

Graceful Love (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

Soft pants floated through the air as a young woman hurried down the sidewalk from the bus stop. A smile on her face and a song buzzing in her heart, she felt better than she had felt in a while.

Still can't believe it, Madeline thought excitedly, shift is over early and still I get paid for all the hours I'm not there? This has to be a good sign for tonight!

It was Valentine's Day, and her date was going to be special. She felt it deep down in her bones. Her boyfriend had been teasing her for the past week or so about tonight's events. So many possibilities, so many wonderful things to look forward to!

It's probably dinner and a movie, but ooooo, it'll could be even more! She couldn't help but giggle to herself as she reached her apartment complex. *Maybe he'll even... oh! We've only been dating for a few months though. Surely it's too soon for that~? Fingers crossed!*

She entered the building and strolled up to the mailboxes on the wall. She opened hers up and found a few envelopes waiting. A quick glance told her they were all bills, which she could think about tomorrow. However, the real prize was the bright red envelope nuzzled amongst them.

Madeline took the card out, finding a soft aroma wafting off of it. It smelled of perfume, not too strong, but not too weak either. It was a lovely scent of flowers that made her smile. She even felt like there were butterflies in her stomach.

I wonder what this is~?

Two shoes went flying against the wall near the entrance and a bunch of letters were tossed onto the nearby counter. Madeline sighed, stretching her arms. *Home at last~.*

She grabbed the red envelope from the pile and strolled over to the nearby couch, plopping onto it. *Oh Gary~.* She giggled softly, opening it up, *Whatever did you get me?*

It was a Valentine Card; something she, admittedly, should have expected. On the front was a picture of a duckling, the tagline being, "For Valentine's Day, be more than cute..."

"...let loose that inner beauty within you," read the inside of the card. There, a picture of a pretty swan was waiting.

Madeline nodded and gently smiled. *Well... not what I expected, but it is cute and that's what matters! Though... huh, would have expected a little bit more.*

Looking all over the inside of the card, there was an odd lack of writing. No cutesy message, drawing, wink face, or even a signature. Did Gary really just rush out a card to her like

that and didn't even bother to sign it? It wasn't all that important in the grand scheme of things, but it did nag a little bit in the back of her head.

She shrugged and started to put the card down when something caught her eye. Something was in the corner of the card. Something snow-white and feathery was grabbing it.

She quickly looked around. There was no one there though.

She looked back down. It was still grabbing the card. However, looking closer... the feathery fingers... they were her own.

The card fell from her grasp as she looked over her hand and then the other. Feathers. White, soft feathers were coating them. They had already covered her fingers and were moving over her hands. She shook them both, but nothing happened.

As the feathery coating thickened, she winced. Her fingers were growing, shifting. The skeletal structure of them morphed; her hands elongating. Feathers grew longer and covered more, her hands looking more like the mitts of a bird anthro.

Madeline took a few breaths, trying to calm herself, even if it didn't do much. Her worries did not diminish much though when her sleeves vanished. They slowly untangled and faded to dust, allowing her arms to lay bare.

However, her arms were bare only briefly as lovely, elegant feathers came forth. As white as her hands, they grew across her limbs to her shoulders. Feathers on the insides of her arms grew longer though, thick and stronger. With the way things looked, it was as if she had grown her own wings now.

She looked between both of her arms repeatedly. It was hard to really find the words to say anything. Shock was still with her, but confusion was pouring in now.

Taking a deep breath, she raised her arms up and looked between them closely. She could only ponder, *this... this isn't right. All of these feathers...*

With her arms raised up, she took in the quality of the feathers. Long, elegant wing feathers on her arms, a soft coating upon her hands, and thicker, puffier feathers coating her armpits. It was all quite something.

She stared for what felt like the longest time, unsure of what to say still. What should one say to growing feathers after all? However, there was something else now. The longer she looked at her bird arms, the more something bloomed within her. The quality, sleekness, and plumage of it all... it looked rather nice... didn't it?

She blushed, shaking her head and dropping her arms. *Where the hell did that come from?! Why did I... I must be losing it, surely?*

Regardless, she didn't really linger on that thought for the time being. Her shoulders felt cold briefly before warming back up. A quick glance showed that her shirt's shoulders and collar had disappeared now, making her attire a shoulderless top. Feathers had grown over her skin, her bird appearance continuing to overwhelm her.

Feathers rolled down from her shoulders and onto her chest. Her shirt stretched as the plumage rolled in, especially around the breasts. However, the sight of mammarys was slightly obscured when the feathers around her chest puffed up. They grew thick and puffy, coating her collarbone and dipping down into her cleavage.

What the hell is happening to me?! Why am I turning into a bird?!

Madeline gulped, her hands unconsciously inching towards her shoulders. Despite their size, her hands gently slid over her shoulders and onto her chest. Her breasts were definitely larger and heavier from what she could feel. A sense of pride and satisfaction flowed through her briefly.

Though, she was more relieved that she could still feel and touch things with her feathery mitts. She still had that going for her at least she thought.

Beneath her grasp, a new feeling arose. The soft fabric of her shirt slipped from grasp, a feathery sensation replacing it. Her top was continuing to fade, unraveling down to her belly button. Her breasts were laid bare, even her bra having vanished now.

With both pieces of fabric gone, her mounds swelled again. They grew from the already enlarged B-cups to a more bountiful C-cup size, partially filling her wide hands. Her nipples went erect, them and their areolas turning dark grey and disappearing beneath her white feathers.

Madeline shivered. Pushing down on her feathers and trying to look past her breasts, she could just make out the remaining part of her shirt vanish before her eyes. Her torso was now on display in all of its fine, feathery... and rather slender form.

Oh my goodness... Her hands slid across her narrow waist and toned tummy. So feathery and soft~. A small smile crossed her face, her voice dreamy as she cooed, "And so curvy too~."

She blushed, her smile turning nervous. Where was this coming from? After everything shocking and confusing happened, where was this admiration springing from?

She didn't have a single answer, too distracted as she spotted something else happening. Her pants were starting to fade, denim dematerializing and feathers quickly covered uncovered skin. Her hips and rear reacted quickly, beginning to their expansion.

Her jeans slowly vanished. First went her belt, then everything vanished down to her pockets, and then the crotch disappeared. She twitched. While she was in the safety of her own home, she still wasn't too open about walking around with her crotch out.

Thankfully, the issue was quickly resolved. The area was swiftly coated in puffy, thick feathers, making it nearly impossible to see her privates at least.

Though, concerns about nudity were falling into the back corner of her mind. With everything slowly being uncovered and exposed, Madeline was starting to grow a bit more... comfortable. *This... this isn't too bad... right?*

She pondered that as some new changes occurred, going unseen by her. Right above her rear, at the base of her spine, a nub appeared. It was small at first, but it slowly grew more and more as time went on. It eventually became almost a rounded pyramid point in the back, extending out a few inches.

That's when feathers sprouted from it. Lovely white, glimmering feathers grew, much longer than the ones on her body, but not as long as her wing ones. Just some pretty, pleasant on the eyes tail feathers above her shapely rear.

Madeline's gaze did not stray from her legs, watching her sweatpants slowly vanish before her eyes. As the pants vanished down to her knees and past even that, she twitched. An overwhelming sensation struck her.

She bent at the knees a little as she leaned down. Her feathery hands fell onto her thighs and gently stroked them. They were nice, tender and thick, a perfect match for her wider legs and plumper rear.

Her sweatpants and socks finally gave way, removing the last traces of her clothing and leaving her legs out in the open. Her feather pelt had stopped at the knees, but her changes had gone one. From her knees to her feet, her skin was coarser and rough, the texture more akin to have a bird and a sharp, charcoal black.

Her feet were another story. They were longer, stretched out by several extra inches. Her toes were down to three digits and even that was a stretch with the webbing between. She had bird feet, almost like a duck's, but just a little more different.

Madeline stared down at herself. Her heart raced, its beating pounding in her head. All shock and confusion was gone from her. The sight before her no longer felt alien or horrifying. Instead, it brought something different.

She shivered as her mouth turned into a smile. She was in complete awe. She looked, no, she felt good. She felt excited. She felt beautiful.

She cooed, gently stroking her cheek, "Oh my... I look so pretty now."

She grinned, bringing her hands down from her face, over her chest, and along her sides again. Her head felt woozy, dizzy as she did that, her short, black hair starting to grow out. However, she felt nothing but pure joy on top of that as well.

She giggled, her voice turning more sensual and mature as feathers sprouted over her neck. "Such a pretty, beautiful form for such a pretty little thing like me~."

Her eye twitched. Feathers started growing over her face as her black locks lightened to a dark grey, falling onto her shoulders. *And what a beautiful thing like me wants...*

Her words trailed off as speaking became difficult. Her mouth became numb and hard to move, her teeth starting to merge together. Her jaws stiffened briefly as her mouth pushed forward, teeth coming out and merging with her lips and nose. Their shape radially shifted and morphed, forming a long, rounded point beak.

No... what a beautiful thing like me needs... There was a twinkle in her eye. "...a handsome, attractive mate~."

Madeline the Swan sighed. She was perfect, perfect and beautiful. She eagerly hurried over to the wall-mounted coat rack nearby with its mirror attachment. She gazed into it, taking in her new face and hair.

She stroked her cheeks and felt her swan bill. "Mhm, just as beautiful and stunning as the rest of me. Oh, I wish there was someone else here who could-"

Click. The lock of her front door twisted. The door knob shook gently before turning soon after. There was a creak, and the door slowly opened.

"Oh Madeline~. I got your text, and if you're already done, I thought I come here so we can start our date ear-OH MY GOD!!!!"

The door opened to reveal Madeline's boyfriend, a sharply dressed, fit man. The sight of him instantly made her heart flutter. Her body trembled.

He took a step back. She wouldn't have that. She quickly grabbed hold of him and yanked into her apartment fully. She kicked the door close and held him to the wall.

She cooed, staring deeply into his eyes. "Hello lover boy. You were just the mate I really wanted right about now~."

"...Madeline?" He managed to utter.

"Hush honey... let us discuss such matters in a more private, romantic setting." She winked and started leading him towards her bedroom. Valentine's Day was going to be a more exciting than she could ever want.

THE END