

It had been a week. Sam was surprised to hear that the D&D game was still on, given that even he had heard about Becky not being at class due to some mysterious and ill-defined sickness. Still, he definitely wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to show up and game. It was the highlight of his week, and the basis of pretty much all his social interactions. He never really bothered to do much with his appearance - he kept himself tidy, his brown hair reasonably short and made sure his gangly body didn't actively fall apart, but he didn't really feel like it was worth investing any effort into it right now. He was never really sure how other people had time for all the stuff TV shows said people got up to in college - he was always far too busy with coursework and assignments for late night beer pong and makeout sessions. But Dungeons and Dragons - that he *made* time for.

He was the first one to arrive, as usual, knocking on Terrence's door at the scheduled time and being ushered in to his usual seat at the table. Becky and Denise were a little late - as usual - and Sam passed the time helping get things set up for the evening, trying to wheedle hints about the upcoming adventure out of Terrence with his usual lack of success. And then, right around the standard 20 minutes late, Becky and Denise showed up.

Terrence stopped putting out the figures, which was Sam's first clue that something dramatic had happened. He turned and looked around, first seeing Denise walking over with something of a resigned expression, and then behind her...

He could only assume it was Becky. There was definitely a Becky-ness to their shape - whoever they were was just as tall and impossibly athletically-shaped as Becky always had been, but Sam was sure however he would have described her face in the past, "startlingly equine" was not a phrase he would have used. It was-

"It's a mask", Denise said suddenly, breaking the silence of both Sam and Terrence staring wordlessly. "She picked up a nasty rash from somewhere, and good ol' vain Becky here decided she'd rather go out in public in this elaborate Halloween costume than let herself be seen like that. *Right?*", she added, with an audible hiss and not-too-subtle elbow.

Becky rolled her eyes, and snorted to degree that Sam could have sworn shouldn't have been possible. "Riiiiight", she sighed, "that's exactly why I've been out of class for a week, not because I've been having too much fun to want to go back right now, oh nooo..."

Denise glared at her, the intimidating effect of which was probably diminished by the significant height difference between the girls, and it was further not helped by Becky responding with a huff of breath powerful enough to ruffle Denise's hair.

The two of them stared each other down for a few moments, Denise admirably managing not to give ground despite having to try to glare up the length of the horse muzzle on Becky's face. Eventually the impasse was broken as Terrence spoke up.

“Becky - you good to play?”

She looked up in response, grinning happily. It took Sam a second to realise why that looked so weird - the grin was going along the entire length of the muzzle, like it was all just a part of her face instead of a mask. “Yep!”, she said brightly, holding up her hands in an open-palmed shrug. “I’m all fine and ready to go.” There was a brief pause before she added, “oh! And I’m not contagious or anything, so you don’t need to worry about that. Let’s get on with the gaming!”

Terrence’s eyes shifted, focussing on her hands. Becky followed his gaze, clicking just a moment too late that her hands looked for all the world to be some sort of mix of hooves and human hands.

“You’re... wearing gloves too then?”, Terrence tried.

“Uh, yeah!”, Becky answered. “You know me, never one to half-ass an outfit! Don’t worry, I can still roll dice in them!” She shook one hand at the wrist, then grinned. “I’ve been practicing the motion, just to make sure!”

Out of the corner of his eye, Sam saw Denise turn bright red, then cough hurriedly and hide her face.

There was another pause, and everyone seeming to turn to Terrence as he considered things. Eventually he shrugged, said, “eh, whatever”, and gestured for people to sit down to begin the session. And somehow, once the verdict of the DM was rendered, that was that. Everyone just sat down and played; talking, rolling dice and having fun like everything was completely normal.

Sam was incredulous. Terrence seemed not to care once he’d established that whatever was going on wasn’t going to be a threat to his elaborately prepared game, while Becky and Denise both seemed happy to just relax into the session and have fun, but for his part Sam could barely keep himself from staring. It was, very clearly, no mask; or if it was it was *the best mask in the history of the world ever*. Not to mention her hands, and whatever else was hidden beneath her presumably deliberately long and concealing dress. At one point when Terrence was describing how the party had been tied up and was being brought before the powerful Dark Mistress of the Dungeon there was an audible thump from below the table, and all the figures wobbled slightly as they were jolted. Sam had no idea *what* the hell that meant, but it was clear from the dark look that Denise shot Becky that it was clearly something. He spent most of the session in a stunned silence, for once playing the part of the taciturn knight to a tee.

The game passed without further incident, somehow. At the conclusion of the evening Becky stood up and stretched - Sam was *sure* she looked taller than she had been in previous weeks - saying “thanks Terrence! Now *that* was worth leaving my dorm for.”

Denise rolled her eyes in response, quickly standing herself to start hustling Becky out the door. "No time to stay and chat", she said over her shoulder, "gotta dash. See you guys next time!"

And just like that the door closed behind them, and they were gone. Sam turned back to Terrence, shaking his head slowly in an expression of startled disbelief.

Terrence looked back at him, oblivious. "So, that session went well, yeah?"

Sam had a class with Denise the next day. Technically it was with Becky too, but it seemed like she still didn't feel up to coming back to classes quite yet. Sam barely managed to keep up with taking notes for the lesson - every time he looked up he'd find his eyes turning to Denise a few rows in front of him and his mind drifting to what he would say to her. He was somewhere between "friends" and "acquaintance" with her; they got on well enough, but outside of D&D they just never really hung out. He spent a long time just trying to think of a reason to actually talk to her and bring this all up, and before he knew it the class was over. When the bell rang he visibly jumped, quietly shocking the person sitting next to him, but Sam managed to keep it together enough to make sure he didn't lose track of Denise in the stream of people leaving the room. He caught up with her just around the corner in the hallway, flagging her down with a polite wave.

"Oh, uh, hey!", she answered, distractedly looking at her phone. "I forgot you had this class too. What, uh... what's up?"

"Becky!", Sam blurted. "Becky is... is what's up."

Denise just stared, her expression carefully blank, although she did lower her phone back down into her pocket to give him her full attention. "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? What do I mean?" Sam was suddenly aware that his volume had gotten a little too high, and the people still leaving the class were turning to look. He paused, waiting for a few moments for the bulk of the crowd to pass, then resumed a little quieter once they were alone. "We both know that wasn't a costume. Something was seriously up, whatever was happening."

Denise started to respond, but Sam cut her off.

"Do you think it could happen to us too?"

She blinked. "Uh... no, I'm pretty sure we'll be fine."

"Really? You don't think we run the risk of being turned into our D&D characters too? Because I mean that'd be *super* weird, right?"

"I... huh?"

Sam plowed on, heedless of Denise's increasing bewilderment. "Yeah I mean like, what if we were all turned into real life versions of our characters, so I became like some busty girl or something? I mean, what if *that* happened, right? Could that happen? That'd be really weird, right?"

Denise stood with her head cocked to the side as she quietly processed Sam's tirade. "Okay", she said eventually, "one: Becky isn't even playing some big-dicked horse girl-"

"Big... dickd?", Sam spluttered.

"Two", Denise continued, ignoring his interjection as she held up a second finger in front of him, "*you're* not playing a girl, busty or otherwise, so... no on that front too?" There was a slightly-too-long pause before she hastily put up another finger and added, "and three: Becky hasn't turned into anything, it's just the mumps or whatever."

There was a long silence, the two of them standing there with Denise's fingers still held up in Sam's face as though she was warding him off. Eventually he craned his neck over them, taking advantage of his height, and said with a quiet but manic intensity, "wouldn't that just be *super* weird though?"

In front of him, Denise sagged slightly, lowering her arm to her side and emphatically rolling her eyes.

It didn't take much more than that. After only a few more minutes of stilted conversation she agreed to meet him behind the bike sheds after classes the next day, if only to "discuss things further." He agreed eagerly, walking off to his next class with his heart in his ears and trying to somehow pass the approximately one million years until then when he could find out some more about what exactly had happened.

When the time finally came, it was all Sam could do to keep himself standing still behind the shed while he waited for Denise to show up. He wasn't entirely sure *why* he was so excited, or, more truthfully, he hadn't allowed himself to think about exactly why. Denise was going to tell him something interesting, maybe give him some clues in the mystery of just what exactly was going on and then he'd... he'd go from there. Now was just a fact-finding mission, and he liked facts. It was as simple as that.

"Let's get this over with then, shall we?"

Denise's voice made him jump - she must have come in from the other side, towards the street, which for some reason Sam hadn't been expecting. "Mhrlm?", he said, frowning as his nerves ate his response.

For her part, Denise sighed - not unkindly, but in quiet resignation. "Look, you're a fine person and everything, so sorry if I'm being a bit harsh, I'm just not *hugely* thrilled about throwing this all around too much. So let's move things along, okay?" She shifted about slightly, squaring her feet against the ground and suddenly settling into a surprisingly powerful stance. "Come here", she said simply.

Sam did. His legs kicked themselves forward unthinkingly, desperate to get this all sorted before his brain could get in the way. In moments he was standing right in front of her, and before he could think of what to say she reached up and pressed one hand against his head. His knees bent automatically, leaving him kneeling down before her and looking up helplessly.

"Now", she said, extending a single finger to touch him deliberately between the eyes, "*relax*."

There was a jolt of energy, kicking him away almost as if she'd punched him square in the jaw. He folded backwards, his spine bending awkwardly for just a moment as the surge of it shook through him, only barely managing to avoid folding over completely.

"Wzrh?", he said hesitantly, the random syllables falling out of his mouth as he shook his head to clear it. He picked himself back up slowly, shakily rising to one knee as he managed to get his lips and tongue back under control. "I dn... whuh? What're you...?"

Sam managed to look up, his face full of surprise as he locked eyes with Denise. She returned his look with a confident expression he couldn't remember ever seeing her have before. It wasn't unkind, but it did make clear that she was very much in control, and of much more than Sam would have thought. A smile lifted the corner of her mouth as she leaned in, and he realised she was probably enjoying his helplessness before her.

"It turns out Becky wasn't the only one to learn a few things about herself in the past week", she said simply. "But", she whispered, so quietly that Sam had to strain to hear her over the beating of his heart, "let me let you in on a secret..."

She leaned in close, so close, too close - Sam could almost feel her lips brushing up against his ears, and he'd never really thought of her like that before but now she was here and his body *was thrumming* and the energy was pulling at him inside as his fingers clenched and his eyes crossed and then when she spoke again it somehow cut through all of it, her words searing through his thoughts like claws.

"...I'm not doing this. I started it, sure, but that was just getting things going. What happens - what actually *happens* - that's all you."

She sat back onto her haunches, watching him with open curiosity while he fell to his hands and knees, panting heavily.

“So go ahead”, she added lightly. “Let it out. Let’s see what you *really* want.”

There was a pull. Sam felt his body pulling him downwards, causing his hands to tighten up against the ground as he fought to keep himself up. There was something happening, something pulling and changing and suddenly Sam gasped as there was a release - something gave within him, and the pulling was replaced with a physical weight, dragging him down even further. He was wearing a regular T-shirt, his standard simple attire, but all of a sudden it felt desperately tight on him. He gasped again, this time almost struggling for breath as one hand reached up to fumble desperately with his collar. He meant to loosen it somehow, to shift it around or even just pull it out of the way enough for the moment to let him see what was happening, but just as his hand gripped the elastic of the collar his whole body seemed to jerk forwards, and the sudden movement resulted in him tearing it downwards with enough force to leave the shirt hanging only loosely from him.

“Wow. You really weren’t kidding about that ‘girl’ thing, huh?” Denise shrugged. “Well, whatever works for you. I mean, being a girl doesn’t necessarily *start* with being super stacked, but sure; you do you I guess.”

Sam’s head was spinning. He only barely registered what Denise was saying, and even then he could hardly make himself comprehend it. But his own hands put it beyond doubt - as he pulled again at his shirt he could not only feel something pressing from the other side of it, but more than that; he could feel the fabric constricting his own distressingly soft flesh. There was- he had, they were-

“Oh for fuck’s sake”, Denise sighed, interrupting his quiet panic. She reached forwards and casually tore the last of his beleaguered shirt away, finally exposing his changes. “You’ve got tits Sam. Tits like a porn star.”

On his hands and knees, Sam couldn’t fight it. He did have breasts, hanging down from his chest so heavily that they practically touched the ground. It was all he could do to pant breathlessly as their surging growth finally abated, his mind still trying to come to terms with exactly what was happening. He had asked for this, hadn’t he? But he didn’t mean now, like this, with someone *watching*, he couldn’t, that wouldn’t be - he couldn’t...

Sam was so caught up in his whirling internal monologue that he didn’t even notice as Denise took one of his hands in hers, lifting it up slowly with a tenderness that belied her earlier ferocity. “Look”, she said softly, “it’s okay. Really. I meant what I said before. Just *relax*.” She rested his hand lightly on the upper curve of one of his new breasts, smiling as this drew out an involuntary gasp. “Just let it go and, y’know... you do you.”

He looked up at her, his eyes wide. As she released her grip his hand slid slowly down over his new flesh, and he had to bite his lip to suppress an outright moan. It felt... good...

“Here”, Denise whispered, “I’ll help a little more, okay?” She shifted around, taking his head in her hands gently from behind. Sam felt like he’d missed something somehow, because all of a sudden she had a brush in her hands, and was using it to tenderly sweep through his short brown hair. He melted into it without thinking, drifting backwards until he was eventually sitting against her while his eyes slid shut and he finally felt himself begin to relax.

Behind him, Denise kept up a soothing stream of one-sided conversation. “I was always kinda curious what this’d be like. Becky never let me do her hair ever since we met, always afraid I’d mess it up. I guess it’ll be nice to have someone else for me to practice on, huh?”

Sam wanted to react to that, he knew that he *should*, but at the same time it just felt too good to lie back and accept it. Every sweep of the brush found slightly more to go through, every pull left his hair drifting further and further down his neck until it hung down all the way to his back. It was just... nice, to lean back and be... petted, like that?

It wasn’t until she stopped that Sam was able to rouse himself enough to open his eyes again, but even then Denise made her next move before he could react. Reaching forward around his head, the brush now apparently once again back wherever it had come from, her fingers landed lightly against his face and began a slow, subtle massage. He felt his flesh somehow flowing around beneath her; his features softening at her tender but insistent touch. He was- he could *feel* his face changing as she remade him - no, as she gently encouraged his features to how they somehow already knew they needed to be.

She stopped abruptly, and Sam could swear his own ragged breaths sounded an octave higher as she shifted back around in front of him. Looking back at him warmly, Denise’s expression was one of honest reassurance as she casually reached out and brought some of his hair in front of his face, showing him how long it now was. “It really is okay Sam”, she said softly. “You can be a girl.” She smiled a little at the realisation, then added, “hell, Sam is a unisex name, so you’re halfway there already.”

“Bh-”, he answered, his teeth clenched for the moment against the surge of sensations flowing through him. “But you... you’ll... I can’t...”, he panted.

“Pfft”, Denise snorted, genuinely amused. “You think / mind? May I direct your attention to exhibit A...”

A wave of her arm indicated the fence behind them; a small, metal construction designed more to delineate the edge of the property than actually keep anything out. It was made of thin metal bars running horizontally about three inches apart from one of the other, but at the spot where Denise was pointing two of them were visibly bent outwards, creating a wide, vaguely round hole.

“That’s the part that Becky tried to fuck with the ridiculous giant horse cock I gave her. So, no Sam; having gone through that I’m not going to mind whatever you do with yourself here.”

Sam almost couldn’t hear her over the sound of his own ragged breathing, but despite that, no matter what he told himself, he *could* hear her. He could hear her telling him to just let go, while his hand slid unconsciously across the skin of his new breasts and made him shudder; he could hear her tell him everything would be fine while the breath caught in his throat as his hand slid down his somehow perfectly smooth stomach. He couldn’t help himself - no, he *could* help himself, but he didn’t *want* to - his hand slid inside his jeans hesitantly but unstopably, fumbling at the buttons awkwardly before he managed to yank both them and his boxers aside.

His fingers found his cock already desperately hard, wrapping around it urgently as he shifted forwards, moving to support himself on his knees and one free hand with an absent grunt. He looked down, finally staring directly at the breasts hanging from him - his breasts, his breasts swaying beneath him as he began stroking himself feverishly, heated pants falling from his mouth as his eyes began to roll back in his head.

Before him, Denise gave a brief laugh. “Oh my, it looks like it’s getting even *bigger*”, she said teasingly.

Gritting his teeth, Sam knew she was right; it was like his whole body was focusing on his cock and breasts, emphasising them both even further as the addictive pleasure he felt from playing with them fed back on itself unstopably. His breasts swelled out even further, somehow still remaining firm despite their size, but weighing him down even more as they grew to become the size of melons. His balls grew too; he could feel them churning as he worked himself over frantically, becoming almost grapefruit-sized as they filled unstopably with cum that just begged to be released. The whole time however, the most overpowering sensation was from his cock. He could feel it growing with every urgent stroke; pressing outwards in all dimensions until it filled his hand entirely, stretching out to become almost a foot long. It began to press up between his breasts of its own accord, and the simultaneous stimulation that provided threatened to cloud over his mind completely.

“Well well”, Denise continued, “I must commend you for your rejection of the status quo. I’m sure you and Becky will get along famously...”

She was beside him. He was dimly sure that she hadn’t been previously, but now all of a sudden her voice was once again in his ear, her tone steeped in dominance and power.

“So tell me then”, she hissed, “who are you?”

He grunted incoherently. His head was swimming and his eyes were screwed up tight and he couldn’t seem to want to stop his hands and everything was so much and-

Without warning Denise placed one boot against the side of chest, and pushed. It wasn't a kick, but instead a simple but forceful pressure that rolled Sam over onto his back. His eyes snapped back open at the movement, startled at least a little more into alertness, but even so he couldn't stop working himself over frantically. "Ughnn!", he gasped desperately, unable to tear his eyes away from his own breasts laid out in front of him.

Denise answered with a warning press from her boot, still sitting against his side. "No", she said. "Who are you?"

"Ss...", he mumbled, visibly straining with the effort. "Ss... Sam..."

"And who is that, exactly?"

"I... I... I-ughhmmm..." He could barely force his tongue to make words, and all the while he wasn't sure which set of words he was fighting to say. The silence hung in the air for a few moments, and then his fingers pulled sharply on one of his newly-enhanced nipples, and something inside him just *gave*.

"I'm a girl!", Sam gasped breathlessly. "I'm a girl with big tits and a big cock and fffuuuuck I'm a girl fuck fuck fffuuuuuck!"

Standing above her, Denise leaned down with a satisfied grin on her face, gently stroking Sam's face in approval. "What a good girl", she whispered softly.

At that, Sam came. She couldn't help it, at that approval and contact and recognition her body tensed automatically, surging and releasing in helpless ecstasy. Seeing the moment come Denise shifted back away with an amused snort, leaving Sam to her own devices as she curved up into herself, her massive cock spurting again and again while she continued pumping it eagerly, wringing out orgasm after orgasm even as she coated her new breasts. Her form filled out too; her hips and ass swelling as her body reshaped into an exaggerated hourglass figure.

After a few moments, once Sam seemed to be calming back down, Denise leaned back in. "There", she said, "doesn't that feel bett-"

"A-and I'm a-uhmm! I'm a-ahh!", Sam interrupted suddenly, her movements speeding up once again.

Denise blinked. "Oh we're still going I... guess?"

A wave of white began spreading out from the areas of Sam's chest she had so enthusiastically coated, and after a brief confused inspection Denise realised what it was - fur. It slid rapidly across her entire body, wrapping her from head to toe in short, pure white in just a few moments.

"I'm... unghhh! I'm a buhh! Buhnnnhhh...", Sam gasped desperately, tumbling over her attempted words as her face contorted slightly, first in frustrated ecstasy and then as her flesh shifted again, pushing out into a short muzzle. Her nose twitched, sliding into an adorable pink button, while whiskers pushed out slowly from her upper lip. There was a slight change to the sound of her urgent moans as her two front teeth grew outwards, forcing her to pant breathlessly around them.

Sam's whole body tensed, her hands gripping tightly around her impressive assets as she built up to one last emphatic release. Her mouth fell open as her ears shifted up to the top of her head, becoming long and floppy in mere moments. "I'm a... I'm a bunny!", she cried triumphantly, her hips bucking wildly in orgasm as she finally reached her absolute climax, coating herself once again while her writhing movements revealed the cottonball tail that had grown in behind her.

"Yep", Denise answered with a slow nod, "you sure are, apparently." She reached down, patting Sam reassuringly on the shoulder as her movements finally began to slacken. "Good job girl."

It took quite some time before Sam had recovered enough to do anything aside from relaxing blissfully through her afterglow. Denise was content to wait for her, not fancying just abandoning the girl to her radically altered situation, although after five minutes she did take out her phone to at least help her pass the time. Eventually Sam began to stir, rising reluctantly to her newly large, paw-like feet.

"Welcome back", Denise said with a polite smile, putting her phone away again. "Feeling better?"

"Mluh", Sam answered, her tongue working awkwardly in her mouth. Luckily it seemed like her new teeth didn't provide an impediment to speech, although it seemed like her voice had officially settled into a higher pitch. "I... uh, thank you."

Denise accepted the thanks with a nod of her head. "Well, you *were* pretty insistent. I figured this would be easier than trying to argue. Although I must say I wasn't expecting *quite* all this." She looked over Sam's new body, taking in her easily DD breasts, foot-long cock and pendulous balls, together with her voluptuous hips and ass. Not to mention her dramatically rabbit-like features. In all, it made for quite an impressive figure, like some sort of 50's pin-up if someone had been of a mind to take the term "Playboy bunny" a little more literally.

Sam blushed, the red of her cheeks somehow managing to show through her short fur. She looked away, rubbing her arms nervously. "I, uh, well..."

"Dude, I don't *care*", Denise laughed. "Just because I'm surprised doesn't mean I don't approve. But honestly, who cares if *I* approve, right? You like it, don't you?"

Sam's blush deepened, but a smile slid out across her face. "Yeah", she mumbled.

"Well then that's what matters, isn't it? Fuck everything else." She paused, her eyes slipping down to Sam's still slowly dripping tool. "Although, not quite now, please."

"Pffft", Sam answered, responding to the jibe with a playful punch on the arm, which Denise accepted with a grin, pulling the bunny girl into a warm, friendly hug.

"One thing I've got to ask though...", Denise said. "How come you never actually played this character in any of the D&D games? You mentioned that you... uh...", she made air quotes with her fingers, "*didn't want to*, be turned into your D&D character, but I've never seen you play anything other than some fairly default burly man. There's got to be an option in D&D for this, right?"

Sam nodded, looking a little bashful as she answered. "Hengeyokai, yeah. But you're right, I never actually played it. Especially not a female one. Not, uh, in person anyway." She looked away for a moment, and it took a comforting squeeze from Denise for her to continue. "I guess you could say it was like, my ideal character, but I could never bring myself to actually *play* them with you guys. Because you'd ask why, and I didn't know how I'd be able to answer that."

"Hey", Denise countered, ending the potentially awkward silence. "the hell with that. You look great girl."

Sam blushed, nuzzling silently into Denise's arms in response.

"Now c'mon", Denise continued, "let me introduce you to the new Becky, I'm sure you'll have a lot to talk about..."

Grinning, Sam turned and began walking away, only to feel a slight tug as Denise stopped her with a hand on her tail. "But, uh, you need to put some clothes on first", Denise said, indicating a small pile she must have brought with her and put to one side earlier.

"Oh, right. Plus one clothes of wang concealment?"

Denise laughed. "Something like that."