

Primal Switch

For TheC1

By TheSpiralledEye

In a world where Anthro creatures fight for respect, Noah is anything but excited when his new personal trainer turns out to be a fierce, Anthro T-Rex woman. But things take a wild turn when a trust-building exercise goes wrong, leaving Noah trapped in her body and suddenly navigating life with claws, scales, and a whole lot more!

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Noah stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, his hands gripping the edge of the sink. The fluorescent lights buzzed faintly above him, casting a dull glow over his lean frame. He wasn't unattractive, he knew that. His face was sharp, his jawline defined, but his body, skinny and lanky, didn't exactly scream "fit" or "strong." It didn't even whisper it.

"You can do this," he muttered to himself, staring at the slight curve of his bicep. He flexed again, though the result barely changed. Noah let out a frustrated sigh, dropping his arm. It had always been this way. He could still remember the transition from middle to high school, where all the other guys started to put on muscle, even those who weren't athletic. He waited patiently for puberty to hit, but when it did, he stayed as stringbean-y as ever.

He wasn't unhappy with himself. He had a decent job and an active social life. But lately, a nagging feeling had been gnawing at him. He'd tried to be happy with his body as is, but every time he scrolled through social media, seeing toned guys lifting weights or jogging shirtless, the feeling crept back in—he wanted to look like that. He wanted to feel strong. He wanted to be the sort of guy who could step between a girl and a guy harassing her at the bar and have the other guy stand down through intimidation alone. The sort of guy girls would pause and watch on the treadmill through the gym windows and give a flirty smile.

"Come on, man. It's not that hard," he said, running a hand through his tousled brown hair. His gym bag lay by his feet, packed and ready to go. His sneakers were neatly placed next to it, like they were waiting for him to make up his mind.

Every time he'd tried going to the gym, he'd chickened out. Being surrounded by so many fit, beautiful people made starting hard. What if he went, and all the bigger guys there saw him struggling with light weights? What if he couldn't keep up? His stomach twisted at the thought of people watching him, judging him. Or worse, what if there were anthros there; ones who were just naturally strong and made him feel even worse?

It was bad enough being shown up by a regular human but an anthro? That was just humiliating. There were human-only gyms, of course, but they were getting few and far between and...well, the truth was even if it made Noah more comfortable he didn't want to be one of those guys. It was like saying you preferred to swim in a segregated pool, or worked for a company with a "no Anthro" hiring policy; you were automatically labelled a bigot. Which he wasn't! He had nothing against anthros. Some of them, the bigger ones, just made him a little uncomfortable. That wasn't his fault! He wasn't prejudiced. Anyway, he wasn't about to use that fear to stop him this time.

"No chickening out this time. You have money down," Noah whispered, but doubt tugged at the edge of his mind even as he said it. "That personal trainer isn't cheap, you need to get your butt down there and stop acting like a girl."

The trainer had been his last-ditch effort to attend the gym regularly; Noah hoped that each time he thought about the hefty fee, he'd make it worth it.

"Okay. Enough. You're going," he said out loud,

He could feel his heartbeat pick up as he grabbed his gym bag. There was no point in putting it off anymore. Every day he hesitated, every day he gave in to doubt, was a day he'd regret later. Besides, he had an appointment. He spent the whole trip hyping himself up. Taking the bus would have been faster, but walking felt right. Warm-ups were a thing, it definitely wasn't another stalling or distraction tactic. Neither was taking the call from his mother, who he knew would talk his ear off.

"Noah, what is the world coming to?"

"Hello to you too, mom."

"What? Yes, hello. Anyway," She blustered. "The world is going to absolute pot, Noah, absolute pot."

Noah rolled his eyes. That was the equivalent of swearing like a sailor for his pearl-clutching mother. Something must have really hyped her up.

"What is it this time, mom?"

"I went to the bank today to get some money out, and before you say anything, I know I can use one of those infernal machines outside, but I like the *personal* experience."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I go to the teller and guess what?" She said dramatically. "The teller...was an anthro!"

"So?"

"Well, I know they are letting those people get more jobs these days, but a bank teller? That position is far too important for one of those people. Things were a lot better before-

"Did you get your money, mom?"

“Well, yes-”

“Did the fact that the teller had fur really make that much of a difference?”

“Feathers, actually, she was part bird or something, but it’s the principle of the thing!”

“Mom, anthros are just people. If you don’t want to see them, just...avoid those places.”

That’s what he did. He wasn’t like his mother. He wouldn’t act all uppity when an anthro crossed his path. Hell, several had passed him on the street as he journeyed to the gym. He just didn’t want to get super close; he wasn’t a full of bigot like his mother. After being raised by her, though, it was a wonder he was so tolerant.

“Anyway, Mom, thanks for the call, but I need to go. I have an appointment.”

He didn’t wait for her to say anything before he hung up. That call had been a stark reminder of why he didn’t bother with her often. All she did was complain about other people without ever recognising that maybe, just maybe, the reason she had no friends was that she was constantly bitter. Suddenly, Noah felt better about going to the gym; he was working on self-improvement, something his mother would never do. And anything that made him different to her was a win. He grinned, pushed open the door, and stepped inside; it was time to change his life. He stepped up to the desk feeling more excited than nervous for the first time in ages and grinned at the receptionist.

“Hi, I’m Noah, I have an appointment with my personal trainer at two?”

The athletic-looking blonde grinned at him.

“Your first session? Wonderful, let me see...ah yes, you’re with our new girl, Daria. You’re her first client, too!”

Noah smiled in relief; if he was her first job here, she was bound to be working hard. And maybe she wouldn’t have too many expectations.

“I’ll just call her over.” The receptionist said, tapping a little intercom. “Daria, your two o’clock is here.”

A second later, Noah felt something: a slight rumbling and then another. Footsteps approaching; he turned and felt the blood drain from his face.

“No way...”

An anthro woman approached, but not just any anthro, a dinosaur one. A tyrannosaurus if Noah was to guess, with a large snout, side-sat eyes, and a thick muscular build. She towered over him. She must have been at least three metres tall, with thick thighs and a chest Noah could probably get lost in if he tried. There was a shock of black hair growing and hanging down one side of her face that had been styled into a spiky pattern. She grinned, rows of sharp teeth gleaming in the afternoon light as she reached out a toned arm to shake his hand.

“Daria, is nice to meet you.” She said in thickly accented English, it sounded vaguely Russian or Eastern European.

Noah’s mouth had gone dry, and he looked at the offered hands. Sharp talons replaced nails at the tips of each finger. They could cut him to ribbons. Awkwardly, Daria lowered the hand, and Noah realised just how rude that had been, but it was too late to take it back.

“Um, nice to meet you.” He smiled. “You’re my trainer?”

“Yes, don’t worry. I am very good. Fit, see? Soon you will have rippling muscles like me!”

She posed for him, showing off her abs and muscled torso. She was wearing a short cropped shirt that barely contained her bust and a pair of tight-fitting shorts with a special hole stitched around her backside to accommodate the tail. She was practically naked and nobody seemed to care! Her tits looked like they would fall out if something so much as brushed past the shirt. What sort of whore was she? The only reason somebody would dress that way was for attention. A bitter flavour coated the back of Noah’s tongue; it didn’t seem right to have a woman like that as his trainer. She was half T-rex, for goodness sake. Even if she never worked out, she’d be buffer than he’d ever be! How was she supposed to help him?

“Come! Let us start, eh?” She grinned again. Noah stared at the teeth and shivered in disgust.

He followed her onto the floor out of inertia more than anything and clenched his fists when she prepared a set of dumbbells for both of them. His were tiny, barely anything at all, hers looked heavier than anything a regular man could hold.

“First thing is grip,” Daria explained. “Must be right, is half the battle. Here I show you.”

Noah watched as she demonstrated, lifting the barbell slowly, then adjusting her grip to lift it up over her head. She paused for a moment with the bar against the top of her chest, squashing down her breasts and Noah felt his cheeks turn red. Even when she lifted the weight up he had a hard time paying attention to her grip when her tits were just...right there!

Noah did his best to follow her exercises, but having her as his trainer was just too distracting. Her body was so gross and yet weirdly hot at the same time. Those thick thighs looked like they could crush boulders between them, and they were wide enough that despite her dinosaur legs, she had quite a nice, womanly gait.

“Eyes on prize, please.” She half-joked when she caught him looking again.

“Sorry, I just, I am not sure this is going to work,” Noah said awkwardly and Daria’s face fell, though it was hard to tell through her anthro features.

“Why not? I am good trainer.”

“Well, it’s just that your body is so different from mine,” Noah said, “What’s simple for you isn’t going to be so for me.”

“I know, I train to know human bodies.”

“We’re just not joking, a good connection is important between trainer and client, right?” He tried, feeling oddly desperate to have anybody but her be his coach. “A bit of esprit de corps.”

Daria looked confused for a moment, then narrowed her eyes as she reached into her gym bag and took out a very worn-looking Russian-English dictionary.

“You using long words to confuse me on purpose?”

“What! No!” Okay, maybe he had been but how was she supposed to train him if she could barely speak his language?

“My English is fine.” She said, though Noah noted it was a little slower as she tried to hide the accent. “I get words a little wrong sometimes, but I know how to understand. I know how to train.”

God, this was going so poorly.

“Look, it’s not that you’re an anthro. I just don’t think we’re going to work.”

Daria looked hurt, and Noah felt his gut twist slightly.

“So is anthro problem or me problem?” She asked after a moment, there was a slight growl in her voice, and Noah knew he’d messed up.

“Uh...Uhhh...” God, how was he supposed to answer that politely?

“Wait here, five-minute break. Then we finish lesson.”

She said it with such finality that Noah didn’t dare argue. He watched as Daria spoke to the receptionist, and Noah felt his inside cringe. Was he about to get banned for being a bigot? It wasn’t like that! It wasn’t that she was an anthro it was just...just...he didn’t know. Daria returned with something held in her palms. She thrust her hand forward and opened it to reveal several small silver circles gleaming.

“Friend give this, to help form connection. Your... esprit de corps.”

She said the last part slowly, testing out the sound on her tongue, and Noah felt his cheeks burning; he hadn’t used that word since he was in college. Why had he felt such a desperate need to be superior to her in at least one way if he never could physically?

“What are they?”

“Electrodes,” Daria explained. “Helps form mental and physical connection between two people. Come, we put them on now.”

Noah felt uneasy, but after offending her so badly he figured it was better just to go along with it. He just had to get through this session then he could cancel his membership and never show his face here again. He followed her reluctantly into the co-ed change room where she showed him how to attach each electrode: one on each temple, then on each

shoulder, two on the chest, then one on each thigh. Noah blushed, watching her press each one onto her chest, right on her cleavage. It was a wonder she didn't fall over with those.

“Okay, now we turn on.”

Daria hit a button, and Noah jumped, feeling a little shocked at the point of contact with each electrode. For a second, nothing happened and then...it was as if he were gaining phantom limbs; he could feel the strength in Daria's legs, even her heart beating out of rhythm with his own. Then came a few phantom thoughts; he sensed her earnestness, her desperation to do well at this job. He felt the slightest hint of guilt for his early actions; feeling her emotions alongside his own made her feel, for lack of a better term, more human.

“Look Dari-AAAAGHH!”

Suddenly the shock grew and Noah gripped his head; a wave of dizziness swept over him and his whole body seemed to convulse before going totally numb. He blinked, feeling dazed and confused; he could feel cold bathroom tiles against his side; he was on the floor.

“Uuuuhhhh...” He groaned, “What happened?”

Immediately, Noah knew something was wrong. His body felt off, his vision was too wide, and even his tongue felt wrong in his mouth. In fact, his whole mouth, no, *his whole head*, felt wrong. It was heavier than it should have been, as he lifted it off the ground and held a hand to it he felt scales where skin should have been. He traced his fingers along the planes of his skull; it was all wrong; scales, his eyes were in the wrong place, he had a snout.

“What the hell!”

His words came out slightly garbled as his tongue nicked against sharp teeth. Despite that, though, he could hear the hint of a Russian accent in them. No...no way...

Noah stumbled to his feet, only to immediately wince as he tried to straighten his back; he couldn't do it; his tail got in the way. His thick, T-rex tail, poked out of his back right below his thunder thighs. He whipped around, trying to get a good look at himself and cringing as black hair smacked him in the eye.

“Well...I didn't think that would happen.”

Noah froze. That was *his* voice. His real voice.

Slowly, he turned and saw his own face looking up at him, both confused and slightly amused.

“I knew they'd never used this on a human and anthro at the same time before, but I didn't think this would be the result. Gosh, it feels odd to know English this well.”

“What has happened!?” Noah cried, “Why am I so...so...”

He couldn't think of the word in English, his mind raced before finally finding it.

“Weird?”

“You’re not weird, you’re just in my body.”

“How is that not weird?!”

He couldn’t even stand properly, wobbling on his clawed feet. His tail lashed from side to side as he tried to keep steady and he winced as he felt the thick muscle there dent the lockers.

“Careful, or you’ll destroy half the room.”

“Was accident!” He cried. “Ahh! This is awful!”

“It’s not that bad, just calm down and use your tail to balance.”

Noah swallowed, he hated how calm Daria was right now. He wished she was panicking along with him. At least then this wouldn’t feel so patronising. He did as she said, discovering his centre of balance was much lower now and that relying on his tail actually did help.

“You need to be careful with it,” Daria told Noah in his voice. “When you walk, it sways, and you need to make sure it doesn’t hit things.”

“How are you so calm?”

“I’m not!” Daria threw up her hands in frustration. “But I am trying to stop you from destroying the room.”

“It doesn’t seem like it!” Noah felt his temper growing. “This was your idea! You got us into this mess, and now you need to fix it!”

“If you hadn’t been so prejudiced, I wouldn’t have asked to try it out.”

“Don’t try to blame me!!” Noah felt his voice turn to a roar that actually made Daria stumble back in his frail human body.

He was never like this, he prided himself on being calm, even when inside, he was boiling over. He should have been acting like...well, like Daria was now. She seemed to be coming to the same conclusion.

“It seems you inherited my temper along with my body.” She mused. “Interesting.”

“Surprised you figure that out.”

“Just because I struggled to speak in a second language to a native speaker doesn’t mean I am stupid.” She replied with eloquence that made Noah jealous.

“Well, I tell you manager, then you will see!”

The least he could do was get her fired for this mistake. Noah stormed out of the change room, heading straight for the front desk and hating the heavy fall of his footsteps. No matter how softly he tried to step, his feet seemed to thump powerfully on the ground. The receptionist looked up in shock as she saw the anthro woman storming toward her. When suddenly, Noah felt himself halt. He couldn’t complain, he needed this job! It was one of the only ones somebody like her could get. She had tried so many others and she needed

the money. More than that, she liked exercise and-wait, what was he saying?! He was thinking as if he really was Daria.

“Daria, is everything okay?” The receptionist asked. “Is that guy being an asshole again?”

Noah opened his mouth to try and explain what had happened but the words wouldn't come. It was as if there was some sort of mental block preventing him from telling anybody what had happened.

“The electrodes...I...um...”

“They didn't work? That's not surprising.” The receptionist sighed. “It was a long shot, they are usually just for human to human connection.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Well, tell me if the guy is more trouble than he's worth. I'll kick him for you.”

“Thanks,” Noah replied without thinking. “But kicking first client? Not a good look for manager.”

Noah screamed internally at himself. Why had he said that? It had just come out without him thinking. It was these damn diodes, making him feel like he really was Daria. He had to get them off. The receptionist gave an awkward smile of agreement.

“Don't worry, not everybody is like that. I am sure plenty of people will be happy to be trained by somebody as tough as you.”

Noah felt heat rush through him at the flattery, but instead of spreading across his face, he felt it over his breasts and thighs. His scales hid it, thankfully, but the heat still made him feel flush.

“I...I go back to the trainee now. Whip him into shape.”

“Go for it girl.”

Noah turned on his heels and immediately regretted it as he felt his tail slam into the front desk and crack the facade.

“Oops.”

“Shit...” The receptionist sighed. “It's fine, but it'll have to come out of your pay, you know that right?”

“Ja.” Noah sighed, that was going to be taking a chunk out of her paycheck for days...no wait, Daria's paycheck. Dammit!

He rushed back to the changeroom as carefully as he could, slowly getting the hang of having a tail swishing behind him. Daria was leaning up against the wall, arms crossed with a sort of lopsided smile on her face. Noah had to swallow down a growl; how had he never realised his face was so punchable? There was something inherently arrogant about it.

“That went well.” Daria said, raising her eyebrows.

"It's your fault." Noah growled. "This tail, it's a pain!"

"It's necessary, have you ever seen an anthro dinosaur without a tail? You need them to balance, if it gets damaged or cut off you'd need a replacement anyway."

"No *you* would."

"Would you stop yelling, you're going to make a scene."

"I'm not yelling!"

Noah froze, eyes swivelling around, finally noticing just how many eyes were on them. Most people in the room were human, and suddenly, he felt very self-conscious about how very inhuman he was. There was something derisive in the way they were all looking at him as if they expected nothing less from an anthro. It stung.

"What's going on here?"

Noah felt a shiver run down his spine, and it was a much longer spine than he was used to. Even his tail twitched. He knew that voice, or rather, Daria did, and he, by extension, Kyle Jensen, the gym manager.

"Nothing, Mr. Jensen." Noah replied quickly, making sure to control his tail as he turned. "Just a...disagreement about what regime to use, right?"

He looked over at Daria in his body with nervous energy. Since he had all her desperation to ensure she kept this job, did that mean she had his desire to get out of here? Noah felt torn between his urge to protect Daria's job and his knowledge that that desire wasn't his own. Instinct won out, and he smiled silently, hoping for the best.

"Yes. I'm just not sure she knows what's best for my...body type." Daria said slowly.

"I do!" Noah insisted. "You're going to trust me, right?"

"...Sure."

"Let's get to it, eh?" Noah did his best to grin without showing too many teeth, which was an impossible task, and led Daria over to the equipment. He felt more of those instincts flowing into his brain as he explained the proper grip and procedure to complete the workout. He couldn't help but feel a small amount of smug satisfaction watching Daria struggle to lift those tiny weights when he could heft ten times as much. It was exhilarating to finally be strong and athletic like he'd always wanted, even if it did come with some unfortunate side effects.

"What are we going to do?" he asked while spotting Daria on the bench press.

"I have a friend." She grunted, lifting the barbell up. "One who works in tech. We can go see her once you finish your shift."

"You mean your shift."

"Whatever. Just keep up appearances."

They continued through the routine, building up core and basic stretch muscles without rushing too much. He enjoyed the way his thick thighs burned with effort as he

balanced a heavy dumbbell across his shoulders. With a roar he lifted it above his head, counting to ten before dropping it dramatically to the ground. The bar he had set for Daria was much smaller, but she still struggled to lift it. Though that may have been in part to her distraction. Her eyes kept shooting to his chest and butt as they worked. Had he been that obvious? Noah hoped not. It made him feel hot under his scales; both flattered and irritated at the same time. Noah grit his teeth to keep his new fiery temper in check; if she could do it, so could he.

When they finally finished the set Noah felt a strange itching all over his body. His scales felt oddly dry and crackly, almost like a sunburn. He scraped a talon across them but that did nothing to help. Daria for her part wiped her forehead and looked down at the sweat on her arm in disgust.

“Ew, I always knew what sweat was, but I never realised how gross it felt.”

“You can talk, I feel awful right now.”

“Your scales are overheating.” Daria shrugged as if it were obvious. And a moment later, it was.

Daria’s instincts seemed to activate and suddenly, Noah knew all about it. As an anthro, Daria was naturally warm-blooded, but that clashed with her reptilian nature. The warm blood rushed beneath his scales. It was like being sweaty but...dry.

“We should shower. You can get clean, and I can cool down, ” he suggested. Then we can meet up and see my, uh, your friend. And finally, get this sorted.”

Keeping himself straight with all these instincts and personality traits from Daria imprinted on him was hard.

“Sounds good.” Daria nodded, “Though, this isn’t too bad. It’s nice not having all those humans stare for once.”

“Well, *I’m* having bad time.” Noah snapped.

“Yes, because what you feel is more important, of course.”

“Ugh, let’s just get showers.” Noah groaned. “I feel weird. Why are you warm-blooded? It makes no sense.”

“I dunno.” She shrugged. “Why are your balls on the outside when they are so vulnerable? I don’t make the rules for my own body any more than you do.”

Noah wished he had a better comeback for that. They separated this time, with Noah heading for the male bathroom with a quizzical look on her face. Noah carefully squeezed his huge body into the small doorway. It was awkward; he could feel the shower room tiles straining under his weight and his tail brushing against the walls. It was like the whole world was one third too small for him; not so small that he couldn’t get through, but just inconvenient enough to make it difficult.

Carefully, he navigated to where his imprinting told him Daria's locker was and struggled to undo the lock with his taloned hands. Inside was a huge towel...and nothing else. The locker was stuffed just keeping a towel big enough for him.

"Guess I have to change back into these clothes. At least they not sweaty."

Noah twisted and turned, trying in vain to unhook the sports bra with his awkward fingers. His hands brushed pure fabric and after several awkward rotations, Noah finally realised this bra had no hooks, it had to be lifted over his head. His large, reptilian, dinosaur head.

"How did she even put this on?"

Eventually, he got a good grip that didn't risk the fabric tearing under his talons and pulled it up. Air rushed from his lungs as he felt his bountiful bust finally freed from its constraints. But that challenge wasn't over yet. He still had to get the fabric over his head. He managed to do it with a few curses, but Noah was glad nobody could see him being so uncoordinated.

"Okay, now shorts...ummm..."

His throat suddenly went dry as he looked down, he really did intend to try and take his shorts off to shower but looking down gave him nothing but a face full of his own cleavage. It really was huge. Daria was naturally bigger than any human woman and that included her bust. It surprised him to see that the scales there were much smaller and smooth. Almost like a snake, and yet, there was a small swathe of skin toward the centre where his nipples stood out. Pink, with a yellowish tinge and bright against her green scales. In fact, now that he took the time to look and feel, those smoother scales ran right down his neck, chest and stomach like an underbelly. The scales were so fine in places that even he could mistake them for soft flesh.

Noah ran a hand over the curve of his new breasts in fascination, carefully avoiding the nipple and then continuing over his abs. He always wanted abs. God, it felt good to have such a toned stomach. He just wished he could see it properly!

"Focus, Da-Noah."

Noah tried to get back to the task at hand: showering. It was such a simple thing; he did it every day, yet in this body, just getting his shorts off was difficult. His tail made everything more difficult, not to mention the digitigrade legs and sharp-taloned toenails.

"Ngh, come...on!!"

Somehow, he ended up rolling on his back, tail between his legs as his legs kicked off the fabric at last, sending it flying into a wall. Noah collapsed back in relief, totally naked and enjoying the cool feeling of the tiles against his overheated scales. It wasn't enough, though he still needed that shower. With a bit of effort, he rolled onto his stomach and winced in pain as his breasts were crushed beneath his weight. God, this body was so damn

strange. His tail made his ass lift into the air, his nipples hardened in an instant against the cold tiles and his large head sat awkwardly against the ground. It was so much effort to get up he was honestly tempted to just stay on the ground. But then he thought about the position he was in; if another woman walked into the shower room right now, she'd get a facefull of his ass and...other parts. That was all the motivation he needed to get to his feet and rush toward the showers.

Most of them were too small for her, but there was one shower head higher than all the rest, with a large, wide dish. Clearly, it had been designed for anthros and for once, Noah was thankful. He couldn't imagine having to squeeze himself under those tiny showers. He turned on the water to lukewarm and sighed in relief as the water flowed down his body. Instantly, he felt better and he let his eyes flutter closed. With them shut like this, he could almost forget what he'd become and just enjoy the flow of water along his body. Except, no he couldn't. The contours of his body had changed so much his mind kept getting distracted by the sensation of water running down his thundering thighs or across the scales of his snout. He could feel the streams conforming to the contours of his new skull. His nostrils flared, sending spray into the air.

For the first time since the change, Noah let himself really look at his new body. He took in the dark green scales, occasionally broken up by rough stripes of dark purple. The small, skin-like scales that ran across his belly and chest were a washed-out yellow, and slightly more sensitive than the rest of him. He couldn't help but groan a little as the water flowed over them, making his nipples hard for a whole other reason, which he refused to indulge. In the open area of the shower, he was finally able to properly turn around without worrying about accidentally hitting something with his tail, and he stretched it out with a satisfied gasp. Oh, it felt so nice to do that! He let the strong extra limb curl under him, finding it surprisingly flexible.

He experimented, stretching out his long, strong limbs and feeling his muscles burn pleasantly after the workout. He was so focused on it that he wasn't prepared for when the water flowed right across his folds.

"Ohhhhh!"

The sound was half moan, half animalistic growl and somehow incredibly sexy. Not that he would ever admit it outside his own head. Noah had never given any thought to what having a vagina would be like, let alone an anthro one without any hair to protect it. The flesh there was soft and tender, scales rimmed the edges but the folds themselves were soft skin, the only exposed soft skin he seemed to have outside his nipples.

"Oh God, I am actually getting turned on by an anthro dino body. What the hell is wrong with me."

With trembling hands, he turned the shower off and shook himself dry. Immediately, feeling self-conscious. He'd just shaken himself, like a damn dog, without even thinking about it. All these new dinosaur instincts were so hard to fight, even when he was directly thinking about them. He picked up the towel and began to dry himself off properly, cursing when the corner caught on one of his talons and ripped slightly. His clothes were where he left them, scattered on the floor and Noah began the arduous task of trying to put them on. With some effort he struggled to pull his huge head through the sports bra and then pull it down over his bust. As soon as he let go the air rushed from his lungs and the trite fabric constricted around his middle.

"Ow, why is that so uncomfortable?"

He looked down at his chest, his breasts were crushed beneath the tight fabric that seemed to fit so well before his shower.

"What the hell...oh."

He glanced from side to side, managing to ram his snout into a locker as he did so and yelped. Then, satisfied nobody was in sight, he quickly reached into his shirt and cupped one of his huge breasts and hefted it up into place. The change was immediate; he was much more comfortable, but his cleavage was back. Just as noticeable as before and threatening to spill out of the bra at any moment.

"I guess she wasn't pushing them up on purpose for attention after all..." He muttered, feeling something like shame start to creep over him before he put a stop to it. It wasn't his fault her body was like this, if anything, he was the victim here. A cool breeze from the air conditioner made him shiver, and Noah realised he was still pantsless.

"Alright...let's get this over with."

Getting the shorts back on made taking them off feel like child's play. It was hard to even step into them, let alone get his tail to behave and thread through the special loop made just for it.

"Where the hell are those stupid instincts now?" He hissed in frustration. He knew Russian but not how to put on a pair of shorts? What did and didn't slip into his mind seemed totally arbitrary.

When he finally did get them on, he couldn't help but feel his new pussy pressing against the soft, stretchy material. Now that the shower had made him aware of it, the new organ refused to be ignored. Each step he took rubbed those folds together, creating delicious sensations that warmed his scales all over again.

It had to be the personality imprinting. Yes, that was it. Daria was just a horny beast all the time, and that was why he felt this way. Not because he actually found this body attractive. No. Not at all. He had nothing against anthro-human relationships, of course, he just... didn't want to be part of one.

“Hey! What’s taking so long?” His old voice called from outside the showers.

“Just a minute!”

Noah would have blushed if he could have; he didn't realise just how much time was passing. Daria was waiting for him outside the change room with her arms crossed and an impatient look on her face.

“There you are, I was beginning to worry you’d taken a liking to my body and run off with it.”

“Never! I hate it!” Noah replied a little too quickly. “Getting changes is impossible!”

“It’s easier in a room built to accommodate your size, ” she said with a sigh. “Anyway, we should see my friend, Reggie. Maybe she can figure out how to fix this.”

“Yes, please, let’s go.”

“Wait a second.” Daria held up her hand with a teasing smile. “We can’t leave together. People might get the wrong idea. Besides, I’d like to take the quick way for once. Here.”

She grabbed a pen from the front desk and quickly wrote down the address.

“Meet me here as soon as you can. Ah, it felt nice to pick up something like that and not have to worry about breaking it for once.”

Noah snorted.

“Picking up a pen?” He questioned, reaching for another. “How hard could that...oh...”

He looked down at the snapped plastic in his hand. Ink dribbled over his scales and dripped onto the floor—he hadn't even been gripping it hard! His innate strength was just too much.

“Well, enjoy your trip! I am sure it’ll be illuminating for you!”

Then, with a smug smile, she turned on her heels and headed for the door, leaving Noah with his jaw slightly open in shock.

“Did he say something weird?” The receptionist asked as she returned to her post. “Oh! Your hand! Ah! And the carpet!”

The ink was dripping onto the floor now.

“I suppose that’ll come out of my pay too?” Noah sighed, the receptionist nodded.

“It’s all good. You only have that one appointment today, so why don’t you head home? I am sure we’ll have more work for you soon.”

“I hope so.”

Taking great care to be gentle, Noah grabbed a handful of tissues and cleaned his hands up before throwing the remains of the pen in the bin and squeezing out the front door. Being out in the fresh air immediately made him feel better. Out on the street, he didn't have to worry nearly as much about accidentally knocking something over with his tail. With a bit

of fumbling, he grabbed Daria's phone and unlocked it out of habit before putting in the address.

"Ugh! Is halfway across town!" He moaned. "Subway ticket will cost me fortune..."

Luckily, there was a station not far away. Noah sighed; he was supposed to be heading home, not halfway across town in a new body. As he walked, he started to take stock of how his body naturally moved. Daria was right, his tail really did help him balance. The thick tree trunk-like limb swayed from side to side. Giving him a wide gait that made his hips sway even more than a human woman's did. He could see people, mostly men, staring as he walked past. Thanks to his side-sat eyes Noah had much wider vision than he was used to, something other people clearly didn't know as they turned and stared at his ass the second they thought he couldn't see them anymore. It was humiliating!

When he reached the subway station though, people's stares became the least of his issues. Noah hunched awkwardly under the subway station's low ceiling, feeling every inch of his new body. His broad, scaled back brushed against the grimy ceiling tiles, and his long, muscular tail swung heavily behind him. Noah could feel it bumping into people as he went, but he couldn't help it! His tail needed to sway for him to move, and in this crowd, avoiding everybody was impossible.

"Hey! Watch it!"

"Sorry!"

"Move it, ugh!"

"I didn't mean-"

"Control your damn tail! Can't you keep that thing still?"

"N-No I have to balance and..."

Apologies stumbled from his mouth, but no one seemed to notice, they were all too busy staring and hurrying past trying to hide it. The station bustled with people, but Noah felt alone in the crowd. He towered over everybody, even the small handful of other anthro's that braved the station. He could barely fit between the columns that lined the station, and each step felt like navigating a minefield, trying not to crush someone's foot or knock over a kiosk with his tail. At one point, he tried to keep his tail straight and almost toppled over onto a busker.

A family stood by the ticket machine, watching him like she was some kind of exhibit. Noah tried to ignore them, ducking low so his head didn't hit the ceiling again as she approached the machine. He hunched down awkwardly, her new claws tapping at the screen, but his oversized fingers fumbled with the tiny buttons and his claws scratched the screen. After a few frustrating moments of failed attempts and soft growls under his breath, she purchased a ticket. Though he couldn't help but feel a stab of anxiety from Daria's

imprint, that ticket was more than she liked to spend normally. Noah tried to stamp down the feeling; it wasn't that costly, just how poor was she to worry about that sort of thing?

The paper stub looked comically small in his massive clawed hand, and he sighed in relief, only for that sigh to turn into a grunt as his tail swished out and bumped into a passerby.

"Dammit, every time I think I have the hang of this..."

Desperate for this to be over, Noah shuffled toward the turnstiles. Crouching again, he awkwardly fumbled the ticket through the slot, the machine beeping as the gates unlocked.

He stepped in and immediately found himself stuck. His thighs were too wide for the tiny tunnel and embarrassingly, Noah found he couldn't push himself forward or back. A line quickly began to form and people gawked and took pictures as he struggled to extricate himself. His tail trashed, breaking the edge of the gate and causing a security officer to yell.

"Is just...too tight!"

Finally, he wiggled himself free and fell to the ground on the platform with an undignified thud. More people were watching now, some laughing under their breath. Noah did his best to ignore them and brush himself off, practically tiptoeing his way up to the platform. He crouched low again to glance at the schedule posted by the window, but the letters blurred. Even reading was difficult now that he had to translate everything in his head into English from Russian.

The rumble of the approaching train echoed through the station, and Noah turned to watch as it screeched to a stop. The doors slid open with a metallic hiss, and a crowd of commuters surged forward. His heart sank as he stared at the packed train cars, people squeezed shoulder to shoulder inside, gripping poles and overhead straps. There was barely room for the regular people, let alone him. He was taller than the train already, even if he could squeeze himself inside, he'd take a quarter of the car.

Noah could see people around him thinking the same thing, and they all rushed forward, not wanting to have to wait for the next train because an anthro took up all the space. Maybe it was his imagination, but Noah swore he could smell the irritation and derision in the air. He could only imagine how much worse it would be if he somehow managed to force himself inside the train.

The train doors beeped again, warning of their imminent closure. Noah could have tried, pushed forward, squeezed his way inside, endured the stares and whispers, but something inside him gave up. He thought about the expensive ticket, then sighed deeply. The doors slid shut with a finality that echoed in her chest, and the train pulled away, leaving him standing on the platform.

"Hey! This isn't a movie theatre; either get on the next train or get out of everybody's way!" A security guard yelled.

Noah just nodded and slowly went back through the station and onto the street. Fresh air had never tasted so good.

“Guess I am walking.”

Noah muttered bitterly to himself as he started the trek. It was going to take hours to walk all that way. He briefly considered taking the bus but one look at one as it passed nixed that idea. If anything, it would be harder to get on than a train. Instead he focused on moving as quickly as possible without causing any more destruction. At least up here in the streets he didn't need to worry about the crowds. There were still plenty of people about, but the open space made it easy enough to manoeuvre around them and more often than not, they gave him a wide berth.

Noah found his instincts taking over, his body leaned forwards slightly and his tail found the right rhythm. Without running he was already moving at double his usual pace, with a little effort and this body's natural endurance, he found himself making amazing time. It felt great to move this fast. The only downside was the stares.

Leaning forward like this made his impressive bust even more noticeable. Plenty of anthros and even a lot of human men stared. Not like the people in the subway either, these were appreciative stares that made him flattered and embarrassed in equal measure. His new pussy thrummed in time with his heavy footsteps and he did his best to ignore it until he finally reached the address. Of course, Daria was already there, looking smug.

“Enjoy the walk? I can see why those subways are so popular now. So convenient...when you can fit inside.” She teased.

Noah had the overwhelming urge to poke his tongue out at her but held back.

“Is friend here? Let's fix this.”

“Why the hurry??” Daria teased, “Not enjoying being in my body? I thought it would be your dream since you wanted to be buff and all.”

“Buff! Not an anthro, and not a woman!”

“So being an anthro is worse than having your sex changed?” She asked slyly. “I knew you had something against me.”

“Can you stop looking like you're enjoying this so much?” He growled and Daria giggled. God, he hated how his body looked and sounded giggling, it was just wrong.

“I think you make me look good.” Daria teased, eyeing him up and down.

“Ew, are you checking yourself out?”

“It's your personality imprint...”

“No, it's not! I do not find this body sexy in the slightest!” He defended far too quickly and defiantly, causing Daria to laugh again.

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that. Anyway, Reggie is waiting inside for us, I already explained things. Come on.” She said, opening the door to a townhouse a few steps away.

The doorway was, thankfully, big enough to accommodate him and the second he stepped inside Noah could see why. Everything here was sized for him, and none of the chairs had backs. A second later, another anthro dinosaur woman stepped out and grinned right at him. She was slightly smaller, but only by a few inches. Her snout was long and flattened at the end and there was a distinctive body crest at the back of her skull. Noah had vague memories of seeing that kind of dinosaur in picture books when he was a kid. Some sort of river dweller whose name escaped him.

“Hi there, I’m Reggie. And if Daria explained this right, you’re Noah?”

“Yes!” He sighed, thankful that Daria didn’t seem to have the same mental block he did when explaining their situation. “I didn’t realise Daria’s friend was…”

His words trailed off and he watched Reggie’s eyes narrow, crap. Him and his big mouth (literally, now).

“Wasn’t what?” Daria asked, elbowing him in the side where she knew the softest scales were.

“It’s just…you don’t see many anthro scientists. How do you say…white collar jobs usually…you know, human only. Where did you even get a degree?”

“My company is more open-minded than most.” Reggie said simply, “And given your situation, are you really in any position to be grilling me on my credentials? Can you repair electrodes?”

“Point taken.” He laughed nervously. “Y-you are going to do it, right?”

“Of course. Daria is a dear friend.”

Noah quickly handed over his diodes, as did Daria, who was snickering.

“Please tell me you know how to reverse this,” he begged.

“Well, these diodes were developed by my company.” She grinned. “If anybody can figure it out, it’s me.”

Noah let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding; this nightmare was about to be over. In a few moments, he’d be back to his normal self, and he could put all these confusing feelings and awkward memories behind him forever.

“It’ll take me some time, though.”

Or not.

“How much time?” Noah asked with trepidation.

“Well, these things work by magnetising different electrical frequencies and synergising them. So I’ll need to study both your brainwaves and electromagnetic fields to see what the issue is, then study the tech itself and see if there was some sort of glitch or if this will always happen when Anthros and humans are paired.” Reggie said quickly, works flying out of her snout so fast Noah could barely keep up.

“So…like an hour?” He tried, hopefully.

“...A bit longer than that.”

“...two hours?”

Daria rolled her eyes, and Noah felt his tail droop. Reggie gave him a sympathetic look.

“More like a day or two. Minimum.”

Noah sagged further.

“Oh.”

Daria seemed to be having the opposite reaction and clapped her hands together in delight.

“Wonderful! I guess we will just have to keep living each other's lives for a bit!”

Noah let out a low groan that sounded far too primal for his liking. His tail twitched irritably, and he felt his temper starting to build again.

“Is there no way to figure this out faster?”

“Not until I know the problem.”

“But you must have a theory at least, can't we eliminate that? Try *something*?”

“And risk you two getting your brains scrambled more? I don't think so.”

Noah gnashed his teeth and did his best to reign in the anger boiling under his scales. He felt so primal and wild; it was exhilarating and awful all at once.

“Nothing for it. We'll just have to keep living each other's lives for a little.” Daria shrugged. “I am finding this quite fun, honestly, it sucks being so small. And a dude. But oh my gosh, Reggie, I went on a train today, and nobody even batted an eyelid. It was wonderful.”

“I'm glad you're having fun.” Noah said through clenched teeth.

“I am.” She grinned. Noah wanted to punch his old face so badly his fingers actually twitched. How was she making his expressions so arrogant and smug?

Reggie began to tinker with the diodes while Daria regaled her with the benefits of being human. Much of what she talked about mostly boiled down to not being stared at and Noah had to bite his tongue to avoid mentioning how she dressed was not helping. His hope that Reggie was only taunting him with how long it would take faded as she continued to work and even Daria got bored after an hour.

“Both of you need to come back in the morning,” Reggie said finally. “I can't focus with you both breathing down my neck. Da-uh, Noah, your pacing is driving me up the wall.”

“I can't exactly do it quietly.”

“My point exactly.” Reggie snapped. “Go do it somewhere else.”

She hustled the two of them out, and Noah just let out a deep, frustrated sigh before turning to go. This day could just suck it. He couldn't wait to go home and just fall asleep.

Maybe he would get lucky and wake up in hospital, back in his own body, with a doctor telling him he slipped and fell. Then, all of this could just be a weird, forgettable dream.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

He turned to see Daria looking at him expectantly.

“Home?”

“You can't go back to your place, we'll have to trade.”

“What!?”

“I mean, we have to keep up appearances.” Daria grinned. “Besides, do you really want my body stomping through your precious human apartment?”

Images of his PlayStation and kitchen smashed to pieces by his own tail flashed in his mind. As much as he didn't want Daria in his apartment, maybe it would be better for him to spend the night in a place more suited to his new size.

“No, I guess not.”

“Here, I'll give you my address. Then tomorrow, we will meet up and go from there.”

She showed him the location on his phone, and they parted ways. Thankfully, it wasn't too far because his feet were starting to ache from all this walking. He might have been able to move faster for longer, but that didn't make it any less exhausting. He found the correct apartment building and dragged his sore feet up the stairs.

“What sort of building this size doesn't have an elevator?” he grumbled, putting in the key and stumbling into his temporary home.

Noah's first reaction was shock. This place was...small. The furniture was all suited to his new, busty anthro body, but the actual space was tiny. Half the size of his own apartment! So much so that there was barely any furniture, just so that he could move around more easily. Conflicting emotions washed over him as the personality imprint was simultaneously resigned and angry about it.

Noah's tail twitched again, he had so many emotions boiling under the surface right now. Frustration being chief among them. This whole day was just...he didn't even know how to describe it. It had been an awful mix of awkward, horny and chaotic. All he wanted to do was lie down and be unconscious but even that was pricing difficult. He flopped down on the dino sized bed and proceeded to toss and turn for what felt like hours. No matter how he positioned himself, he couldn't get comfortable; some part of his new anatomy kept him up, be it his tail, his wide hips or even his massive skull. He rolled over and felt his breasts crush against the mattress, his new nipples pressing down and making him wince in pain and pleasure all at once.

“Fuck it.” Noah whispered. “There is one way to get rid of some frustration that has to be universal.”

He'd been slightly wet all day thanks to his shower and the constant rubbing his folds got from walking across town. Noah rolled himself onto his back, letting his tail swish between his legs. The top of it sunk into the super soft mattress as his hand travelled down his torso, his fingertips grazing the softness of his scales, tracing the curve of his hip before moving inward. A shiver ran down his spine and his tail flicked up, the tip of it just brushing against the outside of his wet folds and drawing a pleased gasp from his throat. It was such a teasing touch, what else could he do with it?

Noah raised the tip again and slowly stroked back and forth, letting the tip part his folds ever so slightly. The tip was thick enough to pleasure him, but not deep enough to reach his clit. Noah groaned, repeating the teasing motion over and over again, feeling the warmth and wetness that had been building all day. After several minutes of teasing, his nipples were hard as diamonds, and he could feel his hot blood coursing beneath his scales.

He rolled to his side and pressed a hand to his sex. Cupping it for a moment and feeling the warmth before gently pressing a finger inside. There was an element of danger, touching himself with these taloned fingers. Fuck, it made him all the hornier. His middle finger circled the swollen bud of his clit with feather-light strokes, savouring the delicate sensation.

His other hand found its way to his chest, his thumb grazing over a pert nipple. He raked his fingers back and forth, stroking from the large scales to the small ones, to the soft hints of flesh. Noah's breath grew ragged, his chest rising and falling as he increased the pressure. He rolled the sensitive nub between his thumb and forefinger, his eyes closing briefly to better focus on the sensation.

A low, bestial moan escaped his lips. He felt like an animal in heat. Did reptiles have heat? On second thought, he didn't care. More sounds escaped him as he began to squeeze his nipple in time with presses to his clit. Noah had never been loud in bed, but in this body, everything felt so raw he couldn't help it. His moans of pleasure were starting to take on a dinosaur-like roar.

His legs began to tremble, a sign that he was getting closer to the edge he craved. With a firm grip, he slid a finger into his wetness, feeling the slickness of his arousal. Thanks to the imprint, he knew exactly how to touch himself and curled a taloned finger inside to brush against his G-spot. A low roar escaped his lips as he began to move it in and out, his hips swaying in time with his hand. The sound filled the room. He knew the neighbours were probably listening, but he just couldn't help himself. His movements grew more urgent, his finger curling and stroking the spot inside his that sent waves of pleasure crashing through his body.

His spine curved, he threw back his great head and came with a loud, monstrous roar. Unlike what he was used to, the orgasm just kept going as his fingers played, and by

the time it finally finished, he was a whimpering mess. Fuck, that had been the best orgasm of his life. He could only imagine how good it would feel to actually have sex in this body. Having another anthro dragon man mount him...

“Oh fuck...” He whimpered.

After a few minutes he finally caught his breath and rolled back to stare at the ceiling. Part of him was stunned he'd even just done that. He could never let Daria find out how hot he found her body. She'd never let him hear the end of it. He could only hope that tomorrow Reggie would have a solution for him. The alternative, that this might be his new fate, wasn't something he even wanted to consider. Yet, as he slowly fell to sleep, a little voice in the back of his mind whispered that maybe, deep down, that was secretly what he wanted.