

“I’m not putting it on, you put it on.”

“No way man, you put it on, you brought it in.”

Brad and Chad – two human, gym rat roommates in the big city – were staring at their mail for the day. There was a small package, and inside it lay some white fabric. From what the both of them could tell, they were some sort of long legwear, though neither of them felt like looking through to see how many were in there. Neither of them would admit to ordering them, so both assumed the other ordered them as a prank. It was a guessing game to see which one would finally give in and pull them out of their paper confines.

“Hey Chad,” Brad said, “I got an idea. We’ll rock, paper ‘n scissor it. Loser has to touch ‘em first.”

“Oh, big mistake,” Chad responded, “I was the Rochambeau tourney winner back in high school, all four years of it.”

“What, you think you can take me? It’s all luck, Chad.”

“Psssh.” Chad scoffed, crossing his arms. “All luck, as if. But hey, if you think you can beat The Chadster, it’s on.”

Brad and Chad, for once in their lives, used a battle of wits to determine the unlucky holder of these mysterious clothes. At least, by their standards this simple game of rock-paper-scissors was a battle of wits. Neither of them were thinking men, though Brad perhaps had the upper hand in that department, but neither seemed to mind their meat-headedness. They were going to keep playing that damned game until one of them came out on top, and that was how they were going to make this decision. And so they would, for several rounds in fact, until an obvious winner came out on top.

“The Chadster wins again!” Chad would proceed to gloat for the next minute or so, rubbing his victory in Brad’s face. Brad rolled his eyes, and was forced to accept defeat. “Good luck Brad, better hope it’s not poisoned!”

“You can’t poison clothes, idiot.”

“Whatever, dude.” Chad shrugged. “Just get the damn clothes.”

Brad picked up the package and shook it, wondering if he would hear anything rattle, like a bomb. Nothing. He dug his hand in and pulled out the contents, holding them in some weird claw grip. They were just as they suspected; long, white stockings, with holes in both the top and bottom. As it turned out, there were several in that package, meaning both of them could humiliate themselves by putting those things on with more to spare. Brad knew what this meant, and stared dead-eyed at Chad in an expression of displeasure.

“...we’re not gonna have to wear this shit, are we?”

“Could, Brad. Could.” Chad grabbed two of the stockings and analyzed them closely. This was some expensive fabric, silky smooth and soft to the touch. He squinted at them, not liking how suspiciously luxurious they felt. “But I know one thing, I’m not wearing ‘em if you’re not wearing ‘em. Put them on, then take them off, then you toss them in the bin, Brad, that simple.”

“Oh, come on, Chad, you know it’s never that simple. You hear about the last guy who wore some shit he got in the mail mysteriously?” Brad recalled a story he read on some obscure news website, which even he wasn’t sure was real or not. “Dude got a nice shirt, then next thing you know, he had tits the size of his own head. His own head, dude!” He threw his arms in the air for emphasis. “And no, taking the shirt off didn’t fix it!”

“...no, Brad, I’ve never heard about that.”

“Well it happened!” Brad threw his arms up in the air, exasperated. “I don’t want tits the size of my head, Chad, I don’t want tits period!”

“Damn, that’s weird, but I think we’ll be fine. Think of it this way, Bradwick.” Chad sat down with his new thigh highs in tow, legs crossed. “What’s the worst that can happen with some socks? They get too hairy? Real skinny? I can handle too skinny; I am the king of leg day, bro, I can get them back to normal in no time flat.” He snickered at Brad’s discomfort, one arm

resting on the arm of his chair. “Either way, we’re the talk of the town, and that’s more attention on our vlog right there. So what do you say, we doing this or nah?”

Brad stared at his stockings in silence. Peer pressure was getting the better of him, and he knew he wasn’t going to get out of this one. Still, he was anxious about the possibilities of putting these things on. The last thing he wanted was to suddenly have goat legs or something along those lines, and the possibility of that was very, very real. Nevertheless, Chad was his gym buddy, his bro for life, and Brad wasn’t about to let his bro walk down this dark path alone. He was a manly man, and it was his duty to man up and take this challenge.

“Aight, I’ll do this shit. Remember dude, pants off first.”

“Gotcha, fam. Best of luck.”

Chad stood up from his seated position, and the pair proceeded to drop their pants, albeit leaving their briefs on. They were used to undressing around each other whenever they’d hit the gym, so this was no problem for either of them. They each seemed to have some problems getting them on, what with how muscular their legs were, though they persevered. Brad in particular was almost hoping the stockings would tear and be rendered useless, but this proved not to be the case. They were both able to slip theirs on, the tops reaching their thighs and the bottoms reaching to the soles of their feet.

“How’s it feel, Chad?” Brad sighed, almost out of breath from the effort. “Was this all worth it?”

“...not gonna lie, Bradwick, it was not. Unless...” Chad looked down at himself, most specifically at his legs. “We could take some photos, post ‘em on the internet? Dudes love a guy who’s willing to step outta his comfort zone, this could get us places man.”

“...damn it Chad, now I know you’re just speaking out your ass.”

“No, I mean it this time.” Chad grabbed his phone off the table, swiping right to open the camera. “We might as well make something of this, right? I mean, what else are we gonna do

with this shit? Throw it all away, right? You know how long that shit takes to break down in landfills? Too long, man, too long!”

“...guess you got a point, Chadster.” If there was one thing that Brad hated, it was whenever Chad had a point. “Let’s just get this shit over with.”

Chad sat back down in his favorite chair and pointed the phone camera at his legs. He closed his eyes and snapped some shots of his toned physique, which totally contrasted the inherent femininity of his choice of legwear. Chad chuckled some more, while Brad watched from afar with a sense of anxiety. When he was done, he beckoned Brad over. Once Brad arrived, he held the phone up to him, smirking.

“Here it is, here it is.” Chad gloated some more. “Ain’t it special?”

Brad looked over the photo, immediately feeling something wasn’t right with it. There was something wrong with Chad’s legs, he just need a moment to pinpoint it. Actually, it appeared there were several things wrong with his legs; for one, they seemed less... buff. There was muscle there, but it was leaner, it seemed more fit for running a marathon than pumping iron. More concerning was the feet, which were mostly obscured by the stockings sans the very ends. The ends were... not exactly normal for a human, more for some kind of canine; a fox, perhaps? It was the end of a paw, black in color. Once the realization set in, Brad’s heart sank.

“...hey, Bradwick.” Chad knocked on Brad’s temple, unaware of his own changes. “Something wrong, bud? Look like you just died and came back to life.”

“Chad, look at that pic you just took. Something ain’t right with it.”

“Huh? Whadaya mean...?” Chad finally got a look at his photo, and his response was... mixed, to say the least. He checked his legs to make sure it wasn’t his camera acting weird, only for it to be confirmed that this was, indeed, what his legs looked like. He had fox paws now, and there was no working around it. “Shit, dude. Hey, Brad, check if you got ‘em too, alright?”

“Sure, sure...”

Brad looked down, only to see the same sort-of deal going on with himself, except his were white instead of black. He audibly gasped at the sight, not exactly vibing with these new changes. Frankly, he would have taken the skinny legs on their own, thank you very much. Wondering if there was anything more going on underneath, Brad slowly slipped the stockings down, not yet taking them off fully. To his horror, there was yet more white fur underneath, and it was spreading. It was spreading fast, alright.

“Shit, dude. It’s not gonna stop at our legs, it’s just gonna go all over. Our lives are gonna be fucking ruined...”

“Brad, dude, not to be rude or anything, but nothing’s wrong with that, ain’t it?” Chad decided to check as well, seeing that once the fur reached his knees, it abruptly changed to an orange color. “Honestly, this shit rocks, dude. Did I ever tell you I wanted to be a dog when I grew up? This is the closest thing I’m ever gonna get to that.”

“Chadster, you fuckin’ weirdo.”

Hearing Chad’s story helped to lighten Brad’s mood a bit, enough that he was able to pull his mind away from the spreading fur for a brief moment. That didn’t mean it wasn’t still spreading, of course it was, it was just getting easier for the both of them to accept. At this point it was already reaching well above the stockings, and each inch it crept left their muscles looking slimmer, though when it reached the pelvis it acted a bit... differently. They seemed to be getting a bit fatter in those regions, actually, especially around the butt, hips and thighs. It wasn’t too excessive, but they definitely seemed rounder.

“We can exercise that shit off, right?” Chad looked squarely at Brad’s thighs, which looked like they’d fit better on someone more feminine. “Not sure I want a big ass, honestly.”

“Oh, uh... sure... sure...”

Brad glanced over to the bathroom, tugging at his shirt collar. There was something weird going on under those briefs, but he wasn’t sure what. Something was making him feel awkward, and he needed to figure out whatever that was. He wanted to excuse himself, but he had a distinct feeling Chad would just follow him. Oh well, might as well let him tag along if he wanted to.

“Yo, Chad, I’m gonna hit the bathroom, see what’s going on under the clothes. You wanna go?”

“...I’m just gonna assume it’s for the mirror and say yeah. Don’t gawk at yourself without me!”

Nodding, Brad walked over to their shared bathroom, Chad following. It was a nice bathroom, both spacious and spotless. There was a sink with a large mirror placed in front of it, which one would instantly be greeted with once entering. Off to the left was the rest, the toilet in one corner and the shower in the other. And what a shower it was, it was big enough to fit the both of them plus one or two more, if you’re into that sort of thing. For now, though, the pair would stare at themselves in the mirror, gawking together.

“Let’s just... slip this stuff off...”

Brad worked on slipping off his shirt first, easily the easiest thing to get off out of everything else. Underneath, he could see his abdomen covered in fluffy, white fur which almost hid his loss of muscle mass. Likewise for Chad, though his orange fur wasn’t quite as fluffy, meaning one could see his lithe physique more clearly. The fur kept creeping up as they both slid their shirts clean off, far faster than either of them had anticipated. It was surreal to watch both their gains, as well as their humanity, slip away like it had never existed.

“Damn,” Chad said, “we’re gonna have to build our muscles all the way back up, aren’t we? Sucks to suck.”

“Totally, Chad.” Brad shook his head and sighed as he began to work on sliding his stockings off. “Took us years to get that physique, and shit dude, it’s all gone.”

Brad kept working on removing his stockings, but noticed something was off about his legs. It was the shape of them, they bent at odd angles and he felt like he was standing on the soles of his feet... or paws, he supposed. Though he didn’t know the word for them, they were what is often referred to as “digitigrade.” Casting his limited vocabulary aside, he slowly managed to slip those stockings off, revealing fully furred legs underneath. Once he was done, he worked with Chad to help him slip off his own stockings, both now only in their underwear. It was then that Brad noticed his bulge.

“Oh, whoah, what’s this...?”

If Brad wasn’t mistaken, Chad was hiding quite the package in there. Quite the weirdly-shaped package too, at least by human standards. This fixation was weirding them both out, to say the least; sure, both of them liked guys, but not to the extent of literally staring at men’s crotches. It was enough that he couldn’t even notice himself changing anymore. Speaking of those changes, the fur was reaching their arms, and it had the same pattern on Chad as his legs: The lower arm, from the elbow to the hand, was black, while the rest was orange.

“Hey, Brad.” Chad gently slapped Brad on the cheek. “Stop starin’, you’re getting me horny, dude.”

“Huh...?” Brad staggered to his feet, rubbing his eyes. “Oh, am I? Damn, this transformation’s fucking with our heads...”

As he placed his hands on his face, Brad noticed something off with the structure, and forced himself to look in the mirror for any changes. The fur was already covering his face at this point, and he could see his ears slowly moving to the top of his head, shaping into something pointed and vulpine. His face seemed to extend, forming a muzzle with a black nose and sharper canine teeth in his mouth. Then there was the eyes, which were unrecognizable as his own: Big, round, and cute, with a bright blue tint. His hair now blended into his fur, with a small tuft of fur atop his head to at least imply that non-fur hair used to be there. There couldn’t have been that much more, right?

Indeed, there was only a bit left to change. Right above the waistband of his brief, something fluffy began to protrude. Brad turned to his side so he could see it more clearly, and there was no mistaking it. This was a tail, growing larger by the second. Instinctively, even as it was still growing in, he was able to shake this growing mass of fluff. He looked over and could see Chad doing the same with his black-tipped, orange one. Brad looked at his buddy’s face, noticing his head doing the same thing as his, with black-tipped ears atop and orange, muzzled head with beautifully vibrant, emerald-green eyes. Both their tails finished growing at the same time, and as far as either could tell, their metamorphosis was complete.

“...shit, Brad.” Chad leaned against a wall, holding a hand to his chest. “I think I get why those leg things did what they did.”

“Huh? What, Chad, why is it?”

“You know how those stockings look... real girly?” Chad pointed to them both in the mirror. “And now here we are. If it weren’t for our fuckin’ bulges, folks might mistake us for some small-chested women.”

“Okay, but... why foxes, dude? And why, like... the kind furies like?”

“Oh, you know, that, uh... what’s the term? Femboy foxes... yeah, that’s it. That’s the deal, buster. We’re cute boys that could pass for girls, and we’re total sluts now, that’s about it.”

“Of course you’re a fucking furry, dude...” Brad crossed his arms, his loins still bothering him somewhat. “That dog story makes total sense now, you’ve wanted fur for ages.”

“Dude, you’re the one who was all like... OwO and all that shit, don’t act like you’re above it all. That’s not even what a furry is, you doofus, it’s just... liking animals that stand on two legs and all that shit.” Chad soon found himself eying Brad’s own bulge, staring in awkward silence. “But let’s just cut to the chase. I know you’re hot, and you know I’m hot. No need to argue, brah.”

The pair stood there in awkward silence. They both realized that neither of them bothered to check what was underneath their briefs, but both were a bit reluctant to make the first move. Brad and Chad stared at each other, almost preparing to rock-paper-scissors it all over again. Eventually, though, Brad caved. Sighing, he bent down and grabbed his waistband, struggling to pull it down at first. He was about to ask Chad for help before he began to get the hang of it, and soon enough, he was able to yank those briefs down to his knees.

Just as he did, something immediately popped out and hung there. It... looked like a penis, but certainly not a human penis. The shaft was all red, the length was about on par with his normal dick but seemed a little wider in circumference. The tip was oddly shaped, but even odder was the base, which was practically bulbous. It was a knot, and right behind it was a sheath, and right below that were some balls. He had a fox dick – a fully erect one, at that – and judging from Chad’s bulge, he seemed to have one as well.



“...Chad, could you... could you drop your briefs down? Just... please?”

“Sure, sure, why not?”

Chad joined him in nudity soon after, and it was clear he was rocking the same kind of package as Brad. It seemed that even as their manliness was stripped from them, their manhood couldn't be taken away, just irreparably altered. Both were visibly erect and non-visibly blushing since the fur covered their skin and all. Brad and Chad were horny, and that needed to be fixed. They just had to figure out how to do that.

“...”

“...”

Chad decided to take the initiative. He forced himself off of the wall and grabbed ahold of Brad's hand, pulling him over to the shower. There, Chad had his partner in crime pressed against the wall of the shower, ready to do whatever he wanted with him. And what was it that Chad wanted to do with this newfound, foxy body? It was quite simple, really: He leaned in, closed his eyes... and kissed that sucker. The response was enough to get Brad's eyes as wide as could be.

“I-I-I... shit, Chad, is this really how you feel about me?”

“Huh...? I dunno, dude, I might just be horny... can't even tell anymore...”

Brad wasn't sure if he could tell either, but he reciprocated the kiss regardless. In fact, he held on to this kiss for a long while, lips firmly locked with Chad's. Chad decided to keep the kiss going as they locked their hands together. There was an exchange of saliva, a dueling of tongues, the sound of panting filled the room. Below the belt, their dicks began rubbing together, and both could feel them throbbing even as they refused to touch them with their hands.

“Nnf...”

The pair could practically feel their senses expanding, exploring new feelings they'd never felt before. They humped each other while their hands moved to each other's backs in a lewd hug. There was the occasional grope of their plush rears and a stroke of their soft tails; the softness of their fur left them feeling very sensitive to touch, and even a single stroke made them shiver. This was while their cocks throbbed against each other and a slow stream of precum dripped down from their tips. These new cocks were strange, but they felt right.

As the femboys drew closer to orgasm, they decided to pick up the pace. Chad, taking the initiative, freed one of his hands and proceeded to stroke them both off. Their moans were a bit more audible now, and were almost mistakable as a woman's with how high-pitched they were. There was more humping, more stroking, and more importantly, more kissing. Brad and Chad nearly lost their damn minds from how intense their kissing was, one could almost see the saliva. Their minds were clouded; they were ready for orgasm. Chad stroked more carefully, and sure enough...

“Nnnngh...!”

Ropes of cum shot from their dicks in some sort of erotic fountain display. They released their lips, moaned loudly, and held on to each other to bear the storm together. Their fur was stained in the sticky white stuff, though they were sure the shower could clean that up easily. Neither could tell how long the orgasm was, but it felt like they were still going after several seconds. Though it did slow down, the intensity still lingered after the fact, and it left both of them exhausted. Brad grabbed onto a handle bolted to the wall of the shower to hold himself up; he panted loudly, needing the handle to keep himself upright.

“W-wowwww...” Brad didn't even notice that his voice was higher-pitched now. “Shit, that was craaaaaazy... we gotta do that again later...”

“Y-yeah, later... maybe some butt stuff, too...” Chad's voice was also a bit lighter, indicating a hint of femininity. “You know what? I don't think I wanna be ripped anymore. I like this better...”

“Yeah, me too...” Brad's mind began to wander back to that mail, with the box full of stockings. “Chad, you remember how many stockings were in that mail thing? I think I wanna

keep mine, but... shit, I can think of a few people we could share these with. Spread the love, you know?”

“I dunno, lemme think.” Chad counted on his fingers, one, two, three... “I think, like... twelve? Not counting ours? I dunno, I never bothered to count, I’m just guessing.”

“Shit dude, that’s enough for all our gym friends.” Suddenly, a thought came to Brad. It was something important, he was pretty sure, but he must’ve forgotten from that whole package fiasco. “Hey, Jared and Derek are coming over tomorrow, right? Think we can lay out a trap for ‘em?”

“...oh, right.” Judging from Chad’s facial expression, he must’ve forgotten as well. At the very least, though, he seemed relieved that Brad was there to help him remember. “Sure, dude. First though, we gotta clean off.”

Nodding, Brad turned the water on to the shower, and the two proceeded to rinse off together. Neither was sure whether their body wash or shampoo would be better for these new bodies, but who knows, they’d figure it out eventually. They were just excited for tomorrow, and especially the future after when all their friends were cute femboys just like themselves. Maybe after that, they could figure out who made those clothes and have them mass-produced, or simply mail them out to random addresses and spread the word that way. There was plenty that could be done, yet they could only move one day at a time; but hey, at least they’d have these bodies to toy around with in the meantime.