

Visual, Furry Changes to Oneself

By: Firingwall

“Can you make me like this, clothes and all?” A young, Hispanic man flashed a poster at the witch behind the counter, a look of hopefulness on his face.

The green woman adjusted her sharp glasses, leaning in and looking at the flashed poster before her eyes, studying its appearance. After a second, she looked to the young man and snarked, “My my, aren’t we getting blunt about these things Ricky.”

He blushed and lowered the poster. “S-sorry,” he mumbled, looking off to the side, “I... I just, you know, couldn’t help it. It’s been so long since I transformed, and I thought I could... just get something I really want and not rely on random luck for once.”

It had been awhile since Ricky came into the mysterious magic shop run by his town’s local witch coven. He had been dealing with finals in his college semester and saving up money for his apartment at his job. Between the two things, he barely had time to really enjoy himself, especially the further along the semester went.

But finally, he was free. Free from his textbooks and tests, if only for a little while. Sure, he still had to work and stuff, but he was fine with that if it meant he could earn money for something he really wanted to do.

In his hands was a special, printed-out poster of a character he really liked from a visual novel. Talking to Traci, one of the witch owners, he asked, “S-so, can you just turn me into that or not?”

“Well,” she remarked, “I never said I couldn’t do that! I was just remarking on you just showed up with this out of the blue after disappearing for so long! Honestly, I’m hurt! Our best customer just simply went away without saying a word.”

“Oh! Ah.... eh... sorry?”

Traci smirked and playfully patted his head like a child, remarking, “Juuuuuust kidding. Just having some fun is all. So, you want to become this specimen?”

Ricky’s face lit up with delight and he nodded his head enthusiastically, declaring, “Yeah! Please do that! Money is no object. I’ve saved up for a while to do this!”

“Whatever you want buddy,” Traci remarked with a shrug, taking the poster and heading towards the backroom. She glanced back and remarked, “This will take an hour or so. Go hang out somewhere or... whatever. Potion making takes a while.”

“Welllllcome back!” Traci declared with a large, pleased grin on her face, “Thanks for joining us so quickly!”

Ricky glanced around, holding his hot dog in his hand, and looked back frustratedly at her. “Hey!” He remarked, “I was having lunch! You could have just called me when you were done!”

“Ah, but that wouldn't be fun or magical, would it?” Traci teased.

She reached below the counter and pulled out a light blue, fancy perfume bottle with an plastic spray cap. Looking through the glass bottle, he could see a thick, sand-color liquid. It was almost hard to believe that this would be what he wanted, but from previous experiences, he knew not to judge a potion by its appearance.

“Decided to go with a spray potion this time,” the witch explained, wrapping the bottle in bubble wrap and carefully putting it into a small, conjured up box, “It'll last longer for you.”

“Really?”

“Well, the amount you have, not the effects,” Traci explained with a small shrugged. She sealed the box up and handed it over to him. “Now, your price comes to one hundred dollars and as always, I recommend at least waiting until you get home to try this.”

Ricky nodded, eagerly handing her over the large bill without a second thought, while quickly chowing down on the rest of his hot dog. He didn't want to waste another second here not trying out his new spray potion.

Traci put the money away in the register and cleared her throat, a paper appearing in her hand. “Now,” she remarked, “Before you head out, we have a new policy here at the store that states I'm supposed to tell you about what we're not liable for, safety concerns with over potion usage, medical treatment options provided by local witches and magicians, and other various...”

When she looked up from her list, Ricky was already gone, and the door was already closing. Traci huffed, tossing the paper behind herself and remarking, “Well, can't say that I tried. Selling toony and witchy ice cream is way easier than this...”

Ricky happily skipped into his cheap apartment and locked the door behind him. He went straight into his bedroom and closed the blinds as well. He wanted to keep this as private and personal as possible. He learned his lesson with the Krystal situation a while back.

He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks, tossing them into the corner. He didn't want to run out to buy another pair of shoes again. The rest of the clothes though? Those wouldn't be a problem after it was all done.

Ricky stretched his arms and took out the bottle from the box, careful not to drop it. “Alright,” he mumbled as he sat down, “Let's give this a shot!”

He bent forward and took aim at his feet, getting things going with them first. He gave each foot a quick spray and set the bottle to the side, anxiously awaiting his coming changes.

Nothing happened right away, but he felt a growing heat developing within his toes at first. It subtle, but grew more tense, as if pressure was being applied tensely against them. But then it became visible, two of his toes on each foot merging together and combining into one.

The toes finished combining, the warm feeling spread throughout his feet. His toenails darkened and thickened, changing to a shade of brown before moving to the tips of each toe. They stretched out and lengthened, turning to sharpened points at the end. Once changed, lighter brown fur spread from around the base of each claw and began moving down each one.

The fur moved across his feet and past his ankles, stopping right there abruptly. But even with the sudden stop, the bones within his feet started up with their own changes. They grew a bit longer and lifted upwards at an angle, pushing his stance onto the balls of his feet, which in turn grew thick brown pads to support them.

His feet were animal-like in appearance, much to Ricky's relief. "Okay," he remarked, taking the spray again and aiming higher, "Definitely what I want so far."

He slowly sprayed the substance up his ankles, across his legs and all the way to his thighs, coating skin and clothing alike. He proceeded to do the same thing to the other leg, leaving no trace or part uncoated.

With that done, he began to feel a new heat arising. However, it was not coming from within, but on him instead. His pants were warming, like a freshy pair of dried jeans. Not too hot and all perfectly comfortable on him.

His pants looked like they shook, if only for a brief second, before the pants legs began combining with each other. From his crotch to the very end, the material slowly merged together and changed in texture. The touch of the jeans felt more akin to linen and soft as cotton as it reached the end of the pants holes, looking like a long skirt.

The dark blue colors of the new skirt began to fade, lightening up all across it. From his waist to almost the end, the color went very light sky blue while its end turned a pale yellow. It was quite lovely, especially with the soft glow it almost seemed to emanate under the ceiling light. Wrapping it all together was a weird addition of another skirt, white in color with golden trimmings that markings across it. It appeared around the top of the skirt, sprouting a blue drape that flowed downward and past the skirt's hemline.

The new piece of clothing felt positively Ancient Egyptian in feel and look, a far cry from his usual style to say the least. But it was the perfect thing he needed for his new look.

Ricky smiled and brushed at the skirt, pushing out the wrinkles and folds in the skirt. "Yep, just like Mila's. This is going to be so cool!"

His legs begin to warm now, a heat rising from the edge of where the fur stopped growing. The sensation slowly extended up from there, crawling up his legs and stopping at his hips. The warmth was certainly pleasant, though a touch uncomfortable with the already warm skirt upon his skin.

The temperature slowly rose more as his leg hairs began darkening and thickening. Their color turned to a rich shade of brown, not unlike that of his feet, and they sprouted more across his lower limbs. His legs only grew fuzzier and fuzzier by the second, leaving them completely coated in fur.

But, the fur wasn't the only thing that grew. His own legs grew chunkier and heftier, fat starting to fill them up. Not too much so that it would make them blubbery, but more of a pleasantly thick, plump size. His thighs especially thickened up, filling up to where they would always rub against one another.

Ricky glanced down at his skirt and lifted it up a bit, seeing the new pelt he was developing. It looked incredibly well-groomed and kept, fitting his lovely skirt perfectly.

However, he wasn't close to being finished. He took the spray again and this time, he lifted up the top of his skirt and aimed below it. He gently sprayed both his crotch, his hips, and even tried his best to get at his butt.

Finishing with that, Ricky took a deep breath. Things were always awkward and strange feeling around this part of his changes.

The warm feeling arose again, this time within his loins. It had an extra sensation to it, one that made the hairs on the back of his neck rise and sends shivers up his spine. One that was all too familiar in how it made him feel.

And yet, it was never unwelcomed to him.

He let out a sigh and sat up straight on his bed, stretching his legs open. Within his crotch, underneath his underwear, which had shifted into that of women's lingerie, he felt something slowly pull in. Something that went back within him and transformed, leaving behind something distinctly female.

Ricky sighed again, closing her eyes as she embraced more of the changes. Her flat hips widened up themselves now, giving her new skirt a nice stretch. Their shape was rounder and more distinctly feminine in appearance, fitting her changes well. Her own rear inflated right afterwards, turning quite round and protruding... before getting a touch flabby.

With her hips and crotch done, Ricky prepared to spray the bottle again, but paused for a brief moment as she felt a new warmth growing. A nub pressed out right above her butt crack, brown fur quickly sprouting out across it. The nub swiftly extended out, nice and long, gaining inch after inch. The fur grew only thicker the longer the tail stretched, eventually extending longer than her own legs.

Ricky glanced behind herself, seeing her tail swish about happily on the bed. She stroked it carefully, a tingling sensation rolling up her spine. It was quite different than the ones caused by her transformation, but not unpleasant either.

With her new tail and the warm feeling dying down again, Ricky grabbed the spray bottle and gave her shirt a spray this time. She felt the fabric heating up on her as the cotton fabric shrank, her belly and collarbone uncovering. After only a few seconds, her shirt was now that of a crop top, covering most of her chest and stomach region.

However, like her pants, the top didn't stay normalish like that. The top of the top changed into a golden band with curious markings across it, matching that of her skirt. A hole opened in the direct front center of the top as well, which widened considerably. As the hole widened, a golden ring appeared around the top's top, holding the clothing piece together despite its new opening.

With that, the Ricky had finished up with fixing up her clothing. Sure, there were a few various pieces and accessories to add to complete the appearance, but those could wait.

Right now, it was time to fix up his torso. He brought the bottle to his stomach and sprayed the area around his belly button. The warm feeling quickly arose again, this time stronger than before.

A lighter shade of brown fur began to sprout out of her belly button and quickly moved across his flattish stomach. The soft fuzz quickly covered stomach and shot straight up into her chest, leaving no trace of her visible skin at all. Once the lighter fur reached the edges of her front, the darker brown returned and proceeded to cover her sides and back.

The soft fur felt rather nice on her, running a hand across her stomach. "So warm," she murmured delightfully, "So fuzzy. So fluffy! It all feels so great!"

As she rubbed her stomach, she felt an odd pressing against her hand. Looking down, she watched as her stomach began to push forward. It was growing larger and chubbier, giving her a small, defined muffin top.

All around her waist and hips, Ricky gained little amounts of flab and chub to her. It made her figure much curvier and softer, her belly dipping down over her skirt. However, it didn't grow so much that it took away from her narrowing waist or made her too fat.

The extra amount of weight didn't feel bad on her at all, much to Ricky's delight. She took the bottle and aimed it at her flat chest. It was time to gain the last, significant part she was lacking as a woman.

Pleasantly, the effects of the spray did not take long to act. More light brown fur sprouted up across her chest, connecting with the soft color fuzz on her belly before spreading up her collarbone and even her neck. Her nipples hardened and tingled, pressing more vigorously against her top.

Ricky let out a small moan and brought her hands to her chest. She could feel flesh within her top swell and bloat. It started small at first, building up around her areolas before

spreading out and swelling further. Her chest quickly ballooned out in her grasp, pushing her hands away as breasts came to life on her body.

Her new rack had to be at least E-cup at the bare minimum, their weight heavy on her and rather saggy in her top. However, with the amount of chubbiness in her body, the sagging seemed to only match her new form very well.

Ricky gripped her breasts and moaned again, her body quivering with delight. “This is amazing!” She cooed, biting down on her bottom lip, “This was so worth every single penny I spent!”

Her eyes went back to the spray bottle, which she quickly snatched up. Everything was turning out so well that she almost couldn’t believe it. She had to make things move faster and faster, especially as she approached the home stretch at this point.

She carefully coated each arm as if she was applying spray-on suntan lotion, not wanting to leave a single spot untouched. Coating on so much made the transformation buzz and heat more powerful than before, much to her delight. Dark brown fur quickly enveloped both limbs quite well, a small layer of fat added to their weight as well.

Not content to just stop there though, Ricky aimed the spray carefully behind her back as best as she could. She didn’t know if she had the right spot or not, but for what she wanted, she needed to be careful. This was one of the main reason why she wanted this particular body in the first place.

With a reasonable, estimated guess, she pressed down on the tab and sprayed the top of her back. While there was plenty of fur grown with the amount of spray she applied to her front and arms, she still felt a strengthening warmth there regardless, one that quickly grew faster and faster.

Then, in an awe-inspiring speculate, two large, bright white wings bloomed from her back. They stretched outwards, showing their majestic, beautiful feathers. They flapped in delight, freed from the furry woman’s back.

Ricky sighed pleasantly, glancing over shoulders and studying her new additions. “How beautiful,” she cooed, “Surely a perfect fit for one like me.”

She chuckled, feeling a bit closer to the character she was becoming. On that note as well, she hosed down her hair from top to bottom. It was time for the final stages to fully beautify herself.

The second she stopped spraying down her hair, the second her hair began changing into a beautiful, gorgeous mane. Lovely, dark chestnut locks bloomed forth from where her old, boring mop used to be. There were small streaks of lovely light brown mixed in with it, her hair curling up at its ends.

Her hair stretched all the way down to her hips, stopping right there and curling at its tips. A huge wave of curls flowed down the right side of her head, resting comfortably on her bosom. Popping out between her locks were two large, fuzzy cat ears as well, her original having accidentally been sprayed down in the mess.

However, Ricky was going to get to them anyway, so it all worked out. Licking her chops, she clenched her mouth and eyes shut as much as she could, bringing the perfume bottle to her face at last.

With gentle spray, the liquid hit her mug and soaked straight in. It instantly got to work, covering most of her face in the same light brown fur as her chest and belly, while darker shades covered her nose and forehead. Her eyelashes grew out in the midst of it, while her eyebrows thinned out.

And then it finally came. Her cheeks and mouth, burning up underneath the changes and new fur coat, began to morph. Her nostrils flared and stretched out, turning feline in shape and look, a crease extending down from it to her lips. Her face and snout pushed forward, pulling into a strong, but cute muzzle fit for a queen.

Or in this case, fit for a gorgeous, winged lion woman. Ricky was finally, at long last, transformed into a stunning lion woman named Mila.

She stretched her arms and wings, cracking her neck a tad as well. She felt so good and incredible, better than almost any other transformation she experienced. It was so worth the hundred bucks she had spent on it.

“Just wonderful!” She cooed, “Just perfect! Time to fly down to the shop and show to all the guys what my new look is!”

She chuckled and turned to grab the bottle, planning on putting it away. However, there was horrible realization upon picking it up. Looking at it carefully, it was completely empty!

“You got to be kidding me!” Traci remarked, her arms folded, “How did you go through an entire perfume bottle in one day?”

Ricky had returned to the witch’s shop, holding her empty bottle and looking at the ground embarrassed. “Well,” she mumbled, “I just wanted to make sure I got transformed real good, you know?”

“You only need to spray once!” The witch remarked, “That’s why I said it would last a long time! Don’t bathe yourself in it!”

“Yeah,” the anthro replied, her shoulders and ears drooping further. After a bit of silence, she weakly asked, “Is... is there any possibility of getting a refill here?”

“Refill?” Traci huffed, “After wasting all of your potion at once, you want a refill?”

“I promise to be super careful from now on and not get caught up in the moment!” Ricky pleaded, “Just... please give this to me!”

Traci groaned, her eyes rolling hard. “Fine,” she muttered, “I’ll do it for you just this once since you’re both a frequent customer and you just purchased it today.”

“Really?” Ricky exclaimed happily, nearly leaping and flying into the air, “Oh thank you, thank you! That means so much to-”

“Nah-ah!” Traci exclaimed, throwing her hand up, “There’s just one thing you need to do for me first before I do this little favor.”

“What’s that?”

She smirked and snapped her fingers, a large piece of paper appearing in her hands. “Quite simple. You need to listen to our new policy and safety concern guidelines. You skipped out on it last time and you aren’t doing that again this time.”

THE END