

*On the Scene with Sweating to the
Otters*

By

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The following contains: Rabbit to otter TF, feminization, oblivious

Read at your own discretion.



"Wow. You really got fat over the holidays."

Rayna, the fabulous actress of kink variety porn media, was a wolf woman of many skills. Being tactful with her observations was not one of them.

It had been such a pleasant morning up to that point too. The weather was finally shifting to something that wasn't ridiculously chilling. A bit of sunlight actually broke out of the clouds to grace Seattle with a few hours of something besides dank. Wendel had even found a pair of lost toaster strudels in the freezer to serve as breakfast. Having some sweet treats helped stave off the dread of needing to spend money on restocking said freezer real soon, if only for another day.

So, when the wolfess roommate came sashaying her way into their mutual rec room to make such a bold statement upon seeing her bunny friend, Wendel couldn't help but think two things; 'did she deliberately wait for him to sip coffee?' and 'why does she always walk around in her underwear?'

After nearly a minute of choking on hot caffeine cut with excessive amounts of cream, Wendel glared up at the taller Rayna still feeling damp fur dripping on his muzzle. "How the hell am I the fat one when you look like you ate out a whole bakery?"

He knew such a comeback was futile after all this time living together. Pride just had a way of forcing out the first thing that came to mind. Rayna was damn proud of her rich, hourglass figure that earned the big bucks. The smug way she crossed arms under breasts larger than her head was proof of that. She had stopped close enough that the reach of her mounds threatened to block their eye contact for some added taunting.

"I'm all natural, hun. Besides, I'm just dropping some friendly insight so you can take care of it before your girth becomes a problem. No need to get grumpy about it."

"Uh huh." Wendel wrinkled his little pink nose and took another sip of coffee. Despite his best effort to resist the urge, his free hand couldn't help feeling up his belly. Figures the damn wolf bimbo would be right. He was never a glutton, but there was a soft squish around his fingers that didn't used to be present. It was barely noticeable under his usual semi-formal t-shirt, thankfully, though it sent his mind whirling what other parts of him had gained extra padding after months of loafing around the condo.

Not that the bunny was about to inspect his backside's status in front of Rayna. Wendel wasn't about to give her the satisfaction.

"I guess I could stand to work off a few pounds."

“Well, at least I can get you to agree with me on this.” Rayna flicked some bangs out of her eyes before placing the same hand on Wendel’s shoulder. “Want me to help you out a little?”

The rabbit's long ears flopped behind his head. “This was a set up to get rid of more of your crap. Isn’t it?”

A gasp of shock, followed by a hurt whimpering from the wolfess looked pretty damn convincing, Wendel had to admit. Her acting skills would be wasted on smut if she didn’t apparently love abusing its perks so much. “You wound me, good sir. When was the last time I resorted to such trickery?!”

“Last week. When you gave me that cheese that turned me into an elephant.”

“See? It’s been ages since the last time.”

“Wouldn’t a cheese make more sense to turn someone into a mouse?”

“In my defense, the alchemist on set for that shoot botched our entire stock of fetish trigger props. At least I didn’t give you the tuna salad.”

“...what’d that do?”

“Nothing kink worthy,” Rayna stuck her tongue out in a grimace. “It was just really bad tuna salad.”

Wendel blinked very slowly up at the wolf while finishing the last drops of his coffee. With a soft clicking on the roof of his muzzle, he put the mug down on a coffee stand with four other used cups. “You know what? I think I’ll just burn calories by taking a traditional walk.”

A quick pivot to leave was cut off by a pair of mammaries bouncing inside a surprisingly sturdy bra slamming into Wendel’s face. He had forgotten Rayna was also very fast and quiet for someone pushing seven feet tall. She could run circles around a tiny bunny man for days.

“Don’t be silly. I got something better!”

“I swear to the goddess! If it’s another mega buffing potion...”

“It’d be awesome, I know! But I’m out of those for the moment.” Firm hands grabbed Wendel by the shoulders, redirecting his path across the room towards Rayna’s side of makeshift living space. “No. What I had in mind was this VR headset I picked up at a yard sale the other day.”

“Oh.” All the fight left Wendel, and his ears even perked a little from curiosity. That wasn’t the kind of grand revel he’d been expecting. Maybe it said a lot about his life when the outright pedestrian events were the odd occurrences. “I’ve always wanted to try one of those, but they charge a foot for those blasted things.”

"I know, right?" Rayna shoved him into a section that might have been intended for laundry during the landlord's cheap drywall renovations. Since neither of them owned washing machines, it did make for a decent open space for physical activities.

Wendel was barely allowed a moment to re-balance himself before Rayna was shoving a black cased visor into his chest. A long cable ran from its front to a set of hard drives and a laptop.

"That is the cheapest set up I've ever seen," Wendel scoffed as he put the gear on around his imposing ears. "Aren't you, like, rolling in cash?"

"It all came with the VR, Mr. 'I buy everything from Dollar Tree.'" There was a sound of claws clicking at keypads and a few seconds later the black screen flashed to life in Wendel's face.

Not that going from a black blur to a bright white blur was too much an improvement.

"This thing at least came with the controllers, right?"

"I'm told its full motion reading. Besides, this is supposed to be a 3D aerobics segment. Not a whole lot of interaction required, just like watching a video. You'll be fine."

"Literally every time I've been told that has been an outright lie. Whoa!"

Just as Wendel considered taking the headset off, the screen faded to black in a quick transition to whatever Rayna had loaded up for him.

Ding-a-Ding!

"Woah!" A sound similar to a bell ringing blasted from the built-in speakers right to his ears. Its shock waves washed through Wendel's skull and over his brain. For some reason it helped quell a lot of his earlier irritation. "How do you work the volume on this thing?"

"Right side, I think," Rayna said from somewhere a short distance in front of him.

Wendel fumbled along the headset before finding a very long, narrow button. Pressing one side brought up the desired volume notification at the very bottom of his vision. A bit of experimenting helped him adjust the string of bars to the lower end of the spectrum. Just in time, as there came a soft ambience music. It was mostly stock noise of birds chirping and leaves rustling, but he'd still rather not have those blasting his eardrums.

Ding-a-Ding!

"Argh!" Though it looked like that random bell noise was going to be a blaring addition regardless of settings. Wendel shook his head as if that'd get the resonating vibrations out of his skull. A second later his breath came out in a slow, soothing, sigh.

Every muscle in his arms went limp, dropping hands at his sides. He couldn't remember why that noise was supposed to be annoying.

It still felt like the stupid thing took forever to load an environment. What ultimately faded into Wendel's view was a rather typical house of uninspired design seen in countless video games. Glancing around, he seemed to be specifically located on a terrace connected to a glass sliding door into a marble kitchen. Woodlands surrounded the place in every direction, probably to reduce processor rendering anything too deep.

A long time of nothing passed by, aside from the ambience looping, of course. Irritation was finding its way back through the fog of tranquility that'd settled on Wendel's mind. There was about a hundred other things he'd rather be doing with his time than standing in front of Rayna with an expensive visor that didn't do anything. Yet the thought of actually removing the headgear felt wrong at the moment.

Something decided to happen a second before Wendel could muster enough will to vocalize some form of disapproval. Namely that a character in this sad excuse for a soothing game decided to make her entrance.

Through the glass door, he watched an otter girl saunter on into the kitchen. She was fairly hard to miss. Her fur was an unorthodox shade of bubblegum with pastel pink 'gloving' her forearms, shins, and tapered tail tip. A blue band kept her generous bright hair tied back in a ponytail. Wendel had to admit she was pretty dang cute on sight. All she had on were spandex shorts and sports bra, showing off a figure that really loved to exercise. Everything was trim and flexible until he scanned down to thighs that were amply thick from built up muscle mass.

Ding-a-ding!

Absolutely beautiful thighs. A pang of jealousy rocked Wendel at how perfect she looked. Why'd his body have to be so stiff, rigid, and thick? His nose wrinkled in disgust, absently tugging at his shirt. It went completely over his lowered ears that the material felt a lot smoother and stretchier than cotton should be.

Rayna stood by her laptop now very interested to see her roommate's clothes changing as if triggered by the spontaneous bell rings. Wendel's shirt seemed to be contracting in on itself; tugging up the hem to above his waist, leaving the soft bunny belly exposed, while the sleeves vanished entirely. The legs of his jeans simply fell off his pants and disintegrated into dust that then vanished from existence. Zipper and button melded with the altering fabric until the bunny was wearing a snug set of blue spandex workout clothes. The sports bra and high cut of the shorts were clearly for an entirely different physic, but the wolfess couldn't help grinning at the notion. That problem was more than likely to correct itself in a bit.

Although he did catch the increased air flow blowing over a lot more of his fur, Wendel's attention remained almost entirely focused on the otter and a body he admired to almost unrealistic degrees. He must have been staring for a good two minutes

watching her fish through the fridge and make a cup of coffee before remembering the situation he'd been forced in.

"So, is something supposed to happen?" he said, though he'd long since lost track of which direction Rayna might have been.

Ding-a-ding!

Whether it was his question or in response to the bell toll, the otter suddenly whipped her head to gawk through the glass door at Wendel. A splash of coffee spilled from her raised mug, promptly causing her to squeal and swat at the shelf of her modest breasts trying to dust it off. It was adorable watching her scramble for a towel to clean off her sports bra as his hair turned a bright purple.

Once she'd finished cleaning her spill, which was weird since it didn't leave so much as a stain on her, the otter skipped over to slide the door open.

"So sorry I didn't notice you there!" she said with the peppiest energy to a voice Wendel had ever heard. Even that was something he found himself longing for. The otter stepped out onto the terrace, sliding the door closed behind her. "It's been forever since someone booted me up. I'm surprised this device didn't end up getting trashed yet. You can call me Peniel, if you like."

"Oh...kay?" Wendel scratched at the back of an ear that was getting suspiciously shorter and rounder to be a bunny's. "Why does it feel creepy that she seems to be looking right at me?"

Before Rayna could even look at her computer for an answer, the pink otter busted into a fit of giggles.

"Ho man! That reaction never gets old. Of course I'm talking to you, dork! This thing's been programmed so well my work out routine destroys the fourth, fifth, and sixth wall."

"What the heck even is a sixth wall for?" Wendel said through a very girlish giggle.

Rayna wasn't sure how to answer. Her gaze kept shifting between watching the otter on her computer feed set up a boom box and her roommates brown patchy fur turn into a solid dark violet.

Ding-a-ding!

Peniel clapped her paws together and suddenly she was holding a pair of dumbbells with them. "Let's not worry about minor details like the concept of reality. You loaded me up to get into shape, and I'm just the gal for the job."

"No argument here, beautiful," Wendel said despite himself. His fingers and toes were twitching with a rush of energy, flexing out the growing extra skin that formed a webbing linking the digits together.

"Aw. Thanks, sweetie. Now, let's get started!" The otter used a foot to expertly knock her boxes 'on' button with a big webbed toe.

Ding-a ding!

Upbeat music began blaring straight out of a Nineties boy band. Peniel struck a pose with legs spread and arms raised into a curly holding the light dumbbells up to her chest. Wendel didn't need any prompting to immediately strike the same pose. Granted his thighs ached trying to stretch them that far apart.

"All right! Let's start with some stretches." She tilted her torso to the left, raising her right arm straight up so it followed the curl of her spine.

Wendel mimicked the motion without a second thought and was rewarded with a world of pain. That otter must have a spine of a slinky for her to bend so far. He was pretty sure his shoulder popped in the attempt too. It was a miracle he didn't just collapse under his quivering knees.

"Looking good, Wendel," Peniel said with a dazzling cheerleader's spirit. Her energy bore right into the bunny's shorter round ears to help him manage through the kinks in his joints. "Hold it just like that for a few more seconds, and, now other side!"

Ding-a-ding!

"Haa! Oof!" Wendel followed her motions, keeping hips straight while leaning as far to his right with left arm thrust upward as he could go. There came a sudden pop in the middle of his spine causing a few pained grunts. After that he was suddenly elated to find he could bend even further than the previous stretch. His stomach melted its fat away with each breath, the waist around it collapsing into a significant inward curve.

Most of the mass seemed to be going up into his chest. Rayna's tail wagged slightly as she got to watch his sports bra stretch and push out under the rich melon-sized breasts swelling inside it.

"Looks like he's getting it quick," Peniel cheered again. "Hold it just a few more times. Now, follow my hand to your toes!"

Her shoulders rolled forward, bringing her body bending forward with outstretched left arm moving to her right foot with ease.

"Ow!" Wendel yelped when he'd tried the motion. Several things popped along his back, shoulders and arms thinning in the process. His fingers couldn't get close to his foot like Peniel could reach, sparking a rush of his old grumpy ire.

Ding-a-ding!

But then he realized it wasn't worth getting upset over this early into the session. The whole point of limbering up was to get the kinks out, after all.

"And switch!"

At her command, they both moved in almost perfect unison to bring the right hand around to reach for their spread left foot. This time Wendel not only managed to reach his webbed toes, but could place three fingers on the cool storage room floor.

Ding-a-ding!

"Mmmhmmm!" he couldn't hold in a moan relishing the good burn of his leg muscles being pulled taut. Granted most of that pleasure was coming from his hips spreading, and allowing his butt to plumpin with the muscles of a woman that really enjoyed lower body strength. "You were right, Rayna. I think I needed this."

"Yeah? That's great!" The wolf bit her lower lip, enjoying how the new purple furred bunny looked stretching out his spandex with growing feminine charms. "I'm glad I could test this thing out on you first."

"What?"

Ding-a-ding!

"Now we're getting somewhere!" Peniel straightened out with both arms reaching for the sky. Wendel mirrored her, pressing legs together that promptly pushed apart slightly with the smooth thickening of his thighs. "And now the big finish. Bring yourself down fully like this."

She curled forward, keeping arms outstretched until both hands touched the floor. The way her spine moved into a perfect curve like a slinky was something almost other worldly to Wendel.

"Hey!" she chirped, glancing up at her gawking player. "Don't fall behind now. This is where it gets tricky."

Ding-a-ding!

Wendel took a deep breath expecting a world of pain to follow. Yet he was fully committed to bending himself forward. Shame his spine refused to be like the virtual girl he so admired right in front of him. His fingers stopped shy a full foot from the floor with his upper back screaming in protest, along with something oddly soft squishing into his chest and biceps. Those were what gravity decided to latch onto and pull his unsuspecting form forward the rest of the way. Luckily, with hands out the drop was short and it did leave Wendel striking a similar, less elegant, pose with Peniel.

Rayna had to resist the urge to cat call watching Wendel's almost robotic attempts at aerobics. Seeing that fattened ass hoisted high in the air with milk tits hanging against his arms made the changing bunny really hot. It did also draw her attention to the little fluffy tail waving atop those delectable butt cheeks. The thing was looking a lot less fluffy as she watched, puffing out at the base with powerful muscles

that funneled into a rounded narrow point at the top. She took a glance back at her laptop and, as if sensing her gaze, Peniel winked back.

"Alright! Now, just let yourself slide forward and loosen up your back."

Yeah. This was going directly the way Wendel was dreading. There was no way he could slink forward, undulating chest and belly along the floor, with the kind of fluid grace this adorable otter possessed.

Ding-a-ding!

But he might as well try after going this far. Wendel leaned forward, letting his webby hands slid across the floor in stiff, jerky bursts that lowered him onto the floor. As expected, his spine gave off several pops in every attempt, working from between his shoulders and going down every invertible one at a time. The sensation started out way too intense for him to notice his chest touched down a lot sooner than he was used to, much less when it became squished under his legs compressing the lungs behind it.

"Oooooohhhh!"

But then the popping brought something else with it; a rush of delightful tingles that got his member stiffening in their tight spandex shorts and nipples erect. The further Wendel let himself slide forward the less pain radiated from his back. The rough arch collapsed in one slow motion, pleasure urging him on to thrust forward the rest of the way. His belly rubbed onto the ground completing the stretch by reversing his arch into a perfect U-shape.

"Mmmmm!" The quit chitter escaped Wendel's elongating neck, matching his content grin. A smile that deepened with his muzzle pushing longer and wider in a series of light snaps. His small pink nose bloated several times larger, turning a coal black as whiskers, lots of whiskers, grew out from his upper lips. "Hmmm. AH!"

One final pop sounded off above Wendel's erected fat butt. The stumpy tail resting atop the mountains of fat exploded in a wild growth of new vertebra and powerful wagging muscles. It sparked a cry that dripped with orgasmic pleasure in a much higher, angelic tone.

"Sounds like he's getting into it," Peniel said as she stood back up in triumph. Wendel quickly did the same without prompting and with an agile grace he wasn't used to. The pink otter tossed aside the dumbbells, bending over in an intentional way that presented her rear while changing the tune on her stereo. "Now then then, why don't don't we...as fuck uck cuk!"

Three seconds in and the new rock music stuttered several times before slowing to a depressing drag on a single note. Meanwhile the entire world around Wendel, including Peniel herself, were flicking or stretching off model. Combined with how the sky grew a star-less black made things play like a horror game.

"Damn damn damn it Rayna na na!" Peniel fumed and stomped the ground. Granted, she had to stop when her foot no clipped through the wooden planks. Her once perfect body warped and contorted in ways even otters were never supposed to bend. Words stuttered to the point she sounded in pain trying to speak them. "You you stupid bimbo o o o! You you you didn't didn't charge arge the the the head seeeeeettttttetetetetetettetetet..."

There were a few rapid head jerks before Peniel's face smudged into glancing in two different directions at once. Just as Wendel was becoming dispelled by the effort of his stretches enough to panic, the headset blipped completely black, possibly putting the digital characters suffering to a merciful end.

"That was creepy as all hell," he said in a girly voice not unlike the one that'd been in the game. A now very busty otter colored in various shades of violet pulled off the dead headset and gave their fluffy short hair a shake. "How'd she even know our names like that?"

"Oh, you know," Rayna said, struggling to pull an excuse out from under her tail. "Must have something to do with my Steam account being linked."

That seemed enough for a very energetic looking Wendel. His daintier webbed feet were bouncing him in place, causing a subtle jiggling across his breasts. "I guess they do anything with games lately. But really, how do you buy a used game device and don't think of charging it before use?"

The big wolfess stuck her tongue out in response. "What am I? A genius? Give it a few hours plugged into the wall. That should be more than enough for a full charge. Can't help but notice you're sounding very disappointed."

"You are the one that strong armed me into using it, dork." Wendel reached webbed paws towards the ceiling, rising on his toes in another little stretch. The unintentional way it showed off his glorious chest and crotch bulge through the spandex outfit nearly set Rayna drooling. His flaccid log outlined down there was definitely a heck ton bigger after the short session too. "Looks like I really needed a good stretch anyway. Now I got all this energy out of nowhere to burn. I might upgrade my desire for a walk into a jog."

"Hm? Oh! Yeah. Totally." Rayna forced her eyes up from mentally undressing the otter's tight curves to meet their dazzling face. She couldn't help licking her lower lip, ignoring the confused way Wendel tilted his head. "I can always offer a lot of fun ways to burn off energy, if you're interested."

"Ugh!" Wendel made a very exaggerated slumping motion with his eye roll. Before Rayna could process how insanely cute even that motion was, she found a webbed hang roughly pushing her aside by her right boob. The purple otter stormed on pass to slip into some running sneakers that were not in the room twenty minutes ago. "Not everyone spends half their days thinking about that. You crazy nympho."

"Uh huh." Rayna clicked her tongue watching the otter strut his way across their shared living space towards the front door. Not just his widened hips, Wendel's entire body was wiggling with every step taken. It was like watching water shift in an alluring dance. Or maybe it was just because she liked watching that backside ripple. "Wonder how far you'll get outside before being forced to think about it any way."

"What?" Wendel glanced over a slender shoulder with hands halfway into putting buds in his rounded ears. He'd clearly missed all but the notion the wolf was even muttering at him.

"Nothing! Be safe out there."

The narrow-eyed glare she got lingered for a few seconds before Wendel decided it was better not to press on whatever weirdness she might be getting into this time. Setting the buds firmly into each lobe, he gave Rayna a parting wave and locked the door behind him.

Rayna shot a raspberry at the empty space he'd occupied out of spite. With that necessary act of immaturity out of the way, she scooped up her VR visor and moved to connect it into a wall outlet for a good charging.

"I can't wait to see what Peniel does to me with a full workout session now," she mused on her way to the kitchen for a snack.

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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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