

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #19

By

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Thank you all for the support. :3

A Round of A-paws

Is there anything better than a Saturday morning? Actually, yes, a lot of things could be considered significantly better. That was a rhetorical question Desmond pondered while going about a morning walk in the brisk autumn dawn. Today the squirrel-fox was just full of energy and cheap McDonald's breakfast sandwiches. On most days it was considered a miracle he got out of bed before ten AM.

But what he really loved about weekend walks were the yard sales. Some of the best advice anyone ever gave him was that if he ever needed any common item, it was better to buy off someone's lawn. As long as a microwave could work who needed to spend eighty bucks for one at Best Buy?

Now if only he could afford a car. Having to lug the heavy shit back home barely made any savings worth it. Good thing today was more about window shopping than necessity. Desmond was in search of adventure and anything shiny to distract his attention. It was a squirrel thing.

"Good morning, big tail," called a bearded gopher before one paw had touched his driveway. "Out a bit early aren't you?"

"How could you tell?" Desmond shot him a friendly smile, well aware how unkempt his hair and tail fluff looked. Trying to groom an appendage the size of his body tended to take more time than a scientist cared to commit unless it was a significant occasion. "Besides, you gotta get up early to find the good stuff."

"Ain't that the truth." The gopher gave a pensive nod. "Well, let me know if you find any...ah hell, be right back."

The ringing of a phone could be clearly heard through the man's open garage door. Desmond barely regarded his departure having spotted a table set out with an impressive spread of jewelry. Most looked in need of a good polish, but the designs were amazingly varied and intricate as if taken from dozens of different cultures. Either these belonged to a gopher wife, or this man was an avid collector.

Rising sunlight reached over neighboring houses drawing Desmond's attention to the glint of a decent looking necklace. He was especially curious about the three wolf head pendants bundled together on one ring, being a fan of the species in general. A quick glance back at the garage showed no signs of the gopher returning, though. Hopefully, it would be okay to just try on some things without being accused of stealing.

The metal heads clinked together as they settled upon the Mass Effect logo of Desmond's shirt. Securing the clasp around his neck left him surprised by how light the new weight felt. It had looked like the whole thing was made of silver. Slightly disappointing to think it was all just some cheap aluminum. He was only going to pay about five bucks for this trinket, maybe eight if the guy was pleasant.

"Mmph?" Desmond glanced into the provided vanity mirror, stopping cold when a strange grey light flashed over his eyes. Not a second later he was using the table as a brace against waves of disorientation. The signs were way too familiar to ignore in this line of work. "Why is someone always selling something cursed?! NGGH UGH!!"

Sering pain welled up at the base of Desmond's neck, nearly causing his knees to buckle. As the cramps and pops continued on, he realized they were actually originating a bit to the side in that little space of collar bone between neck and shoulders. Things only got more alarming when the slack of his shirt began to rise around the areas into prominent bulges. Space quickly grew taut, causing the cotton collar to pinch against his esophagus until Desmond found the wit to yank his shirt off.

"Phew! Thanks, that was getting cramped."

Desmond's shirt slid from his stunned fingers into a pool around his pawed feet. His ear had been tickled by a sudden new voice right next to it. One with a hauntingly familiar tone. A quick glance to his left saw the outline of an equally familiar black muzzle smiling back in his peripheral. No amount of turning could get a full view of this figure, but it did help Desmond become a bit dizzy. Some disgruntled snorting on his right made Desmond aware of another person keeping most of their face just out of sight when he tried to face them.

"Hey. How's it going?" Said this third party.

"Well...shit." Desmond glanced back at the mirror to confirm what he already figured; he was now sporting three identical heads. Well, semi-identical might be a better term. The left head had more rounded ears and pronounced teeth emphasizing his squirrel side, while the right had wider triangle ears and a slimmer muzzle befitting a fox. Both were regarding their new surroundings with varying degrees of excitement. "God, I hate being turned cerb, especially when it's not universally controlled."

"I know exactly how you feel," said the squirrel Desmond. "Wait, can we not control the arms too?"

"YIP!" Desmond jumped when his left hand suddenly shot up to bap himself on the nose.

"Yup, we totally can if he's not focused on it," declared a laughing fox head.

"Okay, that's enough of this." Desmond wrinkled his nose and wrenched control back from his sudden roommates. At least he had the majority say over his own body still. With any luck, these embarrassing dunces would vanish once he removed the... "Uh, oh!?"

Fingers fumbled a little for the necklace clasp only to find it no longer existed. Of course, it would not; that was just how cursed objects liked to screw with people. There was literally nothing but a smooth strand of branded metals around Desmond's neck. Naturally, that was also too small to lift over his head.

"Hah. Guess you're stuck with us for a while," the squirrel head teased, but then wondered. "Or is it stuck with ourselves. I mean, we still have the same memories and stuff...I think."

"Yeah, but I hate myself," said the original Desmond head. A few desperate tugs on the necklace finally made him give up. He was more likely to choke himself before the damn thing would come off.

"Aw, don't be so hard on yourself, Desmond," the fox head said using a hand to scritch the middle head behind an ear. "I hate you too."

"Thanks a lot."

"You guys feeling little indigestion coming on?"

Desmond shot a quizzical look to his squirrel half before noticing the cramping in his torso. It rose into a painful bubbling but was not focused on his stomach. If anything, it was pushing out against the skin of his waist, just beneath his armpits. All he could do was double over with a pained yelp unable to stay standing any longer. He fell to his knees, hugging himself to calm the pressure. Not that it ever helped; the skin along his sides rippled and pushed back against his palms. Its force became so intense he feared his ribcage might explode.

A few seconds later, it felt like exactly that had happened. The fur and skin ruptured in a massive rush of flesh and bones, flinging Desmond's hands aside. Joints formed near-instantly taking on mimicking features that overwhelmed the squirrel-fox's brain with new nerves. When his dazed sickness finally passed, Desmond was only half surprised to look down and find a second pair of arms under his originals. He flexed each new hand into a fist before control was promptly yanked away. The alien force instead opted to use them for stroking along the black fur of his belly.

"Cool!" exclaimed the fox head. "Now we got more to share."

"I wonder if cutting one of us off kills the rest," Desmond muttered under his breath.

"We can always start with you," countered the fox head.

"What the hell you been doing out here!?"

"Oh, NOW you come back!" exclaimed all three heads in unison. They promptly turned to each other with a synchronized, "Don't you dare start that shit!"

The gopher was hardly amused by their antics as he stomped over. One of his fingers pointed a chipped claw at the jewelry table. "Can't you read the signs, you blasted idiot."

"What?" Desmond tried to follow the finger but saw nothing except piles of rusty trinkets. It was the squirrel head that noticed several bracelets were not hung on a stand, but atop a cardboard sign with some barely legible marker writing on it.

'Momentos of my cheating ex-wife, who was a witch. Please ask before trying on, as many objects could still carry magical effects.'

"How the hell were we supposed to notice that?" asked the fox head, with agreeing nods from the other two.

"Try looking, I don't know." The gopher snorted. "Don't matter now that you got it on anyway. I can't exactly get it off."

Desmond rolled his eyes, along with his squirrel head. "Somehow, I knew you were going to say that. Ex-wife witch, huh?"

"Wickedest devil I ever met," said the gopher. "Took my money and my boat. Left me with a bunch of junk that could leave you a sphinx or statue. Still waiting for my damn lawyer to soften up before I can sue her."

"So does this necklace wear off or anything?" Desmond swatted away his lower arms as they tried to rub under his chin. "And will you two calm down!"

"Make me," retorted fox head.

"It's bound to wear off on its own," explained the gopher. "If I remember right her Cerberus stuff recharges on the full moon and tends to run out of juice within a week or two. Maybe faster if you keep doing morning exercise walks like this."

"But we hate walking," whined the squirrel head.

"A moot point anyway," grumbled Desmond.

"Why's that?"

"Tonight IS a full moon," answered fox head before Desmond could get his mouth open.

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"Yeah, that." All three heads folded back their ears at the prospect of their coming month's worth of company. They were brought back down by the irritated cough of an older man. Their gopher host was holding out an expecting hand.

"Since you gotta take it with you, that'll be fifty bucks for the necklace. And if you want to argue about that, I got some permanizing wands and the need for a guard dog to interject with."

Shopping Smash

They were labeled as the 'seasonal' aisles, but that was clearly a bald-faced lie. Half the year, it was just pool toys and barbecue stuff for the warm weather. The other half was just Christmas garbage. Only the end caps held anything remotely resembling decorations for Halloween; the actual holiday people were celebrating this month. Stores seem to have given up entirely with keeping to the times, probably because that cost them a whole five extra bucks in profits to manage. There was the true spirit of Christmas right there in all it's surfboarding plastic Santa goodness ten weeks early.

But that was a rant Vesryn could hold onto for the right holiday. The corgra shook his head, making brown hair and snake hood flutter in dismay. Gods forbid the dog-snake could just buy a few cheap ghosts to show a little bit of spooky spirit. Maybe the reindeers would look more menacing draped in toilet paper.

No, then it would look like Vesryn's house was intentionally vandalized. Assuming people did not think him weird for having Christmas decor up in October. Seriously, why do stores do this?

Vesryn was just about to call it in when he rounded the corner to a surprisingly welcome sight. At the far wall wedged between two shelves was an open doorway shrouded in black and orange bead drapes. The sign above read 'Spooky Bonanza' with several cartoonish monsters drawn around it. It was a relief to see someone was still in a spirit of holidays over commerce.

Although, the corgra was sure this entrance had been a fire exit when he first got here. He popped his hooded head through the beads taking in an awe-inspiring sight of wall to wall monster costumes and accessories. Many actually glinted with the polish of real metals instead of plastic.

Before he could ponder if this place was out of his price range, a force latched onto the collar of his jacket to prevent escape. There was just enough time to make out a pair of female hands gloved in pink fur before they hauled him past the barrier into the room proper.

"Welcome to all things witchcraft and benign, you hunky dog!" sang the bubbly high pitched voice. Standing in stark contrast to the dark decorations was a sleek cat woman of bright white and pink markings, her cabbage green hair almost like a beacon in the dank light. "I'm Sorsha, what wonderful magics can I conjure for you today?"

"Um..." Vesryn's eyes went wide, not because of her overly friendly nature but because this apparent sale woman was buck naked. Aside from a purple cape and pointy hat, nothing was left to the imagination. At least she took his blushing stare at those little pink breasts as a compliment. "Hum duh, wha?"

Sorsha's fangs showed through her widening grin. The purple cape flew open in a flourish as she struck a pose with both hands on hips. "I mean, if you want all this, I can offer you a fair price too."

"What?! No! I mean, no thank you," Vesryn's thoughts escaped in rapid-fire, making his face blush deeper with each one. The felines amused giggled did nothing to ease his already shriveled ego. "I'm just looking for some Halloween decorations, and all they got outside is Christmas..."

"Say no more! That's exactly why I'm here." Sorsha slinked up close, violating a dozen rules of personal space as her soft pink chest squished into Vesryn's t-shirt. "You sure I can't interest you in an enchanting night at my place?"

"I...I'm really not..."

"Oh. That's a pity." Sorsha backed away, giving an unconvincing pout. Twirling towards a shelf, she made a point to bend low, so her tail pushed aside the cape, exposing her perky backside. The pink of her front flowed back there, giving her inner glutes an adorable heart shape that caused Vesryn's loins to twitch. "Here. Have a pumpkin."

The exotically teasing view was over in a flash. Something big and dense was slammed into Vesryn's gut knocking the aroused corgra back into reality. A reality that involved holding a large pumpkin sculpture. He entered into a staring contest with the black painted face on it's front before casting Sorsha a quizzical glance.

"Just open it up and watch the spooks happen. NO! Not right now!" Sorsha's hands grabbed at Vesryn's when he made a move for the ceramic stem lid. "Leave it in the break room, invite some friends over, but I am NOT set up for the spirits in this thing right here."

One of Vesryn's pointed ears dropped with his cock-eyed smile. "Spirits? Really? Can't I just get some foam graves and flashing lights?"

"Hey, if you wanna just leave it out on your porch, I won't judge. But the parents might."

"What's that supposed to mean? Hey!"

"Come! Come! I have many more clients to see to before Halloween gets here." A hard pull whirled Vesryn into a harsh about-face and a shove back out into the store. He just barely managed to keep his balance with the giant glossy pumpkin shifting around his arms. Sorsha's head poked through the beads to add, "And whatever you do, don't drop the damn thing. Good luck, cutie!"

Vesryn had already been rendered dazed and alarmed by their exchange. No one could blame him for jumping two feet in the air after a roaming pink hand pinched his butt.

CRRRSSSHHH!!!

The pumpkin hit the ground before Vesryn did. A once simple but finely painted ceramic jar exploded into little grey fragments spilling out across several toy aisles. It took the corgra a few seconds of getting over the lewd groping to even realize his hands were empty. Several more were spent looking at the shattered mess around his shoes, tail curling meekly around one leg.

"No refunds!" Sorsha shouted to the frantic clutter of beads.

"But I didn't pay...uuuhhhh...?" Vesryn turned back to berate the cat girl only to find her gone. Not just back into her shop but any signs she even existed. Gone were the beaded drapes replaced with a standard fire exit door once again. "Where did she...? Oh, for the love of..."

Not exactly the best shopping trip the corgra ever had. Still, that had been enough weirdness for one afternoon, especially since he still had no Halloween decorations to show for it. He carefully walked to avoid stepping on as much clay pebbles as he could towards the front desk. What he could not see in his fluster of confused thoughts were the many blue wisps of smoke emanating from the former pumpkins shards. Dozens of streams culminated into a single cloud that sailed silently into Vesryn's back, clothes doing nothing to stop a chill running down his spine as the vapors entered his body.

Getting a strange sense of foreboding prompted Vesryn to leave all the quicker. Once he made sure the staff knew of a needed clean up, he was out the door and on his bike pedaling for all his legs could manage. It was hard to put a paw on what was spooking him. Natural canine instincts could not shake this bizarre feeling he was being followed.

The only time he stopped was for traffic lights, which brought to attention how uncomfortable his seat felt. Ass cheeks overflowed around the sides, looking tightly compacted in the rear of his jeans. No matter how hard Vesryn tried, he could not keep the hem up. Thick fats kept pushing it back down, exposing more of his fluffy crack to any attentive motorist.

Vesryn would have almost been relaxed if his butt was the only weird thing about the journey home. During the last third of his usual route, everything began to feel much tighter. Glancing down, the dog barked and nearly fell off his bike. His legs had swollen to a hammy thickness that left denim straining around them. Each hard pedal caused his thighs to grind together, making

the corgra worry his pants would catch fire. Knees kept smacking into his stomach in his effort to speed up,

For only being a mile away, getting home suddenly felt like an eternity. Vesryn barely took the time to lock up his bike, what with the sudden surge of purple-furred belly fat. His middle was bulging out in a squished sag against his pants that was definitely not there when he had left.

Vesryn flew the door open in a dash for the bathroom, which was more of a waddle with his hips jiggling like there was an earthquake. One look in the mirror made his jaw dropped at how taut his clothes looked. Furry flesh bloated and bulged in every open space it could find, looking ready to explode the seams fighting to keep them contained.

That was not what surprised the corgra as much as his face, however. A shaking, fattening paw reached up to feel the new smoother edges to his cheeks. The bottom lip of his muzzle jutted out rich, puffy and colored the same purple as his fur. Eyelashes had grown longer over significantly more narrowed eyes. "What the hell is...happening!?"

The question answered itself in the sultry female tone of Vesryn's new voice. She blinked at her complexion several times before working to yank off the suffocating clothes. Stripped down to just boxers, she looked at the mirror and barked again.

Now free of the annoying confines, her body seemed to pour out into a mix-match of feminized curves and excessive fats. Hips reached out into a span that could encompass two of her living room couch cushions, supporting a butt so soft her friends would beg to knead it. What little of her male boxers remained were being eaten up between the sloshing cheeks, running the front tight against a small bulge that formed a woman's camel-toe.

At least what of it could be seen with Vesryn's stomach bulge rolling forward into an apron. The corgra's hands cupped under her hefty middle, finding it surprisingly firm amidst her pudgy waist. She attempted to jostle it a bit, grunting at an alien weight that shifted just under the tender skin. As if displeased by this, the muscles in her abs squeezed back, making Vesryn gasp as skin tightened around her insides.

The tension left Vesryn panting lightly for breath once it finally eased up. All she could ponder though was what Sorsha had been storing in that pumpkin. That crazy cat was trying to turn random people into girls or something? All Vesryn wanted was a little holiday spirit, not literal spirits and curses.

"Aaah nnggh!" Another rolling tension seized up Vesryn's middle, this time followed by an alarming spasm deep inside her newly formed pussy. Much like the contraction, her realization hit in a sudden rush. "O-oh Sweet Jeebus! Don't tell me I'm...I'm aaah...HHNNNGGGHH!!!"

A third contraction had Vesryn doubling over. This time she felt something inside her tunnel give, followed by an explosion of warm fluids soaking her boxers in a waterfall down her thighs. With a surprised bark, her tail shot up as something else, big and solid, poked its way against her cervix.

"Ah! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Vesryn moved in stiff steps out into her bedroom. The pressure of whatever was forcing its way into her vagina had greatly restricted her movements, but she felt being near the toilet was not going to help. Something was coming and fast.

The boxers had barely managed to come off when Vesryn howled to another contraction. Ears burned red, feeling her nethers bare down without any of her say. This was clearly a hijacked ride she was going to have to see through. It was all she could manage to grab some blankets for a makeshift nest before sinking down into a squat. Whatever she was birthing had already dropped with alarming speed to the point she could feel her slit being torn open by its approach.

A hand absently reached under Vesryn's distended belly to her crotch, getting her third surprised bark of the day. The vertical lips bulged into her palm before parting in a dramatic unveiling of something slick and smooth. Her muscles managed to catch it just around the object's widest part, allowing the next contracting to shove it into her waiting paw.

"An...egg?" Vesryn brought the object around to hold before her gawking snout. The thing was practically the size of a softball, with the same orange-colored shell and jack-o-lantern face painted on it. "What the fuck did I do to lay a...a god damn...aahhh..oh shit, there's MORE of you!?"

The egg slipped from Vesryns, shaking paws onto the pile of blankets her feet. Contractions overwhelming her began once more as some unseen force made her insides push the next ovid out with impossible speeds.

A third flopped out her worn stretched nethers minutes after, followed by a fourth.

Nearly an hour after arriving home, Vesryn collapsed onto her bed with everything below her waist bloated and sore. Her cunt ached from being so tightly stretched, still dripping with juices. Pawed feet felt tenderized, trying to support all that pressure, and her hips really needed a cold bath. Hands came to rest absently atop her stomach as she heaved in a cold sweat. At least the expulsion of her load had deflated things into a more softened mound of pudge. She thought that would look way cuter.

"Arf?"

Sleep would have almost claimed the transformed corgra if a light cracking had not made her ears perk first. With some effort, she managed to sit up on elbows to peer over the chunky pear form she had gained.

All four of the freshly laid eggs were shaking in their blanket nest. As Vesryn watched their glossy smooth shells clicked together in rapid bursts, slowly forming cracks that spread to encompass their entire surface. Within a minute, the whole clutch erupted in miniature explosions of bright eggshells and glitters. From their insides flew out little blue lizard creatures on wings. Their dance of flying through the air left trails of blue smoke that awed Vesryn while she tried comprehending giving reincarnated birth to live dragons.

They noticed her eventually and stopped the dancing to give her friendly little waves. Vesryn had completely lost any sense of reality at that point and could only manage a meek wave back. With that exchange out of the way, the dragons resumed flying straight up into the ceiling. Instead of colliding through the plaster, they simply phased through like the ghosts they once were, leaving Vesryn alone on her bed once more.

Not precisely how Vesryn had planned to spend her night, but it could have been much worse. Usually, Halloween mishaps result in gruesome murders, not eccentric transformations. Now she could probably hit up some real parties as a beautiful woman, shaking her epic fat ass and wearing tight tops for her...

"HEY!" The realization hit Vesryn so fast she found the angry strength to fully jump out of bed. Grappling desperately at the flat furry surface of her pecs, she sent a few more angry barks at the ceiling. "Get back here you jackass spirits! At least give me tits!"

Booty Call for SCIENCE

It was okay to come home exhausted if the day ended with a rousing success. Gene slid through his front door, too lost in happy thoughts to bother locking it. The young fox made a bee-line for the bedroom, depositing his duffle bag of computer gear on the couch along the way. There was barely a pause at the hallway closet to hang his coat up among a large assortment of t-shirts. What other clothes he had on became a breadcrumb trail lining the floor, leaving him naked by the time he collapsed upon the bed in a happy giggling fit.

Today could not have gone more perfect than if he had planned it. In all truth, this was not even his house; just one of many 'borrowed' places he could crash at for a few weeks while the owners were out of town. Given that this adorable fox could hack corporations to their knees within hours, it was understandable that he liked to avoid being easy to find. Most residents usually came home to find a stack of dollars on their kitchen counter for the trouble. This couple, in particular, enjoyed some very fine waterbeds when not on long vacations to Mexico.

That also meant the fridge had been mainly left unstocked and some essential needs Gene could not simply hack away. Hunger was nothing a quick trip to the local Safeway could not cure. Now his legendary lust, that was not something he expected fuel for at a grocery store.

Gene closed his eyes, trying to reimagine all the fun that unfolded in the dairy aisle just hours ago. He had just picked up a basket and assortment of fruits before making his way back in a semi-knowing path to the meat section. There was no real plan on meals just stuff he could nibble on with the least amount of utensils necessary.

He was on a brief stop to eye some yogurts on sale when a bit of blue flashed past his peripheral. Of course, he would have to run into Desmond while shopping in all places. The blue and black squirrel-fox had a habit of just showing up everywhere when friends least expected it. At least, Gene considered them friends on some minor level. The constant acts of destruction tended to make both scientists wary of each other.

Booty Call for SCIENCE

Reluctant pleasantries had just been exchanged when the dairy section they were in exploded in a shower of rubble and lactose. A very angry were-cow had bashed her way through the wall with Gene avoiding a trampling by mere feet. Word on the internet was that a disgruntled truck driver spiked his shipment to infect the city, but an employee decided they were owed a five-finger discount.

Well, three-finger hoofed discount if that stuff was permanent. Even when enraged, Gene found the hulking bovine a delight to imagine over and over again in safety. Those massive muscles bulging with the slightest flex, massive boobs sloshing about outmatched only by her sagging udder, and a black-spotted butt that could have supported two jugs of her own milk.

The fox's hand was already reaching down to gently stroke the foreskin of his cock. The damn thing had been aching for attention ever since he left the store, so it was already firming up in his grasp. A raging naked monster attack was exciting enough for his pervy needs. Things only got better, with Desmond being his own gender-bending superhero on the scene.

Watching the transformation of Madam Science never failed to get a rise out of Gene. His member sprung into a full erection in just a few strokes before the process even began to replay in his head. Desmond would shout out his command phrase activating the nanites living inside his bloodstream that would sculpt a perfect amazon.

The other hand soon joined in on Gene's member, alternating between kneading his balls and rubbing around the base. It always started with the growing. A few adorable grunts would escape Desmond's clenched teeth as surges lifted him from five feet to a towering nine. Sometimes he was a little shorter or taller. Apparently, it depended a lot on how much the squirrel-fox had eaten beforehand.

Gene licked his lips, rewatching Desmond's girth swell out with vast muscles. His friend's groans got louder and louder, though the voice would crack each time into a more sultry pitch. Scrawny limbs plumped nearly double in size only to have individual bulges rise out under the soft fur. Rippling biceps larger than the foxes head lead down into slender fists. Thighs that could break him in half pushed against each other to force Desmond into a wider stance. Even the ridges pushing out along his broadening back were pretty sexy to watch. The fox could feel his sack already drawing tight before the good part set in.

Booty Call for SCIENCE

Things were put into a drastic slow motion when Gene began to recall the moment of gender flipping. Desmond gave out a bark as he doubled over, betraying his own sexual arousal at the sensations of his biology rewriting in real-time. The pure black of his hair ruffled once, and like a paintbrush washing, it brightened into a shade of sandy blond. A hard crack in his hips caused them to collapse, sending his head rocking back. Hair exploded out behind him with the motion, years of growth happening instantly to leave shimmering locks draped down to his muscular rear as a cape.

A rear that was losing its hard edge under an incoming surplus of body fat. Possibly one of Gene's favorite parts was watching that luscious seat inflate out into such a beautiful rump. It put the cow chasing down shoppers to shame. His dick had throbbed on the spot then, and now was doing it repeatedly, staining his thumb with a trickle of pre. He had even been lucky enough to sneak around in time to watch the bulge in Desmond's tight pants deflate. Damage to the squirrel-foxes clothes was surprisingly moderate for so much growth. However, it was still evident by his groans when a full maidenhood bloomed under those pink boxers.

Not that Desmond ever needed to worry about her clothes during such a transformation. The nanites soon got to work, adjusting her garments into something a bit more heroic themed. Shorts were drawn together with her shirt at the hems, colors shifting into blue and yellow spandex. Everything pulled tight around her increasingly curvy form to better highlight the series of abs underneath. Except for where a yellow circle with a beaker in it was splashed across her pecs.

Well, breasts now. Gene loved how Desmond cupped at her chest to hold the mounds rapidly rising to stretch out the spandex in a more rounded way and gave out a tense moan himself. If he could get it on telegram, the fox could watch those beach balls inflate and deflate on loop for months. The best part was when Desmond gave them a few hard gropes advertising a plush natural state.

Gene could feel pressure suddenly tighten in his loins. Foreskin drew back against his rising member, which palms rubbed at with gusto. No matter what size Madam Science grew into, her boobs were always one of the biggest parts about her, each one a cannonball that could injure Gene's neck as the world's best hat. Sadly, she never has obliged the fox's requests for said boob hat, but he liked having goals to chase.

Booty Call for SCIENCE

Things were reaching their end quickly, both in Desmond's transformation and Gene's relishing of it. The pressure continued to mount in his aching balls while Desmond bit her lip, suffering a hard shudder. All over the looming buff, female's fur changed. Blue gained a much brighter shade to match the sky she tried to reach. Blacks would bleach themselves into various shades of blonde, almost reaching a gold-like color that gloved her hands and paws. As Gene felt his member strain back, he matched the heavy sigh Madam Science gave to signal her transformation was complete.

The mighty amazon squirrel-fox rocked her head back again using strengthened vocal cords to give off a mighty roar. Gene mimicked the motion arching his back and shoving his head against the covers in a much weaker cry. His rod bulged twice its size and finally gave several hard pulses. Milky fluids erupted from the head in high arching streams that splattered across the HDTV mounted on the wall before him. A mess he would have to remember cleaning up before leaving, but for now, the profile of Madam Science was leading him into a well-earned afterglow.

The small eruptions quickly lost their punch. By the fourth shot, all his spent balls could manage was a steady flow down Gene's shaft. The fox took his hands away in dulled satisfaction letting loose spunk coat the fur of his tight sack. He scooted back until his head could lay comfortably onto a foam pillow. Unfortunately, he had left before witnessing the results of the ensuing battle among big breasted titans. That was okay though, he was just fine daydreaming about that buff babe sweeping him off his feet to safety. The pillow became those massive mammaries pressed tight into his head as an extra precautionary shield in case danger followed them.

It ended up being the sexy image Gene clocked out on. The power of afterglow helped fatigue overpower the fox into a very cozy nap, jizz still continuing to leak across his crotch. By the time a gentle knock and three doorbell rings came from the front door, nothing could awaken the fox.

"Gene?" Madam Science could be surprisingly gentle despite her hulking size changes. The big squirrel-fox pushed the door open with two fingers on its knob. There was a seventy percent chance she had followed the fluffy troublemaker to the right house, but that was hard to figure out with his nomadic lifestyle. Luckily the familiar duffle bag on the couch helped confirm she had found the place. "Hope you managed to buy some of that food, I'm coming in with an appetite."

Booty Call for SCIENCE

The act was easier said than done for such a solid built heroine. After the door was fully swung in, Madam Science had to sink so low her knees scraped the welcome mat to avoid banging her face on the doorframe. Even then, she had to shimmy in sideways using the doughy consistency of her boobs to squeeze in.

Perhaps Madam Science might have put a little too much energy into her transformation this time. Still, that were-cow had not exactly been a lightweight. It was only by some miracle she got the lunatic in a headlock without getting bitten. Hopefully, the milk was not also a carrier for bovine lycanthropy because a good number of shoppers got showered by that plump udder in their wrestling match. Oh well, she would deal with that during the next full moon.

There were more pressing matters for a battered amazon to worry about, like having the top ripped from her leotard. Walking six blocks with her epic mounds jiggling for every gawking motorist to see was not an ideal victory march. It was nice to be out of public while waiting for her nanites to run out of energy. Maybe she could borrow a shirt after shrinking down a bit.

Or Madam Science could just steal Gene's clothes since the dumb fox liked to just toss them around where ever he felt like it. Her big black nose wrinkled with mild disapproval following the trail of discarded garments down a hallway to what was most likely bedrooms. At least Gene made it easy to figure out where the heck he went, but the big girl paused when she came across the open hall closet. The many shirts hanging within looked exceptionally large for that nerd's lanky body. Some might even be able to cover most of her chest with enough slack.

"Gene? I'm borrowing a shirt. Don't get pissed if I rip a few."

Who was she kidding? These probably belong to some kind of bodybuilder or football player with such large sizes. That was what Madam Science thought until she started to notice every shirt had some pretty bad puns stitched into their fronts.

'Snap my Choker.'

'Hold my tits and ride me hard?'

'I'm a virgin. This is also an old T-shirt.'

Maybe Gene did keep a stash of clothes around to mess with people. Fluffy squirrel tail began dusting against the opposite wall with Madam's increasing agitation. It took flipping through about twenty of them before finding something almost bearable to wear.

'I <3 Gene'

A bit egotistical but straightforward enough for function. Madam Science yanked the shirt from its hook in a rough pull over her head. The elastic properties of the cotton proved very surprising. Sleeves had no problem wrapping snug around the boulders of her biceps when her arms slipped through. More importantly, the hem pinched at her girls before giving ample room for them bounce back into a perky position. Even her navel found a bit of cover from pervy eyes before slack gave out just above her thick hips. This had to have been some kind of invention shirt to stretch so well.

"Hey, Gene? What the heck have you been making in he...HOLY HELL!?"

She had reached the end of the hall where the door held a pair of men's briefs on its handle. Turning the portal open found Gene sprawled on a king-size waterbed. He was just not in any sort of state the heroine had expected to see him.

A fun fact about Gene; he was also augmented with a reservoir of body modifying nanites. That was about where the similarities with Madam Science ended. The pervy fox kept his machines stored in his reproductive organs, where they replicated almost as fast as his sperm. Any organic matter unlucky enough to get sprayed by his spunk had a tendency to grow bigger. Not in a refined, elegant way as the squirrel-fox's muscles, just uncontrolled swelling madness.

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That was also why Gene had become infamous for paizuri among ladies into that sort of thing. For Madam Science, to say he was a colossal dick could be applied in a very literal sense at that moment.

So much of Gene's seed had drizzled across his balls that his legs were virtually blanketed by the big fuzzy sack. Only a little bit of shin leading to his feet stuck out under the bulge of plump testicles. His rod itself stood partially erect and almost the size of its owner's body. Gentle bobs of its head acted as if to greet the big woman's entrance. It occasionally twitched or throbbed with Gene's failed attempts to shift in his slumber. Apparently, the red salami and bean bag were a bit too heavy for his hips. Seeing his left hand also a bit larger than the arm made it obvious what had transpired.

A snort of disgust escaped Madam Science's muzzle at the realization her life and death battle had set Gene off. Damn fox really was the worst kind of pervert imaginable, and that was saying something considering her alter egos track record. The notion that he might have been rubbing off just feet away from her transformation was vexing. It soured Madam Science's mood so fast she stomped around the bed to loom over Gene in a deep shadow. The rattling of windows and foreboding presence still could not rouse the fox from his slumber. Maybe a face smothering with her boobs was in order since he wanted them so badly.

A jolt sliced through Madam Science's head, briefly disrupting her thoughts. She blinked a few times, taking a curious look around the room. Anger waned into an unexpected state of serenity. Talk about strange; it felt like she had been hit by something, but no one else was present. She had been the responsible one by locking the front door.

Looking back down at Gene only made things exponentially worse. A sharp fluttering in Madam Science's bouncing chest caused her heart to skip a beat. Did the little rogue always look so adorable when he slept?

Wait, when did he ever look adorable at all!? She shook her head vigorously, rapping it with both knuckles for good measure. Damn it, that only made him look more attractive on sight. She had to focus; this guy had run off in a fight to the death just to masturbate about it. This was supposed to be something to be really angry about.

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That became impossible when Gene gave off the cutest of high-pitched barks and tried again to roll onto his side with no success. The hyper groin kept him rooted on his back, so the confused amazon could gush over his sexy chest fluff and slick hipster hair. It was only when a burning pain in her lungs built up that Madam Science realized she was holding her breath. Sharp gasps escaped her slack muzzle, desperately trying to heave some air in. As a result, her massive chest inflated and retracted out of her vision.

"Oh...god damn it, Gene!" Madam Science felt a flush of her old anger return, but it was crushed within seconds. The cute fox had just put a hand behind his head to strike a pose that left him looking almost elegant, forgiving his rhino snoring. While watching this awkwardly erotic scene, her eyes caught sight of her breasts thrusting into view between breaths, specifically the stitching of 'I <3 Gene' across her cleavage.

It was not so much that Gene had a closet full of trapped clothes than the fact Madam Science fell for it that bothered her. The shirt must have been loaded with nanites waiting to crawl right into her brain at the first opportunity. Her only consolation was not taking the shirt that had said, 'I'm a good girl, master!' Lord only knows how lewd that would have gotten when Gene woke up. No wonder her loins were getting moist over a troublesome nerd.

"What the fuck?" Madam Science gasped. A hand shot down to feel the damp spot forming in the crotch of her remaining leotard. That made too much sense, sadly. Gene's ideals for love were bound to lean more towards the edge of horniness with strong affections. A side glance at that throbbing dong at attention had the squirrel-fox ideally licking her lips.

Not that Madam Science really wanted to stop herself anymore. Now that she noticed her arousal, it was hard to ignore the heat in her loins. Shame that monster shaft had no chance in hell of squeezing inside.

"Oh well, plan B," she said, paw-feet padding silently around the bed. With a cheerful giggle, she gently placed hands on either side of Gene's red meat tower. There came a sharp snorting from the fox before he settled back down to rhythmic snoring. Madam Science rolled her eyes confident not even banging pots against his ears could rouse him.

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Which was okay when struggling to give head to a phallus big as a body pillow. It took only a slight caressing of her palms to get Gene's member swollen into a towering erection that dwarfed even Madam Science's size. She had to levy herself onto the mattress just to get within tongue licking range of the head. Thank god this house had been built with a high ceiling. At least this way, she could rub her face all over the sensitive tip while stroking its sides.

The offering of warm meat throbbed back against Madam Science's lips. Given his current state, it was the best sign of a good job Gene could give her. Pointed blue ears did not miss the increasing moans and pants from the fox under her, either. She risked leaning in a bit closer, wobbling unsure on the water bed as her weight caused a massive sink. Despite that, she managed to wedge a fair amount of the dick into her shirt covered cleavage.

Taking a tip from some more erotic super villains, Madam Science gripped Gene's member to undulate her whole body against it. Not the strangest form of lovemaking she had ever resorted to, even for a size shifter. Gene certainly could not complain. Little barks sounded off to meet her hip thrusts, giving a sign to his rising need for release. Something Madam Science was looking forward to herself. Even the mattress began rocking with her motions, adding more power behind each hip buck while her tongue and tits ground hard against the sensitive underside.

Before long, Gene had joined in by bucking reflexively in his sleep. Poor guy could amount to little more than smacking Madam Science's legs with his heavy sack, but she loved the effort for his cuteness factors. That did give her a curious idea, though. She slowed down her literal dick riding until the sloshing of the waterbed settled somewhat. Being careful to lift one foot-paw up with some balance, she gently placed it atop the rolling furry sack to trace her plush pads along the firm bulge of his nuts.

That got such a sharp howl from Gene. Madam Science almost panicked with certainty she had broken him, but then Gene's face turned violet with several more small barks and a goofy smile. Paw continued its gliding journey across the soft sac, striking many sensitive nodes that had Gene spasming in euphoric bliss. A part of her could not resist giggling as she pondered what the fox might be dreaming about concerning her epic handjob.

The fleshy member pulsed hard against Madam Science's face, raining a few drops of gooey pre onto her nose. She snorted indignantly while wiping it away. Whatever Gene was enjoying in

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dreamland was clearly reaching its apex. Realizing that just filled her with an emboldened sense to give her precious foxy lover all the attention they deserved.

Oh god, this shirt function better not be permanent.

Trying to massage someone's balls with one foot while grinding against their dick turned into a worse endeavor than fighting a mad cow. Madam Science almost regretted not having any experience in pole dancing, assuming such experience would be helpful in this case. Somehow she made it work, continuing to undulate against Gene's thick pole and using the momentum to guide her foot-paw across his sack. It was not too much longer before she felt the shaft drawback from her arms, veins rising out from it's growing tension. Gene's barkings all but stopped, mouth hanging open in desperate breaths as he clenched the sheets tight.

SPLOOOORT!!

Gene's previous orgasm had been pea shots compared to the geyser Madam Science helped produce. She barely managed to lean back before creamy spunk blasted out of Gene like a fire hydrant. The ceiling was quickly painted over in his semen, raining excess upon Madam Science. Even then, she continued to rub and hump against the throbbing shaft trying to coax everything from her wonderful todd's balls.

It was almost half a minute before Gene stopped cumming. The throbbing lost it's intensity against Madam Science's wet fur, waning pressure lowering the stream of juices down to a soft trickle. Given she was already covered in it, Madam Science could not help doing Gene the courtesy of licking his shaft clean. He was not as salty as she imagined he would be.

"Whoah!? That was fast."

Madam Science had barely eased off Gene before getting hit with a sense of vertigo. Realizing what was happening, she eased off the mattress before the mounting weight could pop it. In those few seconds, she was already taller than Gene's still erect member, watching as height difference

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rapidly increased in her favor. It figured her full body hug had spared the fox a second shower of his own growth-inducing jizz.

That was just fine. Madam Science was far from done with him yet. She gave off a thirsty chuckle, flexing and relishing the feeling of her growth. More and more, her bulging muscles spread out to encompass the room. She could feel her butt pushing it's plumpness against the HDTV until it gave out with a soft crack under her glutes. Knees slowly sunk into a deeper angel to keep her head from crashing through the ceiling. With both hands, she reached down to claw off the leotard wedging itself between her swelling glutes and pussy. Gene's nanites were not compatible with her own, which meant the clothes she produced could not grow with her.

Besides, she was way too horny to wait for the spandex to rend on its own. Salivating and covered in fox seed, she hobbled forward to straddle her thick thighs across the entire bed. It took practically doubling over to reach the right position, and even then, she could feel her expanding back, pushing dangerously against the painted drywall ceiling.

More importantly, she could feel the tip of Gene's sexy dick rubbing against her moist folds. Madam Science lowered her hips with extreme caution to see just how far their size had become. The thick foxes head pushed back firmly for several seconds before managing to part her vertical lips for entry. Just getting the head in was enough to get Madam Science ecstatic. Her yellow tongue rolled off to one side in a loopy smile as she slowly lowered atop Gene's whole shaft. Everything stretched so tight right at the borderline of pleasure and limits.

"Hope you have enough for a few more loads," she cooed as her lips came to a rest at the base of his member. Getting a squeeze of his balls against her ass was just icing on her cum cake. "I plan to take this in both holes, after all."

* * *

When Gene finally did come out of his power nap hours later, he was thoroughly confused. It had felt like one of the most comfortable rests he could ever remember having. Why then was he feeling so epically sore and exhausted before even shaking off the grogginess of sleep?

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It was especially bad around the tender male bits. His prostate was burning something fierce in a desperate cry for an ice pack.

"Ugh! What?" Gene opened his eyes and promptly scrunched them closed again. A late afternoon sun still blazed overhead, filling his vision with dozens of colorful spots. No attempt at rubbing could get them to fade away faster, but that did sort of explained the warm breeze brushing through his sweaty fur. "Wait, wasn't I just in a house...oh no!"

Lacking a roof over his head brought about many implications that helped wake Gene up. He bolted upright, nearly tumbling off the waterbed in an attempt to stand. The first thing the fox ended up seeing when his vision cleared was a flaccid red penis longer than his body flopped across a ballsack pinning his legs to the mattress. Memories of the previous pleasure job brought Gene back up to speed. Of course, he was not immune to his own nanites, but the results were well worth having an imaginary romp with Madam Science's stoking hot tits.

He still glanced around with rising concern. Gene's junk was about the only thing that received an exponential growth. Yet the roof and outer wall were both completely demolished around this bedroom. He could not have possibly had an orgasm so strong to collapse buildings.

Not at this size, anyway.

"Oh, hey, sleepyhead! I was wondering when you would wake up."

A shadow washed over Gene, making him flinch. Slowly craning his neck back, the foxes jaw dropped onto his balls, seeing a fifty-foot Madam Science looming over the remaining walls. Tucked under one arm was the trailer end of a produce truck while she beamed a cheerful smile back at him.

The squirrel-foxes massive size did not worry him so much as the sight of the 'I <3 Gene' shirt stretched tautly, but unbroken, over breasts the size of mountains. Figures she had somehow gotten into his personality modifying nanite shirts before they were thoroughly tested. At least their adjustable durability was working exceptionally well. Breasts hung so deep they blanketed

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Madam Science's belly all the way to her hip. Much of her exposed fur was in tangles thanks to the jizz shower she received drying out in the open air.

Come to think of it, Gene could faintly recall the feeling of something bucking against him but had passed it off as a wild dream involving a treadmill and bananas. Before he could ponder that further, a loud crunch sounded outside thanks to Madam Science setting down her trailer in a less than gentle fashion. Without giving warning, her other golden furred hand shot down to scoop the fox into her plush pads. Gene's sac spilled over her edge swaying back and forth as he was brought up to rest upon the ridge of her cleavage. The perfect place to deliver several affectionate licks and a kiss.

"Hope you don't mind, love, I brought you some breakfast after all that spooging." Madam Science nuzzled her big nose into Gene's naked chest, eliciting a soft grin from the fox. He promptly yelled when he felt the pad of one enormous finger brushing along his member. "I have to admit I'm still in the mood for your...spicy sausage."

The Problem with Wereclones

A full moon hung in the sky, emboldening many nocturnal predators into a wilder night than usual. Music boomed off the club walls as the establishment's metaphorical heart. People both anthro and human-based their every action to its beat, whether they were aware or not. Many danced, some drank, others shot pool and mingled.

None of these extraneous activities applied to Deiser. The man sat at the bar completely out of his element, one hand tracing bored around the rim of his apple juice. Most of the group he had come with were already out there, mixing it up with the shaking hips and swishing tails. Not that he would have been getting plastered if he was not the designated driver, but sheesh, he was not the type to randomly start talking to strangers. It would be nice if at least one of them walked up to him for a change.

"Wow. I've never seen someone look so aloof on a party night. What's eating you?"

Perhaps there was something to be said for wishful thinking. Deiser snapped out of his half-sleepy fantasy world to face the speaker, only to recoil in surprise. It took a second to realize he was staring down a big red nose, attached to a lighter red wolf snout. Lights from the dance floor reflected off rows of smiling fangs along with the rhinestones of her blue dress. It gave an unwitting horror movie vibe to any unsuspecting human.

"I'm Sally," the wolf woman said, sliding onto the seat next to Deiser without asking. "How you doing, big boy?"

"Um, hi?" Deiser took a moment to chug his juice, regaining much of his composure. "I don't know about big, but you can call me Deiser."

"If you insist!" The wolf crossed her legs to get a bit more comfortable in that alluring short skirt. Burning brown eyes roamed over the human's body, as if able to see through the heavy trench coat he wore over everyday casual wear. "Not much of a barfly, I take it?"

"Yeah." Deiser's mood quickly soured again, thinking about why he was in this noisy club, wasting a cute canine's time. "Some of my coworkers roped me into being their designated driver. I probably would have left them an hour ago if I wasn't so nice...and being paid overtime by the manager."

"Oh?" The wolf's pointed ears flicked, her gaze roaming over the sea of moving bodies across the dance floor. "Is he the one trying to get it on with the deer and gazelle? Hope he figures out those are the wrong trees to bark."

"Heh, bark. Wait, how'd you know he...?"

"I know everyone here." Sally waved the bartender away before he even got close enough to offer a drink. There was a surprisingly smug grin on the worker's face as he moved onto other patrons. "Well, almost everyone with how often I like to hunt here. That's why some new boy just sulking by himself is kind of interesting to me."

"Thanks, I guess." Deiser continued to nurse his apple juice, eyeing up the canine with his own chestnut eyes. Red decorated every aspect of this woman in a variety of shades. Her nose and paw pads were the darkest, crimson made up the majority of her body, and a bright pink composed the fluffy locks of her boy-cut hair. It really helped compliment all the blue wrapping her amazing curves. "Not much about me to tell you, though. Unless you want a lecture about the quarterly meeting we sat in today."

"Then how about a kiss, you dork?"

Deiser sputtered, apple juice dripping down his chin. "Wait, what?"

"Geez. That's all it takes to get you flustered?" Sally offered him a napkin to wipe his face. "Wolves love getting to know each other through smell and taste anyway. And I haven't been having much fun all night, either."

"W-well, I guess I can't get drunk off a little lip service?" Deiser gave a meek laugh that promptly stopped when Sally's delicate palms cupped his cheeks. The squishy texture of her canine pads was hypnotic in their own right, to say nothing of her longing gaze.

"Clearly, you've never been kissed by a girl before."

That almost warranted an angry retort, but Sally slowly leaning in with muzzle lips puckering up squashed Deiser's pride. He considered fighting the gentle pull of her hands at first and then decided to just take the dive. With a lung forward that surprised Sally, their lips met with a loud smack. Mutual surprise turned to a pleasurable enjoyment as Sally eagerly worked her elongated face against Deiser's. Delicate furred hands moved to caress his head down to his shoulders, while some firm pushing against her hips hinted at where the human's hands were exploring.

Deiser's mind swam with amazing sensation, not just the firm figure Sally sported but the array of smells. The wolf had not been kidding about the importance of noses. He could smell everything off her from the pine scent of shampoo to the bacon she probably chewed on for breakfast.

Eventually, lungs forced the pair to break for air sooner than they would have liked. Unfortunately for Deiser, Sally's instincts were sparked. She refused to simply take a break, pushing her wet plump nose against the human's cheeks in loving nuzzles. Nostrils flared and whistled with her sharp sniffings enjoying the smell of pineapple cologne and leather trench coat. Deiser gave off childish giggles when she sniffed down his neck, offering no resistance when she opened his jacket to give his shoulder playful nibbles.

SMACK!

"YIP!"

"Hah! Look at this; even crazy Deiser is getting lucky tonight! Keep it up, ya dork!"

Deiser heard a soft yelp followed by a searing pain where Sally's fangs had sunk deep into his flesh. The fresh taste of blood overwhelmed the wolf's mouth, causing her to recoil in frantic spitting. By then, the coworker Deiser barely recognized had already sauntered off with a slight wobble to his gait. He glanced back at Sally, watching the wolf lady pull her skirt back over her rear where the drunk jackass had goosed her.

"Oh, god, fuck...I am so sorry about that," she said between more spits and tongue wiping. The bartender had picked up on what happened and brought over paper towels and gauze just in case. "I swear I don't have rabies or anything. Geez, that looks bad."

"Just a flesh wound," Deiser said with a laugh. Sure there was a steady leak of red fluid staining the inside of his coat now, but it was far from the worst injury he ever received. Once he wiped away the drying blood, he could see the punctures were barely the size of pen points. "Besides, I think that was my assistant manager. He never was one to keep his thoughts to himself."

"Or his hands. Rwarg! I think he tried to get three fingers in my cunt." Ignoring the look Deiser gave, Sally got to her feet, taking a few sniffs in the air before facing the direction the man had shambled off in, ears and tail erect for the hunt. "You should go get that cleaned up, sweetie. I'll buy you a drink once I have some choice words with that ass."

"Please don't get me fired?" Deiser offered, only getting a discouraging wink in response.

With his potential new date storming off, Deiser decided to probably head her advice before applying any gauze. He thanked the bartender and waddled through the crowds in search of bathrooms. Good thing whoever built this place wanted to play to large gatherings; they had at least three separate facilities for any bodily emergency. There did not seem to be any need for an emergency anyway. Deiser brought himself over to the sink and mirrors barely feeling more than small throbbing pains in his shoulder.

"What..the hell?"

Deiser had shed his coat and shirt to wash off his wound only to find there was no longer one. Calling the injury 'healed' might have been a bit of a stretch, as well. Any bite marks that might have remained on the skin were covered over by a pelt of fine crimson hairs. Deiser's reached up to brush his shoulder, not even flinching from bruised nerves. The strands were definitely growing out of him, making the little patch rather pleasant to pet.

"Yack!?" A sharp tickling against Deiser's palm made him recoil. More of the tiny hairs were sprouting from his skin, enlarging the patch to quickly encompass his whole shoulder. From there, it poured in every direction across his body. The young man twisted and turned, trying to catch sight of the flowing red covering up his peach-toned back and chest. The gentle warmth it brought would have almost been pleasant, were he not freaking out.

More fur trickled in a waterfall down the neighboring arm. Deiser held up the limb awed by how the very mass under his growing coat shifted and flexed; bones adjusted and muscle firmed, taking on a sleeker, yet toned, shape. A cramp seized his hand before it too shrank into a delicate furry paw, each finger tipped with plush black pads and blunt claws.

Deiser got two seconds to admire his new feminine animal hand before a wave of heat overloaded his senses. Both mismatched extremities latched onto the marble sink to keep his legs from buckling. Sharpening teeth clenched in hissing breathes as nostrils flared wider. When the tension abated enough for him to open his eyes, the view was blocked by a curtain of exceptionally long red hairs.

"Aah?" Brushing the locks away revealed an odd sight of Deiser's face in the mirror, only a lot hairier. The black hair had exploded into a cape of bright pink locks. Sharp triangle ears flicked about on top of his head with alien muscles. The big red nose bulging out of a misshapen half-muzzle made Deiser's eyes go cross for a second until something bright shining through the window averting the attention. Catching sight of an enormous full moon shining in from the parking lot sent a shiver down his spine. "Wait a sec...did I just get bitten by a dang were...wolf?"

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The voice that left Deiser's blunt mouth was not his own, yet hauntingly familiar. Now he recognized the face slowly forming in the mirror since he had been talking to it not five minutes ago. By then, fur had grown to encompass his upper body and vanished under the belt. While his remaining human hand succumbed to paw feminization, a pressure in his backside drew more pressing concerns. Deiser twisted to watch in the mirror as a long fluffy red tail unfurled itself over the rim of his jeans. The seat itself promptly plumped up until the denim creaked taut from the rich fat inside. A sharp popping of hips helped further mold Deiser's butt into a luxurious childbearing shape.

"Oh no!" he squeaked in Sally's voice, paws clamping on his furry chest tight. It did nothing to stop the flesh from squirming under her palms before steadily inflating back against them. In just a few rapid breaths, he had to release the painful pressure on his ribs, letting a pair of soft furry mounds to bounce into a heavy hang off his pecs.

Deiser had just comprehended the extent of her drastic transformation when the bathroom door clicked open.

"Hey, Deiser? You in here? The other two bathrooms had some vulgar people, but I want to make sure you're...oh!" Sally stopped mid-step with one high-heeled foot paw inside the men's bathroom. Her eyes remained locked on the near mirrored image of herself standing ten feet away in loose men's jeans and no top. Much as the wolf loved her baby girls, they were not a welcome sight on someone else. "Aw, fuck! I'm sorry, hun. I forgot it was a full moon tonight."

"Wait, so you really are a werewo-ORGH!?" With a loud snap, Deiser's glasses fell off her nose as it extended outwards in a spurt of fresh skull bones and sinew. A long canine tongue dropped out of her chin before being swallowed back up in her jaws gradual extension. Her face winced, trying to fight through the pressure, but it became too much. The pain barred down on the former human's thoughts, pushing them aside for a new presence as she became compelled to cry out like the beast she was. "Aah...aah...AWWOOOOO!!"

"Ugh, always with the howling. That's so embarrassing." Sally cringed at the cliché reaction Deiser had upon completing the transformation into, well, her. "And here I was hoping to get laid tonight. God damn it, moon phases."

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The fresh red wolf heaved a few breaths before relaxing out of her dramatic howling pose. A few confused blinks decorated her gorgeous furry snout while taking in the semi-clean bathroom surroundings. It was only when her eyes settled upon the better dressed Sally that things seemed to click into place. Lips parted into a bright fanged smile of recognition before the wolf that had been Deiser rushed over in a hug.

"Oh, hi, me! So great for you to stick around after I finished changing this dork. Are we going on a double date for some dick?"

"Not with us being more infectious than the bubonic plague right now." Sally sighed, remembering that one night long ago when she tried getting freaky during full moons. It was not fun having a man's junk invert into a copy of her pussy right before the climax. "You don't still have a dick, do you?"

The clone blinked a few times and stuck a hand down the front of her pants. "Nope! Fully functional plumbing here. Why?"

"Wishful thinking. Put your damn shirt back on while I go collect the jackass that groped me."

The other Sally tilted her head in a confused manner that even her original found adorable. "What happened to him?"

Sally rubbed the bridge of her muzzle with one hand, wishing she had thought this night through a lot better. "Let's just say I put a little too much claw in my slap. I'll probably have to settle for a narcissistic threesome if I want any satisfaction tonight."