

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #31

By

[Desmond Fallout](#)

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All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners.  
Thank you all for the support. :3

## Raptor Mask

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Stupid Christmas decorations. The only thing sadder than seeing full aisle displays for winter in September was that people actually must buy it. There would be no other reason for stores to be wasting the space when they could, you know, be following the seasons.

With Halloween coming up, it really put Kevin in a bind. Cosplay was his thing, his passion. Well, one of them anyway. There was no fun going to a convention or party without some form of new threads to liven up people's experience.

To say having a lackluster selection of costume props was an understatement. This store had barely gotten enough to fill an entire aisle. The back still filled out with more Christmas decorations. Whatever looked decent was almost exclusively for kids. It was like adults did not even know how to have fun these days.

Kevin was about to exit for another store when he spotted a tiny opportunity. Nestled on the higher pegs were an assortment of masks definitely meant for older people. Turned out to just be a typical vampire, Jason, Michael Myers, dinosaur assortment.

Wait, that last one caught Kevin's attention enough for a second glance. There was only one left hanging on this peg which made him even curiouser. Plucking it into his hands, however, immediately told him the material was fairly cheap. It was that kind of flimsy plastic that made you wonder if it was even plastic.

Although the face was not that bad. Kevin had no idea if it resembled some famous monster or just a generic reptile. Its snout was thick, but sleek in design, and definitely carnivore by the pointed teeth poking out between the lips. Oddly, the skin did not look scaly, or even painted with scales. Instead, it was a smoothly shined black with white streaks over the eyes, and white covering the lower jaw.

That alone was a pretty cool design, but it was the crest of large yellow feathers that ran in a mohawk down the skull that sold Kevin.

This could make for a perfect costume piece next time he went to a furry convention at least. He always composed his best work of random bits modified to a purpose. He took off his glasses with one hand and brought the mask to his face with the other. The fit was a bit bigger than his face, but that did not matter. Dang thing did not even have a rubber band to hold it in place.

Which was why it alarmed Kevin when the mask did not slide off with his hand. A loud crinkling noise filled his ears, and from behind the peepholes, he could see the insides of the mask were...moving!

“What the fu-AAH!”

Like any reasonable person, Kevin dropped his glasses, grasping at the mask edges with both hands. With a hard yank, the thing pulled free while burning his face like one big band-aid.

Apparently, the mask did not like that either. Kevin could not push it that far away before it jumped back towards his face. He let out a panicked scream, watching the cheap mask wrap and mold in thin air. The edges expanded out, slithering into long tendrils that wrapped around his head. It slammed back on, muffling further screams, and this time no amount of pulling could get it off. Kevin could feel it expand and meld together, encasing him in black wrapping.

“N-no! Stop!” Kevin’s head pounded as he shook about. Hands clawed desperately at the material, only to find his hair vanishing under the sleek covering. “What’s happening? Someone help! AHH GRRRAAWWW!!”

Han’s eyes shot open almost of their own volition, alarmed by the animal roar that echoed across the store. He blinked several times, fighting a wave of dizziness. The burning sensation stopped, along with the mask pushing down on his skull. At least he could move his mouth again, clicking his tongue, trying to rid it of a sudden dry sensation.

That flooded his mind with an array of unexpected sensations. Kevin gawked and croaked in an almost bird-like fashion, leaving him flabbergasted. He went cross-eyed as a hand reached up to touch his nose. Both eventually found it sticking out way further from his face than seconds ago. Some careful flexing of a

much longer tongue told his senses this muzzle was also filled with many sharp teeth.

That was when Kevin noticed the reason for his dizziness was due to a sudden change in his vision. He would probably never need glasses ever again. That might be good because not only did Kevin step on them during his flailing, but he felt along his head to find he no longer had ears. Fortunately, his hearing significantly improved despite just having tiny holes among rubber-smooth skin.

He dashed over to the end of the aisle where a small mirror had hung for costume checking. It was not a raptor face that stared back; it was a raptor's head. Kevin ran both hands along the slick skin of his black scalp and white jaw. Even the feathers felt real, tickling his senses as he combed a hand through them.

Under any normal circumstance this might have been rather nice, cool even. Having absolutely no idea what or why this was going on did little to help him appreciate the handsome Dino face gawking back. At least it was looking less out of place with his neck bulking up.

"Wait...GAWK!?" Kevin clasped at his neck, feeling a chilling coldness pour down across his human skin.

It did nothing to help. Skin shifted downward, almost like the sleek rubber parts were a living liquid. A few bones snapped as several new ones grew into place to make Kevin's neck considerably longer. Tugging the collar down he gulped seeing that this was far from stopping. The black continued to blot out his back while white streamlined down the front of his neck to fill out his chest and stomach.

"Oh, no!" Kevin squeaked as his shirt itself got tighter. It was quickly pulled off and thrown to the ground with his regard for modesty. The police would surely understand a horrific transformation as the cause of indecent exposure.

Soon as the new rubbery skin set into place, the muscles under it stretched and strained in rapid development. Kevin's jaw dropped, watching his pectorals puff out. His stomach tingled as calories melted away into a fit, toned surfboard. But his arms became the most impressive; swelling rich in metal bending power. He could not help cracking a smile after a test flex showed off his thick biceps.

At least he was turning into a strong, handsome dinosaur. That thought was some comfort as he watched his hands become black with white palms. There were some very severe cramps as his fingers become compelled to press together. Five digits merged into four, with a set of razor looking claws bursting out of their tips.

“Mmph!? Oh, that’s kind of cool.” Kevin mused, watching tufts of feathers break through his forearm’s skin. These were rich, but a soft grey color, unlike his golden crest. They still felt nice and soft growing on the underside of each forearm from elbow to wrist. An itching between his shoulders drew his attention back there. It took some angling with the mirror, but Kevin glimpsed more feathers roughly shaped like a dolphin’s dorsal fin growing out of his mid-back.

“Mommy, look, the bird is getting big!”

Kevin whipped his head surprisingly far to the left without having to turn the rest of his body. That would have almost surprised him if the little girl and her mother at the opposite end of the aisle had not topped his priorities.

They stared at each other for several minutes, trying to comprehend the scene presented for each other. Just as Kevin thought he might have an idea, a surge of pain pinched at the seat of his pants. Clawed reptile hands rested on the button, but he hesitated with other people present. That just made the pain mount until a large bulge pushed out the back seat.

Tearing off the button and zipper was surprisingly easy with claws. After a bit of awkward shifting, Kevin had no choice but to let the rear of his pants drop. The pressure from within helped push it down for him so a long lizard tail could fall out. It slapped across the cold stone floor and snaked its way around Kevin’s shoes, continuing to grow longer and thicker. A massive fan of the grey feathers grew out of either side of the tip to resemble a fishes fluke, while more poked out around the base at his rear for ‘fins.’ The relief was so amazing Kevin could not hold back a growl of pleasure, letting his jaw hang open with tongue out in a goofy smile. The new appendage twitched awkwardly for a while, trying to adjust to the new nerves.

The woman jerked back, utterly shocked at this. Turning several shades of red, she tugged her child’s hand to force them out of the aisle. “Honestly, some people!”

That almost mild reaction confused Kevin more than his horrific transformation. Did she think this was just a regular Tuesday night at Target?

“Nnggh!” Well, it would be nice if that was the case. Feeling the denim strained against his thighs soon had Kevin clawing at the remaining parts of his pants. They were growing even more muscular than his arms, becoming built for fast sprints and long jumps.

Kevin was more surprised by the little slit in the white rubber skin of his groin. At least he knew enough about birds and lizards that his junk withdrew into his body for protection. It was a much better alternative than flashing his dong at random shoppers.

“Mmmm, nice.” Kevin twisted slightly, catching his toned black backside in the mirror. It was too tempting not to give it a smack with a clawed hand, feeling and hearing a firm resistance on impact. Might as well enjoy the moment before animal control shows up.

A tingling around his shins made him look down again. They had also converted into slick, muscular skin underneath itchy wool socks. But that wouldn't be a problem as Kevin felt his feet cringe and push at the insides of his shoes.

Several bulges formed in the fabric, only to be torn apart by massive claws growing out. The feet that exploded out of Kevin's shoes were far from being human. Heels pulled back into a high arch with only the rim of socks left hanging on them. This rose him to stand balanced on his toes, of which he only had three huge ones. The inner ones were definitely the biggest, totting a claw several times larger than the others curved into a slicing sickle shape.

“Hah! Raptor feet! That is so awesome!” Kevin flexed his bigger toes several times, enjoying the way the claws clicked on the floor just like in those dinosaur park movies. He grunted softly and kicked his lengthy legs several times until the shoe pieces flew off.

A quick lookup found Kevin had grown taller too, almost reaching the top of the shelves. Tail gave a few more happy wags, studying his firm and fit body as it shined in the store lights. There were worse things to turn into than a slick, muscular raptor creature. He chuckled and knelt down to remove his socks, itching at his heels.

“HEY!”

Kevin froze the second both bits of wool ripped off. Craning his neck, he found himself nearly eye level with a young woman of blond hair. Unlike the last one, she was snapping gum with arms crossed, glaring down with heated intent. Before he could even muster a few words, she flicked the tip of his nose eliciting an annoyed growl.

“Those damn masks aren’t for trying on bub. Didn’t you even read the sign!?”

“Uh...” Kevin twisted his head to glance down the aisle. Having such a limber neck was going to take some getting used to, but he found no special signs. Only a metal plaque with some paper scraps torn across the edges. He could only direct his face back to the woman, looking surprisingly sheepish for a predator. “S-sorry, I didn’t know.”

“Well, you fuse with it, you buy it, champ. It’s not like those things can come off until Halloween’s over. Hope you still have your wallet around here.”

“Oh, um, yeah?” Kevin scooted over to dig through the shredded bits of his pants. Finding the leather-bound holder of currency was relatively easy. As he stood up, a thought clicked into his mind, making him glance down at the woman again. “Don’t suppose you sell pants for lizard tails?”

The woman snorted and jerked a thumb across the way. “Anthro attire is behind the kid’s section. And don’t you dare try running off with that shining butt of yours.”

“Y-yes ma’am.” Kevin squeaked, hurrying past her into the clothing section of the store. Navigating for some decent cover while being as tall as a totem pole left him feeling way too exposed.

And to think he had thirty more days to make a costume for Halloween.

## AnuBeginning

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Statistically flying is the safest way to travel. The problem is eventually statistics have a way of catching up. One minute you're traveling comfortably in a quiet airline cabin, falling asleep to an overpriced movie. The next everything is spinning while you try frantically to remember which part of your seat is a floatation device.

Or in Desmond's case, completely forget about the life vest under his seat instead.

Good thing that despite a water landing, the small assortment of people only suffered minor bumps and nausea. A well-trained crew quickly got everyone on board inflatable rafts with whatever provisions they could snag. Luck continued to hold out long enough for them to paddle their way onto a nearby island where everyone could watch their plane sink beneath the ocean currents.

While the pilots took initiative leadership to comfort distraught passengers, Desmond meandered down the beach. The middle-aged man was hardly eager for pep talks downplaying their stranded situation, nor did he want to contemplate impending problems with food and water. Still, the island itself felt pretty big. Even after climbing some higher ground into the treelines couldn't get him a view of its edge. It was a great sign when he spotted several trees growing bundles of bananas.

Not that he was doing any survival scouting. He just hoped some sunbathing would dry out his damp brown hair and clothes. The amount of places salt water can get into a person's body is downright scary when experienced first



hand. Didn't help his attitude that the same water destroyed most of his belongings, assuming cellphones and laptops would do any good without a way to recharge them. Only thing left was his square glasses, without which would render him practically blind.

"Hey, Des? Wait up!"

"Hm? Oh!" Desmond just climbed around a patch of large rocks when he turned to see another man in a trench coat dashing through the sands. Their leaner frame contrasted with his more chubby size, with jet black hair and half-circle glasses. "Hey Deiser. I thought you wanted to rest first."

"Not if you're going to be wandering off into the wilds alone. You crazy?" Deiser slowed to a stop before Desmond, hunching over with hands on knees to catch his breath. Now that he mentioned it, the passenger's temporary beach site looked fairly distant by now. "Find anything interesting yet?"

"Bananas!" Desmond jerked his thumb up a nearby tree with a smirk. "Food might not be a problem if we're lucky."

"I don't know. We only got so many cheese trays and peanuts to go around." Deiser straightened his glasses, following Desmond along the rocky bank in their resumed march. "How big do you think this place is?"

"Pretty big, I'd say. We're already this far and I'm just starting to see where the edge curves around."

Deiser squinted as they reached the top. Indeed, the beach seemed to jut out a thin greasy spike of land before curving back around to vanish behind a jungle of trees and sharp hills. "Nice. This place almost looks pretty."

"I just hope they got some wildlife." The pair's walk continued while Desmond turned his attention inland. There were some obvious sounds of birds chirping somewhere among the vast green maze, but no signs of tracks or markings by land creatures. "Be nice if we could get ahold of something like turtles, fish, maybe even wild pigs. Christ, I hope we don't stay here too long, or everyone might turn savage."

"At least we got pineapples!"

"What?"

Desmond whirled to find Deiser no longer directly behind him. The other man stood several yards past the trees where a clearing abruptly opened up, filled with thick leafed plants. In the center of each one rose a pill shaped fruit towered covered in brown prickly spines.

"Check it out!" Deiser was already ripping off a pineapple when Desmond joined his side. He turned back to his friend, holding it up with a smile. Damn thing matched the size of his head. "You won't find beauties this big at a grocery. I can't wait to see how sweet they are."

Desmond would have been smiling back, but his sweeping view of the fruit patch created a much somber expression. "Assuming the owners will share, you mean?"

“What are you talking about?” Deiser already set the pineapple down in order to rip out another ripe treat. Hopefully, he didn’t plan on trying to carry back all this.

“Look. They’re all arranged in a perfect grid on raised soil patches. This is someone’s crop.”

“Whoa!” Deiser stood up cradling his second picked pineapple to realize his friend was right. On top of the mechanical placement of the big shrubs, little trenches were dug out of the dirt between them for better rain water collecting. It was a real professional gardening job. “This might be a good thing. Maybe we ended up crashing on some millionaires privet vacation island.”

Desmond gave off an amused scoff. “Oh, god. Wouldn’t that feel great to know we’re stealing Jeff Bezos pineapples. Lord knows he might make us pay for them too.”

“Not to mention the rescue.” Deiser plucked a pineapple in each hand, sliding among the patch towards its far end.

“Where are you going?”

“I just wanted to check... yes! There’s a trail over here that heads inland.”

For some reason the notion this island was inhabited, and by someone fairly competent about survival, didn’t strike Desmond as encouraging. “Pathing

the edge is one thing. Should we really be going into the jungle on our own without weapons?"

"We got these!" Deiser bounced the large fruits under his armpits for emphasis. "Come on! I can't wait to see what kind of mansion they have."

"We don't even know if it's a modern society that's-and he's gone!" Desmond sighed, watching the other man vanish down the cleared path. They had a lot more skip to their step after acquiring an immediate food supply. There was only a moment's hesitation before the fatter man slumped and followed.

For the first few minutes of walking, absolutely nothing of interest happened. That somehow grated on Desmond's nerves worse than if ravenous cannibals jumped out of the bushes. Birds continued to sing somewhere off in the surrounding greeny, and sometimes he was sure they could hear running water. As far as danger goes, there seemed no tell-tale signs. In fact, there seemed to be nothing at all.

"This is really getting weird."

"Hm?" Deiser looked over a shoulder back to Desmond. The other man had his head focused directly on the path beneath them. "What did you find?"

"Nothing!" he said flatly as they walked. "This path is perfectly clean without leaves or rocks on it, but there're no footprints of anyone maintaining this or the crops. Hell, there are not even signs of small animal tracks or anything. It just bothers me."

“Maybe they use a vacuum cleaner?”

“On sand!?”

“Never underestimate the power of the brush attachment. Besides, there are signs of life. I see a gate ahead.”

“Oh... good?” Desmond dipped to the left, seeing past Deiser to a silver barred fence a few yards ahead.

Walls made of silver bars vanished off either side into the jungle, but given the dense foliage it might have just been a formality structure. Neither man had tools to try roaming around for an opening. The gate itself had a black ornate latch on it, shaped like some kind of long-eared dog creature, made even fancier by gold painted markings across the snout and eyes.

“I can’t tell if this is foreboding or... uh.” Desmond’s words fell off as he reached out to touch the dog latch and recoiled.

The contact caused its eyes to flip open in a reveal of bright glittering rubies, staring deep through both men. As if deciding something, the eyes clanked shut again, and the head lifted so the gate could open of its own accord.

“Cool!” Like a trailblazer, Desire walked through the opened space without a moment’s hesitation. “They got some really neat automated stuff here. I love technology.”

“Pretty sure that wasn’t electronics. I haven’t seen so much as a wire this whole walk.” Desmond mused. Damn his innate loyalty to friends. Seeing Deiser continue on down the path practically made the decision to follow absolute against all better judgement.

WHAM!!

Yeah, of course the gates would shut the second they were clear of it. Desmond whipped his head from the bars to Deiser and back. “Definitely foreboding. Hey! Wait up!”

Being suddenly cut off by random forces didn’t make so much as a blip on Deiser’s radar. The man continued cheerfully along the trail, enjoying the scenic ambience around them. Somehow the jungle became more serene the deeper they went in. Dangerous might be the last word he’d used to describe it.

Unlike Desmond, who had to partake in a burst of cardio to catch up with his friend. It didn’t help that Deiser already made his way to the top of a steep incline before suddenly stopping. He couldn’t put his finger on it, but something about this place was making the hair on his neck tingle. Everything was too unnaturally perfect.

Reaching the hilltop to find the path wound down into a pit further amplified the men’s opposing emotions.

“Is that a pyramid?” Deiser asked with twinkles in his smile.

“That’s... that’s a damn pyramid!” Desmond confirmed between gasping breaths. The stone pointed structure their trail led to helped him quickly forget his lack of a healthy lifestyle. “Who the fuck builds that on a tropical island?”

“Someone really awesome, I bet! Come on! We got to check this out.”

“Like hell we have t-and he’s gone.” The only comfort Desmond received for following Deiser towards the mysterious structure was that it was all downhill from here. As if sensing his discomfort, a strong wind picked up, caressing the sweat off his exposed skin on the way down. Always a refreshing experience, even when faced with suspicious circumstances.

“Whoa! Check this out,” Desire cried, running up to the alcove where a stone door rested. The thing was about twice the garage door size and probably weighed a ton. True to his nature, Deiser ran his hands over the many fresh looking hieroglyphs painted across its surface. “Someone’s been taking fantastic care of this thing. I can smell the paint.”

“Just don’t start licking it.” Now that they were at its base, Desmond couldn’t resist a bit of curiosity too. Up close he could tell the stone surface was smooth with the sunlight gleam of fresh polish. If he didn’t know better, the structure looked almost new. “Find a doorbell yet?”

“Not even a knocker. The artwork is pretty though.”

“Yeah,” Desmond mused as his eyes scanned over Deiser’s head. Someone went to a lot of trouble painting humanoids every few glyphs, all of which possessed the head of some animal. “Bet you money the artist is a furry.”

There came a soft click that made both men jump. Deiser inched his face against the stone, realizing his roaming hands finally caught on some panel mechanism. He thought it amusing that it was marked by several jackal-headed women.

“Found the door opener!”

“No, wait!”

CLUNK!!

Deiser pushed in the panel with surprising ease, feeling it catch on something after going a few inches deep.

FWOOSH!

A rush of white light washed over the guys, making them cry out, grasping for their eyes. Warmth radiated across their skin even through clothes, causing a break out of goose bumps. A few seconds later and there came a sudden feeling of falling before the experience faded to black.

Even with colorful rainbow spots blinding them, Desmond could immediately tell they were no longer outside. The nature ambience vanished along with the fresh air circulation. He only needed one awkward step to feel the ground under them was solid and smooth, definitely not sand.



“What happened?” he heard Deiser groan from somewhere to the left.

“Call me crazy, but I think we just got teleported.”

“Really? That’s so cool.”

“Assuming we weren’t called for a blood sacrifice, maybe.”

“What kind of magic user needs blood offerings in this day and age?”

“...that is the weirdest question I’ve ever heard you ask...so far.”

“Thanks. Oh, neat!” The bubbles slowly faded away while Deiser stood patiently. His reward was a rather amazing view of an altar room. Its four sloping walls of glass offered window views of the pit outside, with stone carved pillars helping to support the ceiling. At its center rose a platform with a table displaying a manner of clothes fresh out of ancient times. “Check it out! Skirts, headdresses, and bracers! I never thought I’d see old-fashioned egyptian cotton.”

“I’m more concerned about where we are.” Desmond glanced around, finding no signs of an exit. Geez, even the floor and roof got glyph paintings.

“Looks like we’re at the top of the pyramid.”

“How can you... oh...” One look out a window-wall made Desmond cringe at his own ignorance. The view showed everything of the pyramids outside going down to the ground. Shame they weren’t high enough to see over the jungle. “Okay, the one way magic windows are impressive, or we would have definitely noticed them. Still doesn’t explain why we got teleported here.”

<BECAUSE I’M SO HAPPY TO FINALLY HAVE COMPANY. WELCOME MORTALS!!>

“ARGH!!” Deiser gripped his head, surprised by the booming voice filling his thoughts. It was like the speaker had a megaphone against his ears. “W-who said that? Why so damn loud!?”

<OH! I’M SOR... I mean, sorry! It’s been so long since I’ve had to communicate with something besides birds and pigs. It’s easy to forget how much volume is required for words.>

“We’ve already been blinded, deafening just seemed like the next logical step.” Desmond shook his head, trying to make the ear ringing stop. “Are you an island god or something?”

<Island god? Ha! I am Rotrix, goddess of shelter. It is my sacred duty given by Osiris to help lost travelers in need, no matter if you come from the great empire of Egypt or far-off lands.>

“But...” Desmond sucked in a breath, unsure about the consequences of his next thought. “This is the caribbean.”

<The what now?>

“Yeah,” Deiser chimed in. “You’re like hundreds of miles away from Egypt. A whole ocean across, in fact.”

<... THOSE LYING MOTHER FUCKERS!! No wonder I haven’t gotten a worshiper in... what year is it?>

Deiser swallowed. “Uh, twenty-twenty... AD.”

<ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? For the love of fuck. Yeah, ‘take a border position, Rotrix. It’ll be great for the kingdom’s commerce’ my ass, Horus! I went to sleep for a decade and those stuck up snubs moved my whole temple to another continent!?!>

What followed was a lot of rapid mumbling sounds Desmond could only assume was the language of old Egypt. While waiting for this really upset goddess to finish venting, he risked a glance at Deiser. In a surprisingly rare occasion, the more laid back man could only give a helpless shrug in return.

<Okay... okay! I’m back. Sorry. I’m just... mmm fuckers! If I ever get back, I’m going to shave Bast’s tail and piss in Ra’s goblet. You can’t just shove out a shelter goddess. What if a plague hits the population?>

There was a synchronized cringe between the two guys in the room. Desmond could not stop himself from uttering, “Boy, you have been here a while.”

<What's that supposed to mean?!>

Thankfully, Deiser acted fast. "Uh, o-only that we are in need of a goddess of your skills right now!"

<Oh! Yes, of course. How selfish of me, rambling about my problems when it was your plight that brought me to you. So sorry. At least you guys liked my pineapples.>

"Hey! Getting screwed by friends is never pleasant," Desmond offered meekly. Having no clue where to look when addressing a disembodied goddess didn't help. "Shame we can't help each other out."

<Actually, if you're offering... I could use a lot of help after being isolated for centuries.>

"What's wrong?" Deiser asked, oblivious to Desmond's panicked look.

<Let's just say a god's worth is proportional to those that worship. So few people know of my existence that I lack the power to take a physical form for you. What I need are heralds; avatars of my creed helping their fellow mortals by channeling my powers. I can easily sustain you and everyone still on my beach with food and shelter in this temple, but if I had two high priestesses acting on my behalf, we could provide them a luxury experience until help arrives. Hell, we might even get me some more followers to help spread the word.>

Deiser stroked his chin for a few seconds and gave Desmond a grin. "That sounds really awesome."

"You think so?!"

"I mean, how often does a god offer you a chance to be their herald? We even get cool powers off the deal."

"Yeah, that sounds a lot better than a blood sacrifice. I guess I'd be interested." Desmond couldn't help but chuckle. The idea sounded way too tempting to pass up. "Wait, didn't she specify the word 'priestess?'"

"We'll do it!"

<FANTASTIC!> Another flash of light washed over the men, this time bathing them in soft pillars that barely affected their sight. <OPEN YOURSELVES AND ACCEPT MY GIFTS!!>

The light would have been relaxing, but considering it also burned away their clothes, Desmond found himself anything but that. "Deiser! Whatever happens next is entirely your fault."

"Mmmh! But it's so cool!" Deiser rolled his head, completely overwhelmed by the light of a goddess. Every inch of his being tingled with the stroking of Rotrix's essence, even his mind felt lost in a pool of endless joy. Becoming rapidly naked didn't feel like a problem. In fact, it just gave the light more areas to shine on.

And also allowed them to see the other intentions their goddess had in store. Even before their shirts fully melted away Desmond saw a lot of drastic changes on his friend's body, feeling the same effects enforced upon his own. Apparently Rotrix wanted to save some energy by doing both of them at once.

The sagging pudge shifted under his skin, smoothing out a once flab stomach to better show off a drastically tapering waist. It was like watching a tube of toothpaste being squeezed in the middle. Half the mass shot into Deiser's chest, pushing it out into two very large mounds. The areola's rode atop them, being stretched by the new girth until nearly doubled in size. That must have drastically increased their sensitivity, judging by the way Deiser caressed them with a moan. His voice already sounded a few octaves higher.

The other half of both men's pudge plummeted into their pelvis. Something that alarmed Desmond way more than his suddenly gained tits. Both hands slammed onto his cheeks only to get forcefully shoved back several inches. Rich fat billowed out his backside soft enough to flow between the space of his fingers. Within seconds he went from fighting them to gently kneading the glutes together, biting his lower lip to stifle a squeal. When their hips broadened for proper child barring shapes, it gave him even more ass to play with.

"Mmmhhh fuck!"

Another, stronger, sting hit their groins, earning a gasp way too feminine for their still male heads. Neither wanted to watch, but sure enjoyed the sensations of their masculine defining characteristics shifting away. Buxom female torsos wiggled to their helpless groans of pleasure as their insides yawned open to connect a tunnel into a developing, unfamiliar organ. As their thighs pressed together, plumping into meaty killer curves, the sensation of having something

hard faded completely. In its place came an internal throbbing void that drizzled warm moisture across their leg fur.

“Wait!” Desmond gasped, surprised by how breathy and regal her voice sounded. She finally pried off her own ass to examine her arms. Unlike the thick strength of her legs, they were slimming down into lean beautiful limbs of a princess. More importantly was the way her former man's hair thickened out, sprouting thousands of more fibers to coat her skin in silky brown fur. This spread out to encompass every inch of her new body, reaching her feet just as they began thickening out to become canine paws. “I knew it! We’re going to be furies.”

“That’s not so bad, right?” Deiser hadn’t taken as much interest in the fur, though she couldn’t stop lifting her legs to try getting a better glance at the large pads under each plump paw toe. “At least we’re sexy.”

“Pfft! I guess...” Desmond hated to admit just how awesome a point Deiser made. Most people in the fandom often dream of becoming their avatars, or at least something smoking hot like them. Even when their fingers grew out claws, it was with a manicured shape that added to their dainty fingers charm.

“Arrgh?” Deiser leaned back, going cross-eyed. “Oh, hey! Big finale coming up.”

Desmond didn’t need to question it, being overrun with the feeling of intense pressure in her jaws too. Her nose became increasingly easier to see around their peripheral vision thanks to a rapid swelling and darkening pigmentation.

CHRRT! SCRUNCH! POP! POP!

“Oh fuuuuck!!” The prolonged cry came out in surprise and droned on into drunken pleasure. Desmond wasn’t sure, but the process of her face grinding out into a jackals muzzle might have triggered an orgasm or two. Her tongue rolled out of extending lips, dangling at increasing lengths while she panted in a daze. Teeth itched slightly in development of sharp points while even more pierced through the empty gum space.

“Arf! Arf!” Was all Deiser could get out while experiencing the same joy of developing a canine’s face. A few more cracks inside their slimming necks and both changing women found even their barks came out as a feminine serenade.

POIT!

A slight tickle went barely unnoticed as the pair’s hair rained across their furry shoulders, growing to the same length down their upper backs. It was a tremendous rush of joy for Desmond especially, not having to worry about going bald ever again. From deep under their thicker glossy manes some alien muscles suddenly made their ears twitch, shooting them up to rest atop their heads as foot long pointed triangles.

“So cool!” Deiser chimed, feeling the new dog ears. With some focus she could make them bend, though they recoiled on instinct to her touch. “It’s this amazing, Anbs-1.”

“I’ll say,” Desmond agreed, noticing the light Rotrix washed around them fade away. That must have meant their ‘recruitment’ as heralds was over. She



twisted around, just as amazed by her thin stomach's limberness as her butt's generous size. "I've never felt better, Anbs-2. I'm so glad you brought me here."

"Thanks, but why are you calling me that?"

"Woof? What'd I call you?"

"You just called me Anbs-2"

"But that's your name, silly. The goddess gave it to you herself."

Deiser shook her head, trying to ignore the pleasing fluttering of her hair. "Is that... right? I don't think my name is Anbs-2. I could have sworn it was Anbs-2, and your name is Anbs-1."

"Is it?" Desmond scratched at her chin, unsure of a strange feeling, like she forgot something important. "Wasn't my name Anbs-1 this morning? Why am I suddenly Anbs-1?"

"Wait, isn't that the same name?"

"I guess so. Hehe. Wait, what was the problem?"

“I don’t know!” Anbs-2 admitted with a sheepish grin. Hands folded behind her back to rest atop her mutually plump rear. “You know me, always having those derpy moments.”

“It’s one of the many reasons I love ya, twin sister.” Anbs-1 barked a laugh, pulling her double into a hug. Neither could understand that brief anxiety, but if they lost some memories, they probably weren’t worth remembering, anyway. Besides, having their breasts dock together in a tight squish was always relaxing.

<Oh, dear! I didn’t mean to blast them with a complete transformation. Fucking Anubis and his mind scramble spells. Hopefully, I can change that back when we get more followers.>

“What’s that goddess?” The pair of jackal anthros separated. Like a pair of disciplined soldiers, they assumed a stiff attention posture side by side, speaking in perfect unison as if their minds were one.

<I said we should get you ladies dressed. Dear me, you’ll catch a cold in just that lovely fur.>

A ruffling drew the dog girl’s long ears back, but neither dared move without permission. The clothing spread across the table behind them came to life in a flourish. Like an angry swam, garments flew around the girls, applying themselves on the intended segments of their buxom bodies.

Cotton skirts coiled around their hips, hanging in a gentle caress down to their knees. One half dyed a bright blue to compliment its white half while an ankh hung off a loop on its belt. Going with it was a simple white top. It’s thin cut left a lot of supported cleavage exposed along with their upper bodies.

Golden bands came next; wrapping around their biceps and wrist. Three more clipped in a pile up their necks to go with a blue and gold necklace. Much larger gold cups attached to the ends of their hair to help it hang in a solid state. Clumps from either side received smaller gold clips so they could hang forwards on either side of their pronounced chest. As a final touch wisps of gold paint appeared in the air, applying itself into stylized make-up around their eyes and muzzles.

<Not my best touch up job, but I haven't done this in years...or had anyone to do this one. Still, you both look absolutely gorgeous.>

"Thank you, goddess!"

<... Okay, you girls don't have to do the unison speech. I'm a goddess, and even I think it's weird.>

"Sorry!" The jackal girls exchanged a worried look before gazing back to the ceiling. Their actions remained synchronized down to every blink. "Sorry, goddess!"

<Okay, that'll be a work in progress. For now, you two better gather up some food. There are a lot of lost humans still on my beach. I must get busy using the energy your love gives me to make them all beds for tonight.>

"Of course, Goddess!" Anbs-2 clapped her hands, breaking their matching display first. "I can't wait for them to taste my pineapple tarts."

Anbs-1 smirked at her sister. "I better gather water. All that sugar poison of yours might kill them otherwise."

"Hey! It's not that bad!"

The pair of jackals giggled. Anbs-1 offered an arm that Anbs-2 gleefully locked with. Together they turned towards the window that faced the plane crash that brought them here and walked together in long strides. The thick-shaped outlines developed an aura of blue energy that slowly turned their features corporeal. By the time they reached it, the glass barrier became a non-issue. They phased through it using new found god magic to float like phantoms among the treetops towards an unexpected audience.

"I hope we're lucky and some of them want to join us as sisters," Anbs-2 bubbly voice carried through the trees.

## Adventuring Thirst

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An unexpectedly sharp turn rocked Kendra out of her muddled thoughts. She watched various parked cars pass through the window of her Uber until it slowed to a stop before a series of steps leading to double glass doors.

“This the place?” the driver grumbled without looking back to her. His sagging eyes were on the GPS of his dashboard, already knowing the answer.

Kendra glanced at the building’s numbers, fighting back butterflies in her stomach. “That it is. Thanks for the ride.”

“Sure thing.” At least the driver gave that much courtesy, ticking off this latest fare from his app. “Just be careful not to get lost or something.”

“Oh, I’ll be fine,” Kendra lied as she climbed out of the old car. She didn’t bother watching it drive off, needing every ounce of willpower to climb the few stone steps.

This was pretty much it; the last shot, Hail Mary, bottom of the barrel desperate attempt at kick-starting a career. Four years of late night studies eating ramen soup finally got Kendra the PHD for her dream job, and it didn’t seem to matter for beans. No one hired bright eyed, young interns unless it was for free labor. Because a twenty-five-year-old blond woman can live on nothing, rent and food just magically tend to themselves.

At least getting angry about her situation gave Kendra the courage to open the door and go inside. It was one of those large but very plain office buildings inside a neighborhood of other buildings and factories. The kind of work areas where if you didn't bring a packed lunch you were screwed. One of the last places one expected to find a research lab, but probably better here than next to a food market and daycare.

Seeing that the receptionist was a freckled guy possibly even younger than her gave Kendra a renewed hope for this little adventure. Apparently he hadn't expected a female peer to come stomping in today either, cause his shocked eyes invariably scanned downward before zipping back up to maintain proper contact.

"H-hi! Welcome to Moonlight Genetics. Want to date I...I mean, how may I help you?"

"Um..." Kendra paused at the questionable company name more than the dudes Freudian slip. Neither would stop her from reasserting a professional aura. Being an actual field researcher came far before dating and this was the last lab in the state taking applicants. "I'm Kendra Trask. My uncle Mitchel should have set up an interview."

"Oh yeah! Mitch mentioned that a few days ago." It was a relief to see the boy's eyes light up with recognition, though Kendra kept her smile straight and neutral. That got a bit harder when he checked something on his computer and glanced curiously towards her. "You're...the new security guard?"

"Yes!" Kendra gave a confident nod, hoping she wasn't sweating already.

After the last deal with a lab up north fell through, Kendra ended up attending her kid nephew's birthday party where uncle Mitch caught wind of the fresh graduates' problems. It wasn't exactly the deep, challenging study job she wanted, but working security still meant being around real labs with experienced scientists. All she needed was a year or two subtly impressing them with her own skills in biology and chemistry. A promotion into the field would be inevitable.

That is, if this receptionist stopped looking at her so quizzically. Kendra's attempt to appear calm and professional threatened to crack the few seconds this jerk took at double checking his computer for some apparent information. Eventually he shrugged and the standard work smile returned.

"Well, Dr. Pain has you scheduled so looks like everything went through on Mitch's end. Take the left door and head on through to the back."

Kendra meant to say thanks, but some words stuck in her brain. "Wait a second, his name is really Dr. Pain?"

"Don't ask him about that. You really don't want to."

"Oh...kay." Kendra slowly took her exit down the indicated hallway. The glimpses captured through cracked doorways quickly overshadowed the oddity of their lobby. Her heart fluttered in childish glee at seeing professional labs, beakers, computers. Anything from movies and more teased at Kendra's eyeballs steeling herself to land any kind of job here no matter what.

Such resolve received its first test a lot quicker than the young woman expected. As Kendra approached the door she caught sounds of angry yelling from the other side. Before she could consider that, both sides flung outward, narrowly missing her face in the crashing swing. An older, balding man stumbled past her, mostly under the control of a large brown bear hoisting him by the shirt collar. If they noticed the alarmed Kendra pressed against the wall in fright, their little scuffle didn't allow a chance to acknowledge her.

"What the fuck?" Kendra whispered while watching the pair gradually and aggressively make their way down the hall. Upon closer inspection it was not a bear, but a dog escorting the angry swearing man from the building. A German shepherd was wearing a blue security uniform and possessing hands. Hell, he even wore boots. Years of scientific research wouldn't allow her to explain it off as a suit either. That wagging tail looked way too real.

"Oh, some idiotic reporter tried sneaking in to get dirt on my research. Oops, sorry, miss." Another man in a lab coat had followed behind the scene so silently that Kendra missed his presence. Granted, eyeing up the inexplicable dog man didn't help her perception much. "Honestly, there's so much garbage trying to pass itself off as the media these days. He was going through my samples, no doubt trying to find some way to frame me as a Frankenstein monster. Incidentally, who are you?"

"K-Kendra Trask," she said upon peeling herself from the wall. The shepherd came back into view, strolling down the hallway with ears perked in a much happier position. "My uncle said he'd contact you. Wait, you mean that dog is your research."

"Call me Frank." The dog offered a clawed hand with paw pads on each finger to Kendra, amused by her surprise at speaking. "And yes. The doc here calls me one of his works in progress. I assure you, we don't bite."



“Right...” Kendra knew her face was burning hot, but good mannerisms allowed her the nerve to shake the offered hand.

“Yes, well, I’m Dr. Pain.” The other man butted in without offering a shake. His emotionless eyes scanned across Kendra’s body in an eerie analytical kind of way. “You’re a bit taller than your uncle said, but everything else seems on point with the calculations. Follow me and we’ll get you adjusted for work.”

“Wait, really?” Kendra fell into step behind Pain at a complete loss. More so when they went through the double doors into a scientist’s dream lab. They even had a giant laser machine. “Weren’t we supposed to do an interview or something?”

“That wastes too much time and as you can see, we got lots of funding to earn.” Dr. Pain cracked what might have been a smirk at seeing Kendra’s fascination with a machine full of petri dishes. After a second of fumbling through some desk drawers, he flipped out a small packet of papers. “Just sign these consent forms and waivers while I make some preparations.”

“Oh, sure!” Kendra thought she might have a heart attack. The writings were barely a blur in her rush to sign every dotted line. After dozens of attempts at biting and clawing into the industry, she finally had an in. She didn’t even pay Dr. Pain any mind when he began swabbing her arm with sterilizers. “So do I start tomorrow or-OW!”

“Hm? If you wish.” Dr. Pain dismissed her cry, focusing on administering his injection. A green substance emitted a soft glow as it slowly depleted into the

woman's bloodstream. "The effects are fast acting, so you should be fit for duty by then."

Kendra wisely waited until they pulled the needle from her vein before throwing a fit. Any sense of professionalism left with it. "What the fuck did you just jack me up with!?"

"Why, this procedure is standard for all our security staff." Dr. Pain calmly stared back in genuine confusion.

Frank, however, bit the lower lip of his muzzle with a meek ear flick. "Doctor, I don't think she was told about that part yet."

"Are you serious?" Dr. Pain whipped his gaze between the two, showing the first instance of emotion yet. Too bad it was panic. It didn't inspire Kendra's confidence. "I would have assumed your uncle went over everything before setting up this arrangement."

"I'm going to...slap him later for...this," Kendra said, finding breathing suddenly very difficult. Hands shot out to catch herself against a table, knocking over equipment her hazing thoughts prayed weren't expensive. Something latched firmly onto her shoulders, which turned out to be Frank. "I feel...off..."

"Yes. That would be my latest serum starting the restructuring process. As a side effect you're going to be unconscious for the duration, so try not to panic when you wake up a bit different."

“Fucking...great...” Kendra managed to cough before collapsing against the big dog’s chest.

\* \* \*

“How could you let this happen!?”

It was not so much waking up as snapping out of a trance. Kendra’s eyes shot open in a rush of alert energy and got promptly blinded by bright lights. Aside from grunting to rub her scrunched eyelids, there was no aches or grogginess to ward off.

“Don’t blame me for this just because I got the fur coat. You’re the one that invited that stooge in and left him alone in here.”

Ears twitched irritably at the nearby voices of Frank and Dr. Pain apparently going at it. While waiting for her eyesight to clear Kendra focused on what information her other senses could relay. Judging by her position, gravity, and chill on her ass; they had laid her out on a metal table buck naked. Trying to take in a deep breath proved difficult with the massive weights set on her chest. Bastards couldn’t have given her a blanket or something at least.

“Mmph?” Kendra tried to speak only to manage a snarling grumble. Wonderful, her tongue felt bloated and flopped about in the struggle to work her jaw. Something about the muscle movements were off and took a few tries to get a handle on.

The barely human noises were still enough to break up the men's conversation. Dr. Pain's milky silhouette entered Kendra's vision before blinding her again with a penlight.

"Oh, good. Are you with us again, Ms. Trask?"

"Y-yeah. God damn it! Get that out of my face!" Kendra pushed the invasive instrument aside, trying to ignore how her voice sounded slightly deeper in pitch. The job barely mattered to her anymore. All her priorities focused on if the hack had yanked out her kidneys or something during the blackout.

Having this damn pressure on her upper torso didn't help investigate for scars either. Kendra lifted her head to find two round beach balls on her chest, obscuring her vision. For some odd reason they had a fine layer of brown fur instead of rubber, looking slightly deflated enough to pour against her sides. Even so, there was no way to push them off, no matter how hard she tried. Palms merely sunk into their soft fuzzy surface with a consistency like foam. For some reason that tickled her nerves too. "What the fuck did you do to me?"

"To put it briefly," Dr. Pain started, slowly going over his choice of words. "Part of the waiver you signed was full consent to take part in a breakthrough of gene splicing this facility is running. All of our security is doubling as test subjects to cross with the DNA of canines, which was the injection we gave you upon hiring."

"Oh...shit..." The more Kendra's racing mind took in, the less she wished her eyes would clear. Bringing a hand into view, she saw the entire arm wore the same brown and black fur as the round weights on her chest. Each finger tip ended in a long blunt claw and a puffed up bulge of skin that felt spongy to the

touch. A black blur caused her to go cross-eyed, making out a big black nose at the end of a long, wide bridge. Working control of what she realized was a much thicker tongue, she passed it along way more sharp teeth than a human should normally have. "You gotta be kidding me!"

"Try to take it slow now!" Frank offered when Kendra pushed herself against the heavy pull of gravity. "There's been a bit of a...complication with you."

Kendra ignored the advice, sitting up with all the strength she could muster. Legs slid around to dangle off the side of the table, looking just as furry as her arms with clawed, paw padded feet at the ends. It hardly surprised her to feel a fluffy tail brushing lazily across the top of her ass cheeks.

The size of said ass when Kendra glanced back. Now that was a surprise. Her former lithe frame positively ballooned with over a foot of additional hip span, packing enough fat atop each glute that her backside squashed across a wide amount of table top. Turning back, there was no longer any denying the heavy sphere's were her breasts. Their beach ball size blocked any view of the floor. "This is a complication, eh?"

"Indeed! A rather irritating one, too." Dr. Pain glanced over some papers on another table, furrowing his brow. "We thought that reporter Frank kicked out was attempting to steal some of my mixtures. Looks like his goal was sabotage. You were supposed to become one of my experimental super guards, but an unknown reagent added in has also...enhanced your attributes to a drastic degree. I can assure you I will include compensation in your paycheck for this inconvenience."

“Consider me assured,” Kendra grumbled through clenched fangs. She gently pushed onto her feet, nearly falling over immediately. All the new mass shifting around created a different center of balance to work with. “Super guards isn’t exactly a scientific term either, doc. You guys got a mirror?”

“Over here,” Frank said with a jerk of his thumb.

The journey across the lab started slow and unsteady until Kendra became more accustomed to her expanded figure. There was a lot more bump and sway than what she was accustomed to. Reaching the full body mirror near a washing station, she gazed in to find a german shepherd woman staring back, kind of beautiful, in an exotic alien way. She still had her original blond hair and blue eyes, which seemed to mesh well with the brown patterns of her fine fur coat. Too bad being more stacked than any porn star she’d ever seen overshadowed everything.

“Ugh!” She stuck her tongue at the mirrored image while giving her enormous boobs a hard bounce. Their sloshing weight will be a nightmare for a while. “Do I really have to work like this?”

“I am afraid so,” said Dr. Pain, still nose deep in report papers. “The sabotage was very sloppy, and we even found some reversing serums contaminated. I must flush the entire stock and brew from scratch. That’s going to set us back by at least six months.”

“I got to be a flea bag for half a year! Uh, no offense, Frank.”

“None taken.”

“You will be a ‘fleabag’ a lot longer than that, Ms. Trask.” Dr. Pain straightened up, finally looking Kendra in the eye. “Sabotage or not, you still signed a contract that keeps you on security detail to this facility for two years, with opportunities for extended service. In fact, with a base test group to compare results for the second compound, your contributions to this research have become invaluable.”

“Test group?!” Kendra parroted with a glance to Frank. “How many of us are there?”

“Counting you? Five.” Frank could not keep his eyes from darting below Kendra’s chin for a split second. “And just fair warning, you’re our only female too.”

“The good news just keeps pouring in,” Kendra declared, arms instinctively trying to hug over her exposed nipples. Even her hands had trouble reaching each other around that mammary shelf.

“Well, I was expecting to hire at least two more ladies today along with you,” Pain continued. “Now I can’t risk it without knowing the extent of the contamination. Sorry to say we must put you on maximum security detail for the immediate future. That means in the lab at all times. Another breach like this and we could damn well lose our funding.”

“Like I really want to be stuck like this,” Kendra scoffed, but then her pointed ears perked with a sudden thought. “Wait, you want me in the lab hovering over everyone all day?”

“Yes!” Pain threw his hand up in exasperation, oblivious to the increasing wag on the new dog woman’s tail. “That is exactly what I pay you to do along with the practical testing. I want you half mutts to be aware of every damn thing that happens in this lab from now on.”

“Oh, you can count on me to do that much,” Kendra affirmed with a wide smile. She couldn’t believe after all this crazy mad science her dream plan still played out perfectly. If she was security over everyone in the lab, opportunities to show off her brain power behind these thick curves would come on a silver platter. With any luck, she might become Dr. Pain’s assistant long before she became human again.

Still, it’d be nice to not look like they had spliced her genes with a dairy cow. Spotting a trash can under the hand wash sink, Kendra gave it a weak kick to vent frustration out on something. The result was a metal bin sailing with enough force to explode through the concrete-reinforced wall on the far end of the lab. Her canine mouth dropped at the sunken hole of shattered bricks, chunks of which broke off with the collapsing structure into a pile of rubble.

“Whoa!” She squeaked out, flexing her biceps curiously. Oddly enough, the muscles under the fur didn’t swell anywhere near what she expected after a feat of strength like that. “That was kind of cool. I mean...I’m so sorry, doctor!”

Kendra’s words died out when she turned to find Dr. Pain smiling so wide he showed some white teeth.



“I call you my super guards for a reason,” he explained in an aura of pride. “Not just improved strength; smell, hearing, reflexes. By the time your body finishes adapting to the serum, you’ll be stronger than most standard army marines. And when my research is finished, countries will beg us to make half animals like you a standard part of their military.”

“Guess that’s worth putting up with a bubble butt for a few years.” Kendra gave a deep sigh, drawn to the gentle wobbling that caused against her pectorals. “You are going to get me a bra for these bombshells, right?”

“The underwear may take a while to measure, but we should have something fitted for you in time for tomorrow’s morning shift.”

“Good enough. I’m just getting a bit cold here.”

“Welcome to Moonlight Genetics!” Frank laughed in a silly barking way as he patted Kendra on the back. “I’ll get you to a bunk and we’ll find you a mumu or something before meeting the others.”

“Sounds like a good start,” Kendra admitted. Instinct caused her to smile with raised ears and a tail wag, which Frank responded in kind. She let the senior canine lead her out of the lab, still annoyed by all the sashaying her body did, but hopeful about the career that laid before her exaggerated movements.

## A Foxy Moon

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It stood to reason the door would be jammed. Years of enduring the weather rusted most of its metal composition, to say nothing of the overgrown weeds covering its lower half.

All the more reason Ben chided himself for not bringing tools for this outing. A bright full moon shined overhead, lighting up the empty outskirts of town like the sun. That only excused the need for a flashlight. As the young man's shoulder rammed into the door with painful results, he could have at least brought a pry bar or something. At least he thought to wear protective clothing on these chilling fall days; gloves, a hoodie, and jeans would help minimize the risk of cuts in old rusty places like this.

Still, young dedicated stubbornness paid off by the third body slam, rocking the door ajar with several snappings of plant vines. With more sweat and grunting, it eventually slid inwards enough for a hole he could squeeze through safely. Too bad scrapping metal across old concrete didn't make a more silent entrance. Ben flipped on his phone light prying to whatever gods existed he didn't just spook a pack of cougars or a psycho homeless man.

In this modern age, it was hard to tell which encounter would be worse. Exploring abandoned buildings alone at night was questionable enough. To do it on Halloween might tempt fate.

Not that Ben had anything better to do. The circumstances were too appealing for him to resist a little daring adventure. Turning the phone recording

on, he made sure to get a good few seconds shot of the full moon through broken sky windows. Having a rare blue moon land on such a spiritual holiday needed something special to celebrate. Maybe he could play off a bit of random noises as spooky for a decent YouTube video.

“A lot more stuff here than I expected,” he spoke aloud for a bit of commentary flare. “Maybe we’ll find a lost relic or something.”

Once upon a time this building found its use as storage for the local train shipments until time eventually uprooted the tracks themselves. Alternative routes were put in on opposite ends of the town, leaving this place all but forgotten. That included a lot of old crates and equipment illuminated by the man’s phone light. Full crates were left in large stacks, but most were long since raided of their contents and collapsed from the wear of rot.

Just visible beyond the light, Ben could make out a flight of metal stairs heading to a balcony area. It looked pretty small, even for an office. Nor did he like all the rust on those steps.

“Yeah. We’re just going to ignore that.” No wonder video cameras shook so much. Ben found it near impossible to keep his phone steady, moving from one pile of garbage to the next.

Something interesting did take the form of a long disabled forklift. Its entire hood was missing even with a slow panned sweep of the floor, most of its engine parts likewise looted. Behind it looked to be some homeless shelter made of tarps and boxes, but the signs of old ash fires showed the squatter had long since departed. At least he was getting something of note besides rotting wood.

TINK!

“What was that noise!?”

Ben whirled in place, waiting for the camera to focus in the appropriate direction. Hopefully that line delivery didn't sound too hammed up in playback. He had been waiting for over ten minutes for literally any kind of natural noise to 'freak out' over. A bit of drama always helps with the view clicks.

TINK! TINK!

“Huh...”

Okay, that sounded less like a natural old house noise. Something metal fell to the floor and was now rolling a short distance, most likely stopping against a crate. Just enough of an oddity to slip Ben doubt of this place's safety. He still stalked forward where the noise had originated, citing that if cougars were present, he'd have already been eaten.

“Hah!... ahh?” Ben jumped around the edge of a crate only to let his phone hand fall to his side, dejected. Not much amazing to catch on camera beside more crates and a bundle of moldy blankets on top of them. The objects in question looked to be a few old nails falling out of a worn box. He was about to just call it good and head back to town for something else to do when the blankets shifted. “O-oh, hello?”

A strange guttural noise came from under the pile, barely audible. One didn't need to be a genius to know that meant a wild animal. Ben located a broom

nearby, helping him keep a safe distance trying to move the blankets while filming with one hand.

This didn't feel like that big a mistake until around the fourth jab into the pile. There came an angry sounding grumble from underneath as the blankets rose on paws the size of a person's feet. The many scraps shed off a living form in a gradual unveiling of the largest red fox Ben ever laid eyes on. Damn beast looked ready to take on a great Dane as it shook off sleep and fixed its attention on Ben. It was hard to tell if the glowing blue effect of its eyes were from the camera light or the moon above them.

"CHIRP!"

"GAH!"

If Ben was certain of anything, he now had the footage for a 'perfectly cut scream' clip. After a few seconds of silently staring at each other, the monster fox decided the best exit to make was over the man's obstructing body. It pounced on him with an open maw, knocking them both to the floor before dashing out the front door.

Everything happened so fast it took Ben a while to realize he was on his back, staring at a moonlit sky. Shortly after, the notions of extreme pain in his right hip and butt registered. The latter had clearly been from his fall. With the former he cursed upon sitting up to feel the gash in his jeans where the fox's claws had drawn some blood. A quick check of his phone elicited another curse at seeing its screen cracked too.

“What the fuck kind of fox was that?” he asked no one while standing to brush off. Seeing the video recording was still on, he couldn’t help half-heartedly adding, “Hey. If anyone heard of dire foxes or something, leave a comment explaining that one to me. God damn broke my phone too. Think I better call it for the night. Don’t want to end up with rabies or something.”

Walking suddenly became such a chore with everything bruised from his fall. Ben even felt hot, hoping his heavy breathing wasn’t getting picked up by his phone. He was more using the light to check for any more giant animals in hiding, but figured a few more minutes of footage couldn’t hurt. Maybe some clever voice-over commentary would spice things up when he didn’t have a pounding headache.

“Ugh!” Ben made it a few yards to the door when he finally had to keel over for a breather. It was an open area that let the moonlight shine its brightest, so he had no problem seeing everything. Oddly enough, the moon almost felt stronger than his flashlight like this. “Okay, maybe that fox gave me rabies? But who ever heard of it acting within... minutes?”

Ben absently wiped sweat from his forehead, tired eyes shooting open in alarm. Another wipe confirmed his hand brushed along a thick layer of hairs, becoming matted in perspiration. As he continued rubbing the area with his fingers, the layer spread across much of his scalp.

“What the hell?” Involuntary twitching brought Ben’s shaking hand to his ear. To his shock he missed, finding the organ steadily climbing up towards the top of his head. Lobes were vanishing to feed the growing pointed tips as muscles developed that allowed them to fold in any direction.

There was no reflective surface in sight, so Ben tried to steady his hands long enough to reverse the camera to selfie mode. The face that flashed back on the cracked screen nearly made him drop the device in his startled yelping. It barely looked like himself anymore. His ears now rested top his head as big triangles coated in copper red fur with black tips.

The human black hair fell off in clumps even as Ben ran a hand through it. The same copper fur overwhelmed his scalp in a short, soft layer. The only exception being around his cheeks and neck front, which became a creamy white fluff.

“Hnnngh!” The phone camera captures Ben’s recoil from his nose scrunching up. His eyes went cross watching it puff double in size, developing a rough black skin. “Agh! Aah haa! Haa! Nngh!”

**POP! CRRK! CRACKLE! SNAP!**

Watching one’s face push out from the inside was both intriguing and very discomforting. The phone cam captured all of Ben’s facial distortions and loud snaps as his nose extended on the front of a long, narrow muzzle. His jaw caught up slightly behind, unwittingly flapping a lengthy tongue in a showcase of many sharp teeth. Ignoring the last of his human hair falling out, Ben timidly honked his big animal nose before poking along the insides of blackened gums.

“N-no way!” Ben couldn’t deny he had a fox’s face, having just seen a large one minutes ago. With a sputtering gasp, he jerked his longer snout up to gaze at the bright ball of rock shining through the broken roof. “Did... was that thing a werefox? Oh, my god! I think it infected me with that claw wound I...”

Something clenched inside Ben's throat, making him cough into the phone. "I'm still changing. I... what the... oh wow? Is that my voice? I sound like a... oh hell!"

As the bump of an Adam's apple vanished from Ben's slender neck, fur cascaded down from it across the rest of his body. He couldn't see it but felt a slight itching in its journey underneath the long sleeve hoodie. More wrinkles developed in the fabric thanks to a slight collapse of his shoulders and thinning arms. But what finally made him drop the phone was a rush of pressure in his chest.

FWOOMP!

SLOSH! WUB! WUB!

"Ooooh! T-that's my... huugghhh!"

From under the flat cotton fabric rushed out two spherical mounds, stretching the material as if powered by an air compressor. Ben brought his hands under their amazing protrusions but could only hover inches away, almost scared to touch them. There was no mistake, he had just grown a pair of insanely huge breasts in seconds. Hell, they continued to grow as he watched, biting his lower vulpine lip to stifle sensual moans.

The only thing that amazed Ben more than his newly grown beach balls was how his hoodie didn't shred from their sheer mass. Cotton creaked slightly, somehow keeping a firm but snug grip supporting his bust. When the second growth hit, the zipper simply vanished instead of breaking, developing into a low neckline that showed off a canyon of peach human skinned cleavage.



“I got... I’m becoming a...” As the peach fur washed over his mammaries, Ben almost missed the notion his hoodie seemed to change with his body. Not that he couldn’t notice when a pinching collapsed his waist, causing his jeans to slide off. “What. Is. Happening!?”

Confusion and lust for Ben’s rapidly changing species and gender made it increasingly hard to think straight. Even as he tried grabbing for his pants, they disintegrated into nothing. There wasn’t even a sign of his underwear or shirt while his shoes flaked off his bare feet. The hoodie quickly made up for this by tugging its hem down between his thighs to connect, wrapping fine edges around his hips to transform it into a jumpsuit. That hardly made it warmer to wear, but the red fur washing over his exposed butt and legs offered to compensate.

“Mmmh!!” Ben’s eyes rolled in a feminine groan of pure bliss. A strong twinge had struck between her thighs with the changes, making her noticed the hoodie jumpsuit lacked any semblance of a bulge in the crotch region. For some reason, that didn’t concern her very much. She just wanted to stare at the moon a bit longer.

“Yip! Oh, fuck yes!” Something tickled at the base of Ben’s spine, eliciting rapid hip shakes. A tuft of black fur sprouted its way out of a pre-made hole, taking a few more shakes to dislodge an explosive growth of the changing human’s spine. She glanced back with a bubbly giggle, loving the way her thick fox tail swished across her rear.

**BA-BWOOMP!**

“O-oh!” Speaking of which, Ben’s hands shot around catching her ass right before it plumped across her palms, gaining several pounds of soft fat. “T-this is... ahhh! Amazing!”

BWOOMP!

WUB! WUB!

One surge after another pushed Ben’s expanding hips and buttocks outwards. It became impossible for her dainty girl hands to cup them. It still didn’t stop her from using the supportive grip to jiggle it with endless delight. Everything jiggled and bumped against itself, sending waves of tingles across her nervous system. She nearly lost it upon noticing the cream white fur had developed on her inner glutes into the shape of a heart.

Despite the untold level of hormones the change flooded into Ben, she became incredibly exhausted near the end. Hands reluctantly stopped shaking her butt and came back to rest on the equally sloshing chest bulges of her hoodie’s. The last of the red fur trickled down her sexy legs, where it made a prompt shift to black ‘sock’ markings.

She was suddenly glad for the tail weight when her feet underwent a sudden lengthening. Toes swelled into little meatballs, growing sharp claws in place of fingernails. It left her with an interesting blend of feet, paws that took a little practice to walk on.

“Oh wow! Oh, fuck!” Ben sputtered between labored breaths. Sweat continued trickling out of her, causing her new fur coat to shimmer in the moonlight. It was all she could do to stay standing for several minutes, mind

reeling at the idea she was now a werefox. A drop dead busty one, at that. She even liked the leotard hoodie thing the moon's magic bestowed on her form, keeping her gloves in the process.

Hopefully, the expensive shoes returned when she changed back.

If she wanted to change back.

When Bren's breath finally slowed to the point her breasts didn't wobble like ocean waves, she squatted to retrieve her phone. By some miracle, it didn't completely break from a second fall. It might have even recorded the whole transformation from the angle the lens landed at. The sweaty new vixen cleared her throat and then tried not to stare at her own chest. Only now in the brighter light did she notice her enlarged nipples poked large bumps through the hoodie fabric.

"I guess that concludes this place is haunted, after all. Ten out of ten if you like sexy fox people. And even if you don't I recommend coming to give it a visit. Remember to like, share, and subscribe so I can make more videos like this. For now, I'm Bren...na. Brenna signing off!"

One gloved finger tapped the phone off and Brenna stuffed it into the safety of her hoodie's front pouch. Emerging through the jarred door proved slightly more difficult with a lot more curves to account for, but she managed without injury. Giving the moon another loving gaze, she started skipping along the open woodlands back to the trail home. Apparently lacking shoes had no effect on paw pads.

The night was still young. Maybe she could hit up a bar or a party in town for a wild Halloween celebration.