

The cell was eight by eight feet and, Kurst had to admit, pretty comfortable. If it wasn't for the fact it was in the private jail of the Big Pharma start-up Benevolence, tucked deep in its Massachusetts complex's bowels, he'd be sorely tempted to rent it out as a house. The bed was firm, the toilet worked, there was air conditioning. Kurst was, if nothing else, an opportunist, and he saw the positives to situations when he could stand it.

Pacing from wall to wall, Kurst rolled the last few hours over in his head. The plan laid out to him was to sneak into Benevolence's compound and steal some experimental medicine, maybe a few bits of technology for himself, and be out before a single strand of fur fell off his body. The facility map, door codes, even a voice box to get past vocal locks--these were all supplied to him by his employer, who never named themselves but Kurst's gut inkling was it being a rival pharmaceutical company.

At his current hide-out, a derelict movie theatre just outside Cambridge, Kurst attached the usual gear to his person: a stun pistol, a small pack of explosive putty, and his modified Google Glass. He drove to the tree-lined outskirts of the Benevolence compound, parked in a dense grove, and prowled the perimeter until he came upon the maintenance hatch he'd be using for entry. From the level of information his map had on it, whoever hired Kurst had a mole.

Getting inside wasn't hard. Getting to the appropriate wing of the facility wasn't hard, either. What tripped Kurst up was the smallest bit of faulty information. A bad computer password tripped every alarm in the Benevolence complex, and as Kurst attempted to mash buttons for an off code, the Benevolence security teams descended upon him with viciousness. Their paramilitary training was clear, and Kurst's stun pistol had little to no effect. He was cuffed and manhandled into submission in no time.

Stripped to his underclothes, Kurst was thrown into the very same cell he was in now. For the first hour of his lock-up, he prowled the edge of the cubicle, testing the strength of the bars and trying to break every piece of equipment inside of his cell. The lock-up was well-built though, and not even his most aggressive acts of strength proved brutal enough to make a dent in the metal.

Collapsing onto the bed, Kurst drifted into a twilight sleep for a handful of hours, woken up intermittently by a guard banging on the bars, or once actually just sliding him food. It consisted of not-unpalatable Salisbury steak and instant potatoes.

*You know,* Kurst thought to himself as he licked the gravy out of the shallow metal tray, *this isn't the worst place to be locked up.*

*"So, an intruder?"*

*"Yes, Sir. Around three-thirty in the morning, attempting to hack into the computer system. No harm to security."*

*"Good, that's what I want to hear. Specs?"*

*"Male, mid-twenties, coyote. Seems like a professional, outfitted with appropriate gear. He's been quiet."*

*"Compliant, or complacent. Or just dumb. Is he still in holding?"*

*"Yes, Sir. No one but the security team knows he's there. We didn't think you'd want us to involve local authorities."*

*"Perfect intuition, perfect. We'll be dealing with him shortly, then. I'll need one of our theatres set up; also, have Sylvia call up Odell, I think her skills are appropriate."*

*"Yes, Sir. Odell, theatre, got it."*

*"Very good. Now, go, before I get tired of your presence."*

"Oi! Wakey wakey!"

The burly bison of a guard thumped the butt of his baton against Kurst's cell bars, the blunt and intense clanging ringing through the lock-up. Kurst jerked awake, skittering out of his bed in a toga of sheets. His ears flattened back against his head at the sudden arousal, while the bison let out a big laugh.

"Don't I have the right to a fair wake-up?"

"No, Julius. Now stop bitching, you're wanted." The guard knocked the bars again to punctuate his sentence before flagging two fingers for Kurst to approach. Once close enough, Kurst's wrists were jerked through a small gap in the cell. Kurst read the name on the guard's badge off out loud.

"Mattus."

"That's my name, don't fucking use it," Mattus barked while locking cuffs around Kurst's wrists. The door slid open, and Mattus tugged at his ward's chained arms. Kurst stumbled forward, out and into the main space of the lock-up.

"Walk, chump." Mattus prodded Kurst forward with the baton.

There was a nibble at Kurst's brain that he should try and fight. He wasn't a bad scrapper, he could take Mattus one-on-one. But just inside the exit, two more heavily-armed guards watched Kurst's march to the door. He quickly calculated the possibility of taking down all three before being shot through the stomach: *zero-point-fuck-no percent*.

The Benevolence compound didn't look much different during the day, considering it was mostly windowless. It was drenched in fluorescent lighting, cold and white. A few employees bustled about in the hallways outside the lock-up, none of them paying Kurst or his keepers any mind.

"Say, what time is it?" Kurst said to all the guards at the same time. Mattus whapped Kurst on the shoulder with his baton, clearly not wanting the captive to talk. He still looked at his watch, though.

"Ten a.m. You had a busy night, bucko."

"Yeah, I did, didn't I," was all Kurst could manage. He wanted to laugh, with his cuffed hands and throbbing shoulder, but he wasn't exactly all that frightened. While right now he was outgunned and outnumbered (those rifles never look more dangerous than when they're a foot away from your face), there would be a moment where the odds would shift in Kurst's favor. Kurst had a nose for that situation, he could smell it approaching.

A cheery bell filled the immediate hallway, and Kurst was shoved into a small elevator. Slammed to the back wall, Mattus flanked his right, while the other guards filled in left and front. Kurst could feel a grin tugging at his lips as the doors slid closed and the frontmost guard jammed a few buttons into the keypad. *An elevator*, Kurst thought, *is a dangerous place to protect with guns*.

Not more than five seconds after the elevator door shut, Kurst turned to his left and, with a sharp knock, cracked skulls with Mattus. The guard crumpled like a sandbag off its tether, forcing a small chuckle from Kurst. His mother always had said he had a hard head, but Kurst was glad it did something for him for once. Now with Mattus down, the other two would be easier to deal with.

The two armed guards turned on Kurst, but Kurst used the momentary confusion to ram his body into the right guard, driving his shoulder up into the guard's sternum. There was a sick crack, and before the man crumpled, Kurst looped his chained wrists around the rifle and slid back to get a hand on the trigger. Aiming it to the final guard, who he could only see was something feline from the tail standing on end, Kurst moved slowly around the elevator until his back was near the door.

"You wanna undo me, mate? It's been a treat but I'm gonna need to get out of here."

"I'll...I'll shoot you if you keep moving! Bennie, you okay?"

"Oi, no talking. Now you grab those keys and get me out of these manacles, if you please? Yeah?"

The guard hesitated. Kurst, unlike his captors, was not afraid to shoot inside an elevator, so he turned the barrel up to the light above the final guard and shot quick, the glass showering down over the tense feline. The guard made a sharp, breathy noise as the box became just the smallest bit darker.

Realizing they very well could be shot, the free guard did as they were told. Grabbing the keys from Mattus' belt, they moved shakily to undo the cuffs from Kurst's wrists. With a small chuckle, Kurst nodded to the guard.

"Thank you kindly. Think you need a nap, too, though."

With his hands free, Kurst drove the butt of his rifle sharply into the guard's solar plexus and slammed them back against the wall. Even with the helmet, Kurst could hear that head rattling around. With three unconscious guards coating the floor, Kurst kicked at one of them with a booted foot and clicked his tongue.

"Weak! They don't make 'em like they used to."

Not one to deny his nature, Kurst began to pillage the unconscious bodies. He searched for wallets, keys, anything of use to him; he ended up with a few hundred dollars from Mattus' pocket. Kurst didn't process the slowing movement in the elevator, nor the near-silent opening of the door. All he cared about currently was flicking through the money.

It was as he finally rose to his feet that Kurst felt a sharp jab into his neck. He let out a little squelch of a noise and went limp immediately. The last thing Kurst felt before going unconscious was a liquid warmth in his neck.

"Ugh. Terrible, these vermin. Take him to the operating theatre, and clean up this mess. I want them all reprimanded."

"Yes, Sir."

"That is all."

Kurst came to with bright light in his eyes. He attempted to vocalize, but all that rose from his throat was a strained breath. His sight adjusted slowly, but for a good while all he saw was blurry shapes--two of them, exactly. One with lapine ears, the other always in passing: left

to right, right to left. The room smelled cold and clean, the sharp tang of disinfectant attacking his nose.

"He's awake. Beautiful!" came a bright voice, the kind you'd hear on a blonde bombshell from classic film. There was a sharp rap against Kurst's middle, which brought the world into sharp focus quickly. He coughed once, and got a good look at his predicament.

The room was, effectively, a very modern operating theatre. Circular, with one exit, and a wall of smoky glass that went vertical for one and a half stories before curling into a dome. Kurst moved to get a better look around, but found himself strapped down with broad metal bands across his shoulders, waist, and knees.

"What the--hey! Where am I? Let me go!" he yelped, writhing hard against his bindings.

"Those are supremely strong words from a violent trespasser," curled a dark voice. The shadow with the vertical ears walked back into view, a medical-white rabbit with pink eyes. His body was slim, athletic, wrapped up in a tight grey suit with a pink necktie. There was a pin on his lapel, Benevolence's logo--a B and a P forming a heart. He leaned close to Kurst, and flicked the captive man's nose.

"Then again, I'd expect nothing less," he sneered. "I'm sure you did your research on us before arrival, but in case you're as stupid as you are clumsy, I'll do the introductions. I am Declan Mayweather, lead researcher and majority shareholder in Benevolence Pharmaceuticals. And you, miscreant, are in one of my private testing chambers."

Kurst started to speak, but that second shadow came back into view. A ginger cat with strawberry blonde, finger-curved hair bounced up on Kurst's other side, and extracted a large ampoule of a grey-blue liquid from her lab coat pocket. She inserted it into a syringe, which then was slid up a cannula set in Kurst's right inner elbow. Kurst cringed, while the doctor made a gleeful little noise.

"And this is our finest lab tech, Dr. Valentine Odell. Say hello, Odell."

"Hello, Odell!" she chirped, while wiping the tip of her syringe off with a disinfectant tissue. Kurst struggled at his bindings more, even as his muscles grew heavy and tingly. It was the same feeling one got after a sleeping limb began to wake up: the staticky, thousand-pins feeling.

"The *hell* is this. The *hell* are you doing to me? I have rights, you know! All criminals have rights, basic human rights! I'll call Amnesty International!" Kurst yapped out.

"And do what? Tell them you broke into a multi-billion dollar Big Pharma company's compound to steal prototypes? What do you think you'll get out of that? You'll still be tried as a criminal and thrown in the dankest, darkest, most depressing prison cell this side of the old Bastille," Mayweather snapped, seemingly uninterested in Kurst's uproar. He perched himself on a tall stool of white leather and chrome and folded his hands in his lap.

"No, Mister...well, we never found out *your* name, did we? Doesn't matter a lick to me. Regardless, what I have for you is a very specific proposal, and you have a microscopic amount of wiggle room in this."

Kurst's eyes narrowed as he stared Mayweather down, baring his teeth a bit. His ears were flat back against his head, all signs of attack mode. Still, Kurst didn't have much in the way of attacks to give, so he merely snarled.

"Not going to conversate then? Fine, I'll have to do all the talking--typical," Mayweather scoffed, taking a second to smooth a crease out of his pants. "You are going to be a test subject for us. If you comply, we'll let you go and forget this whole dirty mess. If you don't, we'll still use you as a test subject, but then we'll throw you at the mercy of the most corrupt, greasy-palmed judge we can find. We'll make sure you get the harshest sentences, in the worst prison, and we'll all forget about you."

Kurst's snarling abated. His muscles, still numb, worked against his bindings even now, even as Mayweather threatened him. Still, the idea of getting out of this situation scot-free *was* tempting. Rolling his head this way and that, Kurst stared straight up, mouth drawn thin-lipped.

"No charges? All I have to do is be a guinea pig?"

Kurst turned to see Mayweather smile without his eyes, which set Kurst's body on alert. The man in the suit waved two fingers to Odell, who started shuffling things around on a mobile tray.

"That is all. I am a man of my word. Now, if you wouldn't mind opening your mouth for Dr. Odell, we can begin."

Kurst did as he was told, and Odell slid a tiny tube into that slacked maw. It was the size of a dentist's water pipe, but trickled out a thick, sweet fluid into Kurst's mouth. He swallowed it down instinctually while Dr. Odell giggled at his compliance. She lifted a plastic cup of pills to Kurst's mouth and dropped them down his open mouth. Doing his best to swallow them without chewing, Kurst succeeded in all but a particularly large one. He cracked it with his teeth and gulped each piece individually.

"Take a note," Dr. Odell said to her watch, which beeped in acknowledgement. "Drug 373 needs to be researched for possible minimization of size. Subject having trouble with current size. Note over." The watch double-beeped to end its recording, and Odell burbled out another giggle.

"You're doing very good, doggie!" the doctor fizzed as she bounded back to her work table. There was a softness filling up Kurst's throat, beyond the full body tingling, that had him twitching nervously. The sweet liquid dripping down his throat, filling up his belly, was so thick and milk-like in texture that he couldn't deny its appeal, despite being wary of its ultimate use.

"Dr. Odell's personality notwithstanding, her work is instrumental here at Benevolence. She's damn near tireless in her research--in fact, she's been chomping at the bit to find someone to test these drugs on," Mayweather breathed.

"Chomp chomp!" Odell chirped, her words echoing off the ceiling. Kurst's body was warming, only exacerbated by the coolness of the room. Mayweather seemed to smile at this knowingly, seeing the beading sweat on Kurst's forehead as a sign of progress. Kurst's chest started to rise and sink with more labored breathing, though he didn't feel heady or panicked. It was like his body needed extra oxygen, like it was fighting through some very sudden energy expenditure.

It took Kurst longer than anyone else in the room to notice anything on him changing. Mayweather's smile only seemed to break his face wider with each passing moment, while Dr. Odell kept whispering into her watch while observing Kurst. When it finally dawned on Kurst what was happening, though, he attempted to spit the tube out of his mouth--to little avail.

Between the metal bands over his shoulders and waist, which kept his arms tight to his sides, Kurst's flat chest was showing signs of growth. Kurst's body tensed up as he watched his chest rising upward, softening and growing weighty. It was nothing like two balloons inflating, but that was the only metaphor Kurst was able to come up with as he gazed at his burgeoning breasts. Barely A-cups at their current swelling, they were still no longer the flat pectorals Kurst had until mere moments ago, which made them intruders on his form.

"Dr. Odell, what exactly are we testing today? I forgot to inquire," Mayweather said in his cool temper. Mayweather, in fact, probably knew exactly what they were testing, but he wanted to rub it in his captive's face.

"Well, boss, the tube is a high-protein mixture we've been developing for any of our internal-to-external body modifications; after numerous tests, we realized bodies going through these changes needed the extra energy, the wax for the candle if you will. Then, the pills were, let me see," Odell mumbled as she fluttered some paper on a clipboard. "Right! Of course, one is a breast enhancement--we're aiming for a large C-cup. Another is a low-level genetic recoder, protein-plus-nanobots, that'll reshape the subject's genitalia. Then the third was a simple pigment changer, though we've been having trouble nailing colors with our new formula, so it seemed appropriate to test."

Kurst's brow grew wetter with sweat as he listened to Mayweather and Odell talk. Breasts? Genitalia? When Mayweather said 'test subject', he figured it'd be something for eczema or hair loss. Now he was facing down a full gender reassignment, and was finding it even less appealing. Kurst began to struggle full-force on his bindings, kicking his legs, tensing his fists up to bulge his arm muscles. Not even a small shift in those bands.

A warmth in Kurst's underwear keyed him into that second drug starting to work. While he couldn't see, he could feel things moving in ways he was not accustomed to, and it made him swallow heavily. His eyes scanned down his form, which was starting to gain a subtle patina, still more khaki than green. Even Kurst could perceive the changes now, though.

"Ah. None of our psychochemical drugs, Odell?"

"No. Those are all solidly tested, boss," Dr. Odell effervesced, her broad tail swaying in a lazy half-circle.

"Of course," Mayweather said, and turned his body back toward Kurst, a most devious grin plastered over his face. He was front-row center for this show, with Kurst's chest expanding before his very eyes. Those nipples, once small and masculine, were already swollen wide, areolas doubled in area. Snapping his fingers, Mayweather made a motion from Odell to Kurst's underwear.

"Divest him of those. I want to make sure it's all working."

Odell obeyed, grabbing surgical shears and slicing up each of Kurst's boxer legs. The cool metal made Kurst's thighs tense and tremble, his tail coiling up in an attempt to hide what might be revealed. Odell pushed that appendage down, and set to work tugging the underwear from Kurst's pelvis. She seemed incapable of not smiling, treating Kurst like a dress-up doll being given a new wardrobe.

Kurst's genitals were roughly halfway between male and female, his once-full package sliding up into his body, filling in that pelvic cavity. Kurst could feel this happening, he could feel the gentle movements between his legs as nanobots reformed the flesh. There was less and

less warmth pressing against his thighs, his sheath and sac disappearing second by second, centimeter by centimeter. And yet, through this change, through watching his chest swell with new fat past a moderate B-cup, Kurst had a small thought--he didn't *feel* any less male.

Clapping his hands together once, Mayweather made a soft sound in his throat and nodded at Kurst's full, changing glory.

"Odell, I would really like our friend here to remember us. Do we have any Proviva solution on-hand? I know it's been tested, but it wouldn't hurt to give it a final run in a human subject," Mayweather said with unbridled dark glee.

"Proviva, yes, I'll be right back with it, boss!" Odell skittered from the room, leaving Kurst and Mayweather alone. Mayweather rose and slithered up to Kurst, putting a hand on the underside of his captive's growing bust, stroking northward and flicking a finger at that swollen nipple. It hardened immediately, and Kurst involuntarily moaned from somewhere deep inside. It seemed that Kurst's voice remained untouched, too.

"We've been working many long years on developing medical technology and pharmaceuticals to help those with body dysmorphia--it's an underdeveloped market, you know. And here you stumble into our midsts, paid off by one of our rivals? I couldn't pass the opportunity up." Mayweather grinned, and in that moment, Kurst knew he had been had. Kurst tried to spit some of that sweet solution at Mayweather, but his mouth didn't comply.

"Think of it--you're part of a very important study. You'll help so many with your contribution," Mayweather laughed, and pinched Kurst's swollen nipple, which now was a deep emerald green. A little bead of white milk bubbled up from its tip, and Kurst moaned despite his predicament. Mayweather tugged and twisted again, causing more milk to dribble forth, dripping down Kurst's areola. Kurst shook his head back and forth mutely, but Mayweather ignored his gormless protest. Growing bored quickly of this game, Mayweather just patted the side of that swelling breast, far past the purported C-cup by now.

Mayweather's hand moved southward, brushing a quick path along Kurst's flank and thigh. With no shame in his face, the researcher placed his fingers over that mostly-formed slit between Kurst's legs. Mayweather's face twisted into a smirk as his thumb brushed what used to be Kurst's cocktip, now a nerve-heavy clit. A shock of silver-white pleasure rippled up Kurst's spine before exploding in his brain, causing him to release a toe-curling moan.

"Good boy. Once Odell gets back, we'll finish this little test up. I'd say it was a complete success."

Indeed, Kurst's fur was a dusty sage with small flecks of seafoam, while all the visible flesh was the same emerald as his milk-dribbling nipple. Kurst panted, head rocking side to side with the barrage of new feelings in his body. His chest was heavy, breasts still swelling, having jumped past natural sizes to the low end of massive. This continued growth only made Mayweather smile wider.

The gentle hissing of the automatic door meant Odell was back. She carried with her a propane tank with attached hose, both the same clinical white Mayweather was fond of. The end of the hose had a pink attachment, shaped gratuitously like a dick. Odell dropped the tank next to Kurst and, with little warning, jammed the silicone male end into Kurst's new vagina.

"Curious, his chest is far beyond what was coded," Odell commented, serious for the briefest of moments.

"It doesn't matter. We'll tweak the drug later," Mayweather said flippantly.

Kurst grinded down against the dildo in his snatch, letting out a truly massive moan. Being his first experience being penetrated in such a way, his reaction wasn't much of a shock. Toes and fingers curled, ears flattened, tail hid itself behind one of Kurst's legs. He howled and knocked his head back against the metal table. Mayweather laughed.

"She likes it, it seems. Go ahead, doctor. Give her your fancy."

Odell clapped her hands gleefully and turned a gasket on the tank. The hose locked up with tension as cool, pressurized gel began to pump itself up and into Kurst's bits. All at once there was a great pressure in his lower belly, and he let another moan out as it did not abate, but only grew in intensity.

"Don't fill him up too much. I want our new mother to experience the joys of pregnancy, all nine months worth," Mayweather said.

"Got it, boss. Just enough gel to get him through four full pregnancy cycles. Then he'll have to find a guy to knock him up," Odell chirped back, and only let the gel fill up Kurst far enough to give him the slightest baby bump. If one was talking months, this would be the far end of two--he was barely showing. Turning the gasket backward, the gel stopped its march upward into Kurst's body.

Odell extracted the dongle with ease, only to replace it with a plug of the same size, attached to nothing. Kurst was at his breaking point, and even the smallest bits of pleasure against his new, sensitive organs made him writhe pleasurably. In fact, quite before he knew what was happening, Kurst's thighs and pelvis tensed, and from his mouth came the most exquisite moan. It was so loud and fulfilling that Mayweather clapped his hands in joy.

"Our subject has had her first orgasm. Bravo!"

Kurst kept rolling his hips even as juices dribbled from his slit, even as the low rumbling of orgasm in his mind kept hold. He was lost to the pleasure for the time being, not used to feeling ready and raring to go even after blowing a load.

"Tch, poor thing, tuckering herself out. I'd say this all went well, don't you, Dr. Odell?" Mayweather said as he stood up, smoothing his jacket out once more.

"There are a few tweaks to work out--he was supposed to be pink," Odell said, for once grumpy.

"Regardless. Have him escorted to his car, have this room cleaned up." Mayweather waved a hand, and left the room.

"Yes, boss. I'll get right on that," Odell sang, never one to be dour for long.

"What a fucked up dream...."

Kurst moaned raggedly as his eyes opened on the afternoon sun. He was sitting in his car, that was for sure--it smelled like him, and had his steering wheel cover. For a brief, blissful moment, Kurst really thought the day's events were just that--a dream. That is, until he looked down and saw his expansive bust covered in a tenuous black scrub top.

"Aw, goddamn it!" he said, putting his hands on those hefty tits now gracing his torso. Kurst manhandled them for a moment, making the pleasant mistake of rubbing fingers over his nipples. That made him moan softly, ears perking up at the sensation. Recognizing their realness, Kurst had to check one other thing.



Slipping his hands down, Kurst put his fingers on his stomach and pushed. It was very clear there was something tense and taut inside of his lower abdomen, and a quick hand in those black scrub bottoms told him he did, in fact, have a pussy now, and it was filled with...something. From the way Mayweather and Odell had spoken, Kurst was going to experience the act of giving birth. It was a frightening situation he was faced with, since in his head, Kurst was still Kurst, male opportunist. He reached up to his car visor, flipping it down to expose the mirror.

Kurst stared at his still-masculine face in the mirror. He had a day's worth of stubble on his face, not to mention his strong, square jaw. Shutting the visor with a violent thrust, Kurst fell back into his driver's seat and grumbled loudly.

"Get out scot-free, my ass. Might've been better to be locked up."

While he grumbled, Kurst drummed his fingers on his stomach, then on the underside of his breasts. He started to stroke them gently, not eliciting too much pleasure but just enjoying rubbing something. As he stroked, Kurst's eyebrows rose, and a grin started to cross his face.

"Though...."

Reaching out, Kurst snatched his phone out of the glove compartment, starting to search for directions to the nearest clothing store or mall. His brain was starting to race, as it always did when he got the scent of a new idea to get money.

"If I'm gonna have these assets," Kurst said to no one as he started up his car, the phone pinging at him as a map coalesced on its screen, "I'm going to use them to my advantage."

"Take the next. Left turn," said the polite British GPS voice.

Kurst merely chuckled as he drove down Benevolence's private drive. If he was going to be gifted with curves all over, he was going to work them. He knew how men worked around big-titted women, and now Kurst was both. A perfect disguise, a perfect way to make a shitload of cash, and once he had a baby or two, a perfect long con.

It was Benevolence, all right.