

# Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #28

By

[Desmond Fallout](#)

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## A Siltvelt Werechee in Melromarc

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Being forced into a new world where almost every aspect of life works under video game logic is, for lack of a better term, unusual. People had classes, job levels, skill trees, all the fun stat progression associated with a character. Monsters dropped loot when slain, although respawning didn't seem to be a thing. Heck, there's even magic to learn and cast for quality of life use. Living a massive multi-player online role playing game, MMORPG, in real life might just be every fantasy nerd's dream come true.

Not for Desmond. The squirreifax hated MMO's even before getting blasted into some backwater kingdom of snobs. Back in his modern world of air conditioners and soap, corporations exploited those types of games to encourage as much extra spending on player benefits as possible. Their content usually boiled down to some boring grind of farming two dungeons ad nauseam for materials to upgrade gear. The part that really ticked him off was how after months of paying to work, new gear would be dropped in and start the grind cycle all over again.

"Master Fallout, your eye is doing that angry twitching again?"

"Wha? Huh?" Desmond shook his head, having to brush the blond streak and black bangs out of his eyes afterwards. It's almost time for a haircut too, apparently. "Sorry, got lost in thought looking over my HUD."

The cheetah woman sitting on the bench beside him tilted her head with a cheery smile that always melted Desmond's heart. Even when standing eight feet tall Xilitalia naturally looked more cute than intimidating. "Yeah. You like to do that a lot. Finding out anything new yet?"

"Pfft! I wish!" Desmond's lips fluttered irritably. His attention turned back to the display in front of him. Walls of English lettering and images hovered in

mid-air before him, simulating the appearance of computer menus without a monitor.

Ironically, it was a system directly tied to his own state of being, meaning only he could see it. All Xilitalia could do was watch her shield hero and slave master stare off intently into a blank void. That was something she got used to after so long adventuring together. No doubt careful calculations and plans were swimming up a storm in the little hybrid's brain. Last thing she wanted to do was break his concentration.

The reality was that Desmond desperately needed any help he could get. Normally he was fine with playing the tank and support in games. The general strategy was to stay alive as long as possible until the party killed everything. Actually having to manage said party was a bit more out of his reach. His fox side never cohered to the species stereotype of being clever. It was just as likely to create electricity from scratch than figure out an effective combat build. Among other things he had factors like fifty types of shield, the bonuses they provided, magic items, spells, Xilitalia's entire skill set, combos.

This was also why Desmond hated MOBA games, but that's an entire story in itself.

Fed up with reviewing the list of optional shields, Desmond flicked the HUD closed. His gaze dropped to the kite shield that remained firmly equipped to his right arm. The legendary weapon's jewel glinted back in the late afternoon's light offering nothing for comfort.

"Let's get something to eat," he mumbled as he stood.

"Okay!" Xilitalia practically cheered, leaping to her feet behind Desmond's steps. The hard bouncing of her chest under a leather tunic momentarily distracted several other townspeople in the square. Being practically a giant firm with the muscles of a blacksmith, and sporting yoga balls for mammaries made it hard to believe she was a slave, let alone Desmond's. He barely stood up to her waist.

Not that the shield hero had any reason to complain. Having Xilitalia for a companion was the best gift either world had given him so far. Ever since they unlocked her class levels for this current busty state, adventuring became easy to the point of almost cheating. People's awed reactions always amused them too, since this wasn't even Xilitalia's true size. She had to learn a spell to 'compress' things a bit to fit inside normal places.

And yet not even a mega-sized amazon cheetah would help them soon. Desmond and some other heroes were summoned to this world to fight a growing invasion of monster waves, with the next one hitting in a few weeks. Each one proved to be getting stronger than the last, nearly killing the idiot spear hero in the previous attempt. If he had any hope of seeing this party through to the end, they would need to utilize every advantage they could get.

It just so happened a rather big opportunity surfaced unexpectedly and on unfortunate short notice. Like many other game mechanics, Desmond was surprised to discover this world had routine world events; timed quests that literally anyone could take part in if they desired.

Tonight would be the start of something called Blood Moon Harvest. As the name implies, the full moon would glow an eerie red light over the area for four days. This had some effect on local monsters to make them more powerful. On the plus side, that also meant kills would earn a lot more exp and rarer materials.

Despite this, the other so-called heroes apparently saw no reason to attend. Putting the obvious opportunity to grind some levels aside, it was not in the duo's nature to leave a few isolated towns to fend such a menace alone.

Only problem was learning this information eight hours ago. They had to drop their routine maintenance to arrive before nightfall. Both of their armors were looking a bit worn, while Xilitalia's sword sported several nicks.

"We'll have to buy whatever fresh equipment these local shops have," Desmond mused over their early dinner. A street vendor was selling some kind of beef burrito with a sweet pepper sauce.

“You sure that’s a good idea?” Xilitalia said, spraying bits of her second burrito out of her bulging cheeks. Her appetite had grown just like everything else these days. “I mean, they won’t be as good as the weapon drops we got from the cave boss last week.”

“True, but that stuff desperately needs sharpening. Not to mention your leather is looking very brittle over your thick...arms.” Desmond coughed, forcing his eyes off Xilitalia’s bust. “I’d feel safe having new, inferior gear than stuff ready to break at any moment.”

“Okay, master Fallout!” Xilitalia kept her face casual while spotted cat tail wagged rapidly. Ironically, her master was unaware his subtle attraction made her proud of gaining such a shapely body, especially since he still cared about her safety. She was eager to reach the few levels left before they could do the ceremony that unlocked their level cap back at the capital. “With all the planning you’ve been doing, we’re going to dominate this entire event.”

Desmond felt sweat on his face, forcing a return smile. The few vague ideas going through his frazzled mind could barely be called a plan. “Y-yeah, of course, Xili. This will be awesome!”

\* \* \*

This event sucked scorpion ass.

The new gear cost Desmond more silvers than he wanted to part with, but they were effective for the killing his party required. Hell, at Xilitalia’s current level she just needed the right shield buffs and a kitchen knife for most threats. A fact they had both realized in a barroom brawl with some shield hero detractors a month back.

No, they had thoroughly prepared to slaughter blood-crazed monsters by the wagon full. Unfortunately, when the town caught word only one hero was even coming to their aid, the town militia took some unexpected initiative. Through calculated shifts and routes they had virtually wiped out every monster within three miles of the town borders a whole day before the duo’s arrival.

“Nice of them not to mention that until the event started.” Desmond kicked off a rock, scanning the open plans in desperate signs of opposition. Thanks to the moon, everything glowed with a red tint that felt both pretty and unsettling.

“At least no one’s in danger?” Xilitalia offered, casually skipping to her right. The optimism was a front masking her own disappointment in rushing over for such a boring adventure. Four hours of hunting only netted them some wild dog monsters, the last of which she became almost reluctant in finishing. It was so weak her half-hearted maneuvers were looking more like a playful dance teasing the creature. “It’s still the first night. The town will probably leave a lot more for us to handle tomorrow. YEEK! Damn it!”

Xilitalia got a bit too carefree in the improvised activity. In the second her eyes broke to glance at Desmond, the dog creature pounced, piercing fresh bite marks in the leather of her right boot. It only did four hit points of damage to the cheetah woman, but the damage to her footwear proved enough to draw some ire. The bronze of her recently purchased blade shone in the moonlight as it came around in an underhand swing that cleaved the monster’s head in half. There was a gurgling whine from the creature and it fell at her feet in a bloody mess. Hardly a satisfying kill now that Xilitalia gained with a minor experience point reward and nothing left to do.

“Are you all right?” Desmond was at her side in a heartbeat, kneeling down to examine the miniscule wound. His slave gave a curt nod, hoping the moon’s unnatural light hid her blush. There was barely a drop of blood visible on her leather. “Sheesh! Don’t get too relaxed. Taking unnecessary damage never does us any good.”

“S-sorry,” Xilitalia murmured with meekly folded ears.

Desmond declined further scolding, directing his attention on their fresh kill. Being OCD worked in his favor when traveling in a fantasy world. With skill practice his tool knife came out and cut along the monster’s flanks. Soon he had hearty meat and skin added to their loot drops, along with an unexpected rarity.

“What is that thing?” Xilitalia hunched over her master, unable to see the tiny object in his hand. The underside of her breasts brushed against Desmond’s ears enough to make him shudder.

“No idea,” he said, staring flatly at the small grey rock. He presumed it to be a gizzard stone after fishing it from a monster’s stomach. Yet a run of his appraise option in the HUD identified it as a ‘lycanroc’ high-rare monster material. Finding no immediate need to preserve it, Desmond followed his biggest habit when finding a new item and fed it into his shield jewel.

The rock disintegrated into the legendary weapon and a second later a pop-up notice flashed before Desmond’s eyes. As expected, a new shield became unlocked for use with a tree of potential upgrades to grind. With only a flick of his mind, the kite shield blurred into an unfamiliar round shape. Its surface bulged out almost like a half-sphere with several silver studs along its surface meant to resemble the giant moon shining overhead.

“Holy hell!” Desmond’s expression lit up into a bright smile, reading over an endless list of bonuses this ‘Moon Shield’ provided. Virtually every member of his party got enormous offense boosts, along with several affliction resistances and damage type mitigations. Talk about making a party of instant glass cannons.

That is until his black sclera eyes caught the final two items on the shield’s properties. Muzzle lips dropped into a frown with his confusion. Apparently this shield enforced the lycanthrope sub-type on all party members’ race, and more importantly, none of the stat effects worked unless used during a full moon. “What is this? Team Fortress Two? It almost sounds like this shield turns people into...oh no!”

“M-master Fallout? I feel...funny.”

Desmond whimpered, glancing at Xilitalia. The cheetah woman’s body had gone stiff, tail curled upwards with arms hanging limp. She was no longer looking at him, but craned her neck back to ogle at the sky. The red moon practically shined in her eyes, making pupils shrink into pencil points. “Uhhh...Xili? Xilitalia? Talk to me, girl?”

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Desmond reached for one of Xilitalia's hands. The slight brush of their fingers together proved more than enough to shake her stupor. Xilitalia jumped several feet in the air, giving a feline yowl that sounded way more bestial than was comforting.

They continued staring at each other in stunned silence, unsure about addressing the subtle implications surfacing. Xilitalia's chest gave hard jiggles with her rapidly rising breaths. Being rocked back to reality only made her aware of the warmth spreading over her body, forcing sweat to break out across her face. A thought suddenly crossed her mind, but before she could voice it the cheetah's ears perked with a noticeable point to their tips. "Do you hear that?"

"Yeah." Desmond didn't need to ask. His own pointed fox ears swiveled towards a wood edge a quarter mile away before his gaze followed. The ambient noises of night creatures had ceased, leaving a rhythmic wet thumping breaking the silence. "Something big is heading this way."

Wood groaned and then snapped, entire trees falling over to make way for the giant beast of a canine that emerged onto the clearing. It seemed to be a mixture of flesh and plant, with grass taking the place of fur and wooden spikes protruding along its back like armor.

Figures they would get into a proper fight at the worst time. The beast emerged fully out of the woods, swatting branches with its bushy tail. It seemed to notice the adventurers as an afterthought, pausing to regard them curiously. Xilitalia's face twisted into a challenging snarl back, but her body shivered in her anxiety, looking ready to fall over.

Desmond considered themselves lucky if that's all she did in the immediate future. "We should retreat and warn the town guards. We don't know what's happening to...you."

Halfway through his sentence Desmond became deafened by the boss monster's challenging howl. Now he was sure the whole county would know the beast's presence. But while his ears folded back, ready to withdraw, Xilitalia stepped forward in an alarming breaking of character. She let loose a meow of



defiance before breaking into a run straight at the creature, sword raised for action.

The monster seemed almost amused in its charge to meet this tiny challenger. Its paws thundered into the earth, leaving large prints staining the grass carpet. They closed the distance in seconds, its foreleg baring down onto Xilitalia in a hard strike.

Xilitalia twisted to take the massive paw with her shoulder. It collided with a hard impact that echoed through the night air. Her boots drove into the dirt almost up to her knees, yet the woman did not keel over. This alarmed the beast to the point it came to a complete stop, unsure why its prey remained unharmed. Just the distraction Xilitalia needed to shove the paw back, rocking the boss off balance for a counterattack on its other exposed leg.

The blade struck the canine's foreleg, cleaving flesh and bone. Unfortunately, it was not the clean-cut Xilitalia intended. Her weapons inferior material gave a hard snap halfway through the bone, leaving her with a virtually useless hilt.

It still did enough damage to send the beast reeling. Trying to charge on all fours became nearly impossible with the fresh wound threatening to snap its limb just as violently as Xilitalia's sword. Instead, it switched tactics to lung at the morsel, open jawed. Saliva rained from its mouth, staining the strained clothes on the cheetah woman.

Desmond nearly had a heart attack when she took the monster's bite head-on. They had just finished discussing such reckless actions. Then again, the red glow in Xilitalia's eyes was so visible in the night gloom. He also considered she was probably not in a right state of mind anymore.

The boss grunted and then whimpered in slow realization that Xilitalia caught its upper jaw with her bare hands. It tried to pull away only to find her grip on its fangs locked them in place.

A growl rose in her throat along with veins in her neck. The monster almost surprised her by trying to push down for a lethal bite. It only got her arms to bend

slightly before Xilitalia pushed back. Biceps swelled with the heavy flex and then continued expanding beyond.

SHHRRTTTTT!!

Desmond's eyes shot open at the familiar sound of clothes tearing. Looked like the shield's implied effects were finally starting to assert themselves on his unwitting slave fighter. Even from yards away he could see the rippling mass of Xilitalia's arm shred through the sleeves of her tunic. Her gloves followed behind them, hands lengthening with strong slender fingers, brandishing sharp black claws.

If being pushed back was a surprise, it floored the boss monster when Xilitalia wound back her buff right arm to punch it square in the nose. Pained yelps rang across rooftops in the distance as it reeled back with green blood oozing from its nostrils.

KKUUURRRTTTT!!

More of Xilitalia's clothes saw an abrupt end. While the beast levered on its hind legs, she dropped into a squat that sent her leg muscles expanding. The rush of thighs blimping into spotted tree trunks disintegrated her pants. A necessary sacrifice in order for her to springboard in a leap that left a small pit in the ground. Her boots made several consecutive kicks into the creature's snout. The force of which tore away the leather until her enlarged clawed feet were bare.

True to a cat's nature, Xilitalia hit the ground on all fours with quiet unnatural grace. She watched intently as the giant forest wolf teetered in a slow fall onto its back. The impact caused a seismic quake that broke many cracks across the earth beneath it.

Despite this, Desmond found his attention stuck on Xilitalia's muscled rear in the remains of torn pants. She stood to a full height that easily matched the creature, at least fourteen or sixteen feet tall. It wasn't just the magic compression spell wearing off either. The cheetah woman looked...fluffier? Her ears had changed into sharp points, muzzle popped slightly longer, and her tail was massive like a spotted log. In fact, there were also large amounts of fur

gathered up on her forearms and shins. Meanwhile, her purple hair had grown so wild that it threatened to drag at her heels like some cape.

“Hrrrkk!!” Xilitalia coughed, staggering out of her dramatic stance. With a frustrated growl, she clasped both hands to her chest and rent the leather harness into a confetto of wasted money.

**BWOOOOMP! WOOM! WOOM!**

The pair of massive tits that sprang out of the destroyed garment almost made up for its destruction. Xilitalia already got to enjoy a heavy stacking at any size, reaching over three times her head in scope. Under the growing effects of a red moon they looked like furry meteors ready to crush a house. Each little bounce from her movements gave a resounding spring noise loud enough for Desmond's ears, making him blush harder under their glory.

Suddenly the boss monster twitched, snapping out of its daze. Not that Xilitalia would give it a chance to collect itself. She pounced forward, breasts blinding its face while thick arms grappled around its shoulders. With a mighty heave she rolled back, using raw strength to lift the creature's body off the ground. They came full circle with a surprisingly flexible arch of the buff cheetahs spine, crashing the boss's skull into the earth for another earthquake that shattered the grassy plans.

This time the wolf fell over, clearly dead. Even with an impact skull, Xilitalia's fluffy werecat form loomed over it for nearly a minute before her enhanced instincts seemed satisfied.

Desmond nearly wet his pants when Xilitalia whirled to face him. Then he noticed her cheery smile and demeanor changed faster than a light switch. She fell onto all fours, bounding towards him with her tail raised high. Everything waved and bounced so much his imagination made up splashing noises for her graceful gallop.

“I do good, master?” She asked upon stopping mere feet from the tiny squirreelfox. Even playing quadruped she had to sink her soft mounds into the ground, leaning in to be eye level with Desmond.

“You...you just suplexed a boss into submission.” The statement came out lacking any emotion, good or bad. Desmond’s mind became locked in pure shock, processing all the stat boosts affecting Xilitalia’s assets rolling threateningly close at his feet. Realizing this neutral response was making the cheetah giantess wobble with uncertainty, he added a quick, “That is the coolest thing I’ve ever seen you do yet. Wonderful job, Xilitalia!”

FWOOMP!

“YAY! Thank you, master!” Xilitalia still had a lot of unreleased werecheetah tension coursing through her muscles, making her not consider the effects of pouncing Desmond before engulfing him into her chest.

Desmond sputtered and writhed amidst the muscular forearms and soft boobs that came with Xilitalia hugs. His exasperation at the night’s events melted into giggles when she began licking his head with further affection. At least this event took a more exciting turn for them. He just hoped the shield had enough defense to help him survive until moonset.

In the meantime they became quite a sight for the townspeople on the short, thunderous walk back. All the ground shakes and wars practically woke up everyone in the region. Shame that most of them took seeing the shield hero in the tight embrace of a monster cheetahs bosom as a sign of complete doom.

It took Desmond lots of shouting and reassurances that the altered Xilitalia would in fact not be eating him or any villagers for the evening. A few disarming smiles from his giantess slave helped a lot to convey the message. At least he hoped that’s what many of them craned their necks to stare at while they talked.

“Master, I’m hungry.” Xilitalia sat in the square unable to shrink her height while in a lycanthrope state. She seemed content with this anyway, letting breasts rest on her lap while drumming the tops with her fingers.

“Do you need any help?” A wayward guard found enough courage to approach Desmond, though the fear remained in his eyes.

Desmond barely cared for such actions anymore. His justified reputation for bringing odd alterations upon people he interacted with reached the world by now. It made him wonder for a second if they found a cure for the oldest princess being a donkey beast girl yet.

“Yeah, bring us ten pounds of...” Desmond checked his coin pouch. The fluffy squirrel's tail thumped into the dirt. “Actually, just start bringing us cooked meat and tell me when I run out of money. We’ll need a lot of calories to get through this moon phase.”

Xilitalia gave a happy chirp, eager for the food villagers scattered to bring her.

## An American Werehorse in the Party

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Vesryn didn't remember signing up for a free beta testing, but only an idiot questions something they get for free. Besides, it came with a whopping five invite codes, so now he got something new to do with friends and roommates. Between Minecraft, Team Fortress, and Overwatch, game variety became stagnant after a while. Venturing back into a MMORPG might make for an entertaining deviation for a while.

FusionRain flashed the big title text on the game's launcher. It looked like a game specifically designed for furry fans like Ves. All the screenshots and trailer clips showed off a wide variety of anthropomorphic characters. There were standard cats and dogs, but also squirrels, foxes, and even horse races. Patch notes advertised character creation having over twelve main bases, with up to eight subspecies in each gene tree. That made for near endless character variety even before all the customizable fur patterns, hairs, and colors.

A sharp jingle echoed from Ves' headset. With a practiced tab switch, he brought up Discord and smiled at the caller's icon.

"Hi Marcy!" he exclaimed once the voice call connected.

"Hewwo darling," came another male speaker's voice oozing with girlish affection. "I just finished downloading the last patch."

"Same. Why do we need to download the game twice JUST to download a patch? It's like we're stuck in twenty-o-eight."

"Yeah, but now we got fuzzy tails." Marcy paused while Ves chuckled softly over the mic. Both men were already going through title screens to get at the good parts. Surprisingly, there came no opening cutscene with the main menu having the most uninteresting of flashing effects. They must have gotten into a very early beta of the game. "So any idea what you will be?"

“Hm...” After some lag the character creator finally loaded, drawing Ves’ attention to the first round of menus. The usual basics of name, gender, and the advertised extensive species list. “They have otters, but I was thinking of a tank role. The game says dragons, elephants, and horses are good at that.”

“Oof!” Marcy huffed into his mic in that subtle way that hinted he was having kinky thoughts. “You should totally be a horse. It’d be cute.”

“Oh, don’t pretend you haven’t been craving horse anthros all month.” Ves laughed, selecting the equine menu without hesitation. Marcy had a thing for huge boys, so picking a Clydesdale character was an easy decision.

Damn, they sure came out big too. The character model flickered into a lump of polygons that slowly loaded into a buff horse man with a military cut blond hair. A few random flicks with slider bar options got the high rendered anthro to swell with hulking muscles, while some feature browsing got him a mane of purple hair flowing to his lower back right above a matching tail. Ves would have to remember this when he rolled a character in the full released game. They could go totally anime extremes on this thing, a rarity in most MMO’s.

“Ves? I’m loaded in. Where are you?”

“Oh, uh, be right there.” Ves picked a few more random features before settling on the barbarian class. Those were usually set up as a good mix for tanking and damage, a staple for small groups. Clicking the character creation button, he sat back to watch a spiraling load screen take him into a new adventure. It was in this moment of stillness his brain processed an almost unnoticed detail. “Hey, you okay, Marcy? Your voice sounds a bit...off?”

“Really? I feel fine.” Marcy stared blankly at his discord window, like the grinning purple dragon that was Ves’ icon could see them. “You’re sounding a bit nasally too.”

“Huh.” Ves rubbed at his nose, wondering if it felt a bit swollen. Still, there was a strange shift in his friend’s voice that was hard to shake off. Maybe it was the mic setting making Marcy sound higher pitched.

His thoughts were broken when the loading screen finally opened up into an expansive village. Streets blinked into existence, followed by houses, foliage, and finally blurry figures that one by one turned into fully fleshed characters. The games HUD windows soon followed with tutorials that Ves clicked out of as soon as possible. He was no stranger to moving around an RPG, and this one used the same numbered keyboard slots for attacks as so many others.

“Just loaded into the main square,” Ves said, distracted by all the amazing characters that surrounded his big horse dude. Somehow he still got sixty frames going despite dozens of anthros moving on screen, each with their own distinct selection of features to render. Realizing just how dense the crowd was, he quickly chimed in, “I’m the horse with purple hair.”

“Hah! I can see your sexy pecs from here. Came to the south fountain.”

Ves grinned and navigated his character as directed. He was within ten feet of the fountain before a lynx's woman colored a bright orange came running up to greet him. This would be their first experience with the games physics engine as the felines curves clearly maxed out their slider bars. Each press of the movement button sent basketball sized breasts and a jutting butt bouncing violently.

“Well, I’m surprised I didn’t see you a mile away either.” Ves laughed, unaware of how his flapping lips added a slight sputtering noise.

“Oh, hush!” Marcy’s character did a pouting emoticon that made their boobs bounce again. Geez, his voice really sounded fittingly feminine for the design choice. “Cats are the best when it comes to magic and support, so I went mage. I have to keep my big hunk of a hoss healthy.”

Ves blushed despite hiding behind a screen an entire ocean away from his best friend. “Just be careful. I’ll be taking a lot of damage trying to cover those mountain landscapes on your chest.”

“Then you better get moving hot stud.” Marcy hit his attack command, but it clipped harmlessly through Ves’ thick chest.



“Yes, mistress!” Ves emphasised the title in a snarky tone. He ran a hand through his hair before readjusting his headset, unaware of the purple hues seeping out from his roots.

They began what sadly turned into a routine. MMO’s had a fixed formula to try keeping players invested, and therefore spending money, in a game for as long as possible. Map markers lead them to NPC’s, which pointed them to quests, which usually boiled down to either Kill X amount of things, collect X amount of things, or to mix it up, kill X amount of things to collect X amount of things.

That was fine when the pair of nerds still had each other for company. Ves got to learn the ins and outs of wielding axes as a giant horse man. His attacks were so strong they did close to double an enemy’s health in damage. Since that understandably led to minor counter attacks, Marcy was soon running off nuking even more enemies with his offensive spells. Like Ves, they had gone for a more mixed class of healing and damage. It allowed a chance for them to cover each other’s shortcomings for a small scale grinding adventure at least. Hopefully, they’d be running group dungeons after a few more patches.

“What’s this game about, anyway?” Marcy asked at one point in their usual banter talk. He adjusted his headset, almost like his ears were sliding up his head. Worse was the itching of orange fur breaking out across his face.

“Something about lycanthropy, I think,” Ves replied, taking a swing that cleaved three enemies at once. He gave a little first pump, oblivious to how hunched over the keyboard his growing body had gotten. Every burst of experience fed more inches in both height and girth, putting a heavy strain on his desk chair. “I think the storyline is still in drafts, but apparently a demi-god cursed it to always be a full moon, making everyone stuck as were creatures.”

“Oh?” Marcy promptly moved his camera controls until the bright blue moon in the game's sky took up his entire screen. He only intended to check for a second only to find the shiny silver circle totally enthralling. Eyes glistened in the light as their pupils stretched into animal slits. A stubby tail flicked out from under the waistband of his shorts, followed seconds later by the growing cheeks of a fat butt covered in orange and brown striped fur. “It’s kind of pretty.”

“Marcy? Hey! Heal me!!”

“W-wha-nya? Oh! Sorry, Ves!” Marcy snapped back into reality, giving sharp fangs a passive lick in his mouth. Pressing tab brought his target cursor instantly to Ves, who became occupied fighting some large plant monster enemies biting big chunks off his health bar.

It only took three key presses for Marcy to save the situation, bringing Ves’ health to full. At the same time, his hips gave a few pops inflating out against the chair’s armrests. The orange fur covered his pelvis before tricking down plumping legs and coating his feet. He shifted in his seat, trying to kick off a dull cramp, failing to notice that his toes swelled into bigger, more even paw digits.

“Thanks, hun!” Ves sighed in relief, not sure what the consequences for dying might be. His own eight foot body filled out with the rush of experience points. Unlike Marcy, there was barely an ounce of fat under the flesh growing brown and white hairs. The bulge of his stomach first melted away into a flat board, only to bubble out until his shirt stretched into a taut outline of beefy, thick abdominals. He rolled his shoulders to a surge that puffed them several inches broader, rolling excess into his arms until the sleeves tore without even flexing. “We should probably try the next area. I’m already hitting level seven.”

“Sure. Me too,” Marcy said tentatively. He never knew Ves to have such a deep tone before, which sounded sexy as hell. Ironically, those were so distracting he failed to notice the angelically high octaves of his own words. That and the slight cracks that came with his furry face pushing out into a blunt feline muzzle.

Traveling to the next level area saw the player numbers thin out significantly. Good for them. It made grinding their levels all the quicker. Ves just had to stop for a few seconds to stretch out his fingers. After a feathery layer of white hairs grew from his wrists, they seemed almost intent on pressing against each other. He almost worried they were developing a nerve condition until the odd impulses suddenly went away.

Having to play mouse and keyboard with three thick fingers tipped in hard keratin came almost second nature to Ves. A good thing since they barely cleared a few mobs before a notice of an event flashed across their screens. Soon as the

text cleared, tar monsters rained from the sky. One of which landed on Marcy for a big burst of damage.

“Nya! How gross!” he exclaimed with an animal growl. His rounded backside wiggled in violent tail thrashes, hammering keys to nuke all the ugly creatures on screen. Ever growing claws at the tip of elegant fingers did considerable damage to his keyboard in the process. “Ves help! I’m getting dirty.”

“Don’t be silly. You were always a dirty bimbo.” A full rotation of axe abilities made quick work of five globs at once. Ves shivered, trying to ignore the itching of purple hair trickling down his back. From between the space of his backrest and seat unfurled a horse's tail, sweeping the ground with its thick fiber hair. “Easy cake. I just dinged level eight.”

“Hah! I’m halfway to ten. Try to keep up.” Marcy giggled, spamming another group with rapid area spells. His reach got a bit awkward with the drastic slimming of his torso. Shoulders collapsed in on themselves, losing their edge. A hard clamp pushed his waist into an inward curve that further exaggerated his already large butt.

“I scale way better than you, watch!” Ves sprinted his character past Marcy, laying his strongest attacks on a boss like monster that spawned before them. Shame it didn’t go down in one rotation, but that finally provided their hours of leveling with some challenge. Too bad his lips chose that moment to cringe and itch for some reason.

Plowing through the odd distraction, Ves rolled out of the monster’s attacks, responding with strikes where he could. The theoretic noises of combat droned out the crunches of jaw bones extending his nose in a downward slope away from his face. He soon had the help of Marcy casting status buffs and cures for when the tar beasts got in a poison inflecting attack.

For suddenly drooping very loose the front of Marcy’s shirt gained a different rise with each spell cast. His chest puffed outwards further and further, becoming increasingly dense with a rounded hang. The hem rose, exposing the bright white fur of his hourglass belly, trying to offer what room it could to the growing mounds. Even that didn’t help after a minute of combat. Both massive

balls of flesh pulled the shirt into a tight wrap around them until the cheap cotton split in half. It was only with the enormous breasts flopping their weight on his keyboard that Marcy finally noticed their existence.

“What the nya!?” the anthro lynx cried out, staring at the foreign cleavage spilled on her desk like sandbags. She clamped onto them with both hands, crying out when the contact confirmed them as a part of her. A glance at the furry, slender hands of a super model made Marcy cry out again.

“Aw, hell yeah!” Ves couldn’t hear his transformed friend over his own whinnies of excitement. With the fall of the last boss tar, all remaining underlings phased out with the events’ conclusion. A rush of experience and currency rewards also provided the push to finish his muzzle growing out into the proper head of a horse. Acute animal ears flicked about outside the headset while he did a little victory dance. His chair consequently bent under the rapid shifting of his hulking weight. “Great work, Marcy. Are you all right?”

“I, um, I have boobs, Ves.”

“Hah! You sure do. That’s one thing everyone loves about...” Discord flickered as the webcam feature activated. Ves blinked at what came on Marcy’s box before recoiling. “Holy shit! You’re a cat!?”

“And you’re a horse,” Marcy retorted, although the grin spreading on her lynx muzzle betrayed her approval.

“What? GAH!?” Ves looked down, tumbling back so hard his chair finally snapped into three pieces. His new size did not give much distance to fall, but his chiseled behind still landed with a resounding thud. It took almost a full minute for his brain to process all the new things it was seeing; giant horse snout taking up his lower vision, three-fingered meaty hands, hoofs where his feet should have been, the nerdy purple hair that clashed with immensely broad muscles. “How the heck did this happen?”

“Eternal full moon, I guess?” Marcy watched Ves rise to his feet, giving her a look. “What? I got nothing better.”

“A fair point.” With a heavy sigh, Ves lumbered out of the room, smacking his head on the doorway as a reminder to growing several feet. He returned with a metal folding chair that thankfully supported him enough to still chat on. “So now what do we do?”

Marcy could only shrug at the camera. “I don’t know. Who made this game?”

Ves flicked to the games help menus searching out version information. His eyes darted rapidly across lines for a few seconds before landing on a name that made his brows shoot up. “You got to be fucking kidding me.”

“What?”

There was no reply while Ves stomped a few keys and clicked on something. A new icon joined their call, one that Marcy also recognized with wide eyes before it vanished with a successful connection.

“Oh, hey, Ves! Marcy!” called the unmistakable voice of Desmond Fallout. By the sounds of his yawning words, he had probably been sleeping too. “How are you liking that game beta?”

Ves glanced to Marcy, who just seemed to have a huge grin on her face, and both hands jiggling her tits. Damn things took up nearly her whole camera. “Not that we’re complaining, Des, but why the hell are you developing a TFing MMO?”

A bunch of noise akin to coughing and shuffling footsteps came from Desmond’s mic, followed by the rustling of someone putting on a headset. “Totally genius strategy, right? Would you rather pay a monthly sub to do chore grinds, or become the same sexy species as your character? I mean, it took almost a year to get real life proportions synced with the slider bars.”

Marcy purred so loud it made Ves’ ears flick. A glance at her box made it immediately obvious what she was enjoying. Ves quickly adjusted his camera until the giant bulge in his torn shorts wasn’t visible. Looking a bit pouty, the lynx said, “We’re still having a lot of fun. Want to come level with us for a while?”

Ves blinked, but then heard Desmond shift again.

“Sure, why not?” their friend and transformation addict said. “I got a cow gunslinger I’ve been dying to try for this patch.”

## A Crescent Moon Lesson

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Club music boomed against the walls with the rhythmic beats of a giant heart. Its vibrations resonated across the crowded dance floor, elevating the pulse rates of patrons. This was what the young and stressed furies came for, to get lost in the wild emotions of their more animal sides. Having a few drinks in between DJ sets certainly helped draw out impulses in a profitable, if more subjective way.

The people in charge really knew how to make a place that played on instincts. Rex only needed three beers before he was swaggering around feeling like an apex predator. Whoever thought to use a smoke machine on the dance floor deserved a raise. The young wolf didn't come to dance, eyeing every bouncing, flailing person around him like sheep. Many of them wore glow bands, sold rather cheaply for extra effect in neon lights, giving their silhouettes an exotic blurry outline.

A blush formed across the wolf's muzzle upon catching sight of a bunny girl. The hard jiggles and sway of her moves had the teasing allure of unwitting prey. Her scent made his mouth water, or that could have been jalapeno poppers fighting back up his windpipe. Either way, Rex found his perfect target. As the track died down, he swooped in ready to pick up the date. With this dark backdrop, his tough predator routine will look so badass it might impress a few other girls to accompany them.

Funny how intoxicated minds make events play out better in one's head.

The drunken swagger didn't hinder Rex so much as the black bear he failed to spot in the flashing lights. An accidental elbow to the face sent him flying into a camel who ricocheted him with a hard shove from very painful hoof fingers. The bunny girl let out a high-pitched scream as she got tackled to the floor with a very confused grey wolf on top of her.

Poor Rex never got time to recover. The bunny laid into him with a flurry of punches and kicks at very sensitive areas while most of the club watched dumbstruck. For being so thin, she packed a hell of a punch. Rex tried to shout out some form of apology, only to bite the bunny's wrist as she tried to land another blow to his chin.

Things went into a blur of dazzling stars with a bloody taste on Rex's lips. Next thing he knew the wolf was outside, upside down against a car that wasn't his, and covered in bruises. Perhaps the bouncers thought he needed a little extra roughing up for good measure before being tossed on his ass.

Frankly, it was nice that no one broke his legs. Rex rolled onto shaking feet, giving a soft whine of pain. Everything still hurt down to the wag of his tail, making a bath in ice sound very appealing. He took three shaking steps towards what he hoped was home and promptly vomited over the hood of a car. The blaring alarm that triggered helped him sober up real fast, breaking into a run across the parking lot.

Thank goodness the night was still young. Rex hoped to hide in a gas station or McDonald's for a quick coffee. Neither of those came into view rounding the block, but a neon sign flashing 'open' looked just as promising. His worries an angry car owner was in pursuit prevented reading the door signs before dashing through. A clatter of small bells hung over it announced his entrance, making his ears fold in a wince.

"Welcome to the Final Form?"

Rex blinked, chest rapidly heaving for breath as he took in the small curious shop. The space looked fairly cramped with several shelves full of seemingly random devices and bottles close together. Aisles barely a few feet apart made it difficult for one person to walk to the back counter. Behind it the stunning siamese was easy for him to spot, since she stood on a stepladder placing bottles of liquid on a shelf.

She glanced over a shoulder, smiling down at Rex, but his attention reflexively went elsewhere. This feline looked sculpted by a goddess and stuffed into a tank top with shorts. Even from behind, her large breasts were visibly



curving out from her sides. A sleek, ropey tail waved about hypnotically, beckoning the wolf to admire the thick butt stretching denim into a second skin.

Rex needed a while to realize he was staring, giving a harsh cough while pretending to take an interest in some objects inside the counters display. The cat's sly grin as she stepped off the ladder made him think the back-turned pose had been intentional. "S-sorry. I'm just...uh...having a rough night."

"No need to explain, Rex," she said with a knowing nod. "Some people can really overreact to a misunderstanding."

"Yeah, you have no idea." Rex chuckled, but then his ears perked. "Wait, did I introduce myself?"

"Relax, I'm good at guessing names." The siamese rested her elbows on the counter, continuing to tease the wolf by letting the glass support her bust in a show of cleavage. "I'm Telyn. Telyn Pryde."

"Yeah, I can tell you are," Rex mumbled with another glance at those soft mounds resting proudly before him. Giggling jerked his muzzle back up to meet the cat's smile. "I mean, can I get a drink or something? T-that running took a bit out of me."

"Well, I don't have enough milk if that's what you're looking for." Telyn almost fell over laughing at how flustered that comment made Rex. She made a show of adjusting her top and then gestured to the large display of bottles behind her. "However, I got a potion for anyone's problems. I'll even throw in a freebie for those black eyes, you poor thing."

"Potions? What?" Rex said blankly. Turning back to the front door, his tail wagged slightly reading the store's sign backwards. "The Finale Form; magic for the hapless? Not really a slogan that sticks with you."

"We all have our good and bad skills. My creativeness with signs seems to pale with your luck with women."

“Arrf!” Rex snorted in a very doggish way, reminding himself of a bloody nose and possibly missing front teeth. “It’s only an occasional fluke.”

“It’s a pretty typical problem with most people; you’re too busy thinking about yourself.” Telyn’s head vanished behind the counter, leaving her tail to do a snake charm dance for a few seconds. When she came back up, her hands each held a thin-necked but wide based bottle. “It’s not always about showing off how cool you can make yourself look. Maybe sometimes people should consider what their partner does, and who they are. You would have bored that bunny’s giant ears off playing big bad wolf even if you hadn’t bum rushed her.”

“Hey, I was shoved,” Rex said, glad to have some counterpoint to this unwanted social critique. “It...you’re making me sound like some kind of egotist.”

“Sorry, that’s not my point.” Telyn placed the bottles on her counter, sliding them over to Rex. “It’s more a matter of perspective. You need to have an open mind about what a woman might want before you chase after them. That’s how I can help you.”

“Uh huh?” Rex’s ears and tail slowly curled up despite a rush of suspicion. For a moment he eyed the bottle’s and not the beauty incarnate behind them. “And these are what now?”

“Potions, duh! What part of a magic shop is hard to understand?”

“The part where you do magic.”

“...fair enough.” Telyn uncorked a bottle, assaulting Rex’s big black nose with a cinnamon perfume odor. “Here, try out my healing draught, non-believer. It’ll make your walk home a lot easier.”

Not the most convincing sales pitch Rex ever heard. Only the power of thirst compelled him to eventually chug the strangely bottled brew. The bottle barely left his muzzle before a joint popped and his skin felt like things were crawling under it. A glance at his arms made the wolf vastly relieved to find the bruises on them were fading away, along with their aches. He quickly finished the bottle, becoming revitalized and sober as this morning.

“Okay, that’s pretty neat,” Rex confessed after setting down the empty bottle. A sudden burp escaped without his consent, making Telyn’s tail wag. “So what’s the other one do? And how much am I paying for this?”

“Simple answers. You’re not paying for anything because I feel sorry that a cute wolf is having a terrible night. Consider them gifts. And this other one is a little family recipe passed down from ancient Roma times.”

“Sounds mysterious.”

“Are you going to give me sass, or let me explain?” Telyn furrowed her eyebrows until Rex lost his nerve to maintain eye contact. “I thought so. Anyway, my family bloodline draws their power from the crescent moon, which is in a few days. Drink this elixir and I guarantee when that moon rises your luck with the ladies will vastly improve.”

“If you say so.” Rex plucked the bottle, regarding its swirling liquid contents for a moment. Some of their conversation played back in his head, making the wolf return a grin. “But if you think I’m cute, why don’t we go catch a burger or something?”

The question seemed to blindside Telyn out of her flirty aura. Shimmering gold eyes grew wide as dinner plates, blinking several times trying to process such a proposal. Unfortunately, a burst of meowing giggles made Rex’s tail drop before he could get any hopes up.

“Oh, don’t pout, silly,” Telyn leaned across the counter to give the wolf’s ear a quick scratch. The sting of pleased contact made him bark in surprise. “I honestly didn’t see that coming. Sadly, there’s other people I need to see tonight. I’ll just come by your place during the moon magic. We can both see just how good I make grandmas old elixir.”

“Um...I guess?” Rex said, a bit uncertain about the feline’s tone. He didn’t know enough cats to tell if they always liked to talk ominously. “You got some paper or a text number?”

Telyn gave a dismissive wave. It took Rex a second to realize her outline emitted a rising glow. Energy pooled around her curves, making the hourglass figure project a shimmering blue aura. "Not to worry, hun. I know where to find you. Buh bye!"

Rex had a hundred questions, but only got out half a word before the siamese snapped her fingers. He recoiled with a sharp bark as a sting hit his eyes. One hand rubbed at them instinctively, like she had thrown sand on him while the other kept a tight hold on the potion. "Damn it, girl! What the hell was that...for?"

The strange eye distortion left quicker than it hit, leaving Rex glancing around dumbfounded. The wolf's tail tucked between his legs, seeing they were no longer in a shop. He stood under the lamplight of the sidewalk with only a brick wall stretching across the face of the building Telyn had been inside. Only the potion remained in his hand as evidence she ever existed.

"I'm...going to quit drinking." Rex whirled to head straight home.

\* \* \*

"All right, we got this!" Rex cheered into his headset, hammering controller buttons in a frenzy. He somehow pulled off the perfect Reinheart ultimate, and now his team was twenty seconds away from victory.

Two days later and the weird encounter with Telyn was all but forgotten. Rex consumed her potion immediately after arriving home, but found its lack of results disappointing. Nothing about his body changed in the bathroom mirror anytime he checked. This morning he remembered the whole 'luck with women' thing, so tried turning on some wolf charm for the skunk gal at McDonalds.

Something about Rex's milkshake didn't smell right afterwards.

At least the world of video games felt like being generous tonight. Too much rejection in one week can take a toll on even the most optimistic of wolves. Going out for more social interaction looked very unappealing tonight. Plus, he had work tomorrow. Soon as the match finished Rex exited to fix himself a snack before bed.

“Hmm?” He didn’t get far into the kitchen before the sink window caught his attention. Padding on over, his eyes became fixated on a perfect view of a silver sliver floating among the black abyss. It felt so relaxing just to gaze at it. Hands fell limp at his side while his tail ceased wagging. “Oh, right. That weird siamese said something about a crescent moon. Maybe I should have tried my luck tonight.”

Ironically, moving was the last thing on Rex’s mind. Staring up into the dreamy sky following the moon left his muscles so relaxed, thoughts drifting in a daze. Hours might have passed before a sharp itching in his crotch drew a reflexive scratch.

“Um...?” Rex could tell something was off the moment his hand contacted his shorts, but still couldn’t draw his eyes off the moon. Fingers laid gently on his groin, trying to feel out anything through the fabric. They promptly recoiled from a harsh quivering underneath, as if they had been shocked. That snapped the wolf out of his dream state. “What the fuck!?”

Now with his mind focused on it, Rex’s ears folded back with a whimper. All he could feel was a strange pulling sensation diving deep into his pelvis. It seemed perfectly in sync with his squirming bulge, which deflated before his eyes. By the time he thought to pull down his pants, it was already too late.

His beautiful sheath, the whole defining package of manhood, was just gone. Somehow everything vanished deep inside his pelvis. It was really gross imagining all that internal pressure as his organs shifting, forming a new purpose. Even the fur on his crotch became infected, darkening as black as the night sky. This quickly spread out, consuming fur across his hips and thighs.

Rex gulped, working up the courage to poke the alien area with a finger. The skin between his legs split in a rush of sensitive muscles to become a sensitive slit. It didn’t take a genius to recognize a pussy, even with his bad dating streak. “WHAT THE FUCK!?”

There came a knocking at the door which the wolfs panicked barking prevented him from hearing. Before Rex could fully comprehend his new vagina,

the black finished shifting the hue of fur around his hips, causing them to crack with the harsh growth of bones. He barely caught the sink, struggling to stay upright while shifting joints altered his stance so knees naturally bent inwards.

“W-what’s happening to me?” Rex looked over his shoulder, letting out frantic whimpers. Thin black hairs climbed hurriedly up his tail, shedding off the wolf’s amazing thick grey fluff. The appendage grew longer as it changed, sweeping the floor at his heels with a rounded tip. Its snakey cat appearance instantly brought back memories of Telyn. “Oh, my gosh. What the heck did she put in that potion?”

Tension washed down Rex’s legs with a waterfall of black fur. Seething through sharp fangs, he held onto the sink with white knuckles. Invisible hands seemed to stroke over his ass before the black moon bubbled outwards in rapidly forming layers of fat. Excess dropped onto his thighs, rapidly closing the gap between them.

“YIP!”

Rex tried to twist and figure out what was happening, but his expanding lower body got caught in their tight shorts. The wolf collapsed onto his knees, blushing at how his butt squished against his ankles like foam pillows. He rolled over for a proper sit, which his thick glutes still made awkward, flailing until the shorts slid off plump feminine legs. Another cramp made his toes cringe before they shrunk into dainty black paws.

A loud click made Rex’s pointed ears perk towards the front door. From across the living room the locks were somehow becoming undone, and the portal creaked open. The familiar head of a siamese girl poked inside when the crack became big enough for it. Upon spotting the half-changed, bottom heavy, wolf her muzzle split into a grin that reached her ears.

“Sorry I’m late,” Telyn said, stepping inside without a care for permission. She used one leg to kick the door closed behind her, striding anxiously towards Rex. “I really wanted to watch your first change from the start but had a really frustrating client to finish up. How’s it going so far?”

“Alarming and a bit confusing!” Rex snapped back, lips curled into a growl. Some twinges in his torso promptly turned it to a yelp. The black fur climbed up his waist under his shirt, which he tossed off in renewed panic. Skin along his stomach drew flat while pressure settled in on his waist. With a crack, the wolf reflexively arched his back and held it there. His entire posture changed with a new curvature in his spine, leaving his inky furred chest more pronounced. “What the hell did you do to me?”

“Well, I promised you better luck with the ladies. Didn’t I?” Telyn licked her whiskers, already getting aroused watching the wolf’s waist collapse into a slim inward curve. It made Rex’s bubble butt look even juicier, and she was sad to have missed that tush grow in. At least she got here in time for the best part. “The first step is a very important change in perspective. Maybe I should have mentioned I take that part literally.”

“Y-you think?! Gah!” Rex gasped with the compacting of his shoulders. Like the rest of him, they gained a smooth curved edge while the black fur rode down his arms. He held his hands up helplessly, watching biceps slim and fingers crunch into smaller digits. Claws grew out into pronounced points that almost looked manicured. “This is absolutely crazy. I can’t...w-why are you getting naked?”

“Because you invited me over, silly.” Telyn giggled amid removing her shirt. Perky rich mounds bounced free with the decision not to wear a bra over, eliciting feels in Rex that brought an unfamiliar moistness to his crotch. She wrinkled her nose, catching his fresh scent in the air, and responded by turning to make a show of pulling down her pants. “Though I’m jealous, the junk in my trunk is nothing compared to yours. That’s a dump truck ass if I’ve ever seen one.”

“N-not exactly what I was expecting to get either. Aaah haaa.”

“Oh, isn’t it?” A very naked Telyn knelt atop Rex, deeping his blush. Their muzzles pressed together in a gentle nose bump. She found the poor boy adorable with his regular wolf’s head atop a body both female and feline in shape. “I promised you better luck with the ladies. That requires some drastic learning experiences. Grandma always said the best way to learn how to please a woman is to be one.”

“Mmpphh! W-wait does that mean you were a...ngggghh!”

“Tonight’s not about me, sweetheart,” Telyn teased, resting hands atop Rex’s blackened pecs. Her mere contact had him wiggling those thick hips in soft throes of pleasure. “But I am glad to help you through the best part of this.”

**BLOOP!**

The feline’s palms pushed against Rex’s chest, massaging the fine furry skin. That earned her another adorable whine before the flesh pushed back.

Rex’s jaw dropped, heaving for breath as he watched his chest inflate. Black fur bulged between Telyn’s fingers from two mounds filling out like water balloons, soon becoming big enough that they fell into a hang against his ribcage. No mistake, he had grown a pair of plump breasts near instantly. The stretching of his pliable skin made it more sensitive to Telyn’s caressive touch.

It was just a modest pair by most standards, probably a C-cup. Fortunately, Telyn knew how to help with that. Fingers dug in firm, clutching the soft mounds, her tail curling with Rex’s watching the former boy bite his lip to stifle moans. With her firm grip, she rolled Rex’s tits together, creating a display of tentative cleavage for his view, and then pulled them as far apart as they’d stretch.

**BWOMP! WUB! WUB! MWOOP!**

This motion continued drawing Rex’s bust in slow, circular motions. Each time Telyn slapped his boobs together, their fatty contents exploded in a rush to double their previous size. He barely got enough time to gulp in fresh air before the next surge added more weight and pushed it back out his muzzle with an aroused bark. The view down quickly became blocked by rounded bags of black fur. Despite their liquid flow around Telyn’s hands, pressure mounted into a painful ache inside them.

**WUB! WUB! BUUP!**

“Aahhh A-arrgh!”



The pressure zeroed in on two small points atop the crest of two breasts coaxed big enough to flop into his lap. Telyn seemed to know what was up too. Her fingers gave a sharp tug right on the afflicted areas, nearly making Rex howl with the pop and release that followed. A sensation of fluid began trickling its way down the breasts' curves onto his thighs. Something he realized was milk upon reaching up to feel along the sensitive areola of his puffy nipples.

"I...I'm..."

"Gorgeous? You better believe it, babe!" Telyn rested her head on the massive shelf Rex's chest had ballooned into, giving him another toothy smile. "Good lord, and I thought magic made me big. We could have a slumber party on these beanbags bahangas."

"Bah! Bah!" Rex tried to speak but her insistence on rubbing his tender mammaries didn't mix well with the sudden tightening in his throat muscles.

"Yeah, we should wait until you're done before making plans." Telyn reached out to boop Rex on the nose. It wrinkled violently, more because of the black fur crawling its way down the wolf muzzle. "Don't worry, I know how to help!"

"Rrwag? W-wait, what arrre y-you, aah arf!?"

Rex gasped at the changing pitch in his voice. He could only watch Telyn duck out of sight under his shifting boobs, delivering a cold jab from between his legs. The siamese wasted no time nuzzling against Rex's fresh female clit, washing over a juicy vulva with deliberately slow drags of her tongue. Pleasure of a whole new world left him paralyzed, unable to do much but watch his canine snout recede out of his peripheral.

"Yip! Aah. Mmmrrgghh! Grrr-mrr-mrr-reow!? W-wharr-ruff What'ssss happen in-nyah!?"

This was arguably the least sexy part of the transformation. Which is why Telyn found it more fun to eat out Rex's maidenhood than watch. Neither could still drown out the hard crunches of Rex's muzzle collapsing into itself. Drool

blasted out in a spray across his cleavage with the chin shrinking a lot faster than the nose. By the time it caught up, his large canine button had shrunk into a sharper triangle shape on a more feline mouth.

“Bar-rrreow! Nya-oof I...I can’t...Mm-mew...” Rex squeezed what little breast flesh his slim hands could hold. His involuntary animal ticks continued changing further away with his last vestiges of wolf’s traits. The grey fuzz of his hair molted off in clumps, leaving a fine layer of black fur on his reshaping scalp. Everything gained a softer edge, including his ears. Their tips smoothed into a wide curved triangle, gaining thicker lobes for a slight shrinkage.

Thwip! Thwip! Thwip! Thwip! Thwip!

“Nya-HAAHH AAAH!” No sooner did the last tingles of changes leave Rex’s head than Telyn’s greedy feast on his snatch caught up. Thighs squeezed reflexively tight around the siamese, only coaxing them to eat them out faster. Breaths grew sharp and frequent with the rising tension of his inner muscles. “Reew! Oh! Ooooh god! Aah haa haa! It...it’s too much! I can...n-nyaarr! REEEOWWWAREOOOW! Mmmppph! Fuuuuuuck!”

Rex rolled his smaller head back, letting out a roar befitting the buxom panther he had become. His insides clenched in several hard pulses, nearly trapping Telyn’s tongue before she could pull out. Waves crashed along his muscles, dazing their nerves with so much pleasure he almost expected to pass out. Eventually their intensity decreased down to a sensual throbbing, leaving him to collapse against a kitchen cabinet.

With an exhausted slump, Rex gazed at the crescent moon, feeling very grateful for the experience it had given. Ideas began pouring into his mind for even more potential ways to love this body. Feelings of joy turned his angular muzzle into a coy grin, unaware that his blue eyes brightened into a glowing yellow, developing the slit irises of a predator.

“Woo! That was fun-ACK!” Telyn reappeared from under the panther’s bust so suddenly it made Rex jump. The resulting boob smack that gave her sent the siamese sprawling on her own fatty backside. “Oooow! Guess you forgot about me, huh?”

“In my defense, I’m dealing with a hell of a lot tonight.” The panther stuck out her shorter pink tongue in a raspberry, caressing the far edges of her breasts. They still felt tenderly plump despite having finished lactating. “But holy hell, was that ever amazing. Nya!”

Telyn rolled off onto her feet before offering their newly changed friend a hand up. “I take it you approve, Rex? Hmm..no, that still sounds way too doggish now. You might want something else.”

“Roxi would be awesome,” the panther said without having to think about it. She accepted the offer, but ironically the thick weight of her curves ended up requiring both Telyn’s hands and a lot of pulling. Somehow standing made her rack look more bloated, nearly hanging to cover her stomach. She took a minute to give them a teasing shake, enjoying the sloshing of so much milk still inside. “So...what happens now?”

Telyn never lost her smile watching a former wolf boy check out their gods. It was a free show she wouldn’t dream of complaining about. “How about I magic us up some dresses and go hit a late bar? With a killer figure like that, we might end up teaching you how to catch herds of men and women.”

“Heh. Yeah, I guess so,” Roxi purred for the first time without realizing it. Bending over to test the twerk of her butt was far more interesting to her feline instincts. “Flirting with a few guys might be a lot of fun before this potion wears off.”

Telyn made a strange sputtering noise that deflated her usual playful aura. One of the few things Roxi didn’t want to hear right now.

“This wears off, right?”

“Oh! Sure!” Telyn coughed, gazing off into the distance. “I mean, crescent moons only happen, what? Six nights a month? Eight tops! That’s a totally fine schedule to work around for your recurring changes.”

Roxi's face dropped into an unreadable expression. In fact, only the occasional twitch of an ear or tail gave Telyn any indication they were still alive. Every bit of conscious thought folded in on analyzing what was being implied.

"Yeah, we can make this work," she said just before Telyn could decide if running away naked was a viable option. "I will probably have to go shopping after work so I'm not spending the next three nights naked. Boy is buying ladies' underwear, going to look really awkward for Rex. Christ, they might not even have anything in beach ball size. And then there's getting this sexy body a legal ID..."

"Hey, at least you won't have to do shopping as a naked beached whale," Telyn quipped nervously. "You'd have to tie two shirts together just to get around that chest."

A smile returned to Roxi's face, helping remove any tension. The air conditioning chose then to kick on, making the pantheress hug herself with a shudder. "So, yeah? How about those dresses? This fat isn't helping me stay warm and all that transforming has really put me in a horny club mood."

## An American Weredog in the Kitchen

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Silence fell across the forest, thicker than an autumn fog. Round cheetah ears swiveled in every direction, but there was nothing; no animal calls, still winds, not even sounds of traffic in the distance. It was as if this section of hiking trail lost all its acoustics. It was just like in a horror movie where everything paused a few seconds before the jump scare.

As ridiculously over the top as that awful cliché is, experiencing it in real life left Molly threatening to crap her pants. She jogged this path countless times. To experience it on mute sent the fur on her spotted feline tail puffing. Something spooked the very trees into hiding, waiting for something horrible to pass by.

“Nya!?” Something big and fluffy rubbed against Molly’s legs, nearly sending her into a panicked run before there came a concerned whimper. She placed one hand on her chest, trying to calm the frantic heart beats within. Her other came to rest on the head of the pet akita whose leash she carried. “I know, Yoshi. This is fucking creepy.”

The dog whined again, licking at Molly’s fingers. Their company provided minor comfort for each other. Both could feel the unnatural aura seeping across the forest, driving their animal instincts into a panic.

It was not a jump scare, but Molly sure felt horrified when the brown furry creature came thumping into view several yards of the trail’s east side. At first she thought it might have been a sick bear, but the physique resembled more of a canine. Long gangly limbs and hunched posture also didn’t make it resemble any furry person she ever saw. At least, not one in a healthy state of mind.

The creature seemed just as surprised to find someone in its aimless wanderings. Its head rocked curiously as it made eye contact with Molly, a clear lack of complex intelligence behind the golden slit pupils. Nostrils on its huge

black nose flared several times in deep sniffs, trying to figure out the lithe red haired cheetah in spandex clothes.

For several seconds Molly stood still, barely daring to move her whiskers. Not that T-Rex vision applied to this beast, but it remained relaxed, taking in her scent. She had a hope that it might not find her interesting enough to bother with.

“Yoshi!”

Of course, the dog could be counted on to make the situation worse. Before Molly realized it, the akita was between her and the much larger canine thing. Yoshi raised his hunches, ruffling fur to make his snarling more intimidating.

It didn't work. The beast recoiled from the aggressive act for only a second before dropping to all fours in a similar growling stance. Being larger than Molly didn't deter Yoshi from standing his ground. When it dared take a step toward them he began throwing out warning barks.

Molly's grip on her leash instinctively tightened when Yoshi rushed forward, barely stopping his charge. Unfortunately, her forced restraining became an opportunity for the beast to pounce at her. Her scream rang out through the trees, breaking the bubble of silence that had surrounded them. In her trying to run backwards Yoshi leapt forward to meet the attack, this time yanking the leash from the cheetahs hands.

“YOSHI! NO!”

\* \* \*

Google Maps stated it was an eighty-minute drive to the nearest veterinary clinic. Molly shaved twenty off that time while only breaking six traffic laws. It was amazing how enough terror can cause the brain to loop right around and make you numb to a series of deadly events. Hands remained steady on the wheel, eyes focused on every aspect of the road, trying to avoid unwanted collisions. Her pink nose continued to twitch violently while she fought to ignore the scent of blood covering the front of her clothes.

More importantly, she fought back the ominous sense all this risk was already a wasted effort. It was only by the luck of Molly's scream other hikers came to the rescue. Her attitude against open carry laws suddenly had a viable defense, though shame a few bullets didn't kill the creature before it ran off. They were still too late for Yoshi to get out of the scuffle unscathed. Molly let her rescuers help carry the injured dog to her car, where she refused to wait for an escort back to town.

After executing a sharp turn, Molly managed a sloppy parking job before killing the engine. Almost immediately she struggled with a rush of tears clouding her vision. Yoshi's pained whines had stopped a long time ago, and she felt terrified to check through the rearview mirror to see why.

No. It would not be over that easily.

"Come on, boy!" Molly leapt out the driver's seat, flinging open the backdoor in one fluid dash. "Everything is going to be-GAH!"

The last thing Molly expected to find in her backseat was an assault of loving face licks and tail wags. Yoshi gave off a joyous bark while she tried grappling him back in fear of his wounds reopening. It slowly dawned on the cheetah he wasn't giving any signs of pain at all. She patted along the shoulder where a deep bite nearly broke his neck and then parted fur across the flank that got sliced through by wild claws.

Nothing.

"What the fuck!?" Molly stared dumbfounded at her dog, who tilted his head in that adorable confused way that always melted her heart. She wasn't going crazy, as Yoshi still showed signs of damage. The poor dog lost most of his left ear and bore a few gashes on his chin. Yet neither wound looked fresh. Hell, they were barely visible scars.

And then there was the fact Molly and Yoshi were covered in the latter's blood, along with the backseat. That didn't stop her from taking the dog inside for an examination, but now everyone gave them worried looks and a wide berth.

\* \* \*

“This day sure sucked, huh, boy?”

Yoshi raced past Molly’s feet the second she cracked the door open. Eager to be back home, he did his usual laps to check out his territory before settling in for a long drink from his water bowl.

Molly took a bit more time locking the door and slipping her shoes off. That had to have been one of the worst hospital trips of her life. The vet was only good for confirming what her eyes already couldn’t believe. Somehow her dog was perfectly healthy after being mauled. Between her stupefied demeanor and fresh blood, the bastard thought he was under some kind of prank. Even found a few excuses to charge her two-hundred bucks for the trouble Molly gave him.

It was whatever now. Being home safe with Yoshi still alive was the best outcome she could ask for. Too bad there wasn’t a day left to relax in. Washing blood out of dog fur and then a personal shower took a while, especially with the aftermath clean up. It never ceased to impress how much water one dog can shake off.

Once properly blow dried, Yoshi lead their way into the kitchen with tail wagging. The bouncing dork nearly died, and all he’s concerned about is dinner. There was a reason Molly often envied dogs.

“Yeah. Yeah. Give me a minute, dang it.” Molly barely got the kitchen lights on when her dog did an about face and leapt forepaws onto her chest with pleading licks. Pushing him aside, she flicked open the blinds, taking a moment to appreciate the fading orange and red across the horizon. An enormous full moon rose above it, helping keep the neighborhood lit in a majestic glow.

Another strained whine roused Molly from the hypnotic view. Best to get on with the food preparations or else Yoshi might tackle her to the floor. She fished out a typical can of dog gunk for depositing into a glittered plastic bowl. It was only when she set it on the floor that the cheetah’s ears perked.



Absolute silence filled the house. Just the grinding of can opener gears usually sent Yoshi into an excited frenzy. Instead, some unnatural force reduced the volume to the point Molly couldn't hear her own breathing. Her spotted tail gave a hard shudder, fur rising in an eerie sense of déjà vu.

"Yoshi?" she squeaked out, animal instincts stirring with unsure distress.

The dog remained sitting right where she left him, eyes fixed on the moonlit window. Not even an ear twitched when Molly called for him again. Only the occasional lip quiver or eye blink indicated being alive. Against her better judgement, she inched towards Yoshi just enough to give a shaking pet on the head.

"YIPE!"

Molly tripped over her feet, falling against the kitchen counter. Her mere contact with Yoshi sent the dog leaping two feet through the air with an alarmed bark.

"Whoa! Calm down, boy. It's okay."

That couldn't have been further from the truth, and Molly knew it. Her dog went from a statue to a bundle of lightning, constantly pacing in circles and shaking parts of his body. When she took a step towards Yoshi, he reflexively backpedaled giving off more panicked whines and yowls.

KRACK! CRUNCH!

"O-oh...oh shit..." Molly swallowed a lump watching Yoshi give another hard shake followed by a snarling sneeze. This seemed to cause some kind of release that sent ripples through his grey fur. A moment later, rapid cracks broke the room's silence as odd protrusions bulged under the dog's skin. More and more filled him out in a rush until seemingly vanishing again.

It took a second to realize this was because Yoshi's bones and muscles had grown out disproportionately, but eventually evened out. The akita stood confused at growing nearly double its original size while Molly gawked with hands

raised defensively over her chest. Neither had time to process this before Yoshi whined and surged larger still. A third chorus of bone cracks swelled him into the range of a pony. A thought made Molly ponder briefly how cute it might be to ride such a giant canine.

CRUCK! CRRRRRK! CRRIK!

The onset of even more changes broke that daydream fast. A hard cramp in Yoshi's flanks elicited another worried bark. He tried arching his hips to compensate, only to fall onto his side when a second shift dislocated its joints. Legs kicked involuntarily with growing muscle and shifting sinew. Thighs thickened out while shins stretched incredibly long. Heels gave a really disturbing groan, dropping their arch to become even platforms with the canines' thick paws.

Her dog had legs, humanoid ones. Molly found it hard to comprehend the fact despite having similar anatomy. It was also hard to deny while watching Yoshi's pelvis pop wider, developing muscles into a presentable buttock. He rolled onto his back, pawing helplessly at the air with paws already undergoing changes. Toes wiggled on extra joints, extending them out from widening palms. The feeling of dewclaws ballooning into thumbs was especially alien to the afflicted pet, even as his forelegs pumped thicker with newfound strength.

PWOP! BRRRCAKLE!

Strength Yoshi found easier to move with the extension of his shoulders. Biceps rolled into more dexterous sockets while collapsing rib bones flattened his chest into a thick board of pectoral bulges. Molly felt very conflicted about how to feel towards the six-pack of abs rising through her dog's stomach fur. Nor did it help when Yoshi rolled onto it covering his face with unfamiliar hands, unwittingly showing off the mountains of meat filling out his back.

Molly decided it best to keep a safe distance. In fact, she shuffled a bit towards the kitchen knife rack just in case. It was still interesting to note that whatever was happening only left her dog sounding worried and confused. Bones continued to pop with even denser muscle puffing out a thick fur coat, but didn't

seem to inflict any pain. After another minute of watching Yoshi swell to bigger sizes, the cracks gradually faded like a popcorn bag.

“Um...” Molly’s ears twitched, blushing a bit at the beefy figure on the floor. They were no longer whining, but giving off frantic groans and gasps. Absolutely nothing about this creature’s form resembled a feral canine anymore. “Y-Yoshi?”

The dog creature froze with his one good ear shot up at attention. Slowly its hands moved off its head onto the floor. It seemed to Molly like it was trying to stand on all fours, only to give up at how awkward it’s bent spine made the posture. With a clumsy waving of arms ridged with muscle, he stood on plantigrade feet for the first time.

It took all of Molly’s will not to run when the eight foot akita man turned to face her. Thankfully, the way he tilted his head with a confused blink helped disarm a lot of tension. They still left an awkward fog between them for a lengthy period, staring into intelligent eyes with no concept of how to proceed. Eventually Yoshi worked up the nerve to raise his clawed hand in a meek wave.

“H-hi, Molly?” Yoshi’s first words cracked a bit, his eyes going crossed trying to watch as his muzzle flap loosely a few times. “Whoa! I can talk? This feels too weird.”

“Y-you can talk,” Molly parroted to affirm the absurd fact. “I don’t...this can’t...what the fuck is going on!?”

“I don’t know!” Yoshi squeaked, backing away from the irate cheetah with tail tucked. “I just thought the moon looked pretty and started feeling cramps.”

“The moon?” Molly glanced out the window and then back to Yoshi. Eyes lingered on a fluffy chest bodybuilders could be jealous of and shook disturbing thoughts from her head. “Oh, my god. My dog is a werewolf! This is the stupidest...was that the thing that attacked us this morning? Holy shit. Werewolves exist?”

"I guess," Yoshi offered, unsure what a werewolf even was. Watching Molly pace around the kitchen fuming about them obviously meant they were a bad thing. "I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be a werewolf."

"Wait, what?" The words hit Molly in a slight delay, making her stop mid-step. Her tail curled seeing such a large anthro cowering from her barley implied disapproval. It looked like lycanthropy can improve intelligence, but mannerisms stay the same. Throwing caution to the wind, she stepped forward to take Yoshi's big hand in both of hers. "Hey now. You saved my life today. I couldn't be more proud of you."

That got Yoshi's tail wagging again. The smile that cautiously stretched out his muzzle carried the always dappy joy behind it.

Molly started to add something only for a loud gurgle from behind her dog's stomach muscles to cut it off. She hung her head, letting out a sigh. Relaxation brought back the notion they still needed to eat.

"I guess I'm going to need to thaw out those steaks I was saving. WHOA!" Molly looked up and received a notice just how close and eye level she stood next to the weredog's pelvis. She whirled her back to Yoshi, taking a few nervous steps away from a confused canine. "This is going to take a lot of adjusting for both of us. M-maybe we should start by finding you some pants."