

21. Transformation – human to anthro

FezzyNova

Fez sank in against the bed, every muscle in his body either tight and tense or loose and relaxed, with this changing with every second that passed. The human's mouth hung partially open, his eyes mostly closed, his arms splayed out across the bed with hands under the pillow and rear hiked into the air, knees braced against the side of the mattress underneath his partner's slow, steady thrusts. A certain deep, tingling warmth vibrated out from that point of contact, for once not only from the soft, loose barbs along that shaft buried inside of him, feline to the touch yet canine in shape, smooth contours, plump sheath... and fat knot at the base, now unswollen yet gradually coming to that point.

He swallowed and turned his head to the other side, reaching both hands back to spread himself for his partner, the snow leopard-fox hybrid. "Erik..." Fez panted, "I feel... *oh...*"

His breath trickled out of him as the hybrid leaned in over his body, pressing himself in to the base. Though he had not yet reached his peak Fez could still feel the telltale sign of that knot, in the slight bulge and pressure stretching at his rim. "I know," Erik murmured into his ear – and the tingling fizzed into place there, too. "I'll make sure you can."

It had all started with a kiss and nip to the back of his neck, as though Erik had scruffed him like a young kitten. Those sharp crossbreed fangs pinching in along his smooth, soft skin, crunching into the surface, pulling back just as quickly – and then the sting of the bite and trickle of blood turned instead to a warmer, fuller sensation, like soft drawn cotton being traced over his bare flesh. From there it had grown and spread, along the back of his neck and down his shoulders, the upper portions of his arms, to his elbows, and everywhere else Erik touched.

Still leaning over him, the leopard-fox dragged one paw down Fez's chest and wrapped his arm in around his shoulder – and the human felt the thick, plush fur start to sprout of his skin wherever those claws and pawpads grazed. It at once tickled yet spread a deep, resounding pleasure thorough him, different from the pulsing rhythm inside of him and smacking against his flat belly every time Erik thrust forward and in. The human, since he still *was* one for the most part, swallowed again and let another moan out between parted lips – but the hybrid's paw came up and squeezed around his mouth, thick furry fingers clamping in along his upper lip, his chin, and his jaw.

Erik tugged his partner's head up and back, and Fez could do nothing but squeeze his eyes shut and let him do it. The other paw ran back along his arm and tugged there as well, and wherever he squeezed he felt that fur bristle and puff and grow, felt his fingers shift and adjust, lengthening out and widening a bit, nails stretching out into broad, thick claws. He swallowed again, and again – and pressed his tongue, suddenly growing broad and flat, up against the roof of his mouth; Erik's paw slid further and further away from his eyes, yet still Fez felt it clamped in place against the front of his face there, palm filling out with his nose and lips as they stretched and pulled and morphed out to the shape of a lupine muzzle, long and broad.

The strangest part was how his *senses* changed and adapted too, every nerve in his body firing off at once as these changes yanked at his muscles and flesh and settled into place. Suddenly he could pick up his own arousal as well as Erik's familiar musk, more than just from where it had smeared along his nose and upper lip from earlier; those fingers dropped away from his face – his *muzzle* – and spread up and over his head, turning hair to fur, broadening his brow, realigning his ears and drawing them out to tall,

sensitive points. Again he swallowed, and gritted his teeth, and his fangs nearly bit straight through his tongue.

Erik leaned over to his other side again, gentle breaths pulsing with the rhythm of his thrusts tickling at Fez's suddenly hypersensitive ears. "How's that?" he purred, paws running down his sides and spreading the changes there as well: one went down underneath Fez's body to wrap around his length while the other tapped at the base of his spine, coaxing out a lump that would soon take shape as a rudimentary tail. "Feeling better?"

The half-wolf rumbled and growled in his throat, senses and feelings overloading. He jerked forward and back, squeezed and shuddered and tightened all at the same time – and as Erik's guiding paw grazed back and forth over his hard cock, the sensation was nearly too much to handle. He let out a yip, and a yelp, and a bark, and jerked forward, and felt his progress stopped at the base of the leopard-fox's clenched paw. Fez shuddered and bucked, and did so again, and couldn't stop as the peak of his pleasure thrummed through him, the contours of his shaft having changed and shifted to take on the shape of the wolf's cock that now truly belonged to him, knot swelling, throbbing, pulsing as he emptied out across the mattress – but still Erik wasn't done: with Fez now keeping himself propped up on his hands, his *paws*, the hybrid's continued down to rub and massage at his pulsing sack, coating the loose skin in soft fur and spreading it down and over the rest of his body.

Fez's tail, new and fresh yet feeling as though it had always been there, swayed and wagged and thwapped against his partner's broad body behind him, Erik buried up to his own knot against his tailhole. Still panting and shivering, the new wolf tried to rest his forehead against the pillow, grunted as his muzzle got in the way, and turned his head to the side instead. He chuckled softly, licked at his dry lips, and moaned; the wagging of his tail meant that he couldn't help but wriggle his rump around his partner's buried shaft, which just put *more* pressure on him, which made him tingle all over again in the remnants of both his orgasm and his change.

Again Erik leaned over him, a satisfied smile on his face. "Better?"

At first Fez was unsure if his voice would work, and if so, what it would sound like. He nodded, licked his lips, and tried: "Yeah," he managed. "This is."

They weren't done yet, though. Erik still needed to finish – in more ways than one.

22. Transformation – human to feral

Ra'Zim

The dice clattered across the table, bounced off the back of the board, and came back, each one spreading out at a different angle, rolling on an edge... falling on a face, and striking right through Zim's heart. One after another, the first instilling that shock in his chest and then each one afterwards driving it deeper and deeper. And to think it had all started off *so well*.

The striped hyena across the table, cloaked in silk and velvet brightly colored against his cinnamon-mocha fur, smirked and leaned over to peer across the faces. His lips shifted as he silently counted up the total, then compared those to his own... and then, the final hammerblow knocking the stake into place, he flashed a bright, hungry grin up at Zim across from him, green eyes glittering in the dim light.

“Looks like I win.” All around him stood the stacks of things that the gambler had bet throughout these last several rounds, each time far more desperate than he had been willing to admit. The formidable piles of chips he had won prior in the night, a few of the bits of jewelry that had previously hung around his neck or his wrist, his jacket, literally his shirt off his back... he shivered and wrapped his arms around himself, suddenly feeling a lot colder than he had before that last throw. “You know what that means.”

“Well, just – wait a second.” He held up a hand to protest, though already noticed the consequences of this last bet sinking into place: pale nails stretching out and tightening into short, thick claws, the flesh underneath darkening to a smooth chocolate-brown that quickly spread out and over his skin as well, soft hairs flattening, thickening, bushing out into a short yet dense pelt. “Hang on now! I can still...”

“You cannot.” The hyena tilted his head, eyes flashing bright in the lights from overhead. All around the other gamblers continued with their games, laughing and jeering at one another, occasionally cursing or grumbling with their defeats. Not a single one of them paid any attention to Zim’s plight. “The rules are rules, and a bet is a bet. You were the one to place these stakes; now it’s time for me to collect.” With one paw he reached forward and scooped the dice back into his own cup, and then with the other he pointed a finger, twisted it around as though stirring a cloud in the air, and...

And Zim felt his spine arch and tighten as well, then gritted his teeth against the grating, the pulling and tugging, the wrenching. His body moved against his will and accord, muscles simultaneously tightening and coiling, nerves all firing off like so many impacts across his body. He grunted, gripped at the edge of the table, and gritted his teeth again, trying to keep his jaw forced shut against the fangs that began to sharpen shift into place out of his teeth.

“Wait!” he said. “I wasn’t serious about that, I was – j... I w... *ah-...*”

His mouth refused to work and respond as he knew it could. His lips felt loose and limp, and no matter how he tried to continue with his reasoning, the syllables just wouldn’t come. The not-quite-human held on as much as he could, until his hands shrinking into little paws slid free from the lacquered edge of the table, short yet sharp claws cutting little lines in the wood beneath. A noise escaped his throat and parted lips, at once sounding like a cry of surprise from the body he used to inhabit as well as the sharper, shorter bark of what he was quickly becoming.

His knees bent and angled underneath him, the deep, resounding discomfort echoing up and through him as it went. Suddenly his clothing felt far too tight, and then again far too loose – and then even less comfortable as the fur continued to spread out across his skin, brushing and grating and chafing against denim and cotton and everything else, shirt draping loose around him as his body continued to change and shrink and shift. Zim’s ears, far more sensitive than they had been as a human, picked up every little detail in the room around him from the conversations of the other gamblers, suddenly a mishmash of nonsense syllables and sounds instead of distinct and recognizable words, to the clatter of dice on the tables, the rhythmic clicking of the fans overhead, the distant hum of the air conditioning throughout the facility... and, finally, the slow, steady footsteps of this striped hyena as he stepped around the table, long trails of his silk cloak billowing and flowing around him like a fabric woven of water.

For a while Zim got lost in the loose folds of close that no longer fit him, now more just obstacles wrapped around in a pile atop his new body. Still the transformation shocked through him and yanked him around, at once arching his back and then flattening it straight, arms close to his body like the little forelegs of some smaller creature, legs beneath him wrapping up and coming forward, shoes left side by

side near the legs of his pants as his feet had drawn up and out, first bulging out and then pinching in to form little mustelid footpaws.

The strangest part was the sensation of little webbings growing between his fingers and toes, but by now Zim, no longer human, lacked the presence of mind to consciously realize it. The small creature burrowed in and around the tangles of clothing and then finally poked his nose free, seeing the world from new eyes at a new angle. He reared back in surprise as the hyena crouched down near him, then came forward to sniff at the gently proffered paw.

"All you had left," the dealer rumbled. The marten scampered up into his palm and then climbed up along shoulders, claws clinging comfortably in along the silk fabric. "Was your humanity. And that's mine now, too – along with everything else of yours." He leaned in, grinned, and lightly poked a fingerpad against the creature's nose. "Including *yourself*."

23. Transformation – human to feral

Ra'Zim

The dust began to slowly settle, lingering crackles of energy still swirling about in the air between the two. The human and the fox stood several paces apart from one another – or, at least, the human still stood: he remained where he was, stance wide and arm out as he waited for the smoke to clear, anticipation and excitement trembling through his body. The rules of the duel were simple: each could use the full arsenal of their abilities, provided their spells not be aimed to intentionally wound or maim, and then that the first to drop their wand would pose as the loser. The consequences of this loss were to be determined upon resolution.

Zim squinted as he tried to work through the smoke. Something was wrong. His opponent was taking far too long for any retaliation or escape, and – as if on cue, his reflexes firing a second too late, a bright flash of light from near his foot and a searing warmth across his outstretched hand and arm caught him by surprise. He swung around in time to see the fur and claws starting to sprout from that arm, the hand at the end rather quickly shifting into another animal's paw, as the force of his opponent's magic surged into him and through his body.

The human grunted and clutched that arm close to him, making sure to still retain his grip on his wand as he did so. The smoke before him billowed, split down the middle, and cleared as though divided by two falling curtains, and there crouched his opponent with a smirk on his muzzle and the remnant circle of his spell still glowing on the ground before him. The fox grinned brightly and winked.

"Gotcha."

Zim grunted again, squeezing his fingers shut against the swirling sensation of that magic pouring through him. "Not yet!" he shouted back. "I've still got mine, and I just... you caught me off guard, and I need to..."

Control the magic as it goes through. It's all give and take. I just need to get this under control, and... he could feel it trying to pour through him, the faint uncomfortable tickle of nerves and muscles twitching and tightening and shifting as it crept up his arm towards his elbow. The human closed his eyes, took in a breath, let it out, isolated the feeling of that forced transformation in his arm, brought on by so much

feral energy dumping into him all at once – and then jerked and staggered as another bolt of the same energy jolted across the side of his head, flashing his hair to one side and searing his ear.

Yet again caught off guard, balance upset and mindset skewed, his legs went out from under him and he fell back, with his wand clattering to the ground from a loosened fist. Still his fingers twitched, his other hand – or, *paw* – flexing and relaxing against his own will as the magic continued to move and spread. Footsteps started to approach, and when he finally managed to lift himself up the first thing he noticed was the fox coming towards him, paws on his waist and a triumphant grin on his muzzle.

“Told you,” he said. “I win. For real this time.”

For the moment, though, that didn’t matter to Zim so much as the consequences did. Shocked and surprised as he was, already he worked at forcing himself back into that void of concentration and strength to wrangle and control the unexpected spell. His paw, fur spreading up past his elbow and skin and muscles changing and redirecting to take on the shape of an animal’s, continued to tickle and distract him – and the more he sat there trying to focus himself, the harder it became, what with the new seed of that change sprouting along the side of his head. He grunted and grimaced as his ear stretched out, shifted, and morphed as well, the cartilage and skin nearly liquefying and reshaping into its taller, broader counterpart.

This was getting dangerous. Despite his pounding heart Zim still forced himself to keep track of his breathing, and to maintain a constant awareness of the rest of his body as well – even as the front of his face clicked and cracked and melded as well, nose sliding up and back against his skull before it began to draw right back out atop a short snout, steadily growing into a longer muzzle. *I already know, he resolved, that most of my body is a lost cause.* He flexed first one hand, and then his other paw. The tingling over there had almost completely stopped, as the transformation had run its course up to his shoulder. *I need to focus to keep the spell out of my mind, or else – knowing him – he’ll have me changed completely... into...*

The thoughts began to slip away as well, and though he continued to swirl himself deeper into his concentration, it still began to feel like grasping at sand as it poured between the fur of his fingers. Again and again his body, his back, his nose, his legs twitched and jerked as the freshly rewired nerves jolted and fired off, reacting and reshaping to a different body plan and slightly altered arrangement. His grunts became growls, and when he tried to gasp and let out a noise of frustration all that trickled from between his lips was a sharp little yip.

The pressure of the change forced him forward, fangs gritted, and onto all fours. His back arched, his chest tightened, the growl continued and sharpened – and suddenly there was a tug at the base of his back, at his *tail*, as the other fox took hold and swept him up, slowly and carefully at first. As he left the ground Zim felt the proportions of his body change as well, his clothing smoothly falling away and off of the form that they no longer fit.

Still holding him upside down by the tail, his opponent let him swing slowly around to face him. Zim barked at that face and scrabbled at the open air, trying to find purchase where there was none.

“With that,” the other fox mused, “I do believe our duel is complete. You should have known what you were getting into, Zim. Besides...” He crouched down again and set the feral back down atop the pile of clothes that were, simply, no longer his. That grin flashed again.

"I think you're cuter as a fennec, anyhow."

24. Transformation – human to feral

RedFox

Edward sighed and dropped his head into his hand, trying his very best to focus in this damned meeting yet still so unable to. For once it really wasn't *his* fault – there his phone went gain, vibrating where he had dropped it into his lap, and then again just a moment later. Even so, though, no annoyance came through with these distractions. He was quite glad for them, and quite interested as well.

But he did need to *look* like he at least cared about the meeting. He glanced up to the robot eye of the webcam as it watched him, projecting everything he did back with a second and a half delay onto his little corner of the screen there. These things could be so disconcerting since no matter where everyone else looked on their own screen, it always without fail as though they were peering straight at *him*. This was bad on its own, but even worse every time he glanced down, tapped in his passcode, and opened the new messages, and then immediately felt his face warm in a blush and, just a bit, his pants tighten as well.

"*Can't wait for you to get home,*" the first message said. He and Annie usually texted back and forth during their work days, just since it felt odd to spend a day apart. She had today off while he didn't, which left her back home enjoying her time... all spent teasing *him*, of course. It was no secret between the two of them, especially after so long spent together, but Annie experienced a bit of a *complication* whenever the mood hit her.

This so-called complication often resulted in Edward's fingers running through short, thick fur when he tugged her down on top of him in bed. It led to deep, connected kisses turning to wet, sloppy messes, her human lips shifting and tugging back into the looser folds of a feral dog's, tongue broadening and flattening as it swirled and slurped over his own; it led to her breaths sharpening across his face, coming and going fast and hard as she continued to transform atop him, the process spurred on by his touches and his interest.

She had always said that *that* was a hell of an ego boost, too – the fact that Edward didn't mind, and even enjoyed it. Their first time had been shy and unsure and nervous because of this complication, but he had held her close and gone along with the changes and still treated her just the same, until he shivered and shook on top of her and she let out a breathy bark of a moan. Then one thing after another, and just as he found out what it was that could make certain parts of her change at any given time, she had started to learn how to make him squirm just the same.

He flipped through to the next message that had come in, and immediately had to adjust how he sat. The past twenty or so minutes Annie had spent at home lounging back in bed, sending him teasing messages and little snapshots at what was going on. It certainly looked as though she were enjoying herself, too: there had been a quick four-second clip of her running her hand down along her bare thigh, leaving trails of thick chocolate-mocha fur sprouting where she went. Then another short video of her stirring her feet beneath the blankets, only to then swipe them away and show he shapely, rounded footpaws instead.

A selfie taken with her on her belly and the phone held up over her shoulder, showing that she had already taken off her bra and was literally just waiting for him to come home, smooth skin of her back angling down towards the shepherd's tail that swung and flicked at the base of her spine.

"Edward? Hey, Ed."

He jumped and looked back up to the meeting. This time it *really* felt as though everyone was watching him, and when he peered through the main document he realized that they were indeed waiting on his part.

"Oh, right. I'm sorry, my phone was... right."

As he went through his portion, a fairly skeletal overview and plan for the next few weeks of what would be happening up here at work. Throughout his part of the presentation, though, he was kept quite aware of the continued vibrating of his phone, a good three or four times – so that when he finally finished his portion, sighed, and sat back, the first thing he did was wait another few minutes, to make it look like he wasn't as distracted as he really was.

Then, though, he glanced down, again put in his passcode... and then swallowed, thumbing through the texts and the associated images and videos. At some point Annie would have become unable to continue holding her phone, as when she was ready to go she fully took on her other form, feral German shepherd head to toe. At least one hand had already made the change into a paw, complete with claws and pads and everything, and the next video showed her running that paw down her front and between her legs, for a moment hiding what previously would have remained caught beneath the fabric of her panties, were she still wearing any.

He could feel his interest and arousal grow as he watched that clip, and specifically as the center fingers of her paw lifted up over whatever it was she had there. A slight spread, a gentle pull away, a quick tilt of her paw to the side – and then just barely a flash of plump, wet black flesh protruding from her body before the clip finished. Luckily though, it froze on the last frame, which allowed Edward to pinch and zoom in, and... he sighed softly, and glanced up to the clock for the seventh time since the meeting had begun.

Physically, *every* part of Annie changed to what was proper for her as a dog. Even though Edward was lucky enough to experience all of her nearly every day, still he found that he just couldn't wait to come home tonight.

25. Transformation - species

Laika

Laika shivered and arched his back in response to the sensations and feelings arcing through his body, almost all of his nerves firing off at once as skin stretched, muscles tightened, fur spread out and smoothed down and shifted. Quite a situation had been set up for him here: nothing held him bound in place on his knees here other than his own interest, desire, and arousal, and the various full-length mirrors stood up around him afforded the cat a good view at nearly every angle of his body that he might want, just by turning his head this way or that.

Or, at least, he had started off as a cat. The hyena before him – he *thought* it was a hyena – stood some ways off, clad in smooth flowing olive-green silk as he watched the process before him. Laika had first been brought in in a bit of a daze, then told to strip naked and drop to his knees – so, of course, he obeyed. Then he had felt his head tilted back and a thick, pungent liquid dribbled between his lips and across his tongue, and the hyena stepped back, waved an arm, and... and then it had all begun.

Again the not-quite-feline shivered and shook, head tilting back as something deep in his spine twinged, tweaked, and then shifted and cracked into a different place. His tail jutted out and lashed behind him, then felt as though it started to curl in on itself – and when he looked over at the mirror standing to his right he saw that this was indeed the case, with the joints and bones melding and twisting together, folding back while the fur remained suspended in place, drawing out into the longer, wispiest hairs of a different type. The change echoed up from that point there as well, again forcing him forward and down to brace his paws against the carpeted ground beneath him.

“Hah...” he breathed, and gritted his teeth – and then shivered and felt that exhalation turn into something reminiscent of a pleased moan. Laika could *feel* the change as it rippled through his lower body, sinking down into soft fur and flesh and vibrating, reverberating, expanding. He swallowed yet again and turned his head the other way, watching the changes in the mirror as they took place on his body: his new tail, shorter and brushier, lashed and flung – and the tingling coming from underneath the base was nearly enough to make him jerk and buck in place, soft warm tickling all across the pucker of his tailhole. A certain pressure joined in as well, quite unlike anything he was used to: he shivered, bit into his lip, adjusted his stance, and then leaned forward again, as he started to feel his rump grow and press out against his ankles, lifting him up, hiking his rear end further into the air beneath its own mass.

There was more to that change, though, still continuing even as the shape of his legs, his arms, his chest continued as well. Smooth, pert cheeks suddenly puffing and bulging out with soft weight and warmth squeezed in along his tailhole – and then just as quickly began to part again. What an odd feeling *that* was, plush humid warmth pulling apart at the insistence of what stirred between, the half-horse’s tailhole pulsing, bulging, *ballooning* out... Laika again turned to face the mirror over his shoulder and reached back, the shapes of his fingers and paws adjusting and changing, claws fully retracting and disappearing, to spread himself further.

Sure enough, what had begun as a smooth, tight pucker now bulged and hung out as a thick, dense ring of muscle wrapped and coated in wrinkled, leathery skin, shimmering and glistening faintly with gathered warmth and humidity. He shuddered, swallowed, let out another sigh – his voice had altered a little bit too, more in the timbre than the pitch – and intentionally clenched, enough to watch that protruding ring pucker, tighten, and then pull up towards the base of his tail, bringing with it the smooth bulge that would lead down to his sack between his thighs.

Those, too, he had to spread a bit, flesh continuing to grow and expand, comfortably softness spreading where almost nothing other than muscle and bone had strung before. Laika shuddered again, glanced up at the hyena as he watched, and then buckled down with his hands on his knees again: with his tailhole still tingling and tickling, his sack and sheath had begun to undergo a similar change, pouching out, swelling up, growing further. The fur and skin of his feline sheath first retracted and settled in, then bulged and slid back out, fur retreating, skin thickening and moistening; his barbed shaft inside pushed and grew out, those soft little spikes flattening out, centralizing along the middle of his length, coming together to form the telltale medial ring.

Arousal lanced tightly through him, yet again arching his back and sending him bolt upright. At an angle like this he could *feel* his protruding donut of a tailhole squeezed into place between his rump like a pair of pursed lips, and his suddenly much longer, much thicker equine shaft throbbed and slapped up against his chest and belly, the latter of these swelling and drooping out much more than it had before. With hands no longer belonging to a simple feline, he reached in and squished his fingers into that pouched weight, grabbing easily at handfuls of silken pelt, smooth skin, and soft chub underneath, all the while his thick barrel-like shaft twitched, throbbed, bounced against his protruding belly, the originally tapered head of it smoothing out and flattening back, broadening out, *flaring* right here so close to his extended snout, sensitivity of his nose dulled a bit yet still there

The horse shivered and jerked in place, having to keep his head tilted one way so he didn't headbutt his own twitching shaft as the transformation echoed back and out through him and then fizzled away, leaving just a faint tingling in every part of his body. He wrapped his arms around himself, ran his fingers up over his belly and shaft and balls, reached back to slide three fingers along the still-protruding pucker of his tailhole, felt the skin and thick muscle tighten and pull and part...

Laika swallowed again and looked up at the hooded hyena before him, a satisfied smirk on that hidden muzzle. The horse breathed a shivering sigh.

"More. *Please.*"

That smirk faltered and disappeared, giving way to shock and confusion. Laika curled his tongue out over his equine snout.

"You can't just stop there! Come on..." He blinked and turned his head as his shaft bounced and flared against his chin and cheek again. "Please."

That half-hidden mouth curled down into a frown, then quirked up again. The hyena started to raise his paws towards the horse kneeling here before him.