

# YEEN! QUEEN!

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(This is the tame version of this story. There is a more explicit version here:  
<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/32879967/> )



The rest of the band filed off the stage, leaving Ashton standing alone. He pressed the microphone to his lips, raised a triumphant, leather-clad fist, and roared:

“We! Are! *Jarl Slayer!*”

A few tables in the back of the bar pattered a polite applause.

Ashton swallowed and continued. “Now keep it going for your next band: *Midnight Alibi!*”

The venue erupted in rambunctious, whooping cheers. They were the first Ashton had heard since *Jarl Slayer* took the stage. He set the mic on its stand, picked his horned viking helmet up off the ground, and made his way to what passed for backstage at Mini’s Bar and Jazz Lounge (now featuring *Metal Mondays!*)

He paused at the door of the green room and took a few deep breaths to work the tightness of disappointment out of his chest. Now came the real performance. He stepped inside.

“We killed it tonight! Absolutely *slayed!*”

His bandmates glanced his way but made no reply. Three of them were crowded around the room’s single, cracked mirror, wiping away their eyeliner and face paint. They resumed the bickering Ashton interrupted.

“--If it’s so easy, why don’t *you* play the bass solo?” asked Brutalis.

“I wouldn’t have written a solo I couldn’t perform,” snipped Detheroth.

“Who tuned the guitars tonight?” muttered Geoffrey. “They deserve a kick in the teeth.”

Ashton's heart sank, but he wouldn't join his friends quarreling at the mirror. For one, he didn't have any facepaint to remove. He was naturally as pale as a ghost and was thankful for it. His deathly complexion and onyx, shoulder-length mane made him the very picture of a nordic metal god, or so he liked to imagine. It was an image he had to maintain at all times. As the band's frontman and leader, it was his responsibility to be the beacon of hope when times were tough.

The weight of that responsibility grew heavier each time they took the stage.

Ashton forced a smile. "Come now, we've suffered worse shows together. Next time, we'll have the songs perfected, and then--" here he leapt onto a big, busted amp that was gathering dust in the corner of the room, "then they'll worship us like royalty! You'll sign so many autographs, your wrists will ache!"

This earned a chuckle from the mirror gang, and for a moment the room felt warmer. Then came a low, icy voice.

"It won't matter. It's going to keep on being empty seats and people on their phones, night after night."

This was Domenic, Jarl Slayer's lead guitarist. He sat in a beat-up recliner, slumped but powerful, like a defeated king. He was out of his costume save the bronze hyena-head amulet resting on his broad chest. Ashton fancied there was a touch of the metal-god in his lanky limbs and bad-boy persona, and that deep, cold voice gave Ashton goosebumps whenever he heard it. Good goosebumps.

Domenic looked at the other band members. "I'm starting to get jealous of Jack."

Hearing that name, everyone stiffened. Ashton swallowed. All eyes turned to him.

"Jack gave up," Ashton declared, summoning into his voice what little strength he hadn't screamed away on stage. "Listen, guys, we only have one shot at becoming globetrotting rock royalty. Jack threw that dream away to spend his days teaching guitar to snot-nosed kids."

The mirror trio's faces grew stern, and they nodded.

"At least he can afford rent!" Domenic spat.

The bandmates glanced at each other and shrugged, murmuring things like, 'he has a point.'

Ashton's stomach tied itself into a knot. Domenic had never before turned his aloof cynicism toward the band.

“Domenic, we’ve been talking about forming this band since we were in first grade. You aren’t giving up, are you?”

Domenic sighed and shook his head. “I don’t want to. You guys are my brothers. But we need to change things up. Big time.”

“I’m open to suggestions. What’s the problem?”

“Where do I start? We got no style, no gimmick, no sex appeal, and the name ‘Jarl Slayer’ aint exactly fun to say. But when it comes down to it, we only got one real problem.”

“What’s that?”

Domenic stood from his chair and locked his eyes on Ashton. “You. You’re the problem.”

“Me?” peeped Ashton.

“You formed a band without a lick of charisma, and then you manage it with a limp wrist. You should have given Jack the boot instead of waiting for him to leave. How many rehearsals did he ruin because he didn’t know the songs?”

The other three mumbled in agreement.

Ashton raised his hands defensively. “Okay, maybe you’re right about Jack. But we have a gimmick: we’re Vikings. And we’re oozing with sex appeal. When you heft that axe and make it sing it’s, well, it’s hot as hell!” He cleared his throat. “At least that’s what the girls tell me.”

“Flattery,” scoffed Domenic. “No one wants to swap spit with my meaty mug.”

Ashton wished he had the guts to tell Domenic that he was wrong, that he often fantasized about the two of them sharing a kiss, a makeout session, or more, but he was buried deep in the closet, miles away from admitting his secret desires to best friend-- his *straight* best friend.

Domenic continued. “You’re the frontman everyone should be jonesing to fuck, but you got your head buried in a viking helmet so oversized you look like GWAR.”

A lump formed in Ashton’s throat. “But we’re Vikings. We need the helmet.”

“I should wear it. Then at least it won’t fall off when we take our bow.” He held out his hand.

Ashton clenched his fists. He’d spent years putting together the perfect costume, but the band would fall apart without Domenic. He lifted his prized helmet off his head and handed it over.

“Fine. You can have it. But what am I going to wear?”

Domenic pulled the hyena amulet over his head and tossed it over. Ashton dove to catch it and tumbled to the floor. As he grasped the pendant, one of its bronze, needle-like teeth pierced his finger.

“Careful!” Ashton said, sucking the blood from his fingertip. “This was my great grandfather’s!”

“Yeah, it looks like something you’d find in an old person’s home.” Then Domenic must have caught the tears forming in the corners of Ashton’s eyes, for his haughty, gloating expression turned to one of genuine concern. “I didn’t break it, did I?”

“No,” Ashton mumbled, squeezing the amulet. He didn’t dare raise his head and chance his friends seeing his hurt. He had to be strong.

Domenic squatted next to Ashton and placed a gentle hand on his back. “It hurts me to do this, Ashton,” he whispered. “You know it does. But the dream lives in me too, and we need a strong leader.”

The next words he spoke loud enough for all to hear. “Who should lead the band? Why don’t we take a vote at the next band meeting?”

Ashton didn’t like this one bit, but he couldn’t summon the will to say no. “Fine,” he groaned, “a vote.”

Domenic patted Ashton’s back and lowered his voice again. “There, there, old friend. On the road to glory, sacrifices must be made. The band will survive, won’t it?”

Ashton nodded. Then, quick as a wink, Domenic pinched his shoulder. This was his traditional goodbye. It usually ended with Ashton slapping his hand away and chuckling as butterflies fluttered to life in his stomach. This time he didn’t chuckle, and when he tried for the slap, the hand was already gone.

Domenic stood and walked out the door. Aston stayed kneeling on the ground as the rest of the band quietly gathered their things and filtered past him.

“Sorry, Ashton,” muttered Geoffrey.

“Maybe it’s for the best,” said Detheroth.

Ashton caught his final bandmate’s wrist and looked up into his eyes.

“And you, Brutalis?”

Brutalis swallowed. "Ashton, you've sacrificed much for the band. Perhaps it's time to let someone else take a turn." He pulled his hand away. "We'll see."

The door clicked shut behind them, leaving Ashton alone in the dimly lit room. It was unbecomingly of metal royalty to cry, but, at that moment, he found it difficult to summon that fantasy. His throat ached from screeching his heart out on stage, his arm throbbed where Dom had pinched him, and his fingertip stung from the bite of the hyena amulet.

The amulet! Was it broken? He unclenched his hand and sighed in relief. No, the ancient pendant was unscathed. Who knew how many centuries its immortal bronze had endured? Clouds of ancient, green patina gathered in its crevices, yet its teeth were still sharp enough to draw Ashton's blood, blood which now coated the animal's tongue and dripped from the side of its mouth.

Ashton gazed into its eyes. They were mere empty sockets, though the fine craftsmanship caught a glint deep inside that made them seem alive.

"Perhaps I've sacrificed enough? Pft!" he spat. "I would sacrifice anything to realize my dreams."

With a sigh, he fastened the chain around his neck and stood. Domenic had taken the Viking helmet but forgotten the rest of his costume. Again. This time Ashton would stuff his clothes into the pack without even folding them. That would show him.

Then, as he reached to grab Dom's studded leather jacket, the single bulb above the cracked mirror flickered and went out, plunging the room into darkness.

"Fucking shit venue," Ashton grumbled, groping about to find the door. He soon noticed that the room wasn't pitch black after all. There was a faint green light. It was coming from the amulet.

The hyena-head charm glowed brighter by the second. The strange light illuminated a circle around him as though he were standing in a spotlight. The room's musty furniture began to rattle, and sheets of music fwipped and tossed like they were caught in a windstorm even though the air was still. A stream of heavy, jade smoke poured from the hyena's mouth and flowed down to the floor below. Ashton yelped and grabbed at the amulet to toss it away, but its surface nipped at his fingertips like dry ice. Damn, it was cold! The smoke did not spread or dissipate, but instead gathered in a pool on the carpet.

A pair of ghostly forelegs shot from the side of this puddle and gripped the rug with blunt claws. The rest of the beast followed like a dog climbing out a swimming pool, only here the smokey pool *became* the dog. No, not a dog. A hyena. A hyena that stood at least six feet tall with green, vaporous fur. He couldn't find the eyes in its shifting, cloudy face, but he felt its gaze piercing him nonetheless.

Ashton grabbed Domenic's guitar and lifted it like an axe of legend. "Stay back!" he threatened. "Or, if you're a genie, I want to rephrase--"

The creature opened wide its maw of ghastly teeth and bounded straight for him.

"--My wish!" Ashton finished, swinging the guitar. His aim was true, but the axe sailed through the creature like so much smoke. Only the strings themselves caught on its ghostly flesh. They screamed a drop-D power chord that filled the room, but that didn't stop the hyena. It sailed into his chest, knocking him onto his back. The hyena pinned him and yelped a hollow, victorious howl that formed an eerie harmony with the guitar. Then it lunged for his head. Ashton's last thought was "at least this is an awesome way to go."

But it was not his end. He opened wide to gasp his last, but instead of air, he got a mouthful of ghost. The hyena plunged its muzzle down his throat, forcing his jaws painfully wide. It slammed Ashton's head against the ground and pressed forward, sinking deeper until its paddle ears slapped against Ashton's cheeks. Ashton could feel every frigid inch flowing down his gullet like a frozen stream. It tasted like spent firecrackers and wet dog.

Ashton flailed his arms at the ghostly creature, but it was as hopeless as trying to grab a hold of the morning fog. The beast certainly felt solid enough as it pushed its way deeper down his throat. Its form compressed to fit but still stretched Ashton's mouth so wide he was afraid his lips would split. The ears folded back and popped inside, then the neck. It paused at the bulky shoulders, hooked a ghostly paw into the side of Ashton's mouth, and pulled them inside. All this mass pooled deep in Ashton's belly, descending it like he'd swallowed a watermelon. He should have burst from the sheer size of the hyena, but his stomach held.

The creature's forelegs bulged down his neck, followed soon after by its chest. The rear legs kicked wildly until one of the claws slipped past his lips and found purchase against his lower teeth. That was all it needed to pull its legs inside. Now it was only the monster's tail sticking out of Ashton's mouth, his lips forming an O around its base. It flapped this way and that, smacking him in the face once or twice before slurping down his gullet.

Ashton collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath. He wiped the tears from his eyes and found himself back in the green room. The light was on, the wind had settled, and the only sign that anything unusual had happened was his aching jaw and a feeling in his stomach like he'd swallowed a bucket of ice cubes. He glanced down and yelped. His belly bulged from his shirt like he was carrying twins. He laid a hand against the taut skin and gasped a quivering breath. It was cold to the touch.

"What. The. Fu--"

He was interrupted by a sharp motion *inside* his belly. The thrash distorted its shape like the beast was shifting into a more comfortable position, and then it began to deflate. His stomach shrank back to normal in a matter of seconds and settled. He stared intently, waiting-- for what he didn't know, perhaps a bout of the most heinous gas the earth had ever seen. Instead he saw hair. Hundreds of delicate filaments growing on his skin, looking like a time-lapse shot of growing grass in a nature documentary. Soon there was enough to form a patch of tawny--

“Fur?”

Here again his stomach flipped, and the chill in his belly spread through his abdomen. His mouth flooded with saliva, and Ashton hoped he was about to vomit up the ghost. He clutched the recliner, pulled himself to his feet, and staggered toward the bathroom, swallowing excess spit again and again and holding onto the one bit of social conditioning that seemed to apply to this insane situation: get to the toilet before you barf.

The cold blob inside of him moved, jerked, and then split, like a massive amoeba, into four distinct parts. Each piece raced down the nearest arm or leg. He reached to turn the doorknob and saw a bulge rolling down his forearm like someone had set a marble loose under his skin. It left a trail of sprouting fur in its wake and disappeared into his wrist, spreading its icy chill up his tendons and into his bones.

Ashton slammed the bathroom door behind him. He had only taken a single step toward the porcelain throne when a loud snap rang out from beneath him. He collapsed. The chill squeezed his feet like a pair of frozen socks. The pressure was intense, but the only pain came from his shoes pressing into his toes. He clenched his teeth as the cramp became severe, then there was a *riiip* as his toes tore through. He sighed with relief, relaxing his face rest against the cold tile. The fresh openings in the fronts of his shoes scraped up the underside of his lengthening, narrowing feet. His toes felt big and clumsy and swollen, and each time he kicked his legs, his nails clicked against the floor.

Ashton propped himself up just in time to see the changes take his hands. A coat of dark fur erupted from his skin, leaving bald patches on his palms and fingertips. Here, his skin cracked and swelled into thick, meaty pads. Blunt, black claws erupted under his fingernails, pushing them loose to fall on the floor below.

“No, no. . . not paws,” Ashton begged, drool dripping with each word. Then, as if the creature reshaping him had listened to his pleas, the chill swept back up his arms, leaving his hands mostly human-shaped save a coat of hyenine paint.

The tracks of brown fur on Ashton's arms spread over his skin like spilled coffee. Wherever the new hairs touched his t-shirt, little green embers appeared on the fabric and began eating it away. He patted at himself frantically to put them out, but his furry palms had the opposite effect. Soon his tattered shirt fell, revealing a carpet of spreading cappuccino fur. His pants were

similarly reduced to rags, and behind him, his ankles burned through the tongue of his shoes, and they clattered to the ground.

Ashton gripped the sink with a furred hand and lifted himself to an unfamiliar tip-toed stance. The four points of demonic chill reunited in his chest and raced toward his head. The entity lingered in his neck, and for each second it stayed, Ashton's neck grew. Longer and thicker with bigger muscles and heavier bones. The amulet's chain stretched around his throat as tight as a dog's collar.

When he finally managed a glimpse in the mirror, he found his human head perched atop an oversized neck that could only look at home on one animal.

"Hyen--" Ashton started. He looked absolutely ridiculous. "Heh-hyee-- HehehHeyee YeeYEEYEE!" he yelped in a shrill laughter that echoed off the walls. He slapped his paw-hands over his mouth, and the chill rushed into his face to meet them.

First, his nostrils turned upward and flared against his paw pads. Next, his jaw lengthened, pushing his hands away until a blunt, black-tipped muzzle filled the lower portion of his vision. Teeth scraped obnoxiously against each other as they shifted to fill the extra space. He opened his mouth to get a look, and it complied too eagerly, spreading so inhumanly wide he could see his pointed molars as clear as day. He snapped his predatory maw shut with a loud clap, and the jaw muscles responsible swelled with bone-snapping strength. The demonic chill flooded his skull with the worst brainfreeze imaginable, and Ashton's entire head reshaped with a series of sickening cracks. The bridge of his nose broadened, his forehead shrank, and his ears stretched and flicked about, feeling heavy and floppy on the sides of his head.

When Ashton once again opened his eyes, the large, dark pools of a hyena stared back from the mirror. He opened his mouth in shock, and the mirror hyena's muzzle opened just the same. Its ears flicked backward, and Ashton felt new muscles at the top of his head twitch to enable to motion. The beast's face mirrored each emotional beat: surprise, terror, curiosity. He found the synchronicity strangely disarming, but that made sense, didn't it? He was that beast, after all.

The demon did not spare an instant to let its victim acquaint himself with his reflection. It raced down Ashton's spine, raising a spotted mane along the nape of his neck, and landed with a jolt in his coccyx. Here budded the first hint of pleasure in Ashton's transformation. The vestigial bones jerked to life with an unexpected tickle of bliss. In the mirror, he watched an ungainly, bony length stretch upward behind him, twitching and straining as it grew. Then there was another shutter of tingling pleasure as a coat of long, black hair sprouted to cover it. The demon freed his tail new from its frozen grasp, and the new limb immediately curled between his legs, shivering against his junk and tickling his balls.

Everything paused, leaving Ashton panting. His flattened tongue hung from his maw, dripping drool. He had only enough time to wonder if the violation of his body was finished before the

demon gave him an answer. The chill wrapped itself around his midriff like a corset and squeezed, reshaping his furry stomach into a well-toned tummy.

“Www-what now?” he stammered, surprised he could form any words with his thin lips and floppy tongue.

The icy constrictor swept up his ribs, narrowing them subtly as it went, and concentrated itself into his nipples. They tingled furiously and immediately grew as hard as chips of ice. Ashton pinched one between the rough pads of his fingertips and gasped. The nib of flesh was unusually sensitive. More than that, it was bigger! His nipples doubled, tripled, quadrupled in size, spreading his fingertips as they swelled.

The demon’s chill bloomed from Anton’s freshly feminized nipples into the long-forgotten tissue that resided just beneath. Mounds of soft mammary flesh ballooned under his fingers, and all he could do was look on in shock. Very soon he was cupping the first pair of breasts he’d touched since high school when he’d “gotten lucky” with Amy and discovered he wasn’t much into girls after all.

Ashton’s tits filled his palms and overflowed them. Every second they continued growing, Ashton’s panic grew. Finally, the demon’s life went out of them, leaving a heavy set of breasts wobbling proudly on his chest. A pair of thick, onyx nipples stood out from their tawny, tiramisu fur.

Meanwhile, the entity had shifted its attention from his bust to his backside. Here it gathered, spending the mass it had abandoned when it crawled down his throat to round out his ass from a flat male affair to a curvaceous booty. His thighs thickened, filling the space between his legs until they pressed together.

The only article of Ashton’s outfit that had yet survived the ravenous green embers was his rugged leather belt, but it would not last long. The chill flooded his pelvis and strained outward, pressing his hips wider. Ashton’s belt slowed its spread for a moment before snapping. A lick of emerald flame consumed the strip of studded leather before it hit the ground, and his hips, now free of their constraint, slid apart in one smooth motion.

Looking down, there was no mistaking the female landscape spread before him, even if it was covered in fur. The only out-of-place element was the familiar maleness occupying the gap between his legs, and this is exactly where the icy presence headed next.

“No-no-no,” Anton sputtered, “not my--”

The demon’s icy grip clutched his package, and it went completely numb. Ashton shut his eyes, not wanting to watch the demon emasculate him. There was the sensation of things pulling and shifting, and then the demon’s chill moved on.

He cracked an eye to find his masculinity in-tact, though it had changed its color to a charcoal black and plumped up a bit. Relief washed over him as well as a flash of pride. It was perverse, but who wouldn't be proud to unwrap his towel in the locker room and reveal *that* banger?

Ashton was so absorbed in exploring this particular aspect of his change that he didn't notice his fingers growing slender, nor his black hair sweeping upwards, or even the plumping of his lips that were, at that moment, parted in an expression of surprise. As his shock faded, the awful, invasive chill of the demon's touch vanished with it.

Ashton shot his gaze around the bathroom, looking for some sign of the demon, but there was only a toilet and a sink with a drippy faucet. Looking at himself, his longer neck offered a strange angle on an unfamiliar landscape: fuzzy breasts, clawed hands, and four-toed feet. He screamed. It wasn't a masculine shout but a true, womanly scream.

"Holy fucking shit!" he eventually managed and immediately clasped his paws over his muzzle. This wasn't the voice he was used to. This one sat comfortably at the top of his tenor range, and from those three panicked words he had a sense of its husky alto timbre.

"I sound like Britney Spears!"

The face of a hyena stared back from the mirror with a very human expression of dumbfounded shock plastered across its inky-tipped muzzle. The hair atop its head was styled in a very human-looking bleached undercut. It was more than an animal's head on a humanoid body, the face was. . . girlish? Long and luscious eyelashes flicked with each blink. He lifted his paw to his plump lips in shock, and it came away marked with a red smudge. Lipstick? Underneath, his flesh shined an inhuman black.

Once he noticed the lipstick, the other artificial touches became obvious. Some of his lashes were fake, and the subtle glitter of bronzer sparkled from the fur at the top of his cheekbones. Even the fur itself now felt conditioned, brushed, and pampered.

"I'm. . . cute?" he said, smiling bashfully. Despite the pointed teeth and bonecrushing jaws, the reflection showed a charming and vulnerable smile.

He stepped back and turned this way and that, craning his elongated neck to see his new body from all angles. Other than the bulk of his shoulders and the dick between his legs, his body was a womanly bombshell. The sight sent butterflies loose in his stomach.

"I'm not cute. I'm *hot!*"

Still, the mannish way his reflection carried itself seemed out of place. He relaxed, set one hand on his hip and winked at the mirror. For a moment, all traces of Ashton in the hyena woman

disappeared, and he wasn't looking at a reflection of his altered body but someone else altogether. He dropped the pose with a shudder.

“Okay. Don’t panic, Ashton,” he muttered. His unfamiliar voice made it feel less like he was talking to himself. “Imagine you’re a character in a horror movie. What would people shout at the screen?”

Ashton thought “don’t go to the hospital! They’ll ship you off to Area 51!” was a strong contender. His mind flooded with visions of scientists in hazmat suits drawing blood and subjecting him to mind-breaking "behavioral tests."

But he couldn't sit in the bathroom forever. He would have to sneak out. If he could find a coat in the green room, something with a big hood to cover his muzzle, then maybe, if he walked all the back roads and avoided street lights, maybe he could make it home before his parents woke up. Then he could plan his next move. But it wouldn't be long before Midnight Alibi finished their set and flooded into the green room. He had to hurry. Ashton carefully cracked the door and peered out. He was so surprised at what he saw, the handle rattled free of his paw and the door swung wide.

It was a green room, but it wasn't *the same* green room. This one made the other look like a homeless shelter. Instead of a broken-down recliner with gashes in the pleather, there was a pair of elegant, crimson couches with brass rivets. Five large mirrors, each bordered with a dozen bulbs, hung on the wall in front of five makeup stations and five swivel chairs. A Japanese privacy screen painted with cherry-blossoms stood near a series of top-of-the-line wardrobe cases, the sort of which Lady Gaga might have brought on tour. Whoever was prepping in this green room, it certainly wasn't Jarl Slayer.

Ashton shook the shock from his eyes, steeled his nerves, and braved a sprint to the main door, breasts bouncing wildly until he raised an arm to steady them. He latched the deadbolt then pulled a wardrobe in front and locked the wheels. That would buy him some time in case this room's superstar group returned from the stage. He started turning away from the door when a word printed at the top of the wardrobe caught his eye:

DOMENIC

*It couldn't be*, he thought. Yet sure enough, inside were Deomenic's street clothes, including his signature leather jacket. Ashton's maw dropped open. He checked the other wardrobes with utter fascination. Plaques affixed to each one read:

BRUTALIS  
GEOFFREY  
DETHEROTH

And finally:

ASH

Seeing his name on this unfamiliar wardrobe chilled him like he'd found his own gravestone. Possessed by a perverse curiosity (and a need to cover himself), Ashton raised a shaking hand to "his" wardrobe and opened it. Inside, there was a single costume, but it wasn't his. These were women's clothes.

"... right." Ashton said, holding up a black satin bra. That was right. He was a woman now. A woman with a dick? The thought dropped rocks into his stomach. For some reason, he found the tits on his chest more terrifying than the fact that he was now some kind of monstrous human-animal hybrid, but he swallowed his panic. There would be time for an identity crisis for when he made it home. For now, he needed to cover himself, and the bra would be a good start.

At least in theory. He examined the garment's straps and clasps like a piece of alien technology. Eventually, he lifted the cups over his breasts, then slipped his arms through the loops. The clasp was like nothing he'd ever seen, and he stretched his arms painfully behind his back to set it. He gave the bra some final adjustments and found it to be a perfect fit. The bra stabilized his breasts, but it didn't neutralize the uncanny feeling he got seeing them in the mirror. In fact, the way it lifted his tits made him look even more like something out of a porn site banner ad.

The sight sent blood rushing between his legs. It was time to hide that beast. He reached into the wardrobe and pulled out a pair of underwear that looked like a lacy men's bikini. He stepped through the leg holes and pulled the elastic waistband over his shapely thighs and round, feminine bottom. A pouch in the front cradled his package, but the rest fit much the same as a pair of panties. The small snap in the back confused him until he realized it was meant to fasten over his tail. Another perfect fit. If he could dismiss the bra as off-the-rack luck, he certainly couldn't with the underwear. These were custom made just for him.

Ashton soon discovered that the more women's clothing he wore, the more naked he felt. There was no shirt, so up next was a tiny black leather jacket adorned with shiny chrome studs. The sleeves barely covered his shoulders, the bottom was so short it showed off his belly button, and the zipper was so short it left his bra visible. The tights weren't much better. Nude, his tawny fluff had a way of softening his feminine shapes. The black spandex tights highlighted every curve and crevice of his girlish downstairs. The only part it didn't compress was his package, which it hugged and presented in a bulge that looked very out-of-place on his otherwise feminine figure. There was another pair of snaps for the top of his tail, but they were disguised to look like a dark red, satin bow.

A studded leather bracelet and belt completed the look, and that was it. There were no shoes, and Ashton couldn't imagine what a pair made to fit his paws would look like anyway. He took a moment to look at himself in the full-body mirror. He looked bad-ass and drop-dead sexy, but still very much like a monster. A civilized monster that had a day job and maybe rode the bus, but a monster nonetheless.

"Fuck," Ashton muttered to himself. The unexpected flavor of his voice still sent shivers up his spine.

A loud banging rattled the door, and Ashton nearly leapt out of the clothes he'd spent so long putting on.

"Ash! Are you in there? You alright?" shouted a man he didn't recognize. "I'm coming in!"

Thinking quickly, Ashton lowered his voice and shouted back, "Yeah, give me a minute!"

"Are you okay?" the man asked. "You sound sick."

"I'm fine! Just a second!"

Ashton ran over to the refreshments table, grabbed the polka-dot tablecloth, and yanked it free, sending several bottles of water bouncing across the floor. He threw the tablecloth around his body like a robe, using one fist atop his muzzle to hold the front shut. The makeshift "hood" left a narrow sliver to peek through, and the bottom dragged on the floor, easily long enough to hide his hind paws. After a quick glance in the mirror, he tucked his tail and folded his ears back. He looked like an out-of-season forgot-about-the-halloween-party ghost, but was a serviceable disguise.

"Ash! You gotta get out here! It's time!" called the voice.

Ash pushed the wardrobe away from the door. "Coming!"

The plan was to fling the door open and book it past whoever was waiting on the other side, and it might have worked that person didn't turn out to be a 250 pound wall of muscle. Ashton careened straight into his chest, sending them both tumbling to the ground. Ashton landed on top, muzzle-to-nose with the man. The tablecloth billowed into the air, caught a draft, and blew out of reach.

Ashton expected the man to scream, but the fear on his face was more worry than outright terror.

“Jeeze, Ash, are you okay?” he asked, helping Ashton to his feet. He brushed some dust off of his all-black outfit, readjusted his headset, and pressed a button on its side. “Found her. We’re heading out now.”

Now Ashton recognized the man as a stagehand, but that didn’t explain his reaction. Was there some glamour preventing him from seeing the monster in front of his face? If so, Ashton didn’t dare disturb it, and when the stagehand grabbed his paw and began to lead, Ashton followed

This hallway was nothing like the one in Mini’s Bar and Jazz Lounge. Ashton’s ears swiveled forward as they picked up the sound of a muffled chant. It was distant but powerful, the sort that filled stadiums in the last few seconds of overtime, and it was growing louder. By the time they reached the heavy door at the end of the hall, the words became clear:

“Yeen! Queen! Yeen! Queen! Yeen Queen!”

The stagehand turned Ashton and gave him one last check up and down. “Sounds like they’re ready for you.”

“Ready for me?” Ashton stammered as the man straightened his revealing leather jacket. “I can’t go out there. I don’t even know what I am!”

The man snorted. “You are one funny chick, Ash.”

Then his face went flat. “Wait a minute, did you forget your customs? You’ll go deaf in a second without ‘em. Good thing I’ve got a spare.” He reached into his utility belt and produced an eyeglasses case. Inside were a large pair of translucent earplugs. He pinched the tips of Ashton’s paddle ears and settled the plugs into their depths with practiced ease, first one ear, then the other. The sounds of the world were plunged underwater. The only thing he could hear was the pulse of the crowd’s incessant chant. “Yeen! Queen! Yeen! Queen!”

The man thrust a microphone into Ashton’s hand, gave him a thumbs up, and pushed him through the door.

The crowd was indeed on the other side. Beyond a vast, dark stage, its edges marked with glow-in-the-dark gaffer’s tape, lay an expanse of writhing, living blackness. Stray cell phone flashes glittered through the mass like countless twinkling stars in a rural sky. A stadium of at least ten thousand people, completely sold out.

A sudden blast of brilliant light dazzled Ashton. He held an arm up to shade his eyes and found himself caught in a yellow spotlight. The crowd’s chant dissolved into wordless enthusiasm. They were all looking at him. Twenty thousand eyes focused on his beastly muzzle, generous cleavage, and unnatural bulge. Ashton’s heart slammed against his chest. His legs nearly buckled. He groped at the door knob behind him, but it was locked. Nowhere to run, nowhere to

hide. He lifted the microphone to his lips in the hope that he could offer some clumsy, rational-sounding explanation for what the crowd was seeing. His voice was little more than a whisper, but it echoed far and wide.

**“I am more than what you see. A demon lives inside of me. With my tail and carnivorous face--”**

He froze. Those were not the words he meant to say. The audience shouted in unison to complete the line:

“--I herald the end of the human race!”

A guitar whined a long, low note, and the crowd’s ecstatic whooping fought and failed to drown it out. Before it waned, a snare drum exploded to Ashton’s left. He jumped. The mighty, rhythmic thud of toms beat through his body, through all their bodies, like a unified heartbeat, and he was glad he’d let the man in black shove those plugs into his ears.

The guitar licked a few mournful notes to mingle with the beat, then broke into a high-pitched flurry that lingered on a note like an anguished scream. Then came the chord, basic but sturdy with a ragged distortion, and with it came the bass, came the rhythm guitar, came the lights.

Ashton gawked at the stage around him. Orange-red flood lights and haze of fog gave the impression that there was a massive fire behind them. Massive, plasterwork bones rose on either side, giving the impression they were nestled in the ribcage of some long-dead giant. Geoffrey beat the drums from a platform rising to his left; Brutalis and Detheroth drove the music from his upper right; and Domenic stood below, seducing the crowd with another tasty, introductory lick.

The sight of his bandmates, his battle-hardened brothers of Metal, prevented Ashton from sliding into sheer panic, but the song they were playing was unfamiliar. The music fell into line for a verse. It was his cue to join in, but he didn’t know the words, the melody, or even how to sing with his new voice. The time had come to stop this charade, halt the song, and explain what was happening. But when he raised the mic to his muzzle, lyrics sprang from his lips, and he sang.

**Looking in the mirror, I don’t recognize my face.  
A badass beastly bitch has taken my place.  
How did this happen, has a demon arisen?  
Was it my folly that freed her from her prison?**

His voice rang like an ancient blade, full of elegance and grit. The melody came intuitively, and the words sprang to mind as he spoke them, one after the last. It was surreal and horrifying. He tried to run off the stage but found himself sauntering toward the audience, singing as he went. The audience joined in for the chorus.

**Bloodlet formed the doorway,  
key the shape of greed,  
A strange change shook me,  
Now I'm set to lead --**

**As a yeen queen!  
Yeen queen!  
I bring men to their knees if you know what I mean.  
I'm a Yeen queen!  
Yeen queen!  
And I got more balls than any chick you've seen.**

Each of Ashton's terrified struggles expressed itself as a confident, calculated movement. Attempts to cover his tits or bulge became sensual gestures that highlighted his oddities. In the pit below the stage, men and women alike swooned with each sassy glance and wink. Others held their hands high above their heads in a gesture that was a twist of the traditional devil-horns, the thumb and middle fingers extended to form a muzzle.

One man with straight long hair burst past the security guards and clambored at the edge of the stage shouting "STEP ON ME, YEEN QUEEN!"

Ashton complied, smearing his hind paw against the man's face and pushing him into the crowd to be carried away by the mosh.

As horrifying as the situation was, it was absolutely thrilling. He was living his dream-- or some twisted version of it-- and it was seductive. A temptation to let go, to stop worrying and give in to the adulation of the crowd, tugged at him. He added a few of his own showmanship flairs during the next verse.

**He gave me a voice to sing and ordain.  
You witness the start of Orolak's reign.  
My title is Queen without vanity  
I'm destined to breed a demon's dynasty**

**As a yeen queen!  
Yeen queen!  
You wanna swap spit and you know that I'm keen.  
I'm a Yeen queen!  
Yeen queen!  
But one taste of mine will mix up your genes.**

The words would have disturbed Ashton, but he was too consumed by the spectacle to listen. He stopped resisting the performative urges bubbling beneath the surface of his mind, and obeyed as they came. The line between Ashton and Ash began to blur. He could feel himself losing control, but he was so excited that he hardly cared.

The music built to a head, and Domenic, still wearing the Viking helmet, widened his stance in preparation for a rockous solo to steal the show. Petty rage flashed in Ash. He grabbed a guitar from a nearby stand, leapt in front of his friend, and began to play. Ashton was a novice at the instrument; it was one of his great shames. But Ash-- Ash was a demon.

Blunt claws nipped the strings in lieu of a pick. Padded fingertips danced across the neck like a supercharged loom, weaving every half-formed melodic notion into a face-melting tapestry of metal. A million strands of fur across his body stood on end, and from the look and awed silence of the crowd, their little human hairs were doing the same. Oh the power to grip the hearts of so many people! Now he truly believed he was their leader. More than that, he was their queen.

"I wanna date you, Yeen Queen!" screamed a man in the first row, and it was this outburst that brought Ashton crashing back to reality. His muzzle blazed with embarrassment as he concluded the solo with a few dramatic chords. Great bouts of flame rose on either side of him, and he howled a scream of utter terror that came out rockous and victorious.

Whatever spell Ashton was under ended with the song. He tossed the guitar aside and dashed off the stage, not stopping until he'd slammed the door to the green room behind him. He slid to the ground, panting. What had just happened? He'd lost himself on that stage for a moment. Worse still, he'd *liked* it!

Not ten seconds later, a knock shook the door. It was Domenic.

"Ash, are you in there? Let me in!"

Ashton was shaking with fear and embarrassment, but couldn't bear to go on alone. He needed an ally, someone who would listen to his story, believe it, and help him. Domenic could be rude, but when the chips were down, he was a good friend. Ashton stood and threw the deadbolt.

Domenic entered. He lifted the Viking helmet from his head to reveal a look of genuine concern.

"Are you okay, Ash?"

At this, Ashton actually laughed. It came out as a nervous, feral "hooHooHoo!" and he clapped his paws over his muzzle to stop the noise. The furrow in Domenic's brow deepened.

Ashton shook his head. "No, I am not alright. Nothing is alright. Look!" He gestured to the green room. "This isn't our world! And look at me!"

Domenic crossed his arms over his chest. His look of concern was dropping into impatience. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Ashton gestured to himself in disbelief. "I'm a fucking hyena-person, Dom! A hyena *woman!*"

"Yeah," Domenic said, rolling his eyes. "That's why we named the band 'Yeen Queen,' yah doof."

"And that's normal to you!?"

Domenic lifted his arms in disbelief. "Great! She's going off the deep end. Couldn't you have waited until the end of the show instead of pulling this Kanye bullshit?"

"Don't you hear me? This is all wrong!" Ashton wailed, his voice cracking into a girlish scream.

"Chill out, Ash! You're starting to freak me out."

Ashton shut his mouth and breathed several deep breaths through his snout.

Domenic rubbed his face with his hand. "Look, we can't lose our frontwoman one song into the set. We can keep 'em occupied for ten, maybe fifteen minutes, tops. Take some time to calm yourself down, bottle it up, or do whatever you need to do to get back on stage."

He turned to leave, but Ashton grabbed his wrist and looked at him with teary, desperate eyes.

"Wait! Don't go, Dom. Please, I need your help."

Domenic's annoyed grimace once again gave way to concern. "Sure, Ash. What can I do?"

Ashton dried his eyes with a furry arm, surprised at the amount of tears and how easily they came. "Just answer my questions, no matter how crazy they seem. Then I'll go back out, I swear."

"Okay," Dom said. "If that's what it takes, shoot."

Ashton nodded in relief. His black eyes darted around as he tried to figure out where to begin.

"Have I always been. . . like this?" he said, waving his paws over his body. "A hyena?"

Domenic looked exasperated. "You said you were born this way. Hell, you showed me pictures of you as a pup." A smile hinted at the corners of his mouth. "They were freakin' adorable."

"Okay." Ashton stood and started pacing about the room. There had to be some way to catch this universe with its pants down and show Domenic he wasn't crazy after all. All he had to do was cast a shadow of a doubt.

"Am I the only animal-person in the world?"

"Look, everyone's got something unique about 'em. Brutalis has that birthmark--"

"Human. Animal. Hybrids. Any others?"

Dom shook his head.

"So how do you explain it? No one thinks it's weird?"

"Hell, I don't know how to explain it, Ash. I'm no scientist. I mean. . . ." here he paused, choosing his words carefully. "I've heard some pretty off-color things online about your mom visiting a zoo, but I know that's bullshit."

Ashton felt a giggle bubbling up his throat but swallowed it. Domenic continued.

"As for thinking it's weird, what do you expect? You think people are going to put you in chains and show you off in some circus freak show?"

"That would at least make sense," Ashton grumbled. His bra was riding up, and he tugged it back into place.

"Bullshit. You're not a freak. You're exotic."

"Exotic? Hah! I've had enough 'exotic' in the past twenty minutes to last me a lifetime."

Ashton shifted his bra again, sighed with frustration, and took off his jacket without thinking too much of it. "This fucking bra keeps digging into me. I thought these things were supposed to be comfortable," he growled, slipping his paw between the fabric and his breasts in an effort to resettle them. When he looked up, Domenic was staring with rapt fascination. Catching Ashton's eyes, he turned away. An onlooker might have dismissed the moment, but it stuck in Ashton's mind. In all their years together, Domenic had never looked at him that way.

Suddenly, Ashton felt very naked. He crossed his arms in front of his breasts.

"Domenic. Were we ever. . . together?"

Domenic's face turned bright red. "What? No!" he sputtered, wringing his hands around the horns of the Viking helmet. "Not that I don't think you're attractive. I mean, you're hot as hell,

shit. Every guy I've ever met wants to bed the 'Queen. I just always figured we were in the friend zone, you know? And that's fine. You're a good friend."

All that big, tough-guy confidence disappeared in an instant, and it was the cutest thing Ashton had ever seen.

Then a thought struck him, and his ears perked. "Domenic, let me see my helmet."

Domenic's face hardened. "You mean MY helmet."

"Right, whatever, this will only take a second."

Domenic narrowed his eyes and handed it over. Ashton lowered the metal skullcap onto his head, but it didn't fit in the slightest. The front rested mid-muzzle and blocked his vision, and the backside smothered his ears.

"Hah!" he said. It was just as he expected. "This is my signature helmet, right?"

"Was your helmet, but sure."

"How could this be my signature helmet if I can't even wear it?" Ashton balanced the helmet on his head and let go. It pitched to one side, and he caught it.

Domenic opened his mouth, paused, and frowned. "I'm not in charge of your wardrobe."

Ashton pointed a clawed finger at his chest. "It used to fit me because I used to be human!" His lipsticked lips curled back to show large, pointed teeth. "Don't you see? The demon did its best, but it couldn't change everything. There are inconsistencies." he grasped the bronze hyena hanging from his neck. "Like the amulet!"

"I've never seen you without it."

"Exactly!" Ashton squealed, reaching up to grab Domenic's shoulders. "You gave me something in return for the helmet. What was it?"

Domenic scrunched his face. "It was. . . some nick-nack I wore on stage. A bracelet? No. . ."

"You don't remember the flair you wore to every show before this one? How could you forget unless I'm right, and the demon fucked with your memory?"

Domenic yanked Ashton's paws off his shoulders. "Shut up! Now you're starting to freak *me* out!"

“Then listen to me,” Ashton begged. “Maybe together we can find a way to return things to normal!”

Domenic held his palms up. “No. Enough of this. Everything is normal. This freaky talk is exactly the kind of thing that’s going to lose you the vote at the next band meeting.”

All his progress was circling the drain. Ashton couldn’t convince him. The demon had given him success, talent, and a body his crush found sexy, but it hadn’t given him the ability to lead. Hopelessness closed in on him, but even as it did, that bubbling urge reappeared, and it wasn’t sad at all. It was pissed at Domenic’s insubordination. Caught in the middle and thoroughly overwhelmed, Ashton let out a canine whine.

“You have three minutes to get your tail out on that stage or my first action as band leader is going to be to write a song where you’re singing harmony. Oh, and if you ever steal another one of my guitar solos. . .”

Domenic’s hand formed up for his goodbye pinch, but his fingers never made it to their target. The sight of that insensitive motion boiled Ashton’s blood. The *other* voice leapt forward and moved his arm. He caught Domenic’s hand, pivoted, and flung him backwards onto the couch where he landed with a heavy thud.

“What the hell Ash? You’re turning into such a crazy chick!” Domenic shouted.

Adrenaline coursed through Ashton’s veins. Damn that felt good! Another urge arrived. This one seemed insane, but it promised great rewards. Ashton stepped aside and let Ash do her thing.

“Crazy? I’ll show you crazy!” She threw her jacket to the ground, grabbed her bra, and yanked it over her head, freeing her constrained breasts with a wobble.

“Gah!” Domenic covered his eyes. A small crack remained between his fingers. This gap widened, and his mouth fell open. Soon his hands fell away and he stared openly at his friend’s chest.

Ash grinned a devilish grin. “What’s the matter, Dom? Surprised?”

Domenic swallowed. “They’re. . . they’re fuzzy.” Domenic shook his head and tore his eyes away.

“That’s right. One pair of 100% home-grown hyena-chick tits. All natural.”

Ash lifted her breasts and let them drop with a bounce.

Domenic looked on, mystified. He nodded and licked his lips. "They're majestic." he whispered in awe.

That was not the word Ash expected, and Domenic's vacant stare made her uneasy. It was like he was in a trance. His eyes had taken on an emerald sheen.

Ash waved her paws in his face. "Earth to Dom. Hello? You there?"

The green glint in Domenic's eyes faded, and he looked up from Ash's boobs, bewildered. "Yes, I'm here, your majesty. I mean, my queen. I mean," a wrinkle formed between his eyebrows. "I mean, Ash."

Ash tilted her head. Had the demon given her power to rule after all? If so, why was it happening now?

Domenic stood, keeping his eyes glued to the ceiling. "I should be going."

"Okay, but look at these," Ash said, pointing to her chest.

That was all it took. Domenic glanced down and froze.

Ash's pearly whites showed again. "It's my tits, isn't it? They're hypnotic. I mean the way you straight boys stare at them, you'd think every woman's were, but mine are the real deal!"

"But the show. . ." Dom murmured, his eyes still glued to Ash's rack. The green haze had returned.

"Oh, relax. We've got a few minutes to explore this new development. Sit down."

Domenic plopped back onto the couch, obedient as a dog. Now Ash was in control. The thought sparked a thrill in her belly. Beneath her fur, her skin flushed with heat, and the bulge between her legs swelled with excitement. Perhaps Domenic would notice.

"What do you think about my girls, Dom? Now that you've seen them."

"I... I like them." he said, blushing.

"Come on, be honest," Ash scoffed.

Domenic's mouth twisted like he was trying to keep it from spilling the beans. Finally he burst. "I love them! I want to touch them, hold them, bury my face in them!" He shook his head. "But I can't do that. You're my queen. That came out wrong. We're friends."

Domenic was so adorable when he squirmed. Ash stepped out of her tights and sauntered toward the couch, waving her chest in a way she hoped was sexy. Domenic's eyes followed the motion like it was a hypnotist's pocket watch.

"Friends can have a little fun from time to time." She let her voice's natural husk creep in, imbuing it with a Jessica Rabbit, phone sex hotline sort of vibe. "Can't they?"

She stopped directly in front of the man and leaned forward so Domenic's eyes had a clear shot of her freed cleavage.

"Yes, my queen."

This time there was no correction; Domenic was fully zonked. A large bulge in his left pant leg betrayed just how eager he was. *I'm turning him on!* Ash thought with glee. The realization that she was also rampantly horny caught her by surprise. The hardness between her legs had always been a reliable indicator of her libido, but it didn't seem to work like that anymore. A static tingling across her fur, and an undeniable desire were the only hint of her intense need.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" she asked the man staring up at her with eager, parted lips. "Take off your shirt."

Domenic pulled his shirt over his head, revealing his well-muscled bulk, but breaking his eyes away from Ash's chest. He blinked in lucid confusion. Ash snapped her fingers near her magic breasts, Domenic looked, and he was lost to them once again.

"Now stand up."

Domenic did as he was told, now standing mere inches away.

Ash's mouth was dry with anticipation of her next command. "What are you waiting for? Go ahead and touch 'em."

Not giving Ash a moment to change her mind, Domenic reached up and laid his hands over Ash's breasts. His guitar-calloused fingers were rough, but his touch was gentle. There was one final moment of hesitation, then he began to fondle them, stroking his fingertips over the dark, erect nipples protruding from the fur.

Ash gasped. A rush, the same falling sensation of a roller coaster's first great dive, bloomed in her lower belly. She placed two fingers under his chin, lifted his face to meet hers, and kissed him.

Kissing with a hyena's muzzle instead of a mouth was a bizarre experience. Dom felt so far away, down at the end of her muzzle. And while it was true she had plumper lips than your

average zoo attraction, they were much longer as well. It happened several times that she would try to tilt her head to get a better angle and find Domenic teasing some of the thin, flappy lip at the side of her maw.

Now that the object of his fascination was buried in his palms, Domenic opened his eyes and gazed into Ash's face. Emerald smoke swirled in his eyes, and he wore an eager look that seemed to beg, "am I doing well, your majesty?"

"Yesss, that's it," Ash moaned between kisses.

Domenic closed his eyes and flicked his ears in satisfaction. Ash did a double take. Flicked his ears? Sure enough, Domenic's ears were bigger, and they were still growing, stretching into oversized spades that looked suspiciously like Ash's own. A mane of black and tan spotted fur flowed from Domenic's hairline down his neck.

A jolt of sobering fear coursed through Ash. "Domenic wai--" she started, but before she could finish, Domenic tilted his head, opened his mouth, and pressed his tongue between Ash's lips. It was heaven. Her wildest dreams were coming true.

As the french kiss continued, Domenic's mouth seemed to fit better against hers. His jaws lengthened into a full-on muzzle that, when tilted and pressed against her own, formed a cavernous conjoined maw where their tongues played and wrestled. Ash's longer, more muscular tongue soon found a competition with Domenic's slick and swelling length.

If Domenic noticed his skull reshaping into a broad muzzle or a tail snaking over his waistband to wag behind him, he made no sign of it. Ash observed with a distracted fascination. She watched her subject's feet stretch and swell into a pair of padded paws; she watched the cascade of fur cover his body in a warm coat; and, strangest of all, she watched his very proportions change. Domenic's bulk shifted, leaving his waist and chest slight and narrow while his ass and hips filled out with fat. The rest of his body, save his neck and shoulders, shrank.

Ash pushed Domenic away. His tongue slid free of her mouth with an intense tickle and an audible slurp. He looked up, worry in his cloudy green eyes. His face was still finishing its hyenine transition. Little black hairs sprouted at the tip of his muzzle.

"Did I make a mistake, my queen?" His voice was still his own, perhaps a few notes higher.

"Go sit on the couch," Ash commanded.

Domenic rose, now standing a few inches shorter than Ash, and plopped his fat behind on the couch. The little yeen held his paws in front of his chest, curled into anxious fists, and peered up at Ash with big, eager-to-please eyes. Far from the hulking, masculine human Domenic had

been mere minutes ago, this creature was best described as a hyena fem-boi. He had feminine curves on a male frame and no breasts.

Minutes ago, the sight of her friend's body shifting into such a radically different form would have sent Ash into a panic. Now all she felt was smug satisfaction. People who questioned her rule deserved to be reduced to subservient hyena boys.

As tempted as Ash was to pounce on top of her newest subject and go to town, there was a show to finish. She found her bra and pulled it back over her head. Domenic was still zoned out, so she snapped her fingers.

"Hey, Dom. Wake up."

Domenic groaned like he was awaking from a nap. He blinked rapidly, and the emerald clouds in his eyes shrank into normal green irises.

"Ash?" he mumbled. "Are you-- Did we just--"

Ash winked. "You bet your fluffy ass we did."

"Oh god." Domenic smeared his palm against his muzzle, then drew it back with a start and stared. "My hand." He lifted his other paw and turned them in front of his face. They shook as he gingerly touched his muzzle. He looked down at his fur-covered, body and screamed.

"AAAAH WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!?"

Ash covered her ears. "Shh! Christ, they'll think I'm eating you alive in here!"

Domenic leapt to his feet, wobbled on his unfamiliar paws, then grabbed his tail and stared at it in disbelief. "I made out with my best friend, and now I'm a monster!"

"You're not a monster, you're exotic," Ash giggled. A voice in the back of her head thought it would be a good idea to fall to her knees and apologize profusely, but that voice still thought of Domenic as a friend, not a subject. He would benefit from watching the queen work a little while longer.

Domenic snarled, lips curling to reveal freshly pointed fangs. "You did this to me. I don't know how, but you did! You bitch!"

Ash shot a wicked glare his way. "Don't raise your voice to me!" she barked. "I'm the queen here, remember?"

Domenic shrank at once, ears flattening and tail curling between his legs. “Sorry, Ash. Y-- you’re right. You’re the queen.”

“That’s right,” Ashton said, relaxing. She grabbed Domenic’s discarded costume and tossed it at his chest. “Now suit up. We’ve got faces to melt.”

“I can’t go out there. Look at me!” Domenic complained even as he sorted through the clothes.

“Something tells me they won’t even notice a difference,” Ash said, pulling her tights on over her still-dribbling package.

Domenic held up a pair of pants. “These aren’t mine. The waist is too big, and look how short the legs are! Plus there’s a hole in ‘em.”

“They’ll fit, and that’s a tail hole, see?” Ash wagged her tail toward Domenic.

He pulled them on, and his face twisted in distress. “Oh God. They do fit. My body is so weird!”

Ash lifted the viking helmet and placed it on her head. It rested easily on her head, and little notches in the sides accommodated her ears. “Hey, this fits me now!”

Domenic’s frown deepened, and Ash felt a pang of guilt. She took a hint from the other voice, removed the helmet, and placed it on her friend’s hyena head.

“You know what, you can keep it. It looks cute on you.”

The skin in Domenic’s ears flushed pink. “Th-thanks, Ash.”

Ash leaned down and gave him a peck on his moist, black nose. “One for the show. Now let’s get back out there.” Her lips stretched into an impossibly wide smirk. “And if you nail those solos, I’ll let you spend the night in my room tonight.”

Domenic’s eyes lit up with mischievous excitement.

“Yes, my queen!”

**The End**



(Author's note: Thank you for reading. If you have any thoughts, please consider leaving a comment!)