

Yeti or Not: How I Survived My Friend's Mad Experiment

by

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When people think about a mad scientist's lab, they often have in mind one located in the gloomy and dusty dungeon, taken straight from Mary Shelley's story. Or the other way around - a futuristic one with overwhelming and almost blinding white colors, surrounded by a completely sterile environment. But no, Oxie preferred doing science her way.

At first glance, the room didn't look exactly like a laboratory at all, but rather an inside of a peculiar music club with purple lighting on and several massive cylindrical vats with strange liquid inside, bubbling audibly every several seconds. Few cozy beds stood against the wall, making the room less as a dance club but rather a place for raunchy escapades. Making the creator even more eccentric.

"Almost there, my prince. Just making sure that proportions are correct, along with the temperature." An emerald-colored fox hybrid with slightly curled down ears, a multitude of black stripes all over her body, and a gargantuan bushy tail that swiped the floor with each of her movements worked hard on the strange, brightly green liquid inside the vat. She added one more ingredient inside another cylinder, attached by a twisted hose to the larger one.

Adequately satisfied with the concoction, Oxie poured it inside several glass compartments hanging from her belt, looking confident and ready to proceed. The whole time, a reptile called 'prince' just minutes ago stared at her impatiently, tapping his clawed foot against the tiled floor.

"I don't have that much time. And I told you to call me Gunther when we're alone. Speaking of, wasn't Eddie coming here as well? What happened to him?" The humanoid T-Rex looked around, making sure that nobody spies on their experiment, wanting it to be strictly confidential for several reasons.

"Him? No, not really. Maybe. I don't know." The hybrid shrugged, taking a metallic object from the table, resembling something between an oversized syringe and a pistol. She attached it to the rubber conduit hanging from the largest vessel on her belt. With a small push on the trigger, her 'pistol' squirted out a splash of bright green liquid, landing on the floor. "Any second thoughts?"

After the first answer, Gunther felt suspicious about the whole situation, wondering what exactly happened to their bunny friend. But simultaneously, Oxie was always eccentric, giving strange answers to completely normal questions. He eventually sighed before a nod, already knowing that he might regret this.

“Alright. Shoot.”

“It’s an injection, but no backsies, big boy.” Without waiting any second longer, Oxie quickly sunk the end of her ominous weapon into her friend’s vein, releasing a cup of dangerously looking liquid deep into him, mixing it with blood. “I have no idea what exactly is going to happen but we shall see!” With a mad chuckle, she suddenly pulled out the syringe, squirting out several more drops onto the already messed up floor.

“Wait. What?”

Before the T-Rex could do anything about that short moment of Oxie’s madness, Gunther already felt something crawling through his muscles, as if the liquid attacked every cell of his reptile body. The very first sign was a growing lack of strength, making it difficult to stand on the wobbling legs as if they were made of cotton. Breathing heavily he placed his hand on the vat’s surface for the support, realizing that Oxie kept staring at him without offering any help.

“I’m here, don’t worry. Just let it all in, I’m controlling the situation.” She assured Gunther as if he read his mind. That didn’t make him feel safe, unable to answer what he was becoming. Soon, he watched his fingers disappearing into his palms, turning whole hands completely flat with barely existent toes. After the moment when the same thing happened to his feet, Gunther collapsed on the floor.

He couldn’t speak or make any noises, observing his skin turning gray, while simultaneously all his muscles grew significantly, but getting softer as well. When Oxie pressed her finger against his belly, Gunther slowly realized what kind of transformation that was. Lack of actual muscles, strange paralysis, and an unusual sensation of something cotton-like filling his guts. Although it seemed to be impossible to turn into a literal plush toy, Gunther was the first witness of it.

“Almost there...” Oxie whispered, watching their friend’s snout turn into the gigantic trunk, wobbling near his stomach, before two massive ears suddenly sprouted on each side of the reptile’s head, finishing the transformation. Before her eyes, a six-foot-tall plush elephant sat on the floor, silent but still conscious. She knew that by staring into his eyes as if Gunther’s very soul was still behind them.

“liliiii!” Oxie shrieked out of overexcitement, lifting the surprisingly light friend, hugging its colossal body like a kid she once was, often surrounding herself with plushies just like that elephant. The green fox couldn’t answer herself if she felt happiness because of the successful experiment or because of the nostalgia. Wanting to continue, she simply tossed Gunther onto the bed, ready to proceed further. Her ears perked up, feeling a muffled noise behind the closet door.

“Now now, Eddie. What did I tell you about making a fuss? Remember, once I finish with Gunther, I’m all yours. Or in this case, you’re mine.” She said, before opening the closet. A seemingly lifeless-looking body of a blue-coated bunny in a red hoodie flopped on the floor, with hands and legs tied with a rope. Oxie helped him out to sit against the wall, before removing the gag out of his mouth.

“Where’s Gunther?” He looked around, seeing only her and a strange elephant on the bed. After connecting the dots since he listened to the whole conversation, he opened his eyes in sheer terror. Or maybe it was all a practical joke made on him? Eddie struggled trying to release himself but Oxie only straightened up, giving him a stern look with a gun in her hands.

“Tsk, tsk. Oh, Eddie. This whole experiment is safe. Look at Gunther, he doesn’t complain at all. Right, my prince?” She briefly looked at him, before returning her gaze to the other subject. “He’s still in shock, but he’ll get over it.” She joked, pointing the needle at him with a sinister smile. She couldn’t wait to cuddle with transformed Gunther, but science was a number one priority.

Eddie felt the liquid flowing through his veins after Oxie sunk the pointy tip deep under his skin, simultaneously filling him with sheer terror and invasive thoughts. Anything could happen to him and his flesh, after seeing what just happened to their dear friend. Was Eddie becoming a mere toy as well? Judging by the first seconds of the transformation, it didn’t look like it.

It started with rapidly growing hair from the top of his head, like a plethora of worms suddenly released from beneath the soil. The light-pink dreads quickly covered his scalp, dangling well past his shoulders. Eddie’s ears changed as well, looking like a pair of triangles. Bunny’s little and twitching nose got significantly longer, turning into a typical reptile snout. A pair of deep-blue horns were the last additions to Eddie’s new face, but it was still far from over.

The usually tiny tail that looked closer to a tuft of hair growing out of his lower back suddenly disappeared and instead of fur, a much larger appendage started growing before Oxie’s eyes, almost as long as Eddie’s entire body. The former bunny couldn’t know that, but he looked exactly like a type of rare species only the green fox girl knew about - frost raptors.

However, the transformation was only nearly done since his muscles kept growing without the intention to stop. Getting significantly bigger, starting to rip apart Eddie’s precious hoodie, but before his new muscles destroyed that precious piece of clothing, it abruptly stopped. While wheezing Ice panicked, the fox only observed him, treating him like a guinea pig.

“Wait a second. I think I know this one. But how it’s that possible? Oh, Ice, did you mess around with my equipment?” Oxie sighed, wondering if that familiar reptile had come here, leaving around his DNA. Or perhaps the concoction’s results were so random, it could transform into anyone, even the existing creatures. Oxie kept observing her friend, not recognizing him anymore. But she already expected that.

Ice could barely see himself in the reflection of a nearby glass vet, also unable to accept his new form. And what was Oxie talking about? Overwhelmed with unanswered questions he wiggled harder on the floor, not making any progress with even slightly damaging the ropes around his limbs. Ice tried to chew them with a new set of sharp-looking teeth, but wasn’t agile enough for that.

“Oh, please. You’re acting like some kind of prisoner. It was only for your good. See? I’m letting you free.” She placed the gun on a nearby table, before untying her friend. Ice immediately stood up, trying to plan his next move. Run away? Attack Oxie, his best friend? The new body could barely keep up with new oxygen demands, forcing him to hyperventilate. While the fox grabbed her weapon again, his first instinct was to take it away, treating it as a nefarious object from hell.

“It’s too dangerous! Give it to me!” Ice struggled, trying to pull on the weapon and with added weight, Ice could easily overwhelm Oxie with his size alone. But he didn’t account for one simple thing - being at the wrong end of the said weapon. Before he could take advantage of his new position, the needle poked through his flesh once again, while Oxie grinned at him with pure insanity in her eyes.

“You wanted more? Then there’s more!” She pulled the trigger, releasing the doubled amount of dangerous fluid directly into his veins, chuckling uncontrollably at that whole situation. It wasn’t a typical sinister laugh just yet, but she was getting there.

Second later, Oxie did something imaginable, far from any logic or reasoning, especially for herself. Seeing what happened around her, the fox girl just needed to be a part of it. Not questioning her brief insanity, she pointed the needle towards her arm, sinking it deep enough, before injecting half of the usual dose.

Even after betrayal, confused Ice tried to stop her, only watching his dear friend infecting herself with non-properly tested fluid, making his heart sink. But Ice has his problems, feeling his muscles growing remarkably once again, effortlessly ripping apart Eddie’s favorite red hoodie.

“No!” A strange growl escaped his lips, not sounding like anything familiar, especially not like a typical reptile or even a bunny. A sound that echoed through the room, shaking the glass containers. After that though, snowy-white fur spurted out from all possible spots of Ice’s previously naked body, completely covering him from head to toe. His figure itself looked more humanoid, almost ape-like especially his square-shaped head with two tusks poking out of his mouth.

The towering, mythical beast could do anything with newfound strength, overwhelmed with confusion and anger. Now being none other but a so-called yeti, Ice should do one logical thing - end all of that madness. But instead of using his fur-covered fists, Ice did nothing. The massive beasts sat down on the floor, looking... disappointed. The type of reaction that Oxie feared the most.

Wanting to comfort her friend, Oxie kneeled before the creature with an extended arm. But instead of a fur-covered paw with lime-green beans, she started down a pink claw, typical for reptiles. A type of animal she saw too many times today. Hoping for the best, Oxie stood up to look at her reflection, before letting out a sudden gasp.

The bountiful bosom that sprouted out of her chest wasn’t the first thing she focused on. The most blatant change was a gaping, circle-shaped mouth as if someone attached a pink cannon to her face. She knew these species, normally exclusive to the virtual world.

A Birdo.