

Clouds floated serenely through the bright, clear blue of the early-evening sky, like silent ships gliding through a mirror-still harbor. Not even the solitary cry of a passing bird broke the velvet-soft quiet. Hopscotch breathed quietly, hovering among the white palaces, drinking in the beauty. Perhaps, he mused, Ido had a quieter, softer side...

"I'M BOOOOOORED!" yelled the King of Moogles in his head! "LET'S GO DOOOO SOMETHING!" The deceptively-adorable fuzzy brown Moogle body they shared zipped through a quick loop-de-loop and rocketed toward the ground.

Ido guided them over the city, swerving through the sky in search of victims. Hopscotch took over once they were low enough for him to get his bearings, steering the gestalt Moogle King toward a small open-air commercial courtyard. A movie theater was flanked by a few upscale fashion boutiques, a handful of cafes and restaurants completed the circle of businesses. The small fuzzy moogle alit atop the theatre, peeking over the marquee. His luminous green eyes flitted about, darting between likely targets...

Eddy squinted, his cheeks bulging out and a little red as he puffed air into a long, skinny balloon. The absence of kids in the courtyard today meant tips were scarce for the street-corner clown, but a few good-natured passersby had dropped cash into the big floppy shoe he used as a tip jar. Inhaling sharply through his red-painted nose, Eddy the Clown drew a deep breath and blew with all his might! The stubborn rubber tube swelled and stretched, filling up with air.

Ido wiggled his nose and snapped his fingers and the tube suddenly contracted again. Eddy's eyes went wide as all that air was forced suddenly back into his lungs! What's more, his whole body swelled up dramatically, stretching out into a perfect round ball, his hands, feet, and head wiggling comically. He wobbled about in a panic, able only to make a few pitiful squeaking noises! Just when he thought he'd be stuck like this forever Ido the Moogle King drifted down from above, nose-to-nose... A long, glittering pin twinkled in his hand! Eddy the Clown shook his head, squeaking in terror, but Ido just nodded... There was a sharp prick as he jabbed the needle into Eddy's taut side, then a loud BANG!

When the dust settled, Eddy was sitting, dazed, in the wreckage of his costume... When he looked down at himself, he squeaked in alarm! Where had been a slim, slender fellow now sat a glossy pudgy inflatable purple hippo-woman, her feet thick and stumpy, her belly fat and round, and her chest sporting a huge, fat pair of overinflated boobs! Her rubbery skin was glossy enough for Eddy to see the reflection of her face in her tits, her mouth and nose merged and swollen into a blunt, cartoonish hippopotamus muzzle, her spoon-shaped ears twitching... Where her bellybutton and nipples should have been, a trio of thick rubber valves protruded, like those found on a beach ball or pool toy. Despite her fat, curvy size, Eddy the Rubber Hippo felt as light as air, like she might ever-so-easily be bounced about by anyone who happened by... Leaving the dazed and confused pooltoy behind, Ido swooped toward his next victim!

Charlie whistled gaily to himself as he strolled down the avenue, glancing into shop windows as he went. He paused to admire a tuxedo in a boutique display, then passed on to a vintage toy store. He blinked peering at the odd plush doll perched atop a rocking horse. It was a moogle! Strange that a vintage shop would have something like that... But then it winked at him, and he began to feel very, very odd.

Charlie's limbs began to stiffen, his skin clearing up and taking on a perfect complexion! Freckles and lines vanished before his eyes, his hair disappearing and sealing up the follicles behind it! It was happening all over his body, his clothes rustling against his smooth, hairless skin... He gingerly poked at his arm, and yelped when his finger went 'click!' Instead of flesh, he was now composed of skin-tone peach plastic! His limbs seemed slimmer now, dainty, even, and his clothes were getting tighter. His jeans split and swished around his waist, darkening to black and trimming themselves in white lace as they became a skirt. The breeze between his legs made him shiver, but also realize, with a start, that something was missing... His jointed plastic fingers probed low, finding nothing between his plastic thighs but smooth, featureless plastic. His chest swelled, molding into hard, rigid, nipple-less plastic breasts. Elbows and knees separated, becoming ball-and-socket joints, his entire body becoming a life-sized plastic doll in a French maid's outfit! Before he could yell for help, his lips sealed shut, a bright red lipstick-print applying itself to them. A frilly bodice covered his glossy torso, and a feather duster appeared in his hand. A blissful calm settled over Claire's mind as her new identity took hold... She wiggled her molded plastic tush and strutted off, primly dusting the outdoor tables and benches of the plaza, genderless, and therefore unconcerned with the attention paid to her lovely shape!

Ido cavorted with glee, watching the shocked and bewildered reaction of passers-by to his creations... Regrettably for them anyone who so much as looked at them would find themselves afflicted by the same chaotic magical energies, causing all manner of deliciously diabolical transformations! Those interested the Moogle King less than what he did himself, though, and so he carefully selected his next target... A deliciously oblivious feuding couple in a sidewalk cafe!

Sarah sulked, folding her arms and scowling across the little round table at Mark. Mark wilted, his shoulders sagged, looking defeated.

"This is exactly what I'm talking about!" She snapped at him! "I swear, you never stick up for anyone, yourself included! That waiter was blatantly hitting on me, and you just sat there! Christ, it's not like I expect Galahad or anything, I just wish you'd show a little backbone once in a while!"

Mark sighed. "You're right, you're right! I'm sorry, I just... I just want you happy, I dunno how to be better..."

Sarah pinched the bridge of her nose. "I swear, you're like a kicked puppy..." That was all it took, and Ido alit silently upon the umbrella above the little table, peeking upside-down below the edge to spy on them.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." Mark repeated aimlessly, shaking his head. Inch by inch, his ears began to stretch, creeping downward, long and floppy, a fine pink fuzz beginning to cover them! They swayed back and forth as he shook his head, the fuzz thickening at the ends and poofing up into thick, curly, fluffy puffballs of fluff! His hair shifted in hue as well, turning cotton-candy pink and thickening into the same dense, fluffy curls as the ends of his ears.

Sarah glared. Somehow, her irritation was only increasing... But, oddly, so was her affection! Her patience for Mark's spinelessness decreased even as her love for him grew. Ido grinned as he plucked strings in her head, playing her like a violin, her body changing even as her mind... Her pants began to creak and protest as her bottom swelled, hips widening dramatically, her thighs thickening with both muscle and fat as her figure switched from average to bottom-heavy! Fine brown fur began to spread over her, starting at the base of her spine and racing outward from there.

Mark whined, beginning to pant a bit! His tongue spilled out over his lower lip, lengthening and softening and beginning to drool a bit, his nose wiggling as it turned soft and black. His face pushed outward, developing into a pink doggie muzzle, a thin tail with a fluffy poof at the end crept out above his tush and immediately tucked low in chagrin. Mark's clothes began to get baggy as his body slimmed. His hips and tush remained the same size while the rest of him shrunk, giving him an effeminate figure. The puppyboi barely noticed, his focus now entirely on his sweetheart. Desire to please her now entirely dominated his mind, and he leaned forward, crossing his slender ankles in a girlish posture. "W-what do you want me to doooo?" he whimpered!

Sarah shifted about in her seat, her big round extra-wide buttcheeks rubbing against her chair. Her pants lay in tatters around her, her panties barely clinging and being wedged downwards by her long, thick, powerful tail! Her long nose sniffed haughtily, her ears twitching. Her slender fingers gingerly traced the lip of skin that ran across her lower belly, marking her belly-pouch... "Show me you're sorry..." the roo-girl purred, stretching languidly. She wiggled her toes, feeling her shoes get tighter and tighter as her feet began to grow! She caught her heels on the pavement and slipped them off, her toes wiggling more in the cool evening air. Her fingers pushes against the table as she scootched back, reclining in her chair and setting her feet on the table, her toes merging into three to a foot and developing thick soft pads, small claws appearing on her huge kangaroo feet!

Ido squealed with delight at this development, making haste to cross a few wires in the girly pink poodleboi's head! Soon, Mark was drooling at the sight of his girlfriend's big soft wiggly paws, his pants tenting as he got hard just looking at them! Ido helped with that, too, vanishing all the sissy doggy's clothes away and replacing them with a lacy pair of panties, a garter belt, and stockings. Those panties didn't fit too well, though... A situation Ido remedied by slowly and steadily shrinking the poor boi's cock to fit! After all, a girly little poodle-boi doesn't need a great big dick... The harder and hornier Mark got, the more he wanted to tend to those lovely kangaroo feetsies, the smaller his

equipment got, dwindling until he was left with a three-inch stiffy straining against his panties, his balls the size of marbles in a tight, smooth sac.

Unable to resist any longer, Mark the sissy pink poodleboi leaned forward and began eagerly, desperately lapping at Sarah's huge feet, panting and wagging his tail with delight as he debased himself, Sarah smirked smugly, rubbing her sweet doggy's face with her toes, soaking up the attention. With the power dynamic between the two nicely enshrined in their physical forms, Ido moved on, leaving the haughty kangaroo-girl to enjoy the attentions of her sissy footslut boi-friend's long, wet tongue. Maybe if he did a good job, she mused, she'd let him rub that tiny pantied bulge against her toes for a while...

Claire frowned down the length of her nose at a pantsuit on display on a shop window, smoothing the pleats of her skirt. She wouldn't be caught dead in something so cheap, it would be career suicide! She punched a few numbers on her PDA, trying to figure out her next year's bonus... Ido browsed through her thoughts and nearly burst into tears from sheer boredom! He swooped down and grabbed Claire's left ear, pressed his lips to it, and BLEW!

Claire squealed in surprise, fumbling her PDA. It hit the ground, turned into a shiny pink plastic purse, and bounced right back into her hand, settling into the grasp of her suddenly inch-long pink-painted nails! Ido's breath rushed into her head, her thoughts simply blown right out her other ear, her brain becoming as light and fluffy as a cloud, and about as substantial... Claire giggled to herself, her eyes losing focus as her IQ sunk like a stone. Her lips plumped up, shimmering in a coat of pink gloss, her dark hair in its tight bun exploded into fluffy golden curls!

Ido scooted back through the air, snickering as Claire's petite chest ballooned outward, clearly the product of implants, her professional blouse tightening into a cheap lycra tube top that smushed her new fake boobs up into mountains of jiggly cleavage! She coos happily, adjusting it and watching them jiggle for a full twenty seconds. Finally, she remembered that she was supposed to be going somewhere. The new bimbo clutched her plastic purse tightly and wiggled on down the street, the breeze tickling her buttcheeks where they peeked from beneath her trampy miniskirt.

With the help of the on-sight changes that had been rippling through the crowd, the plaza had very nearly been entirely converted, practically everyone in the courtyard had found themselves with a new body, a new gender, or a new outlook on life... Ido had to search about to find an unchanged victim to twist! He found one in a chubby fellow seated at a restaurant counter, single-mindedly gorging on a 'dinner for two' special. This was almost too easy... Ido floated silently up behind him, enlarged one of his hands to comically huge proportions... And SMACKED the chunky glutton's butt!

Frank squealed at the slap, the sound getting more and more distinctive the longer it lasted, since his nose was lengthening and flattening into a blunt piggy snout! A curly-cue tail wiggled above the exposed crack of his tush where Ido had smacked him, it

wiggled and bounced as layer after layer of fat added itself to Frank's already hefty butt. Oddly, Frank was unconcerned, the urge to keep eating overriding his panic. His hands fumbled with his food, his fingers fusing and thickening into clumsy trotters and making it necessary for him to simply stick his face in the plate... Ido giggled, clapping delightedly as Frank's button and zipper snapped away, his belly surging out and wobbling, a fat mass of soft pink flesh. His pants split cleanly away along the seams.

Ido helpfully lifted the platter from the counter and set it on the floor just as Frank lost his balance and toppled from his stool! The rapidly-fattening piggy fell to the ground with a plop and a dopy squeal, then rolled over onto all fours and went right back to stuffing his face. His chest jiggled, fleshy moobs pressing against the ground as he got fatter and fatter still. His soft round asscheeks began to part slightly, spread by the squishy pink shape of his puckered tailhole, a thick donut of sensitive velvety flesh quivering below his spiral tail... And lower, the swelling began to focus on Frank's cock! Stiff from being cushioned and caressed by his fat, warm belly, Frank's dick began to expand, twitching and throbbing as it grew, inch by inch, thicker and longer until it was poking the horny piggy's chin! His balls filled up with churning goo, spreading his fat legs and lifting his lower half clear off the ground...

Held aloft by his own enormous balls, all Frank could do was squeal dopily and wiggle, rubbing his huge dong against his soft, jiggly belly and chest, leaking precum and hoping one of the well-equipped creatures lumbering around would decide to try out his cushy-soft new ass...

Hovering above the carnal mayhem below, Ido smirked, giggled, and vanished with a 'pop!'