**Released**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, transgender transformation, shemale, some weird transformations*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

Walking into the strange little shop Jordan was in awe. It was almost like out of an anime, with all the assorted little oddities lining the shelves. Some even looked otherworldly they way they seemed to move in their containers. Despite it all though the shelves didn’t hold his attention long, as the dark haired boy caught sight of something fantastic.

With a grumble, a tall inhuman woman was mopping the floor. He could only barely make her out from behind, but she was wearing what looked like a lab coat. Long thin braids adorned with beads and feathers rattled with each motion she made, drowning out her complaints. He could see her feet, tiny and furred, wet around the pads from her busy work, as well at the tip of a tail peeking out from the hem. Atop her head a pair of pointed brown ears, tinged with the grey of age, remained forward, having not noticed him yet.

“Wow,” he gasped in disbelief, making the vulpine perk up and turn.

Her eyes met his, creased in their corners and around the sides of her muzzle. She didn’t have any time to address him though as he was soon on top of her. His arms wrapped around her waist, startling her and making her knock over her bucket, dirty water spilling out across the floor.

“Duh?” she wrangled her frustration as he began to spout off.

His fingers were brushing through her coarse fur where they'd snuck into her open top, “That’s an amazing fursuit,” he exclaimed, “What’s your fursona? I'm KittyK9 on the forums.”

She turned her muzzled face to him, dark eyes displaying her desire to strangle him. She only took his arms though, peeling the invader of her space away, “I just cleaned this floor,” she growled, bearing her canine teeth at him.

Another look told him all he needed to know. His eyes went wide and he stumbled back a couple steps, “Y-you’re real?” he stammered.

The aging vulpine took in a breath to calm herself, the monotony of having to explain things to people for the umpteenth time always agitated her. “Yes,” she answered him, bending down to pick up her bucket and squeezing her mop out so she could start over.

“I-I'm sorry,” the boy apologized, “I thought you were a fursuiter,” he explained to the non-human.

She paused in her work, looking at him confused, “A what?” she asked him.

His shoulders arched up defensively, “A fursuiter,” he reiterated, “A furry who dresses as their fursona.”

She blinked her old eyes at him, the terms flying over her head. “I think this warrants proper explanation,” she mused, getting back to work. “Go sit down,” she instructed him, pointing to the counter, “I’ll be with you when I finish here.”

The dark haired boy nodded promptly, “Y-yes ma'am,” he replied, scurrying over to the seat as she cleaned up the mess he'd caused.

Seeing her properly he wondered how he ever could have mistaken her for anything but genuine. Her body was perfect, her curves under her open lab coat a treat for the eyes. A real fursuit wouldn’t have that perfect tuck in under her perky bust. Not to mention the colouring. Her brown fur was peppered with white hairs, the signs of age that came from experience, not produced in a factory for a pattern.

It all weighed heavily on him, as he looked down at himself. He wasn’t unattractive by any means. Not overly tall, just a little under five foot nine, and lean with the lightest bit of fat that kept him soft. He just never felt it was who he was though. He looked in the mirror and the man that looked back at him felt wrong. He just wasn’t who *she* really was.

After a few minutes the vulpine finished up, wringing out her mop one last time before hoisting it all away. Jordan watched her leave, disappearing into the back and returning with a small pad and a pen in her furred hands.

“Alright,” she mused, hoisting herself up onto the desk and crossing her digitigrade legs over to protect her modesty. Not that an open lab coat with nothing underneath left much to protect, “Start me off from the beginning of this,” she ordered.

Swallowing nervously the boy twiddled his thumbs, “Right,” he replied, trying to sort it all out in his head. He'd had the time to ponder up a few questions while he waited, which were currently buzzing about in his head. “Would it be okay if I asked some questions first?” he asked.

She was mid unwrapping a sucker she'd retrieved from inside her coat, popping the orange piece of candy between her lips. “Sure,” she offered, rolling the treat over to the corner of her mouth.

His nerves boiled up at her lax behavior. “Um, well,” he tried, turning his brown eyes down to the floor, “W-what are you?” he asked, “You look like a brown fox,” he pointed out.

The vulpine rolled her eyes. Back to the normal questions. At least he was being polite about it unlike most of the slack jawed people who walked in here. “Who is the more appropriate question,” she advised him, “The answer to both though, I'm Zyanya. I’m a doctor,” she explained, of course being a bit of a smartass, “In terms of species, I'm a type of coyote. One of the last of my kind in my world,” she told him.

His eyes were once again wide, “So you’re some sort of alien?” he followed up.

“No,” she answered him simply, quelling a bit of his excitement. “I mean it as a synonym for universe, not planet,” she explained.

That perked him right back up, “Wow, so then you're from a different reality?”

Zyanya gave a nod, “Exactly,” she confirmed.

Jordan was on the edge of his seat, “So in your world you’re basically one of the last of your kind. Are there other people like you though?” his questions continued.

The doctor rolled her sucker across her muzzle, countering with her own question, “How do you mean?”

“Like, are there other furries?” he asked.

“I’m not familiar with the term,” she told him, tapping her pen to her pad, “Part of what I wanted to ask you about.”

He blushed a bit at that, “Right, sorry,” he replied quickly, trying to think of the most accurate way to describe the fandom he was a part of. “In my world,” he clarified to start, “people who are into anthropomorphic art,” he gestured at her body to accentuate his words, “are referred to as furries.”

The doctor nodded, scribbling some of that down, “So I'm your fetish then?” she asked.

“What?” he stammered, red filling his face. She was certainly hot but, “No, no. It’s not a sex thing. That’s just like, a fraction of the fandom,” he defended.

She hummed with genuine interest, adding to her notes. “So then what brings you here then?” she went on.

Cooling his jets he looked about the strange store, “I dunno,” he answered, “I still don’t even know what this place is. I was walking to pick up the new manga issue of Monster Girl Harem when I just saw this place filling one of the alleys in,” he explained.

She couldn’t help giving him an incredulous look, “*Monster Girl Harem*?” she called him out, “And this isn’t a sex thing?” she challenged.

Caught his shoulders arched up a bit, “It’s not, I just like the series. It’s unrelated to my being a furry,” he once again replied on the defensive. He pulled out his phone, tapping the screen to get his wallpaper to show up, “See, this is my fursona,” he said, turning it to her, “my furry persona,” he clarified.

Carefully she took it, examining the picture. An overly busty… Cat? Dog? It was difficult to tell, seemingly having traits of both. Neon pink fur covered the hybrid from head to toe, and all she appeared to wear was a tight fitting sweater, with an oversized hole in the front that showed off way too much cleavage, and a pair of jeans.

“Biology’s more of a guideline than a hard law of nature I take it?” she asked, turning the phone back to him. There was a more pressing question on her mind though, “That character is a woman,” she stated without going further.

Jordan sank a little at that, “Yeah,” he answered her.

She recognized that kind of body language, setting her pad down on the counter. “You’re not happy with who you are?” she asked, though it was a statement more than anything.

He shook his head, the beginnings of tears appearing in the corners of his brown eyes. He shook it off though, sitting up and putting on a smile to hide his pain, “Anyway,” he changed the topic, “what is this place?” he asked.

Zyanya was getting up already, walking over to the shelves as she answered slightly monotonously, “This is Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie. We specialize in supplying people with what real life fails to provide. Generally an answer to their problems, though results may vary,” she chimed off, pulling some things from the wall and reading them over.

He just watched, listening to her explanation, “Magical?” he asked. “So then…” he didn’t finish, afraid of what she might say if he actually said what he was thinking.

“Yes,” she answered him, putting one little vial aside while she bit the lids off a few others, mixing their contents in a fresh container.

She finally returned with two vials, one with a handwritten label she appeared to have stuck on when she finished her pharmaceutical mixing. Carefully she set them on the counter along with an eyedropper and pushed them over to her guest.

Jordan drew them up, giving them a look over as the doctor went about explaining, “Those have the power to change you into something else,” she described, “The first will make you more feminine,” she told him, counting them off on her fingers, “the second will alter you more towards that fursona of yours in other ways.”

His face lit up, and his immediate reaction was to go for the cap. She reached out to stop him, “I’m not done,” she told him, pausing him in his tracks. “These are both extremely potent. No more than two drops from either at a time,” she warned, “The changes are permanent, and there is no going back. Be absolutely sure that this is what you want before you take either.”

She was serious, and it put a halt to rash enthusiasm. “O-okay doctor Zyanya,” he replied, setting the vials down on the counter and going for his wallet, “How much are they?” he asked.

The doctor waved a hand, “Even if this place took money, I wouldn’t charge you,” she told him. “Just be careful is all I ask.”

He nodded, getting up and closing the distance between them to give her another hug. “Thank you,” he told her.

Her arms were up wide, not touching him or encouraging his blatant disregard for her personal space yet again. “You’re welcome,” she replied, “Now get out of here so I can get back to work!”

Again he gave her a nod, collecting his acquisitions and rushing out. Once again she was alone to clean up the place, but she couldn’t help but worry. She could only hope the poor kid didn’t make the mistakes she knew he would.

The bus ride home felt like an eternity. Normally Jordan would have taken a peek into the newest issue of MGH for the trip, and it would have been over too soon. Today though the book remained safely interred in its plastic wrap, at the bottom of his bag next to the pair of vials he'd gotten from doctor Zyanya. Each little bump the bus ran over had made them lightly rattle, as if just to remind him of their presence.

Nervously he ran his fingers through his dark hair, unable to stop thinking about them as he was waiting for the elevator up to his apartment. Would this stuff really work? The doctor was clearly not human, no matter which way he sliced it. Where she was from maybe such things were possible? What if it didn’t work though? Doubt and excitement were welling up inside him. Pooling in his throat like a rock and making it almost hard to breath.

Once the elevator opened up he quickly scurried up the hall to his place, making his way in and locking the door behind him. It wasn’t much, barely more than a main room and a bathroom. A small divider split his kitchen from his bed, and was piled high with dirty dishes. A wall of cheap plastic and fake porcelain.

He stepped his way around it, kicking off his shoes and launching them into an unkept heap with his winter boots. Immediately after the dark haired boy hopped up into his sheets, dropping his bag at the foot of his bed and being reminded with another rattle of the containers within. First things first though, as he dipped into his bag and got out his new copy of Monster Girl Harem. It was weird to be unwrapping it now, but he had to put it when it belonged.

Crumpling the plastic and giving it a toss, that landed it next to his garbage can, he slipped the new volume onto his bookshelf. It was still strange to him to not be delving into it, following the story's newest chapter. More important things were on his mind however, as he dived to the bottom of his bag and retrieved the pair of vials and their dropper, placing them down in front of him.

It was easy enough to tell them apart, the one Zyanya had mixed herself with its handwritten label. He held it up, reading over when she had put for him. *“No more than two drops at a time,”* was reiterated at the very top. What followed simply appeared to be a list of contents, but none made any sense. Just jumbles of letters and numbers and a listed amount of “parts” of each the mixture contained. Maybe it would be safer to start with the other one?

It was no better. It lacked the hand written warning, but the label didn’t reveal anything interesting. Just a jumble of letters and numbers with a strange symbol behind it. Maybe a logo for whatever brand it was supposed to be?

Carefully he untwisted the cap, giving the contents a quick smell. It was certainly pleasant on the senses, inviting him to smell again. That eased some of his doubts, as he drew up the dropper and dipped it into the solution to squeeze up a dose.

“Should I really be putting this in me?” Jordan asked himself as he looked at it. It was a florescent pink that seemed to almost glow in the dim light of his apartment. Otherworldly was the only word he could think of to describe it.

The promise of what this was though was too great to resist. Carefully he tipped his head back, letting his tongue out, and delicately squeezed. He felt the first drop hit his taste buds, overwhelming him with the almost sickening sweetness of bubble gum and cotton candy. The second touched down shortly after, and he was quick to withdraw his hand to heed the doctor's warning.

It took a while to clear the taste from his mouth, but after a moment it wasn’t so bad. He felt flush, like the blood had rushed to his face or he was fighting a fever. Carefully he capped the solution and got to his feet, pushing his way through his messy room to the bathroom.

Through his socks he could feel how cool the tiles were compared to him right now. It was like his body was on fire, but yet he felt fine. At the sink he immediately turned on the water, letting it run to cool a bit as he looked at his reflection.

There was a clear redness to his skin, which made sense with his hot he felt. There was something more to it though. Reaching up he touched his cheek, feeling a movement under his skin.

He did his best to follow it, feeling a pop in his jaw as he worked out what was happening. His jaw was shrinking, taking his chin with it and narrowing the bottom of his face to a feminine almond. There was a pressure from his fingertips that he pulled away to watch. His thick nails were slimming, their wide square shape rounding out as his knuckles cracked and shrank for a more pleasing elegance.

Jordan was in awe, watching as his body continued to morph. There was a crack in his shoulders, like pulling them back they narrowed and shrunk his frame. The light bump of his Adam's apple pushed up, making him cough and aware of his voice's pitch rising with it.

His new feminine hands gripped the counter, trying to stay up through the pain. His feet popped below him, the fronts of his socks feeling slack, as they changed shape. There was a shifting in the dark haired boy's balance as his legs went from parallel to a triangle that accommodated the widening of his hips. He could feel his belt riding up as he filled out his bottoms, and the feeling of open air on his ankles as his pants failed to properly deal with his new proportions.

There was a tingling between his legs, running through his dick like a persistent erection he couldn’t shake. Stumbling back he bumped the towel rack as he fumbled with the belt holding his pants over his hips. With a thud they hit the grown, in time for Jordan to watch as his cock shrank in size. Not that was anything to write home about before, but he much have lost between an inch or two between his legs. And he had a perfect perspective for what happened next.

His nipples stung, the fabric of his t-shirt itched insanely where it was touching him. He was too overwhelmed to take it off though, only watch as his chest started to press out. He could feel tugging on his pecs, and near his collar bone as fat gathered into his new breasts. There was no denying that’s what they were, as their weight rested them on the crest of his tummy.

Then all at once the heat started to dissipate. He let out a a sigh, unable to stop looking at himself, reaching up and cupping the little handfuls that were his breasts. He thought he might cry, giving a little bounce on his heels and testing out his new body. He looked back up at the mirror. Were it not for his dick hanging between his thighs, he'd be unmistakable from any normal girl.

The two drops had made it smaller, and his mind raced with curiosity. If he took more might to go away completely? Was he sure that was what he wanted? Zyanya’s words echoed in his mind again, *“The changes are permanent, and there is no going back…”*

Was his curiosity worth the risk? Swallowing thickly he went back out to his main room, stepping over laundry he doubted would even fit him anymore. To drew up the two vials, bringing them back with him to the sink and setting them next to the cup that held his toothbrush.

It was easier to think with them here in front of him. The reality of what they could do settling in. Steeling himself he picked up the feminizing formula, popping the cap once more and filling the dropper. “Just two more,” he promised himself, lifting the sweet pink fluid up and dropping two more sickening drops on his tongue.

More was tempting, but he maintained his control, recapping the vial and pushing it to the back of the sink. He watched in the mirror as the flush heat returned to his cheeks. There was a painful pop in the center of his face as his nose thinned, his brown eyes giving a weighted flutter as he caught his long lashes at the edge of his vision. Hair was rearranging all over his face, his brows thinning into a fine tapper, and the shadow of his facial hair fading away as his follicles pinched away into nonexistence.

Jordan couldn’t keep from touching it, in time to watch his nails growing out in his reflection. His smile reflected back at him; his teeth straightening, more than corrective dentistry would allow, and whitening to perfection. The thin lines of his lips began to swell, rounding out into a little Cupid's bow and a kissable bottom to match.

The woman who looked back at him was gorgeous, her blown locks starting to tickle her neck as they grew at an astonishing rate. Running his fingers through them he admired their softness, but the true show was beginning. His legs were trembling as the tingling returned, making it difficult to stand. One hand jumped to the sink, as the other wrangled his breasts to watch. At some point he'd gotten hard, which made it all the more obvious as his erect cock receded another inch, leaving him looking positively small.

That size compensated itself elsewhere. He could feel the weight of his behind fattening behind him, pulling him backwards, while his breasts started to surge forward into his arm to counterbalance him. Releasing his growing globes they bounced into place, the more than an inch taken from his manhood now added to the beacons of womanhood adorning him.

And again, he heat faded. Looking up, Jordan saw the gorgeous girl looking back at him. His smile crept back, and he gave a high pitched giggle. This was him, he was that woman in the mirror.

Pushing herself to a stand, Jordan stumbled, struggling with her curvy center of balance. She clearly needed a little work, with the thin layer of belly fat her old male self had still on her. Maybe another dose? She shook her head at the thought, reeling herself in. Just that small motion made her realize just how tired she was after everything. Her whole body was still aching from head to toe, like she'd been swimming nonstop for hours, and it was leaving her exhausted.

She still had one other vial though. Biting her lip she reached out to the custom labeled bottle, her fingers delicately tracing over it. This bottle contained KittyK9, in the flesh. She could be everything she ever wanted to be with this.

“Later,” Jordan said to herself, feeling the ache through her arm just holding it out.

Making her way back to her bed she jumped into it excitedly, savouring the soft sensation of her sheets on her skin. She’d never felt quite this way, it was difficult to qualify exactly, but… she was comfortable. Pulling her familiar smelling sheets around her she curled up with her pillow, and found the first sound sleep of her life.

Her bag slung over her shoulder, Jordan stood center aisle on the bus. It had been a difficult task to find any of her clothes that fit her nicely. The transformed prior man had on loose pants, only held on her body by a belt she'd had to poke an extra hole into to fit around her waist, and a t-shirt draped over her. Unfortunately she lacked certain “essentials”, leaving her nipples visible where they tented her top, and it was drawing a few looks from the people around her.

Not that she horribly minded. After more than twenty five years not feeling good in her own skin, being admired by others for who she felt she was filled her with a prideful confidence. It was nice to feel wanted, and it left her wondering how her friends were going to react at the meet today.

With a screech the bus came to a halt at her stop, leaving Jordan to squeeze her way out. “’Scuse me,” she mumbled as it seemed people were intentionally getting in her path.

That thought became obvious truth as she felt a hand reach out grabbing her groin. Jordan let out a startled yelp, recoiling from the uncalled for grope and catching the disgusted look on her assailant's face, “You’re a-“

She didn’t let him finish, disappearing out into the street. Her heart was racing, and again tears were welling up. For all the good feelings she'd been developing today she knew what he was going to say; three little words that devastated everything about her identity.

“You’re a guy?”

Reaching up Jordan dabbed the wetness from the corners of her eyes. “A few more drops,” she muttered, thinking of how they had changed her already, “Just a few more and it'll go away.”

Gathering herself she started walking, her ill fitting shoes bouncing back and forth with each step. It wasn’t horribly far to her monthly meet up, so thankfully she didn’t have to deal with the uncomfortable feeling for long. It was yet another reminder though that she needed new clothes for the new her.

Slipping down the stairs and into the little pub where her club's meet was held. As usual Jordan was one of the first to arrive, the only others a couple of her closest friends; even if they only really got to see each other a couple times a month at most between their daily lives. There was Mark; adjusting is glasses as he worked with is laptop and the projector to ready up the evening’s marathon, and of course Dwain; his favorite “waifu” shirt stretched slightly over his large frame and showing its age with weathered cracks along the whole of the design.

They both looked her way, stunned for a minute at the poorly dressed girl wandering into their little sanctum. Dwain was first to saw something, putting his fork down next to his plate, a shepard’s pie already half gone despite the evening hadn’t even begun, “Hey,” he said awkwardly.

Jordan chuckled, offering a friendly wave that had the two boys. “Hey guys,” she replied.

Mark looked over to Dwain, giving a shrug that said everything. He didn’t know who the stranger was.

“Guys, it’s me,” Jordan clarified, unslinging her bag and plopping it onto one of the tables.

Immediately the pair’s jaws dropped, “Holy shit, Jordan?” Mark spat, looking his friend head to toe. “I know it’s been a month, but what the hell happened to you?” he asked.

Smiling the girl brushed a lock of her hair over her ear, settling into a seat at the table with them. “I got an opportunity to be more true to myself,” she told them, “and I took it.”

Dwain managed a hearty laugh, “Well,” he managed, clearly struggling with a few things, “good fir you,” he congratulated.

She replied with a laugh, and a quick “Thanks,” as the two continued to orient themselves.

“So then,” the bespectacled man asked, “what would you like us to be calling you then?”

It was a good question, and one Jordan really hadn’t been thinking about. “I dunno,” she answered truthfully, “Jo sounds like a bit of a cuter name, so I guess Jo?” she offered.

Mark gave a slight cough, having some difficulty thinking about his friend as “cute” when he knew who she was before. “I meant like pronouns, she and her?” he clarified.

Jo blushed a bit, giggling, “Oh, yeah,” she told him.

Finishing another bite of his meal Dwain brought up the next round of questions, “I thought you weren't sure about this kind of thing?”

Biting her lip Jo's hands dipped between her legs, feeling her bulge down there, “I’m still not totally sure,” she admitted.

“So you're pre-op downstairs then?” he followed up.

Mark was quick to reach over, giving the larger man a smack on the back of his head. “None of your damned business,” he called him out.

Rubbing the back of his head Dwain awkwardly frowned, “Hey, I'm just curious,” he defended.

The effects of is words were obvious, as Jo sat nervously. Her fingers were fidgeting with her ill fitting pants, as a few different thoughts were swimming about in her head.

With a cough to snap her out of it her glasses wearing friend changed the topic, “So I managed to get the subtitled first episode of MGH from Japan this morning. I put it into the rotation this month,” he told the low spirited girl.

That brightened her up, her head rising excitedly. “Oh sweet, I didn’t know the sub was finished,” she exclaimed.

Over the course of the evening the rest of their club members trickled in. A lot had questions for the new and improved Jo, but overall they were very supportive of her. Mark and a few others did pretty well on crowd control to stop people asking questions that were a little too personal, or else inappropriate for the gathering.

The one that came up the most ironically wasn’t even about her body or gender, but her sexuality. “So does this mean you’re going to start dating guys now?”

And it was a question the new girl didn’t quite know the answer to yet.

By the time Jo was walking back into her little apartment it was dark out. Moonlight shone in from the tiny window above her bed, highlighting the edges of all her cluttered things like a topographic map of the place. It was a great help to navigate after the few drinks she'd had over the course of her night out.

On weary steps she made her way to her bed, tossing her bag down in its usual spot and fishing out a thumb drive from the front pocket. With a flick of her other wrist her belt was off, letting her improperly sized pants fall to the floor as she jumped into the sheets and grabbed her laptop. It took a couple tries to get the thing into one of her laptop’s slots, but eventually she got it and opened up the folder of her favorites from tonight’s marathon.

“Thanks Mark,” she giggled with a wiggle as she moved them into her anime folder. She even took the time to make a new subsection for the new MGH series.

Estimated thirty minutes for the file transfer, it left her with some time to, albeit hazily, think about everything that happened. It was so much easier to focus on the bad. The asshole from the bus, Dwain's question about being pre-op, her sexuality. Did she really know what she was doing?

Looking down at herself and seeing her breasts, feeling her sensitive nipples touching the rough fabric of her shirt. Yeah. This made her happy. Reaching down between her legs though, and feeling her bulge under her boxers. That definitely didn’t. And it wouldn’t matter how much of a woman she looked everywhere else, as long as she had this…

*“You’re a guy?”*

She clenched her fist, feeling her nails digging into her palm as she did. Her brown eyes drifted to her bathroom, where she'd left the vials last night. She’d already gone this far. If this was what she wanted, she needed to go all the way.

Getting up she set her laptop aside, no point in hovering over it while it was transferring after all, and made her way to the bathroom. A quick flick filled the white tiled room with light, making the slightly tipsy girl wince as she adjusted to the sudden brightness. Her little vials stood out in high contrast compared to everything on her sink, drawing her in. The handwritten label and its statement, *“No more than two drops at a time,”* were a good grounding.

She took up the feminizer, unscrewing its cap for the third time and drawing up more of the florescent solution. “Goodbye my masculinity,” she whispered before dropping two of the sickly sweet drops onto her tongue.

Setting the vial down her attention went immediately to her dick, even as the feverish heat started to rise and she felt little pinpricks around her face from things tightening up and changing. She lifted her shirt up over her head, tossing it to the side so it wasn’t in the way as she watched. Immediately her nipples puckered in the cold air. Hard little beacons in the middle of her cinnamon areola.

She could see as those flat planes started to expand, taking up more of the surface area of her breasts with each passing second. Only a teaser for the true action as her tits swelled immediately after into orbs anyone would consider large on a girl her size. Without a bra they fell into perfect tear drops, pointing away to the sides and giving he a proper view between her legs.

To her delight her cock continued to shrink away, now little more than a couple inches standing between her and a smooth feminine pelvis. The tingling started to die down already though, signaling that she still wouldn’t have what she wanted down there. Yet.

Jo took up her dropped, the heat still holding strong in her body as she quickly took two more drops. She knew this was what she wanted, and waiting was just causing her more agony. The bubble gum sweetness filled her mouth, and she winced from how it overpowered her. What was done was done though, there was no turning back now.

Her face was flush, bright red in her reflection as she held her breasts apart to keep watching. Her skin was hot, and it was like every cell in her body was straining at once, but she grit through it for what she wanted. She grunted in pain, feeling her teeth grinding as she tried to bear with it, only to fall to her knees clutching herself. It was like she was being stabbed. A piercing shot of pain pulsing in her abdomen.

She could feels tears rolling down her cheeks, wondering if perhaps this was what death would feel like. A pressure in her groin started, as her balls forced their way up into her pelvic cavity. There was a sharp crack, by this point familiar, as her hips widened by inches. Her stomach was doing flips, making her feel like she was going to throw up. She bared through it though, looking down to try and see.

Her penis was receding further. The skin around its head bunching up until it was covered completely, and she was left to feel to know what was happening. A hand crept down to explore, sending a jolt through her as she touched what was left. Little more than a small button, like playing with a grain of rice, and surrounded by her bunch up flesh. She was moist, and without any resistance her digits dipped into her new cavern.

Jo couldn’t help moaning from the sensation, but soon she was laughing. She couldn’t help smiling, her fingers swirling about inside her virgin pussy as tears rolled down her cheeks. Finally, she was a proper girl. No one could tell her otherwise.

Slowly the heat dissipated from her body, leaving her to slump down onto the floor with exhaustion. Just like last time she was tired; not that she wasn’t before after a night out, now though even the thought of moving was like lifting a thousand pound weight. Impossible.

Mustering what strength she could she reached up to her towel rack and yanked the sheet down. Lazily she shoved it under her head in a heap, drifting off into a sound slumber on the bathroom floor.

Regret. One of the more prominent words running through Jo's head when she woke up. Her body was stiff from laying on the tile all night, not to mention cold. And adding to her issues was her head throbbing from the alcohol.

She reached up, rubbing her sore head and behind met with significantly more hair than last night. The tips of her brown strands were tousled and messy, but even so were tickling her back, and down her front to her sore nipples. How much hadn’t she noticed last night in her haze?

Getting up revealed another thing, as her thighs brushed one another from their sheer size. She rain her nails over her thick limbs, up to where they met her expansive rear. She had the barest hint of a shelf between the bottom of one of her impressive cheeks and her meaty thighs, and even without seeing it she had no doubt she'd be filling most chairs with this booty nicely. Balancing it out were her breasts of course. Reaching up she hefted them, feeling how the pliant flesh overflowed her palms on either side. She could barely handle on with both hands, as she hoisted one huge tit and could barely touch her fingers together.

Anyone would have been happy with this. She was by anyone’s standard drop dead sexy at this point. As she looked over to her vials though, the thought of more made its way through the headache to remind her. She wasn’t KittyK9 sexy yet.

A huge wave of her hangover washed over her though, breaking Jo from her little fantasy. She needed a few painkillers if she was going to be any sort of functional today. Worst off here her knees as she stumbled to her medicine cabinet and grabbed out some over the counters before heading over to her cluttered kitchen.

Finding a clean glass was no easy task as she scoured about her counter, giving each a check and deeming them too dirty to use. She needed to do some dishes. When she wasn’t feeling like death of course. For now she popped a pair of pills into her mouth and dipped her head under her tap. Her breasts nearly threw her off balance as they swung down from the movement, and her hair draped over the edge of the sink before slithering in and getting soaked by the stream. She got what she needed though, swallowing back the pair of tablets and walking over to her bed to relax.

It felt like her joint were creaking as she hopped into her sheets, pulling her laptop into her lap and checking on her file transfer. No issues, which meant she could enjoy that first episode of MGH again, in the privacy of her own place. With a tint in her cheeks and a tingle in her new loins she fired it up, giving a wiggle as the Ecchi filled intro began to play.

Another of the prior night's questions managed to squeeze its way into her mind. *“Are you going to start dating guys now?”*

With her head clearing it was probably something important to think about. Reaching down, running her fingertips over her fresh new sex, she let her mind wander as Monster Girl Harem played. There was no doubt about it, she was still drawn in by the characters of her favorite series. Was it because she liked them, or wanted to be like them though? It was hard to tell.

What was harder to tell was if she was aroused. She faintly remembered points last night watching the show where her old biology betrayed her, and she was forced to cross her legs over to try and hide her little tent. Now though the same general idea was there, like a tickle in her insides, but not much else. She felt her own warmth on her fingertips, but having only had these parts for a night that could just be her norm.

Through it all, she ended up zoning out most of her show. In the blink of an eye the credits were rolling, and the naked Jo was sitting with two fingers in herself testing the waters. The idea of removing them seemed preposterous, with the buzz starting to spread through every inch of her whenever she brushed over her clit. She almost wished she had a sex toy, just so she could feel what it would feel like to be full instead of exploring with her slender digits.

Biting her lip nervously she leaned back on the bed, feeling the weight of her breasts as they rest on her, dragging around her ribs to the sides. Her nipples were aching as her fingers stirred circles in her wet folds, every now and again her fingertips brushing on these tiny collections of bumps that made her breath catch in her throat.

Her free hand found its way up her body, nails tickling her soft skin on the way to one of her tits. It was enormous compared to her small hand. As a man before she'd roughly handled her prior girlfriends' boobs during sex, but now that they were hers that wasn’t what she wanted; what she needed. No, instead her index finger and thumb sought out a nipple, pinching it lightly and making her cry out with a little gasp. As once she wanted to recoil from her own touch and give herself more to it, making her writhe lightly as she rolled her hard little bud between her fingers.

All at once it was like the world went white. Her toes curls, and her legs stiffened on and off, kicking her sheets around into a tangle at her feet. The fingers in her snatch twitched on her clit, unable to make subtle moves anymore as her orgasm washed over her out from her satisfied sex to her every extremity. Unlike a male climax it didn’t leave all at once either. Her body didn’t shut down like it used to, and instead she was left with a warm tingling glow as it slowly faded away. Her body went lax, and clarity flowed back in as the high dissipated.

“That was,” Jo sighed to herself, fluttering her long lashed eyes. She couldn’t even finish, just smile and catch her breath.

Sitting up she was feeling loads better. Likely her painkillers kicking in to dead with her hangover headache, but just as likely it could have been that orgasm limbered her up. Regardless she was feeling rejuvenated, and only one thing was on her mind.

Getting up from bed she skipped her way into her bathroom, drawing up the yet unused vial. She was a proper woman now, so it was time now to see what this other mixture would do for her.

Like with the first she popped the cap carefully, giving it an experimental smell. It lacked consistency like the feminizer had, stinging Jo's nose with the strange collection of smells it gave off, and making her flinch away. She doubted it would taste much better either.

Her nerves started to set it, as carefully she drew the solution into the dropper. Its look just solidified her feelings, as it came up the neck as a murky brown sludge. The same thoughts as when she first opened the other container washed back in. Should she really be taking this? Thus far though, Zyanya hadn’t done her ill.

Gritting her teeth she relented, letting her tongue out and trembling as she lined everything up. When the first drop landed on her tongue it was like hell itself. Children mixing random crap from the cupboards tasted better than this. It took every ounce of her willpower, tears welling in her eyes, to accept the second drop onto her outstretched tongue. She did it though, forcing herself to swallow despite her gag reflex screaming at her not to, and recapped the foul solution while she waited.

Like the other there was a heat building up in her body, her skin flush as she looked into her reflection. Unlike her first dose of the first one though she didn’t see immediate change. To the contrary, she didn’t see anything as her vision started to blur.

It was worse than a headache, as she tried fruitlessly to focus on her surroundings. The best she could do was try to pay attention to her other senses, which wasn’t easy either. She could hear the tiniest sounds, the water pipes gentle whispers as they worked, the footsteps of her upstairs neighbors, distracting her. The overwhelming sensation of itchiness was invading her scalp made even touch difficult to focus on.

She stumbled back a few steps, bumping into the wall and nearly jumping at the start. She caught herself faster than she could have believed possible. Sniffling from the overload, she realized the scents throughout her apartment were pungent to her. The dirty dishes, likely somewhere within them a mold was starting. The male musk of her unclean laundry stung with sweat, and other odors she could never have imagined before.

And then… it all died down. She felt the heat inside her dissipating. Her vision started to clear up, letting her focus once again and see, of all things, pink on the edges of her vision. Her hand went for it, catching a few strands of her neon pink hair between her fingers.

Quickly Jo looked up, catching her reflection. Not much had changed, but what had was drastically obviously. Her long brown locks were now the hot neon pink of her KittyK9 fursona. Her eyes as well has shifted hues to the same bright blue from her character, albeit not perfect, as she lacked the same slit eyed pupils.

The greater change was beneath the surface though. Her eyes were picking up little twitches of movement from her hair as she moved. She could smell leagues better than before, and still hear the most minute details. It was like her every sense had been hypercharged to superhuman levels.

She let out a laugh, admiring her new changes. What would a few more drops do to her? Her revelry couldn’t last long though, as the absolute stench of her residence was starting to overpower her.

At least it was a good excuse to get things cleaned up. Depression was often too much to get over and do anything, but riding this high maybe she could do it? If not for the sake of just having a clean place then for the sake of her new nose.

Then she could take things to the next level.

With an exhausted sigh the pink haired Jo collapsed onto her bed. Cleaning two years of accumulated filth wasn’t an easy task, and unlike prior attempts she couldn’t stop. The scents assaulted her new senses and refused to let her quit until everything was found and taken care of.

Sitting up her ill fitting tank rested over her curvy form. She’d had to slip into something to make it to the laundry room, only to swap it twice as she worked her way through all her old male laundry. Tossing it had registered as an idea, since mist of it didn’t fit, but she realized she couldn’t afford an entirely new wardrobe. And even if she could, what if she took more feminizer? Two drops and she’d potentially have to do it all over again.

Even with everything clean and put away the apartment had issues. Her counters were covered in stains that even two rounds of bleach had hardly dented. Most of her cleaning supplies had been laying around since she moved in, so maybe that had played a part in it too. For the first time in more than a year though you could see the floor.

She’d even dusted her shelves, taking a few moments to savour one of the better scents in her little place, the pages of her books. She tried a few times to stop and read them while she worked, something that usually killed her momentum, only to have a scent from outside the world of her reading assault her. Now though, everything was as good as it was probably capable of being. And there was a pride in it.

A pride worthy of reward. Despite her aches Jo hopped to her feet, breasts bouncing with each step as she made her way to her freshly cleaned bathroom. The scent of cleaners was still pretty pungent, but she was too eager to see more. Even if it meant dealing with the atrocious taste of the formula.

She couldn’t help wiggling her wide hips, drawing up the foul stuff into the dropper and setting the vial back. All her other senses had been sharpened; if her taste had shot up too she worried she might react poorly, and she didn’t want to risk knocking and losing it. Carefully she dipped her head back, trying to aim for the back of her tongue in hopes she wouldn’t taste it as strongly as before. Still as the drops landed she winced, coughing after she swallowed the second and holding the sink for support.

The pink haired girl was becoming used to the feeling of her body on fire by now, leaving it easy enough to ignore as her skin started to flush. She looked up at her reflection, hoping to catch some of her changes in action, and was rewarded as her pupils stretched up. There was a stinging sensation as they shifted into feline slits, tightened in the bright white reflexive atmosphere of her fresh cleaned bathroom.

The predatory glare was stunning, and she couldn’t help shooting a few looks at herself in the mirror. In the middle of a grin there was pain in her mouth, a grinding sound reaching her ears as her canines sharpened into little fangs. She had to open her mouth wide to properly see everything, as a number of her teeth were painfully growing into chompers ideal for tearing up prey.

Her inspection was interrupted by the sound of porcelain scratching. Immediately she flinched back, seeing as her rounded nails tapered into fine points, and thickened into tough claws that lacked the fragility of her old nails. These were proper tools, and flexing them in front of her face she knew she could have a lot of fun with them. If she was careful of course.

Her joyful teasing though was short lived. She hear a pop, sharp pain assaulting her on both sides and making her double over with a startled yelp. It was like the cartilage in her ears had snapped, leaving her to paw at her sore auditory organs. They were misshapen, their rounded shape gone as they folded into points and began painfully elongating.

It wasn’t even the only intense pain wracking her. Her knees failed her as the base of her spine felt like it was exploding with loud cracks. The most the pink haired girl could do was support herself on her hands and knees as pain unlike she'd ever imagine pulsed through her. Each time accompanied by a sickening crack at the base of her spine.

She lost count of them after seven, pawing at her ears again. They were gone, migrating up the side of her head and parting her long locks. When her clawed fingers touched them she felt them flick away, thin flesh whipping at her digits for their attempted inspection.

The sounds started dialing back, one final pop came from behind as tears rolled down her cheeks. Then a new sensation, of itching, spread over what she felt were her ears and her tailbone.

Jo had to turn and see, looking through bleary barriers and simultaneously feeling excitement and horror wash over her. Above the round cheeks of her beautiful rear, standing on end as small pink hairs started growing from its surface, was a tail. Her tail. Longer than her thighs and swishing about mischievously behind her with muscles she couldn’t fathom yet how she was controlling. Even just her growing excitement had it of its own will wagging back and forth like a dog's.

It wasn’t a dog’s though, it was KittyK9's. Sinuously dancing with all a feline's flexibility, with as the fur reached its final length the fluffy allure of a dog’s. And clearly the physical tells with how it was busy wagging.

The newly minted hybrid could feel her ears twitch, flopping a little with their new size and shape. With the heat in her body starting to die down she had to see them. Gathering her strength she pulled herself up, her inhuman eyes catching her ears in the mirror. Their backs were covered in a thin pink fuzz that matched her locks, and they were so long they cutely folded over themselves rather than point upright. Still they had a sharp canine shape, and were a perfect match to her fursona.

Even with tear streaks down her cheeks Jo couldn’t help grinning, reaching up and toying with her new ears. Zyanya was a genius. Never in her wildest imaginings had she thought any of this could have been possible, let alone it be so on the mark.

She managed to rise to her feet, feeling weak after her transformation, but still she had to look at herself. Turning to watch her tail swish about she was starting to get an idea of how to control it. Like another hand, it just currently took a little a focus. In a week though she guessed it would be second nature.

Perfectly in time for her monthly fur meet.

“Weirdo.”

Jo had been hearing it a lot over the past few days, she didn’t expect bussing to her fur meet was going to be any different. She’d been going out a lot, mostly to get some things that fit her new form. Like her new shoes; she'd learned quickly that walking in heels wasn’t the walk in the park most girls made it out to be, so had settled on flats with open toes so that her claws didn’t destroy the insides of her shoes; like that had his old ill fitting sneakers.

Another part of her was going out just to show off. It was new, and liberating to like herself how she did. She was unique, and felt more like an expression of her inner self released than ever before. Even if people thought she was odd going around constantly wearing ears and a tail. If only they knew they were real, though most people even who did get close enough to realize it were quick to talk themselves into disbelieving it.

Why wouldn’t they though? It wasn’t human. Wasn’t normal to see someone like her. Part of why she was as excited as she was to see her furry friends. Imagine how excited they’d be seeing she had a real tail and ears. Especially Magbird. Her fifth limb was excitedly wagging behind her at the though, making her skirt wave back and forth with the motion of the flexible appendage.

Another thing she'd learned, pants were pretty much out of the question unless she wore them around the birth of her ass. Which meant often uncomfortably showing a lot of crack and adjusting so they didn’t fall down. She tried poking holes in her jeans which hadn’t gone well either. She wasn’t a seamstress, so the holes she poked more often just tore and ruined her bottoms. When she could get her tail through her hand made holes at all. It was infinitely harder to get her fluffy end through anything than it seemed. Skirts and stretchy panties she could ride up to just under her tail were the way to go.

Shopping for her top had been easier, if not more expensive. Her tits barely fit into the larger range if bras most places sold commercially, but what a difference it made wearing one. There was a bit of digging into her ribs from the underwire, but her back thanked her profusely having the heavy globes contained and not bouncing around. Plus her nipples weren’t constantly chaffing on her shirts.

Just those few things had zeroed out her bank savings, so she was still stuck with her not quite so oversized anymore tops. They still didn’t fit right, but with her boobs stretching them out forward they were snug around her chest while hanging loosely over her middle. It would be a while to her next paycheck though, so the best thing was just to make due.

And deal with a little harassment of course, as the “weirdo” spouter reached out to try and knocks the fake ears from her head. His hand touched her floppy ear, only to pass over harmlessly and leave him a tad frazzled his attempt to troll her had failed.

“I’ll do me,” the hybrid eared girl replied calmly, “and you'll do you.”

The worst thing you could tell someone putting you down was that they didn’t care. It wouldn’t stop them of course, but it didn’t give them the satisfaction of knowing they were getting to you. With a scoff he turned away, likely plotting what to do next if he had the time.

Thankfully he didn’t, as Jo rang for her stop. Once again needing to squeeze though men who made it difficult. She was sure at this point it was deliberate so she had to rub her breasts against them. She took it in stride though, as a compliment they found her attractive. Even if they stood no chance.

Popping out with her bag over her shoulder she hit the street, waving a quick “Thank you,” to her bus driver before he got back on route.

Out of the cramped space her tail lifted, the split in her skirt giving way so it could rise up and wag behind her with each step. Unlike her anime meet the other week, the fur meet was a bit more of an intimate affair; taking place at one of the local fur's home rather than a public venue like the pub.

There were advantages to both of course. The pub definitely was more spacious, hands down. Plus there was food and alcohol available. The home though you didn’t have to worry about any dress code. Collars and other more exotic things like fursuits were completely allowed without any need to clear with the host.

Of course Jo brought one of her usual accessories, stopping in front of the house and fishing through her bag for her collar. A leather dog collar she's bought from a pet store, just comfortable enough for a person to wear, with a custom tag she had printed with “KittyK9” engraved in for ID. It was a little harder to get on with her pink locks getting in the way. Plus muscle memory almost had her putting it on too loose, she had to ignore the well worn loop and tighten it up another spot for it to rest properly around her neck. With it on though she gave her tag a little flick and stepped in.

There were already a number of furs there, of both genders, sitting around the couch and munching on chips as they chatted about all that had happened since last they met. Unfortunately no Magbird yet, but considering she was a suiter that was no surprise. The first to even notice the buxom cat-dog girl was the host, known on the forum as Hunter, coming up with a bit of confusion at the model-esque girl paying them a visit.

“Hey, um,” he stammered as he looked her over. A barrel chested man with some decent bulk just from his work, but by no means in a league with the new Jo. “Did someone invite you? We have a vetting policy for the meets just because of the location,” he explained.

Jo couldn’t help giggling, holding her tag out for him, “It’s me Hunt, KittyK,” she told him with a mischievous grin.

His eyes went wide, “Holy shit, Kitty?” he questioned as he looked her over. He was almost surprised he hadn’t made the connection, the ears were a dead giveaway. “You look…” he struggled to try and find the words.

A few ran through her mind. Stunning, fantastic, perfect, she went with the less provocative one though, “Different?” she filled in for him.

That brought a bit of a blush to his cheeks, as he replied with an affirmative nod.

The pink haired hybrid chuckled, her tail flicking back and forth. “Been getting that a lot,” she teased him, folded ears giving a little flick to draw his eye.

And draw it did, as he changed his gave from her body to her more abnormal features. “Those are a hell of an accessory. Where'd you buy 'em?” he asked as he invited her in with the others.

Jo just put on a coy little smirk, “Custom made,” she answered, reaching up and giving one a little rub between her fingers, “All me,” she revealed.

Obviously the stocky man didn’t quite get it, “Wow, really nice work Kitty. I'll have to commission you for a pair,” he said grinning with admiration.

With a giggle she shook her head, her long hair waving back and forth, “Thanks,” she replied, “but what if I told you I didn’t make them?” she asked, giving her shoulders a mischievous little wiggle, “What if I told you they’re real?”

He just scoffed, laughing at the idea, “I’d say you were full of it,” he answered truthfully.

Her little smirk grew into a grin, the opportunity to further her little tease enticing. “Well, what do you think then?” she challenged, “What’s let me change so much in so little time?” she flashed her feline eyes, the thin slits reacting to the light as their neon blue hue shimmered.

Hunter paused, looking everything over and trying to piece it together. “Alright,” he accepted her challenge, “well for sure you've got contacts. I’m gonna guess a wig for that kind of colour unless you got it done yesterday, and somewhere in those locks is a headband for those ears,” he explained it away, moving down her body. Her new frame was harder to explain, making him rub his chin with his finger as he pondered it. “I wanna say breast forms, the kind from Drag Race? With some extra padding hidden under than skirt,” he caught view of her tail, waving back and forth of its own accord behind her, “And some sort of sectional tail on a belt,” he finished with a nod, “Am I close?”

Again Jo just giggled, shaking her head and leaning forward. Her breasts overflowed her cups, shifting in her shirt and prooving they were no fakes. “Nope,” she told him, “Like I said, it’s all real. You can even give everything a feel to see for yourself,” she offered.

Rolling his eyes he reached out, taking one of her ears in his fingers to feel. Immediately his face went pale, as he felt the warmth of her soft furred flesh. The heat carried by her veins, and the way they pulsed, there was no denying it.

Hunter jumped back, trying to process the reality that what Jo had said was true. The sound from his bumping into the couch drew everyone’s eyes to the pair, a silence falling over the room as they say the look on his face.

He could barely speak, stumbling over the words as they worked their way over his tongue and through his lips, “H-how?”

With the room's attention the buxom hybrid she grinned, showing her little fangs. She’d been waiting to tell them though, to thank Zyanya for her hard work. “It was this little place, tucked out of the way, call Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie,” she told them all.

She went on to explain it all. Her meeting with the coyote in the little knickknack store, and how she brewed her the perfect formula to become KittyK9. Some had asked to check things themselves, playing with her ears and petting her tail and hair. By the end though the reception was much more mixed than she thought it would be. There were a few excited to find the place that could release their inner fursona, where others seemed to believe it was a bit too far.

Either way the pink haired girl had become the center of attention, as more people filtered in. Which was perfect, since it was a chance for her to really show off for that special someone as she came through the door with her spotter. Magbird.

The suit made the girl almost a foot taller, what with the huge foam filled head covered in faux royal blue feathers. Of course such an extravagant head limited visibility, which called for her spotter guiding her around the poorly lit home. The tall blue bird was greeted with hellos and hugs, which she returned with her blue veiled arms.

Magbird was practically a pillar of their little community. The one everyone knew and everyone liked. Jo, or rather Kitty, liked to believe they had a little something more. The blue bird wore her rainbow button proudly, and it had always kind of been the rift between Jo and Maggie. KittyK9 and Magbird though had shared more than one piece of lewd lesbian art together. Now Jo was Kitty, so hopefully that could bridge the gap.

It didn’t take long for someone to point Kitty out to the blue bird, what with her little transformation being the talk of the evening. When the suiter's oversized blue eyes met Jo's feline ones she offered a small wave, inviting the blue bird over to chat.

Her reaction wasn’t what the hybrid expected, as the huge beaked head turned away. Suiter’s best communication was body language, and Magbird's was screaming uncertainty; her wing-hands fidgeting, as she was turning her body. Eventually though, with her spotter's help, she made her way over, taking a seat next to the busty hybrid.

She was silent, settling into the room's atmosphere as Jo waited for her to say something. When she didn’t, the buxom girl decided to be the first to break their silence. “So what do you think?” she asked curiously, scooting herself a few inches closer.

Magbird's head dropped, looking at this new point of contact. It was impossible to tell an expression under that mask through. “What do you want me to think?” she asked, her voice muffled by the barriers separating her from the world.

The fanged girl smiled, brushing a lock of her hair over her shoulder. “I was thinking now that I'm a girl we could maybe go on a date sometime,” she laid her intention on the table, not mincing it.

The blue bird's response was to scoot herself away, putting some distance between them. “I’m not really interested Kitty,” she replied flatly.

In an instant the feline eyed girl's heart seemed to break, her expression dropping to a confused frown, “Why not?” she pressed.

“I’m just not,” Magbird replied quickly, not really wanting to continue this conversation.

That was a hard answer to swallow, adding more feelings to the mix for the transformed Jo. “But why?” she asked again, “I’m a proper woman now. Not only that, I'm Kitty now. And you love KittyK9,” she pointed out.

Magbird could be heard giving an annoyed sigh under her head, their conversation starting to draw attention. “Look Kitty, can we not do this here?” she countered, not wanting to make more of a scene than they already were.

Looking about the place the hybrid's keen eyes sought out somewhere they could get a little privacy, “The kitchen is free,” she suggested.

It wasn’t what she meant, but it was obvious that the pink haired girl wasn’t going to drop the subject. “Fine,” Magbird conceded, getting up with some difficulty and turning her big head to find the kitchen.

One feathered hand pointed to it, while the other lifted to be guided by the persistent Kitty. Of course every eye was on them as they parted the main party area for their privacy. They were barely two steps onto the linoleum when Jo had to ask again.

“Why can’t we go out Maggie?”

With a frustrated sigh Maggie took her head off, black hair tumbling over her shoulders. The fat in her cheeks revealed she was a bit of a bigger girl, which the suit's bulk didn’t help. It wasn’t the first time she'd been seen out of suit, but she cared about the unwritten rule of not “breaking the magic” while in fursuit. She needed to be crystal clear with the pink haired hybrid though.

She turned her dark eyes to the inhuman feline ones demanding an answer from her, replying simply “Because I'm not interested and that should be the end of it.”

That clearly wasn’t though, the buxom girl clearly showing her heart broken confusion.

“See, this is the problem,” she went on, “You’re hot, yeah, but beneath that all you're still a guy. I’m not gonna get over that Kitty,” she explained.

Jo could feel the tears welling in her eyes, “I’m not though,” she protested, “The stuff Zyanya gave me is all real. I’m not male anymore, in any way.”

The suiter's frustration was just mounting, “And yet you are, because you still can’t accept no,” she countered. “And look what this stuff did to you! You’re barely human anymore,” she pointed out.

The hybrid was taken aback, “I thought you’d want something like this, as a fursuiter. You could really be Magbird,” she said, managing to keep enough composure not to have her words wavering.

“Yeah, I like being Magbird,” Maggie replied, patting the beaked head under her arm. “She’s a fun character, and I can express myself through her in ways I can’t normally,” she explained with a small smile despite the tone of their conversation. “At the end of the day though I can put her away. I can go to work, live a normal life. If I don’t feel the same way in five years when I've got a steady job I can retire her. I'm not always Magbird, and I wouldn’t want to always be Magbird,” she told her outright.

Jo was racking her brain for something she could say, something she could do that could change things, “But, I love you,” was all she could manage.

And it was a weak argument, “You’re infatuated with Magbird, you don’t know me Kitty,” she replied, taking her head back up, “And I'm not interested in guys, whether they've transitioned or not,” she told her flatly, before leaving out for the rest of the party.

She didn’t move for a while, as Magbird walked past her. Just trying to process what had been said. Tears welled up in her eyes, and without saying anything else the hybrid rushed out the door.

Finally back home Jo was sobbing, her tail between her legs and her ears pink ears folded back. Despite this, despite everything, she still wasn’t accepted as a woman. Rubbing at her eyes her only thought was to go to her bathroom, to the sink where her two vials sat. The only things that were making her happy anymore.

Zyanya’s handwritten warning of two drops went ignored. She drew both up in one hand, tearing the caps off with her claws, and poured them both down her throat. There’d be no disputing it anymore, she'd go all the way as KittyK9, a beacon of femininity everyone would love.

She nearly choked at the overwhelming tastes, but she got them both down, dropping the empty containers into the sink. Tears were still streaking her face as she looked up, meeting her blue eyes in the mirror. Goodbye Jo, there would only be Kitty.

Her stomach lurched, making her double over in pain. Her skin was on fire and she began to sweat from the sheer heat her body was putting off. She didn’t care though, it was a means to an end.

Supporting herself on her hands and knees she saw as fine pink hairs started sprouting on the back of her hands, traveling up her arms as her fur grew in. The entirety of her face erupted, making her tears flow faster down her cheeks. Their path only remained consisted from her prior crying as her nose stretched forward, extending her jaw into her hybrid muzzle. A series of sickening cracks came from behind her. She could feel her heels rising up out of her flats at an alarming rate, her feet stretching and permanently changing the shape of her legs.

Meanwhile, as her body took on more animalistic qualities, she felt her skirt riding up her rapidly furring legs. Her rear growing at an alarming rate until she could hear the fabric straining to hold her in. Or maybe that was her top, as her breasts were doing similar. The design on her shirt was stretched, cracks in the acrylic forming before being spread by her unrelenting bust.

In was only seconds before a hole formed, revealing her white furred cleavage underneath. The practically intoxicated KittyK9 just laughed ,wrapping her arms around her boobs and hugging them close, forcing the hole bigger. She could see them over her black tipped muzzle, growing up towards her chin as she restrained them. Nobody could deny her now.

It didn’t stop however. Their increasing weight dragged Kitty to the floor, making her fall to her knees. Her tits pushed downward, past her navel until even through her hot fur coating she felt the tiles. It was very likely she wouldn’t be able to stand as her body continued, and she couldn’t bring herself to care. The hole in her top tore wider, stopping as it reached its stitched hem and lacked the strength to pop it immediately. From the feeling beneath her newly padded fingers though that wouldn’t be a problem long.

The “heels” of her now digitigrade legs were pressing into her enormous ass. She could tell her tits were bigger than even the globes attached to the tops of her thighs, but the knowledge she had a perfect top heavy hourglass had the girl’s fat nipples hardening. Each was like a fist at the end of her giant chest, peeking out of the edges of her minimalist covering.

Kitty was just laughing, painful tears running down her furred cheeks and leaving dark streaks in their wake. Her only regret in this moment was that she couldn’t reach her nipples to play with them. Maybe in an hour when she couldn’t get up, or when she had to be removed from her place and likely studied somewhere, she would be. For now she couldn’t feel anything but elation as the last half inch of fabric keeping her in exploded, making her mammoth tits jiggle their way into the fresh new space and knocking her sink and toilet simultaneously.

Zyanya sat at her desk, resting on her elbows with her fingers buried in her braided locks. Strands of her dark hair had fallen loose, laying in front of the coyote's muzzled face, as she watched the results of what she’d allowed to happen in the orb only inches in front of her.

“Good work,” a voice came from behind her, simply preying on the shame and self hatred flowing through the doctor in this moment.

The doctor didn’t reply. Verbally anyway, as her digits curled against her scalp.

Across the room Materia smiled, perched up on a table with her monstrous claws holding the edge as her spatted feet waved back and forth. “There was no helping it. The second he walked through our door his fate was sealed,” she goaded.

The witch dressed woman gave a pause, letting her words sink in before going on. “You knew this was going to happen. And despite that, you willingly gave it to him anyway,” she smirked, shimmying her shoulders and making her breasts sway in her top. “You’re becoming-“

Before she realized it there was a mug flying at the fox eared woman’s face, giving her only a split second to raise one of her blonde furred forearms up to shield herself. The china dish shattered on impact, raining pieces of glass and cheap suckers across the room behind her. Convinced of her safety the Madam peeked one of her golden eyes through her claws.

She’d gotten under the doctor’s skin, the coyote with one arm still outstretched from tossing her projectile. Angry tears were welled in the corners of her eyes, and her canid teeth were grit and bared.

Badly, so very badly Zyanya wanted to just scream. “Fuck you!”

It would be easy, let her vent for her failures and give the manipulative bitch a piece of her mind. She was better than that though.

Settling the doctor dropped her weight back into her chair, “Fuck off Matty,” she exclaimed calmly, turning back to her work, “I’m not in the mood for your bullshit today.”

Getting up the witchy woman sauntered over. Reaching out to take the orb from the desk, the doctor was quick to snatch it away in response.

“You’re not getting this one,” Zyanya growled lightly.

Putting her clawed hands up defensively Materia conceded, stepping back with a smirk on her face. With a turn of her spatted heel she left the doctor's presence with a sway of her hips. She could always pick up the addition to her collection later after all.

Watching her go the old coyote brushed her loose hairs back into her mane before turning back to Jordan's world, seeing the panic starting to set in on her hybrid face. Right about now she was probably blaming the doctor for her predicament, as she had full right to. Centuries old and she was still making the same amateur mistakes and costing people their lives.

With a deep breath she moved the orb to the corner of her desk, a reminder that even she still had a lot to learn, before getting up to fetch a broom. There was another mess she caused to clean up after all.