

Don't Get Immobilized!

By Victor Waite

The world's number one game show hosts a special episode where contestants are picked from the crowd. One lucky vixen is selected to run the courses for a prize, but the trials aren't as simple as they seem. In addition to money, she wins random growth between rounds, which makes every subsequent one harder. Can she escape with her winnings, or will she get immobilized?

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Female Fox, a Semi-Public Setting, Obstacle Courses, Hyper Growth, FtI, Cock Growth, Ball Growth, Destruction of Clothing, Weight Gain, Hip Expansion, Breast Growth, Lactation, Exhibitionism, Sustained Orgasms, Excessive Cum, Multiple Breasts, and Immobilization.

Music blared through the packed studio, rising above the cheers and claps of its audience. Spotlights flashed over an empty stage and scanned to the viewer's section, illuminating everyone's face at one point or another. Each member of the crowd wore a complimentary jump suit, emblemized with the game show's logo, which blended together in a sea of solid and vibrant colors. Their excitement rose to a fever pitch and drowned out the spritely theme song as the swinging lights focused on the main stage, bathing it in sharp, converging beams. An overweight fox emerged from the side of the multi-colored set and wobble-jogged to its center, where he basked in the adoration of his viewers. Their excitement was of course more for impending show than for him, but that didn't stop him from waving and gesturing to stoke their cheers higher. The ending of the into tune went totally unnoticed by the time the silver fox finished, and something resembling silence only returned when he hushed them down. Finally, the host attempted to speak over them. His voice came over the set's PA system and quieted the last of the rowdy bunch, giving him room to be heard.

"Y'all are quite an excitable bunch," he drawled. "I'm glad you folks are lookin forward to this, because we've a special treat for today's episode of-" The fox pointed his microphone to the crowd.

"DONT. GET. IMMOBILIZED!"

"Now, for the first time eva, we'll be picking our contestants from the audience, which means a few of you lucky winners'll get a shot at our fabulous prizes. Everyone's in their jumpsuits, right?"

The audience cheered in affirmation.

"Good! Good! That means we c'n get started." The fox gestured to a booth behind the audience, and the crew within indicated they were ready to go. "Now, while the boys in the back pick our first runner, let's go over the rules, in case one'a y'all don't know what you got yourself into."

The backdrops and set behind the overweight host deconstructed, breaking into pieces that floated into the rafters above. Another set of props came down to replace them once the space cleared, then meshed together into the first obstacle course.

"As usual, your goal is to get to the end of our little trial in under five minutes. I'm sure that sounds like a'lot'a time right now, but I assure you you'll need every second later on. We got a big red button for you to press at the end, which'll stop the clock and give you your prizes. Each round adds a thousand dollars to your prize pool, plus a lil sumthin to make the next round harder." The foxy host winked with that, which went mostly unnoticed.

"You got a choice o' what you wanna do after each round you finish. You can go for another and fill your prize pool a little more, walk away with your winnings and new body, or, you can go for broke on our multiplier challenge. If you manage to complete our finale, your

prize pool gets multiplied by the number of rounds you finished. If you don't, well, ya keep what you brought with you at least."

By the time the fox finished his spiel, the set had finished the first round course. A pool of water opened behind the host and extended back into the converted warehouse, serving as a safety cushion for the balance beam that spanned it. To slightly complicate the challenge, two large foam blocks swung across the narrow path, clearly intending to knock the contestant off.

The fox put a paw to his ear and nodded as the stage crew relayed their pick. "Alright folks, I hope you're ready. Today's contestant is Mia Teller!"

A fanfare played as spotlights flashed and scanned the audience, searching for the lucky winner. Everyone else joined in as well, eager to get a good look at the contestant before the show had its way with them. A clamor rose in the far corner of the room, where a vixen jumped from her chair and proclaimed her victory. The crew whispered into the host's ear and confirmed the eager vulpine, and the foxy host called her down to the stage. Pillars of light converged on the red fox and followed her down the stairs, only pausing when she stopped by the front row of VIPs. Most were sponsors of the show and seated on previous contestants, including the confused horse she approached. The mare's expression lightened to one of realization as the vixen spoke to the immobile feline that served as her chair. The friends exchanged a few words of well wishes before parting ways, and she joined the host on the bright platform.

"You look more than ready to go Miss Teller, so I'll spare you the small talk. Are you ready to start claiming your prizes?"

The crowd roared when she answered yes, and the host brought her to the start of the course.

"Alright boys, five minutes on the clock and we'll be ready to go!"

A massive TV descended from the ceiling and displayed a flashing clock, which dramatically rolled up to the requested time. The numbers flashed and waited for the host's command, and the vixen readied herself at the starting line.

A sharp crack rang through the studio at the start of the round. The vixen dashed away from the audience, and the giant screen overhead displayed her progress in a side view. The ticking timer shrank to the corner of the screen, and a table displaying her weight and measurements showed everything the audience could want to know. Most of their attention was focused on the vixen herself however, who tore through the simple trial with ease. She climbed up onto the beam without issue, then found her balance and briskly pranced across the narrow walkway. Her balance never faltered, even when she reached the first swinging pendulum. The vixen paused for a brief moment to study its arc and learn its timing, then slipped by it with effortless grace. The second foam block moved faster and gave her more

reason to learn its pattern, but she conquered it just as easily as the first. Afterward, only the open beam stood between her and the prize, every bit as basic as its first half. The vixen looked into the camera with a smirk, then let her inner showmanship shine.

The vixen's tail stretched out and counterbalanced her pose while she stood on one leg and pitched forward, displaying her skills as a gymnast and limbering up. Mixed sounds of impressed awe bubbled through the crowd, and even the host whistled with appreciation when she reached down and grabbed the beam with her paws. The audience held their breath as she followed through and raised her feet over herself, then exploded with cheers as she flowed from handstand to cartwheel. The vixen tumbled down the remaining beam with professional precision, never once missing her mark or bobbling her balance. She reached the end of the beam in just over three rotations, where she dismounted with a flourish. The athletic fox launched from the post's edge and flipped through the air, then landed solidly on her feet. She ended the display with a bow, and once the crowd calmed, she sauntered to the finish button and slammed it down with both hands. Lights flashed and celebratory music flooded the set with her first win, and the defeated obstacle course broke down and floated to the ceiling in modular chunks. It left a clear path back to the stage in its wake, which the vixen walked with a beaming smile. The host matched her expression and waved her up, and the audience erupted with applause once more when she stepped into the spotlight.

"That was quite the display there," the host chuckled. "Not hard enough for ya?"

"Lets just say that my years in gymnastics came in handy," she grinned.

"Ahh, I didn't realize we were in the presence of a professional." The heavysset fox turned to the audience. "But, that doesn't change the fact you won! Are ya ready to claim your first prizes?"

"Always," the vixen smirked.

"Then let's put your winnins up on the screen."

The crew did exactly as asked, and "\$1000 x1" appeared by her name.

"That's a mighty fine number, but I'm thinkin you wanna bump that up with anotha' round. Before we get to that though, you need to take the other part of your prize."

A puff of smoke shot from the host's hands with that, which lingered in the air for a short moment before dissipating and revealing a gaudy podium. It was mostly purple and covered in decorative lights, and atop it sat three glowing boxes. One was marked "hyper," one "weight," and last of three was simply covered in question marks.

"Each of these boxes has a pair of dice that'll determine how much your figure changes and where it happens. The first two are pretty self explanatory, but that last one there is

cobbled together from all the other categories. Ain't no tellin what you'll get."

The vixen spent a moment pondering her options and strategizing, mostly ignoring the calls of the crowd. She only paid them mind when she couldn't figure out a path of least resistance on her own, and she eventually followed the audience's advice and selected hyper. A hush fell over her watchers as she plucked the enchanted dice from their container, and the TV above switched to an overhead view of the podium to show the results. The vixen clutched the glowing pair into her fist, blew on them for good luck, then cast them into the podium's box.

The sounds of rattling plastic filled the air until they came to rest. Her expression dropped to stunned surprise with the results, while the audience cheered with wild abandon.

Cock + Balls, 15

A grin spread across the host's face as well. "Lets hope those gymnast skills run deep, 'cause I think your gonna need em."

The effects struck before the vixen's comeback crossed her lips. A shot of arousal lanced up her spine and as her crotch buzzed with the dice's magic, and a surprised moan tumbled her muzzle as it manifested. A bugle grew from between her thighs and filled the crotch of her jumpsuit, building pressure and pulling its material tight. The contours of her growing cock and balls showed clearly through the stretchy fabric, and the audience's sounds of approval ignited a fierce blush in her cheeks. Her arousal eclipsed her shame as the growth picked up speed, surging out in thick pulses that nearly stole her breath. Reluctance drained away as her entire body throbbed in time with growing equipment, suffusing her with a lust that burrowed into her core and shot from her tip in viscous gout. Her cloudy precum leaked through her clothing and stained the robust cloth, making it impossible to conceal her enjoyment. Her length's growth finally tapered off when it rivaled the length of her arm, and it was thick enough to be mistaken for a third leg by the time it stopped entirely. Her balls spread her thighs and sank to her knees, churning with enough need and virility to shroud her thoughts in a lingering haze of carnal need.

The host snapped his fingers a few times and brought her out of the fog, and the rush of transformation diminished as her hormones rebalanced and stabilized. "It's quite the feeling, ain't it," he chuckled. "Win or lose, there'll be plenty of time to explore your new assets later. You got a choice to make now though. Do you want to continue, walk away with your winnings, or go for broke?"

The vixen blinked her bubbling carnal desires to the back of her mind and seriously considered the question. The crowd clearly wanted her to keep going, and given how easily she conquered the first round, she was inclined to agree. "Let's go for round 2."

"You heard her folks!" The host pointed up to the booth behind the crowd. "Make it so!"

The sounds of shifting foam and metal filled the studio as props and parts emerged to form the second challenge, which quickly became more intimidating than its predecessor. The course assembled over another pool of water, but instead of a single, primary obstacle, it was a combination of many smaller ones. Short gaps to jump, waist-high ledges to climb, and a rope swing all emerged from the set of props behind the scenes, coming together in an assembly that made the vixen second guess herself. She shoved those doubts aside as the final pieces fell into place and met the host's gaze when her turned to her.

"I see that determination in your eyes, and I like it. You might got what it takes to clean out our prize budget." The host nudged the vixen with his elbow, then looked up at the sound booth. "Five more minutes on the clock boys, and the countdown'll start once your ready."

The vixen approached the line between the main stage and the trial, and the TV cut the side to better show her path. An empty moment hung in the air until broken by a sharp crack, and upbeat music filled the air as she rushed forward.

Her new figure complicated her run the instant she stepped over the line. Her cock swung and bounced with every step, slapping against her thigh-spreading sac and creating a feedback loop of pleasure. Her balls audibly churned and sloshed as they pounded against her thighs, pumping out a steady stream of lust that arced all around her. The vixen's arousal split her stamina and drained her energy much faster than usual, nearly winding her by the time she reached the first hurdle. The host and audience watched on with mixed delight and lust as she tried to navigate the first chest-high ledge, searching for an approach that wouldn't squish and grind her cock against the soft foam barrier. The vixen pressed her rear against the wall and judged its height, then crouched down and leapt up. She came up just a few inches short of bouncing her rear over its edge and slid back down, but the near success warranted another attempt. Her eyes shut with concentration while she cleared her mind, then shot up with a mighty leap. The bottom of her ass rose above the edge by a hair's width, but a success was a success. She grabbed the soft ledge with both hands before she could lose her balance, then lifted her legs and spun to the other side. A rope of translucent pre swung from the tip of her spire in the process, but she paid it no mind and hopped down to the ground.

Fortunately, it seemed the first obstacle was the worst of that version of the trial. The vixen's swinging cock and wrecking balls certainly added a layer of difficulty to otherwise simple obstacles, but she readily adapted as she went. The rhythm of her running changed to minimize how much her spire bounced, and her posture compensated for her sac slammed her thighs. Her uniform didn't fare nearly as well, however. Each jump and climb tested its seams, gradually tugging them open enough to show patches of fur. The camera following her progress zoomed in on them as often as possible, showcasing her changes for a lecherous audience. The vixen ignored it for the most part, until she reached the final wall blocking her path. The imposing foam panel towered over her, impossible to climb bare handed and without assistance. A rope dangled down its face and made the task at least possible in theory, though it solved that problem by presenting another. The vixen looked up at the clock, and the fact only two minutes remaining prodded her to act. She bounded

to the rope and set her grip, then set her feet against the wall and started to climb. It was an arduous task, given the weight of her new assets, made more so by the fact her cock was long enough to brush the soft surface as she ascended. A shudder of lust ran through her figure with each conquered inch, and she marked her progress with a thick trail of lust on the wall's surface.

Her progress was slow but steady until disaster struck. A loud rip rose above the music and announced the failure of her clothing, which exposed her shapely rear. The vixen reflexively reached back to cover the tear and save her modesty, accidentally losing height in the process. Her cheeks blazed with embarrassment with the crowd's hoots and hollers, but there was little she could do until she finished the climb. Her cock throbbed with exhibitionist perversion and fogged her thoughts, threatening to disrupt her technique until she finally reached the top. The vixen gracelessly flung herself over its edge and clambered onto the platform, then reached up and mashed the finish button from the floor. Lights flashed and music played in recognition of her victory, and the course broke down and retreated in defeat. Her balance wavered as her perch lowered to the ground, and she somewhat reluctantly made her way back to the main stage. The contestant hid her face in her paws as her cock swung and arced pre across the floor, despite the crowd's enthusiastic applause. Her spire throbbed and let lose another burst of arousal with their encouragement, proving she relished the attention on some level at least.

The blaze in her cheeks burned full bright by the time she reached the host, who wasted no time congratulating her. "I was worried 'bout that wall there at the end, but I love bein' proved wrong," he chuckled. "Ready to claim your winnin's?"

The vixen froze when she realized that involved turning around and shook her head "no".

The host fox patted her on the shoulder. "Don' worry 'bout that hole in your suit now. We've all been there before, and tha's half the fun of the show."

She didn't seem convinced, but turned around to get it over with anyway. Her tail frizzed out when the audience resumed their hooting, though they quickly quieted down in anticipation of the results.

Her remaining time of thirty seconds was the first number to make an appearance, followed by her prize pool. The value rolled up to "\$2000 x2," and a small fanfare played when they stopped. A puff of smoke heralded the the dice boxes' return, which again give her a choice between hyper, weight, and mystery.

The crowd overpowered the music with their calls of which box to take, fraying the vixen's concentration. While weight wasn't an optimal choice, she'd learned that the hyper choice came with serious drawbacks of its own. She almost threw her choice to the wind and picked the mystery box, though her courage faltered and she grabbed "weight" instead. The other two boxes vanished, and another pair of enchanted dice rose from her selected container.

"One o' my personal favorites," the host quipped. "Go ahead and give em a roll when you're ready."

The vixen squeezed the dice in her paw and blew on them, then cast them into podium's tray. The audience watched the TV with rapt attention while the dice tumbled and settled, and they filled the studio with their approval when they finally came to rest.

Mom Bod - 20

The host hyped up the crowd while she processed the results, then broke her trance by hugging her to his side. "It's your lucky day," he beamed. "You know what a nat 20 means~"

Balloons and confetti fell down the TV's screen as her prize pool rolled up again and stopped on "\$3000 x3"

The second part her prize struck shortly after, rekindling the blush in her cheeks as the familiar tingle of transformation washed over her body. Unlike her previous change, the sensation didn't focus on a single point. It instead suffused her entire frame, particularly her hips and chest. A small twinge of dread welled in her core as her suit tightened around her growing curves, widening the tear around her ass and starting many more along her thighs. Despite knowing it was a losing battle, she pressed her breasts to her torso in an attempt to hold them back, forcing them to squish above and below her arms as they grew regardless. Her hips spread apart with a series of soft pops, reshaping her bones to better support her fattening ass. Her thighs swelled out as well, bringing her suit to and through the limits of its endurance. Loud rips sounded through the studio when the seams along her legs split completely, exposing her softness to the studio and everyone watching at home. The tears combined and rushed up the rest of her body once it started, relieving its pressure all the way up to her chest. Her paws darted to her crotch as her cock flopped free, freeing her breasts to flop onto her stomach while she ineffectively hid herself. The audience went wild as her torn jumpsuit fluttered to the floor in two useless halves, forcing her to embrace her nudity. Hers was hardly the first wardrobe malfunction on the set, but that thought provided little comfort as her body finished shifting to a matronly caricature.

The vixen had given up on covering herself, and everyone present seemed thankful for it. Her curves flowed and softly wobbled in the absence of a suit to contain them, and the spotlights showed off every single one of her rolls. Her face had softened with maternal pudge, filling in her cheeks and endowing her with a cute double chin. A layer of generous padding covered her arms and smothered the muscles beneath, and her breasts had more than doubled in size. Faint droplets of milk leaked from her nipples and rolled down the substantial curve of her belly, which rolled well beyond her belt line and squished around her length. The vixen's hips extended beyond her shoulders and supported her heavy frame, including her prodigious ass. Her rear wobbled with every little movement and folded over her thighs, each of which were as wide as her waist was a few moments ago. Apprehension gave way to confidence as she grew accustomed to her new shape, which she

indulgently explored before everyone watching. The satisfaction welling in her chest expressed itself through her throbbing cock, and she remained in her trance until a loud whistle from an audience member pulled her from her thoughts. She flinched and covered herself out of reflex, though relaxed and let her paws fall to her sides shortly after

The host patted her on the back. "I hate to interrupt your little show here, but you got a choice to make. Are you gonna go another round, go for broke, or walk with your winnings?"

The vixen had much to consider, and the difficulty of the previous challenge inspired introspection. The dice impacted her performance much more than she expected, and she anticipated the difficulties that came with her new figure. Her perpetual arousal presented a set of issues on its own. She blocked out the crowd's chants and seriously considered walking away, until a forgotten detail dawned on her. "The final round doesn't have a time limit, right?"

The host picked up on her line of thought and smiled broadly. "No ma'am, it does not. Are you thinkin' bout givin it a shot?"

She matched his expression. "I do believe I am."

"Well then, let's get it set up!"

The grey fox twirled his finger and signaled the crew, and the area behind the stage rearranged for the final time. Unlike its previous iterations, nothing physical stood between the vixen and her grand prize. Walls rose along the edges of a broad path, and a giant button emerged from the floor at the far end, piquing the vixen's curiosity until the course flared to life. One by one, countless laser beams shot across the open space and formed constant beams, each one bathing the corridor in a different color. She surmised that she needed to slip through without breaking one, but thankfully the heavier fox gave her the rules.

"Now, as you know, this one is a little different. You got as much time as you need to get to the other end an' hit the button, but if you fall and can't get up in ten seconds, you lose. That might sound easy now, but that's what we got those lasers for." The host pointed into the course to emphasize his point, and the camera panned across them for the audience. "Each one o' those works like one of our dice. They only got one effect each, but the longer you're in it, the stronger it gets. So if your gonna fall, make sure you don't land in one," he chuckled. "Or do, if ya find one you like and think it's worth your prize pool," he grinned.

Second thoughts washed over the contestant, but the host brought her to the starting line anyway.

"Start when you're ready and just ease your way through."

The vixen eyed the course and surveyed the bright web of lasers for a clear path, but

gave up and stepped in after deciding the beams would be easier to untangle up close. The crowd watched in relative silence as she tip-toed over and under the luminous beams, maintaining a careful pace until she reached her first major hurdle. Three lines, stacked atop one another and parallel to the floor, gave her pause. There wasn't enough space to squeeze between them, and if she didn't know better, she might have thought that was by design. She sized up the problem and weighed the risks of simply walking through, and decided to test the waters with a wave of her hand. A bolt of lust raced up her arm the instant she broke the neon streak, and a shameless moan tumbled from her muzzle when it took effect. The brief contact minimized its extent, though it was still very noticeable. Her cock lurched and shot a drop of lust across the floor as her breasts tingled and swelled, gaining just under a cup size and lowering to her naval. It took her a moment to recover from the rush and catch her breath, and once she did, she threw caution to the wind and leapt through the beams. The explosion of carnal bliss nearly spoiled her landing and stole away her balance, though she salvaged it before she tumbled into another beam. Her knees trembled with shameless need as her chest dominated yet more of her figure, making her a bigger target for the subsequent beams and weighing heavily on her posture.

The contestant stumbled forward once she recovered and clutched her breasts to her chest, careful to keep them from swinging into yet more rays. The audience more than enjoyed the display, and some encouraged her to go back and throw the game, though she did her best to ignore them. Every thought in her head was devoted to making it to the end of the course and claiming her prize money, and she surged forward with determination. Her gymnastic skills returned as she adjusted to her new figure, and she gracefully danced between luminous grids until she confronted a second wall. Experience told her there was no good way around it, so instead of breaking her momentum, she barreled through. The vixen came to regret the choice when she managed to hit every beam in the barrier, instilling her with a triple dose of weight gain. Her balance faltered and brought her to the ground as a significant weight filled her belly, rounding it out with soft flab and endowing her with a natural apron. A blush heated her cheeks as the soft roll avalanched over her cock and buried it in in soft warmth, keeping her lusts smoldering in the back of her mind. The crowd counted down from ten while she picked herself up, and mixed cheers and disappointment rose over it when she got her feet under her. The vixen lurched to the side and stomped out to prevent another fall as her belly finally stopped growing, and she recovered her momentum and raced against her dwindling stamina.

Between her heavier frame and waning endurance, the vixen lost much her grace. Her flab flopped and jiggled with each ponderous footfall, and her mental image of herself was slow to adjust. Sparks of pleasure stung at her wobbling rolls as she grazed lasers with increasing frequency, further plumping her up and reducing her ability to avoid them. Still, she loved every second of it, and a steady stream of cloudy pre and feminine lust flowed from between her three-trunk thighs by the time she reached the final barrier. Even a cursory glance revealed there was no way to sneak through, even if she hadn't rounded out into a wobbling ball of fox. Multiple glowing grids layered into each other in an impenetrable latticework of every color, almost tight enough to create a solid plane. Still, the vixen did her best to recall which colors produced what effect, and she waddled to a

patch of hues that seemed most familiar. If she couldn't get through unscathed, she could at least pick her poison. The audience watched with bated breath as she mustered the last of her strength, and she dashed through the beams with all the speed she could gather. The overweight contestant lost her poise the instant she broke the first beam, however, and she tumbled and rolled to a stop on the other side. Her belly wobbled and sloshed with residual momentum while she struggled to catch her breath, which became all the more difficult as the beams' magic set upon her.

The vixen rolled onto her front and rose on her hands and knees, but that was as far as she got before an unstoppable wave of bliss washed over her. Her strength vaporized and she fell back to the floor with a soft thump, and shivers of bliss ran up and down her spine as the laser's magic sank into her form. Her hips bucked and writhed against the foam mat as her lusts rose to a fever pitch, slinging her into an orgasm that sapped her coordination. The audience cheered and started their countdown over, some trying to inspire her to get up while others wished for her to lay there and finish her show. The lust-drunk contestant could hear their words but not their meaning, and the latter group got their wish as a pool of cum spread from under her belly. Her sac pulled up between her thighs and pulsed with a brisk rhythm, expelling every ounce of virility she'd built up since the start of the show. The sustained climax completely eclipsed the rest of her transformation, and she hardly noticed her growing balls or the multiple breasts growing in under her original set. The vixen did notice the rising pressure within them though, and she rolled over to alleviate some of it. The flow of her bountiful milk slowed without the full weight of her body motivating it, though it was still substantial enough to tempt her into sampling it. Feminine orgasm tore through her when she latched on and drank deeply, rekindling her male orgasm and feeding the lewd pool around her.

The end of the countdown came and went without her care, prompting the end of the trial. A stage crew emerged to make sure she was alright, then enveloped her in shimmering magic and carried her off stage. As the camera scanned over her features in flawless detail for the audience, the host stepped into his spotlight and addressed them.

"Win or lose, I always love watchin folks tackle that last gauntlet," he grinned. The fox's arousal was obvious to those who looked, but most were too focused on the vixen's highlight reel to notice or care. "We're gonna take a little break to get our vixen friend set up with a milkin machine in the break room, and then we'll be right back with our contestant."