

Thrift and Thievery

Rocco tapped into the shared kitchen of the flat he lived in, on the prowl for some snacks. A long day of studying and nothing happening left him wanting to unwind and maybe eat a little something on the side. He moved over to the cabinet that each of the flat residents put their dry foodstuffs into and opened it with great enthusiasm and hope. It was empty. Or his section at least, there was a pack of pasta, some spices and oil for the pan. He had completely eradicated his supply of snacks.

A resigned sigh left him, all the stores were closed already and the only gas station still open was at least twenty minutes of walking away from here. He took a step back and wanted to close the door, when in the corner of his eye he saw something.

His section may have been completely deserted, but looking over to the section his flat mate Ashley kept to herself, he saw quite the opposite. An alluring sea of knick knacks, bags of crisps and multiple candy bars. Enough for a weekend movie evening with the girls, probably. He approached it carefully and took a look inside. He had absolutely no intention to get on the bad side of Ashley, not with who she was and what she could do, but this was just some small snack. He knew that she kept in her room for the evening usually, doing... whatever it was that her kind did to pass the time. Probably potion brewing or something. Or maybe sharpening her -very-fashionable pointy hat.

He snickered slightly at the thought, but deep down he was concerned, he knew of her magical powers and so did basically everybody who knew her too. Not that she made much of an effort to hide them, quite the opposite, she had a habit of flaunting her powers for effect, comedic or otherwise. It almost scared him. She always took it so casually, as if they were just part and parcel of everyday life. He had seen people fall to all fours and turn into cats at a wink of her eye and even they just got back up and continued on as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps he should take it with levity too, he only thought about taking a single small bag of crisps, he'd just put another one back there tomorrow and if he wasn't caught, who would she really blame. If she'd notice at all to begin with. He sighed and held out his hand to take one of the small salted flavour bags, gripping it and noticing that it probably didn't weigh more than some fifty grams. A bit disappointed, he took the bag and turned away from the cabinet. And almost bumped into Ashley.

"Hey Rocco, how did studying go?"

Startled he dropped the bag and took a step back, she had once more displayed her ability to not only cast magic, but also sneak up on people as if she was walking on velvet steps. He caught himself falling back, but found himself cornered between the cabinet and its door, with her leaning forward to him, her question still reverberating on. His panicked reaction and the crisps on the floor did rouse her suspicion though as she looked at one of his hands still in her section of the cabinet and the other trying to hold onto the door.

She tilted her head and asked a second question: "Hold on, are those my crisps?"

Rocco stuttered a little as he tried to respond: "T-this is not what it looks like I just wanted to- y'know, I was just... rummaging around."

He immediately regretted saying those last words, they really weren't helping his case here. She raised an eyebrow and asked: "Always sticking your nose into other people's things, huh?"

Rocco shook his head, she sounded chipper and casual, but a bad premonition gripped him: "I-I was just a bit hungry after a long day, I was just looking for something small!"

"Drawing your tail between you legs already?" She giggled and drew a bit closer to Rocco, looking at his worried expression and giving his body a muster. It seemed like she was thinking about something and Rocco did not want to know what it was, for what it could spell for him. After a moment of silence, Ashley spoke up again: "Hmm, why can't I shake the image that you're a raccoon, just stealing my stuff like that?"

Rocco's heart stopped and he felt panic starting spread through him, cold and sharp. He had seen firsthand how her moral and ironic punishments began, and he saw the same fate descend upon him. He started to shake and tried to stammer forth a plea: "N-no please, p-please, I don't want to be raccoon! Please don't!"

A spark of happiness jumped into her eyes as if she had just gotten an idea in the moment he said those words and she smiled: "That's right, I can make you into a raccoon, then I won't have to shake the image!"

Rocco tried to run, but he was standing in a corner, the only way forward would be through her, but who knew what she would do if he tried to make any step toward her. He looked around, trying to see if there was any exit, but the window was behind the cabinet's door and the nearest door out of the room was right behind her. He was still frantically looking around when he felt something on his forehead. He looked back and saw her arm extending to him, a single finger right on his forehead. She looked happy and cheerfully told him: "You are a raccoon."

It was like a sentence. The words hit him like a truck, he felt weak and a wave of daze rolled over him from her finger. He sank together, perhaps more literally than he thought, as in an instant his body started to puff up. His shirt started to stretch a little and his stature got a little hunched over as his knees started to bend. He had shrunken at least a handspan compared to her and looked up to her content smile she beamed down to him. His mind was hazy, he could barely do anything other than look at himself change according to her whims.

It got harder not to notice too, what had previously just been a expanding and shrinking feeling started to take on new sensations. His hands felt like they were swelling, his fingertips almost pillowy and his palm equally so. His nose felt like it was bunching up, pulled upward and twisted, a little bundle forming on his face. With terror he could see it starting to darken and twitch. He noticed something in the air, it was a certain scent, sharp and spicy. It was fear. His own.

The scent shook him up again, through the haze he managed to comprehend the situation, just what was happening to him. He looked down at his hands and saw them darken just like his nose, no

longer human, but instead spindly fingers with soft pads on them, with another large swollen pad on his palm. He could feel the tender skin pushing and being compressed when his fingers clenched up a little, as if he had swollen pillows attached to them. He looked back up at her, fear in his eyes and shaking in his voice: "I-I get it okay? I learned my lesson now stop this!"

No reaction. Instead, all he got was tension in his legs as his muscles cramped up. He heard a crackling in his feet and looked down, feeling them stretch and flatten out. He saw little claws poking through his socks that tore bigger and bigger holes as his toes got longer, almost as spindly as his fingers and tore his socks apart. The crackling and reshaping of bones slowly came to a hold, but an almost familiar swelling and puffing sensation followed it up, as they grew the same soft pads as his hands. His toes darkened and with a prickling sensation he saw them covered up by a thin layer of fur.

His balance felt off after this change, like he had difficulty standing upright, so to stop himself from falling to Ashley's feet, he let himself fall back, against the cabinet door that had blocked his escape earlier. She still stood in front of him, enjoying the sight of what she had done with enthusiasm, but only as much as somebody who did something for a thousand times had. This almost indifferent enjoyment scared him, just how many people had she done this to? He tried to shake the thought, this knowing that she just did not care, and as he felt a prickling on his belly and all under his shirt, feeling softer against his back and seeing his shirt being stretched out by a thick layer of pillowy fur, he tried to beg for mercy one last time: "Please, stop this! I'm human, you can't turn me into- into... into an animal!"

That seemed to get a reaction out of her, making her giggle slightly and stepping a bit closer: "Human? Are you really human, what with those cute little grabby hands of yours? Do humans have such pillowy fur? You can't even walk upright, let alone talk..."

Rocco tried to protest and spoke up, trying to say that he could speak, but then he heard it. He said words, but they seemed distorted. Like little shrieks and hisses coming from his throat. How long had it been like that? Did she just do it to him? Had he been screeching like this the entire time? His spirit began to crumble and break, the hopelessness of his situation dawned on him. He could feel more changes, a tugging on his face, a stubbing on his spine, a ruffling in his hair. He saw his nose getting longer, filling up more and more of his sight. He felt his mouth adapt to it, stretching forward, his skull crackle and deform as it lost whatever trace of humanity it once had, taking on the shape of a short, perky and defined muzzle. As grey and white fur spread on it, Ashley started to speak up again: "No, I don't think you're human, with that cute little mask you've got over your eyes now or that adorable little nose of yours~ "

She booped his nose with her finger and as she did, he could feel a twitch all over his new face, a new sensation as whiskers began to grow from it. His entire body was covered in fur by now, his arms, his legs, his face, even his rear. But he knew he wasn't done yet, far from it. Under his hair, there was a certain twitching and moving, the entire top of his head seemed to be in

turmoil. But the really unusual feeling came from his ears. It felt like they were being tugged, sharpened slightly, but definitely pulled upward. Their position seemed off, it was as though an invisible force relocated them, as he felt them get longer, more voluminous, stretching out. They started to wander to the top of his head, no longer just sitting there but actually moving, twitching when he heard his own change, the sound of skin moving and the entire inside of his ear relocating, until his head was adorned by two small, pointy ears that moved about as if they had a mind on their own.

Engrossed by the sight of those cute little ears Ashley reached out and pulled a mirror out of seemingly nowhere, holding it up to him and exclaiming: "Look how cute you are!"

What looked back from the mirror was not cute to him. It was the face of a raccoon, mischievous and pointy, his cheeks puffed out with fur and his ears twitching at the ring of her voice, but the eyes that looked back seemed off. They held more than the rest of the form would suggest, their look was /human/. Or at least what remained of it. The mirror wandered down his body, and Rocco could see the full extent of the changes. He no longer looked humanoid, the entire lower half of his body looked plump and inflated, going neatly into his legs, leaving only an undefined area for his hips. He got thinner up to his chest, but the seamless transition made it look like he was not much more than a fluffball with arms and legs.

This sight was the realisation he needed. He really wasn't human anymore. He was an animal. Who would ever recognise him as a human like this? Resigned, he let himself sink down a little, exhausted from the distress and resistance, falling onto soft fur to cushion him. But sitting down he noticed something, right around his rear. A little nub, just above his buttocks. The sensation sent him jolting up again, almost losing balance once more, barely keeping it a little hunched forward. He had noticed his spine before, but this was weird. He felt it stubbing, a push in his rear. It kept on growing, his spine deforming, cracking as he felt it elongate, one vertebrae growing out after the other. He felt like he was being pulled longer, the little nub now a noticeable extension that writhed and moved, only barely according to his will, wagging up and down as it tried to adjust for the new balance it provided.

It got longer and longer and the prickling on it told him that it started to sprout fur too. He was growing a tail. A fluffy, wagging, plushy raccoon tail! He could feel it further down now, with his bent knees he could feel the floor, a weird sensation, as if his back was sliding across it, but also bending at the same time. He panicked a little, his balance was thrown way off and he felt himself bending forward, until he stumbled and fell against Ashley's waist. Instinctively, he put his arms around it to stabilise himself and only then noticed how low he had actually gripped her. If his cheeks weren't all covered up, he knew that they had to be flush red at him wrapping his hands around her buttocks, and burying his snout into her abdomen. He looked up at the now gigantic girl looking down at him with an amused snicker: "D'aww, aren't you the cutest?"

Her now massive hand reached down to him, and he wanted to dodge it, but then he felt its soft impact on the fur on the back of

his head. It was a stunning feeling, her hand stroking along his neck, taking off and setting back down on the head again, pushing his ears aside a little, moving so slowly across his fur. He felt his hairs receding at the touch, leaving only fur on his scalp, but he did not care for the sensation of her petting him was overwhelming. It calmed him, made him feel at ease, relieving the stress of this situation. His muscles loosened and he let himself fall onto her much more.

But that was not all, the pressure of her hand did more to him than just calm him. Unnoticeably at first but more and more, he felt himself slide down, his arms no longer reaching her ass, but instead gliding down her legs as his chin laid between her thighs. He was falling, shrinking, the world around him becoming larger, but he did not feel fear. If anything it felt natural, the way his clothes got baggy, how his pants slid off his legs and nothing restraining him anymore. Her hand lost touch with him, but he could see her smile through the collar of his shirt, shortly before it collapsed on him.

Lying on the floor, where Rocco had stood just moments prior, was a heap of clothes. Some of them were in bad shape, a bit torn and ripped, as if claws had broken through them or as if they had been stretched too much. But the state of those clothes was not of consequence, but rather the state of he who had worn them mere seconds ago. In those clothes, covered by a layer of shirt was a small furball, a tail erecting out of the collar as it wound inside the clothes. Out of the bottom of the shirt, just above the belt, a curious little nose peeked forth. It was followed up by the snout and black and white face of a raccoon, whose look was darting around, perhaps with more intent than you'd normally expect of such a simple animal. Ashley bowed down to it, squatting down and looking at what she had created. The raccoon looked back up, noticeably unsure of what to do in its mess of clothing and the chaos in the cabinet. The two shared a quiet moment, letting pass by everything that just happened. Considering his enjoyment of her petting, Ashley reached out slowly as to not scare the much smaller animal with her size. Her hand almost laid on its little head when it hissed and bit her finger, running over to the bag of chips on the floor, grabbing it between its teeth and then booking it in the direction of Rocco's room.

The bite didn't hurt and she grinned as she looked at the swishing tail disappear behind a corner. She knew a raccoon's body would be the perfect fit for him.