

Weaseling into a New Position [#01]

After a long day at work, Malcolm came home incredibly tired. The hyena had spent most of his day being a paddle ball for Felgar, leaving his body a bit bruised and beat up. How he'd managed to get a lift home was a wonder, considering his broken state. Either way, despite the raging storm outside, Malcolm could *finally* get some time to himself. He slid into his favorite easy chair, turned on the television and relaxed.

"Finally, I can catch up on my soaps..." Malcolm sighed, reclining even further into the chair. He snatched the remote and switched to the appropriate channel.

Or at least...he *thought* he did.

Mal was instead greeted by a showing of some old 1930s cartoon starring a gang of weasels messing around with people in an urban environment. The hyena raised an eyebrow and tried to fiddle with the remote, only for a brown weasel hand to reach out of the TV and snatch it away.

"Yous ain't changing the channel on us *this time*, pally!" one of the weasels taunted.

"Wh-what the..." Malcolm backed up as the screen's image was replaced by a swirling brown vortex.

"C'mon and join our gang, get rid of that goofy ol' fang..."

Before Malcolm could even *think* of resisting, his eyes were filled with the same swirls, glued to the TV like a fly to flypaper. His body became much longer and lankier with his snout pulling out to a cartoonish level. A fedora plopped on his newly reshaped weasel head, briefly covering the swirls before another weasel's hand lifted it up. Mal's shirt was buttoned, merging it and the T-shirt he was wearing under it into a black pinstripe suit with a white tie forming around its collar. Malcolm's fur also changed drastically, losing its spots and turning a muddled brown color. With a pair of dress shoes on his feet and a tommy gun tucked away in a hammerspace, Malcolm's induction into the Weasel Gang was complete.

SNAP!

“Ey, Lorenzo! Get in here, we gotsa job from the boss!”

Lorenzo awoke from his induction and looked toward the television of an apartment he didn't recognize. A devious smirk formed on his face. “Aight, Bobby, I'm comin'! Holdya horses!”

Without another word, the new Toon leapt into the TV as it shut off, ready for a life of petty crime and toony antics.

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Suits Me, And Suits Him Too! [#02]

“A-Are nyou sure about this, professor?” asked Penny nervously.

Professor Nox looked up from the wardrobe he was tinkering with. “Ves, ves, of course! Zis is vone of vy most ambitious projehcts yet!”

The catgirl winced. “But, nya, what if someone gets stuck as their clothes or their clothes get separated, nya?”

The red panda chortled. “Ah, tisk tisk! Vou've vet zo zee how zit veels vonce zhe transvormation begins~!” With a hearty crank of his wrench, Professor Nox stepped back from the automatic wardrobe and smirked. “Now, zhe Vautomatic Veverse Vardrobe may have a few, erm...vinks zo it, zooo...” He nervously pushed a button.

A scanner popped out and scanned Penny down, analyzing the clothes she was wearing and forming an image of what the resulting being would be. Penny nodded nervously as the reverse wardrobe then pulled her in, causing her to yelp. For a few moments she scratched at the wardrobe's doors before it zapped her and the changes began. Her ears, hair and facial features began pulling into her head, which rounded out and repositioned itself onto the front of her shrinking and flattening torso. The rest of Penny's lower body folded into her torso before flattening and absorbing excess mass into the sides of a new purple and white collar. What was once the catgirl's head hollowed out and turned copper with a small forming and a small ball on the inside allowing the new bell to ring.

From his workstation, Professor Nox could see the new bell collar had formed successfully. “HAHA! Zit’s working! Zit’s vorking!” He pushed a few buttons, preparing for the creation of the new figure. “Now to vut it zo zhe test...”

From the bell collar, flesh and fur began to form. Dark black fur poured out as an anthropomorphic canine skeleton formed beneath it with internal organs and all. White patches spread up and down the new canine’s body, its fur fluffing up a bit as well. Its ears formed as its snout pulled out with a black nose forming on its end. A brain formed inside its head, dark blue eyes forming in eye sockets and paw pads forming on its hands and feet. Muscle formed, giving the new border collie man a sturdy build. Clothing was next to form, with a dark red hoodie and a white T-shirt bearing a phrase from a particular piece of Japanese animation underneath it being first to form. Black and white striped underwear formed with a pair of denim jeans to cover it up forming over it. White socks and black sneakers finished off the look, as did a scruffy head of brown hair that covered his eyes. Once the wardrobe was done with giving its creation a personality, voice and sentience, it released it, much to the pleasure of Professor Nox.

“Velcome zo zhe world!” he said excitedly.

“Uh...thanks,” the new border collie said sheepishly. “...d’you know where I can get some grub? I have a huge case of the munchies right now.”

Professor Nox was a little confused but smiled nonetheless. “Of course, of course! Just follow me, my friend!” With that, the two set off into St. Thundara to find a decent restaurant.

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Into the Land of the Lab Lizards [#03]

The halls of Darwin and Sons Transformation Solutions’ shipping and receiving areas were well-illuminated yet had a distinct corporate coldness to them. Cyrus’s footsteps echoed as he followed his current employer, Mister Darwin himself, toward a door labeled “RETURNED PACKAGES”. Once they stood in front of it, the husky man swiped his keycard and opened the door, turning on the lights to show a room lined with packages of all shapes and sizes - some even towering to its ceiling.

"Alright, Cyrus, hopefully you'll have a more pleasant time scanning through returned packages than Elliot did," commented Darwin.

Cyrus looked back to Darwin. "What *did* happen to Elliot, sir?"

Darwin adjusted his tie nervously. "...I currently cannot disclose what happened to him. He's not dead, but that's as much as I can say." He then turned to leave, looking over his shoulder. "We're counting on you to get this done, Cyrus. Don't fail us." With that, the husky shut the door and headed back down the hall.

The bat looked out among the sea of packages with a few labels in tow. He took a deep breath and set out into the maze all the returned items had formed. The first few packages were easy, as they were simply dud versions of publicly available DASTS products. Cyrus's protective wear did manage to protect him from a few accidental spills. He powered through his labeling

"Okay, SM45511, better known as..." Cyrus looked up at the packaged bottle perched on a high shelf. "...Lizard's Tongue Brew." He grabbed a ladder and climbed up to the bottle, reaching for it carefully.

However, Cyrus found himself beginning to shake, thanks in part to a rat which had scurried out from under the shelves. He tried to hold on for dear life but eventually the ladder gave way, sending Cyrus plummeting to the ground with the bottle shattering right next to him. It spilled all over his brown body, causing green scales to form along the parts it had hit. They trickled down his body and onto his back, tucking his wings away as a result. Any fur he once had fell away to reveal a much more slender and reptilian body. A massive lizard tail ripped out of Cyrus's tailbone as his eyes shifted to match his new species. With the transformation to his head complete, the scales moved on to turn Cyrus's hands and feet into powerful claws and his snout into something truly monstrous and reptilian. His old protection suit morphed into a stereotypical scientist getup of a pair of spectacles, an unbuttoned white lab coat, and long black pants.

Once Cyrus realized his situation, he stood and knocked a few more things off of the shelves with his new appendage. All the ruckus attracted the attention of Darwin and a few nearby guards, who stormed into the room.

"What is the meaning of this?!" The husky man questioned, overlooking a very confused Cyrus.

"Great...HR's gonna have a field day with this..." Darwin massaged his temples in frustration.

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Explosive Results [#04]

With the final screw screwed into the monitor, Elaine looked upon her newest invention in delight. She lifted her goggles up and then set them aside. This busted machine had been cobbled together from nothing more than junkyard trash and a few spare computer parts from a local store. It was quite something to be proud of, considering what it did. Supposedly it could project a form of a virtual character onto a person, allowing them to become that character after a few moments.

“Welp, here goes nothing!” Elaine said, typing in a few key phrases into the machine’s attached keyboard. It was a ragged old thing but it did the job. “Let’s see...independently developed games...sub-category indie horror...and under key letter N...”

Another directory popped up and Elaine scrolled through it carefully. When she found the character she wanted, the scientist smirked and prepared the machine for its first outing. Elaine grabbed a small remote with a singular red button upon it attached to a cord and stepped in front of the camera positioned at the machine’s other end. Said machine dinged, prompting Elaine to press the button.

SNAP! BOOOM!

The resulting explosion sent Elaine flying across the room and knocked her unconscious for a brief period of time. When she awoke, something *immediately* felt off. Namely, she was much shorter, lacked anything identifying her as female, and not clad in her usual attire. The black brim of a baseball cap and a large yellow beak covered most of her vision. This both spooked and scared the transformed scientist. With a strangely human hand covered in feathers and a zipped up nylon jacket’s sleeve visible just below the palm, Elaine adjusted herself and awkwardly stood, looking down at a pair of black jeans and a pair of black sneakers. The lab itself wasn’t in complete shambles, surprisingly, and a mirror that dropped down from the ceiling showed Elaine’s new avian face.

“It worked...”

A small smile lit up her face.

“...it actually worked! I can’t wait to show the guys next week!”

She looked back to her form again, her smile fading slightly.

“...once I get this fixed.”

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Duck Hunt Season [#05]

Hunting season had finally begun in the sleepy mountain town of North Aweislo, sending hunters of all skill levels out into the wilderness in search of prizes they could bring home to sell or cook up and eat. Wade Pollonax, a young man who had plenty of experience hunting, had set off into the thick forest surrounding Lake Quax in search of his favorite type of meat: duck. From what he had heard at the tavern, this year looked to be especially profitable for hunting waterfowl. He arrived at his usual spot - a ridge overlooking an area where ducks usually swam by - and loaded his rifle.

“Heh, those stupid birds won’t know what hit them...” Wade chuckled to himself as he lined up a shot on an unsuspecting duck. He made sure the safety was off and pulled the trigger.

BANG!

Wade looked over the scope and was confused when the duck didn’t budge. The other ducks around it had scattered, but still this duck remained.

“Stubborn little fella...” grumbled Wade as he readied another shot.

BANG!

Wade whipped around as he could see the bullet he had just fired lodged into a tree trunk. He laid down his weapon and went to investigate. Not only had the bullet gone through one tree, it had gone through *several* but remained in the one closest to him.

“What the hell...?”

“Ooo, nice shot but no cigar, Wadey!”

Confused by the voice, Wade turned around and found himself face to face with a floating blue anthropomorphic duck with a set of mighty horns protruding from his head and fearsome fangs visible from within his beak. He was brave enough to only be clad in a scarlet vest and a pendant bearing a crescent moon on the front. The duck also held a balloon version of Wade’s rifle in his hands, popping it quickly and sending it flying off.

The hunter stumbled back, terrified by what he was seeing. “WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU?!” asked Wade, pointing at the duck.

“Firstly, the name’s Felgar! Don’t go very far!” With a simple downward motion from one of his hands, Felgar smirked. “And second, Wade, it’s not polite to point! And I can’t have you messing up my kind’s joint! Say goodbye to hunting creatures in the bog and enjoy life as a simple hunting dog!” A mighty symphony wrapped the area in its tunes as Felgar began to work his magic.

“GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!” Wade shouted, genuinely terrified as he tried to run. Before he could get very far, he stumbled and fell flat on his face.

When Wade looked down at it, he saw it had pulled out into a cartoonishly shaped canine snout with tan fur on the underside, brown fur on top, and a round black nose on the end. He tried to pull it away, but found it useless as his hands and feet turned into paws with the same brown fur spreading onto his body. Wade tried to stand but was forced on all fours by a smashing hand gesture from Felgar. His ears grew out, becoming black and floppy, while his eyes became large and cartoony. Before long, Wade had been transformed into the *Duck Hunt* dog!

“Aw, what a cute pooch!” chuckled Felgar as he whirled his hands around to warp Wade’s brain, as well as the memories of everyone else in town. “But, with that done, I better scootch! Don’t wanna miss my next encounter~”

With that, Felgar vanished, leaving the transformer Wade to wander the forest looking for his owner.

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Mr. Mime's Playtime [#06]

The battle was heating up immensely for Nicole. The Psychic she had been fighting was quite the powerful one, her primarily Eeveelution filled team taking quite a beating. However, her Gallade made short work of most of the team, its Poison Jabs and Shadow Balls in particular dealing exceptional amounts of damage to most of the opposition. As the enemy's Meowstic fell, Nicole cheered.

"Nice work, Gallade! Only one more 'Mon to go!" the spunky Trainer called out.

The Psychic grunted before levitating his final Poké Ball. "Mr. Mime, come forth!"

Just as soon as he was called out, Mr. Mime looked ready to take on both the Gallade and its Trainer.

"Mr. Mime, use Psybeam!" the psychic called.

The Mr. Mime wound up a shot and prepared to fire. Except it wasn't aiming at Gallade...

...it was aimed at *Nicole herself*.

Before Nicole could react, the Mr. Mime's Psybeam struck her head, causing her to tense up. Her hair was first tucked away under a beret while her face was covered in black and white makeup. Nicole's outfit morphed into a long-sleeved black and white striped shirt with red suspenders and a little red ascot forming as well. Long black pants and matching heels from her shorts and stockings while white gloves formed upon her hands. Her Poké Balls took on a black and white coloration as well, including her Gallade, who went silent right after they changed.

"Incredible! It seems Mr. Mime has managed to transform both the opponent and their Pokémon into mimes!" the announcer called. "We'll need to check the legality of that move, but for now let the battle continue!"

Nicole tried to call out something for her Gallade to perform but no words came out. She banged on the invisible box she now found herself in in fear. The Psychic smirked.

“Without a way to call out your Pokémon, I believe that means you forfeit, hm?”

Nicole was completely silent, but looked terrified.

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Making A Fool of Yourself [#07]

DING DONG!

“Huh? I don’t think I had any company planning to come over today...” questioned Jeremy.

The dragon had been taking an early afternoon power nap before someone decided to ring his doorbell and disturb it. He groggily staggered toward the door, snatched his keys and unlocked it.

“Hel-”

“CLOWN-A-GRAM!”

SPLAT!

As a cream pie pelted his face, Jeremy stumbled back and landed right on his rear. He removed the pie tin from his face, making a note to potentially use it later, and watched as an anthro rabbit dressed and done up like a clown hopped away from his doorstep.

"I don't want to think about that any more than I have to..." Jeremy grumbled, shutting the door and walking toward his bathroom.

As Jeremy looked in the mirror, he noticed his face was a bit paler and fuzzier than before. His once reptilian snout now had a more vulpine form with the exception of his now bulbous red nose. Out of curiosity he squeezed it, causing it to make a honking sound. The dragon yelped and stumbled on his now goofy fluffy feet.

"What the..." he asked, trying to pull the nose off.

As Jeremy tugged on it, the white coloring and fur only continued to spread, his outfit merging and poofing out into something big, white and comfortable, dotted with polka dots in all sorts of colors. His hair shrank back, as did his horns, while his tail fluffed up and his ears shot to the top of his head.

"Despite what that guy meant, this is no longer funny!" Jeremy shouted, still tugging on his new ears.

He splashed water upon his slowly changing face and tried to remove the makeup with anything he could find, but that only seemed to make it worse. Soon enough his feet were covered by an untied pair of oversized blue and yellow shoes with mismatched socks sticking up out of them. Jeremy tried to pull those off too but ended up falling flat on his face and knocked himself out.

"Ow, I think I landed on my humerus..." mumbled Jeremy before he lost consciousness.

When Jeremy awoke, he was much more confused than he had been. For one, that name didn't stick as well as it should have - why would JayJay the Clown think his name was *Jeremy* of all things? And for that matter, why was his dressing room a bit of a wreck? He didn't quite remember his circus being so poorly run. Either way, the fox clown looked in the mirror and put on the biggest, gaudiest bowtie he could find. JayJay made a few small adjustments and then headed out to make this next performance truly shine!

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Double the Money, Double the Bunny [#08]

Victor had been enjoying the casino thus far. Though the lights were getting to him, admittedly, he still enjoyed watching and participating in its various activities, some more legal than others. When he came to the area full of slot machines, however, he discovered something rather odd. Sticking out like a sore thumb amidst the generic gambling devices was a gaudy multi-colored machine with a massive sign reading “CHANGE YOUR FATE” on the top of it.

“Huh, doesn’t seem anyone’s using this one...” commented Victor as he took a seat in front of it.

Confusing the human even further was what the slots showed. Instead of the traditional symbols, it showed numerous symbols seemingly unrelated to one another - bunny ears, fishtails, hypnotic swirls, and a few more. More curious was the fact that the slots appeared to spin horizontally as opposed to vertically.

Ever curious to see where this led, Victor put a few dollars into the machine and pulled the crank. “Here goes nothing!” The slots then began to spin, the results showing up one by one.

“Bunny ears...”

Victor’s ears immediately shot to the top of his head, elongating and gaining pink fur around them. His head reshaped into something softer, feminine and decidedly more lapine. His eyelashes grew out and thinned, as did his brows, and his nose pulled out into a small muzzle with a pink nose on the end. Victor’s hair grew out slightly, falling just past his shoulders. Pink fur covered Victor’s newly “bunnified” head with him not noticing a bit.

“Bunny girl...”

As this slot finished, Victor’s outfit began to shift. Both of his hoodie’s sleeves shrank back into it with his shirt merging with it. The collar dipped down to form a rather revealing white corset with pink fur coming down with it. A pair of breasts then pushed out to fill the cups of the corset while a blue bowtie formed from what was left of Victor’s old hoodie. Cuff links wrapped around Victor’s wrists while his pants morphed into a pair of gray leggings which ended in a pair of white heels which replaced his sneakers. He stumbled a bit, but watched as the final slot landed on its target.

“Bunny?”

Victor raised an eyebrow as the fur finished covering his - now her, given what happened downstairs - body and a soft cotton tail appeared on her rear. Her skeletal structure cracked and creaked as it reformed into something better suiting the new bunny girl sitting in front of the slots. Instead of cash falling out of the slot, a tray with a set of drinks came out, confusing Victor.

“Wh-wha...” She blinked before taking them.

“Hey waiter? Could we get a refill over here?” one of the club’s patrons called.

Victor shivered but nervously pressed on, ready to take on this new job.

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Deep Sea Deception [#09]

CLICK!

Elliot snapped another photo. His underwater camera was already chock full of photos of the wildlife he’d seen since first taking a scuba dive a few hours ago. These were going to make amazing stories for him to tell his online friends when he got back to the surface.

“Man, you’d *never* be able to get something like this in an aquarium...” he said as he snapped a couple more shots. “Wonder if this is what Dominic sees when he gets transformed!”

Elliot dove deeper into the water, his vision only obscured by the darkness that was fast approaching him. He activated a light on his diving suit and swam deeper. Nervousness wracked Elliot’s nerves as he headed into a cave. Soon enough he could still barely see a thing!

“There’s got to be something I can get out of here with...”

Gooooo forward...

Elliot looked around for the source of the voice, incredibly confused as he swam toward where he believed it was coming from. He eventually reached a small air pocket in the cave and noticed a glowing object upon a pedestal. On further inspection, it appeared to be a pearl, a beautiful one at that!

“Oh wow! But...how’s it going to help me get out?” Elliot questioned as he examined it.

Firmly graaaaasp it...

As Elliot held the pearl in his grasp, he seldom noticed as tentacles sprouted from his legs, his legs eventually bursting into a pair themselves. Though he wanted to panic, some inner voice told him not to. Thus, the fox watched as an inky black substance tore up his body and caused it to bulge out, causing both the diving suit to rip and a rather sizable bust to form!

“Well...this is rather...rather...” A devious smirk crossed the transforming fox’s face. “Rather pleasant, I must admit~”

With Elliot fully gender-swapped, her hair grew out and dark green nail polish formed upon her much longer nails. Similarly colored eyeshadow formed as her lashes grew out and her face became much more feminine overall. The new sea witch looked upon herself and smirked.

“Elliot doesn’t quite fit someone as graceful as I, no no,” she began. “From this day forth, I shall be Ellie~!”

With a maniacal laugh, Ellie put the pearl in a newly formed amulet around her neck and swam toward a grotto, awaiting her first “customer”. All the while, her camera floated back up to the surface, containing the last few moments of her old life.

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Cat Scratch Fever [#10]

Ynnep sat at home, minding her own business. She had been working on art earlier but finally decided to take a break in order to let her mind rest and relax a little before she got back to work. For now she let something drone on on TV, prompting her to lay out.

“Finally done with that big commission...hopefully the guy who bought it likes ieow...” she mumbled.
“Wheow? Wait a meownute...oh neow not again!”

The Sphinx girl found her body slowly shrinking and her normal cat features returning her. She was forced onto all fours and slowly slipped through her clothes as purple fur reformed on her newly shrunken body. Ynnep tried to fight the changes but was unable to as her hands and feet turned into clawed paws which scratched part of her couch as she fell to the floor.

“Mrroooowww...” Ynnep groaned as she rolled over onto her belly.

The new feline felt her cat instincts take over, prompting her to spend most of the day scratching at her furniture, sitting in boxes much too small for her, and chasing mice into every crevice and corner of her home. Whenever she turned back, it would be a mess for her to clean up, but for now, she was feeling free and fine!

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Pushing All Their Buttons [#11]

Felgar floated in his chair, a little bit bored by how the day had panned out. Most of his favorite toys had already been transformed or were in the process of transforming into new forms! The demonic duck overlord wasn't amused in the slightest.

“Good gravy! It's like no one can keep their mitts off something that changes them! That's my job!” he grumbled as he suddenly had a devious idea. “Keeping their mitts off of something, eh? Well, maybe it's time I got a little...HANDS ON!”

With a maniacal cackle, the duck conjured a portal that sent him dropping into his beloved button room. It had been a while since he had used this room but every button had a story behind it, whether that had been something pleasurable to the duck or a bit of an interesting experience. Felgar cracked his knuckles and pulled up a few screens, turning on some music from one of the screen's speakers. He then began a simple dance and floated over to a button.

"It's..."

BEEP! On one screen, a human man shrank into a small, disoriented Moogles.

"...a..."

BEEP-A-DEEP! With a push from Felgar's toes, a couple squished, squashed, and shrank together before falling to the ground as a s'more.

"...transformin' number~!"

BLOOP! A clown fell out of his big costume and ended up as a feral hyena. A few kids watching scurry off while the helium from his balloon cart causes him to let out a helium-induced laugh.

"A real game changer!"

MEEP! BEEEEEP! Felgar sent his hands through a few portals to transform a small group of people into a proper adventuring group, complete with a busty barbarian who was once a scrawny nerdy bear.

"An tune to transform folks toooooo~"

BLEEP! BONK! Felgar danced along to the tune and stomped a few buttons, causing different people, some of which he knew and some he didn't, to turn into a small pile of office supplies.

"So sorry to interrupt you, didn't know you'd be changin' so soooooon~"

BREEEEEEP! He brought his hands back and quickly transformed a couple more victims into some anthropomorphic chimeras for the hell of it.

"What's neeeeew is old, this story's already been tooold..."

BEEP! BAJEEP! BEHEEP! Felgar produced a third hand and used its pointer finger in conjunction with his two other pointer fingers to press buttons to turn a trio of friends into a hydra which stomped through a small suburban neighborhood.

“Got a transformin’ number for the woorld~”

Felgar struck a pose, watching the catastrophes erupt on his plethora of TV screens. He then teleported. The camera feeds’ brought a bit of pleasure to the duck’s face, causing him to lean back in his chair and summon a glass of light blue boba tea with yellow and pink pearls at the bottom.

“Ah, now THAT’s more like it. Nothin’ like a little multiversal mayhem on the weekend...” Felgar sighed, taking a big slurp of the boba.