

Bathhouse of the Tanukis: Species Change

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“What’s with the look?” Quinn asked the tanuki across the desk.

“Oh,” the chubby anthro remarked, looking the young man over, “it’s nothing. Just don’t see anthros showing up here often. We usually just end up serving humans.”

“Is that a problem?”

“Not at all, just unexpected really.” The tanuki gave Quinn a polite smile, but Quinn couldn’t help but feel a little put off by the remark.

Quinn was indeed an anthro, a Bengal cat to be precise. He had been strutting around Tokyo on his vacation in his usual black attire, minding his own business. Suddenly, before him appeared the legendary bathhouse that few had seen or been to, one run by tanukis that provided their visitors with a wonderful, life-changing dip.

At least, that’s what he heard. Quinn really paid no attention to such things when he was looking into sights to see in Tokyo. However, now that he found the place, there was no way he was NOT going to take advantage of such an opportunity.

“Well alright then,” Quinn yawned, “Yes, I will take a private bath.”

“Wonderful!” the tanuki remarked, “And, if you change your mind later, you’re more than welcome to visit any of the public baths we have available to chat with our other visiting patrons.”

“Eehhhh, that’s alright.” The lanky anthro wasn’t much for chatting with people, let alone while taking a bath.

The tanuki shrugged and rung him up, the cat paying the mythical creature before following him from the lobby. A few twists, turns, a trip to the locker room later, the cat was dressed down to a towel and holding a bucket with cleaning products.

He continued to follow the raccoon-like creature down a few more halls, passing by some other baths. He couldn’t see through the screen doors, but he could make out some large, big silhouettes behind them and hear some of their boisterous voices. He frowned, thinking, *sounds like an interesting crowd in there. Definitely not my scene.*

One more turn and they came up to a door. The tanuki slid it open and revealed a private bath, all by its lonesome with no signs of anything else around. The perfect place to take a bath away from it all.

The Bengal stepped in, glancing around a bit more. The tanuki chuckled and said, “enjoy the dip Mister Quinn. I’ll be back in about twenty or so minutes to check on you.”

Quinn nodded, watching the door shut and the employee disappear behind it. He could hear the fat anthro strut away, leaving him all by his lonesome.

The cat shrugged and approached the bath, steam rising from it and giving the room a foggy look. Dropping the bucket and towel around his waist near the edge, he carefully dipped a toe into the water. He immediately yanked it back, his fur standing on end.

“Yeesh that’s hot!” he remarked, rubbing his forehead, “Great. Going to have to take this slowly.”

Quinn dropped his towel to the side next to the bucket before lowering himself to the ground. Sitting upon the surprisingly cool, tile floor, he shivered slightly as he slid himself over to the edge of the pool. He raised a footpaw into the air again and gently lowered it into the water once more.

He tensed up as the heat soaked into his toes. After a few moments of letting it rest in the water, he dunked his foot further and further in. He braced himself harder and soon enough, the warm liquid felt comfortable upon his furry foot.

Quinn inched closer to the edge and dunked his legs fully in. He let out a pleasant sigh and reached for the bucket. Feeling around in it, he pulled out a particular bottle that had grabbed his attention when the tanuki was offering fur cleaning products. It was called Icy Fur Care.

He popped open the cap and squirted a bunch of shampoo into his fuzzy paws. He shivered as the substance splattered upon his pads, tensing up ever so much. “Whoa,” he panted, looking at the ice blue gunk in his hands, “I think I get the title now.”

He chuckled and pulled his legs out, fully drenched, and rested them on the bath side. He gently rubbed the shampoo into his footpaws first, scrubbing each of his toes gently and then down his soles. His fur on the back of his neck stood up, but the feeling quickly buckled down as he washed the area well, leaving it all scrubbed up.

He sprayed a bunch more of the gunk into his palms again and proceeded to clean and shampoo his legs as well. The feeling was just as cold as before, but it passed faster as he worked the goop in as much as possible.

“There we go,” he mumbled, satisfied that he fully shampooed his legs to his satisfaction, he slipped them back into the water. Taking a deep breath, he slid his whole being into the water. Sitting down in the pool, the water came up to his chest, the heat of it oddly more comfortable than it once was.

He smiled and leaned back, closing his eyes as he started to relax. *You know what? he thought, I wish I hit a bathhouse sooner. This is pretty nice...*

His toes wiggled gently in the water as he bathed quietly, his mind drifting off. As they swung about, a numbing sensation struck them. His toes began swelling, stretching several

inches longer as his pads deflated. With the digits extended, his toes slowly merged with one another and fur simply dissolved away.

His toes slowly went from black to cool, light blue, thickening and reshaping into large, hook-like claws. The coloration started at the tip of the claws and slowly spread to their base. As the color reached the end, the furless, soft skin began hardening, merging with the sharp nails. Thick, sky blue scales began sprouting over each of the digits, spreading over to the balls of his feet and going to his ankles.

The entirety of his feet were engulfed and stretched out by the all-encompassing scales. The new length, sharp claws, and scales all made his feet look positively reptilian.

Quinn slightly shifted his position, sitting up straighter in the bath. His hands gripped the sides as he pushed himself up, twitching and pulsating gently as they did. Once he settled into a new position and relaxed again, his hands each transformed. Soft yellow fur gave way to thick, ice blue scales. His fingertips turned jagged and pointer at the ends, his soft pads vanishing into his hands like with his feet.

Despite his new, sharp hands resting comfortably above the water, Quinn didn't notice a single thing. His eyes remained closed as he took in the warm waters of the bath.

Beneath the surface, the scales were not close to being finished with his lower limbs. The black spots upon his legs fell out first, blue scales emerging to take their place. The rest of the fur followed suit, dissolving away and leaving behind more reptilian skin. Everything from the tips of his toes to his hips were now coated in the rougher, harder surface.

As the last scale set into place upon his lower limbs, there was an odd calm. No tingling, no numbness, no warmth, no changes. There seemed to be nothing else happening.

The feeling lasted for almost a minute, Quinn still blissfully unaware and even beginning to yawn himself. But as he did, his eyes shot open as an intense chill arose from his legs. It felt like they were suddenly shoved into a freezer, the bitter cold stinging his head for a moment.

Quinn shivered, baffled by the turn of event as he hopped right out of the water. "What the hell?!" He yelled, "What's going-"

His jaw dropped as he finally saw his legs, his jaw dropping further when he saw his new clawed hands too. The icy blue scales were a shock, but they didn't compare to watching his lower limbs expand. His thighs and calves thickened with beefy, dense muscles that stretched his scaly skin, making them look jacked up. His legs even grew several inches longer, pushing him up an extra foot in height.

He stuttered, meaningless, jittery words spilling from his mouth without a care. His head darted between his hands and his powerful legs over and over again, his brain scrambling to come up with an explanation for this change. His mind poured over each and every possibility until one jumped out at him.

The rumors he heard about a “life-changing” dip. He paid them no mind, only briefly glancing at some of text he saw online and not fully absorbing it. Perhaps now he had a better understanding of what that meant.

He looked at the bathwater and back at his legs. Carefully rubbing at his head with jagged hands, he thought, trying his best to calm himself, *okay... the changes didn't exactly happen when I first got in there. I had my feet in there for a while and they came out fine the first time... so, maybe then...*

His eyes turned back to the shampoo bottle he had grabbed, the Icy Fur Care. It didn't say anything on it other than its title and just showing its logo. Nevertheless, he wanted to try something with it.

He quickly squirted a load of the shampoo in his palms and turned his attention to his tail this time. He tried best to keep it limp as he grabbed hold of it, carefully washing it from the base to its tip. He wanted no part of it unwashed by the end.

With it properly covered, Quinn inched back towards the water and dipped his tail right in. His body tensed up, and he gritted his teeth, the cold blast striking his tail, followed by a numbing sensation. He panted as his body relaxed, breathing in and out slowly.

After a few moments had past, Quinn scooted away from the water's edge and stood up, his tail sliding right out. It was far heavier on him, nearly pulling him in with its weight, but he yanked it out at the end. He heard a heavy thud as it smacked onto the tile.

The Bengal glanced behind himself and saw his tail. Like he suspected it, it had fully transformed, not only thicker, but quite a bit longer, extending several extra inches and having this arrowhead fluke at the end. Fur was replaced with hardened scales, just as icy blue as his legs. The scales were a bit deeper in blue than on its underside, but still as tough.

The end of his tail occasionally swished about, Quinn pouting his lips. “Well,” he mumbled, “Guess that's the cause. Gees man, what the heck am I turning into?”

The Bengal's head cocked to the side, and he brought a hand to his tail, sliding it across its top. It felt chillingly cold, still giving him some shivers despite the heat of the room itself. He could feel the tense muscle within and with a little effort, watched his tail whip about.

He did the same to his legs, feeling their strong, powerful muscles beneath their scaly exterior. They felt cold as well, much colder than it even was outside of the place. But yet, despite acknowledging the low temperature, he didn't feel all that put off by it. In fact, he felt rather comfortable and strangely strong.

Strong... he thought, twitching anxiously.

His eyes went back to the bottle in his hand as a devious idea hit his mind. He truly did not understand everything or fully grasp his situation. What he did know was that with his parts,

he didn't look quite right at a glance. He also felt a certain, pleasant strength brewing within him after feeling his enhanced appendages. It was a strength that he wouldn't mind having more.

Throwing caution to the wind, he sprayed more of the shampoo in his hands and proceeded to scrub it into his arms' damp fur. He carefully stroked every part of them, making sure to leave no spot untouched like with his tail.

Once done, he put the bottle aside and bent down before the water. He lowered his arms into it, letting them soft soak up to his shoulder blades. A sharp chill flowed into them and Quinn tensed up, biting his bottom lip. But the feeling passed him by not too long after that and thus, he pulled his arms out.

Much like his tail and legs, the changes had quickly run their course. Ice blue scales crawled all the way from his wrists and to his shoulder blades, not a trace of fur left at all. His arms were also much thicker and buffer. His biceps looked positively ripped and even doing a partial flex made them pop.

Quinn blushed, but smiled happily. He gave both arms a powerful flex as well and his body quivered, shivers running down his neck all the way to the end of his tail, which thrashed and smacked the tile flooring harshly.

He panted and brushed his head. "Phew... what... what a rush."

His eyes turned down to his groin, and his blush intensified. His feline cock was popping out of its sheath, red as always and eager for whatever excited him. It was a rod that had served him well over the years...

...but right now? A thought hit him as his eyes turned back to the shampoo bottle, *what if... what if I can...*

He did not finish his thought as he quickly snatched up the bottle. He sprayed some of the shampoo directly onto his cock and furry sheath & balls. He carefully took his scaly hands and gently shampooed the area, even lightly sliding the substance across his shaft.

His body shivered from the chill of the shampoo, but it had grown familiar and predictable by this point. He did not balk or turn from his decision, walking over to the water and gently stepping in. He lowered his crotch beneath the surface and let it do its work.

Quinn's eyes went crossed and he bellowed loudly, his voice that of a powerful roar. Not a feline one, but something more monstrous and powerful.

He panted as his face went red beneath his fur, chuckling, "goood... real... real good."

He sat up on the ledge of the water and pulled his junk out. He now sported a large, leathery, dark blue sheath and ballsack, triple their original size. His dick, however, was the main attraction. It had quadrupled, much thicker and denser than before. It was ice blue with a very pointed, sharp head to it. Small barbs ran down his shaft, which pulsated excitedly.

He grinned away as he reached down and grabbed his cock. His body shivered and trembled, his eyes rolling back, and his jaw drooping. He gave his rod a small pump, and he quivered again, vibrations running down his back and all the way into his tail. Jerking off had never felt that good before.

Licking his chops, his eyes turned back to bottle. He grabbed his free hand and began spraying the shampoo all over his chest torso as best as he could. He huffed as he rubbed the shampoo in with his hand, “need more. Need more power... too... too good to stop!”

After a bit, he dunked himself fully into the water again, letting the warm liquid engulf him. He shivered but felt no strong chill this time as the transformation rolled through him. His torso began ballooning out as fur shed, scales rising up and covering the area. His shoulders broadened and bulked, his chest expanding into thick, dense pectorals. His abs pressed tightly against his scaly skin, showing off an impressive eight-pack.

Rising from the water and standing straight up in it, Quinn had grown at least an extra two feet. Besides for his head, his entire form was of some kind of reptilian beast, covering in tough icy scales and thick muscles.

He looked down at his impressive chest, rubbing a hand across it before chuckling delightfully. “This is so awesome,” he quietly spoke, “I’m so frickin’ ripped and I feel so strong! Wait until everyone gets a load of me at home!”

He ran a clawed hand against his mug and frowned. He turned around, eyeing up the shampoo bottle, still somehow filled with tons of shampoo left. “Well,” he remarked, reaching for it, “I don’t think I can go back looking incomplete...”

The tanuki employee yawned as he walked down the hallway of the bathhouse, passing by some loud, boisterous bathrooms. *Been long enough*, the fat, big-balled anthro thought, scratching his gut, *should see how he’s doing...*

He approached the room where he left Quinn in and grabbed at the door handle. A chill ran up his spine and the fur on his back stood up. “Yeesh,” he muttered, “it’s frickin’ cold. Hope that shampoo and bathwater didn’t make things too-”

He opened the door and his jaw dropped, his eyes nearly bugging out of his head. The entire room was an icebox. Frost on the walls and tile flooring with a cold mist floating through. The bathwater had been frozen over with no signs of the Bengal anthro anywhere to be seen. Well, not exactly...

....just below the water surface was a large, dark figure. It was much, MUCH larger than the cat the tanuki had talked to over half an hour ago.

The tanuki gulped and stepped into the room, staring at the spot. He shivered again, thankfully his lard body and soft fur providing enough comfort to him. “Ummm,” he called to the darkened spot, “you okay? It has been over twenty minutes and I thought...”

The water surface cracked and burst open. Rising from the water, standing eight feet tall, was a large, bulky, ice dragon. His arms and legs were massive, teeming with bulging muscles that would be the envy of any bodybuilder. His torso was extra thick with protruding pecs and a dense eight pack. Icy blue scales coated his entire form, with sharp claws protruding from his hands and feet. Upon his long neck was a striking dragonic head with a muzzle full of powerful fangs and long horns jutting out the back of his noggin.

He looked upon the fat tanuki and chuckled, saying, “thanks for the visit. I’m doing pretty good right now.”

The tanuki’s eyes slipped down from the beast’s face to his crotch. His cock was massive, throbbing away despite the icy temperatures of the room. The furred anthro blushed and mumbled, “I... I see. Well, it’s good to see you’re doing alright then.”

“I’m doing a hell of a lot better than just alright,” the dragon declared, stepping out of the water and onto the tile flooring, “I feel great!” From his back, two large, thick, white wings sprung forth, flapping majestically and lifting him a few inches off the ground.

“Well that’s great to hear,” the tanuki remarked, shivering. The dragon’s breath was icy cold, putting a small layer of frost upon the chubby guy. “D-d-do you... do you wish t-t-to continue bathing now?”

“Well,” the ice dragon mumbled, stroking his chin, “as tempting as that seems, maybe I could swing over to meet up with those other guests you mentioned and hang out with them. They seemed like fun and I feel up for it now.”

“Ahhhhh, are y-y-you sure? You’re kind of... f-f-f-freezing t-t-the place up a bit.”

Quinn glanced around the room, looking from the walls to the bath itself. He looked back at the tanuki, arms folded and leaning in. “Well, it’s not like you warned me I would make things a little cold around here. Frankly, this is your problem to fix, not mine.”