

Just Deserts

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That initial jolt of awareness just after breaking free of the bonds so carefully layered over him was always a rush, and was always disorienting. He blinked quickly, trying to focus his eyes, to see something through the darkness. He tasted iron, warm and wet. Blood. He felt the dull ache in his cheek fade into nothingness as he asserted control over his new body. His form was still hers for the moment, soft and feminine, weak. Her full, supple breasts heaved as he gasped, and his high-pitched, female voice quavered for a second before he stilled it.

When he got his bearings and saw what was happening, he grinned viciously. He was lying on a bed, and a dark, threatening shape loomed over him, straddling his waist, holding him down with a hand raised to strike him again. He recognized the shadowed face, the one of her tormentor. It was one she saw often, one that filtered to him even in his prison, his home. Her fear fled with the rest of her retreating consciousness. It hid behind his own, and her pain and terror were replaced by his eager anticipation. "No more." He said with her voice. Her lips and tongue formed the words, but it was his malicious glee that gave the man straddling him pause.

He reeked of stale alcohol and sour sweat, and when his small, stupid mind deciphered the words it had heard, the balled fist came hurtling down at him. He laughed, snapping her arm up, and caught his assailant by the wrist, stopping the heavy, meaty limb in its tracks. The man blinked, feebly trying to understand what had happened, and he used the opportunity to give the arm in his hand a savage twist. His attacker squealed like the pig he was and toppled, falling off of him and the bed alike, collapsing to the floor in a dizzy tangle.

That would buy him ample time, and he casually rolled off the mattress, bouncing to her feet. Her body was thin and light, unsuited for the task ahead of him, but he stood and rolled her shoulders anyway, watching as the man below slurred a curse and staggered clumsily to his feet. Her body was shorter than his, and this seemed to embolden him, heedless as he was of the manic grin that leered across her youthful, attractive features. His assailant lumbered forward, swinging his arm down like a flabby club.

Once more, he stopped the attack short with a stable, confident grip. The man snarled something wordless and angry and threw his other hand at him. He barked a contemptuous laugh with her voice and caught him again, holding him fast. The man wriggled in confusion, and slimy sweat dripped down his startled face as he shoved with her arms, pushing their attacker back and into the wall. More was to come, but he wanted the greasy slug to know that her strength was more than enough if used properly.

But there was so much more to come.

His grip tightened as her body tensed explosively, finally rejecting him. He was too much for her to hold, he knew. Even slumbering and contained, she could barely hold him. But now that she had surrendered, her body was his, and was to be his. "No more!" he repeated. Her voice strained and cracked, deepening, changing. "You should have run when she warned you, when she begged you!"

The man bumbled something incomprehensible, and he growled, throwing a knee into a distended gut, silencing the pathetic creature that tried to collapse forward. He stopped it, holding up the sagging weight with a shaking hand around a soft throat. He lifted her other arm, sliding it between them, flexing his fingers experimentally and watching with his toothy grin as

her fingernails blackened and elongated with light, creaking sounds. It was dark, but he could see what light there was glimmering off of the sharp, onyx curves, and he curled his digits into a tight fist as they too popped and shifted, growing longer and thicker.

Her disheveled shirt was loose and modest, but even it couldn't hide the way his flesh writhed beneath her skin as muscle, muscle that had no place on her tiny frame, surged into existence. He fought to control his enthusiasm as cords of tight, sinewy strength, *his* strength, bloomed under her skin. His grip tightened as he felt power enough to crush the life from the puny man before him flood her body, making it his. His thickening physique pulled a grunt from his lungs as the arm holding up his would-be assailant twitched and heaved, growing thicker and harder with each beat of his pounding heart.

His bones and tendons crackled and twisted as they outgrew his frame, standing out against his skin before muscle, more and more thick, heavy muscle, could wrap over them. His lengthening arm pushed him from the wall, and he stepped back, watching with predatory glee as the room shrank around him. He grabbed the man's body with his other shuddering arm, hauling the corpulent mass from the floor and throwing it across the room, freeing his limbs to bunch and flex and grow, stretching him taller and broader.

While the man writhed in the floor on the other side of the room, he took a step, watching giddily as his thighs bulged within the confines of her jeans, straining at the sturdy fabric. He was in control now, and his body consumed hers, swallowing soft, feminine curves and replacing them with hard, defined lines. The muscles of his chest deepened enormously, slabs of rigid might, and the plushness of her breasts diminished, sinking into him, being replaced. What was her ribcage cracked and swelled, and her shirt tore noisily, shredding around his bulk. For a moment, her bra held onto him, and he laughed, raising his straining, girthy arms and taking a deep breath, letting it explode off of him.

He prowled around the foot of the bed, approaching his prey, and her skin stretched more and more around him. With another step, her jeans surrendered to the strength of his legs, tight, corded power, and he reached down to finish the job, ripping the tattered denim off of himself. Her shoes, little, petite things, creaked around his spreading feet, and when they tore open with a sharp *pop*, it was *his* feet that stretched out into the air. His toes bent, their new claws sundering leather as well as her flimsy socks. His foot broadened and popped as bones shifted. The ball toughened and bulged, becoming with its twin a sturdy, bestial paw pad.

His balance shifted abruptly, as did his point of view, when his stance rose upward with sharp snapping sounds from his ankles. His claws gouged lines into the drywall as he steadied himself on new, digitigrade feet, paws spreading outwards as his entire frame thickened continually. The growl that bubbled endlessly in his chest continued to fall deeper and deeper, and it was only interrupted for a heartbeat as his neck tightened and thickened with sinewy muscle. His shoulders bunched and rose up to border it, and as they shuddered and creaked wider, he rolled his massive arms around, stretching tense tendons as his head steadily approached the ceiling.

The lines between his muscles deepened, straining ever more frantically against the skin clinging desperately to them. Bricks of strength piled up behind what had been her narrow, trim belly, turning it into a solid wall of power that heaved with his heated breaths. He shuddered and tensed, holding a huge, broad hand over his waist as it thickened with striated, sinewy muscle. A six-pack twisted and throbbed into an eight-pack, and more and more muscle only bloomed around it, lining his obliques and making his lats flare enormously as he moved. More muscle

than she could have ever hoped to hold buried her former proportions, overwhelming and deforming them into a massive, hulking shape.

His approach hesitated when a pang of momentary discomfort made him wince and grunt. His hand dipped between his legs, feeling with building excitement as her dainty womanhood shifted under his palm. Her soft, flushed netherlips closed at his touch, sealing over with fresh skin as her little clit pushed out against him, making his legs shiver with harsh, biting sensations as it swelled in trembling spurts. Thick, throbbing flesh shoved apart his clawed fingers, made them give ground. Below it, two oblate shapes pushed from his loins, dropping into a taut sac that stretched to hold them as the weight of their virility grew.

He forced his hand away, letting his cock bulge out into the air under its own power, growing longer and thicker as veins pulsed under ruddy skin. The excitement of having his prey trapped and weak pushed globs of potent precum from his quivering crown to drip down his ballooning length, and he sneered and snarled as he flexed his bulking physique, pushing and straining. Between his heaving chest muscles, his skin prickled furiously, and a patch of his hide turned white as a coat of fine, ivory hairs pushed themselves from him, sprouting from his skin. It spread outward, tingling all the way, and began to cover him with a layer of sleek fur.

Down his front and along the insides of his tree-trunk thighs the hair remained a perfect, creamy white, but as it swept out along his sides and limbs, color tinted it. It turned a bright, expressive orange that was broken by layer after layer of dark, midnight stripes. He felt his fur finishing its march across his back, and he paused for a moment, leaning forward as his torso shuddered broader again, and again. At the base of his spine, just under the small of his back, he felt a twinge of numbing sensation, and he grinned ferociously as his tail forced its way free of his body, carrying striped fur along with it as it grew longer and longer, until a slender, powerfully feline appendage flicked behind him.

Watching this, the man managed to disentangle himself from his own weak limbs. Huge, frightened eyes looked on his half-formed frame, and those same limbs hauled his prey away, the miserable creature's weight dragging across the carpet. He laughed. Fear made animals stupid, made them back away into corners, and that was what the man was, a mindless animal, something of base, brute stupidity. He stood tall, flexed his arms and worked his jaw as it began to push out from the remnants of her face, carrying her nose and lips with it, reforming them into something stronger, more savage.

He gnashed his teeth as they cracked and morphed, growing longer and sharper, his fangs more so than any others. They filled and overfilled his jaws until they could lengthen again, jutting outward into a broad muzzle. The nostrils set into his flat, triangular nose flared around each breath, and as fur covered his bestial features, he took a heavy, thunderous step forward, wincing only a second while his ears shifted further up the sides of his restructuring head and tapered into catlike points that parted her short, black hair.

His stature was immense, and he was forced to hunch over onto himself as his new ears brushed against the ceiling. His fur couldn't hope to mar the perfection of his bulging physique, to hide the razor-edged definition of his still surging musculature. His growl rattled the house around him with its depth as he reached down, so very far, to wrap his massive fingers around the throat of the man cowering below him. His grip choked off any ragged whimpers, and he held the pathetic creature upright, making him watch as he finished his growth, made him watch every shuddering pound of hulking might blossom beneath his fur.

He took particular enjoyment as the man's fluttering eyes quailed at the size of his enormous manhood, which only made it surge further outward, drooling, as his testes churned

and dropped lower, ballooning within their furry, white prison. It was as if the tiny, worthless thing thought himself worthy of sullyng him. The thought soured his expression, and with an arm thicker than even the torrid mass of fear and loathing was at the waist, he tossed the man across the room once more, casually cratering the wall. He felt slimy just for touching it.

Instead, he stepped over as the man struggled to right himself. He pressed a paw down on the wriggling slug's back, pushing down with enough of his immense weight to drag a ragged wheeze from her tormentor's creaking ribcage. With a swipe of a hand, he snagged his claws in a damp, dirty shirt and ripped it free of the slimy maggot it was covering. Fury washed over his face at the idea that something so miserable had been allowed to hurt her, to touch anyone, to know anything but death, and he raised his hand to remedy nature's gross oversight and turn the man into a red smear on the floor.

He grunted in surprise when his titanic arm stopped halfway down. He pushed, snarling with the effort, but he felt her holding him back. Why? Confusion gnawed at him as he lowered his tightly clenched fist down to his side and stepped off of and away from the writhing worm. Faintly, her emotions filtered to him, fear, hurt, joy at the strength he gave her, exhilaration, worry, gratitude, but nothing to tell him why he should do anything but grant her oppressor anything but a slow, brutally painful death.

He growled threateningly, but allowed her to worm her way through his body, sense the world through him. He felt her with an alien sense of detachment as she bent over and picked the man up again, choking off weak protests and pleas for mercy. His legs and feet were unfamiliar, but her goal was clear, and he walked for her, thumping through her house, cramming himself through doorways not meant for a creature of his magnitude, until he could stand before the door to the outside world. The darkness of the night outside greeted him, and the chill of an autumnal evening washed through his fur.

He felt a tightness in his throat that wasn't him, and he let her speak with his tongue as she hauled the man up to face them. "Tell people whatever you want." she growled, pausing at the sound of his rumbling bass shuddering through the silence. "No one will believe you. If you come back, no one will ever see you again. If you hurt anyone else, no one will find your pieces." She found his feline muzzle awkward and difficult to speak through, and her threats were shaky and canted with strain. The man seemed to understand her, however, nodding frantically as his eyes rolled in terror.

That seemed to satisfy her for the moment, and she removed the man from her home with arms that carried strength she couldn't imagine, throwing him cleanly across the grass of her lawn to land in a broken, battered heap. She watched for only a moment, making sure he was still breathing, before turning away and nearly tearing her front door from its hinges in the process of shutting it behind her. Her anger flickered through him, slowly dying away, and he cocked a pensive eyebrow as it was replaced by relief, awe, and curiosity, curiosity above all others, almost enough to overcome his own. She had never stirred this much before, sharing in his senses, and had certainly never tried to use his body as her own.

Her essence tingled through his arm, and it lifted his hand to his bestial features, stroking along his jaw and cheek, exploring him. His claws prodded at the steel-hard masses of his muscles, down his chest, along the bulk of his other arm, feeling between the cobbled strength of his torso and abdomen. He felt her startled confusion at the physique he shared with her, and felt it spike into alarm, panic, when his fingers drifted over the fleshy weight that was his turgid cock. He stifled it, as gently as he could, stopping her from jerking their hand away from his

burdened crotch. Realizing that his eyes were still his own, he looked down the length of his body, letting her take it in through him.

At the sight of himself, a frame thrice as tall as hers and unimaginably more powerful with a manhood that more than matched it, her awe returned, awe that was tempered with a generous dose of concern and confusion. He relinquished his arm for a moment with a low chuckle, and it was she who kept it where it was, intrigue burning brighter and brighter, intrigue that fueled his mirth. She touched him through his hand, his fingers wandering over the swollen, half-hard length. As she further explored him, he strode back the way he had come, his ears twitching at the sounds of the floor groaning underneath him, complaining at the weight of his bulk.

He knew she felt as much as he the power of his masculinity, every pulsing inch of him, each throbbing vein, the heavy, aching weight that filled his furry, white sac. He considered reentering her bedroom, but the reminder of what had transpired made her, and him with her, shy away. Neither had any desire to look on that mess or smell the urine that *he* had left puddled on her floor. Instead, he stepped down into her living room, lifting his thick paws carefully over undersized furniture. There was carpet, and comfort enough to be had there.

The floor was his goal, somewhere soft to rest himself while he let her experience him, but as he stepped cleanly over her sofa, the force of her habits surprised him, folding his legs beneath him. Her aim was to sit, but as tons of muscle, fur, and sinew crashed downward, her couch, and part of the floor under it, sundered beneath him with a loud *crack*. For a moment, puzzled silence filled the air, but he eventually laughed aloud, richly, at the mix of shock and frustration that filtered from her consciousness. His goal, at least, had been met, and he leaned backward against the ruined piece of furniture, crunching the frame further beneath him and returning his hands between his legs.

She recovered less readily, but eventually, he felt her surrender and go back to her hesitant ministrations. The ardor created by his release had cooled somewhat, but that only meant that she got to feel him throb and swell in his fingers a second time. He sighed as she gave him a short, uncertain stroke, and he shifted to a more comfortable position as she went back for a longer, smoother, bolder caress, one that lingered over his blooming crown. He moved his free hand lower, cupping it as best he could over the massive, rotund shapes of his pulsing gonads, rubbing and tenderly squeezing while he shivered and languidly stretched.

He gazed downward, watched himself twitch and surge to his full girth. Her mind boggled at his dimensions, washing through him with a flurry of startled wonder mingled with low, shame-filled desire. He soothed it as much as welcomed it, cradling her psyche as much as she cradled his forearm-length manhood, rubbing and worshiping while he groped his stirring nuts, encouraging them, feeling them ache with overwhelming virility. His rigid flesh felt hot against his fingers, and she stroked him again, reveling in the building tightness with him.

He pulsed vigorously, spurting gobs of precum into his waiting hand. He helped guide her, worked with her to slather the slick fluids over his taut, steely cock. For a few heartbeats, she held him in her palm, feeling him pulse each time, feeling him strain further and further, harder, thicker. And then she would stroke him again, stoking their ardor only to pause once more, feeling the weight of his masculinity in their fingers, pushing at them. He throbbed fully, leaking a stream of thick, clear lubricants down his length to matt the fur over his heavy sac as she began to pump their hands along his enormous member, first one, and then, realizing that there was more than enough room for more than five fingers, the other.

Licking his lips, he leaned back more firmly against a wall, cracking it inward under his weighty strength. She moaned with his voice, making it quiver with need, and it he groaned before it could finish, giving the sound a firmer cant, one that matched the force with which globs of pre splattered over their pistoning hands. He spread his thighs and worked his massive arms, devoting both to their pleasure, and he let his breathing go ragged as they each enjoyed themselves. Pressure, deep, unrelenting pressure, built under his loins, brewing unstoppably, and he arched his back as he felt his limit approach him.

She didn't slow, and neither did he, showing them both no mercy. They came together, through his lurching cock, and he geysered the first wave of an ocean of scalding cum across the ceiling above him and down the far wall in a long, creamy rope. His voice shuddered in the depths of his cavernous chest as they cried out as one, spraying their release over themselves and their surroundings, coating everything around them with thick layer of thick, viscous seed. In the midst of being so violently sated, and knowing that neither he nor she were any longer threatened, he surrendered, submitting himself to their pleasure. She roared and eagerly gripped their titanic manhood, bucking into her fingers with wild abandon, splattering jizz in every direction while their swollen balls emptied themselves with primordial vigor.

Her voice cracked, rising an octave as she began to recede. Her huge, powerful limbs slimmed, and patches of pale skin showed through thinning fur just to be immediately plastered with hot cum. Her flicking tail sank back into her body, and she heard only her thundering heartbeat while her ears returned to their normal position and shape. With soft pops, her feet shuddered and reshaped as her spine shortened and her frame shrank down with shuddering spurts that matched the tempo of the furious throbbing in her shrinking cock.

Her voice jumped in pitch as her proportions shifted. Her hips softened and swelled outward even as the muscle lining her torso dissipated, dissolving away under her smooth skin. Her breasts blossomed, carrying firm, perky nipples outward with them. Her teeth shrank back into her gums as her muzzle forced its way back into her skull, and she blinked wildly at the grinding of her bones as her stature pushed down and inward, compacting her, leaving her small and slender, curvy and delicate.

She squealed as her diminishing nuts finished emptying themselves, pulling back into her body as her formerly impossible manhood retreated from her desperate fingers. She chased after it, following her clit back into the folds of her quivering pussy, and she plunged as many fingers as she could into herself, humping her hands with a memory of the strength she had just possessed. She screamed and wailed, crying out her bliss as her arms worked to send even hotter lines of fiery rapture through her tiny, weak body.

When she was utterly spent, wholly exhausted, she was lying back on the wreckage of her shattered sofa, gasping icy air into her burning lungs and grinding limp fingers against her drenched slit. She was covered in cum, slick skin wet with jizz and clammy sweat, and she had to reach up and wipe it out of her eyes and hair just to stare blankly at the ceiling, the seed-strewn ceiling. She could do little for a long several moments but stare and do her best to recover from the impossible rush, from the dregs of that vanishing potency. Her shattered mind struggled to consider what had happened, what was happening, and only when she could force a shaky arm under herself, sitting herself at least partially upright, did she shake some of the tendrils of fatigued confusion from her thoughts.

She looked at a shivering hand, remembering the claws that had been there a minute ago. She remembered all that muscle, so much strength, and then lines of ice ran down her spine

when she felt him, his thoughts shifting against her consciousness. "Wh-what... Why could I feel you then? How did I... What did we..." She stammered, soft and quiet.

The only answer she felt from him was the comforting sensation of his confidence, warm and bold, wrapping around her mind, bracing her. No longer was he cold and aloof, as he had always been before in her brief moment of lucidity during his reign over her being. He was close and intimate, and she felt his awareness tingling through her like he never had before. Instead of anger at the prison of her body, distant and icy, sly mirth heated her cheeks and her lips quirked upward into a hesitant smile.

She shivered and stood, glancing down at the mess of her naked body, which only made him smile harder, stretching her mouth into a toothy grin. Jerkily, the fingers of one hand lifted to her cheek, cupping over it and remaining there and she... she put her other palm over them, holding them to her. "Thank you." she whispered before turning to her bathroom. She needed a shower before dealing with the aftermath, and then she needed to sit down and have a long, long conversation with... herself.