

Additional Charge Applied

By: Firingwall

“Oh come on now!” Ricky said worryingly, “Traci said it was completely okay!”

“Well Traci ain’t here now and neither is Cassidy,” Beatrice stated, her arms folded as she leaned in across the counter, “You took advantage and got a free refill when we clearly do not give them out. This is a problem.”

A few weeks had passed since Ricky had got his refill on his winged lion girl body and things had been going smoothly. He was enjoying his time off from college, working hard, and enjoying lounging around or fly as a cat. But then it changed when he got a call from the witches’ magic shop, asking him to come down.

Meeting him there was one of the senior members of the group and probably the harshest too, Beatrice. It soon became apparent that things weren’t going to go smoothly on this particular visit.

“Look,” Beatrice stated, “You wasted all of your potion in one foolish spray down when you could have used one simple spray.”

Ricky blushed, mumbling, “I know that. Traci said the same thing already.”

“Well,” she replied, “Clearly she should have realized then that you should have not gotten anything for free for being wasteful like that.”

“Sorry!” Ricky mumbled more, looking at the ground, “It’s over now though. What’s done is done. What do you want?”

“To pay for your refill obviously!” Beatrice said, giving him a warm, kind smile that didn’t remotely feel genuine or sweet at all, “It’s just that simple. One hundred dollars please!”

Ricky’s face turned redder and he looked at his feet. “Well ah,” he mumbled, “I just... ummm, well, here’s the thing. I-I-I don’t have that. I kind of spent everything I had paying rent for the month, so I’m a little short.”

The room went quiet... and then it went cold. Beatrice stared at him harshly with her piercing, bright yellow eyes. It felt like a dark cloud was forming over her, bringing a bitter cold wind that stung to the very core of him.

But after a moment, the coldness went away, and she smiled. “Is that so?” She chuckled, “Well then, that’s fair I suppose. Can’t have you being homeless now, can I?”

Ricky looked up. The witch’s face seemed warmer than before, but he couldn’t help still feel a growing, ugliness lying beneath that happy expression. “Well then,” he said, “Since I can’t pay now or anything... how about a payment plan to pay back everything? I’m sure I can afford to pay you back over the next few weeks if you give me a-”

“Payment plan! HA! Oh, you’re sooooo funny!”

Ricky twitched, looking off to the side. *Well, I wasn’t trying to be funny...*

“No no no,” she explained, leaning in again, “What I want you to do is come with me, downstairs, where you can work on paying off that debt with interest.”

“In-interest?” Ricky gulped as Beatrice nodded, urging him to come around the side and follow her into the backroom. Nothing good could come from working for an aggressive, truly wicked witch like her. So much could go wrong... but yet, what choice did he have? Not like he could fight off a powerful witch like her.

So reluctantly, the young man followed her into the backroom. There were several tables filled with curious items and potion-making equipment, but Beatrice swiftly moved passed them and to a metal door in the far corner.

Tugging on it, Beatrice revealed a long, deep staircase, both her and Ricky heading down. It felt like it took several minutes of wandering down this long, dark, cramped staircase, but they eventually came to a strange room at the very end of it. It had many power boxes, heavy machinery, and other machines that he couldn’t recognize in it.

The one thing that stood out the most to him though was the hamster wheel contraption with a power box hooked to it with thick wires. Beatrice grinned and pointed at it. “Ta-da! Your new workstation and assignment!”

Ricky looked at the wheel, looked again at the machines surrounding them, and looked back at the witch, who had the biggest grin on her face. Frowning, he mumbled, “This... this is...”

The witch simply nodded, looking so proud and happy. “And you want me to...?” She nodded once again, still proud with the plan she had in her mind.

“So,” Ricky mumbled, his shoulders drooping, “What is it? Rat? Mouse? A hamster to actually fit that damn wheel?”

“Welllllll,” Beatrice chuckled, running a finger down her long chin, “It’s technically a rodent, but not one either. What we need here to run our operations, beyond machine, is power and tons of it. The city charges us way too much and our magical shop is off the grid obviously. We need someone to really give us a charge that can last a very long time.”

“It’s a rodent and one that can bring a lot of power,” Ricky mumbled, scratching his head. “Well that... that can only be... wait! You mean...”

“Not that one!” She gave a sly wink, placing her head on her hips and cocking them to the side, “We need more electricity than that! So please, let’s see ya discharge some free energy for us, alright?”

She raised her hand into the air and gave him a teasing wink, snapping her fingers. Yellow electricity surged through her fingers and discharged upon her snap, bolts flying from them and streaking towards him. Ricky did not run or flee, accepting the inevitable.

The bolts struck in straight in the chest, the energy flowing throughout his entire body into his arms, legs, and even his head. His entire body tingled and shivered, hair rising up across his limbs and his legs twitching. The feeling was so weird, but not unpleasant or in a way that would make him feel sick.

Eventually, the feeling settled down and Ricky began to relax. His shoulders slumped, and his hands and feet stopped clenching. He let out a small sigh.

But then he smelt an odd burning. Glancing down, smoke was sizzling off the center of his circle as the material slowly burnt away. He tried patting it out, but somehow, that only seemed to encourage the singeing to intensify. In a matter of seconds, all of his shirt was wiped away, leaving him bare chested.

“What the heck?!” He yelled, “What was that about?!”

“Well your shirt was going to get all sweaty, so now you don’t have to worry about it!” Ricky wanted to yell at her about how he only needed to take his shirt off, but his attention was pulled away back to his chest.

His chest hairs were turning white. Not only that, but they were shortening up as more hairs sprouted across his entire form. More and more hairs grew in, coating his chest and eventually his belly in white, soft fur.

Ricky ran a hand down his front, quickly pulling it back after burst of static electricity stung his hand. As he tried shaking his hand to get feeling back into it, more fur began to sprout. This time though, it was darker and more orange in shade, sprouting around the edges of the white fur before spreading across the rest of his torso.

The soft fuzz coated his sides and back well, stopping its growth for a moment when it reached his limbs and neck. He felt warmer with the new coating and oddly comfortable, though he had to keep his arms away from his sides to avoid being zapped repeatedly.

“Well,” Ricky remarked, “I suppose this isn’t too bad. I did kind of want to be a Raichu at some point.”

“That’s the spirit!” Beatrice declared, “Look on the bright side of being forced into working off your debts! That’s the kind of attitude that’ll make this all better for you!”

Well as much a positive attitude about slave labor can at least, he thought with a sigh.

The fur growth slowed its spreading pace for a moment, the magical energy moving its focus to something else. His chest area slowly expanded, soft fat growing up around his nipples

and pushing out. The area continued to swell and swell, slowly forming into a small set of functional A-cup.

Ricky glanced down at his chest and blushed, watching as his new mounds continued climbing up cup size after cup size. “Ummm,” he remarked, “Won’t this be a bit difficult on me without a top or sports bra?”

“I work out and exercise just fine with this rack all the time,” Beatrice remarked, rolling her eyes and shoving out her hefty chest, “But fiiiiiiiiinnne, you wimp.”

She snapped her fingers as Ricky’s chest finished growing, stopping at a full, large set of DD-cup sized breasts. A large, comfortable sports bra appeared on him, carefully holding in and supporting his breasts just fine.

Ricky let out a soft, relaxed sigh as his waist pushed in, setting up a hourglass figure for him soon. With the chest officially grown in, his pelt continued its speedy expansion across his form. The dark orange covering moved straight across his shoulders and down his arms, stopping at his hands. There, they grew dark brown fur instead as the entirety of his limbs slimmed down to better fit his feminine figure.

Looking over his hands for a moment, Ricky brought his arms back down to his side. He could feel electricity and power surge through them, but there was no sting or shock now. “Hmmm,” he remarked, “Neat... does this mean I also have electricity powers?”

“Oh sure, but, you know, don’t try it. It’ll probably blow up in your face if you try anything big right away... speaking from experience myself.”

“Experience?”

Beatrice shrugged and remarked, “Well, most of the time, different members of the coven have to take turns running on the wheel. What did you think, that we get non-paying customers ALL the time for this?”

Ricky was about to answer when he felt a hot sensation below. Looking down, he was greeted again by the sight of burning clothing, his pants being the one to go this time. He blushed more as fabric gave way, orange fur appearing where his normal skin was.

“Since you’ll probably complain about this as well,” Beatrice sighed. She snapped her fingers just as the remains of his pants and boxers burnt off, putting him in a pair of bright yellow booty shorts. They felt rather good on him, snug upon his thinner, shapely legs.

His shoes slowly burnt off as well, Beatrice not replacing them. Instead, she simply let them go bare, revealing the slick brown fur covering them now instead. Ricky glanced further down and over his large breasts, wiggling his toes and feeling the fuzz pressing softly against one another.

His feet shivered and began to stretch forward, bones morphing and shifting before them. They elongated by a few inches, making them much easier to see past his heaving chest. As such, he could clearly see his toes slowly merge with one another, leaving each foot with three, pudgy, animal-like digits.

“Huh,” Ricky remarked, pushing himself up onto his tippy toes, “I feel a bit springier.”

“Well Raichu certainly can have a bit of a spring in their step with those big ass feet,” Beatrice remarked, “Plus, they’ll do wonders for when you’re running on that wheel.”

He turned and looked at annoyed, his facial expressions flat and disinterested. He was about to come up with some witty, not-so witty remark, when the fur on the back of his neck stood up. He felt a shiver rush down to his loins, his legs rubbing up against one another as his thighs thickened up.

The growing Raichu had just passed into womanhood, accentuated by a boost to her hips and butt soon after.

She brought a fuzzy paw to her groin, feeling the smooth, non-bulgy area. Another shiver struck her as she felt spot, a nub popping out above her rear. It grew centimeter by centimeter at first, but after she reached around to feel the area, it exploded. The new tail shot several feet outwards behind her, whipping about in a delighted frenzy and sprouting a large, lightning bolt fluke at the end.

Ricky managed to grab hold of her tail and look it over. “Oh yeah,” she remarked, “This is definitely a Raichu. ...how long does this transformation last?”

“It lasts as long as you work here,” Beatrice remarked, poking her on the nose, “You can’t be a Raichu cutie once you leave here. That wouldn’t be a good punishment if you actually like it after all.”

“Awwwww,” Ricky groaned, her head dipping down.

Beatrice smiled and leaned in, poking Ricky right on the nose. The anthro felt a burst of static as the witch cooed, “Buuuut, if you do a good job, maybe I’ll consider letting you go home looking like this.”

“Really? Oh! That would be great!” Ricky’s nose turned coal black as it flared out, morphing into a small, oval-ish snout. Orange fur sprouted around it as her face pushed forward into a very round, bump-like muzzle. Bright spots of yellow appeared on both cheeks as the fur passed by, emanating just a gentle bit of sparks from them.

Her brown hair instantly brightened up, growing down to her waist and turning electric blue. Sparks traveled down her luscious hair, her ears emerging between the long locks. They stretched out, narrowly oval-like in shape at the start before splitting off into two points at the end, one of which was very curly.

With that, Ricky now stood tall and proud as a Raichu girl in a cute pair of shorts and top. She looked over herself, even doing a little twirl happily. “Oh man!” She declared, giving the witch a great big smile, “I feel charged and energized!”

Beatrice jumped back at the Raichu’s tail whipped about, nearly tasing her in the legs. “So I see,” she mumbled, “Well then, you got the body and the power. Time start running my little electric mouse!”

“Yes ma’am!” The anthro Pokémon declared, jumping onto the wheel and doing so. The sparks flew off of her and into the wheel as she ran, going straight into the wires and into the large machine behind her. A number appeared on it: 1% Power Obtained.

Ricky took note of that image and began to pick of the pace. *I can do this! She declared, pay off the debt as a hot Raichu gal and do it well enough to go home as one! I can do this no problem!*

Beatrice stepped away from the wheel and headed towards the door. She thought happily, *and that’s that! Free manual labor and I don’t need to run on the wheel today! All is well~*

THE END