

The first thing Kurt heard when he woke up in the morning was a notification from his phone. His messenger app had pinged to alert him that he'd received something non-spam-related for the first time in a few days. That was certainly odd, he didn't really use this account for much, just checking in with family, but seeing this account, it very clearly did not belong to family.

No, this was an old friend from university. Calvin, a guy he hadn't talked to in a good year, had been the one to send him the message from the looks of it. Immediately he grew suspicious, as one might when someone they hadn't seen in a while suddenly starts messaging them. Kurt didn't know what it said, but he could guess it was either a virus link or an offer to join an MLM without so much as looking at it. Still, didn't hurt to check, and so Kurt opened the message just as he began to get out of bed.

It was remarkably brief actually. There was a short link to a site called 'quizemon.com', certainly not one he knew about. It had a small preview window with what looked to be the website's logo, what looked to be a modified version of the Pokémon logo. It looked like a cheap knockoff you'd find on a five dollar t-shirt, or maybe just a fansite from around the Gen 3 era. Did Calvin just send him a link to a twenty year old website on a whim or something? Yeesh, he had to know.

Entering his bathroom, Kurt went about his typical morning routine and opened up another one of his social media apps. He knew Calvin had an account here, so he figured he'd try to message him through this. After all, what if the first account was hacked? And so, Kurt typed something up and sent it while he still had a toothbrush in his mouth.

"Hey, it's Kurt. Did you send me that link this morning? Quizemon?"

Kurt went about the rest of his routine, waiting to see if he'd ever get a response. It would take several minutes before he even got so much of a visual indicator that Calvin was, indeed, typing something. He presumed he was busy with something, no big deal, it's the morning, let people wake up at their own pace. At the very least he could start going about his day in the meantime; he'd already done all the hygiene stuff, he had the time since it was early morning and today was Saturday, why not go out for a walk outside? Sure, that could be fun, right?

Deciding that yes, it would be fun, he quickly nabbed his breakfast from the microwave – an egg and cheese sandwich – and strolled out the door. From here, Kurt would begin a short, but brisk walk around his town, just taking in the sights around him while occasionally taking bites of his meal. He didn't own a treadmill and the sidewalks were too uneven and poorly maintained for a safe run, so this was really the best he could do if he wanted any sort of quality cardio. At the very least it felt nice to get out once in a while.

As Kurt turned a corner and finished his sandwich, he felt a vibration in his pocket. Convenient that it only dinged now, he thought, now that he had a free hand and all. He reached for and turned on the screen to see what it was; sure enough, it was a response from Calvin. He couldn't make out what it was from the lock screen, so he quickly unlocked the phone to get a better read of it.

“Yep :3c it's this funny quiz site I found. It was awful nostalgic, definitely made my day, so I figured I'd share.”

So that was it, huh? It was an intentional send? Now that Kurt thought about it, he did remember Calvin being rather into this whole Pokémon thing for as long as he knew him. He had pins and keychains on his bag, his laptop had a few stickers on it, even his dorm the couple of times Kurt visited had an assortment of plushies. And to think, he was so caught up in the oddity of it all that he didn't stop to think that this was exactly the sort of link his old friend would send him. Boy did that make him feel silly, he thought as he drafted up a message and quickly sent it.

“I'll check it out when I get home. Out for a walk right now.”

“Yeah that'd probably be a good idea lol. Lemme know how it goes!”

Kurt sent Calvin one more message, a simple thumbs-up, as he continued on his walk. Now he was extra curious about just how good this quiz site really was if it prompted someone he hadn't spoken to in a while to message him. He found himself speeding up, almost as if to ensure he got back to his home as soon as possible. He couldn't afford to skimp out on a workout, but also didn't want to put this off for too long. As such, he decided to take this from a walk to a jog; sure, he'd be out of breath when he got home, he wasn't the most in-shape person in the world after all, but he figured he'd need to jump up to jogging eventually, right?

Turning the corner again, then again, and then again once more, Kurt eventually found himself back at his home. He was shockingly not out of breath, at least not as much as he expected to be. Maybe it was the excitement getting to him, he couldn't say for sure. Regardless, once he opened the door, he was just about ready to get started on this quiz.

Kurt hurried to his bedroom, where he sat down in his chair and booted up his computer. He needed to get in the spirit of this quiz looking so old, so using a modern smartphone just wasn't going to cut it; granted, this computer wasn't exactly ancient, but it was as close as he was gonna get. He hurriedly logged in and opened his browser, putting in the URL exactly as Calvin had sent it. Not waiting another moment, he hit Enter as soon as he was done.

The site was...

“Whoah.”

It was exactly as he imagined, a perfect time capsule of early-00s fandom days and the internet in general. Poorly cut out jpegs of old Pokémon art littered the page, gaudy colors filled the screen, the text was in comic sans, it was a treasure trove of silliness. No wonder Calvin got a kick out of it, it reminded them of days long gone, days that would today be fully revisited. To say Kurt was excited was an understatement, he had to look more.

There were multiple options for quizzes, but one stood out among all the others; perhaps because it was surrounded in a bright yellow box. “What Pokémon are you?” Given the emphasis, he figured this had to be the main event on offer; the signature dish on the menu, if you will. Made sense that he start with that one, of course, if it was that important to the website. He clicked the link, which changed from blue to a garish red when he hovered his mouse over it, and prepared for what lied ahead.

The page immediately redirected to the start of the quiz. It was mostly background by now, these old sites never did account for large monitor sizes. More interesting was the actual important contents, a short blurb situated above a big “START” button.

Welcome to Quizémon’s premiere quiz! This is our proudest achievement, our pride and joy as web developers! We hope this trip back to the past will awaken more than just nostalgia in you! Maybe even a new understanding about yourself as a person! We know, it’s a bit much to expect from a website, but we truly believe in this project that we’ve been working on for well over five years. No, the quiz didn’t take a whole year lol, the whole website did. Hope you enjoy this experience as much as we did!

Aww, that was rather heartwarming. A message from the site creators themselves, who seemed rather passionate about this project of theirs. Kurt envied that level of happiness, though he wouldn’t dare admit that. It increased his resolve to start even further, so he refused to delay any further and thus clicked START, showing the first question.

Q1. Thumbs?

a. Yay!

b. Nay!

And all wholesome thoughts gave way to confusion in a matter of seconds. Thumbs? What was this even asking? Like, does the Pokémon have thumbs? No, because the

point of this quiz was that you didn't know what Pokémon you were getting, so Kurt could only assume if it was asking... yes or no to the concept of thumbs. Kurt looked at his right thumb, thinking about it.

“...I guess I'd have a hard time holding this mouse without it.”

Kurt clicked yes and moved on. A new question cropped up.

Q2. What's your favorite Pokémon type?

- a. Normal**
- b. Fire**
- c. Grass**
- etc.**

Okay, that was a more normal question. This sort of question did make sense for a Pokémon quiz, partly because of it narrowing down the potential list of options significantly and partly because, well, a person's favorite type can say a lot about them. Normal could mean you like reliability, or the variety that the Normal type provides. If you like playing slow and careful, less aggressive, then you might like Steel. As for Kurt?

Kurt always had a fondness for the Water type. It being one of the largest and most widespread types meant one wasn't longing for variety, even if most were some variety of fish. Statistically they also tended to be on the bulkier side, meaning that when actually playing the games Kurt could afford to be a bit less careful with them, just vibe and enjoy sweeping with his Gyarados or Swampert. Grass types? Use your coverage Ice Beam. Electric type? Switch to one of your Water-Ground team members. It was simple, Kurt loved the Water type, and so picked it.

Q3. Water, okay. Do you prefer freshwater or saltwater?

- a. Freshwater**
- b. Saltwater**
- c. No preference**

Oh, so this was interesting. The questions seemed to change depending on previous answers; no wonder it took the developers so long to put this whole thing together, there had to be hundreds of questions for just this one quiz given how many types there were. As for his question, he couldn't lie, he preferred water that was drinkable, and so clicked answer A.

And speaking of drinkable water, yeesh was he thirsty. He decided to get up and head off to the kitchen to get something to drink before he continued with the quiz. Thankfully

the kitchen was just around the corner, meaning the sink wasn't too far away. He looked into his cupboard to pick out a glass to drink... or some other cup... maybe a pitcher...

"Hmm..."

For some reason, he was drawn to one in particular. It was an empty 2-liter tumbler, just sitting in the back. He couldn't recall if he'd ever used it actually, it may have just been a gift he forgot about. Why he suddenly wished to use it now, he couldn't say, but... well, thirst is thirst. Reaching for it, he opened the lid and rinsed it out, before filling it nearly to the top with filtered water. After tossing in some ice cubes, he closed the lid, popped in a metal straw and hurried back to his computer, where question 4 waited.

Q4. Would you describe yourself as one-of-a-kind, or maybe a bit less unique?

A. Rare. I'm one of a kind!

B. Common. Nothing wrong with being standard if you're happy!

C. Somewhere in between.

Now this was an interesting question to think about, both from a personal and meta standpoint. Meta-wise, it'd probably indicate the rarity of the Pokémon in question, so he could game it that way... though where was the fun in that, really? He may as well answer honestly, he thought as he took a sip of water... a rather long sip, actually.

Truth be told, he figured his answer lied more closely with A than B. He wasn't about to call himself a unique and special snowflake, but he never quite felt like he fit in with others. He was a freak, he was a weirdo, and he didn't particularly mind. He had his hobbies and interests, and that made him content, even if they never quite aligned with his peers. He clicked A, before scratching his arm. Did he just feel something?

Yeah, his arm felt... smoother. A bit less body hair, at the very least. Well that was strange, he didn't remember shaving it recently. He tried brushing against it in another direction, but sure enough, it was definitely smooth. Huh, maybe he'd gotten it waxed and just forgotten... well, that was a bizarre explanation, but nothing else came to mind, it was just that odd. He moved onto the next question before he started to get conspiratorial.

Q5. If you could have any pet, what sort of pet would you have?

a. A cat.

b. A dog.

c. A fish.

d. Other.

e. Not picky.

Well this seemed like a pretty mundane question. He wasn't sure why bird wasn't a regular option though; was probably included in D and the authors just got lazy with a question. Frankly, he didn't blame them for getting lazy and taking two popular and one otherwise basic options and making them the defaults. With how many questions this site probably had, he'd probably have done the same thing.

As for his answer... well that was tricky. Kurt rubbed his increasingly smooth arm in thought, unsure of what to make of it. Oddly, it seemed a bit less blemished too, cleaner and more uniform. Maybe he was finally starting to get happy with his appearance, he didn't know. He didn't want to think there was some supernatural reason for it, that'd be silly. But right, the question. Truthfully, he'd be happy with any kind of pet. Cats, dogs, fish, all had their pros and cons. He was pretty non-picky about it all, so E he went.

Q6. Do you ever feel uncomfortable with your body?

a. Yes

b. No

And already it was going to the weird and personal again. He thought the weird questions were done after the first, but no, here they came back with a force. He wasn't sure why these people felt the need to get so personal; there was no way this would be necessary for coming up with an answer, right? He scratched the back of his head as he thought, only to notice something else.

“...my hair?”

Indeed, touching it again convinced him that his hair was, indeed, thinner than usual. His last haircut was a month ago, yet he felt like he'd just gotten one yesterday. Okay, first the hair on the arms and now the hair on his head, what exactly was going on? He wasn't even in his thirties yet he was convinced he was already going bald. God, what was actually happening to him?

Oh well, maybe the quiz would distract him again. He was about to say yes then and there just based on the hair issue, but then he felt about it some more. How did Kurt feel about his body, and his comfort therein? Shit, that was a tough question, mostly because he wasn't sure what count as comfort with his body or just with some awkward thing going on in his life. He didn't care for the acne whenever it popped up, and... well, he supposed he didn't care for how pudgy he'd gotten in the past few years. Or his frame in general, or his... his gait really, or... huh...

Yeah, he couldn't quite parse why, but he did always feel rather awkward with his body. It was too, uh... stodgy? Bulky? Those words didn't even mean the same thing, he was

so unsure. Just what exactly was his issue with how he looked and felt? Urgh, he'd have to save that question to himself for later. For now, he just clicked A and moved on.

Q7. If you could have any superpower, what would you have?

- a. Flight.**
- b. Super-strength.**
- c. Super-speed.**
- d. Mind reading.**
- e. Shapeshifting.**
- f. Being super-rich.**
- g. Other.**

Well way to make another sudden pivot, back to the silly questions already? At least F made Kurt chuckle; it was Batman's superpower, after all. As much as he wanted to say that... honestly he didn't want to deal with the taxes and the investments that being rich would require. The other options were more fun anyway.

Flight seemed like it'd be a good combination of flashiness and practicality. Strength could be a double-edged sword, and speed seemed to be in the same boat as flight. Mind-reading seemed like it'd be cool at first, but he had no idea how or if he could turn it off after. Plus, what if he wanted to see what someone was thinking and it was actually, just... the porn they watched last night? Eurgh, he didn't wanna think about that idea.

Shapeshifting though, he could see a use for that. If it were something more complex like, say, Martian Manhunter, then he could disguise himself as basically anyone he so fit. Less for fighting, more for screwing around. Even if it were something simpler, like... uh, that one half of the Wonder Twins who could turn into water... well, water could slip through cracks, it'd be useful in case he had to run for his life or something like that. Could even make himself look blue...

Blue? Huh? Where'd blue come from? For some reason he just... imagined the color blue, like a few different shades actually. Kurt was convinced he was starting to go insane for a good minute, and so he wound up standing up from his chair to stretch and recompose. Deep breaths Kurt, deep breaths... there we go, you can do this.

Kurt looked at himself. He seemed... mostly normal. Less hair, but... mostly the same... wait, no, his arms seemed slimmer, too. Right, his arms were slimmer and his shoulders seemed less broad, too. Damn it, was his perception of himself just that messed up? Was something else going on? He didn't even want to think about it right now. He clicked E on the question to move on.

Q8. What do you envision when you think of a nice meal?

- a. A nice, juicy steak.**
- b. A healthy serving of grilled fish.**
- c. A hearty salad.**
- d. Some simple fruit.**

There, another normal question. Things were good now, right? And it was a pretty easy question to answer too, just think about what to eat. Steak, that was too fatty, so he couldn't pick that... no, the fish was the only thing that made sense, it had to be his answer. The salad and the fruit weren't enough of meals on their own. He clicked the answer with no hesitation, figuring he was getting closer and closer to the end, even as they started to feel more anxious.

Q9. Gender. How does it make you feel?

- a. I'm happy where I'm at.**
- b. I'm hoping to transition.**
- c. I'd be happy trying something new.**
- d. I'm indifferent to my gender (gender apathetic).**

A gender question, huh? It seemed odd at a first glance, but it seemed Kurt's mind was able to fill in the dots on its own. Surely this had to do with Pokémon with unique gender ratios, didn't it? How some were more likely to be lads than lasses and vice versa, or how some were only one gender. Granted, they couldn't think of a 'mon that fit the previous criteria along with this one, but... well, looking at themselves, they had a decent answer.

They seemed thinner than usual, a bit less... masculine. Less chubby, that much was certain, or maybe it was just concentrated in different areas. It honestly felt... rather nice. A build like this, they felt suited them more than their old one... but still, would it really hurt to go further with it? No, it really wouldn't. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to not just be a he, maybe... maybe a they? That might work, they could try that for a bit. Kurt decided to click C and move on.

Q10. You're almost at the end. Do you want a chance to try again when you finish?

...wait, they're asking if they'd want *the chance* to undo the changes? That's... what kind of website does that? You either get a chance or you don't, that's... why ask if you understand that someone might want a do-over? There's gotta be some sort of reason for that, right? Annoyingly, Kurt still had to go along with the question... well, obviously the answer is yes. It had to be. They clicked yes, eager to just get this over with.

The next screen was ultimately not a question at all, but rather some sort of loading screen. The middle of the screen displayed a spinning Pokéball, the framerate oddly smooth for how old the rest of the site looked, while the rest of the screen was far, far plainer than anything else Kurt had seen thus far. The background was a light blue, while the text was white with a black border.

Please Wait Patiently While we Confirm Your Results.

The next several minutes would consist of the most deeply confusing several minutes of Kurt's entire life; not that they knew it at the time, mind you. It started with Kurt deciding to just sit and wait for this "confirmation", figuring it'd only take a few seconds. He decided to open up an emulator and boot up a game to pass the time: Pokémon Fire Red, that worked just fine. He still had a nuzlocke that he needed to get through after all, and he was pretty sure he'd gotten to a really awkward spot in the game.

Yep, there he was, on One Island, seemingly on his way to Mt. Ember to catch the Moltres given the Rapidash that was already sitting on his team. He decided to do a quick glance at his other team members just to try and catch up, it'd seemed he hadn't played in a good month. There was Charizard, the starter who'd survived the first two gyms through lucky Nidoran and Pikachu catches and all-around a very reliable team member. Of course there was Nidoking, ever the jack of all trades, and Raichu, who while not the best Electric-type did the job well enough given his Magnemite's untimely demise. Rounding things off were the aforementioned Rapidash, a trained Hitmonlee for physical hits, and Vaporeon...

Vaporeon, huh? That one had always struck a chord with him. An interesting one, that one, a cat-fish-dog fella and a really good Eeveelution for someone who just wants a solid team member. And, well... it's cute. Really damn cute in fact, with the face and the cat aesthetic. It may have actually been their favorite Pokémon... yes, their favorite...

Kurt forgot to press any keys for a bit, they just stared at the screen as they were bathed by the blue glow of the monitor. They looked blue all over actually, given how dim the lights in Kurt's bedroom were, so any potential changes in their appearance went largely unnoticed for the time being. It wasn't until Kurt went to scratch their head that they noticed something... very, very odd.

"...what? What am I... feeling...?"

There was something in place of hair growing from Kurt's head. No hair? Where'd it go, they didn't see the hair... well, anywhere. They gulped, before turning around to look at

their mirror and see where it may have gone. They would prove to be disappointed by the lack of an answer... only to be completely stunned by what they did see.

There was a set of fins growing from Kurt's head and neck. The webbing was a tan color on the head fins with the neck fin being white, while the rest was a dark blue, the tan noticeably contrasting from the... rest of the... blue... wait, what? Kurt's eyes went wide when they noticed that it wasn't just that one part that was blue: They were *all* blue. Sans, of course, for the fin webbing and then also the eyes, which were more a dark purple.

"W-wha, huh- what..."

Kurt no longer seemed to recognize themselves in the mirror. This head wasn't their own, they couldn't believe that. No, this was... this was...

Well, it resembled a Vaporeon's, that was to be sure, though it looked... well, at least a little more humanoid. For one, their eyes actually had whites, not to mention the general facial structure was a smidgen less bestial than the sprite on their computer screen. No way they'd just turn into a full Vaporeon though, right? They'd clicked yes to thumbs, and Vaporeons clearly aren't supposed to have thumbs given they're, well, quadrupeds with paws instead of hands. No way that would be his fate.

Fortunately, salvation came for Kurt to reassure them, though not in the way they expected. There was a swelling that Kurt could feel around their chest, something completely unfamiliar to them. Whatever it was, it was starting to create strain on their shirt; much more strain and their already tight tee would surely rip. With that in mind, the soon-to-be-former human scrambled to lift their shirt over their head, hoping the offending swelling wouldn't be so bad...

And, well, it probably depended on your perspective. A pair of breasts were clearly growing in the usual spot, while the nipples seemed to grow more pronounced and took on a darker shade of blue than the paler blue of the rest of their torso. He just stared at them, completely baffled by the presence of these new mounds. They seemed to grow out one cup size at a time, eventually stopping when they were a fair bit above average. It was a relief for Kurt that they weren't, at least, egregiously huge, they could only imagine what sort of back pain that would cause.

What wasn't a relief, however, was their pants soon joining in the strain. It wasn't from the front this time, but rather... well, everything else. There was a clear pain in the lower half, something that while clothed they couldn't make heads or tails of. Then of course there was... something... happening to their hindquarters. Expansion most likely, though what was that painful aching feeling where their coccyx would be? Damn it, they

were going to have to strip yet more clothes, weren't they? Oh well, may as well just do it before these things were ruined.

Kurt slipped a few fingers beneath the waist band of their briefs, two on each hand, and tried their best to carefully, yet quickly slide the jeans and underwear down without ripping or tearing them. It was easier said than done, their ass was clearly bigger than it was before, but these jeans were expensive damn it, they didn't want to lose them. As for the underwear... well, those weren't nearly as expensive, but torn clothes are torn clothes. They kept slowly sliding down as they tried to ignore the painful cracking in their legs, until that too subsided.

Once Kurt got past the knee, it started to become clearer where the cracking was coming from. The shape of their legs had been completely altered from the knee down into something less humanoid in shape, while still not unrecognizable as a leg. It looked... what was the word? Kurt saw it written on some furry site, something about leg shapes? Shoot, what was it? They had to look it up to figure out what it was; ah, there it was. Digitigrade.

Sure enough, slipping the pants further down revealed that the lower half bent in the opposite direction of the knee, with the feet having been reshaped into three-toed paws. It was... admittedly a little unsettling, not because they looked weird but because they were supposedly *Kurt's*. Everything had the same light blue as the rest of Kurt's body now, all but completing the image of some weird, anthropomorphic Vaporeon. All except...

"G-gah!"

Of course, there was that pain in the tail bone. Kurt had to stand up to deal with this one; they gripped the back of their chair and just stared at their mirror, hoping it wasn't anything too problematic... g... gah, damn it! Something was growing in from there, and far faster than anything else seemed to. Maybe that was the idea, to finish whatever this was at once. It was a tail; a long, thick tail that ended in a simple fin. Dark blue ridges grew from the top as well, another set of fins to add to the collection from the looks of it, though these ridges didn't stop at the tail. They instead seemed to creep upward, creating an odd tingling as these soft, spiky protrusions rose up the back until stopping a few inches below the neck.

"I-is this it? Is this the end?"

Kurt looked themselves up and down in the mirror. They were clearly no longer human by now, instead some anthropomorphic representation of a Vaporeon, bipedal yet clearly animalistic. They breathed a deep sigh as they tried to think about what they should feel.

At... at least they still had hands? But yeah, besides that... well, there were fins, a tail, paws instead of feet, the pussy-

Pussy? Where did that come from? Did Kurt miss something while they were looking?

“Do I dare check...”

There was only one way for this to go, and that was if Kurt dared. As such, their deep purple eyes slowly slid down to look, past the breasts and the stomach, down to their crotch. Just what exactly had happened to their crotch...

...ah. They understood now. They had just caught the last changes in what looked to be a final transformation. Gone were their balls, having likely retreated into their body to form some other new organ. Gone was their cock too, the only remaining vestiges of it being a nub sitting just above, yes, a newly formed pussy. After all that Kurt had gone through, this had to be it, right? Right?

A ding came from Kurt's computer when the thought popped up. It prompted them to look up at the screen, which now displayed something else. It was some sort of celebratory screen with a picture of some probably-stolen artwork of a figure that resembled themselves closely. There was text above and below, reading as following:

**We have determined that you are:
A (F) (ANTHRO) VAPOREON!**

[image]

**You are looking for a fresh new experience, something unique and interesting.
Hopefully this is your chance to try something new!**

**Are you okay with this?
[Yes] [No] [For Now, Check In Later]**

So this was it after all. This was... this was the website's doing somehow. Turning Kurt into this... sex object from a piece of furry pornography, with a build that was neither overly heavy nor unhealthily thin. The built itself felt just right, they couldn't help but admit that they felt a lot more comfortable like that. More pressing, however, was everything else. The breasts, the genitalia, the... furriness. How did Kurt feel about all of this?

The breasts could go first. Kurt lifted one in their hand and gave it just the gentlest of squeezes. These breasts were big, but not too big, and the nipples... well, they were

nipples alright, areola included. It honestly didn't feel too different all things considered, just a bit heavier up top, and if any pain did arise Kurt figured they could just wear a bra and call it a day. This honestly didn't feel too bad.

And what about having the opposite set of genitalia, how did Kurt like them apples? They could already imagine how much costlier life would get; they'd known of the pink tax and what that would bring... still, it wasn't like Kurt was hurting for money at the moment, they were fairly well-off and they could probably learn how to make all of those products work. Putting that aside, how did it feel to actually have this? Honestly... not terrible. They were truthfully never attached to what they had before, it was kind of small and they weren't exactly spending much time cranking their hog anyway.

That thought started to make Kurt curious. They didn't plan on masturbating today, they were still kind of tired, but... well, what did it feel like? Kurt thought back to what little they knew about female anatomy; they were an assigned-male-at-birth virgin, so all knowledge was limited to secondhand accounts. They knew that the clitoris was the center of stimulation, that despite it being what became of his dick the urethra was in a different spot below it, and that there was a glans usually concealed by a hood. Simple anatomy stuff, no idea how to stimulate it. Oh God, they were going to have to look this up on the internet, weren't they? Porn wasn't going to help them now, may as well ask the internet what it thought.

"Let me see... oh... hmm, okay..."

Kurt glanced it over with a clinical gaze, occasionally shifting their fingers down to mimic the movements on the diagrams. Oh. Oh, they got it now. The first time they'd just poked at the glans to hope that turned them on and sure enough that failed, but actually doing it right... oh, that felt nice actually. It was a pleasant, tingling sensation, noticeably more sensitive than their previous organs. Even just the process of pressing down and rubbing around the top of the hood to get started felt nice.

They were going to stop before they got out of hand, but no, they had to see this through. They just had to know how the rest felt. They'd already figured out having their middle and index finger in a V-shape, and were currently sliding them up and down the shaft. A simple gesture such as this was more than enough to turn them on after a while, to the point where they were starting to get wet over this.

Kurt sat back down in the chair to finish this off, using the one hand to continue pleasuring themselves while the other wandered, looking for some sort of erogenous zone they could use to get off quicker. They let out a few soft moans as both sets of fingers moved quicker until the free hand settled on a place they were already comfortable with before: Right, those nipples, they'd neglected something so simple as

giving them a touch, how could they be such an idiot? They were readily available, they had to be put to use.

Once they started pleasuring those nipples with simple rubbing motions, they no longer found themselves looking down to see what was going on. They had an idea now, so now they were looking at something else: Themselves, right in the mirror. There was something about how they looked in this state, just completely shameless and comfortable with themselves as they toyed with their new clit with their legs spread wide open, growing more and more aroused and red in the face as they did so, that drove Kurt right over the edge. God, did they feel good doing this, and God were they... fuck, yes, they were hot. The kind of person they'd gladly yank it to in their old body, but now this was more than just some porn they were looking at. This was what they actually looked like. It felt... it felt...

“A-aahh...”

And with few thoughts left in their head, they came quickly and assuredly, the sensation of orgasm ringing through their body like a shrill alarm. Something about it felt far, far more intense than when they'd gone at it with their old dick, something a lot nicer. Even after it had ended, Kurt was left in a bit of a high for a few seconds, just wanting to enjoy the afterglow for a bit longer. Maybe they could get used to having one of these, actually. So as they came down from that high, the newly minted Vaporeon didn't need to think much longer about how they felt about... all of this. An oddball anthro Vaporeon was sure to turn heads in this day and age, sure, but maybe if that quiz got spread around some more... maybe they wouldn't stick out like such a sore thumb after all.

Right, the quiz, of course. They had to message Calvin. After wiping up the ejaculate with a paper towel and tossing it in a nearby wastebin, Kurt – hmm, maybe they needed to think of a better name at some point, this one was a bit too masculine – nabbed their phone and shot Calvin a text.

“Calvin? Did you know this would happen?”

Kurt eventually stood up, shakily, and walked over to their closet as they waited for a response. As lovely as they felt like this, they knew they couldn't just go outside naked, they needed to get groceries and all that. Maybe something baggy would work... but did they have anything baggy? They didn't know, they had to...

Ding!

Oh, that was fast, actually. Seems Calvin wasn't busy at all, and thank goodness for it. As they looked over a shirt which seemed too small, Kurt picked up the phone to look at the response. The text simply read "What'd you get?" and came with an attachment showing...

Oh goodness gracious. This wasn't the Calvin that Kurt remembered at all, but a very different beast altogether. It was a selfie of another anthro girl, specifically an Absol; judging by the composition, the Vaporeon could only guess this was 100% real. Notably, she was completely topless, maybe even nude if she had to take a guess, meaning the Absol girl's white-furred breasts were hanging out on full display right on the pic. She was honestly rather attractive, and that was discounting the clearly visibly chest. Judging from her expression, she seemed rather happy to be taking the photo; perhaps this girl, probably Calvin, was just as happy with her new look at Kurt was.

With that in mind, Kurt decided to send a photo back. Lowering the shirt, Kurt lined up her phone's camera to take a shot at a similar angle to Calvin's picture, quickly walking over to turn on a light so they were more visible. Now in good lighting, they took a pic and send a photo back along with a flustered emoji in response to the first pic, hoping to hear from them quickly. Sure enough, they got a thumbs-up, followed by a few more text messages.

"Good shit, you look great. I knew you were into Pokémon so I figured I'd let you give this a try, but I didn't realize we'd be going down the same sorta path lol."

Ah, so it was only partly intentional. That did help Kurt to feel a little better about their old friend. They sent a smiley face in response, before Calvin continued messaging.

"I've got a few sets of clothes here that should fit you. Mind if I come over to drop them off? Maybe we can discuss recent events, talk about new names? Connect a little after so long? ;)"

Oh, that winking face was doing a lot of heavy lifting. Kurt's mind was already wandering as they started thinking about what that could mean. Oh, they'd certainly like to do some connecting alright... Kurt frantically sent a message back, which got a response back just as quickly.

"I'd love to :). My home's at [ADDRESS HERE], take your time."

"Great, be right there. No need to cover up, don't you worry ;)"

Kurt put the phone down and smiled. Great, salvation was on the way, and potentially far more as well. This left them to glance at the screen of their computer, and with the

glance came a reminder that they'd never actually answered that final question: The "are you happy" question. It didn't take them long to think of an answer; sure, they might tire of this form one day, but today would not be that day. As such, they walked over and clicked the "For Now" button. This pulled up one last page.

Great! Thanks for taking our quiz! Feel free to spread the love of Pokémon as far and wide as you'd like! We hope you enjoy!

Satisfied, Kurt opened the door to their bedroom and moved over to the living room, where they collapsed onto the couch to wait, ever thankful for these curtains. It wouldn't be long before Calvin got here, so all they had to do was relax and think. You know, maybe it wouldn't hurt to share that quiz with others. They could think of a few people who would enjoy getting to experience something new like this, even if only for a brief moment. Maybe more people would get to enjoy bodies that made them happier and more comfortable in their own skin. The thought made a smile creep up Kurt's face as they closed their eyes and lied in wait for the sound of the doorbell.

You know what, mysterious website? Yes, Kurt would enjoy this.