

The porcupine gave himself a quick look over in the mirror, and sighed in annoyance. The one-piece swimsuit looked plain silly on him. His top-heavy musculature showed even more clearly in the tight lavender swimsuit. The straps strained to reach around his thick shoulders, and the muscles in his arms looked almost farcical coming out of the feminine suit.

The parts of his body it covered looked even worse, if that was possible. The suit and his body made an annoying contrast of tightness and slack. It managed to be tight around the broadness of his chest, while at the same time loose in the front where breasts ought to have been. His stomach filled out the midriff of the suit too much, while his hips made the lower reaches of the suit and the legholes hang off of him. His quills didn't help matters; they were compressed uncomfortably against his back and rump, with only a couple of his tail's quills fitting through the suit's tailhole. Not to mention, there was always that telltale bulge in the front.

He'd felt awkward enough walking into the store. The porcupine had read a couple reviews on the crossdressing forums online, describing how amazing the clothes in the store were and how feminine they made one's body look. Pascal always took such declarations with a grain of salt. He'd gotten used to disappointment over the years.

As soon as he'd stepped into the store he'd felt like fresh meat on display. A few sets of eyes had immediately turned towards him, and he'd looked down, not wanting to meet any gazes. The porcupine had casually gone over to a rack and started flipping through clothes. When the feeling of staring eyes had gotten to be too much, he'd just grabbed the first bathing suit that caught his eye and headed into the changing room.

Looking back, Pascal couldn't quite place why he hadn't just left. He had done it many times before in other stores. Something about the clothes here had stopped him, though. He had been surprised to find a decent selection in his own size; much of the nicer clothing in most stores seemed to be meant for skinny little twinks. Pascal's balance of muscle and chub was difficult to accommodate in women's clothing.

As he looked himself over one last time, though, Pascal just shook his head. No. This wouldn't do. The lavender colour, though he liked it, didn't match with his simple brown fur and quills, and it just... didn't fit properly.

He sighed, and turned around, reaching to start tugging the suit off. He paused, though, tensing. He glanced over his shoulder, and raised an eyebrow. He could've sworn... was the suit looking less bunched over the quills on his back? They'd made the material look all untidy and awkward before, but now it seemed a bit less tight. It even *felt* a bit more comfortable.

Pascal watched for a moment longer, unsure what to make of the feeling. Maybe his quills had just settled a bit better under the material? He went to pull the thing off again, still watching himself in the mirror. That was when he saw it; actually saw some of the bulge caused by his quills rustle.

He stared into the mirror over his shoulder, watching the material shift ever so slightly and settle in a bit closer against his actual fur and skin. There was no denying it. The quills had just... what? Fallen out? No, that was impossible; he would have felt that, and they would still be trapped between his body and the tight material. So what was happening?

He got his answer a moment later as his mass of messy headquills rustled. They tensed for a breath, bristling, before beginning to lose both pigment and definition. The deep brown colour faded to a more pastel shade, and the quills themselves sat closer to his head, not sticking out quite as much. They were bending, losing their rigidity. Getting... soft?

Up until this moment, Pascal's shock had been keeping him motionless. His mouth was hanging open, and his eyes staring. It was entirely possible that this shock would've run out, and he would've run out of the changeroom looking for help if the situation hadn't started pushing things forward at that very moment.

As Pascal was staring at his changing headquills, a soft warmth began spreading through his entire body. It wasn't pleasant, but it wasn't uncomfortable, either. It was an odd, body-wide relaxing of all his muscles. Even the concern in his mind grew more quiet as the adrenaline leached out of his veins, leaving him calm and detached as he watched those bumps and clumps of quills smoothing out in the back of the suit.

The warmth continued sweeping through him, and then began reaching out, seeming to focus on his fur. He let a low, contented groan as his fur all flexed at once, standing on end and then... seemed to flex

*more*, stand on end *more*. He let his eyes swing lazily down, and he saw the fur along his arms and legs stretching out. As the individual furs grew longer, their rich brown colour lost contrast, quickly approaching a dark grey. At the same time, more fur was growing in to make his coat feel fluffy.

As the fur reached its full length, it relaxed back down. It moved like a wave over his body, the individual furs simply laying back into a neutral position. He felt it as much as he saw it: the waves of follicles all relaxing. He let out a long breath as they did so, his chest falling. As the wave passed under the surface of the swimsuit, he looked back up at himself in the mirror again. He could only stare; he had changed colours completely, from his natural brown to a dark grey, almost tinged with blue. The dark colour and healthy sheen of the fur made his entire body look more sleek, less blocky.

Or maybe it was the quills. His headquills had all grown soft, and maybe a bit shorter. They had changed colour, much like his fur. Instead of growing darker, though, they'd lost most of their pigment and become a pale shade of grey. When he moved his head, he was conscious of the loss of weight from the quills and the added bounce from the fur.

The rest of his quills had suffered a similar fate. As he turned to look at his back in the mirror, he was stunned by how his back both looked and felt. The enormous clumps and sharp points in the swimsuit's material had all either disappeared or shrunk away to almost invisibility. There were no quills sticking out from the arm or legholes, or the parted back of the bathing suit, either. Instead, there was just smooth and fluffy dark grey fur. There were still a few quills sticking out through the hole in the suit meant for his tail, but even these had an odd limp quality to them, and were darker than he remembered.

As his eyes wandered along the length of his visible tail, he blinked, and then stared harder. It looked like... no, it must have been a trick of the light or something. He'd never really seen his own rump without his big, heavily quilled tail covering it up. With fewer quills in the way, it almost looked like his rump was bigger. Rounder. Wider? But that couldn't be. It just looked different in the tight material.

He was ready to dismiss this and leave it at that, but as he was about to turn away, he noticed movement in the corner of his eye. He focused on that bit of movement, and he saw a small wrinkle in the material. The suit was a bit loose in that area with the disappearance of his quills, so there were a few wrinkles here and there. As he watched, though, this one shifted, and then smoothed out. The porcupine could only stare as he watched more of those small wrinkles smoothing out. He reached a hand back to feel along the curve, and he was stunned to actually *feel* the warm flesh pressing out softly against his fingers. It wasn't dramatic, but it was noticeable.

As he was watching this, enraptured, his ears began to itch. He reached up distractedly to scratch at one of them, but it didn't help. He kept scratching, rubbing harder at the skin underneath the fur. At length, he let out an exasperated sigh and looked back up at his face in the mirror. He blinked, and for a moment he wondered what was so strange about the image. Well, aside from the change in fur colour and complete absence of quills. He was so busy scratching at his ear that it took him a while before he realized that he was scratching a lot more ear than usual.

When he did realize, he forced himself to pull his hand away, and just watched. Both ears were twitching slightly, itching madly as they stretched up and back. The fur on their outside was the same dark blueish grey as most of the rest of his body, but inside the ear the fur looked thinner, and was closer in shade to his new headfur.

He was finding the twisted stance a bit uncomfortable, so he straightened himself out again and faced the mirror directly on. As he moved, though, he noticed the extra weight from the movement of his rump. Pascal's eyes darted back down, and he was surprised to find that it wasn't just his rump that had changed sizes. Standing like this, he could see that his hips and thighs had both expanded as well to support the added weight from behind. The effect made the suit fit a bit more snug and natural around his legs, though there was still a decent amount of slack. Not to mention, he still had the awkward bulge that his package was causing in the front.

Unable to resist his curiosity, the porcupine reached both hands down and rubbed them over the softer, thicker visible fur along his thighs. The flesh underneath was soft, but it wasn't just fat down there. He could feel the tightness of strong muscle bunching along the entire length of his legs.

He let his hands slide up, the fingers catching on the swimsuit's looser material around his hips. He dragged his fingers up further, slipping them over the still-present roundness of his belly. That, at least, seemed to be fitting fine in the suit. It felt a bit smaller than before, though there was still a decent amount of extra roundness hanging off. His fingers trailed up and up, feeling out the places where the

swimsuit was still too tight or too loose for his changing body. The hands came to a sharp and sudden stop when they found a pair of soft lumps on the front of his chest.

He stood there for a second, all of his muscles tensing at once in surprise. For a moment, he wanted to pull his hands away, grab his clothes, and start tugging them on so he could look for help. Curiosity got the better of him, though. He tried pressing his fingers in further against his chest, and was rewarded with a warm, pleasurable feeling that was electric in its alienness. The warmth didn't fade, either; it just spread further as he felt those lumps push out a bit more into his hands.

At the same time, he felt his shoulders tense. He grunted at the sudden contrasting feeling; the pleasurable warmth in his chest and the uncomfortable tension in his shoulders. It was not unlike the dull ache after a workout, accompanied by a subtle squeezing pressure. The porcupine reluctantly pulled his hands away from those rises on his chest to hug at himself, rubbing at both shoulders to try to ease the tension. He pressed his fingers in hard, and his shoulders seemed to pull away from the contact. He blinked in confusion, then rubbed more gently. He could actually feel the muscles shifting, rhythmically tensing and then relaxing. Each time they tensed, they chorded up tighter, but they remained the same size as they relaxed. The end result was a gradual shrinking and narrowing of his shoulders. It was uncomfortable, but became less and less achy as the muscles and bones concerned grew smaller.

Pascal looked up into the mirror again, and abruptly noticed that his arms were getting smaller in time with his shoulders. There was still strength in them, but they were becoming less bulky. The chest of the swimsuit was beginning to press out more fully, too, almost in time with the narrowing of his shoulders. It was like his bulk was being squeezed from one part of his body to another, and it was getting more and more pleasurable as the aching faded and the warmth increased.

He let out a soft groan, and his back pressed flush into the wall as he rode out the sensations. Even that felt bizarre; being able to lean back against a surface without a mass of quills buffering the sensation. The shifting porcupine dragged shorter, slightly daintier fingers up along the sides of the suit, feeling the wrinkles of tightness and looseness gradually easing out. His weight was redistributing itself in more subtle ways too, it seemed. As his shoulders grew narrower, his middle spread outwards, giving him an increasingly pear-shaped body.

Those fingers dragged up further, and couldn't help but wander back to his front. They caught on the developing rises on his chest, now large enough to begin filling out the suit's cups. He gave a soft squeeze to the two handfuls, and his breath grew shallow. The sensation was oddly warm, and sent tingles through his body. Not to mention, even as he held them, he could feel them pushing into his hands ever so slightly, almost pressing out to meet the squeezes.

He choked back a few groans, and then forced his hands to slide away from the growing breasts. He placed them on the wall on either side of him, using them to support himself as he caught his breath. He stared into the mirror, and swallowed. The changes, which had felt overwhelming a moment before, now seemed to be slowing down. What looked back at him in the mirror...

Was a rabbit. There was nothing else for it. The thick, glossy coat of dark fur, the long ears, the muscular legs, the slightly longer muzzle. Nobody looking at him would be able to guess he'd been a porcupine minutes before. He cast a small glance over his shoulder, and couldn't help but chuckle at the small leaf of a tail sticking out of the suit. He gave it a small twitch for good measure, and the movement caused his hips and rump to shake a bit.

That drew his attention back forward to the other drastic change. He looked like a woman. He had all the curves, and the tight material of the swimsuit showed them off in clear detail. The only thing that looked out of place was—

All at once, that bulge in the front of the swimsuit felt tight. Very, *very* tight, bordering on uncomfortable. The pressure on his groin forced his thighs together, hard enough that he thought they would smack. He sucked in a gasp, and his hands went down to grope at his crotch, trying to grab the swimsuit and pull it out and away. He managed to get a hold on the slick material between his fingertips, and then pulled it out and away from himself... and it still felt tight. Oh god did it feel tight.

He panted for breath, and stared down, not understanding. It was feeling tighter and tighter, like the material was squeezing, crushing his package against his groin. He knew that was impossible, though; his fingers were still pinched around the swimsuit, holding it away from his fur. He tugged the material out just enough for him to be able to sneak a few fingers of his other hand underneath, and prodded at his member. Somehow, through the uncomfortable pressure, he managed to get some

sensation. The skin covering his shaft felt taut, pulled in against him. Slipping his fingers back to his balls, he found that they were much the same, his body pulling them up flush against his flesh.

It took a few moments for things to click into place in his overstimulated brain. He'd grown breasts, and wide hips, and an almost entirely female body. The feeling of tightness wasn't coming from the swimsuit; it was his own skin pulling tight, pressing the lingering bits of his physical masculinity in against himself. As his fingers brushed over the tight, sensitive skin, he could actually feel the organs shifting beneath, getting smaller under his hands.

"Oh god," he groaned, his voice breathy and soft as the sensation kept assaulting him. "Oh god oh god oh god oh..." It was getting tighter; tighter and tighter and tighter and it was all pressing against him so hard and he could feel it shrinking, getting harder and harder to feel under his hand and-

And then, all at once, the uncomfortable pressure building up in his groin lessened. Pascal's eyes went very, very wide, and his thighs twitched apart a bit as he *felt* himself opening, felt himself spreading. Those fingers down below, shaking, reached down to touch...

She pulled her hand back away and out of the swimsuit as though her fingers had been burned. She let go of the material, and it snapped back into place. That awkward bulge was gone. Her thighs and hips twitched occasionally as the pressure between her legs let up more and more. Soon she just stood there, staring at the tight material between her thick, round thighs. She was leaning back against the wall for support, her breathing fast and shallow.

"Ma'am?"

Pascal stood bolt upright, eyes going wide at the sound of the voice on the other side of the change room door. The rabbit hesitated at being called 'ma'am,' and then swallowed audibly. "Er, yes?"

She was so busy wondering at her voice, low, but smoky and unmistakably feminine, that she almost missed what the person outside said next. "If you're happy with that fit, and would like to keep that swimsuit, I've picked out a few items for a new wardrobe for you. Otherwise, feel free to change back into your old clothes."

The rabbit blinked in surprise. Then, she cast a look at herself in the mirror. The lavender suit hugged her new curves and accentuated the shape of her body perfectly. She turned to look at her profile, getting a good view of the swell of her breasts and the soft plumpness of her rump. Her sleek, bluish-grey fur seemed to shine under the change room's lights. Her body was still heavyset, and though her muscles seemed to have redistributed, there was a lot of power in that form. Everything was perfect. Everything *fit* perfect. Not a stray bulge to be seen. Even those longer ears and the teardrop tail seemed to only enhance and draw more attention to her shape.

She glanced down at the clothes she'd left on the floor. If the swimsuit had been that awkward on her body before, then her old clothes would probably be no better now. She nibbled at her lip, then muttered, "Well I suppose I can't wear the swimsuit home." She unlatched the door, and pushed away the nervous flutter in her chest as she stepped out. "Show me what you've got."