring each other down. It looked like she was the only one that noticed the air change after her feline friend's less than polite way of dismissing the grizzly. If anything, he seemed just as bewildered by Tim's response. Their black nose twitched a few times in pensive breaths before he cracked a toothy smile.

"Of course, sir!" The way he emphasized the title didn't strike Beth, Alice, or Hank well. "Y'all look perfectly fine at traveling by yourselves. But there are plenty of other comforts here besides just the outdoors. You look like the kind of tiger that would enjoy the massage parlor."

"Now we're talking!" An oblivious Tim clapped his paws together, tail wagging high. "I've been driving these nerds for five hours. A good rub down is just what the doctor ordered."

A cough from Beth reminded the tiger his aforementioned nerds were still there. "Maybe we should get situated in a room first? Or are they all tents?"

"Everyone is registered on the website. You guys can take care of it, since they got my card." Tim waved them off without so much as a backwards glance. "Lead the way, my good man."

"Call me Damien. Nice to meetcha."

“Of course we get stuck with all the grunt work.” Beth crossed her arms, whiskers shaking as she pouted. “Bastard was probably planning to flake on the spoils from the start.”

“I wouldn’t mind getting a massage later, actually,” Alice admitted.

“One thing at a time.” Hank stomped into the trailer. The sounds of scraping and heavy objects could soon be heard from within. “Let’s figure out how we’re going to convince the owners to give us this weekend for free before we start enjoying it.”

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Tim was practically bouncing in step behind the giant grizzly during their short walk to one of the smaller log buildings. They weren’t just talking massages. Upon walking inside his facial fur got an aggressive assault of blinding steamed air.

“No way! You guys have a sauna?”

“Mechanical and coal rooms, I imagine.” Damien never bothered to stop for the tiger, preferring to nudge past smaller patrons milling about their business in various degrees of undress.

Tim started to blush a little from all the ones strutting so casually naked between rooms. A small part of his mind tried to brush that off as still being fully clothed in a building that had to have been over a hundred degrees. He was getting so flustered that he almost plowed into Damien’s back when they’d stopped to pass him a bottled water. Another surprise in the fact it was ice cold to the touch.

“Hydration is important.” The grizzly chuckled as he watched Tim chug the whole thing down. “We are in a desert, after all. Massage room is back here.”

“Thanks.” Tim tossed the bottle before removing his shirt. Getting his stripes out in the humid air was akin to shrugging off a hundred pounds. All the damp fur still left him panting for breath when standing still.

To his relief, the massage parlor was fully ventilated. It took up a wide-open room in the back with plenty of stations for pedicures, facial therapy, and other forms of pampering Tim would love to learn about later. The tiger’s tail continued to wag in its waterlogged state. He was going to milk this place for every expensive convenience he could get away with.

“This room looks open.”

Damien’s voice directed him to one of many side rooms with opaque sliding glass doors. He was holding one open, gesturing with his other hand for Tim to come on inside.

“Now this is service,” the tiger purred. If he’d been paying attention to the way the grizzly smiled while he passed them, he might not have been so eager to enter a private space.

Instead, his emerald eyes remained fixated on the tables full of expansive tools and oils. His mind tried doing gymnastics on what he could stage for when his masseuse got here. The thought of faking an injury to blame on them after the session got shot down quick. No resort this expensive would skimp on security cameras. Maybe some of the local plant life could cause enough irritation for him to claim she gave too hard of a rub down.

The door gave a loud click when it closed and locked behind Tim. He turned at once only for ears and tail to drop. Damien not only remained sealed in the room with him, but was also in the process of removing his shirt and pants.

“Um, what are you doing!”

“It’s still a bit hot in this section, and I’d rather be comfortable when I work.” The bear explained all this like it was an obvious answer. Looming over the tiger in just his tighty whities almost invoked fear in the tiger, although their crotch bulge was even more impressive than Hanks. “You should get those pants off and hop on the table so we can get started.”

“Yeah, I, uh, n-no offense...” Tim didn’t realize he’d been trying to back away until his butt hit the massage table in question. “I was kinda hoping I could make an appointment with some of the younger, female, workers here. Getting squeezed up by a dude isn’t really something I...”

“Okay. We really need to move this along.”

Two strides were all Damien needed to reclose the distance between them. His massive hands pushed down on Tim’s shoulders, forcing the tiger into a fall across the massage table.

“The fuck is your prob-nyah!?” Tim was quick to try pushing back up, only for his resistance to be used as momentum to be flipped on his stomach.

“Our real problem is all this tension.” It was uncanny how easily Damien managed to pin Tim. No amount of squirmed could so much as budge those tree thick muscled arms of his back. The size difference between them wasn’t too steep, especially when the tiger enjoyed his fair share of workouts. “You internet sheep really need to learn how to relax more.”

“Get off me before I sue your...ooohhhh...”

A few good palm rubs around the shoulders was all it took for Damien to stop maintaining his hold. His hand worked in rapid squeezes, kneading down the length of Tim’s upper muscles down to his hips. Loud purring replaced the tiger’s angry grunts while he let himself melt into the bedding.

“H-holy fuck. You’re good at this.”

“Is not my day job, but I do know a few tricks. Allow me to indulge you with a few.” The hands glided along Tim’s stripes until they had a firm grip on his naked glutes.

“H-heh now! I’m not here for that kind of special treatment. Gah!”

Claws racked across the furry stripes on Tim’s hips. He could feel the entire aura of the room change, but in what way the bear’s firm hold prevented him from seeing. Pressure from Damien’s palms mounted against the feline’s butt, seeming hell bent on breaking his spine driving it against the bed.

“This probably isn’t going where you think it is, pretty kitty, but I pegged you as an easy target the second you all pulled in.” The bear leaned in to huff into Tim’s ear. “Though considering what you and your ilk had planned to do, I guess I’m doing this little resort a favor on the side.”

“Hnngh! G-gggnnhh! C-cut it out, you bastard!” Tim tried to move. The bear’s grip on his lower body was from a blind spot he couldn’t twist to lash at. Worse was how unresponsive his legs were getting. With every second of pushing the ursine leveled on his ass, his knees were taking more and more effort to bend. His hip joints refused to rotate into a kicking position no matter how hard he tried. If anything, it was a miracle his bones weren’t breaking as he felt himself sinking lower against the bed. “Y-you’ll pay f-for this! Don’t y-you know how many subscribers I-NYAH!”

Perhaps the tiger’s thoughts had come too soon. Damien flexed with all he was worth, building the pressure to unbearable levels. A second later, air escaped Tim in a hollow gasp as his brain was stunned by the sudden relief. The bear eased up and stepped aside, giving off unnerving chuckles at his handiwork.

It didn’t take Tim long to understand why he relaxed. The tiger had lost all feeling below his waist. He couldn’t so much as twist his tail no matter how hard he tried. With a bit of struggling on his still functioning arms, he worked up the nerves and turned enough to risk a glance back.

“W-what the fuck did you do to me!?” In hindsight, he would have almost preferred broken legs. The best way his half-horrified, half-intrigued, mind could process the sight was that his entire lower body had been pancaked. His rear and legs laid flat across the massage table looking more like a striped bedsheet. There were no signs of his tail or feet. Just one flat, squared fuzzy material.

“Finding a better use for you. Obviously.”

Tim’s heart sank when Damien moved to loom over him. Hands pressed into the tiger’s shoulders and began the squeeze all over again. Things started going numb at an even faster rate as he felt his torso begin flattening against the bed. Whatever had popped in his pelvis must have knocked the resistance right out of the rest of him.

“Y-you’re not with the staff. A-are you?” Tim’s voice lost power with every word until it sounded like empty air escaping his deflating head.



“Never said I was.” Damien gave one final push that rubbed out what definitions of the tiger’s facial features remained. His gleaming eyes admired the perfect square of white, orange, and black stripes blanketing the bed before picking it up from one end. “There! Now we can make you something a bit more worthwhile than a mug on the internet.”

The bear spread his thighs enough to pass the tiger sheet between them. Its four corners got lifted around until Damien had them wrapped against his muscular hips. From there it was a simple act of pulling them taut and letting the material snap back in an elastic effect. A process that caused the former tiger to reshape in an instant into tight spandex underpants. They were a perfectly snug pair that did nothing to hide the contours of the bear’s flaccid member either.

“Nothing beats a nice and fresh feeling. Eh, kid?” He dug two claws along the striped underwear’s back rim, digging slack out of his crack. “Wonder who I gotta tussle up for a decent pair of pants around here to go with ya.”

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“There is no way this is supposed to be a tent!” Beth trembled for joy stepping into the paper and wood dome that’d be the group’s accommodations. “This shit is bigger than my apartment.”

Hank grunted his agreement. “Tim sure picked a hell of a place. They even got a minibar.”

“Ah! Dibs!” the mouse practically shoved him onto one of the two queen sized beds in her dash over to the small counter space on the tent’s far side. It was clearly meant to be a novelty kind of kitchen with a single cup coffee maker and hot plate. Beth wasted no time pouring a beer into one of the provided dixie cups. “Damn. They got the imported crap too. I’m getting so wasted tonight!”

“Right. Good luck with that.” Alice rolled her eyes all the way around to her phone. “Tim isn’t answering my texts but he should be able to find out which tent is ours. I’m going to crash one of the bars. Maybe I can flirt with a guy or two for a free meal.”

“Shame you never show me those fat tits of yours,” Hank said, earning a raspberry from the croc gal.

“Grab me a danish or something too!” Beth toasted with an already half empty beer cup.

“I’ll bring you enough to grow your own bakery, Beth.” Alice waved on her way out. Her thick, scaly tail wagged extra hard as it passed out of sight.

Hank watched that massive ass in jeans waddle off before giving out a sigh. “Guess I better go grab some stuff from the camper. This isn’t going to be as fun if we

don't put on a good show for skipping the bill. Maybe you should take it easy on the room service until then?"

"Oh, we all know you're a wizard at creating hotel rooms from hell." Beth's ears drooped in her weakened speech. She'd already finished one can and was pouring out another beer. "Besides, being stuck in a car with you four for hours deserves a bit of tipsy fun."

"Well, if you get the urge to vomit go for the sofa. Those throw pillows look expensive."

"Aye aye cap'n!" The mouse gave a mock salute. She watched her horse friend depart and made her way over to a lounge chair in several unbalanced steps. "Holy shit. This really is the hard ale."

Beth amused herself trying to continue reading her e-book between chugging beers. Not even two pages passed before she picked up the sounds of heavy footsteps thumping across the wooden porch outside.

"Finally, back, Tim?" She didn't bother to look up as the steps came closer, following her voice. "If you want a drink better grab one now. I plan to get so wasted I trash this place."

No reply came, though the footsteps came to a stop directly behind her chair. It was only in the ensuing silence that Beth got a slight inkling in her neck fur. Just as she moved to turn around a massive bear hand clamped atop her scalp, holding the mouse in place and forced to stare straight ahead.

"Who the hell are you!? Let me g...gaaaah....haaagn!"

A buzz different from the normal booze overcame Beth's senses. Tension pushed against her skull from the inside in a way she'd never experienced before. No amount of thrashing could seem to dislodge her assailant's hold, but she could catch the oddest sight by trying to look up. Something about the mouse's scalp was shifting, becoming wider and detaching from the rest of her head. With this odd change came a relief on her brain's pressure, though it left her feeling light headed without the joy of inebriation.

"A-aah! Haah!" Beth grabbed at her large saucer ears in rising panic. They too were adjusting position against her will; bending in complete opposition to her muscles until they were stretched flat from either side of her face. Despite her best efforts to try holding them back, the pink lobes were spreading. They massed crept along just above her eyebrows and around the back of her skull to form a wide rim where her scalp had separated. S-stop this. What are you...please...don't...I...what did I do to deserve...oh...oh fuuuuuu-

She didn't get long to process the madness overtaking her cranium before the pulling began. An unseen force from within the cavity that'd been her upper head took

hold of the rest of her face. Beth's vision went dark; her cries cutting off with her remaining face vanishing inside the impossible portal.

Arms and legs continued thrashing about, hitting her assailant in a flurry of blind, desperate attacks. Not that her scrawny body could hope to ever bruise Damien's massive figure on his worst day. Her struggles couldn't even slow the process that'd been started. Beth's punches slowed to a stop with her shoulders becoming swallowed up, shortly followed by her chest and arms. Hips got stuck for a second when pushed against the much smaller hole, but somehow contracted enough to slip on in too.

That was when Hank decided to come waltzing back in.

"Okay. I think I got the perfect mix of simulated cum stains and food poison-WHAT THE HELL!?"

The horse dropped his cargo of plastic tubs, spilling various rotten foods and equipment at his hooves. Those weren't as big a concern to Hank as the sight of a giant bear man in a tiger thong with his friend's shins thrashing out of a cowboy hat he was holding. Beth's legs put up a few more fights, ultimately sliding into the hole where they simply seemed to vanish into thin air.

Such a display violated everything the horse knew about the universe. The fact his friend was apparently in danger, however, quickly turned his shock into anger.

"What did you do to Beth?" Hank dove into the mess of open bins, producing a hunting knife they liked to bring around for video props. "Where is my friend!?"

"Friends. Plural my boy," Damien said, twirling the hat in a flurry before resting it on his head. "And there right here. I thought that'd be obvious. Your little squeaker makes a perfect new hat on me. Not sure what I should make you yet."

"W-what?" Hank faltered when the bear stepped toward him, nearly tripping on a footstool to keep space between them. "What are you saying? My friend is not a hat."

"Oh, she's as much a hat as your kitty makes for good briefs." Damien snapped the waistband of his thong, bringing attention to its fuzzy tiger stripe pattern.

"That's...impossible!" Hank gasped, trying to hold the knife steady. "I mean, even if it is, change them back. Now!"

"Hah! I love it when they try to be heroes." Damien strode forward disregarding the weapon.

"H-hey!" Hank didn't get a chance to finish his thought. The bear's larger hand clamped around his wrist and squeezed until he was forced to drop the knife.

It wasn't like his nerves got pinched either. All of a sudden Hank's entire arm went limp in Damien's grasp. No amount of willpower could get so much as his fingers to twitch.

One look down and the horse realized this would be because his hand was gone. Damien was holding him rather gently by a wrist with nothing attached to it. The arm itself flapped and ruffled, having become hollowed out in the process.

"N-no!" Hank gasped as the bear's other hand pressed down on his face.

"Yes. I think I've had enough denial out of you bratty kids today."

It only took one hard squeeze to send Hank's head collapsing into his shoulders. His other arm managed a weak punch against the bear's stomach, though the impact only seemed to trigger its implosion into a hallowed sleeve as well. The rest of his torso followed just as easily.

Hundreds of pounds of raw horse muscle deflated like a busted balloon in Damien's paw hands. Once he'd gotten Hank's torso pushed into his waist, picking up the remaining lower body was child's play. A little kneading and folding soon had everything reduced to a crumpled wad of cloth that the bear bounced between his palms with a smile.

"And there...we...go!" Damien gave a sharp snap of his hands that sent the tangled mesh that'd been Hank unfurling. He held the new garment up, twisting it back and forth to admire the handiwork. "Not really my color, but you'll be comfy out here all the same."

He chuckled, stepping into the yawning opening one leg at a time. The new chaps slid over his beefy ursine muscles for a snug fit. It was especially nice to have an assless region keeping his dazzling tiger thong on display. Damien strode over to strike a few poses in the tent's vanity mirror.

"You folks don't look too shabby on me. Now that I'm half decent, we should hit up the bar."

\* \* \*

"Miss? Don't you think you've had enough?" The ostrich bartender kept his distance while trying to keep some degree of authority on his beak.

Alice was having none of that, if the loud burp she gave in his direction was any indication. Less than an hour of guzzling beers and the croc's backside was already threatening to tip off a bar stool struggling to accommodate her size. "I'll tell you to tell me when I've had enough. Your imported crap is the only half decent thing here."

Most of the words escaping her flapping mouth of teeth were slurred, but that was what the bartender figured she was saying.

"Long as you pay the tab for all that, and don't vomit on the other guests." The bird man didn't bother trying to stay civil. It was unlikely this chunky woman could comprehend sarcasm anymore.

"We're good for it. Eight-hundred-thousand subscribers can't be wrong." A clawed finger tapped an empty glass. Alice glared at the ostrich when they hesitated, prompting a slow refill from the tap. "Not like there's anyone around here for me to have fun with. They all can't keep with it."

"With a charming personality like yours, I can hardly believe it."

"I know, right? What's a young gal making her way in the world gotta do for some lovin?"

The truth was that the bar stools on either side of Alice had been vacated before she'd finished her first pint. Now with anything coming within three feet being aggressively flirted with in her inebriated state all but the farthest part of the bar still had guests hanging around. Her ostrich host only tolerated this in leu of the bill she was collecting on a usually dry service hour.

And then the shadow of a bear fell over her.

"I bet I can help you out."

Scraps of chair legs and clinking glasses flooded the bar. Soon as Damien announced his presence beside Alice, every last person in the bar made their way towards the nearest exit. Most threw wads of cash on their tables without any regard for the extra tips left behind. The whole place cleared out in under a minute, leaving only a smiling bear and tipsy crocodile staring each other up.

Their ostrich bartender remained at minimal safe distance due to contractual obligations.

The entire evacuation went over Alice's head, mostly because she was focused on Damien's mighty six pack. "Well, hello again, big guy! You sure changed into something more flattering in a hurry."

"Heh. Thanks." The bear tipped his sparkling clean hat. His other hand rested on the belt of chaps that smelled fresh from the wash. "I just picked these up actually. Feels like I'm still missing a finishing touch, though."

"Seriously, Damien?" the bartender snorted, drawing annoyed gazes from both furs. "You really got to do this here?"

"Why not?" The bear shrugged, bringing his attention back to the croc girl. "She wasn't planning to pay you for any of that stuff, after all."

"W-what?!" Alice whipped her head around so fast her hair fluttered. Seeing the bar was void of eavesdroppers didn't fill her with that much relief. Still, she tried to play it off with a drunken laugh. "You sure you're not the one kicking back too many."

Damien's grin turned into a growl. "Oh, I think I know exactly what you and your little group are all about. Not the first-time punks drove through thinking it's okay to drive

others to misery and sell it off as sadistic entertainment. Must be a real rush of validation to rip off others for their hard work.”

The dark aura flooding the bar was quick to sober Alice up. Sharp teeth clicked together in a desperate search for an excuse. Thick reptile tail curled under her stool in her attempt to look smaller.

But then she remembered she was over a million subs strong. That alone was enough to shrug off whatever illusion this lumbering jackass was trying to pull. The crocodile straightened up, smacking the flat palm of her hand into Damien’s muscular chest. Naturally it did nothing to move a bear even larger than her figure. It still brought back that sense of confidence that one short video would completely destroy his life when she got home.

“Go fuck yourself! I’m just pulling pranks.”

“Then I guess I am too.” Damien’s chuckle sent a shiver down her meaty tail, or maybe it was the enormous hand that reached out to lay across her pudgy stomach.

“H-hey! Get your grubby...h-haaa...ooohhhh...”

The most unpleasant queasy sensation rippled through Alice’s body from his point of contact. Her desire to slap that smug off his face and leave without paying her tab fell short with her arms. The Crocs eyes grew wide with dawning horror that her body refused to move. Hell. It was hard to feel the weight of her limbs anymore. Like the muscles weren’t even there.

Worse was the odd pressure Damien seemed to be feeding into her middle. It felt like she needed to burp, but she couldn’t force the air out. Its power got worse in time to the numbing sensation keeping her seated.

“W-what are you doing?” She gasped. The simple act of speaking took so much effort and Alice could barely get volume out of her throat muscles. “S...stop it! Please?!”

“You messed up a lot of beds for your fame. Now lie in one.”

The ostrich scoffed. “Terrible one liner, dude.”

“You shut up!”

Alice wanted to flee, to speak any kind of protests. All she could manage was a croaking noise as Damien’s hands reached over her ample bosom to fondle the zipper clasp at her neck. Panic induced thoughts struggled to comprehend anything this bear was doing to her body. There was little left except the empty pressure pushing at her scales from the inside. But there was one random realization that gave her mind a moment of clarity

Her shirt didn’t have a zipper on its front.

FWOOSH!

Damien yanked the tab down in one strong pull, releasing the compressed air in an echoing bang through a now empty bar. His other hand kept its firm grip on a now empty crocodile leather jacket flapping loose in the air.

“Wow! She turned into a pretty big fit for me.” The bear chuckled while sliding his newest attire on. Turning to the bartender, he smoothed the sleeves over his thick biceps. “How do I look?”

“Definitely like someone that just came out of Vegas.” The ostrich snorted. Irritation riddled his beak glancing between Damien and the empty barstool still having a heavy reptile’s groove on the cushion. “Don’t suppose you plan on paying her tab?”

“She said she was good for it,” Damien said, fishing through his new jacket’s pockets. One hand produced a scaly wallet, while the other a set of keys. The former he tossed onto the counter without a passing thought. The latter got dangled about like a trophy. “Those kids have a sweet ride too, if you’re interested.”

“Pass.” The ostrich sighed while he fished out the wallets’ contents. Barely enough for all that beer and chump change for a tip. “You planning to change them back anytime soon?”

“Hmm? Nah!” Damien was strutting towards the door in his complete outfit of assorted animal furs. The mismatching of colors really did give an impression of an over-the-top Vegas performer. “They can have their RV back when I’ve drained their bank accounts camping out in Arizona for a while. See ya next time!”

The ostrich didn’t respond watching the bear leave. After putting his cash in the till, he moved to dial on a landline. “Guess I better let management know there’s a tent still vacant.”

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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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