

Glitching and Meowing

By: Firingwall

Are you sure you want this? I mean... it's two decades old and it's scratched up as hell. Plus, it's a bootleg so you never know if this may...

Come on miss! I just want to really buy this! If it doesn't work, I'm sure I can figure it out!

If you say so kid... that'll be ten bucks and please... if it doesn't work, just chuck it.

Those were the words exchanged by Calvin and Traci, a store employee for a very shady, off-the-beaten path video game shop. Calvin, a young man in his mid-twenties and a huge game fanatic, had just returned to his apartment carrying a questionable copy of Darkstalkers: The Night Warriors for the Playstation.

The blond-haired, glasses-wearing young man was a huge fan of the series. He absolutely wanted to get his hands on every game and even games where the characters just showed up in. He had never owned a copy of the PS version of The Night Warriors, so, despite being a bootleg, he just had to snatch it right up.

“Now let's give you a try,” chuckled Calvin as he popped the disk into his PS2 and grabbed a controller. The screen on the TV lit up with the Playstation 2 name before quickly zooming off to the opening credits screen.

Gripping the controller tightly, Calvin's heart fell once he saw graphical glitches and screen flickering on & off during the opening cutscene. “Cccccrrrrraaaappppp,” he muttered, “I... I guess she was right and stuff... this isn't...”

The screen shut off and the controller instantly heated right up, sizzling in his hands and light smoke emanating off of the controller. Calvin made a yipping sound like a dog, tossing the controller away from him, and rushed out of the living room and towards his bathroom. *What the hell was that?!* He thought, gritting his teeth as he burst into the small room, *I was just holding the controller and... did it glitch it out or...*

The mirror was blurry. Looking around, the entire bathroom was blurry as well. Confused, Calvin took off his glasses. Rubbing his eyes for a second, he glanced around and gazed back into his mirror. Everything was clear again; his vision even better than it ever was in life.

But that thought didn't really sink in until much later. Something else had distracted him and for good reason as well. It was his face, which looked absolutely, positively cute and feminine. His nose was much smaller, cuter and his lips were ever so plump and kissable, sharp, tiny fangs poking out of them. His chin and jaw were smaller and his cheekbones were raised, giving his face a womanly shape.

Most stunning were his eyes. They were bright blue and sparkling, so much life and dazzle in them in. Combined with his teased, blue eyebrows and long eyelashes, his face alone made him an absolute knockout and beauty.

None of that though was what he wanted. Feeling at his face, his skin so soft and smooth to the touch, “oh my god... what is going on?!”

Crick-crack. His fingernails jutted forward, sharpening out into razor-thin points and poking him. He pulled his hands and looked at his sharp, new “claws” and just in time as well. Lovely white fur was starting to sprout around each of his fingertips, slowly spreading down and onto his palms.

He let out a small **EEP** and tried waving and wagging hands in some vain attempt to get the pelt off. It obviously did nothing, the fur flowing from his hands and up his arms. It moved all the way up to his upper wrists before stopping at them. White fur grew out in big tufts around the back of his wrists, but otherwise that was it.

Well, except for his arms quivering... and then shrinking. His arms and hands suddenly lost all form of body fat, making them look positively fragile. It lasted for only a second though before they quickly expanded again, this time with more muscle to them. Not too much so, but enough to give his upper limbs the proportions of a fit woman.

“Okay this is just getting super weird!” Calvin mumbled, wiggling his fingers and moving his arms around. Despite surreal and potentially horrifying thing that was happening, the young man didn’t feel all that concerned or worried for some reason.

Perhaps it was for the best, because his hair was starting to act up now, radically changing shape and color in the mirror. From each strand’s tip to its follicle, the color converted over into a bright, dazzling neon blue. He pulled at a piece of hair, curiously, the hair actually growing longer as he did. His hair exploded out into a vast, flowing, glamorous wave, going almost all the way down to his hips. It felt a tad heavy on his head, all of his hair pulled back except for a curly cowlick that flowed in front of one of his eyes, but he could manage.

“And the weird train keeps on rolling,” he commented, running his hands through his hair, “But I guess that’s... holy crap! I get it now!”

At that moment, his ears had inflated to the size of Dumbo’s. It only lasted a moment before shrinking to quarter of that size, now shaped more like a cat’s. His feline ears shot up the side of his head, sitting in front of his huge locks. Bright white fur covered the backs of them while bright pink filled the inside.

As white fur traveled along the top of his forehead and down the sides of face, making it almost look like his car ears were fake and detachable, the guy slowly uttered, “Felica... I’m turning into Felica from the game! ...I wonder if this happens with other bootlegs?”

There was no time to ponder such a thing, his socks felt incredibly tight and pinchy on his feet. They stretched and stretched, four claws bursting through each sock one at a time, until

they couldn't contain her feet anymore. Pieces of fabric went everywhere as furry, half-human, half feline cat feet popped right out.

Standing on the balls and toes of his feline feet, Calvin watched as the white fur that covered them slowly made its way up his legs. The fur growth disappeared underneath his jeans, but he could still feel the new pelt develop and brush against the fabric. The fur went all the way up to the middle of his thighs before stopping, his legs shaking and shivering now.

His legs grew longer and sleeker, the fat diminishing in certain places and soft muscle building up. His legs turned more fit and in shape for an athletic woman, his thighs expanding and turning thicker. His hips even wider on top of that, stretching his jeans and giving him a somewhat curvy shape.

Touching his tight hips, feeling his soft, smooth skin under the jeans, Calvin blushed and bit gently down on his lips. His thighs rubbed together as the crotch and back of his pants started shifting. In the back, his flabby butt perked right up and inflated, turning quite round and cushy. The growth gave the guy a rather perky bubble butt, while in the crotch, his male bulge flattened completely, leaving him with a womanly part instead.

"Oh my," Calvin spoke, squeezing her round bottom and rubbing her thighs together more, "This... this feels... pretty nice." Slithering out like a snake, a long, white-furred tail almost as long as her legs appeared between her shirt and jeans.

Feeling up her thighs and legs, Calvin was unaware as the final changes moved to her torso. Her pudgy male form slimmed down significantly, dropping from an extra-large to a small shirt size. Her waist pushed and caved in while her chest heaved forward, developing her an hourglass-like figure.

Her stomach completely fat and toned, the skin around Calvin's nipples began to bugle. The area slowly inflated, fat and other substances building up on her chest and growing her a set of breasts. First A, then B, C, and finally stopping at a full D-cup, her shirt stretching and conforming around her new luscious mounds.

Squeezing her chest, Calvin moaned softly and panted. Deep breathes left her maw as she gazed into her mirror. Looking back, she didn't see herself anymore. All she saw now was a perfect copy of Felicia in all her beautiful glory... just with Calvin's old clothes on.

Wiping sweat from her brow, she mumbled, "I... I just... I'm amazing now. This whole body... Felica's body... I... I gotta check this out!"

With that, the new woman rushed from the bathroom and headed for her bedroom. There, she locked the door and began some further, "deeper" examinations. What she found... she rather liked.

THE END