

Career Change

1

Career Change

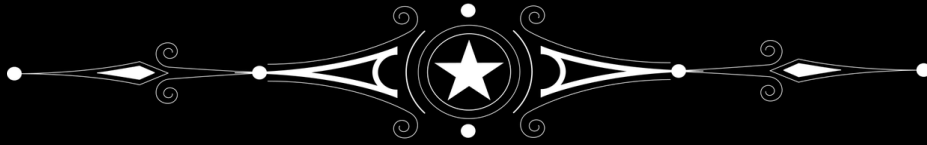
Commission for Vienna

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Human to antho Pokémon TF, male to female and female to male TG.

Read at your own discretion.



It'd be nice if there was something to look at besides the recovery room's ceiling. Still, having the cognitive thought to comprehend boredom was a fair trade off. Lillith had only been broken out of the ice block encasing her ten minutes ago. Her fur still exuded wisps of visible air from its lingering cold. Moving around wasn't impossible at this point. Her curvy braixen body just wanted to warm up a bit more before it stopped aching.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Better, competent company would have also been nice. Across the room, on one of the many patient beds, was the dumbass human that dared call himself a Pokémon trainer. Wynn had been standing behind Lillith during the Blizzard attack that'd put an end to her latest Pokémon battle. The blowback had barely grazed his right arm and, like a champion in the making, was taking the application of ointment to it like a total pussy.

"Just keep it relaxed for a day and you'll be fine," the anthro chansey nurse explained while giving Wynn's bandaged forearm a gentle pat. She gave a glance over at Lillith and offered their signature warm smile. "You both are free to stay the night if you wish. It's the slow season, so we're not short on beds."

Lillith scoffed, biting back a desire to take her annoyance out on the curvy pokemorph. "Thanks."

Their caregiver bounced out of the room humming a merry tune. Such cheery upbeat auras only soured the braixen's mood further. She risked a bit of tension in her joints to glance at Wynn and her enormous triangle ears folded. Of course, that dingus would be glued to the shake of her thick tail.

At least the ache in her joints was easing enough to sit upright again. Sensing her movements brought Wynn back to reality. He tried to play innocent by fiddling with his arm wrappings.

"I admit that could have gone better."

"Master, you sent me out without even a strategy."

Wynn huffed, avoiding Lillith's glare. A challenge he could never beat among his own Pokémon, much less other people. "Well, you know! Fire type versus ice? I figured we had this in the bag."

“And you decided to have me open with a tackle?!” Lillith rubbed the bridge of her fox muzzle. “I lasted a whole ten seconds because you couldn’t give a proper command. And I’m pretty sure that glaceon was twice my level.”

“Look, I know that wasn’t our best match ever.”

“Actually, it was...”

“But we can head back home and relax for a week. I’ll watch some YouTube videos and we can try again.”

“Ugh! No!”

“No?” Wynn blinked, watching his braixen hop onto her paws and saunter over. A bit of chill still kept her tail wags stiff.

“This is getting ridiculous, boss.” She stopped in front of him with hands on her hips. The fact this gave him a close-up view of her naked furry chest didn’t matter at the moment. “It’s been eight months since we teamed up and our win streak is still in single digits. I don’t think I’ve even leveled since meeting you. The idea that you’re resorting to influencers of all people now is the absolute worst. Would it kill you to have some ambition to actually do this with me?”

“I mean, I got my arm freezer burned, right?” Wynn presented the bandaged limb for evidence. When that failed to lift Lillith’s ears, he slumped back onto the bed with a sigh. “Maybe you’re right. We should shift focus and become breeders or something. That’d be a lot easier and less work.”

“Cripes! This is what I mean. You got no drive at all.” Lillith plucked out the signature stick all Braxiens seemed to carry in their tail fluff. A simple flick brought to life a small puff of blue fire at its end. “Still, if you want to give Pokémon breeding a try, I see no reason not to help my partner with that.”

“What are you-AAH!”

Wynn looked up just in time to see the fire touch his bandaged arm. Like a spark on gasoline, it spread near instantly until the entire limb was ablaze. His reaction was about as dignified as Lillith could expect. Namely flailing on the bed with three times the energy she’d ever seen him put into anything else. Waving the fire around in open air sure wasn’t an effective way of putting it out. Still, the magical fires dispersed of their own accord after a few seconds, leaving the human hunched over cradling his now twice attacked forearm heaving for breath.

“What the hell, Lillith!? Are you trying...to...kill...” It took Wynn a few seconds to understand what his hand was feeling. The bandage had been completely disintegrated, but instead of his freezer burned skin, his fingers were brushing the soft bristle of many fine hairs. He pulled back to hold the arm up and cried out at seeing it was covered in a fresh coat of white fur decorated in black stripes. “What’d you do to me?”

“Just helping you get the breeding career started.” Lillith giggled. Her enormous tail gave a smug wag when she turned to take a seat on the bed next to Wynn for a better view of the show.

Wynn pulled at the fur covering his forearm and yelped at the pain that resulted. There weren't any delusions, it was actually a part of himself. A part that continued to spread in a needle prick sensation across his still bare skin. He held up his hand watching fingers become coated in fur a deep night black. Its palm and finger tips puffed out of the fuzz and developed into rough, yet spongy, pads.

“Aah! Aah!” Wynn held his altered arm away as if that'd stop the snow fur from devouring his shoulder. The shirt he had on rapidly dissolved in time with the affected areas, almost as though Lillith's fire were continuing to burn it away. Generic cotton gave way to a chest sporting a thick bush that rivaled Lillith's own. Soon his entire torso was warmed up with a fresh coat before the changes cascaded down his other arm. “This is...insane!”

“I don't know. I think you're looking pretty stylish.” Lillith leaned in to pat the changing trainer's hair. Most of it Wynn could feel shifting towards his bangs, which thickened to become even poofier than his chest ruff.

“What am I...hnnngh!” Wynn looked with enough time to catch the front of his richer bangs turning the same black as his arm stripes. A moment of pressure struck behind his nose. His face scrunched but it only worsened until his mouth became compelled to yawn open.

“Neat!” Lillith's tail wagged while she watched Wynn's teeth grow into sharp fangs. Not so pleasant were the loud crunches of the poor guy's jaw line extending. His face bulged and reformed from the internal pushing to become a short, blunt canine snout, popping his nose at the forefront as a black button. The braixen found it cute she could barely discern the dark skin from all the equally black fur dressing his larger mouth. Cheeks and head got the blanket of creamy white, though the stripes that formed under each eye were pretty dashing. “You're definitely becoming a pretty one.”

“A pretty what?!”

Wynn's eyes had gone cross, his head whipping back and forth trying to get a better look at the new view of his nose bridge. The motions seemed to help with his ears flipping out with explosive lobe growths. They flicked about on new muscles much higher up his head as very wide triangles with black tips.

There wasn't much time to process a sharp increase in hearing since his pants were disappearing. Furry paw-hands clamped around his crotch even as white fur wrapped around his hips and butt. The same zebra stripe pattern appeared along his legs coming to an end at black paws to match his arms. Although, he could have sworn the pawed feet look a lot daintier.

“VULP!” The very shrill animal bark he let out before tumbling off the bed hadn't been intentional on Wynn's part. It was like the nurse had struck his lower back with a

very large needle. He rolled onto hands and knees trying to ignore the roaring laughter from Lillith.

That was when his overwhelmed brain registered an odd sensation of something adding an extra twenty pounds to his hindquarters. Something he could feel and even move like any other limb if he focused on it. Looking over a shoulder his jaw dropped to see six tails flicking around where his spine should have ended. Each one was the same jet-black color so they almost looked like a writhing storm cloud in the hospital lighting. This finally clued him into exactly what his devious partner had planned.

“You turned me into a vulpix?”

“I know you like them, you fire-type fanatic.” Lillith helped Wynn to his shaking foot-paws before teasing at his poofy hair some more. “It’s not like I’m your vindictive bitch, or something. A cute little fox visage is going to have breeders battling each other for a shot with you.”

“B-breeders!?” Wynn looked down for one more shock. Even his genitals hadn’t been spared, converting into a thick furry sheath as natural cover for his penis. The sight of one so close left him bewildered for a second. Until he looked up into Lillith’s knowing smirk and clamped his paws back over the vulpix junk.

“Oh, come on! I’ve been parading my tits around you since we met and this is what makes you modest?”

“But I can’t...I’m not a...” Wynn whined; ears folded back in an effort to hide their blush. “I’m not even sure how I’m supposed to breed like this, Lillith!”

“For crying out...” Lillith face palmed but was laughing all the same. With a flick of her stick a pink flame ignited on its tip, sending the new vulpix recoiling. “Fine. Ya baby! Since we’re partners and all, I’ll make it easy and very enjoyable for you.”

“I’m kind of worried about your lack of context with that.” Wynn gulped, though steadied his legs at the potential of being changed back to human.

The braixen replied with a gasp, expressing pained betrayal so fake even Wynn could tell. “You know me better than that. When have I ever done something bad to you?”

“You literally just changed my species.”

“You’ll see it as a positive in a week. I’d bet our money on it.”

Before Wynn could reply the flamed end of Lillith’s stick plunged into his chest fluff. His whole body became stiff from the chill that exploded across his nerves, leaving his mouth agape. When she pulled it back, it was like something else was being drawn out of Wynn with it. He could see some form of bright blue energy had become wrapped around the small piece of wood, almost reminding him of cotton candy.

Lillith stared at this gathered mist deep in thought for several seconds. Her hesitation ended with a dejected sigh and the stick was driven into the fluff between her breasts. The fur fluttered as her body absorbed the energy. Then she repeated the action, pulling out a blob of pink energy that was promptly shoved into Wynn's chest.

"Gah!" The chill melted away into a pleasing warmth, sparking movement back into Wynn's limbs. "What did you do to me...this time?!"

Wynn trailed off dumbstruck at how his voice cracked into a higher pitch with every word spoken. Trembling black hands reached up to grab Wynn's throat. The thicker white fur made it hard, but his fingers managed to brush the outline of his Adam's apple before it completely smoothed out of existence.

"I traded my gender with yours, silly." Lillith, consequently, was going through the reverse process of gaining a much deeper voice. Wynn looked up to meet her smile and became fascinated by the subtle way her face thickened out, losing its soft edges.

Then the realization of what she'd said hit seconds before the pressure in his chest.

"Oh goddess!" he gasped in an airy, pure female voice. He didn't think today could get any weirder, but the sight of his chest fluff pushing out before two mounds rose out of it was certainly something. They just wanted to push his erect nipples further and further away, swelling into a gentle hang until he had quite a pair of grapefruits weighing down his front to counterbalance the tails.

"Sheesh! No need to act so horrified." Lillith chuckled as her breasts deflated in time. Their tender warmth would be missed. Although, the way her pecs thickened out from under the melting fat gave her fluff stunning physique. She couldn't resist admiring her thickening arm and widening stomach. So much strength was uncanny. "With me around, no one's going to hurt you."

"W-wow!" The vulpix grunted as his waist caved in. The mass seemed to fall down like a toothpaste tube being squeezed. Hips popped much wider and he twisted to watch his ass billow out with lots of plush fat. He couldn't resist running slender fingers over the supple curves. "This is...incredible."

"Knew you'd come around." Lillith scoffed, tail wagging over her narrowing backside. Her smile only got larger at the feeling of something starting to push out from deep within her loins. "We haven't even finished yet."

"Wha...oh...oh goddess!" Wynn bit his lower lip, overcome by the odd feeling of his dick being tugged from inside his pelvis. His sheath became slack and deflated the longer this dragged on until he was sure it had completely emptied. The skin itself began collapsing inside the vulpix like some bizarre sinkhole, swallowing up his balls inside his hips for their new purpose.

Lillith huffed as her vagina busted open with the dropping of a fresh sack. Former ovaries filled the fine furred space, pumping even more testosterone into her system.

The rest of her opening was soon sealed up, its leftover vulva migrating to wrap around her swollen clit in what became a sheath. One that bulged rather full by the time her manhood finished developing.

“Hah! Now that’s the stuff,” Lillith said as he gently cupped his new sack. The feel of their weight already got the red tip of his member poking out of its new home. Catching a sniff of the busty vulpix woman just feet away quickly got the rest swelling out. “What’d I tell you? A smoking hot vixen is going to make being a breeder super easy. Hell. I might score a fair share looking like this.”

“I...I still don’t know about this.” Wynn was staring at her freshly made pussy with hands remaining on her hips. She worried even trying to touch it to confirm this was her new reality might break her already fragile mind. “This is far from the kind of breeding I expected to do. I mean, I’m not even trained for this.”

A shadow dropped over the vulpix, making tails tuck around her legs. Somehow, it’d skipped her notice that Lillith had grown bigger in their gender shifting. Or did Wynn become smaller? Probably both, given this kind of wild magic.

“Oh, hoo?” The braixen wrapped Wynn in his arms, hugging her face inside his chest fluff. “I guess I’m going to have to be a really good partner and give you some live demonstrations then?”

Wynn blushed madly at being enveloped in a larger male’s embrace. Then the scent of their masculinity tickled her nose and every inch of her rich curves relaxed into Lillith’s grip. It was enough to get a new feeling of dampness developing between her thighs. And then she noticed the hard poke of his cock against her belly button.

“I think you can persuade me into a hard sale at this rate,” she said, tracing the outline of Lillith’s pec muscles with one finger.

It was a good thing the hospital wing was near empty with all the noise they were about to make.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Moresmallerbear

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

Redbow

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Scott Collier

Max O-Zuma