

[This is a chapter written for Choose Your Own Change; a threaded, creative writing project for transformation fics. You can find my chapter (the one you're reading) [here](#). You can find the start of the story [over here](#).]

*We follow the story of you, anonymous human who has just left The Magic Shop with an enchanted bargain-bin magic ring. The shopkeep guarantees that the artifact will allow the wearer to make a specific transformation, but the ring's unstable nature usually doesn't let the changes stop at a sensible point, further mutating the user to unpredictable effect. We resume our story right as you've given yourself night vision for the dark walk back home, but something else emerges from your body...*

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Spots! Bright, glowing spots!

Your limbs and torso are dotted with large, glowing, indigo-blue spots as far as your new eyes can see, and your gut glows faintly as well; full with your new glowing organs. There is a feeling of yet more corruption flowing in through your hand, and that nauseating force infiltrates you, churning your guts, rearranging you from the inside. In moments you feel the flesh on the small of your back stretch and contort, elongating further and further into some sort of sturdy, prehensile tail stretching up past the top of your head, tipped with a large glowing bulb. Yet still the changes progress, churning within your malleable human frame, mutating you further as the force shifts forward again, resting in your pelvis and causing yet more growth. Outward and into your underwear, a glowing rod pushes up and out of your pants, the tail and phallus together forcing the pants button to pop open and lower the zipper. As your clothes fall away, you stand completely exposed from the waist down with your phallus softly glowing, proudly standing erect in front of you. The magic settles and no more stimulation pours in from the ring. It's safe to say your changes are done as you make observations about your new form.

You stand alone in the dark night path, your tail radiating light over your body with an intensity rivaling that of any common street lamp. Body spots glowing, fading, brightening with some reaction to your body language. Lastly, your shaft is erect and throbbing in front of you but lacks any sort of urethra, and what would otherwise be the head of a phallic appendage just seems to be a smooth, spongy, alien bulb glowing softly with each twitch. You realize the subtle irony of becoming a walking lamp post just as your new cat-eyes granted you night vision, but beyond that you don't know what to make of your situation, so you gather your clothes and continue towards home, your new glowing appendages swaying as you walk bare-bottomed through the stygian veil of night like a candle in the dark.

At risk of indecent exposure you feel hyper-aware of even the smallest sounds, hopeful that you won't meet a single person as you close the distance between here and the privacy of your home. A twig snaps underfoot and the jolt of fear makes every single light on your body dim reflexively; again your night vision returns and you ponder the fact that your light is not as persistent as you initially thought, though shortly after your bulbs and all your spots are again glowing at full intensity.

You're getting so close to your home now, but just as you emerge from the dark road into your neighborhood you spot a jogger's headlamp turning the corner to meet you! Swiftly you dive into cover and focus on dimming your glow, fearing the sight of your exposed, mutant body will be too much for a stranger to bear. The pitter-patter of feet draws near, and your heart races- one simple flash or blink and you're bound to be found out! You sit still in the darkness, the jogger drawing closer and closer, hoping dearly that they pass without noticing you, but your phallus again stirs: throbbing, bulging, shining brighter than you have yet seen it glow- as if to beg to be admired and looked upon in its excited, swelling form. No amount of focus seems to be calming it, and you can't imagine why this penile appendage is acting up now, as you had largely ignored it up until this point. Frantically seeking a solution before the stranger is close enough to notice, you pull your pant leg over your phallus and tuck the member tightly under your legs, a dim glow radiating through the cloth as the jogger finally passes. Footsteps eventually fade away to nothing and you relax in your darkness, but pull away the cloth to see what the deal is with your mysterious phallic appendage. It is throbbing and blinking furiously, rocking back and forth with no encouragement from your touch, swelling, welling up pressure at the tip. Bigger... brighter... fuller, until suddenly the tip expands and unfolds into a wide mushroom shape, and you tremble with a sudden deluge of foreign- but certainly orgasmic- pleasure, your glow spots flashing in erratic fashions, and billowing a glittery, sparkling storm of spores from the gills beneath your fully-expanded, wide-brimmed mushroom glans. Through the shock of your hands-free climax you watch your member shine brighter than any other part of your body, stretching and flexing itself like a perverted jellyfish, casting your spores everywhere. A minute into this mind-melting orgasm and you notice that your phallus isn't really letting up, stretching and puffing on and on, your jacket and the ground around you covered in the fresh powder- you give a dirty look to the ring on your finger as if to say "This is how you get your sick kicks, isn't it?" and stand up on your trembling legs. Hobbling toward your home, with the shroom-phallus unrelenting in its dispersal, you look up to a dim crescent moon: its otherwise underwhelming light filling you with an intense, erotic vigor. The light excites you, and makes you want to puff your spores for hours under the night sky, but still you hurry to your residence, finally arriving at your suburban home in the dead of night, opening the door and entering without hesitation. Your home is filled with your light, but you are shielded from the glow of the night sky, and so your phallus closes as it begins to wane into a small shaft, then a small nub, before ultimately sinking into a chubby, spongy sheath. Your glow spots calm down in turn, and your body no longer trembles with the numbing pleasure of spore dispersal.

You have become a mutated human with little hope of passing off as normal in public. Between the new body that you understand very little about, and the ring on your hand containing wild and chaotic magics, you're not really sure exactly how much trouble you're in for.