

My Little Makeover: Shyness is Magic

By: Firingwall

“My my!” the black cat anthro spoke, looking over the papers she had in hand, “This is quite the interesting request. I never seen such a pretty, young lady as yourself be interested in such a thing like this.”

“Yeah, well,” Rachel answered confidently, “I’m no normal pretty, young lady. I’m a lady who knows what she wants.” The blue woman had something special in mind that day. She wanted to surprise her soon-to-be-husband, a young glass-wearing man named JD, with a little present. One that she knew they would both love.

All it required was a trip to a beauty parlor. A special one, one that required asking her witch neighbors for a favor, so they could hook her up with the details of where it was at.

Rachel sat by herself in a private room of the salon, the owner, a mysterious black cat named Vivian, personally attending to her herself. “And that’s the attitude I like to hear,” the anthro declared with a cheery smile, “Always good to have a customer like you. You don’t know how many people come to me in need of my special talents, but not knowing what they want. Tsk tsk, it’s always such a drag having to figure it out myself.”

“Well I’m glad I’m a breath of fresh air then,” Rachel chuckled, “So, everything look in order? I filled out the paperwork to the best of my ability.”

“And I got everything I need,” purred Vivian, setting the paperwork onto a nearby stool. “I rather appreciate the image reference you brought. It helps with visualization.”

“Oh good. It felt weird bringing it in, but I’m glad it turned out well.”

Vivian nodded and strolled up closer, standing right beside Rachel as the blue gal sat comfortably in the salon chair. “Now, if I may ask, why did you come to me for this? Surely one of my friends’ potions could have done the trick or even one of those silly toons I hear so much about doing the deed.”

Rachel simply replied, “well, I felt this needed a bit more of a personal touch and from what I heard, you’re one of the best.”

Vivian purred affectionately, patting Rachel’s head. She strutted up to her left side, reaching for a pair of scissors before asking, “Now, because I make it a policy just to be on the safe side, are you sure you want this look?”

Rachel gave the woman a cocky grin, answering without a single doubt in her head, “Yep! That’s exactly the look I want, facial hair and all! Do your magic!”



Black cat nodded and declared simply, “with pleasure, Ms. Grove.”

Rachel took a deep breath and relaxed as the cat woman brought her scissors towards her. The anthro went in and began cutting, trimming the blue woman’s long locks that rested upon her breasts. With two single cuts, both bunches were trimmed up to her collarbone. The right clump did extend a little longer than the left’s did though.

“Bend forward please,” Vivian cooed. Rachel nodded and did so, the cat going in and cutting through the hair the rest upon her back. Much like the front, it was trimmed fairly decently, right to where it was just two inches past her shoulder blades.

Vivian carefully pulled the hair away, somehow leaving no single lock of hair on the customer's back or down her shirt. She tossed the lovely blue hair into the trash with the other strands, Rachel curiously asking, "Hmm, should I be wearing a smock for this or something?"

"Oh don't you worry a thing! I'm good with my hands. I won't leave a single trace of extra hair on your body." The cat giggled, taking the scissors up closer to Rachel's face now. She carefully trimmed some of the locks on the woman's forehead, but not too much. Just cleaning it up a bit to help with her future plans.

Tossing the hair into the trash again, Vivian placed the scissors upon the counter and remarked, "You have such lovely blue hair. It's such a shame to cut it, but the customer is always right."

"Ha!" Rachel snorted, "I work as a waitress for years. That's statement is so full of crap." The two shared a laugh together as the cat took what looked to be a bottle of pump lotion and a black hairbrush. She pumped the gooey, pure white lotion into the bristles, thoroughly soaking them.

After pumping enough in, Vivian put the bottle away and raised the brush up to Rachel's hair. With simple strokes, she ran it through the woman's locks carefully and gently, letting each bristle brush through each strand. With each swipe, the lotion began to dissolve, mixing with the hair and leaving the brush behind.

After a thorough brushing, Vivian put the item away and stepped to the side, stepping away from the mirror in front of Rachel. The blue woman looked carefully at her locks, rather impressed with the sights.

While Rachel always found her hair to be quite lovely, it never looked quite this good before. It almost looked smoother and had such a beautiful, flowing look to it, wavier at the end of each strand for maximum volume. Most of her forehead hair had been brushed to the sides while a lot of her long strands were brought forward, partially covering the sides of her face. If she turned her head left or right, her mop would easily cover one of her eyes.

She adored how her hair came out with its brushing, but the color looked off to her. The lotion had magically dissolved once it left the brush and lingered in her mop, leaving no trace behind but bright, light pink splotches through her hair. It almost looked like spots to her.

"Umm," Rachel asked, looking to the owner and pointing at her head, "What's with the do?"

"Give it time," Vivian replied simply, "You can't rush things." Rachel looked back to the mirror and just in time. The pink splotches began to extend across her mane, slowly engulfing every trace of her blue hair. It ran across to the ends and to the follicles, brightening her head right up.

In only a few moments, Rachel now had a head full of luscious, dazzling pink hair. With its new color, texture, and style, it was almost like Rachel had put a wig on.

Running her hands through her locks gently, she thought appreciatively, *this is amazing. This color really looks great on me.*

Vivian stepped up close again, leaning in and looking into the reflection with her. “Mmm,” she responded, “So pretty. I take it you like it?”

“V-very much,” Rachel replied, her cheeks reddening, “You do amazing work. Maybe I should just come here to get my hair done on normal days.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. However, there’s some other hairy things I got to take care of now, if you don’t mind.”

The pink-haired woman nodded and leaned back into the chair, preparing herself for the next steps. Vivian moved over to the counter and opened one of the side drawers on it. Reaching in, she pulled out what looked like a bronze tube. Rachel almost suspected it was a lipstick tube until the cat popped the cap, revealing what looked more like chapstick.

The black cat leaned up to the woman and brought the “chapstick” straight in again. Instead of moving to her lips, the tube went just a bit south. From the bottom of her bottom lip, the cat applied the stick thoroughly down in a straight line to her chin’s tip. There, she rubbed the stick around and partially up the sides of the jaw.

Wrapping it up, the cat ran the chapstick across both of Rachel’s eyebrows. Not too hard, but giving both of them three quick, full rubs. Vivian popped the cap back on and tossed the tube back into the box, remarking, “There we go! That should be all good there.”

Rachel kept her eyes on the mirror this time, furrowing her brow and squinting to fully make the details out. She felt a light, fuzzy tingle across her head, her face feeling a touch warm. Her eyes drifted up to her eyebrows, noticing they looked a bit bigger. Their color had shifted to pink like her locks, the hairs denser and thicker. She had spent some time earlier that week tweezing to make them more presentable, but all that hard work was gone.

However, she didn’t mind one bit, the thought fading as her eyes drifted to her bottom jaw. She saw a twinge of lightness, noticing very thin, fine hairs sprouting. And sprout they did, soft, pink fuzz grow out beneath her bottom lip, extending down to her chin in a nice, trimmed line. Around her chin’s tip, thick, longer hairs grew, a bit wilder and untamed.

Rachel blushed and a light frown grew for just a moment. Upon her lovely, striking, feminine face sat a trimmed, manly goatee.

“Mmm, facial hair not suiting you Ms. Grove?” Rachel did not respond, a hand casually slipping up to her face and stroking the bottom of her chin. The goatee tuff was just as soft as her hair, though a bit prickly and rough the further away it was from her lips.

The patron’s expression shifted to something more neutral, her head tilting to the side as she stroked her tuff. “N-no,” she responded, slow at first, but picking up speed and confidence, “It’s n-not that. Just surprised to see me with one. It’s different... but not really bad either.”

“Oh?”

The blank look shifted to something sly, more appreciative. “Yeah. It’s really different but not bad. It just looks off my girly face, you know?”

“Well, maybe you prefer we get on with changing that?”

“Yes. Yes, I would prefer that.”

Vivian nodded with another smile, going back to the drawer that she pulled the tube out of in the first place. This time, she got out what looked like a perfume bottle, made of glass with a fancy atomizer attached to it. The liquid inside was clear as day, almost like it was pure water.

“Please open your mouth my dear,” purred the anthro. Rachel happily complied, opening her mouth wide and even sticking out her tongue a bit. The cat aimed the bottle carefully and squeezed down on the ball atomizer, spraying a fine coat onto Rachel’s tongue and down her throat.

The blue girl coughed and coughed, the liquid having an aftertaste that almost instantly kicked in. Her body shivered as she pounded her chest with her fist. She wheezed, “Th-that (cough) h-had qu-quite the (cough) **p-punch to it, didn’t it? ...Oh my!**”

On the final cough, the sound of Rachel’s voice shifted. It retained its feminine tone and feel to it, but it was deeper. Not too much so or with a lot of bass to it, but still heavy. It had an unmistakable masculine pitch to it.

“**My voice,**” she spoke, humming a bit to get a feel for its depth, “**It’s kind of... manly.**”

“I sure hope so! You did want one, did you not?” Her tail whisked about curiously, the feline leaning in close and looking into her eyes.

Rachel blushed, letting out a deep, if nervous chuckle, “**Heh, yeah I did. Just, surprised is all. I didn’t know what the voice would turn out being, but... this one will definitely be fitting.**”

The cat nodded, stepping back and leaving her personal space behind. She reached over to the desk and grabbed a different bottle of lotion this time, stating in a frank, flat tone, “Alright, time to strip!”

“...what?”

“Strip. For this next part, I’m going to apply this special lotion to your body. It’ll do wonders for fixing up your form and shape. But clothing tends to get in the way, either making it hard for me to rub this stuff in or getting too tight on the body when it expands.”

“Oh!” Rachel nodded, playfully stroking her goatee again. **“I suppose that makes sense. I guess I can do that then.”** She bent forward, lifting her legs closer and untying her shoes. She tossed her footwear off, followed by her socks. A chill from the cool room brushed against her bare feet, but she knew she wouldn’t have to worry about it for long.

She casually discarded her attire, piece after piece. She removed her belt, soon after her pants and then her top. She removed her bra after, letting her breasts hang free. Or, as much as they could, her family’s genetics preventing them from sagging.

As Rachel moved her hands to panties, Vivian held up a paw. She shook her head and spoke, “No need. You don’t need to completely strip down. My stuff will work perfectly fine, even with those on.”

Even though they were both ladies, Rachel felt a little less awkward not having to do so. She took her seat back in the chair and took another deep breath, her body tensing for the next stage of her treatment. She was not afraid or worried, just eager.

Vivian smiled and sprayed a good glob of lotion into her paws. Rubbing them together, she placed her hands upon Rachel’s face and gently stroke it. Her paws ran across the woman’s face, brow, nose, cheeks, and jaws, carefully rubbing each spot with the utmost care. It was like a mother touching her newborn child for the first time, a pleasant feeling brewing within Rachel as she melted under the touch.

After a moment, Vivian pulled her paws away, and Rachel felt an odd sense of loss. It was one of the most lovely feelings she ever felt.

However, her mind would not linger on the pleasantness for long. Vivian pointed to the mirror, the girl’s eyes drifting over to carefully examine her reflection. After just a bit of rubbing, Rachel’s face looked different, much different.

The immediate, attention-grabbing thing was the lack of blue. Her blue skin pigment was gone. Nowhere from her forehead to her chin was a trace of blue. Even beneath her pink locks, there was no sign of blue. Instead, a pale, yellowish gold had risen in its place.

After getting past the obvious skin tone shift, her eyes focused on the rest of her face. Her brow seemed just a touch thicker, but not by a whole lot. Her chin was flatter and not as round, with her lower jaw wider too. Her cheeks were the same way, her cheekbones less defined to boot. Her nose was bigger with wider nostrils, bigger bridge, and tip as well.

All of feminine charm had been rubbed right out of her face, leaving behind a charming, handsome visage. She blushed at the sight, her heart beating as the striking mug stared back at her now.

“Y-yeah,” she spoke, **“That... that goatee looks a lot better now.”**

“Oh, I can definitely agree with that,” agreed Vivian, giving her a satisfied nod of approval.

Rachel's eyes tilted downwards, her gaze falling upon the rest of her body. Her large breasts, wide hips, tender thighs, narrow waist, and slender figure. All of it she loved so much... and yet...

She looked at Vivian and stated, **“Could you fix up the rest of me? I-I think this body needs an overhaul right now.”**

“One that’s definitely more fitting of that handsome face, you mean?” Rachel smiled mischievously and nodded. For what she envisioned, there would be no room for anything womanly from her old body.

Vivian chuckled and squirted more of the liquid into her palm, casually rubbing it together before moving in again. She placed her paws upon Rachel's left hand and gently rubbing it, sliding each goo-covered finger of hers between the customer's. She carefully massaged the hand as well, moving onto the wrist soon after.

The cat's fingers and goo worked their magic, Rachel's hand going numb as the cat moved up the woman's forearm. The goatee-sporting girl looked upon her hand, watching each finger twitch and vein pulse. Her skin seemed to bubble and swelled followed by her hand growing, almost like out of the movie scene from Chamber of Secrets.

Her fingers thickened first, followed by the rest of her hand. The blue tone drained from it as well, replaced swiftly by a golden yellow, much like her face. She didn't mind too much, despite blue being her favorite color and all of her being. It was all part of the plan after all.

Vivian's paws moved onto the woman's shoulder, still focused on her rubbing the entire time. Rachel blushed gently, feeling a bit awkward as the cat moved in closer, really driving her fingers into the girl's shoulder tenderly. Her entire body felt electrified, antsy, but she remained excited to have more of her change.

With Rachel's focus melted briefly, causing her to miss the rest of her arm changing. It slowly grew, like bread rising in an oven. Her bicep bulged gently, muscle pressing and stretching her skin, her bones and tendons strengthening. Her forearm enlarged as well to match, adding to her arm's meaty appearance.

With the new expansion, her arm was beefed up, giving it the impression that it lifted weights often. Not too much so like an athlete, but enough to give her some very nice definition that her arm severely lacked before.

Yellow fully covered her arm before Rachel took notice, Vivian casually shifting over from the left shoulder to the right to continue her work. A new blush came to manly girl's cheeks as she lifted her arm, feeling its new weight and density. She clenched her hand tightly and curiously, flexed her arm.

Her bicep bulged rather nicely. She smiled happily, her heart feeling fluttery as this surge of raw power hit her. She felt strong, powerful, tough. It was nice...

...but not completely what she wanted either. *Definitely nice*, she thought pleasantly, *but my personality needs fixing. I want to be strong, but gentle, meek, and shy.*

She chuckled at that last word. It was accurate, but not fully either. Putting it from her mind, she noticed Vivian was already onto her other arm, lathering it up and rubbing her muscles and thin form. However, the customer was more curious about how her shoulders were shaping up now, turning her attention to the mirror for a better look.

Sure enough, her shoulders, much like her left arm, were already a lovely gold tone with much better definition to them. They were broader, at least by a few inches. Not insane or over top to give her some sort of Dorito-shaped body, but more masculine and well-built. It was definitely more guy-ish.

However, Rachel quickly turned her attention from admiring her shoulders to her right arm and hand. Much the same as her left, the moment Vivian moved from the body part, the they bulged. Muscles, tendons, and bones strengthened, getting nice and tough. Yellow skin pigment quickly rolled in, driving away the blue.

“**Sweet,**” Rachel remarked, lifting her new arm up and flexing it gently, “**So big.**”

“You turning into such a stud muffin,” giggled Vivian, licking her chops and playfully feeling up Rachel’s new, bulgy bicep, “So powerful. Watcha doing after this appointment?”

The customer huffed, “**Going to show my new self to my fiancé, like I told you. I’m very loyal to him and while you are cute, I have my eyes for one person only.**”

The cat nodded, taking time to spray more of the goop into her hands. “Loyalty, ay? I can admire that. He’s a lucky guy to have some like you. Buuut, let’s see if you keep your composure and that pent up excitement to yourself after this.”

Without another word, Vivian’s hands zipped out and latched onto Rachel’s large, heavy set of breasts. The woman’s face instantly went red, her eyes widening, and her jaw dropping in shock. “**Ohmygod!**” she yipped, “**Wha-wha-what-what a-a-ar-are y-y-you doing?!**”

“Sorry, but these girls got to go. Can’t be gentle about it, especially when they’re so big.” Vivian smirked and began groping the woman’s breasts, going deep and heavy with her feels and touches. Rachel moaned and tensed, her body vibrating as shivers blasted down her spine and across every limb.

Rachel panted heavily, her vision growing weak. *Too much*, she muddily thought, *way... way too much. B-b-but... gotta... gotta... keep go-going...*

Rachel managed to focus her eyes for a moment in this overwhelming heat, dragging them down to her breasts where Vivian’s paws were. No surprise to her, Rachel’s breasts were already smaller. At least a cup size or two, no longer as pronounced upon her chest.

She gulped, shivering as the cat rubbed and rubbed. Her breasts continue to fade, no longer too big to fit in the anthro's grasp. They shrunk and shrunk, her nipples flattening as her areolas receded in size a bit themselves. They shrunk and shrunk more, no longer firm and soft, but saggy at the end.

From B to A, Rachel's breasts were going and going. At the end, they seemed to almost widen, extending themselves to match more with her broader shoulders. Eventually, Vivian pulled away just as the mounds almost completely faded into the body. Not fully though, still bulgy and protruding to a degree. However, their shapes were harder and firmer, a certain denseness to them not seen before until now.

Rachel's body began to relax, shivers decreasing as her thoughts cleared. Her panting slowed, but her face still remained red as she looked upon the end results of Vivian's "thrilling" rubbing. The area was already turning a goldish yellow, her nipples and areolas a darker shade of that to stand out more.

She put a hand to her chest, feeling the area carefully. Her thick fingers pressed down, feeling dense muscle pushing back. No softness or squishiness here. Just pure, well-built pecs.

"N-neat," Rachel spoke, panting slightly more, **"Instant muscles. No need to even do boring workout routines or the works."**

"Well you can't legitimately enter any contest with a magically infused and improved body," Vivian remarked, going back to the bottle again for more substance, "But yeah, can't complain with results like that. Big, but not grotesquely big like some want either."

Getting enough lotion, Vivian moved in and began working on Rachel's waist next. She happily lathered the woman's sides carefully, her rubbing not as intense thankfully.

Well, at least I'm not going to have my heart explode this time... Rachel thought with a chuckle, relieved a little bit. She tingled and twitched a bit, stretching a little to the left and to the right as her stomach rubbed. With each stretch, her waist pushed out a little by a little. Each pull to the left or right, the more her hourglass shape faded.

It barely took any time before her waist was nice and wide, fitting with her equally wide chest. Vivian moved in soon after and applied more of the lotion to the girl's belly, still soft and tender despite all the girl's efforts to stay tone and fit.

However, the area quickly toughened to make up for the lack of progress. As the golden tint flowed over her torso fully now, her stomach flattened and tightened. Her abdomen rose gently before her abs began bulging. They pressed outwards, creating an impressive, strong six-pack upon her body.

Rachel grinned wildly, bringing down her hand to her waist and rubbing it gently. **"Heh, you know, I wouldn't imagine being this swole like this, especially since it almost feels out of place... but dang if I don't like it!"**

“I’ll say, “me-OW”!” declared Vivian, reaching in and feeling Rachel’s striking abs.

“Ah-HEM!” coughed the customer, giving her a strong glare, **“I said, this is only for the love-of-my-life, not you. You may touch, but only when massaging.”**

“Well fine, that’s plenty of touching as I need,” the black cat scoffed. She shook her head and began lubing up her paws once more.

At that moment, watching the cat do her work, a thought clicked in Rachel’s mind. Her eyes dipped down past her pecs, past her abs, and down below into her crotch. Her face went red and the feeling of her breasts being groped and rubbed briefly rushed through her body once more.

“Ummmm, ah, listen. I know the next part is important if I’m gonna be a guy... but, you know... is there some way that I could avoid being... rubbed down-”

“Wha?” Vivian said, turning around quickly and looking shocked, “What? Did you really think I was gonna rub down there? Umm, no. That’s the magic’s job to handle. Honestly, doing that would be so unprofessional of someone such as myself. I’ll just be working on your legs. Just please stand up for me if you could.”

Rachel sighed a breath of relief, a bit more relaxed after hearing all of that. As the cat went in to work on her legs, she couldn’t help but think, *unprofessional of her? Given how she worked over my tits, anything would be possible with her.*

Standing up, Vivian was far more thorough with her massaging. This time, she focused on both of Rachel’s thighs at once. She pressed each of her fingers in the soft skin and tender muscle, rubbing every inch she could up to the outline of the underwear.

After finishing with the upper legs, the cat started moving down to the knees and calves. Rachel kept close watch of her thighs. They seemed a touch wider after a bit, not to mention the color change to yellow as the rest of her. However, carefully reaching down and touching them herself, she hit upon denser, stronger muscle. They were no longer so soft and curvy but toughened up quite well.

Rachel smiled softly, liking her thighs’ stronger shape. *Not bad, not bad! I’m almost there. Just a few more animalistic additions after that and-Oooooo~*

She winced gently, her eyes clenching shut and her shoulders lifting for a brief moment. A strange, enticing rush just rolled through her being. It was quite electrifying and invigorating... for a moment. That’s when a new feeling hit her, tightness.

Shaking her head and brushing some of her hair carefully, she looked back down and instantly saw the cause of her. Her cheeks reddened brighter than ever before, her mouth twisting with a mixture of surprise and bemusement. Her undies were bulging in front, slowly growing larger and larger.

“**Oh man,**” she mumbled, fingers trembling as her hands unconsciously moved towards her bump, “**That’s... that’s...**”

“Probably annoying for you, huh?” Vivian spoke, looking up from her work. Rachel’s calves were already much larger and denser, widened up to fit her thighs, yellow slowly leaking down to her still dainty feet.

Vivian stretched and wiggled her fingers, eventually snapping her right ones. **POOF!** Rachel’s underwear disappeared into a puff of pink smoke, which quickly dissipated to reveal pale yellow boxers, pink butterflies all over them. The tight feeling instantly faded, the crotch of the boxers much deeper and wider.

Rachel smiled pleasantly, relieved of that pain and annoyance. She blushed again, noticing the bulge getting larger and tenting her new boxers, but she still felt fine enough. “**Th-thanks... that’s better.**”

“No problem at all. Figured you needed a bit of relief.” Vivian spoke, finishing with the feet rubbing and standing up straight. However, as she stood, she still seemed to get farther and farther away. For as she finished with her lotion at long last, Rachel crept several extra inches, putting her over six feet tall in the end.

The yellow woman(?) glanced over herself one last time. Nothing about her body looked female or feminine in anyways, outside of maybe the hair at best. Her chiseled looks, strong, musculature; facial hair, and the new equipment that rested beneath the boxers. All of it signaled that she now just a man.

Curiously, Rachel turned his eyes back to his bulge. It was bigger the last time he looked, like he held a large grapefruit within them. He brought his hands to his waistband and stretched it open, getting a good look at his new, dangly equipment.

He blushed but smiled amusingly at it. Despite his human-ish appearance, his junk was not exactly human. Its color was reddish brown, and its texture was rather rubbery in an odd way. The balls were leathery and large, the shaft and head of his cock almost as large with how it was a little less wide than a soda can. Speaking of the head, it was flat with rounded bumps between the hole.

Staring at his new cock, he could feel it twitch, veins in pulsating. The shaft began to stiffen, slowly elongating from its scrunched form. Despite stretching out his new underwear, the equipment almost immediately started stretching out to rub against it. His heart started racing, his face warming and reddening again.

“Gonna stare at your junk all day and admire it or should we get back to it?”

Rachel nearly jumped several feet in the air, falling right back onto the chair. Her heart was beating like crazy, sweat dripping down her face. Her boxers were rather tented now, stretched out quite a bit.

The cat woman leaned in and asked, "I'm sure your big dick and balls are fascinating, buuuuuut we're at the end here. Gotta get onto that last step after all."

Rachel nodded quickly, blushing furiously. **"Y-yeah. Right. Last step! Sorry, just... just so taken aback by all of this. I've dabbled in transformation before, but this one... this feels so much more personal and... invigorating."**

"Heh, I can imagine so, you're a pretty big guy now." He looked over himself one last time, peering over his thick torso, bulging boxers, and his thick legs. His feet were a few shoe sizes larger now, the last bit of daintiness removed from his body.

"Y-yeah," nodded the new man, a smile growing larger, **"I am a big guy... I am a man."**

"That's the spirit!" the cat declared excitedly. Returned to drawers and pulled a small, plastic jar out of it. It looked like a bottle of Vicks Vaporub to him.

The cat opened the jar and rubbed a small scoop of the substance out of it. It was bright, clear yellow, with a strong hint of lavender and daisies. The smell was quite pleasant and invigorating, Rachel shivering gently as the coated finger moved closer to his face.

Vivian spoke as she rubbed the substance underneath Rachel's nostrils, "Now this is the final step in our lovely little journey together. It'll clear the senses, plus that mind and attitude of yours. You'll feel like a whole new person after this is all done, so sit back and enjoy, hunksicle."

Rachel twitched at those words. He wanted to frown and shoot another annoyed glare in the black cat's direction, not having any of the flirting. But, for some reason he probably could guess, he didn't feel annoyed by it. He felt differently.

His cheeks reddened as his face broke into a nervous smile. **"O-okay..."**

He closed his eyes and leaned back, sinking into the soft, leathered chair. The soft, potent fumes rose up into his nostrils, his entire body relaxing more and more. He felt good, really good. Good like he never felt before.

However, a new feeling was growing within him as thoughts started entering his mind. ***Vivian is so nice. She's so sweet for making me into this big guy... but those eyes when she looks at me! Ooooh, she looks so hungry and creepy! Ummm, is she, like, staring at me right now? She might be... I'm only in boxers and stuff. She might be ogling, staring at me so much and... and... I can't-***

A loud sound roared, and Rachel nearly jumped out of his seat again, his heart pounding harder and harder. The cat woman chuckled, revealing that she was holding a blow dryer in her hand. "Sorry about that. Need to break this out for the final step as well. Need to dry some of the lotion spots if you don't mind."

“O-oh! O-oh okay... do what y-you want...” Rachel’s voice was so quiet, his head looking off to the distance as he pulled some of his thick, pink locks in front of his face.

Vivian grinned, Rachel letting out a small “eep” at the sight as the cat moved in. He flinched and shivered as the cat started the dryer again. She turned the machine on him, curiously blowing it on the sides of his head and around his face.

“Mmmmm~” Rachel suddenly found himself feeling a lot more tingly. It felt strangely good, rather relaxing as the hot air ran across his head. Even his ears felt tingly.

In fact, they were more than tingly. Soft, fine yellow fur rose across his ears from the top to the lobes, their form reshaping. They twitched and flickered a bit, stretching out into these cute equine ears. They rose up the sides of his head to the top, poking through his pink locks.

They bent backwards, a rush of emotion flowing over Rachel and making him antsy a tad. His eyes half closed, his face smiling softly. *Ooooooh w-wow*, he thought, gently raising a hand and touching the side of his face, *this is... th-this is rather nice...*

Rubbing the side of his face, more fine fur began rising. It a touch darker yellow than his skin, but still very light and lovely. It coated the entirety of his mug, moving around his thicker eyebrow and dashing goatee. The soft fuzz even went partially around his nostrils, tickling them slightly.

He let out a gruff sneeze, chuckling afterwards. His nostrils twitched as air blasted out, their shape flaring. His face tingled gently soon after, stretching forward centimeter by centimeter. His nose stretched forward as well, broadening out a tad. After only a few moments, Rachel had a short, but strong equine muzzle.

His hand slipped away from his cheeks and to his snout, feeling it shape and form now. His blushing softened, a feeling of tranquility flowing into him now as he closed his eyes once more. ***I like this... this is good. This is pleasant. JD is going to like this. He already loves me so much, but... I know we both need something new... something fr-fresh...***

He’s go-go-going to l-l-love a stallion.

Vivian hummed pleasantly as she lowered the blow dryer onto the guy’s chest and torso, warming the area as well. Rachel shivered slightly, but relaxed more, all tension gone once again as a soft pelt coated his torso. He felt nothing but peace and pleasantness, even his worries of being ogled by Vivian away from his head now.

JD is so sweet and kind t-to m-me, ever since I-I first meet him. H-he’s like a soft bunny without fur... I... I just want to cuddle him and take of him. And bunnies too; they are so nice and sweet.

Rachel twitched, frowning slightly. He sat up straight, leaning forward just a tad. His back felt weird for a moment, just completely weird. The soft yellow fur had flowed over his back at that moment, some small nubs pressing out below his shoulder blades.

The nubs quickly grew and grew, feathers sprouting from them as they stretched out. In one final pump, they sprouted out fiercely, stretching to the left and right before pulling in. Yellow, golden-ish feathers coated his new appendages, giving him lovely plumage.

His new wings flapped gently for a moment before pulling back in, a fluttery feeling burning within Rachel now. His smile returned and relaxed again, resting his arms upon the armrests of the chair. *Phew*, he thought, letting out a pleasant sigh, *that's better...*

Where was I? Oh! R-right, bunnies~ They're so nice and soft. I wonder if I could have one? I would love to raise one now.

Vivian brought the hairdryer down, blowing over Rachel's torso and hips now. As fur sprouted up, right above the waistband of his boxers, a new nub formed. This one was much smaller, stretching out an inch or so before fur sprouted over it. This time though, it was pink hair, just as long and lovely as the mop on his head.

His new tail stretched out and out, some of the long, flowing tail hair narrowly touching the ground. It casually whisked about slightly, a feeling of happiness and love filling the man.

Bunnies are fun and sweet, but... what about other animals? Oh! A doggie or fluffy kitty! Perhaps even a squirrel or mouse! Oh, so many pets to want, to love, to take care of!

As yellow fur rolled down his hips and legs, ending off at his toes, there was a soft glow from his upper, outer thighs. It was pale and pink, the glow quickly vanishing as it appeared to reveal a cute butterfly.

Oh, but I can't just neglect the other poor animals out there. I should volunteer at shelters and pounds, taking care of any little creature that needs love and help!

There was another glow and a new butterfly appeared.

Yes. This is what I should do now. Take care of animals along with soon-to-be husband. Everything sounds so nice. I'll treat them so well~

With that, the last butterfly appeared on his thighs, completing the final visible change.

The stallion sighed pleasantly, his eyes still closed. ***His cheeks reddened as a new thought came to mind. JD will certainly like this... right? A big, sw-sweet stallion? Y-yes! He really like Fluttershy s-s-so th-this will work. He'll love me like al-always and m-ma-maybe he'll want to come here and try a makeover too? Maybe he'll end up being a big stallion like me with... with... with big... big...***

The bulge in his boxers twitched, tenting once again. He twitched, spreading his legs open a bit as the spot enlarged. Beyond the tenting, his equipment grew naturally longer, his balls swelling past the size of oranges. His rod erected, stretching and stretching his boxers more and opening the waist a bit. Rachel let out a soft moan, shivering again.

“Ahem!” Rachel opened his eyes and looked at the cat, who had just shut off the hairdryer. The cat had a mischievous grin on her face, asking, “You okay?”

“**Y-y-yes,**” he responded with a soft nod, bashfully looking away. He couldn’t help but feel the feline was eyeing his chest and crotch again.

“Great, because I am done now. Give the mirror a look and tell me what you think.” Rachel nodded and did so, gazing back into his reflection for the last time.

The sight alone brought a smile to his face. A nervous, bashful one with his cheeks red despite the layer of soft fur, but a smile nonetheless. He saw a striking, handsome-looking pegasus with a strong body that hid his gentle, kind, shy self. He saw dashing, long pink hair, beautiful wings, and an attractive, goatee-wearing face.

He knew what he was seeing. It was what he requested. It was what he wanted. It is what he felt; no, what he knew he truly needed to be now.

Brushing some of his long hair from his left eye, he gently looked to Vivian with a proud, but shy smile. He spoke nervously, but with a confidence in what he was, “**W-wow, I-I’m more han-handsome than I thought. Th-thank you. J-JD’s gonna love th-this.**”



“Glad to hear that. I’m sure he is going to love you, dearie.”

“I-I h-hope so... th-this is a b-big change an-and everything.”

“Well, you’ll find out soon... hmmm, you know, quick question. What’s your name?”

“It’s Ra-” Rachel stopped, his eyebrows raising. His name... it... it wasn’t right anymore. Not when he looked like this or acted like this. He wasn’t Rachel, not anymore.

There was only one right answer. He gulped. He began to speak, nervous, again, at first, but confidence quickly growing, “I-I’m-I’m Flutter-no. No, I’m B-Butterscotch. My name... my name is Butterscotch. Please, call me that.”

Vivian smiled, stepping up close to his side and elbowing him playfully in the shoulder. “That’s a handsome name, Butterscotch. You know, if it doesn’t work out with you and JD, I’m more than willing to be a nice rebound for you.”

Butterscotch’s face went almost beet red, the young stallion nervously backing into his seat and getting his feathers all ruffled. “Th-th-thank y-you,” he stammered, waving his hand, “B-b-b-but I’m-I’m-I’m f-f-f-f-fi-fine an-and-”

Vivian burst into laughter, patting the guy on the shoulder. “Oh man, you’re so fun to tease! I’m just kidding with you, handsome. I truly wish you the best.”

The pegasus nervously slipped down, looking at the cat embarrassingly. The cat smiled brightly, adding one more thing, “Anywho, I think we should get on to something else. Your wardrobe. We’re going to need to find you something better and much more fitting for those new wings, broad shoulders, and muscles of yours.”

“I’m gonna get something to drink. Do you want anything?”

“N-no, I’m g-good. Th-thank you though.”

JD smiled and leaned in. Butterscotch shyly smiled and leaned in as well. The two gently embraced and kissed, the human stroking the soft, furry face of the stallion as he did. The stallion shivered gently, leaning into the stroke.

JD sat up from the sofa, leaving his fiancé behind. He walked past the table nearby, checking on their small bunny’s water. He gave it a soft nod and left, satisfied that he didn’t need to change the bottle.

Butterscotch softly sighed, sitting up straight. He stretched his arms and wings, a little numb from leaning on JD as they laid on the sofa. *Sh-should I have asked for a drink*, he thought, pausing their movie, *I mean, I was fine now, but what if later...*

“Oh, there you are.” Butterscotch’s ears twitched before he turned his head. Walking through the doorway after JD was Melissa, their roommate. The scrawny, brown-haired lady stepped up to them and handed the pony an envelope. “Here’s my part of the rent this month.”

“O-oh, thank you!” The stallion put the envelope to the side on the coffee table. He started to stretch again when he noticed the odd, off look from Melissa. The girl had this weird, puzzled look about her, not helped by her adjusting her glasses, as if she was trying to examine him.

“Is-is... is something wrong?”

“It’s not... I guess.”

Butterscotch frowned, his ears lowering and his body slunking forward. **“Oh... you... you still don’t like me like this.”**

Melissa blushed, shaking her head quickly. “N-no. It’s not that at all. It’s... it’s just like... well, you get used to seeing someone every day the same way with the same attitude and all that... and then it’s all radically different. It just throws me off is all.”

It’s been over a month since Rachel came home Butterscotch. Things were weird at first for everyone, the girly girl of the household now a strong, but sweet and gentle guy. JD was mostly confused and baffled at first, Melissa the same way. However, after a bit, the two guys were soon often seen cuddled up together, chatting happily, taking care of their many new pets, or kissing. Happily, things had worked out.

For Melissa, it still seemed to be so off and foreign to her. Butterscotch nervously looks to the side, mumbling, **“I’m sorry. I mean, I just like being like this. It-it isn’t permanent or anything. I can go b-back and ch-change, b-b-but... I like this.”**

Melissa looked awkwardly away as well, saying, “Well, you don’t have to do that because of anything I say. S-sorry, I’m sure it’ll get use to the new you after a while.”

The room went quiet for a minute, the two looking away from each other in complete, weird silence. Eventually, Melissa was the first to speak up, saying, “I’ll... I’ll just get going-”

At that moment, something struck Butterscotch. A thought occurred to him. He looked at Melissa and quickly said, **“W-w-wait! Actually... I was thinking...”**

Melissa paused, looking back at the stallion anthro. “What is it?”

Butterscotch’s face grew redder and redder, his expression growing more bashful by the second soon after. **“Y-you know, ma-maybe there’s a way to help you understand things better so... so things are so awkward.”**

“And what’s that?”

The pegasus gulped, slowly looking Melissa in the face. For the first time, despite all the shyness and nervousness extruding off of him, he said with a strangely sly smile, **“Ma-maybe you would like to have an appointment at the same salon I went to. I’m not sure, b-but I think you’ll find it pretty life-changing and... exhilarating~”**

THE END?