

Cyrus in the Spotlight

People say all the troubles began with Cyrus. Well, people tend to say a lot of things, but he was the first of the Villagers to undergo "The Change". No surprise people thought it all started with him. But little do they know that it all began with a mysterious lantern. It had been sold to Re-Tail by someone looking very eager to be rid of it, and they were grateful for the Thousand Bells it sold for. And so they were gone, leaving behind a metal lantern with a rather appealing glow to it. "Isn't it rather darling?" Reese the alpaca had bleated, presenting it to her hubby.

The blue alpaca in an apron in turn had nodded thoughtfully, his pompadour bouncing as he rubbed his chin. "It looks very nice" he did say in agreement.

"I'm glad you agree my sweet Cy-Guy~" the lovely lady said with her sugary smile. "Because I thought it would look very nice at your desk. You've been complaining about your current light, and how it's so dark that you keep hitting your hand. So I think this lantern will be just the thing you need."

And thus reaching out for the unsuspecting item, the blue alpaca had taken it and gently tilted it in his hands. "Thank you my love~ This really is just what I needed" he said with a bashful smile.

Nobody could remember that exact moment, but that was when it all began. Well, technically it began later that night, but if you look at it objectively, acquiring the lantern was when it all began. Semantics, what can ya do? Either way, it was now night time. Almost midnight, in fact. And Cyrus was working hard on a new piece of furniture, his little den lit up by the fabulous lantern. That is, until it struck midnight. The room went dark as the device died, and the alpaca grunted in annoyance as he tried to find it on his table. "Darn thing! What? Did your battery die?" he grumbled, before realising something. "Actually, now that I think about it, how was that thing on anyhow?"

Fumbling about, things started to become clearer as the lantern unleashed a dim red glow, its light growing brighter and stronger. Cyrus froze in its light, before getting off his chair and taking a few steps back. "*What the heck is this thing?*" he worried.

The red light shone brighter, before focusing entirely on the blue alpaca, now caught like a deer in the headlights. He shut his blinded eyes as the red daze blasted over him, and then the light returned, same as normal. "What the heck was that?" he exclaimed, eyeballing the strange device. "To heck with this. That's some cursed stuff right there!" he decided, taking the lantern and hurling it out the nearest window.

It smashed with a satisfying **CRUNCH!** And as Cyrus closed the window, the remains turned into a leaf, and floated away on the breeze. Sighing as he got out his old light, the alpaca felt a little funny, all over. Like, really funny, actually. Frowning, he felt himself over to see if that weird light had damaged his lovely fleece at all. From what he could see he hadn't, but running a hand over his bicep, he, well, felt his bicep. Rubbing it over, it felt, pretty solid actually. Like, yeah, he's not out of shape. But he wasn't constantly working out like those Jock types either. "Am I straining myself too much?" he asked himself, hand still to his bulging bicep. "What the?!"

In the dim glow, the alpaca could see his arm throb, and then bulge! His muscles bulged! And he wasn't even flexing. "What the?" he repeated, his chest heaving.

It was the strangest feeling of being out of breath, and having too much of it. It was a tightness, and it was only getting worse as his flat chest moulded and twisted, rising into pecs. Cyrus' brow rose much like his apron straps, his attire resting against his fluffy chest. He felt meaty, and solid. He had a chest he unironically could beat upon. And he would, honestly, if Reese wasn't sleeping. Wouldn't want to surprise her like that with him suddenly bulked up. Wait, shoot, how *was* he going to explain this to her? That was quite the question, and while he considered the answer, his thighs rose, his fluff showing off rather shapely forms, while his calves did the same. Winding and weaving with new muscle, he quickly realised he had risen a foot into the air. He had just gained a foot of height, just like that! Stomping on his larger feet, Cyrus grinned as he flexed his right arm, feeling the sinews of it bunch and bulge, and bulge, and bulge. His eyes widened as his arms just kept bulging, muscle packing itself onto them at a frightening pace. "Oh no" he gasped, unintentionally flexing some more as inches weaved themselves onto him, his forearms as broad as a branch.

Breathing heavily, the alpaca's chest ground against the straps of his apron that were now sinking into his fleece, and his bulging pectorals. His fine rocks were becoming slabs rising outwards, the wool on his neck pushed upwards from their expansive girth. Cyrus pressed his hands to his chest, to push the muscles down. But whatever was happening was clearly stronger than he was, as it bested him in this matter of size and power. Bleating worriedly, his mind was ablaze with figuring out just what to do here, cause, incidentally, your muscles growing in size is something one doesn't normally come across. Turning to the front door,

the alpaca considered it, but it was quite clear that he was far too large now. Far too large as he **BANGED** his head on the roof. “Sonnuva” he grunted, grabbing his poofy hair with his broad hands.

Hunching down, Cyrus was steadily running out of options to him as more tightness crossed his chest in the form of his apron. The thing had become so small that it barely even covered the underside of his widening chest, revealing a rather sexy set of abs. Now, perhaps it was the adrenaline right now, but he couldn't help but have a rather toothy grin as he rubbed down his fine abdominals, with his finger tracing the line of his meaty pecs. Bearing in mind that things were still getting rather small for him, of course. His shoulders rounded and bunched, growing closer to his noggin' while his massive back rippled with an impressive landscape of finely sculpted musculature. He was almost like a work of art front and back actually. Not that he could see it as his head seemed to be migrating backwards, or rather, everything was migrating outwards. His view was growing obscured by his chest, his meatiness bulging out either side of his apron. Why hadn't he removed it yet? Well, at this point he probably couldn't reach the straps in the back. And in hindsight, it was fair that he hadn't thought of that. One usually doesn't think in circumstances like this.

His back pressing to the roof, the alpaca was forced to hunch lower, his amazing muscles pulling hard on the strap that suddenly **SNAPPED** off. Thinking hard about it, Cyrus held both his large arms and flexed hard, his rising, rock-hard muscles **SNAPPING** the rest of his apron off. Sighing with relief and rubbing his brow with his hand, there was still quite the issue at hand. Largely that at this point Cyrus was practically on his massive knees, with his feet brushing against his workbench. And at this point, there was simply no escape for him. *“Better to only hurt myself and not Reese”* he thought sadly.

Crawling backwards, he sat down on his thick, swollen rump as he waited it out. He could only just see his broad, rippling calves from beyond the round curvature of his massively moon-like chest. His chin rested comfortably in their cleft, while his shoulders bunched around either side of his cheeks. Slacking a little, the alpaca casually flexed an arm, growing fascinated with the bunching and bulging his tight muscles did. And how with every flex they swelled, as if they very act was pumping them up. “Hrmph” he grunted, craning his head as best he could to see just barely over his hunching back muscles that he had hit his desk.

Exhaling through his nostrils, Cyrus looked up, his pompadour scraping the roof that was rapidly coming towards him. Closing his eyes and bracing himself, the alpaca's giant form pressed against it. The building **rumbled** and the roof **creaked** loudly as he bore with it, his growth increasing much like the cracks in the masonry. There was a terrible **CRASH!** as his head tore through the ceiling, his broad shoulders and chest following upwards. Heaving a

sigh of relief, Cyrus looked around to assess the damage, somewhat blind to numerous lights suddenly turning on. *"This is going to take some explaining"* Cyrus thought to himself.

SMASH! The alpaca's eyes widened, a draft on his rear as a perfect butt-shaped hole was made in the wall behind him. And now that he was shifting about, it appeared that his desk must've smashed when he broke through the roof. "Shoot. I liked that desk" he grumbled to himself as he shifted about.

More roof and wall tore away as he slowly stood up, the alpaca now standing over fifteen feet high, and about as broad in pure, bulging, heaving muscle. Straightening himself up, he leant upon the top of a tree as other members of the town started to gather, all of them rather shocked as they stared up at the craftsman. Instinctively tensing up, the numerous bulges and ridges of his rippling musculature were on full display. Cyrus grumbled as he straightened himself, his gargantuan muscles limiting his movements just a little. "What are you squirts staring at?" he demanded testily, stomping his massive foot.

He glowered at them all, staring at him like he was some sort of freak. Yeah, he was really tall now. And his muscular chest was so massive that he was pretty sure he could crush coconuts between the tight cleft. And his arm was bigger than his whole body before this had even happened. And his short legs were so massive he had to keep them apart to avoid their girth from grinding against each other and starting a fire. But so what? "Darling?" an earnest voice said.

Staring down at the ruins of his workshop, Cyrus found his beloved wearing a nightgown, and staring up at him. "Heh, uhh, evening honey" he began with an embarrassed look. "You know, this is a really funny story, but you remember that uhh... actually, what *was* it you gave me earlier today?"