

A twitch, and the vial snapped.

Minerva hissed a curse through her teeth as the burbling blue liquid oozed over her fingers of her gloves. The fabric offered barely any protection at all, and the quiver of lightning - however slight - soon rippled along her nerves, tracing back along her arm and shoulders before racing down. A grimace beneath the mask as she imagined the lightning blowing out the toes of her boots, and then a shiver as she realized the pink drawing across her cheeks at *that* thought. The revelation two weeks prior had been dangerous enough for her desire, but her thoughts had trended ever-lower since - and as her nerves lit up from the energy, the sparks of gold starting to ripple within her eyes, her mind again began to wander...

Her toes curled as she bit her lip, fingers gripping the edge of the lab bench instinctively. Resistance seemed almost an afterthought, nowadays; the beast blood swimming throughout her had promised her so much, then delivered even more when she had asked. And with her senses frazzled from the latest hiccup in the experiment, she swallowed, and let it happen. The toes uncurled, the tips of the nails already turning smoky grey as they caught the edge of her boots, gouging into the fabric as softer nail hardened into the beginnings of talon tip. The fabric of her mask sucked in with her next breath as she inhaled, the sparks of gold within her pupils becoming a whirlwind as inky feather-stains rippled beneath her clothing, following the lightning lines of her trembling nerves. "B-big", she managed the whisper, and felt the primal shudder of the mutation seem to respond with glee. "I...I want them big, HHH...!"

The tremble became a quake, and her body lurched forward obligingly, putting the weight of her form upon the boottips. The claws gouged into the leather, the first band of taloned scale overtaking skin as tendon popped in eager anticipation, shoving the toes forth as the heel began to deform. Her nostrils flared, her breaths eager as she pictured the straining leather, the crease of stretching boot heel as toes mashed against one another - the smaller losing the fight, drawn into the stretching bands of taloned scale. She hunched further, putting her weight onto the table as her gloves popped, mask beginning to strain with the weight of her shifting face, but her focus remained below as the leather began to pop - one, two, four taloned toes escaping, the gasp accompanying each pop causing her heart to race. Her breaths were as fast as the lightning, a hair shy of hyperventilation. 'H-H-HhH...ghh...! NnhHH! B-b-bigger, morEeE...!!'

The changes lurched, and her changing fingers tore into the tabletop, scrabbling claws drawing furrows into the oak as the contours of her mask ballooned and popped open, erupting in a torrent of fabric. Flight musculature crossed her backside as the burgeoning wings bunched, feathers caught in the felt of her outfit as the boots - scraps pretending to be footwear - continued to wrench around her feet. The talons clenched - SNAP - as leather shredded down the lines of each changing foot, the eager destruction joined by the scrape as the claws scratched at the floor under her. The beak worked further free as feathers overtook her scalp, the tremor of pleasure arching into a proper moan in her increasingly-distorted voice. Her knees buckled, changing fingers leaving eager trail-marks in the wood on her way down as she slid down, using the table to keep from dropping to all fours as the wings crunched fabric and sent much of what was left of her outfit flying against the opposite wall.

A final moan overtook her, and the talons popped yet further - stretching as far away from her as could be reached to her knees and beyond. A shuddering sigh, as she let her hands drop.

*What a tragedy it can only go so far...*