

# Winner & Loser?

By: Firingwall

“And I won!” Gavin declared, brushing his blond hair from his face, “Ha! Told you so!”

“Uuuugh,” Fraser remarked, leaning back into the sofa, “Fine. You win.”

It was a rainy day and two friends decided to meet at one of their houses to play some video games to pass the time. Gavin had gotten this brand-new fighting game that held an extra, exciting mode that was getting plenty of buzz recently. Something that really rewarded winners... and losers to a certain extent.

“So,” Fraser mumbled, “How does this work exactly? When does it kick in?”

“It should kick in anyOOF! OOoooooh! There it is!” The TV screen had suddenly flashed the message, “Now Rewarding Player One” before his controller suddenly started glowing. A powerful beam of energy flowed right into him from the controller, causing him to break out into shivers and quiver with excitement.

Gavin’s hands clenched tightly, the veins in his arms and hands pulsating it almost seemed like. Thick, dark brown fur sprouted over his hands, covering almost all of them as they swelled in size. His fingernails turned black and slowly covered his fingertips, giving his hands a hoof-ish feel.

His muscles, bones, and tendons heated up as energy flowed up his arms. They all grew and thickened, expanding his arms to incredibly meaty, beefy proportions. He had muscles and biceps that tore through his sleeves with ease, almost bulging out with any little movement at this point.

As the dark pelt rode up his limbs and to his shoulders, Fraser mumbled, “Well... it’s not like I wanted any muscles anyways.”

“Don’t be hatin’,” teased Gavin flexing his arms as his cheeks blushed. He panted softly, the top of his shirt ripping as his shoulders widened and thickened. “Oh yeah, so good... so damn good!”

He panted harder and harder, the dark fur running up his neck and to his face. Fur quickly engulfed almost every part of him, shrinking down his hair and darkening it to match his developing pelt. His nostrils thickened and widened, flaring out and pushing forward into a bovine nose. His jaws followed shortly after, pushing forward and developing a strong, thick bull muzzle.

Horns grew from his head as his ears stretched out, taking on a cow shape to them. “Ooooooh yeah,” Gavin moaned and panted again, gripping his shirt, “This... this feels nice... soooooo gooooood!”

His voice was deepening by the second and his grip only strengthened, pulling at part of his shirt. The fabric soon ripped right off, his torso barreling out as muscle and fur came rolling in.

His torso doubled in size as thick, beefy muscles came in. His pecs went from nonexistent to defined and bulging, tough as stone as they sat upon his chest. His stomach toned right up as his abs bugled out themselves. They pressed tightly against his furry pelt, showing a rock-hard eight-pack set.

“Oh man!” Gavin moaned, running his meaty hands across his torso, “This is awesome! I feel so strong and incredible!”

“Good for you,” Fraser mumbled, looking away with disinterest. Doing so, he missed his friend growing his own bovine tail, which slipped out from behind his back and flopped onto the couch cushions.

His friend’s changes quickly came to a pleasant, invigorating finish as his lower half bulked up just as much his top half. His legs doubled in size, tearing apart at his pants legs. His socks ripped open, revealing thick, powerful hooves that were darker than his pelt. Even in his crotch, there was a big bulge there as well, causing him to shift a bit in his seat and let out a happy, excited moo.

Gavin grinned and leaned back into the couch, resting his head on his shoulders. “Aww yeah man!” The bull chuckled, “Get a load of me!”

“I see you,” Fraser mumbled, “But whatever.”

“Don’t be like that!” Gavin snorted, “You still get a prize! In fact, it’s time right now!” Gavin picked up Fraser’s controller from the ground and tossed it into his buddy’s lap just as the screen flashed: *Now “Rewarding” Player Two.*

The controller in Fraser’s lap lit up and sent a similar colored bit of energy into him. It caused him to shake and shiver as well, but the feeling and look he had on his face didn’t make it seem like he was enjoying it. If anything, he looked rather uncomfortable and antsy.

Right away, the changes struck his head. His ears shot outwards, growing several inches longer and gaining a small, fine coat of brown fur. Just as soon as they shot forward, they fell down and drooped, smacking against the sides of his face. They looked positively canine in appearance.

Following that right off, Fraser’s face pushed forward into a small, canine snout. His nostrils flared up, turning dark and bumpy as they stretched with the snout. White fur sprung up around the nose and jaws, zipping straight up the middle between his eyes and going through his hair, which shrank away as the fuzz came in.

His face creaked forward, soft, brown fur covering the rest of his head as his hair shrunk away. The shape of skull turned dome-ish and his brow thickened ever so subtly, giving Fraser the head of a dog. In particular, one that looked like that of a basset hound's.

Fraser placed a hand upon his face, mumbling, "Well... it's not too bad, but what's the catch here?"

As if waiting for him to ask, Fraser's hands and arms sprouted fur all over them. The pelt quickly engulfed his hands, thick, dark pads popping out on the underside of each finger and his palms. White fur circled up his arms, stopping right before reaching his shoulders. Instead, the fur color changed to a bright brown and continued up his broad shoulders.

However, it would simply be one thing if the changes stopped at just his fur and dog-ifying him. They were, instead, a bit more "filling" to put it best. After his arms developed a nice, short coat, a layer of fat filled them up as well. His shirt stretched as more of his torso gained pound after pound.

Eventually, his belly poked out from underneath his shirt as fur grew over it, changing back again into a white tone. His shirt tightly constricted on him with his new gut and moobs, much to his irritation.

"Oh come on!" Fraser remarked, annoyed growls slipped in every so often, "You get to be all muscles while I just get painfully flabby."

"Well you did lose," the bull remarked with a half-hearted shrug, "Don't know what you were expecting after seeing me."

Fraser moved to snapped at him but stopped as he felt the changes carry on down his hips and legs. They suffered the same fate as the rest of his body, growing a soft pelt and a large amount of chubbiness to them. He quickly removed his socks, watching as his feet swelled and morphed into thick dog paws for him to walk upon.

It wasn't all too bad though. As a short, brown & white tail sprouted out between his shirt and pants, he felt a stirring in his pants. His crotch expanded, bulging further out and tenting his pants by a lot. Not as much as Gavin, but he could live with that.

"I really don't know what to feel about this," grumbled Fraser, folding his arms.

"Hey now," Gavin remarked, jokingly rubbing Fraser's head like a pet dog, "Don't be so upset. Chicks really dig cute, adorable dog guys! I'm sure they'll just love-"

He fell silent as his friend's head slipped out of his grasp. Suddenly, Fraser found himself shrinking. Not losing fat, but height. He quickly dropped a whole foot, a few inches following after that. He looked be just around four feet, eight inches tall at this point, still as chubby and bulgy as before.

The short Basset Hound anthro looked upon himself and at his friend, having to look up at him now. The dog frowned, looking between himself and the bull over and over again.

After a bit, he finally declared, snatching up his controller, “That’s it! I want a rematch! This time, I won’t lose!”

“If you say so,” Gavin chuckled, grabbing his as well, “After seeing that, I don’t think I could afford to lose either!”

“Oh, shut up and start the next match farm animal!” Huffed the dog, gripping the controller tightly.

*THE END*