

**WITCHY TIMES INC.:**  
**CLIENT SERVICE**

By: Firingwall

## **Click.**

A panning shot of a small, low-lighted shop was shown, flowing over the tops of several shelves and up to a glass counter. Several scene transitions occurred, moving and shifting through many of the store shelves that were just shown. Tranquil music played during it all.

“Hello!” A voice spoke over the footage. “Are you tired of your current life? Do you want to help a pal or loved one out?”

“Do you want to give the best surprise to someone ever that they’ll never see coming?” A different voice talked, this one sounding a bit more sinister and tricky in their tone.

“Well!” The original voice jumped in, sounding a touch peeved for a moment. “We here are Witchy Times Inc., a local, family run witch coven, have just what you need!”

There was a new cut, shifting to individual items of all size, shape, and variety from pens to coins to even VHS boxes. The camera slowly panned over each item, occasionally focusing on certain ones with cuts to individual items on spinning trays.

“Come on over or order online to get some of the best transformation-based items you can find! Certain companies think they can simply make transformations happen through boring, simple science. However, only true witch magic can guarantee you the finest, most enjoyable changes you and your associates will ever experience!”

The second voice stepped in. “Also, if nothing speaks to you or you have something special in mind for you or a certain someone, we are flexible! Bring us the item you want to enchant, and we’ll give you exactly what you want! Maybe if you ask nicely, we’ll even change you personally ourselves.”

A low, very fast voice added, “Additional costs may vary but will usually be higher in price.”

There was one more hard cut. This time, it showed a group of witches standing together. All of them were different shades of green, wearing black attire that sensually highlighted their skin and figures. They all smiled, some more wicked or welcoming than others.

The one in the center with shoulder-length black hair grinned and spoke, her voice the same as the original speaker. “Come on over to Witchy Times Inc. today! We’re located anywhere and everywhere someone wants us!”

Another witch, much taller and with brighter green skin, jumped in. “Just think real hard, and we’ll be there with our special entryway. You don’t even have to leave the convenience of your home to meet with us.”

“Get your special charmed/magically infused transformation item today!” All of the witches said together, giving a polite wave and bow.

A brief website link was shown at the bottom, but the video ended abruptly before it could fully be read.

**Click.**

# Product Name: White Swan

Done for Chinchilla Chris67

"Loosen up, sweetheart! You'll age twenty years if you don't."

"Yes, sure." Linda Blanc quietly spoke, looking at the bar counter awkwardly. This date had certainly been "going" as it were. The young woman had been asked out for drinks by a rather charming toon toucan. She had never gone on a date with a toon before, but between his general sweetness and her intrigue, she accepted.

But things had been going less than perfect. They didn't share a whole lot in common as it turned out. His energy levels and enthusiasm were a bit much to handle. Plus, the brightness of his feathers and form were hard on the eyes after a while. An hour in, and she knew for a fact that this would be their only date.

The toucan, simply named Sam, which he assured was a coincidence, seemed to be picking up on her mood. He was watching her closely, noticing how stiff she was being and how she didn't look him in the face anymore.

He took a sip from his glass, his beak bending and cartoonishly moving like lips to do so. "I see how it is." He set his glass down and asked, "You're not having a good time, are ya?"

Linda felt guilty, feeling a cold chill in the room after he said that. Looking at him, he was frowning, looking absolutely down in the dumps. "I-I'm sorry. You're really nice, but I... I'm not sure if this is working..."

Sam smacked his hand on the bar, a lightbulb appearing briefly above his head and clicking on. "Oh! I know what this needs!"

He reached behind his back and pulled out a martini glass, setting it down on the counter. In it was a clear, brownish liquid with an intriguing aroma rising from it. He gently nudged it towards her. "For you, my lady."

The bartender, walking by, noticed what he did and interjected. "Hey, no outside drinks are allowed in here."

"Awww, Jim! It's for happiness and maybe even love!" The bartender's gaze remained hard and harsh. "...okay, here's a little extra." Sam took a twenty from his pocket and stuffed it into the bartender's breast pocket. The man looked at it and at the toon before sighing and continuing on his way.

Linda watched the curious scenario unfold before looking down at the drink presented to her. "Uh, what is this?"

"This is for you!" Sam explained, "I got this from some nice green ladies. They said this would be the perfect thing for tonight's date if things got too stiff and weird, ya know?"

Linda looked between the drink and him again. "Ah, what?"

"It's to help you loosen up... if you want." Sam frowned. "If you don't want to, I get ya. Thinkin' 'bout it, this does seem a bit peculiar to toss at somebody randomly."

He got that right. To Linda, this screamed suspicious. A person brings their own drink to give someone on their first date to help loosen them up? All of that just raised many red flags in her mind.

Sam's frown grew, a hazy, depressed mist appearing around his head. Pulling the drink back, he mumbled, "Sorry, just thought it would help you enjoy toons more."

"Oh, it's not that..." Linda quickly said. "I'm just not sure if we really click or not."

"It's okay! I get it... toons are just not your thing... or anybody's thing..." The mist formed into clouds, cracks of lightning heard from within them. "No one would love a silly bird like me or want anything from me or-"

The woman frowned. He was being ridiculous and absurd! He had completely misjudged the situation... or was purposefully being a downer. It was hard to say, but it was getting to her a little. She didn't like seeing toons upset; they took it so hard.

"It's... it's... not... okay, fine!" Linda took the drink back from him against her better judgment. "It's fine! I'll try your drink and everything will be okay."

"Wait, really?" Linda didn't even wait for him to finish those two words, only noting his dark clouds vanishing the moment she picked the glass up and drank from it.

She slammed the liquid down in one big gulp. The taste was surprisingly sweet, only slightly warm on the back of her throat. It went down easily, her cheeks reddening and body feeling rather tingly. That was a lot better than she was expecting.

"Wow, that tastes go-" **FWOOMP!** Her face went numb and suddenly jerked forward like a stretched rubber band being released.

All at once, her mouth, lips, and teeth were stretched and remolded. They merged together, hardened, and turned bright yellow. Its very tip jerked downward, forming a pointed, avian beak, one that was just as flexible and malleable as Sam's.

Linda blinked several times, feeling rather dizzy. "Ah..." She tried to regain her composure. "That... that tasted good." Yes. That sounded right to say. She was trying to say that.

Sam smiled. "That's good! How do you feel?"

"I feel..." Linda's face tingled, numb and a bit prickly at points. A white feather coating sprouted all around her beak, spreading out across her mug. It coated her cheeks and around her eyes, which were gaining longer-looking eyelashes.

"I feel goood!" Linda's voice perked up, hitting a higher, pippier tone than usual as the rest of her noggin shifted. Her black hair shrank away back into her skull, brown feathers taking its place. Said feathers surrounded the edges of her face where the white had stopped, only dipping down slightly between her eyes.

A few more shifts followed quickly. Her ears disappeared from sight, shrinking into her head and leaving small openings cloaked by feathers. Her eyes looked larger as her head inflated slightly, its shape rounder and more bird-like.

"Great to hear!" Sam's smile became a grin. "Don't feel as stiff anymore, do ya?"

"Not at all!" Linda giggled. "I feel so pippy and... shucks!" Her voice took on a southern drawl as she stroked her face. "Don't ah just sound darlin' too, hun?"

Her hands trembled now themselves. Fingernails crept forward, darkening and turning into stubby talons. The skin around them roughened, taking on a dull yellow tint. The change spread across her fingers and over her mitts, stopping just at her wrists.

"Yes, you do! Your voice is like that of an angel's," Sam cooed, hearts floating off his head.

Linda trembled and giggled again. Maybe it was just her, and probably mostly the drink, but her toucan date was looking a lot more charming now. Her eyes didn't feel sore looking at his overly bright complexion and feathers too. Maybe their little get-together wouldn't be so bad.

She spoke, her voice returning to its previous pitch and tone. "Awww, you're such a charmer! A gal could get use-" She flinched and grunted. Her heels felt so tight!

And for good reason too. They were bunching up at the tips and backs, the bulging growing and growing. Eventually, the heels broke open. Three talons in the front and one in the back bursting from each shoe. The skin was a dull, coarse yellow, much like her hands.

Linda let out a sigh of relief and looked down, wiggling her toes. She spoke, her tone now posh and uppity, "My word, I don't know why I was wearing such garish shoes. They simply don't work with my dazzling talons."

"I hear you there, toots!" Sam lifted his feet, shoeless and wiggling his toes proudly. "Nuthin' beats bare and free, am I right?"

Linda should've disagreed or questioned the fact that she had bird feet now. There were a lot of things to inquire or think about, but such concerns were far from her mind. What mattered now was enjoying herself and going with this natural flow and mood she was in.

"Indeed, o'chum!" Linda haughtily laughed. **WOOMP!** Between her dress shirt and skirt, long, richly brown tail feathers sprouted all at once. They were almost as long as her legs, thick, and rather stiff while feeling ultra soft to the touch.

Sam cocked an eyebrow and stroked the tip of his long beak. "Oh my, my! Look at that?"

"Hmm? What is it?" the toonifying woman asked curiously.

"Like I said, look at that!" He pointed, and she looked down. The hemline of her shirt was merging with her skirt. The buttons and folds on her dress slowly vanished as her sleeves shrunk back in. At the very top, her last two buttons popped off instead of disappearing, and the area opened wide, showing some of her cleavage. There, her entire outfit turned to satin and darkened like the night, giving her an elegant dress.

Linda stared at her new outfit, her head tilting. *Oh... this... this is... is...*

She looked at Sam with a warm smile and spoke, "Oh, do you like this, darling? I always dress my best when I'm out and about with my lovely suitors... or when I wish to party. Aren't you so lucky to enjoy it." Yes, that felt right to say, didn't it?

Sam nodded his head, ogling her. "Ah-huh, ah-huh!"

The owl woman's pitch rose and grew airier than usual. "Oh ho ho! Ooooh bartender!"

The man returned, giving her a strange look. He definitely noticed something was off about the situation, but she gave his stare no mind. "Could ya, like, ya know, gimme your bestest martini, please?"

"Ah, sure... anything in particular?"

"Your bestest martini! Don't care how ya make it or do it, bestest please!" The bartender's eyes fell on her arms and then her legs. Orangish-brown feathers were growing rapidly over her arms and across her shoulders, dipping further down. Her legs were turning as coarse as her feet, looking fully like bird feet now.

"Sure, whatever you want, Miss..."

"Linda Blanc, good sir!" Linda hooted and giggled, switching back to her old voice before getting goofy again, "And make it snappy, see?" The man shrugged and went to make her drink.

He returned quickly and passed her a new glass, which she eagerly took. This time, she took her time, her beak puckering up like lips to elegantly sip it with a loud **SLURP**. Her figure slimmed down in a few areas with a far narrower waist, one that made her hips and chest pop out greatly more.

**SLUUUUURRRRRP!** She took another drink, one longer and louder. Her breasts jiggled before inflating two full cup sizes, stretching out her poor black dress and making her cleavage look positively vast.

"Awwww, now dat's da stuff!" she laughed, licking her lips. "Good man! Buy yourself something nice!" She reached behind her back, revealing a bright purse that she was sure she probably owned and pulled out a hundred, stuffing it into his pocket.

The bartender merely looked at it like before and left. She could just hear him mumble, "Well, at least toons are good tippers."

Linda looked back at the toucan, who she had rudely been neglecting. Looking at him, his eyes were now hearts. His face was pulled into a goofy, love dumb grin. He leaned on the counter, head in his hands as he gazed at her.



She giggled. She always did have that effect on men. They were always lovestruck by a gorgeous darling like herself.

However, she had to speak up before he started drooling. That was always so disgusting. "I'm having a lovely evening, Sam," she cooed, stroking the tip of his beak, "Thank you for taking me out for drinks. I look forward to our next date, hopefully somewhere a little livelier so we can dance!"

Sam snapped out of it. "Of course! Anything you want, sweetheart! Anything and everything for you!"

"Oh, you're such a gas!" Linda giggled, waving her hand at him.

At that moment, a brief bit of clarity struck her. A thought bubbled to the top, lodging itself in the front of her mind. "Hmm, ya know, I was wondering, what was that lovely drink you got me? I feel so light and loose now."

"Oh, it was a White Swan! Something some greenie gals cooked up for me."

"Well, I hope you do get more of them for the next date. They are delicious and so positively..." She grinned and cooed in the most lovely, seductive voice possible, "*Freeing.*"

# Product Name: The King's Collar

Done for Kale

“It's finally here!” Kale’s gray, red tipped end tail swished about excitedly. He yanked the package off the welcome mat and took it into his home, excitement growing by the second.

He tossed it down on the kitchen table and tore it apart. Soon, he uncovered the special treat inside: a black metal collar with small spikes along its band. His tail wagged even harder looking at it.

The folf (Fox/Wolf) grinned, holding the collar up high. *Step one complete!*

The fluffy anthro had it figured out. A costume party was coming next month. Everyone was probably going to show up in boring, store-bought costumes or stuff that didn't take a lot of brain power to make. He was going to show everyone up with something special.

In honor of the recent movie and game, Kale the Folf was going to wear the best Bowser costume anyone had ever seen. He had it all planned, having ordered all the necessary pieces and parts to put it all together. So far, the accessory had been the first thing to arrive.

Holding the collar, it had to note how heavy and real it felt. The metal used for it felt strong, and the spikes were a tad sharp, but not too much so. That website he went to really did it justice on the quality of it.

Though, there was one problem. Holding it up to his neck, Kale frowned. *Seems a bit big, doesn't it?*

Finding the latch on it, the folf opened the collar and then snapped it around his own neck, careful not to get any of his gray or white fuzz caught up in it. The accessory hung loosely on him, its front dipping down onto his collar bone. The heaviness of it also strained against his neck. He could imagine it getting sore after wearing it for long stretches.

Kale slipped his paw between his neck and the opening of the collar, running his red pads along the opening space. *Yep, definitely big!* He sighed, hands dropping to his side. *Authentic, yes, but I should've checked if it came in a smaller size. This is just-*

There was a low rumble from his neck, running up to his face and to the tip of his snout. Everything vibrated, fur standing on end. Kale could feel his mouth growing stiff and then numb. He couldn't say anything, his muzzle not reacting to his attempts to move it.

Then at once, something shifted. His nose turned a light, sandy tan, its texture smoothing out. The coloration spread to the tip of his muzzle, gray fur vanishing and leaving behind the smooth skin. The area began to bloat and shift, nostrils spreading further apart and looking far more reptilian.

His muzzle pushed backwards as the skin change spread downward towards his head, the area swelling. His cheeks puffed out as his bottom jaw changed the same way, giving him a strange but familiar mug.

Eventually, Kale felt his jaws again. *Ugggh, what was...* He instinctively reached up to his mug, stroking the puffier, wider muzzle now. **“What is this?!”**

The numbing sensation popped up again, this time spreading to the rest of his head. There was a rapid swelling, his head and neck increasing in size, the latter of which fitting his collar. The rest of his fur on his noggin fell out, replaced by a striking green coating of scales.

More and more his face shifted. The ears shrunk into his head, his hearing remaining somehow despite it. In their place, curved horns popped out, one on the left and right side of his head. His eyebrows thickened and turned to a sharp red. Lastly, his puffy, pompadour-esque hair grew wild and wavy, taking on the same red as his eyebrows.

Feeling returned once again, Kale was standing there motionless. His paw slowly raised back to his face, running along its features. It slid over his new muzzle, along his scaly skin, and across his horns and hair. *What... what the heck?!*

His paw remained frozen in place, stuck to his head and too stunned to move. He took his other paw and grabbed his phone, holding it to his face. He checked himself in the camera and gasped louder than before.

Bowser was looking back at him.

Kale blinked. Bowser blinked. Kale stuttered. Bowser stuttered. Kale moved his hand across his face. Bowser moved his hand across his face.

Kale did a double take. He saw his own hand at first, but then after blinking, it was different. The fur had fallen out of it, red pads shrinking and deflating, matching with the sandy-yellow scales that were under the fuzz. His nubby claws thickened and extended, forming a dense claw on each of the four digits.

The folf brought his hand forward, seeing it for himself. It really was Bowser's hand, bloating fast as it went to a more fitting size for the King of the Koopas.

He would've mouthed or said something, but then another thing caught his eye. The hand holding his phone was rapidly growing as well. He dropped it in surprise, watching his mitt in real time turn scaly, large, and powerful. It was only a second or two at most but he now had two reptilian-like hands.

They felt incredibly heavy on his thin arms and only got worse. He blinked again as he stuttered, and now there were dense cuffs on them. Around each of his wrists, a metal band like the one around his neck was there. Blinking again, there was another set over his biceps.

*N-no way...* All Kale could do was watch, mouthing his utter amazement. With the cuffs in place, his arms changed. Fur vanished like the others, sandy scales running up his limbs to his shoulders. They both swelled, gaining a layer of muscle and then fat on top to make them appear extra bulky and splitting his sleeves.

More tears followed. Looking down, his feet had already transformed without his knowledge. Four digits were now three, each sporting long, conical spikes. They were yellow and scaly, triple their old size.

His legs, the source of the tearing, were matching up with his humongous feet. They were doubling, then tripling in girth. His thighs were almost as thick as his new head. His calves were not too much off from that either, just a smidgen thinner and coated in the same scales as everything else.

Kale gulped, watching his jeans break apart and fall to the ground around him. His lower half was looking fairly Bowser-esque, but so was a majority of him at this point. The legs, head, arms...

*Arms...* Kale looked at his hefty upper limbs, wiggling his digits. He clenched his hands into fists and tightened, feeling tension running up. His heart raced.

He could feel the power, the strength of the mighty Bowser in him. His change wasn't just a mere show. Everything was shocking and confusing, but yet, this feeling wasn't bad.

Kale snorted, smoke leaving his nostrils. He hunched over, breathing heavily. His shirt started stretching, his torso finally increasing to support his bulk. A light shade of sandy yellow scales cropped up, running from his crotch and up to his collar. There were ridges that went horizontally across the lighter scales, adding to his developing dragonic appearance.

Eventually, the shirt gave way as even more weight and girth were added. His stomach inflated to wider and more protruding portions. The chest region rose, providing him with two pectorals that were wide and rather chunky. He had to be at least several hundred pounds now, a mixture of fat and muscle.

His tail, the last thing about his old folf self, stiffened. It stood straight out, no curve or bend to it. The tail slowly began to widen at its base, making it initially look puffier.

However, the individual strands of fur looked further apart the thicker the tail became, showing a familiar yellow beneath. Along the top side of it, three spikes sprouted, looking much like his claws. Fur began to fall out, starting from the base and going to the tip.

Soon, there was nothing left of the old him. The tail unstiffened and fell, the end of thudding against the ground heavily. He looked over one of his thick shoulders, seeing the new addition.

***Holy crap... this is wild!***

Kale twitched and jerked to the right. His back turned rather green. He jerked to the left, a tannish white bulge outline running along the sides of his back. He groaned, hunching forward again. He felt something moving.

His back was bubbling and swelling. The white outline bulged like thick pizza crust. The emerald green scales rose like a dome, a hexagonal pattern forming and giving it a plate-like look. In the center of each scale, a spike pulled out, thicker than even the horns on his head.

Kale took a deep breath and released it, slowly standing up straight. He tried glancing over his shoulder, looking down his back. There it was, the final part of his transformation: Bowser's shell.

Everything about him was Bowser; no more lovable, cuddly folf. He was just the big bad of a popular video game franchise standing in the buff but with no particularly nude part showing. That was good at least?

Kale stroked his face and ran a hand down his chest and tummy. The scales were a lot smoother than they looked. His expression was neutral as he felt other parts of him, from his claws to his shell.

***I am Bowser; no question about it.*** He nodded his head, looking at a hand and clenching it. He gave his arm a flex, the mixture of chub and bulk really making his bicep bulge.

***This isn't too bad.*** He smiled. ***This is probably better than any costume I could've made... probably. Still, a big turtle king!*** He flexed both arms and let out a gruff chuckle. ***I can rock this look and blow away everyone at the party like this!***

Kale smirked, chuckling more. He could see it now. He'd stroll on into the party, probably having to duck through the doorway, and show off. Everyone would be totally jealous of how "realistic" his costume was and applaud him.

***Heh, best costume ever!***

Though, a thought came to mind. It made him frown. ***Crap, I still have all the other costume pieces on order. I don't need them anymore!***

Another thought popped into his mind, making him frown more. ***Wait, what am I supposed to do for clothes? Nothing I have will fit a bod this awesome!***

# Product Name: Personal Hire

Done for CB Papa Bear

“And... there we go!” The small witch looked up from her phone with a smile. She held it up to Chris, showing him the screen. “The money went through, so we can begin!”

“G-good!” Chris was smiling too, a blatant eagerness easily read in it. However, beneath that and hinted at in his voice, his nerves were acting up. He was in unknown territory.

Chris was a fan of transformation, loving art and videos on the subject. To be someone or something else was fascinating. To literally be able to walk a mile in another's shoes... or barefoot depending on who they became, was incredible. Despite that, he had never delved himself into it personally. He had never been changed into something else, let alone hire a witch to change him.

However, his intrigue couldn't be held back. He wanted to take the plunge and try something new. He wanted to finally experience this kind of fun he's never had before.

“So, about this change...” Eve, the small witch he hired from Witchy Times Inc., was looking at her phone again. “I never seen who you want to be before.”

“Oh, yeah... their a bit unknown, but I-I think they would be very cool to be! I like the character and... I-I be like the first, ya know? No one else probably has either.”

“I understand.” The witch nodded and pocketed her phone. “It's different, but I should be able to handle it.” She politely bowed. “Thank you for hiring me today. This will be my first real TF job by myself, so I promise to do it justice!”

*First? Well... I guess we all have to start on our own at some point, even if it's to transform people or whatever.*

“Okay, I'm going to need you to strip down to your underwear for this.” Chris snapped out of his thoughts. Her cheeks were rose red, her eyes looking to the side. “S-sorry, it's just that I still haven't mastered clothing changes yet. If you were to change now, your clothes would get destroyed, and I don't want that.”

“R-right.” It was a sensible request, one he could not argue with. He carefully removed his glasses, putting them down on his dresser. He started removing his shirt and then his pants. *Well, at least we're doing this at home. Nice that witches can do house calls for this kind of stuff.*

He put his clothes in a bundle on the bed and turned, taking a deep breath. He felt a tad chilly, noting how cold his apartment was now that he was down to his underwear. It was best to focus on that, an issue that would soon pass, rather than the awkwardness of standing almost nude in front of a stranger.

Eve at least seemed to be in the same boat. Her eyes were not directly looking at him. If they ever do, it's only momentary.

She cleared her throat, still trying to maintain some professionalism despite it. "Alright then, let's begin!"

The small green witch took a deep breath herself and closed her eyes. Pressing her palms together, she began mumbling some unintelligible words. Chris couldn't make them out. She was too quiet and even perhaps speaking a foreign language on top of that.

As she spoke, light trickled through her fingers and palms as if she had grasped them over a light. However, the glow moved through her skin until a yellow aura radiated around her digits. It shone brighter and brighter, Chris having to squint his eyes.

Then, her eyes opened. She shoved her hands out together like doing a palm strike. The light energy fired in a big beam, zipping across the room and striking him in the chest.

Chris felt his whole body tingle, pins and needles pricking him from his torso outward. The prickly feeling lasted only a moment, but the shock almost sent him falling back.

The magic had entered, flowing deep within and spreading to all parts of him. It streaked across his body and right up into his hair. His messy, lighter brown hair darkened to a deeper brown than before. It blew upwards on his head and shortened everywhere else. Pulling up and up until it curved back down. It was almost like a cowlick if not for the fact it was all of his locks coming together to make this unique style.

Once his new hair came in, more followed. Erupting up from around his ears and along his jaws, even thicker than his head, bushy, facial fuzz swiftly covered his jaws and up to his chin. It grew like weeds, puffing out into a fine, dense beard.

The sole exception was his chin. Once the hair grew there, it began to be pulled, like an invisible hand had grabbed it. It tugged and stretched, straightening to a degree before curving. It was tied at its base, giving his facial hair a ponytail/beard combo of sorts.



The tingling subsided. Chris took a deep breath, holding his hand to his chest at first. Once his hand had brushed against his new beard, his attention was pulled up to it. He felt his new hair. It was scratchy but oddly trimmed and styled.

He knew what this was. He had studied the character he wanted to be carefully. It was the beard of a brutish but noble king.

Chris would comment on it but an urge overwhelmed his nose. It tingled and shivered as if the strands on the inside of a mask were tickling his nose. Numbness began setting in, but he still felt it coming fast.

“ACHOO!” He couldn't cover his maw in time as he sneezed loudly.

However, even if he did, his hand would've been just batted away. All at once, his face had shot forward like an airbag. His jaws pulled into a long, wide muzzle that sprouted from fur all across it. His nose followed quickly behind it, nostrils stretching out on each side of his mug and curving back.

Once settled into place, at the very end of his muzzle and above his snoot, the area bulged. It began swelling upwards, fur and skin splitting away and revealing something hard and dense. It pulled up into a point, forming a dense, tannish horn.

Chris had a muzzle on par with that of a rhino. He could easily make it out with his eyes, his snoot blocking some of his clearer-than-usual vision.

“Whoa...” He reached up, feeling and stroking his new face while eyebrows thickened. “So big. Feels heavier than expected.”

Heavy was indeed the truth. The broadness and pure density of his new mug were weighing down on his head. It felt as if he tried to move anymore than he did, he might start leaning forward and end up crashing to the ground.

The changes seemed to be aware of that because the magic started fixing the issue. First, his head grew. Just a bit larger in some areas, but enough so that the muzzle didn't mismatch it. On top of it, brown fur enveloped the entirety of his noggin so things would match. His ears pulled up and shrunk, befitting that of a rhino.

Chris suddenly lurched backwards, almost stumbling before Eve grabbed his hand and pulled him back to his feet. That resulted in him hunching over instead. On his back, a hump was sprouting.

It wasn't just any hump either. It grew like a weed, pulling up far in the back until it rose over his head. When the brown fur covered it, it thankfully looked less like a growth but more like the hump on a camel.

The weight of his hump and muzzle counterbalanced each other well. Chris felt like he wasn't going to tip over anymore despite his leaning. Though, instead, it was more like he'd be pulled down by the extra weight piled on top of him.

Again, the magical changes came to his rescue. Rapid growth flew throughout his whole body. Broader shoulders and a wider torso brought in the extra girth he needed there. His legs and then his arms followed right after, thickening with powerful muscle and bone to support him.

Chris let go of Eve's hand and gently stood. The extra weight and bulk worked like a charm. Sure, he was hunched over, but that was all part of the character. He no longer felt he was one soft breeze away from tipping over.

Looking himself over, he could see he was getting close. A warm fur coat everywhere and some key features were still missing.

Thankfully, they were not far behind. His toes suddenly jolted forward, some combining and hardening, forming three long claws. His fingers did something similar, though with each hand having four claws. Despite how hard they looked, they were dexterous and flexible, bending like they were still normal fingers.

The remaining fur came rolling in soon after. It ran down from his head and hump and went across his shoulders and chest. It flooded up his arms and to his fingers, his palms gaining a lighter shade of brown on them. It poured over his stomach and onto his legs, leaving no trace of his old complexion left.

Chris was a beast through and through. The only trace of humanity left was his underwear, which had thankfully stretched and remained committed to staying on.

Eve nodded at her work, though still not looking directly at him for long. "There, looks like every-"

"No... still a little left." Chris shivered. He could feel the last traces of the magic running through, adding the finishing touches.

There were only two things left to finish. There was a low gurgle from his stomach, the area slowly expanding. His lower half pushed out all around, rounder and wider until his shape was quite toonish. There was a small pop that followed, a long tail with a thick tuft at the end swaying behind him. Every time it swung wide, he could just catch a glimpse of it.

“There, now I'm done!” Chris smiled, his heart raising.

He really was done. He ran his hands over his belly and along his sides. Each arm was given a quick flex, biceps bulging more than they ever had for him in his life. He tried reaching around to feel his back, but that proved difficult. Still, he didn't need to.

Chris was impressed. He was a whole new person, a whole new being. He was Prince Koro, a character from a little unknown series called Happily Ever After: Fairy Tales for Every Child. He didn't expect most people to get it. It was a deep cut.

But it didn't matter. He liked it. He liked transforming. All those nerves had been quieted. There was nothing to be afraid of. He could probably do this again in the future!

“Thank you for everything!” Chris beamed, feeling a bit jittery now.

“Of course. Glad to help. But... umm...” Eve looked at him square in the face, her cheeks going redder by the second. “I think it's time to get dressed now.”

“Oh, sure!” Chris blushed himself, though it was next to impossible to see behind his fur. “I can do that... but I don't think I have anything that'll actually fit.”

His thought wasn't entirely on his mighty hump regarding that thought either. Given how broad and wide his frame was, he had nothing that could easily slip on. Plus, there was also his muzzle that might be hard to slip through any neck hole.

Without missing a beat, Eve spoke. “Yes, that is indeed a problem. Don't worry. I prepared for this in advance before coming.”

Eve lifted her hand into the air, preparing to snap her fingers. There was a slight bit of hesitation in her face, biting her bottom lip before she did the act.

There was a small popping noise followed by a burst of light from his side. He looked over to the dresser. Beside his glasses, a familiar robe was laid out on it. It was large, bright red, and with two wide holes for his neck and his hump.

Chris felt his heart race, a feeling of excitement racing down his spine. Now, he had the clothes. He was going to be a perfect Koro.

As he took hold of his robe and slipped it on, he reflected on his situation. *I shoulda done this sooner!* His toes tingled with giddiness. *This is so much fun! I wish I saw that commercial earlier. I would've hired a witch right away!*

His smile turned warmer, a pleasant thought coming to mind. *I'm definitely recommending this to everyone I know. I'm sure they would love to get in on this fun!*

***THE END***