

Lizard Brained

Flick Transformation Story

Contains: Chameleon Transformation, Female to Male, Mind Change. Don't like, don't read.

Ollie didn't find a better time to clean her closet. Or, well, closets. The snow owl adjusted her glasses, before opening one of the closets. She carefully cleaned the dust off, checking for every nook and cranny to see if there was any trash in there.

Things remained that way for a bit, with Ollie cleaning closet after closet. Sometimes she found old things she had, like cameras, old gaming consoles, pictures, but by far, what she found the strangest was...

A bug net. As far as Ollie could remember, she didn't own one! So... why did she find one there? It looked nice, sure, but that wasn't the important thing.

"...Where did this come from?"

She shook her head, trying to remember. Although, was it really that important? Or could she ignore it and do something else. For example, clean more of her house.

Normally, this would be the case. But strangely enough, Ollie found herself drawn to this strange net, and without doing much thinking, she grabbed it, taking it outside.

Were there even bugs? Surprise, surprise, she found a few butterflies around her garden. Ollie blinked, not really expecting to find them this fast, but...

Hm. Hmm. Hmmm. She wanted to see if she could catch one. Ollie quickly looked around, and a smirk formed on her face, with her running off, pursuing a butterfly.

She swung the net up and down, but the bug moved out of the way. Ollie groaned, moving it again, this time from left to right, and still... that butterfly escaped.

"Feisty little thing, aren't you?!" Ollie muttered under her breath, running as fast as she could.

Given Ollie wasn't exactly an athlete, she couldn't keep this up for very long. Half a minute and she was already gasping for air. Yet, her determination urged her to keep going.

"C'mon, I can do this!"

She felt energized, more than ever before. Ollie jumped, swinging the net again—this time as fast as she could. And with that, she finally did it.

Ollie caught the butterfly, trapping it in her net. She panted, exhausted by this, but not letting that bug free just yet. For the briefest of moments, she was ecstatic. Laughing loudly to herself, looking at the bug in front of her.

Yet, she also felt something different. Something... odd? A strange sensation washing over her body. Like an itch, but stronger. Ollie blinked, trying to understand what exactly this sensation was.

...She had no idea. However, Ollie was able to see that it was mostly located around her behind. Her tail feathers, to be exact. They felt so light. Lighter than usual—far more, in fact.

"What's... going on now?"

Of course, she didn't know what it *actually* was. At least, not yet. Though Ollie felt frozen; she couldn't move. Or maybe she couldn't bring herself to move?

Something like that. Breathing in and out, in and out. Despite this, panic was already settling in her body. Tentatively, she reached out to touch her tail.

A grunt was forced out of her mouth, while she felt her tail start to twitch. Not to mention... some of the feathers—well, most of them fell off, landing on the ground.

"W-What?! My feathers!"

She gasped, not used to this, and not *wanting* to get used to this. Yet, all she could focus on was that sensation. Like something crawled on her back, moving up and up, more every second.

This... this was *wrong*. Ollie gasped for air, glancing as much as she could at her tail. All of the feathers had fallen, all except for one. The one that remained grew longer, sleekier.

More importantly, it turned a bright red. Ollie could only watch in shock as scales formed around her new tail, unable to do anything to stop what was coming.

"H-Huh?!" Ollie protested, but it was pointless, as nobody was there to help her. She was completely alone in this.

Even the butterfly she trapped had escaped—Ollie dropped the net in her confusion. She trembled, and if she was pressed any further, Ollie was sure she'd cry out in alarm.

...Instead, she kept watching, partially curious, but mostly terrified at what was happening to her. She could identify the tail growing on her to be from a chameleon. It hardly resembled hers anymore.

"S-Stop it! S-Stop... s-stop..."

How? How could it stop? She had no idea, no way of helping herself. Maybe blurting this out loud would somehow make things better for her. She didn't really know.

She wouldn't have the time to figure it out, though, as the changes began to move, going from her tail all the way down to her legs. Much like it happened on her rear, the feathers on her legs were falling off.

Instead of feathers, he now had red scales. So bright, so colorful... Ollie almost liked them. Almost. She knew better than to be enjoying herself like this.

There was, of course, a bigger problem. Namely, that her legs suddenly snapped. Ollie couldn't help herself and let out a scream of pain, looking down to see that she now had a more plantigrade stance.

"N-No...! No!"

She didn't want this. She... really didn't want this. Ollie practically screamed again, moving back. Or rather, stumbling back. She didn't know if she could keep her balance.

"S-Stop. Have to... h-have to stop." Ollie closed her eyes, stopping herself just enough to calm down. Or try to.

Breathing in would probably help. She tried it, before letting it out. In again, then out. Maybe this wasn't real. Maybe... she was hallucinating or something.

Except the pain was real, and if it was real, then it meant that this was no hallucination. No dream. Her body really was undergoing this transformation.

Once the realization settled in, she was horrified at it. Ollie shook her head, as if trying to deny it again. After all, what else could she do? Nothing, that is.

She grunted again, legs itching like crazy. There were no feathers in there anymore, and the scales only spread further around her body. For now, though, Ollie only focused on one part of her.

Her spats. They were tight, with a pressure she knew nothing of growing more and more. But... but *why*? Why was it happening? It caused her to groan, and without thinking, Ollie tried going all the way back inside her house.

The word, of course, being *trying*. She struggled to walk, and every time she took a step, it was as if daggers were carved inside her boots. She even heard them tearing open, which... well, was hardly what she wanted to go through.

Yet, she still managed to walk forward, to reach the door. Ollie winced as she twisted the knob, finally letting herself inside. And after that, she immediately went and jumped on the couch, groaning.

As this happened, the dagger-like sensation on her spats grew stronger. They teared again with so much strength that Ollie practically cried after the first tear formed.

And it did form. Her spats burst open, revealing two feet that weren't... talons. Not anymore. They were still scaly, but now they were red, no feathers, and definitely not belonging to an owl anymore.

Chameleon. They belonged to a chameleon. Was that what she was turning into? It... probably was, yeah. Ollie's sights were on her new feet; she twisted the toes, feeling them twitch with her thoughts.

Because they *were* hers. "N-No! Not... not this... n-not..."

Denying the changes wasn't helping her, though. Nothing would help her. And a small part of her *did* want it. It was a lot easier to let go, to accept the transformation, to... to wish for it.

But could she? Could Ollie bring herself to accept the changes? She didn't know. She *really* didn't know. Her thoughts were nothing if not conflicted. Worse, her legs were... itching too.

Ollie's eyes darted towards her legs, and indeed, they were already changing. Any feathers that were in that area fell off, bringing a sting of pain as if they had been plucked off.

And Ollie screamed with each of those stings. She didn't see it, but her legs were now growing scales. The same red kind as those on her feet. It just made sense to have that, no? It did... it did.

Without trying to, Ollie began to smile. She didn't try to, and neither did she want to. It just happened without her having any input on the matter.

A short, raspy breath left her. Then another, and another. Ollie didn't know what to do, what to think. That part that wanted it grew stronger, yelling, shouting at her to follow through.

Easy. It'd be easy. She... could enjoy it? Ollie shook her head, ignoring the thoughts as much as she could. But that was interrupted by more plucking of her feathers, this time reaching her thighs.

Something felt odd. Ollie didn't know how to put it into words, but she didn't like where this was headed. It was wrong, somehow. Ollie's eyes went wide as she watched the scales move upwards. Again.

Oh. Oh no. It was reaching her waist. Noticing that only made sure that her eyes practically popped out of her face from how wide they'd gotten. She stared down at her pants, already looking too tight for comfort.

But what she really noticed was that her waist was bigger. It was the biggest part of her, by far. Though... though it paled in comparison to the real meat of the changes.

"M-My...!"

Between her legs, something was growing. Something thick, something big. Something that... that Ollie didn't know if she wanted or not. It brought forth another kind of change—a transition of sorts.

She... she... she knew what it was growing. A member. A male member. And the more Ollie thought about it, the less he resisted. Wasn't it natural for *him* to have that? He was a man, after all.

Wasn't he? His mind had, admittedly, gotten a little hazy, so he couldn't be one-hundred percent sure, but he was close to it. And... and yeah, he *was* a man. He'd always been one. It felt right to be one.

Ollie slowly but surely began to smile. Oh yes, he wanted this. And as he thought about the changes, he realized they were done. At least, around his waist.

"I'm... I'm closer...?" Ollie blinked. For some reason, his mind felt slower than normal. Although, maybe that wasn't too bad. He was more of a guy connected to his emotions than anything else. Feelings, that kind of stuff.

That was the kind of man he was. Ollie breathed in again, before letting it out. His lungs were taking in more air than usual, and that itch returned—was his chest changing next?

More like his stomach. The itching he felt was strong, almost like a rash. And... well, why should he be wearing that shirt, anyway? And those pants, too. They didn't feel like they were *his*. They were... someone else's clothes? That made sense.

Ollie blinked, and the thought echoed around his mind. That was right. He was... different now. Even his name didn't exactly ring a bell. He *had* a name in mind, but actually thinking about that proved to be a tad bit harder than he thought.

"I'm... my name is... my name..."

He couldn't say. The words didn't leave his mouth, no matter how much he tried. For now, it looked like Ollie would have to do.

And he was sure of it. Though, he decided to focus more on the rash that was spreading around his stomach. Too strong, too... powerful.

"S-Stop. Stop...? Don't... s-stop...?"

Ah. He was still conflicted about it. Ollie's mind struggled to process everything, but he was getting there, eventually. He closed his eyes, breathing again and scratching his chest.

More and more feathers fell from him, and it only seemed to aggravate the rash he had. Ollie didn't stop. His wings also had that same rash... which meant he was scratching them as well.

The sensation was powerful, overwhelming. And yet, an increasingly larger part of him was enjoying it. It was... easy to give him, he found. Instead of resisting so much, Ollie was starting to want it more and more.

Wouldn't that be nice, though? He sort of... needed this. A smile formed on his beak, and with the scratches, more and more feathers fell from his arms.

He *had* to take a look; the scales he now had were beautiful, to say the least. Ollie admitted to himself he found them rather... rather nice to have.

Another important detail was that his mind was a little blank. He couldn't think too much about most things, and honestly, Ollie didn't want to. Enjoying himself felt much better to him.

At the same time, he started thinking about bugs. Catching them, to be exact. He also had... a partner? A beaver, his partner... his...

Huh. Ollie didn't spend a lot of time thinking about that. Instead, his thoughts were on the damn itch. To be exact, because it stopped.

For a few seconds, he could relax, taking a look at his arms. They had no feathers anymore, and were full of beautiful, red scales. Though... that wasn't exactly the end of it.

No, there were other things to change. Namely, his hands. Or... wings, still part of them. And Ollie felt the pain coursing through both hands.

He winced from it, but even with that, it didn't stop him. Ollie... wanted this? With the way things were going, he honestly didn't know. Maybe it didn't really matter right now.

Instead of dwelling on that, Ollie focused on seeing the fingers growing. It was a tad mesmerizing to see how the wings shifted into proper fingers, to see claws growing over him. Not to mention the scales...

"W-Wow."

Impressive, if anything. Ollie had to admit, a part of him was finding this to be *really* cool. Probably because of the hazed state of mind he now possessed.

Ollie jumped out of the couch, breathing heavily. Somehow, he wanted out. He could also walk better than before, and... and there was another effect on him that he didn't even notice.

His clothes were slowly morphing. Pants became red with black details, and his spats reformed into black boots. Despite the sudden change, all Ollie could think of was how much he wanted to catch bugs.

He opened the door again, letting himself out. Breathing in the air outside made him feel relaxed, at peace. Ollie didn't understand why, but he certainly didn't complain about that.

Having peace of mind in this state was nothing short of impressive, and Ollie couldn't help himself; he smiled brightly, walking to the garden again.

There were many more bugs now. He could see them everywhere, and they happened to be really appealing to him. Ollie giggled to himself, before wincing—his hands finished transforming.

"That's... familiar? Familiar..."

But why? Why was it familiar? What was familiar about... about everything going on with him? No matter how much he tried to think about it, Ollie's mind would always shift back to those bugs.

Larvae, pulps, then their final stages. Bugs were strong, beautiful creatures. And Olick had always chased after them. He had a collection, and someone that supported this hobby of his.

What else could he want? To be some bird? No, not at all. It didn't make any sense. Why would he wish for that when he could be so much better?

He... wanted to be better. It was the only thing that made any sense to him. Olick's body continued to change, and even his height was shifting. That is, he got slightly shorter than before.

His tail wagged in response to it, while his eyes darted all over the place, looking for each and every bug around the area. A bright forest area, that is.

Did... did he get transported there? Or had he always been there? Olick didn't know.

Maybe it wasn't really important. At least, he didn't find it was important. Instead, he grabbed his net, running around for a bit, looking forward to what would happen next.

"Oh, that's a beetle, and that's a big moth, and—"

Olick was too busy with everything else to really notice the changes. However, they still happened. The feathers on his head fell down, revealing the growing patches of red scales around the area.

His beak, in particular, went through a tough change. It softened a bit, losing that coloration in favor of the red that was overtaking his whole body.

With a pant, the soon-to-be chameleon felt something growing. Teeth, he was growing teeth. He also happened to be forming a nose, or at least the nostrils.

By far, though, the toughest one was the horn growing on top of his nose. It pierced through his skin, though without any pain involved. If anything, it was oddly... peaceful to go through. Not uncomfortable at all. If he were to describe it, he'd call it weird. Nothing more, nothing less.

And... and Olick was fine with that. Another wince left him, this time strong enough to stop him in his tracks. Two ears were forming, one in each side of his head. Like every other part of him, there were scales.

Strangely enough, two earrings formed in one of those ears, and that same pain jolted again, with a horn sprouting on the top of his head.

Of... Ollie's head? No, no. That wasn't right. His head bobbed left and right, reshaping again. Taking a cartoony, anthropomorphic look, but not bird-like at all. Chameleon, like... like the rest of his body.

He wasn't Ollie. No, it wasn't his name. His name was... his name was... something starting with an "f". Something like... something... something...

"Flick."

The name hit him like a brick, yet it made perfect sense. That *was* his name. He was Flick, and...

He had bugs to catch.