

Monster Trio (Women to Male Monsters TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

When three young women stumble upon an abandoned chemical plant for a college project, they find themselves changed into strange monsters: reptilian, simian, and canine. Waking the next day, they hope it is just a dream, but the changes slowly begin again, becoming permanent, and perhaps returning the plant is the only way to stop it, or make it stronger . . .

Monster Trio

The place was shit scary, and all three of the girls knew it. Against the smog-ridden sky over the long-disused and muddy bay loomed the old chemical plant. It appeared like some great hiking metal titan long since cast down into Tartarus, with its tall brick chimneys stretching upwards, cracked and bent like claws raking the sky. The air smelled of foul background chemicals, and the soil around the plant was oily, a rainbow film on its surface reflecting off of their flashlights.

“Yeah, this place is perfect,” May said.

“Y-yeah. P-perfect,” added Anna.”

“Are you serious? Fuck that! I’m not going in there!”

But May just grinned. “C’mon, you coward. It’ll be perfect. No one else in the class will have shots like we have!”

May, Anna, and Nat were all taking a college photography class together, one that each member was passionate about, May most of all. She was a short brunette with hair that only just managed to go past her chin, and a somewhat boyish face and figure. She had always been daring, and enjoyed bending rules. In that way, she was the natural leader of the group despite being the smallest of them.

“C’mon, gals,” she said, grinning in that cocksure way of hers, “the project is *literally* about photographing derelict and decayed spaces. You don’t get more decayed than this!”

She gestured to the plant.

Anna grimaced. She was a blonde, and very attractive. Her Nordic features gave her an ethereal, otherworldly look, with wide-spaced eyes and sharp cheekbones. Her near-white blonde hair stirred against her shoulders as she looked left and right. She was planning to be a model one day, and was taking the photography class to help her own social media management. She was also quite nervous about going into what she would describe as “icky” spaces, but also hated being seen as cowardly.

“C-can’t we go elsewhere?” she suggested. “Or even just take photos of this place f-from the outside?”

“You just said it was perfect! C’mon, I thought you were brave, Anna.”

Anna stood to her full height - she was nearly six feet, after all, and squared her lithe shoulders. “Of course I am. Fine, we’ll go in. I just don’t want to get covered in chemicals.”

Nat groaned. “Ughh, c’mon Anna! This place is screaming death trap!”

Their last member was perhaps their most sensibly-minded. Nat had mousy brown hair and features that would be described as ‘cute’ and ‘beautiful’ rather than striking or sexy. She was often mistaken for being younger than her twenty one years of age, and despite her attempts to rebrand herself as ‘dangerous’ there was no having it: she was simply too practically-minded, and hated stirring up trouble. She often wished she could be more like May, but plans like this made her back away.

“Maybe I’ll just stick outside while you guys go in?” she suggested.

“But you’re the best with the camera!” Anna said, giving her a look that said ‘please, I want us *all* in there.’

Nat sighed, not loving the idea of staying outside anyway, given the creepy atmosphere of the abandoned parking lot they were in.

“It’s decided then!” May declared. “We’re all going in! Get your camera, your lights, and your flashes, girls, we’re gonna blow ‘em away with this creepfest!”

“Please don’t call it a creepfest,” Anna said, watching her hair as they entered. “I deal enough with creeps already.”

“And there might be some living in here,” Nat murmured to herself.

The chemical plant had been abandoned for over a decade, and even most delinquents didn’t visit it. Strange rumours abounded, but the three young women persisted, driven forth by their leader. It was indeed a dark, desperate place, filled with the eerie cacophony of a thousand different pipes slowly dripping, and the tinkling of metal and crunching of glass under-paw by various rodent denizens of the place. More than once Anna ended up shrieking, but in her refusal to be seen as a ‘scaredy cat’ she ended up pushing the group almost as much as May, and so after a cursory examination of the moth-eaten couches in the staffroom and the desiccated space of the reception room, they began their trek downstairs, into the dark recesses of the laboratories. Here the air smelled most acrid, and the walls were stained in faint hues of green and orange. There was something . . . wrong in the air, something undefinable, and they each felt it. More than anything, Nat wanted to go home, but she didn’t want to leave without the others.

“Can’t we just get this over?” she asked, taking a photograph. “We’ve already taken heaps of pictures as it is.”

May nodded, understanding her friend’s limits. “How about this: there are three hallways - the one with the red line, the one with the blue line, the one with the yellow line. We split up just for a little bit, take photos of what we find at the end, and compare our findings. Then we skedaddle. That work?”

Anna nodded eagerly. “Works for me! But I’m choosing blue. It looks like it has the least amount of . . . drip.”

May chuckled. “You and your hair. I’ll take red, then. It’s my kind of colour.”

Nat sighed. “I’ll take yellow then. Let’s just get this done.”

They split up, walking down their separate winding corridors, taking photographs of the cracked wall tiles and chewed wiring hanging from the ceilings. It would all easily be enough for their projects, but as each member advanced they hit the jackpot: or so they thought. A great glass chamber with an open door, circular and immense in size - equal to a mid-sized apartment - dominated the end of each hallway. The glass was coloured the same as the lines on the floor that led them there. And most wonderful and terrible of all, there were *claw marks* and *handprints* on the glass.

“Fuck yeah,” May said. “Holy shit, this is the freakiest stuff I’ve ever seen. I can’t wait to show them my pictures.”

She took several, before stepping into the chamber personally in order to take interior shots. There were stains on the floor, and ripped clothing too, and evidence of a struggle.

“Jackpot,” she said.

Unbeknownst to her, the others were taking photos of almost identical scenarios, and each had also entered their chambers. Anna’s had a little bit more water on the tiled surface, with a drain hole, and Nat’s seemed to have strange heaps of shaggy brown hair scattered around. Both were freaked out, but fascinated.

And then everything went wrong.

It was not May that triggered it, nor Anna, but Nat of all people. The nervous brunette took her photos hurriedly, but her space was the darkest, and they weren’t coming out right. She left her glass chamber, and found that there was a nearby power box.

“Like that’d work,” she said, but she flipped the switch anyway. To her marvel, the lights inside the glass chamber turned on. “Holy crap! It did! But it has a ten second timer. I’ll just be quick.”

She ran back into the chamber, only for the door to clamp shut behind her. Nat spun, shocked. “Oh God.”

The others were also locked in their separate chambers. A set of screens just outside the door switched on, showing footage of all three of them. The young women looked at the footage, realising each were trapped, and became instantly horrified.

“What happened?” May cried, and the recording was carried to the others.

“I don’t know!” Nat said. “I just hit a switch to see better. I didn’t mean to lock us in or anything!”

“Nat, you better get us out of here right now!” cried Anna, starting to lose her calm.

“I’ll try! The glass is thick, and the door won’t budge, and - oh God.”

“What are you - oh crap, it’s here too.”

“What the fuck?” Anna exclaimed. “Is that gas?”

It was. From the top of their dome-like glass chambers, gas was pouring in, the same colour as the respective glass domes. It quickly filled each chamber, and the women began to cry out in terror. They banged on the doors, Anna most of all in her terror, but Nat and May just behind her. It was too strong though, and soon they were choking on the strange miasma which filled their lungs.

“Wh-what is this s-stuff!?” Nat cried out.

“I d-don’t know,” May said, her voice carrying across the speakers. “B-but it’s m-making me f-feel woozy. Woozy and . . . strong.”

“Me too,” added Nat, staring at her arms, which felt strangely muscular.

“God, it’s like I’m getting energy. We need to get out of here!”

But before any of them could move to try to push open the doors, they each suddenly experienced a dreadful lurch in their stomach, and one by one they doubled over.

“F-feels like I’m on f-fire!” May cried.

“M-me too!” Anna said.

“Me thre-AGGHH!!!”

Suddenly something strange and terrifying and all kinds of wrong occurred: Nat cried out as her chest *expanded*. Her ribcage somehow broadened, and her spine elongated painfully. She roared - not screamed, *roared* - as her body soaked into the strange yellow mist, expanding terribly.

“S-something’s happening!” she said in a voice that was deepening unnaturally. “My b-body is - NGHH! My HANDS!!!”

Her fingernails lengthened, stretching to become claws. Her legs cracked, taking on an altered shape, her bipedal structure altering even as her clothing split apart from the pressure. She cried out as her ears shifted to the top of her head, her jaw cracking as it extended forward. Nat watched in horror as her nose took on much greater prominence, stretching until it was far more of a *snout* than a mouth.

“RARRRGGH!!!” she screamed, her voice lowering in register even further. “I’m g-growing! Ch-changing!”

She could hear her two friends screaming as well, but could barely make out the screen: only that Anna had a tail, and May looked very muscular and . . . hairy.

“M-May? You’re growing - oh God I am t-too!”

Her spine extended further, and now the 5’6 Nat was easily over six feet in height. Her skin itched terribly, forcing her to scratch it all over with her claws. This was made easier by her fingers, which had stretched out to be longer than they should have been. In the dim reflection of the yellow glass she looked like a monster, and that was only heightened by the millions of coarse brown hairs that suddenly erupted across her body.

“Nngh! No! STOP! This isn’t - this is a fucking nightmare! Somebody stop this! I didn’t mean to pull that sw-OHHH!!”

The hair came in, thickening immensely, growing long enough to give her a full coat. Even as that occurred, her ears twisted, becoming large and triangular atop her head. Her teeth cracked, became sharp and pointed. She inadvertently growled, her voice sounding husky and deep and . . . manly?

“What’s happening to USSS!?”

She got her answer mere moments later. Her flesh rippled with strong muscle all down her form. Her arms and shoulders in particular bulged, but so did her legs. She hunched forward, her stature taking on a more bent shape, but still she grew, easily reaching seven feet tall even with this new hunch. Her spine pushed out the other way, giving her a new tail. She roared and even *howled* as it grew out her backside, long and flesh and with its own articulated movement. In moments the coarse hair grew out from it there as well, bushy and wild. There was no mistaking now what she looked like.

“A w-werewolf!?” she cried. “I’m b-becoming a f-fucking w-werewoman!?”

She was only half right. Even as her height increased, as her muscled expanded, and as her mind became overwhelmed with a kind of bestial impulse to violence and freedom, she felt a new development stirring between her loins. Her breasts had melted away, her small pert breasts that she loved. Now, a set of very male genitalia was growing out between her hairy thighs.

“N-no! Not that! Anything but - AARROOOO!!!”

She actually *howled* fully in despair, right to the ceiling, as a furry sheath developed to house her thorny werewolf cock. Her *wolfman* cock. The new creature was easily eight feet tall. Nat tried to figure out what to do, but the new bestial instincts came to the fore instead. She needed to be free. To hunt. To eat. To tear away at civilisation. Destruction, not just to get out of here but as its own end, loomed larger in her mind. She began to slash at the glass. *He* slashed at the glass.

At the same time as Nat's transformation, Anna was screeching as her body also stretched and grew. But unlike the hairy Nat, her body was *shedding* hair. She gasped as her gorgeous blonde hair- her pride - began to tumble from her head, leaving her scalp bare.

"No! No no no no no no! Not my hair!"

It was only a small part of her changes. The blonde beauty groaned as her shoulders widened, and her hips became more squared. Her fingers extended, toes as well, and she had to hurriedly remove her footwear to cope with the pain.

"What's happening! May! Save us! Nat, help m-meeee!"

She whined, but in the middle of that whine her tongue suddenly and alarmingly extended. It flicked out, splitting in half at the end so that it forked, just like a lizard's. For a horrified moment, the transforming woman didn't know what to do.

"Muh tung! Wath happin' to muh tung! Thith ith too weird!"

But then she managed to retract it back into her mouth, just in time for her entire face to change. It pushed forward, and her already-wide Nordic eyes were stretched wide, pulling to the sides of her face.

"My faaaace! Holy fuck my faaace! NGGGH!!"

She clutched it with her hands, even as a set of membrane-like webbing stretched between her fingers. Just as had occurred with Nat, her skin itched terribly. Unlike with Nat, it was not due to her growing hair, but rather *scales*. Anna gasped - well, more like *sarled* in a deep, throaty voice - as thousands of thousands of dark green scales extended across her form.

"Aggh! Ohhh! It hurts . . . but it f-feels GOOD!"

She was shocked to feel that way, but she did indeed feel powerful, unleashed, *monstrous* in a shockingly freeing way. Her face finished developing its powerful snout, and her nose shrunk down to a pair of wide-set, leathery nostrils.

"S-stop! Stop it! D-don't w-want to be this way, even if it feels so p-powerful!!
GRARGGH!!"

Her legs cracked, changing shape to be more reptilian, and her arms became larger and tougher too. A snarling, reptilian grunt accompanied the growth of an immense, meaty tail. It ripped apart her trousers, annihilating them entirely. She snarled again, but couldn't deny the strange pleasure of feeling an enormous scaled tail pour forth from her backside. It was long, incredibly so, and it grew a set of sharp vertical plates and spikes which continued up her back and onto her head like a dragon's crest. The tail had to be at least eight feet long, which was easily longer than she was tall. It was lizard-like, reptilian, and as if to emphasise that fact, her eyes altered, becoming slitted in the mirror reflection of the glass, a golden amber that seemed alien.

“A g-giant lizard!?” she managed to breathe, but even that came with great difficulty, because the shape of her tongue was changing, and many needle-like serrated teeth were growing along her extended jaw. In mere moments human speech was beyond Anna as her transformation into a lizard-like monstrosity completed.

Well, *almost* completed. Anna found her emotions dulling, her horror falling away, her instincts becoming much more practical and clinical. She was a monster, and it was so very wrong, but that wrongness felt faint and distant, like the static of an old television set in another room. Her genitalia shifted and changed, becoming male even as it drew back into her body - *his* body - internally, just like that of a reptile's. But he could feel her member now, recognise its potential and what it meant. He was a male lizard monster, and that was that. It should have been so very concerning, but instead the great creature pressed against the glass door, trying to work it out as its cunning coldness came into play.

Finally, there was May. The short, tomboyish brunette was horrified to discover that her friends were changing, but the lurch in her own gut informed her that she was very much next.

“I didn't mean for this to h-happen!” she stammered. “I'm s-sorry! If anyone out there can hear us, you need to hurry the fuck down here and - UGHH!!”

She stretched, and her changes - while a little delayed - came much faster than the others. May *exploded* with muscle. The surge of transformation extended all throughout her body and across her limbs, which rippled so massively with new growth that her meagre top and shorts could not contain it. There was a tremendous *RIIIIIP*, and in moments she stood entirely naked, her body still swelling and growing while she moaned and grunted and groaned.

“Holy sh-shit! What the actual fuck!?! I wanted to be t-taller but not like this! Not like fucking *THIS AAGGHH!!!*”

Her small, borderline nonexistent breasts became fully nonexistent as instead her pectoral muscles overtook them, growing so large they looked ridiculous upon her body. She cried out, but even as she did an animalistic howling entered her voice, accompanied by an instinctive need to beat her new chest in fury. She did so.

“OOHHH AH AH AH AH HHHH!!!” she howled, the beating becoming more furious as her fists enlarged massively. Her feet also changed, causing her heavier body to nearly stumble. Her back grew, limbs as well, and it took a moment to realise among the chaos that she no longer *had* feet, at least in the traditional sense: they were hands too, much like those of a monkey's. Or an ape's.

“What the fuck!?! What the OOH AAAAHH AAHAHHH!!!”

More growth, massive muscular growth that put her well and above the greatest bodybuilders that ever existed. Hair growth began all across her body, and her skin

darkened to a grey-brown. Her lips pursed, blowing up, and her head extended, skullcap raising so that she possessed the cranium of what could only be a great ape. Try as she might to stay standing, she couldn't help but fall to all four hands, body slouching forwards as her shoulders stretched yet larger and wider, filling with dominant muscle that could rip Arnold Schwarzenegger himself to shreds.

“God, I'm f-fucking ripped! This is kind of - AGGHH - wild! Holy shit I'm powerful as f-fuck! OHH! AHH!”

Her face altered, changing shape even as the hair across her body grew thicker. It was soft and dark, making her more and more of an ape-like being, but her size was beyond any ape, her form swelling beyond the proportions of any hominid

“F-fucking K-King Kong h-here!” she exclaimed, voice going low, low, low - so low, in fact, that she *sounded* like the man himself as well. Her teeth sharpened painfully, so that she had impressive killing canines, and her skin took on a tough leathery coarseness that would be ideal for climbing rough surfaces and avoiding tears.

“RRGGGHHH,” she rumbled. Between her legs, the final change was taking place. She was already nine or even ten feet tall standing, about seven to eight on all fours, but to complete her dominance one final change was needed. Unlike the panicking, wild Nat or newly cold and clinical Anna, May felt herself bursting with excitement as her vaginal passage began to fill and her womb melted away. Instead, pushing forth between her muscular thighs was an impressive hairy cock and balls that marked her out as an alpha male. Her own improved sense of smell affirmed this: she was now a man-creature, a monstrosity that was meant to be *dominant*. That need to be the apex creature was the strongest impulse of all, and soon she was raging at the glass, intending to prove that it could not hold her. Could not hold *him*.

In each of the chambers, mere seconds apart, the glass was cleanly cut, or the door hinge shoved aside, or the glass simply smashed. Three monstrosities, governed by instincts and with only a semblance of human restraint remaining, were unleashed upon the world. The three young women couldn't believe what they were doing as they rampaged beside one another down the hall, occasionally nipping or growling or hissing at one another, but they knew they needed an exit. They were at the whims of their monstrous instincts now.

The next morning was one of confusion, possible hangovers, and dreadful embarrassment. May woke on the roof of her college dorm where all the smokers hung out in the evenings, unsure of how she got up there. She was completely naked, and had to steal a sheet to cover herself with just to get down. She remembered becoming a great ape last night, and

something about property damage and terrified people, but surely that had just been a fever dream caused by the chemicals or something, right? She moved down to her dorm room, trying to hide from view, but she couldn't resist occasionally clambering forward on all fours for reasons she couldn't explain.

"It's just because of my f-fucking headache," she told herself. "J-just swaying on my damn feet, that's all."

Anna, in the meantime, found herself in even more embarrassing conditions. The normally beautiful and well-put together model-to-be was literally in her wealthy family's backyard, nestled in the cool mud by their artificial lake. She woke, momentarily disoriented by the wave of emotion she felt, as if she'd suddenly been given a personality plug-in or something. She pulled herself out of the mud and ran inside in the early hours of the morning, scraping as much off of her naked body as possible before dashing up to her bedroom. She needed to clean herself off, figure out what happened last night.

"And most important of all," she said, licking her lips with a bit too much tongue. "I need to eat some meat. God, I could eat some meat."

Lastly, Nat woke up against a tree that was clawed all over with scratch marks from some large predator. She had feathers in her mouth, and had to spit them out. She too was naked, though at least just in the forest behind her apartment. It boggled her, and she instantly felt like something was wrong. She could recall running like a wild woman through the forest for some reason last night, though she hadn't felt like a wild *woman* so much as a man. Or a male *beast*. She shook her head, brought her uncomfortable body up and stretched it. The fresh air felt wonderful, and she could have sworn that the smells of the forest were so much more vibrant to her nose. She sniffed them for a moment before stopping.

"What the hell am I even doing?" she asked herself. She quickly ran indoors, finding her spare key to get herself back in.

The three friends all met later that day on campus. None of them had their cameras anymore, and were worried about the assignment. Far more to be worried about was what happened the previous night, and where their clothes and possessions had gone. Not to mention those strange dreams.

"Did we - did we get drunk?" Anna asked, who was guzzling down some clear water as they sat in the sun at the campus park. She normally hated sitting in the sun as it burned her fair skin, but at that moment she had a deep-seated need to warm her body: it was running colder than usual.

“We must have,” May said, scratching her arm pits a little crudely. “It’s the only explanation that makes sense.”

“Can you stop scratching yourself? Especially your ass?” Anna said.

“What? Oh, yeah, sorry. Just feeling itchy this morning.”

“Waking up in strange places will do that to us,” Nat said. “But it doesn’t make sense. None of us brought alcohol. And we all had strange dreams of being . . . monsters.”

She was feeling more worried than the others. She kept flicking her eyes up at other girl and boy groups. It was hard not to be territorial. This was *her* pack, after all, though she’d never thought of them in those terms until now.

May cleared her throat, making a strange *OOH-AHH* sound that made others look at them. “Maybe it was the chemicals? The residual chemicals at the plant made us go all funky.”

“That would sorta make sense,” Anna admitted. “I remember not caring about anything. And just sort of . . . slithering.”

“I cared too much. I needed to be at the top of the pack.”

“I needed to be free. And wild. And run and hunt.”

They all fell silent, musing on the strangeness of that. Nat scratched her side. The skin was itchy and red there. Probably because she had slept in dude, she mused, though the others were also scratching parts of their body, and May was continually hunching over the table.

“Are we still being affected by the chemicals?” she asked.

“Well, we’ll have to wait and find out,” May said. “What say we give it a couple days, and only then do we see a doctor or something. Because if we have to admit where we were . . .”

The fact that they had technically broken the law hung over their heads. The place was long-abandoned, but it was still condemned and illegal to enter.

“Okay,” Nat said, not exactly feeling reassured. “Just a couple of days.”

Anna nodded. She felt she should have been nervous, but just like before . . . she just wasn’t. She was strangely cool about it all.

“Jusst a couple of dayssss,” she said.

Unfortunately, the next couple of days brought further worries, and confirmed to the three young women that something strange was definitely going on, not just with the events of that night but also with their bodies too.

The first concern was the series of strange reports that began to filter out into the local news and social media. The rumours and sightings were all scattered and disconnected, as were the police messages and community complaints, but a pattern began to emerge that not even the more obstinate May could deny: numerous local citizens had claimed to see a large, threatening, monstrous entity on the night they had gone to the chemical factory, though they gave three distinct descriptions: a lizard, an ape, and a wolf-creature. Obviously, all three women were quite concerned by this news, especially given that other evidence began to add up: the police were investigating a mysterious figure that climbed the radio tower on the outskirts of town and made a loud bellowing noise, damaging the sensitive equipment. Several wild animals were found slain and half-eaten, pulled to bits by a large creature. And several partying college types that went to the local lake late at night had fled in fear of something large and scaled in the water that snarled at them.

All of this made the three friends begin to realise that these were no mere dreams: they had in fact actually become those monsters, or at least acted like them in a way that terrified locals. But the real clincher were the changes that were beginning anew across their bodies and in their own minds. The latter occurred first, and was initially subtle enough that the women did not even truly notice them. Each were a little more bestial, but they were all bestial in unique and strange ways.

May found herself constantly needing to climb things and be in tall places. When she went to pick her little brother up for her parents, she quickly scaled the jungle gym with alarming alacrity just to show off. She almost had to hold herself off from shoving away some of the eight and nine year olds climbing it. But when she found out that her brother had been *bullied* that day by a teacher, she flew into a rage and tracked them down across the schoolyard. She beat her chest furiously, and ran towards them, occasionally shifting to all fours, until the young bullies fled in fear. It was only when they called her a 'monster' that she relented, realising what she was doing.

Her brother, incidentally, though it had been the coolest thing in the world.

"You were like a crazy giant ape or something!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Uh, thanks, little bro. Just don't, you know, tell our parents, okay?"

"Promise. I also won't tell them that you're wearing lifts."

"I am?"

"Yeah, you look way taller. Or bigger. Have you been working out, May?"

As May grappled with the fact that it did indeed look like she was bigger and more muscular, Anna too was grappling with strange mental changes. She had a minor modelling job to go to, as well as social media photography to organise for herself, but for some reason the flash kept irritating her. Whenever it went off, she felt a need to leap forward as if to

attack, or lunge. It terrified her first photographer until Anna managed to make up something about having a 'condition' and requiring no flash. She should have been incredibly embarrassed, but instead the young woman just felt a strange detachment from it all. The only thing that made her detached was being away from water for too long, or out of the sun. She continued to go outside at any opportunity she got, luxuriating in the sun's rays and soaking them in, heating her core. And yet, at the same time, she slithered into a bath - preferably a very, very hot one - several times a day, soaking there as long as possible.

These changes were enough to be concerning, but the physical developments followed as well. They were only small, barely noticeable in fact, but they were still happening. Nat was having to shave her legs twice a day, and her belly was starting to grow more noticeable hair as well. What's more, her ears looked just a little bit too big, and her canine teeth a tetch more prominent. Anna's face seemed a bit sharper, angular. Her eyes were a more amber colour than usual, and she had several patches of skin around her back and insides of her thighs that were starting to look rather . . . scaly. May's changes were the most subtle, but she was very aware of them: she was an inch taller than she should have been, and her muscles were noticeable compared to the slim form she usually had. In fact, it almost looked like she was becoming a bit *jacked*.

When the three met up at Anna's house two days later, they were all in a worry, particularly given that they had agreed to go to the doctor or hospital if they showed any strange signs, and by that point there were more than a few.

"What the h-hell do we do?" asked Anna, who was quite emotive once more, and concerned that her moments of periodic apathy might return.

"We go to the hospital, obviously," Nat said. "I'm growing hair in places there shouldn't be! I tried to sniff one of my group partner's butts during an assignment in science today! This shit is all wrong! We need to get professional help fucking stat!"

But May wasn't sure. For one, she was feeling oddly tough and empowered by her changes, even though she knew it wasn't a good sign deep down. And for two . . .

"Hold up girls," she said. "We'd be considered freaks."

"We are freaks," Nat reminded her.

"No, we'd *really* be considered freaks. Think about it: we'd be locked up in quarantine. If we really *did* turn into something monstrous that night-

"I'm not convinced we did," Anna said, resolute. "It was a series of bad dreams. I think we just . . . lost control. Maybe had, like, a small mutation or something."

"This doesn't *feel* small!" Nat whined.

"-then we'll be locked up for good," May said. "We'll be studied. Maybe even dissected-"

"Vivisected," Nat corrected."

“Whatever! You know I’m telling the truth. Look, these are all just stupid little hormonal changes, and if they are a bit weird, it’s probably just temporary because of the chemicals and stuff. We just need to lay low and let them wear off, because if we go to the Man then he’ll just lock us up. C’mon girls, we’ve got to be alphas!”

“Alphas!?” Nat said, though she couldn’t deny that while it was odd wording, it was convincing her a little.

Anna went cool. She scratched a few scales on her back. “Don’t want to be caged,” she said monotonously. “I’d prefer to be free, and sssee what happens.”

Nat looked aside at her friend, but she seemed calm. May slapped Anna on the back, harder than she normally would have. “Agreed, Anna! Look, let’s just wait a few more days, huh?”

Nat was forced to agree. She didn’t want to, but some undercurrent of instinct in her mind found it agreeable. After all, to be free was most important. To be on top, to be the hunter, not the hunted . . .

“Fine,” she said, baring her teeth a little to show her own strength. “But if the changes get worse and aren’t going away, we either go to the hospital or find some other way to deal with it.”

“Deal,” May said.

Anna, normally the most chatty of them, just nodded.

Unfortunately, the changes did not abate, but instead *accelerated*. The trio of friends continued to try to live their lives, even taking new photos for a hasty contribution to their group assignment. But their anxiety over their shared condition grew as they did: all of them were becoming noticeably larger, more muscled, and more . . . monstrous.

May’s growth was most obvious from the outside: her biceps, thighs, calves, and pectoral muscles - among many others - all swelled with powerful tissue. She was nearly three inches taller than she should have been, and she was already claiming it was a ‘late hormonal development’ to the many individuals who asked what was wrong with her. The same excuse applied to her skin, which looked more coarse and darker than it ordinarily was. But she didn’t care, at least nearly as much as her friends: she felt stronger and stronger with each passing day, and with each growth in height, her natural dominance over others enhanced also. People got out of her way, and it amused her to watch them try to push past *her*, when she was getting even stronger than the most dominant college jock. When her body began to develop hair along her back, and on her thighs and arms, she simply grinned. It gave her a more manly scent, and almost made the young woman keen to

see her feet gain further dexterity as well. She didn't communicate these desires to her friends though: she feared what she was becoming, even as she relished it.

Anna was far more anxious than May, though this anxiousness presented itself in an oddly intermittent fashion. Try as she might, she couldn't prevent her long periods of cold, clinical ruthlessness. At first, it was simply in her modelling and academia: smiling for no reason was simply ridiculous, which cost her a good contract, and when she discovered that a fellow student had chosen a similar topic to her in psychology, she simply hired out every book the other students could want, even duplicates, and then, without even thinking about it, stole and ate her rival's lunch from the fridge. The normally sweet and slightly scared Anna was acting like a snake, or a cold-blooded reptile.

This behaviour was accompanied by the increased growth of scales along her form. Soon, she was having to wear long-sleeve shirts and trousers just to hide them, a fact she hated because the sun's radiance felt so nice upon them. She even began wearing a scarf as several of the dark green scales began to appear on her neck. Nothing could disguise her face, where they also spread, and had to claim there was just part of a temporary skin condition. When it caused her to halt her model contracts, she managed to pull out of her emotionless state and become agitated.

"But that's - that's my life!" she cried on the phone to her agent. She took off the dark sunglasses that were hiding her slitted amber lizard eyes, and rubbed their soreness. Her whole face was sore - like it was starting to push out into a snout yet again.

"I'm sorry, but until you get on top of this condition, you won't be able to get a job, honey."

Anna ended the call. The desire to not feel upset rose within her, and this time she embraced it, not wanting to have to put up with stupid human emotions over looking good for others. She drew herself a hot bath, and scratched at her back. From her spine, some small bone-like protrusions were emerging, the future plates of a lizard form; she was sure of it. She submerged her head below the water and held her breath for an easy ten minutes. It made her wish she could fully change already, until she snapped out of it and pulled her head up. She splayed her fingers wide before her eyes, and looked in shock at membrane-like webbing forming in real time between them.

"Oh G-God, what am I becoming?" she asked.

But the cold, lizard-like part of her already knew.

As Anna struggled with these two sides of herself, Nat was also dealing with further changes, mental and physical. She had never been a huge outdoors person, and one could tell by looking at her: her figure was slim, and her face had a fragile appearance to it. Cute, but not tough. Now, there was something pointed and deadly in it. She was spending much more time outside, ignoring her other studies, answering the call of the wild while taking her

own solo hikes. When she came across other dogs, she growled at them *and* their owners, establishing her dominance. Her back was starting to hunch over even as she grew in size, and her hairiness was only increasing: she now had a strong unibrow, and her hair was growing down her neck and back. From the end of her spine a nub was protruding, signalling the regrowth of a tail. Even her teeth were sharper, and she was only eating meat. When she saw a rabbit run away, she chased it, loping at times on all fours. Her fingernails had grown to become like dark talons, ones she sharpened against the bark of nearby trees.

Her family were becoming concerned, thinking there was an infection or hormonal problem. She knew it was worse, a *lot* worse. And yet the notion of visiting a hospital or getting herself quarantined - initially her idea - now felt all kinds of wrong. She needed to be free. She needed to be the alpha predator. Her instincts pushed against the possibility of ever giving herself over to authorities.

"I'm not getting caged," she told her parents when they brought it up again in their concerns. "No one is taking me away to the pound and putting a fucking *leash* on me!"

Her language got her a grounding, and she overheard her parents calling people, trying to find out what they could do. It was then that she knew there was only one possibility remaining to her, and to her friends. She got on her phone, and carefully due to her talons, began to type out the much-needed message.

*TOMORROW NIGHT. WE NEED TO GO BACK TO THE CHEMICAL PLANT.
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.*

The others didn't take long to respond. They all agreed, even if they each felt their own hesitations, their own struggle with their monstrous instincts.

Only the plant would have answers.

When the three met up at the edge of town it was the dead of night, and each was heavily covered. Anna was annoyed, shivering a little. She didn't like coming out at night anymore: the day was where it was at. May too felt like resting, but Nat was all ears and eyes and fully aware.

"Thanks for coming, you guys," she said, her voice slightly growly. "I've - I've *changed* more."

"Me too," May said, her voice impossibly lower. "I'm getting bigger. Tougher."

"Scaley f-for me," Anna said, a little agitated. "And sometimes I d-don't care about stuff. I just sort of lose my emotions and think like a total egghead about stuff."

They all nodded: they'd each felt their own mental changes, and they were only getting more powerful. Overwhelming, in fact.

“Should we . . . should we show each other?” Nat asked, indicating her heavy down coat which was pulling tight against her form.

“When we’re closer to the plant,” May said decisively.

They walked faster than they would have, taking back roads and alleys that were less travelled, skulking just like the kind of monsters they were afraid of becoming. Still, it was obvious from their gates that large transformations had happened, and accelerated at that: Nat sniffed the air and kept going off ahead of the ground, May continually went down to all fours before getting back on her feet, and Anna flicked her tongue, tasting the air and staring into the distance without blinking.

Finally, they arrived before the old chemical plant once more. It was just as abandoned, and just as foreboding, as it had been before. The three transforming women looked up at it in dreadful silence, and then as one removed their outer clothing, revealing their forms to each other. All of them gasped, though Anna’s was less surprised.

“May! You look like a money!” Nat exclaimed.

“And you look like a human dog. Or a hairball. And Anna . . . you’re a lizard.”

“Or sssalamander, or sssomething,” she said, her tongue flickering. They each saw that in the last hour of walking, it had developed a forked end.

Each of them were well past the point of being human by then. Anna’s skin was more scaled than not, and a tail jutted out from above her waistband at least a foot long, fat and green. Her eyes were slitted, and her nose jutted forward too much. May was too muscular by far, now beyond Olympic proportions, and the feet she had covered up in a very long coat were no longer feet at all, but most of the way to becoming their own set of hands. Her chest was male, strong, and tufts of hair were growing from her skin. Her head was taller than it should have been. Nat was even hairier, her coarse fur sprouting practically all over her skin. Her jaw had changed more than the rest of them: it looked to be on the verge of losing human speech, and had sharp teeth along its distended gums. Her ears were in the process of becoming wolf ears, migrating to the top of her head, and like Anna she too was developing a tail, one that was already uncomfortably bushy.

“Fuck, we’re all freaks,” she said in her growly voice.

“I don’t feel too freakish,” Anna replied.

“That’s because you’re losing your emotions again! Snap out of it!”

Anna did, her natural nervousness taking over. “Oh God, thiss was a misstake, we should jusst go to a hosspital!”

“No freaking way!” May replied, beating her chest a little to get their attention. “The only thing that can fix us is in that chemical plant. We need to go in there and find out what we can. You two can follow if you like, but I’m going on. OHH AAHH!!!”

She cried out like a monkey - or a great ape - and then loped on all fours into the plant entrance, easily scaling the fence. With a nervous titter, Anna followed. Nat came with her, pushing her nose through a break in the chain fence.

"This better not get any worse," she said.

But it would.

It was labelled the Growth Chamber. It was the one unexplored area of the chemical plant they hadn't been to, and unlike the rest it was still littered with notebooks and marks on old whiteboards and documents that were stamped *TOP SECRET*. It was in the deepest bowels of the facility, and had a glass dome that far exceeded the size of all three of the others they had seen put together. It was massive, perhaps three stories in height, to the point where they had to go down a massive flight of stairs just to reach the immense underground location.

"This is insane," Nat growled.

"Yesss," Anna said as she picked up one of the journals. She flicked over it, analysing the data, once more feeling detached. "They were trying to make monstersss. Big onesss."

May snatched the notebook from her and looked at it with Nat. Indeed, within the notes and document sheets were numerous depictions of creatures that looked just like what they were clearly becoming, as well as others: a great octopus thing, for instance.

"Whoever worked here were trying to make something powerful," Nat said, realising the full horrible extent of their situation: or so she thought.

"And it all led here, after testing," May said, reading the notes. "To the Growth Chamber." The increasingly ape-like woman poured over the notes yet further, eyes widening. "OOH! AAHH! AHHHH!!!"

"What is it!?" Anna said, snapping out of it.

"It's the solution! All of this leads to the growth chamber! Every note, every blueprint, every official part of the process. *That's* where we need to go."

Nat furrowed her brow. "I'm not quite following. If it's the next step, wouldn't it-"

"Think about it, Nat! Where are the monsters now? They created some, and here's where they reversed their growth. It makes perfect sense!"

There were holes in the logic, but something about the chamber was . . . entrancing. Nat couldn't deny that. They couldn't make heads or tails of the science, but if the Growth Chamber was their one shot . . .

“Well, I guess it’s worth investigating,” the hairy woman said in her husky voice. She didn’t want to think about it, but her loins were starting to bulge: she wanted to do something before the pressure gave way to a furry male sheath yet again. She could see the others scratching their pants, similarly concerned.

“Let’sss hurry already,” Anna hissed. “I don’t want to be sstuck as a dumb lizard. C’mon already!”

She moved towards the entrance of the glass chamber, which was a massive door that was swung open. A control panel similar to the one Nat had seen was just adjacent to it. The wolfwoman growled at the others, motioning them ahead.

“I’ll - I’ll just hit the switch then?” she asked May.

The monkey woman rose to her full height, where her shirt was already tearing, and beat her savage chest. “Yes! OOH! AHH!! Do it! It’s the last chance to save us! DO IT!!”

Nat sighed, though it was more like a canine panting by that point. She looked at her claws, at her hairy body, at her slowly forming sheath. Even if this was the wrong idea, what further harm could it do? They were already freaks and monsters. She pulled the lever and ran into the glass chamber before the thick door shut.

“Here we go,” Anna remarked. She blinked her reptilian eyes, falling to all fours and curling her rail, which was now nearly two feet long.

They waited, all of them approaching or exceeding six feet in height by that point, the changes not too far from completion. Anna looked around placidly.

“Is it going to do anything anytime sssoo-”

Suddenly gas poured into the room. It was thicker than before, viscous and green and smelling lal kinds of wrong. Nat coughed, feeling like she was hacking up a hairball or something. May beat her chest, hollering in frustration. Anna simply took it in, licking the air with her long tongue, amber eyes wide. Even with the immensity of the chamber, it didn’t take long for the smog to fill it, but unlike the other gases, this was thinner, and settled around their waists, heavier than the previous examples.

But it was just as strong.

Each of the girls groaned, that familiar lurch returning to their stomach. It was a total *deja vu*, and though they couldn’t remember all the events of that fateful night nearly a week ago, this brought some of those dreaded memories back.

“Ohhhhh,” Nat moaned. “I d-don’t think it’s d-doing what it’s meant to! I think I’m changing even m-MORRRRE!!”

She growled as her jaw jutted forwards, and her teeth became even more predatory. Her body grew, tendons and muscles stretching painfully. The others were experiencing similar changes: Anna fall to the ground as her tail *exploded* out of her backside, growing and swelling so quickly that it was soon almost as big as the rest of her,

though her body was soon catching up. The remaining patches of skin were quickly covered in scales, and her face pushed forwards into a komodo dragon-like snout.

“Aahhhh!!” she rasped. “Yesss! We’re ch-changing! Feels good - shouldn’t feel goood!!”

But it did, most of all for May. She bellowed and struck her chest in excitement as her body swelled to positively inhuman proportions. Her fur came in even more so, and the skin that remained on display took on that grey-brown leathery coarseness that spoke of a tough and dominating beast. She wanted to rally against this second change, but her emotions were being unleashed, and with each successive change she felt more and more powerful.

“Oh G-God!” she cried. “I’m becoming a gorilla! A giant King fucking Kong beast! It’s - it’s incredible!”

“D-don’t!” Nat cried. “Don’t feel that way! We have t-to f-fight it! OHHHhhh - ahhh!!!”

Her bushy tail extended, silencing her for a moment. Her clothes ripped to shreds off of her form, and the others quickly lost theirs too. The feelings were simply overwhelming, even more powerful than before. The growth . . . it showed no signs of stopping.

“H-have to f-fight . . . ARROOOO!!!”

She howled at the glass chamber in frustration, anger, and shame - the last because she too was feeling the pull of the changes. She shoved Anna aside, who shoved her back for space, despite the dome easily giving them space enough. The lizard woman was hissing in pleasure, luxuriating beneath the light of the chamber as her body swelled to take it in. Her limbs were now enormous, dragging somewhat horizontally as she shifted on the ground. But unlike the komodo dragon she looked like, she was able to pull herself up to her feet, raising her enormous bulk to a great height thanks to the lever that was her tail. She struck it out to push May aside, who had gotten too close.

“H-hey!”

“Sssorry, the instinctsss are ssstrong!”

“I know,” the ape-woman said, her spine cracking briefly as it extended several more inches. Her bulk was massive now. “I f-feel it too! And I’m s-so f-fucking aroused!”

“I could fucking h-hump something!” Nat replied, unbelieving what she was saying, nor the crassness of how she put it. But it was true. Each of them were becoming increasingly aroused by the power of their forms, and the increasing maleness, too. Nat’s was the first to come in: she groaned and howled in pleasure as her sheath grew in fully. She couldn’t help herself: she coaxed her great cock out of said sheath, and began to stroke it.

“Holy fuck, Nat!” May said, voice lowering yet further, canines becoming incredibly sharp in her bulbous, gorilla-like mouth.

"I c-can't s-stop!" she cried. Her jaw extended yet further. She was losing the power of speech. "I n-need release!"

She quickly ran to the edge of the dome, where a raised support sat, holding up the dome. She made one last attempt to fight back against her needs, but the monster instincts were too strong: she began to hump against the metal poll, grinding her new furry member against it, rubbing her cock faster and faster in an urge for release.

"L-let me c-cum! LET MEEEEEE!!!" she howled, and they were her last human words as her jaw finished becoming entirely wolf-like in shape.

May watched this in fascinating, even as she too grew. Her vagina inverted, a large gorilla cock sliding out of her body along with two heavy balls. It should have disgusted her, but instead she felt nothing but anticipation and impatience. She beat her chest in victory and began playing with her new cock, marvelling at its feeling and sensitivity. Then she too began to stroke it, and not softly. She rubbed it hard, pointing it out as if she were aiming it, rubbing her powerful hand up and down, up and down. She ran along her feet-hands and used them to help her climb up a separate pole so that she had height.

"YESSS! NEED IT!!! GIVE ME!!!"

Her mind degraded, giving itself over to the urge to feel immediate pleasure, to revel in animal lust and champion her own primitive power. She was a primate now, after all, wasn't that what primates did?

As she masturbated, Anna too felt the call of the wild in this way. It was enough to pull her out of her increasingly lizard-like mind, and instead make her feel a buzzing sense of excitement. She imagined finding another creature like her - a female one - and writhing with it in the deep waters until its eggs were inseminated. Then Anna would simply wander away, continuing to exist and hunt and wait for prey. The thoughts stirred the pleasure centres of her brain, and that was enough for a wet and pointy set of male genitals to slide out of her new slit, which had replaced her vaginal opening. She rubbed her cock against the slightly wet ground, imagining it was a powerful mate beneath her, and she rasped and hissed as the pleasure became increasingly erotic.

"Mhhmm, yessss . . . bear my eggssss.

All this time the three had never stopped growing. They each managed to stop themselves, just briefly, Nat most of all. She wanted to be human again, and occasionally mid-hump would halt and growl, looking to her two friends and seeing how unrecognisable they were. She shared a horrified glance with May, but the gorilla girl looked away and continued to masturbate. Anna had small moments of hesitation, but the lizard-brain continued to win out, urging her to procreate in the shallow puddle she had found across the dome. They were not even women anymore: they were male monsters whose very musks had the scent of masculinity and mutation all over it.

And there was no way to fight it, not even for May, who alone maintained a small semblance of human speech. She rocketed past ten feet, then twelve, then fifteen, growing and growing as the others did.

“M-MUST CUM! MUST CUMM!! OOH AAH AHH AHH!!!”

And finally, she did. *He* did. The great gorilla king’s cock went hard, and his balls pulsed, and suddenly great streams of his powerful monster seed erupted from the font of his penishead to pour down upon the ground. Anna too gave way, the great lizard creature’s cock pounding against the concrete surface of the dome’s floor, smashing parts of it to pieces. Vibrant glowing green semen ejaculated from it, somewhat acidic. The being rasped in response to the ecstasy of release. Nat, despite being the first to start, was the last to give way. She held onto her human identity, her female identity, as long as she could. But in the end the desire to be free and wild, to hump and hunt and rule over the forests and empty spaces was too powerful. *He* howled, becoming an immense wolfman entirely, as his seed poured against the beam, smashing it in pieces, and causing a section of the dome to collapse. He darted to the side to avoid it, instincts governing his survival, but the release was had.

And now an escape was open too.

The three male monsters, as if finally unleashed and unchained by their act of self-pleasuring, now grew at an even speedier rate. Their most base bestial impulses sated, the girls’ minds were fully given over to their monstrous instincts. They erupted with muscle, tissue, fat, and growth, extending and expanding larger and larger until they were easily twenty feet in height each. They growled, snarled, howled as they began to run out of space. In their minds, their true feminine selves could not believe what was happening: they were becoming so large and powerful that it was terrifying! If they didn’t stop growing, they would soon break through the glass of the dome, perhaps the very structure of the building itself!

But they had no control anymore, and the whims of the monsters lashed themselves to their own minds. Nat couldn’t help but be excited to grow stronger and larger and wilder. May wanted to dominate over everything, and each surge in height and weight only made that more likely. Anna’s calm instincts desired to become unbeatable, a great beast of the waters and ocean bays, able to slink away and wait for the opportune moment to strike. It all felt so right, so good, and so the new monsters expanded further, until each of them were pressed for space. They slashed and pushed and shoved at one another, their friendship keen in their minds, but their demand to be given their own space firmly in their minds. Each felt apologetic, but not enough to stop: *they* were the alpha, after all, not the others.

Finally, it was all too much. They ran out of space. They were three stories in height, pressing against the two feet thick glass of the dome, their sharp teeth snapping out one another. May punched the glass, and there was a mighty crack. Seeing the progress, Anna

joined in, lashing at it with his tail. Nat finished the job, raking with his claws. The glass smashed, and the dome crumbled into heavy shards all around them. The monsters bayed in victory, and finally their changes were unleashed in full. Their growth supercharged, the gas empowering them yet further. They grew and grew, expanding beyond all measure, crashing through the basement crumbling the very foundation so the building as they exploded in mass, then crumbling the very building itself.

The chemical plant tore apart with a gigantic screech as the three monsters rose from the pit of the basement, easily clambering up, still swelling. Lights turned on, passing cars in the distance hit the breaks as their forms loomed in front of the full moon, their shadows banqueting the brightest parts of the still-partying town centre. People shrieks, seeing the massive size of the creatures, this trio of horrors that rose floor by floor in size, until they were equal to the unstoppable kaiju of Japanese media. They must have been two hundred feet tall each - no! Two hundred and twenty. Two hundred and fifty. Two hundred and eighty. Three hundred! They were immense juggernauts, full of power and rage and governed by their monstrous natures.

May roared, the new gorilla king beating its chest. He picked up a large shard of metal that had been one of the walls of the chemical plant, and wielded it like a club, destroying parts of the nearby docks.

Anna screeched, atomic energy flooding from the lizard beast's maw. It melted the power lines by his side, and turned the empty road into bubbling tar.

Nat looked over all of his hometown, this new playground of his. He howled, and soundwaves crumbled several abandoned buildings nearby as the populace woke from their homes and began to run in terror.

The monstrous trio were fully unleashed, and three new and terrible kaiju were born into the world. They surged forth, beginning to destroy the town, and the only saving grace was that they were in the emptiest, abandoned hub for now, giving time for the townspeople to flee.

As the new kaiju roamed, their very steps quaking the earth, the fleeing people could only hope that there were no mates for these beasts, or else a new age of monsters would begin. That was, if it had not started already.

The End