

## Malfunction

by Cerine Hero

A tiny blue light shimmered in the dark, quickly blinking on and off. It was, in a single word, frustrating. Eir found it hard to lay and sleep with the light constantly flickering across the room. She rolled out of her cot recessed into the side of the room and stood up, feeling her head go fuzzy as she stood up suddenly. The vixen was dizzy for a moment and squeezed her eyes shut.

The auto-lights popped on, detecting motion in the room. Eir was glad she had her eyes closed, because she could see a dull red glare of light even through her eyelids. Slowly, she cracked her eyes open, letting her ice-blue irises adjust. The auto-lights were so bright it seemed like midday in her quarters now.

Eir stepped across the space, the recycled air brushing across her bare fur. She picked up her INCOM pad and clicked a claw on the screen, waking up the device. What was so important they needed to send her a message during the night phase? Apparently nothing. The stupid device was trying to alert her to a notification she had already seen and cleared hours ago. Growling, she tossed the device back onto the desk. It bounced a bit from its rubberized case and the less-than-full gravity.

She was awake now, for better or worse. The white-furred vixen stretched her muscles, her fit and toned figure flexing. Her abs tightened as she bent her torso until her back popped. She exhaled and then lowered down her thick arms. The dirty clothes hamper was nearby, so Eir fished some undergarments and leggings out, pulling them on. Her short hair was a mess, but she didn't care about that too much. Once she adjusted herself in her bra, she ran her fingers through her hair enough to straighten it up and move it out of her face.

The INCOM could tell her what hour it was, but she didn't care. The vixen punched the door controls on the wall and the door slid open. She stepped out into the dormitory hallway, opposite the long, curved observation window overlooking the raw features of the moon. Eir moved in a lazy pattern both across and down the hallway and paused in front of the window.

Scarred gray regolith stretched out around the research station. Aside from craters and the odd funny-looking rock, there was pretty much nothing else to see. The ashen gray landscape spread out before her, rippled with tire tracks from the vehicles coming and going from the base. There were no roads out here, the crew members made their own trails, weaving around the deeper craters.

It was still dark, but edges of light began to shine along the tops of the sandy ridges. Sunrise was difficult to predict on the moon, but it was coming. Eir squinted on instinctive reflex as the sun slid over the horizon, spearing blinding light across the surface. Without an atmosphere, the sun's light was even harsher and brighter than usual. Immediately, the window began to darken, dulling some of the sun's rays from entering the hallway.

As the glass turned to translucent, smoky gray, Eir's reflection appeared in front of her, distorted somewhat with the curve of the glass. Her body was very muscular for a fox. Bulky, defined muscles shifted and tensed underneath her coat of white fur. When she moved her arms, the spiraling, blue tattoos marking her body danced across her bulging figure. There were matching tats across the top of her chest and around her thighs, though the latter were hidden by her leggings.

Eir's reflection was squashed in the curved window, making her look shorter and thicker than she actually was. Her muscles seemed thicker and even more swollen, though it made her tattoos look fat, warped, and angular. She shook her head, fixed her hair some more, and walked away.

The auto-lights popped on when the vixen wandered into the canteen. She wasn't sure if anyone would be up at this hour, except maybe the badger on off-hour watch. He'd be in the control center if anywhere. Even if someone was up, Eir wouldn't have cared much, even if she was barely dressed. Once you lived in a can for several months with the same group of people, personal privacy stopped being so important. No one cared if someone skipped on half their clothes for a visit to the replicator to get an off-hour snack.

Eir slipped past the tables and stood in front of the slick, shiny replicator, her white fluff and blue tattoos reflected on its surface. It was so smooth and modern, in fact, that the out-of-order notice had slipped off the front of the device and fluttered to the floor. The groggy vixen didn't even notice she was standing on the paper. Fixing a sign to a malfunctioning device wasn't procedure; the new station maintenance officer was new. The machine should've been shut off – so Eir didn't think anything was wrong with it.

Under her foot, the note read: “Attention: Food Replicator currently out of order. Protein enrichment protocol currently malfunctioning after last system update. DO NOT order protein supplement food.”

Eir waved her paw in front of the holographic menu, causing the crystal-light display to appear over the replicator's surface. The vixen flicked through to the high protein items and picked out a chocolate power bar to snack on. Mechanisms hummed inside the replicator as it built her snack from scratch. It should've taken only a second. She wasn't ordering a full meal, just one small treat. The vixen went and sat down at a table, crossing her arms under her chest and letting her eyes unfocus for a while. She lost track of time for a bit, and slowly her heavy eyelids fell down over her eyes.

Eventually the system let out a pleasant chime, waking the fox up. She was laying face-first on the glass-top table. Eir huffed irritably at the irony of being woken up again while she was trying to wear herself out and get back to sleep. Her breath fogged up the glass in front of her muzzle. Eir pushed herself to her feet and walked back over to the replicator. The window opened automatically and an extending arm gave her the pre-made plastic plate and her chocolate bar. She took it without a word and returned to her seat.

“They need to fix this thing,” she muttered.

The bar felt weirdly heavy today. She made a point of eating these bars to help her keep her muscle mass up in the lower gravity – the artificial system in the station helped, but not enough. Maybe she was just sleepy, she thought.

Eir bit into the chocolate bar and leaned back in her chair. She grimaced as it took a lot of effort to bite through the treat. It snapped between her sharp teeth and was crunchy as she chewed it up, like it was extremely dense this time. The chocolate tasted really rich, too.

The weirdest thing, however, was how the snack settled in her stomach. Eir coughed into the back of her paw after just two bites; her belly already felt completely full and bloated. She set the rest of the chocolate down, feeling like she couldn't choke down another bite. The vixen rubbed her tummy with her other paw, her palm massaging across her tight abs. Her stomach was distended somewhat, making her muscles even firmer.

If Eir had read the malfunction notice, she may have been able to understand what the problem was. A coding error in the replicator caused the machine to put the entire stock of protein supplement into the treat. The first two bites expanded to fill her stomach even as the chocolate worked its way through her system, excess amounts of protein traveling towards her tired muscles.

The vixen's abs started to swell first, growing thicker and firmer against the bulk of inflated chocolate in her stomach. Thick fur fluffed around her body as her stomach swelled into a cobblestone road of overlapping muscles. Where her abs could barely be seen before under her thick coat, they now billowed underneath her fur, pulling her skin tight into each of the crevices between her muscles. Even her elusive obliques bulked outward and rippled through her coat.

Underneath the vixen, her chair began to groan and bend under her growing weight. Muscles bulked and swelled all over her frame as they were fed an abundance of protein. Her skin tingled from her toes all the way up to her neck. A month's worth of heavy workout gains piled onto her body every second.

There was a time back when she was a little younger that the vixen tried for maximum size, to see just how much muscle she could build on her fox frame. Now, in a blink, she was pumped to the biggest she'd ever seen herself get – in another blink she was buffer than she thought possible! Biceps

and triceps ballooned in her arms, expanding by the second. Her tattoos stretched around her swelling arms and shoulders. The markings on her chest stretched across her growing pecs.

Eir stared wide-eyed at her paws, looking down just in time to see her bra burst in multiple places. Her back was inflating with muscle, lines and ridges of meat turning her white fur into a snow-covered mountain range. The bra's shoulder straps couldn't resist as the vixen's traps blew up, and her shoulders grew bigger than basketballs. The cheap plastic clips holding the straps to the cups snapped like dry twigs, dropping her swollen breasts to bounce heavily. The widening lats underneath her arms stretched out the band of her bra so much that the fabric snapped clean in half. Red flushed underneath the fur of her face and she wrapped her thicker forearms around her bare chest. She could feel her bust pressing into her forearms as her muscles continued to grow, stretching her skin with creaks and groans.

The chair finally gave out underneath the half-ton fox, sending her sprawling to the floor. Her head bounced against the bulging traps swallowing up her neck and cradling her jaw instead of the metal plating, luckily. Eir fought against her bulk and weight to try to roll herself over onto her side. She was ridiculously wide, and it took a lot of effort to heft herself past her own arm and lats. Unfortunately, once she got herself onto her side, she just kept going and landed on her front with a *thump*. Her weight came down on top of her poor breasts, and the compression blasted the air from her lungs. Pushing herself up on her paws and knees, the fox gasped for breath, but a grin still split her face as she watched her pecs heave and swell bigger in her vision.

Tears ripped down the length of her leggings and white fur exploded through them. They were built to stretch, but there was simply too much muscle in them as she kept growing. The vixen's calves tripled in size, making her dark feet look tiny and dainty against the massive muscles. As the leggings ripped upwards over bulky thighs, even more tattoos burst into the open. The blue markings wiggled and shifted as the thick, powerful quads inflated massively, stretching across the bulges of muscle and disappearing into the deep crevices between them.

The seat of her leggings ripped underneath her tail as her glutes bulked outward. More fur and muscle split the tears open, exposing her butt. Her bottoms were faring better than the rest of her clothes, sinking between her bigger cheeks. Soon the rips over her thighs and hips met the rips around her ass and the leggings popped from her body like a shredded balloon.

Eir panted heavily, watching and feeling herself explode with muscle. She worked her way back up onto her feet, holding onto the wall for support. Her upper body was musclebound and mammoth within a minute. She fought to lift up her tremendously thick arm, so big around now that it would have trouble with doorways. Her tattoos were fading into her fur as her muscles continued to bloat. She could see the design expand under her nose as her hulking pecs grew underneath her muzzle, the furry muscles hugging her jawline comfortably.

She whimpered at her new size, teasing herself by testing how big she'd grown. With a grin, she flexed her left arm, peaking her bicep as high as she could. The muscle tensed and bloated upwards, touching her knuckles and her deltoid – slowly pushing them back as she grew even more! The fox pumped her shoulders next, making them hug her face and squeeze against her traps.

Eir remembered what it was like to push herself to get bigger, that personal joy that she felt when she added another inch to the tape measure. Now she was so big she couldn't even *use* a tape measure! Maybe that was an exaggeration in a few places – but it was definitely true around her chest! She never particularly worked on her chest before, but damn if these didn't feel fun. Eir cupped her paws around the sides of her queen-sized pecs and pushed, but they felt like solid metal. Subconsciously, she breathed deep, making her chest bloat out even larger. She closed her eyes, letting her tongue hang out on top of her chest.

The vixen caught the whiff of chocolate as she breathed deep. Then she remembered – the rest of the snack! She only ate a couple bites of it. Twisting and bending her oversized bulk, she leaned down enough to spot the table past her sight-obscuring chest. The fox instinctively licked her lips as

she eyed the rest of the chocolate protein bar, sitting on the plate and waiting for her. Bigness was within her reach...

...sorta. Her muscle-laden arms didn't respond the way she wanted them to – there was too much of *her* in the way! No matter how she moved, her muscles pressed against themselves. Biceps squashed against her lats or her pecs, and if she tried to stretch her arm out all the way, her luggage-sized triceps bunched up to the point they just couldn't flex anymore. She whined and scrunched her muzzle, turning herself sideways and leaning over to grab the snack.

Success! It was in her paw. Now to just... eat it. Somehow. Eir tried lifting it up like she normally would, but her arms and chest were so big she couldn't come close to getting her paw near her face. Her body flexed and struggled as she tried to fight against her own size. Muscles shook and tensed mightily, but it was no use. She harrumphed and bit her lip, thinking. The vixen tried lifting her arms up above her chest, but then she ran into the problem of her bloated shoulders and traps getting in the way of, once again, her more-than-head-sized biceps.

Oh, wait! The vixen let herself fall onto her back, her fur and muscles slamming into the floor plates. Even with somewhat reduced gravity, her new body was still extremely heavy. Stretching herself out, Eir grinned and opened her muzzle wide as she lift her arm above her head and dropped the chocolate towards her waiting fangs.

Daytime hours rolled in eventually. The other crew members at the research station stirred themselves awake and made their way to the canteen to get breakfast and coffee. They all knew the replicator was broken, so they grumbled at the thought of dehydrated rations and instant coffee.

But they were all wide awake, shocked, as the door to the canteen slid open before them. White-furred muscle completely filled the room. And from the faint blue markings around the flexing bulk, everyone knew exactly who to blame.

Eir had remarked to herself earlier how no one on the station would bat an eye if she, or anyone else, bared a little fur. This much fur, however, was a bit of a faux pas.

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