

Salazze Make-Up Present

By: Firingwall

“I’m deeply sorry for the screw-up,” Cassidy declared, bowing politely before the young, Hispanic man. She sighed, her eyes still on the ground as she continued, “I should have sensed the potion traces in the jar before I gave it to you.”

Ricky awkwardly smiled and replied, “No... I’m telling you. It’s okay. Nothing bad happened at all. Just had some weird... experiences. If anything, the time being all bimboed up something I’m never gonna forget.”

“No no!” stated Cassidy, looking up at him, “I pride myself on having a good relationship with my customers and now I just gone and ruined it by giving you...”

From behind, a taller woman bonked Cassidy on the top of her head. She chuckled and stated, “You know for being the leader of this coven of witches, you should really act like it more. He said things are fine and that’s what is important.”

In a magically teleporting shop of mystic and wonder, a purchaser of a defective potion had just found his way back. Despite the apologies thrown at him by Cassidy, witch coven leader and store owner, he seemed perfectly okay. “It’s alright,” the young man stated, running his hand through his dark brown hair, “I’m fine. Just, you know, maybe I could get a partial refund or something else to...”

Cassidy stood straight up and looked him seriously in the eye, “to make up for it? Like what?! Tell me and I’ll get it to you!”

“Ahhhhhhhh,” Ricky mumbled, blushing as she inched closer to his face, looking desperately into his eyes. He gulped and said the first thing that came to his mind, “well... maybe... you know, something that could... turn me into a Salazze?”

“Oh that lizard thing from the latest Pokémon game,” Beatrice thought out loud, “I think Eve was bragging to me about how she had raised one on her team and how powerful it...” Almost in a flash, Cassidy dashed out of the room and into the back.

Beatrice and Ricky exchanged odd glances for a moment as Cassidy came rushing back in. Her hands she held black, rubber, three-finger gloves. “Here!” She declared, shoving them into his own hands, “These are exactly what you want.”

“Really?” He asked, looking at the strange items, “These will... turn me into a Salazze?” Cassidy only replied with serious, rapid nodding.

-B-A-C-K-H-O-M-E-E-M-O-H-K-C-A-B-

Ricky had returned to his apartment with his new gloves in toe. Given what Cassidy implied as he was leaving, it sounded like it would be best to transform in a more controlled environment. A place out of sight and where he could watch himself, like his bathroom.

“Alright,” Ricky mumbled, putting the gloves on, fingers shoved together into each’s three slots, “Let’s get to this then.”

After waiting awhile, there was no sign or indication that the gloves were doing anything at all. His body felt normal and nothing was out of the ordinary. “Huh,” he mumbled quietly, slowly pulling one of the gloves off, “well I guess those don’t work. Better try finding that shop again and letting her know about...”

Pulling his left glove off, Ricky was struck right away by something far more different and rather unsettling. It was his hand and everything the elbow-length gloves covered: the skin was completely covered in smooth, dark grey scales. His fingers had merged together, leaving him with three, rather long, thin, but strong fingers.

Quickly, he yanked off the other glove and sure enough, the same thing happened there as well. “Well then,” remarked Ricky, “I guess I’m transforming... let’s see where this goes!”

A smile beamed across his face as he looked at his arms, watching the smooth scales work their way up. They completely covered his upper limbs, his sleeves dissolving and melting as if the scales were made of acid. Reaching his shoulders, more of the shirt vanished as they grew narrower and drooped down more.

From there, the scales spread out, moving up and down to cover more ground. They flowed down his chest, completely eradicating most of his shirt and letting the remains slide down his torso and legs. The dark grey scales switched color slightly on his front side, the color changing to a purple-ish grey and covering his entire chest and stomach. Every other area of his torso was coated in the normal grey tone.

“Now this is what I’m talking about!” exclaimed Ricky happily, “I can’t wait to see how I turn out! It’s going *to be sooooo gggooooooooodddd.*” His voice cracked and raised in pitch, but not too much where it sounded goofy. It turned far more feminine, mature, and sensual, the kind that would send tingles and shivers through people from just hearing it.

The dark grey scales slowly made their way up and across his neck, stopping just below his chin for a moment. His neck cracked and shivered, its form growing slender and more... elastic. His neck stretched several inches longer like a lizard’s and allowed him more flexibility with where he could look and stretch.

Once his neck was fully developed and almost snake-like, the dark grey scales moved over his head. His dark brown hair was completely engulfed by scales, hair strands either falling out or rapidly dissolving. He was left completely bald and smooth in a matter of his seconds. With the scales covering the top of his noggin, the skull shape rounded out more and shrunk, taking on a more dome-like appearance.

His new skin made its way all over his face, covering everything as his ears sank into his head. As the scales reached his eyes, he shut them tightly, feeling the tingly sensation of his skin changing. He wouldn’t open them again until the feeling died down, which only occurred once

his entire head was engulfed. Opening his peepers again, his eyes were light purple and his pupils were slits like a lizard's.

As the remaining hair on his face, his eyelashes, grew longer and thicker, his mouth and nose started tingling once more. His nose sunk into his face completely, first the dorsum, then the nostrils, and finally the tip itself. In their place, all that remained was two small slits for air to breath in and out of.

His jaws slowly stretched forward, turning very slender and pushing in. His upper jaw grew longer than his lower one, pushing downward into a point and his nose slits appearing at the very end. His lower jaw, on the other hand, stretched out for a decent length, developing its own tooth-like protrusions that jutted out over the sides of his upper jaw. With his eyes moving to the sides of his head lastly, his entire noggin looked like that of a Salazzle.

He stroked his slender muzzle, feeling its soft, smooth scales, and gazed into his mirror. He spoke softly and rather sensually, his lizard jaws moving subtly, "well... I'm certainly something else now. I'm... certainly beautiful."

A strange sense of pride and desire arose within him. Looking at his visage, he felt captivated and charmed. The Salazzle looking back was quite beautiful and striking with how her eyes looked back and how her mouth and neck moved. It was like a hungry, lust-filled predator raring to strike its prey and make it his own.

He was just beautiful, his cheeks blushing as the thought of attractive guys started filling his head. "Well," he chuckled in his womanly voice, "I guess Salazzles do like themselves a harem of hunky guys... that... honestly doesn't sound too bad right about now."

A soft, eager chuckle escaped his maw, Ricky still unaware of the scales covering the rest of his body. They slid down and over his hips, then his thighs, across his legs, and all the way to the tips of his toes. In the wake of this surge of scale-growth, all of his clothing was completely washed away, leaving him fully exposed.

Ricky shivered, feeling the cold air against his junk. He looked down, but he did not feel ashamed or embarrassed. He probably wouldn't need any men's clothes anyways. He chuckled and thought, *heh, maybe I don't need to even wear anything. I do want to round up my own harem and all the boys and girls need to see what they're getting after all~*

His body quivered and then tense, almost as if sensing a dangerous predator nearby. His body began shrinking in some areas and growing in other. His legs and torso grew longer, pushing him up to at least 6 feet 6 inches. His own waist pushed in considerably, making his non-growing hips much wider than they were. All body fat melted away and his muscles shrank and toned to a more feminine physique.

Before he could comment on his figure, he let out a soft, warm moan. A powerful feeling arose in his loins, tingling his entire body. He glanced down at his privates, just in time to watch as his male equipment shrank back into him. In its place, a female slit opened, fully functional and ready for use.

“Oh wow,” the new woman sighed pleasantly, “That’s definitely something.” Looking into the mirror, Ricky saw a distinctly womanly figure and physique to him... but it wasn’t much.

A soft hiss escaped her maw, “I want more! How can I attract my own harem if I’m not big or curvy enough?!”

From above her rear, two wavy protrusions popped right out. They flowed behind her as if being blown a strong breeze. Just as she noticed those new additions, she was surprised by a large, thick tail that came bursting out soon after. It was almost as long as her body, smacking against the wall and knocking the towel rack off behind her. The tail was mostly dark grey, except for its underside where it was completely pink.

Feeling her new addition, Ricky still huffed and mumbled, “well that’s nice and all, but that’s not exactly what I was talking about!”

A strong rush of energy surged through her entire body, building within her thighs and loins. She let out a low, pleasurable hiss and started rubbing her legs together. As they slid across one another, her thighs shivered while her hips grew. Her thighs expanded considerably to where they were very thick and tender. Her hips expanded to fit her shapelier legs, giving her a very round, curvy lower half.

She ran her lizard hands up her thighs and hissed with joy, her eyes clenching shut as the energy moved on up into her rear. Her flat, drab bottom slowly inflated, growing perkier and rounder with each passing second. Her butt cheeks swelled greatly, actually pushing up her tail a bit to make room for them. Only after she had a full-on bubble butt did it stop.

“Wonderful,” The Salazzle lustfully hissed, turning around and raising her tail as if she was presenting herself to a mate, “Just wonderful... just... just need a little more boosting...”

Her final changes finally came spilling forth. A great weight suddenly came to her chest, but slowly eased up almost just as quickly. Looking down, she smiled happily as she watched her flat chest give birth to a large, heavy set of breasts, her nipples erecting from excitement. She squeezed her new breasts as they grew and grew, inflating up to a full F-cup.

And as her breasts finished growing, pink, flame-like markings appeared on her chest and between her thighs. They weren’t much compared to the rest of her changes, but they were just the perfect finishing touches. With them, she was now fully a Salazzle.

Gazing into her mirror one last time, she hissed delightfully and blew a kiss at it. *I look amazing, she thought, just perfect now... now... now I need some love... I need some males... I need them right now... I won’t be complete without them...*

With those words in mind, the Salazzle strolled out of her apartment, ready to hunt down some mates to satisfy her new, growing needs and wants.

THE END