

It's a calm night out on the walk home, the short distance between bus and home you make every so often. The sidewalk is clear, and the winds sound silent. It is a slightly eerie silence, in the bustle of the city, except the bustle is missing. A quiet day is good, though. The sunset behind the concrete buildings slowly darkens the sky as dusk gives way to twilight. There is no danger around, and no reason to rush home. Equipped with few belongings, you can continue your stroll at a comfortable pace. No fear of cold to bite you through your scarf or sweater. Jeans that hold sturdy on your walks with wear to spare. Shoes that protect you from the perils of the floor. Well, maybe you would do without the shoes if it was safe and painless.

The walk home shouldn't take this long. At some point, it seems you lost yourself appreciating the night. The buildings around you are unfamiliar, all identical. Small pieces of them slightly off, wrong, incorrect. Doors would sometimes be missing doorknobs, or a roof would blend into the sky as one color in the darkness. Is construction unfinished in this area? It is probably time to check your map to be sure you aren't lost, or at least see how late it is.

Reaching into your pocket for your phone, you pull it out ready to determine your bearings. Looking at it, though, you see not your home screen, but a popular cartoon fox 'Zoroark' looking at you. And then it points at you, giggling, then laughing, and then barreling over kicking its fox legs in the air cackling loudly while holding its chest for breath as its laughter continues.

Not normal.

There's a tight sensation in your body. A feeling like something is trying to drag you in many directions at once, and the tension is ready to give any moment. A warm, physical feeling akin to having every inch of your body caressed and pulled, but strongest from the bottom. As the tightness swells, focus on what you are supposed to feel as normal lessens due to the bizarre circumstances. The road continues infinitely in both directions, empty, and running through the night leaves no changes. The zoroark keeps laughing.

"This is.. Hee hee... too good!!"

The pressure is first resolved with the destruction of both of your shoes as three large claws barrel through their fabric like skewers. This extreme change in your physical shape distracts you long enough to be thrown off balance by your grey-furred feet growing longer and stretching your socks far away from your shoes, hurtling you to the ground for a moment with a digitigrade stance you could not have prepared for. You can't help but turn onto your back, looking at your new claws and instinctively flexing them as to prove to yourself that they are yours to control. Paws and claws on your body to match the image in the phone, snickering at you.

Not hardly a moment later you can feel your hands touch against the cement softening. Fur covering over, and fingers merging into solid sturdy claws. As you get up, you feel them scraping against the cement slightly, a slight gash in the cement marking your sharpened

presence for posterity. Keeping a grip on your phone proved difficult, and it slips out from your claws right on the ground.

You're too busy with things slipping and falling to panic, but in any rate the only thing to do is get help, and you need your phone to do that. You do your best to kneel back down from standing to pick up your phone, though your digitigrade feet have much increased the difficulty, and the thought that your legs are not designed for this flashes through your brain as your claws fumble about to get your phone in your hands again. That flash would be correct, and whatever extra height you enjoyed from your longer feet quickly vanished as your unseen legs widened stocky and shorter. Not drastically, but enough to pop the seams on your jeans with gray fur, and undo the button to make way for a zoroarks hips.

You look at the phone you had scrambled in your hands, trying to figure out what you should do next, slowly realizing you aren't sure that your claws can even trigger the touch screen. They can't. The zoroark in it snickers a bit before pointing its claws at the screen from the other side, as though touching the glass.

"Boop!"

Quite fast, feeling like someone grabbed your nose and pulled with force, your face stretches out to a point. The same feeling quickly, roughly to your ears, far pointier than they ever were before. One hand palming the phone frees the other to feel your head, pulling your claws across your gray fur and cheeks and long ears. You are effortlessly being turned into a zoroark, and there's no evident way to fight back.

"Hey, you forgot the hair! Come on, you gotta get her hair!"

A brushing sensation atop your head suddenly, though it seemed almost like a paintbrush. A few strokes bring out a luscious amount of hair to style and maintain, though you aren't sure how you would hold a brush yourself yet. In similar motions, fluff erupts out from under your scarf and sweater, pushing them away from your neck and looking quite ill-fitted on you. At some point you didn't notice, your torso had compressed slightly, and the sweater too-thin around your fluff was too-long below your waist. Nothing fit at all anymore, and you were now fully Zoroark, from the color of your eyes to the blades of your teeth to the scythes of your claws...

... but then you felt one more change to yourself, unexpected, but very powerful. Through your weakened jeans, in eruptive fury, an enormous tail easily twice your own size tore through and waved freely and joyfully. The sensation of owning a tail being such overwhelming euphoria you had nearly no choice but to act giddy and laugh waving it around as it lifts your spirits in the night, laughing in a foxy zoroark way.

All these clothes are in the way, zor! You have no need for them, and they are not any good anymore anyway. You set to work tearing through your once respectable jeans with

graceful and sharp purple claws, the freedom your legs gaining as the last of the denim is shredded away feeling the cool touch of a gentle night, finally able to stretch out. The shoes have to be next, as the memory of how you used to be only strengthens how much you feel like a zoroark now, and again, they are falling apart. You make quick work of them.

The sweater and scarf can wait until later. Perhaps it is sentiment but you do not want to destroy them. Not wholly, anyway. The impulse toward destruction in your mind can be withheld by choice, you gather. No big deal, zor.

You pick up your phone that was dropped in the euphoria of obtaining a tail, much easier this time. You are quickly acclimating to having claws, and it was no longer as difficult to kneel for it. The zoroark in the phone is missing, and its normal features are restored. Your claws still do not activate it, so you have to resort to opening the passcode with your snout this time, quite literally booping your phone.

In the night, with new eyes, you look around to see you are surrounded by other zoroarks, all smiling and happy and giddy for you. You walk around, stumbling a bit, but you smile back at them in gratitude. You hear a familiar, friendly voice from one of them in front of a building you can now clearly ascertain as an illusion from your kind.

"Well, do you like it?"